

SERIAL STORY DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY jammed into the subway, Beatrice notices a pretty girl, tries to figure if she is happy. Suddenly, the lights go out. The car stops short. The girl suggests there may be danger of a riot. A trainman arrives, tells passengers to walk back to the station. Beatrice is relieved. "I can't, I can't."

FRIEND FROM HUNTINGTON'S CHAPTER V

"Oh, yes, you can!" the girl said cheerfully. "You can always do the things you have to do. Get hold of me, now. That's it. Jump to the catwalk. Come on, jump!"

Her teeth set, holding back her fear with an effort that was like warding off a physical blow, Beatrice clung to the girl. She closed her eyes for a tiny second. The narrow black catwalk, the shine of the tracks, the swift thought of how horrible it must be to be pushed off the platform—to be crushed under the wheels of an oncoming train. . . . Then she jumped, and the jar of her tall heels on the wooden walk shocked through her. It brought common sense with it, and a quick, steady sanity.

"I'm all right," she said. "Sorry I was silly."
"Multiply it by a few thousand, honey, and you've got a riot," replied the girl. "I know mobs. Getting scared is like tuning in on the invasion from Mars. First thing you know, everybody else has hit the wave length, they're all scared too, and they're fighting and pushing and trampling and—well—" She laughed. "Keep your chin up."

The subway tunnel, under the river, was black and damp. White-faced people, feeling their way along to the station that must lie somewhere ahead, were silent and cautious. Beatrice felt, walking with them, her hand in the hand of the girl ahead, that they were like ghosts, threading their way through this blackness. Fear and danger squeezed their hearts.

"What's a million dollars now?" she thought oddly. "I'm the same as they are, here. We're all equals, now."

SHE never knew how long it was she walked in darkness, in that narrow file along the catwalk. Minutes. Hours. Perhaps a lifetime. All she knew was that some truth she had glimpsed, sitting in her car and watching the anonymous throng pushing past her, became more clear and more intelligible, here in the subway. "Now I understand them. They're all people, like me. The same dreams and desires, the same hopes and fears. Money cushioned me away from them, but now the bars are down. I'm part of them, they're part of me. I like them!"

Hearteningly, the lights of a station ahead gleamed through the darkness at last. A little sigh of relief went up from the plodding humans, and the girl turned to Beatrice. "Land ahead!"
How gallant she was!
The people ahead of them went faster. Soon she could see that they were going up a little stairway. They were on the platform. It was light, and they were calling encouragement.

"Simple, nothing to it!" a man cried. "Come on, only a few steps now."

Beatrice and the girl with her mounted the steps, too. Relief and thanksgiving washed over Beatrice. They were safe.

The girl with whom she walked in the tunnel said, "Return to normal. Come on, let's get out into the fresh air!"

On the stairs going up to the street, Beatrice paused a moment. "I feel as though a steam roller had gone over me," she confessed.

The girl said, "Me, too. I hope there's a place around where we can get some coffee."

IT was cold outside. Cold and dark, with a sharp wind that cut through Beatrice's thin jacket. But how good it was to be in the street again! How good to see the dark sky, and the little glinting stars! It was minutes before Beatrice noticed that the neighborhood in which she found herself was distinctly peculiar. Old buildings, and dingy stores, and shabby men shuffling by on the pavement. . . .
"An awful place to be marooned when you're dying for a cup of coffee," said the girl. "If it were beer, now. Or some smoke."

"It's the standby of hobos and bummers," grinned the girl. "Alky, split with water." She was looking about with eyes that recognized and tagged the street.

"We'll have to walk a couple of blocks to get anything."
Somewhere in the tunnel Beatrice had turned her ankle. It was throbbing now. She became aware of the fact that she could not remember ever having walked so much, except in the country.

"My feet hurt," she said.
The girl laughed. "You should talk! I stand on my feet all day, selling. If my feet didn't hurt, I'd get arrested. They'd be turning to stone, see?"

"Selling?" Beatrice repeated. "You work in a store?"

"Huntington's. In the basement."

Beatrice caught her breath. This girl worked in Huntington's! She worked in the store which Grandfather had founded; the store which kept Beatrice on Park Avenue, the store which paid for her car and milk coat and the polo ponies for Clarence. What would she say, if she heard Beatrice telling her, "I own Huntington's?"

She wouldn't believe it, of

course. "She'd stare at me," Beatrice thought swiftly, "and look around for a telephone so she could call an ambulance and have me taken to the lunatic asylum."

FOR a moment the coincidence seemed incredible. That out of a city with seven million people, Beatrice, who owned Huntington's, should have picked a subway car in which to ride and found herself side by side with a girl who worked in Huntington's. But in the next breath, she realized that it wasn't so startling, after all. Hundreds of girls worked in Huntington's. Girls who kept the stocks, girls who waited on customers, girls who modeled clothes, girls who ran the elevators, girls who typed the letters and answered the telephones and wrapped the packages.

"Where do you work?" the girl was asking.
Beatrice fought out of her reverie. "Work? Oh! I—well—the fact is—I'm not working just now."

"I wondered," said the girl, amazingly. "That's a good-looking outfit you've got on. But chilly."

"My—my winter coat was shabby." How fortunate she'd thought that out, right after she stuck her coat into the parcel locker!

"Doesn't do to look shabby when you're job hunting," the girl said. "Funny, though. If you didn't need a job, you wouldn't be looking for one. So really, they ought to give the jobs to the girls who look the shabbiest. They need it the most. Only they don't do things that way. That would be too sensible."

Ready and willing to work a longer week for U. S. defense are the men of the Midvale Steel Co. of Philadelphia. Four thousand of them voted two-to-one for a 56-hour, 7-day week, with time-and-a-half pay for all hours over 40. Vote of A. F. of L. union is shown in progress.

She turned her head and looked at Beatrice appraisingly. "I bet they'd take you on at Huntington's! You're just the type. Refreshed. Clean cut, good-looking. You don't look broke."
Her voice jeered. "They want a salesgirl selling 50-cent gloves to look like a deb. And you do. Let me take you down to Huntington's! I know they'd hire you!"
(To Be Continued)

Defense Workers Vote 7-Day Week



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OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE WORRY WART

RED RYDER



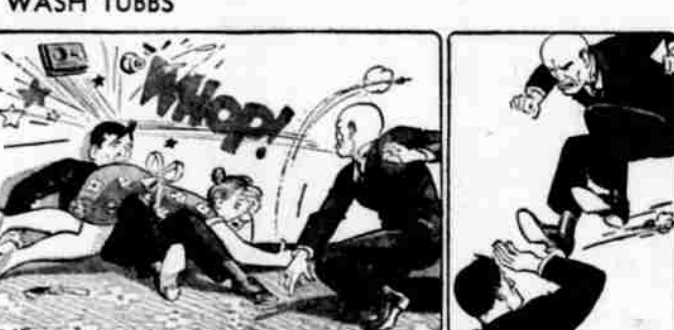
LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY MARTIN



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY V. T. HAMLIN



THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Egypt and Liberia.

HIGHLAND POET

HORIZONTAL
1 Famous Highland poet.
10 Grandparental.
11 To ascend.
12 Room recess.
13 Article.
14 Bed laths.
16 Goddess of discord.
18 To appear.
20 One that snubs.
22 Postscript (abbr.).
24 Thick slice.
26 Huge serpents.
30 Right of precedence.
32 Rubber pencil ends.
33 Coin.
34 Relating to vision.
35 Decays.
37 Type standard.
38 Money drawer.
40 To sob.
42 Makes a mistake.
45 Stated.
47 Laughable.
49 Loves excessively.
51 He was a — by birth.
54 Singing voice.
55 Duration.
56 Fiber knots.
57 He is called — poet of his race.
58 Showy in dress.
59 To alarm.
60 Colm.
61 Legal.
62 Tiny skin openings.
63 To below.
64 Exalts.
65 Church title.
66 Parts of mouth.
68 Habitual drunkard.
69 Heavens.
70 He is the — to scatter.

