

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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EVERYDAY: The girl, Toby Masters, is certain that she has a job at Huntington's. Beatrice introduces herself as Bea...

bridge chair and remarked, "What a harem! Three beautiful girls and all for me! I wish I had the price of a movie, kids."

CHAPTER VII

THE apartment was on the fourth floor of a walk-up in Flatbush. As Toby Masters turned the key in the lock, she told Beatrice gaily, "We have to be careful not to get up on a chair too suddenly, or we knock each other down."

But when the door opened, Beatrice saw that the apartment had been lovingly decorated. There was a studio couch doing duty as a sofa. It was covered in gay, flowered linen.

"I made that myself. Remnants from Huntington's, at employee discount," Toby explained.

There were two club chairs, "Reduced," said Toby. There was a long table with a radio, magazines, a cigaret box and a really handsome lamp.

"Here's the kitchenet." It had been managed out of a closet. Shelves held dishes, pots, a canister of coffee, a tiny bread box. Underneath was a tiny sink, a two-burner stove, and a little cabinet hung above the stove. "That's our grocery cupboard. Spaghetti, canned soup, other stuff we keep for the end of the week when we're broke..."

"I think it's lovely," Beatrice said.

"Wait till you see our bedroom!" Their bedroom was smaller, if possible, than the living room. Two narrow, headless beds and a tall chest of drawers crowded it so that you could barely navigate from door to closet. "The beds are simply twin mattresses on twin springs with legs. Clever, huh? The chest belongs to Vera, so I contributed the full-length mirror on the closet door instead of a bureau."

VERA, it developed, had already arrived. "But it's her night to get dinner. I suppose she ran down to the corner for something."

"I hate to inconvenience you," Beatrice murmured. "Perhaps your friend isn't going to like my being here..."

"Vera? You don't know her! Why, last winter, a reporter friend of hers—a male, mind you!—spent weeks on that studio couch, while I locked our door every night with a key from the fire-and-ten, and put on my winter coat every morning to navigate to the bathroom!"

Beatrice couldn't help laughing. She was still laughing when the door opened, and a tall, amazingly beautiful girl with coal black hair walked in.

Toby cried, "Vera, where have you been? Not even a package? Do you mean to say you didn't start dinner?"

"Of course, I didn't start dinner. I have seven cents, exactly. I forgot to mention it this morning."

"Well, where have you been?" "Walking around the block with Terry."

Toby turned to Beatrice. "Terry is one of Vera's insinuations. He's a photographer, without a grain of common sense. He spends his money for films, flash bulbs, chemicals and \$100 cameras, on the instalment plan. And right now, he's downstairs waiting for Vera to get me talked around to inviting him up here for dinner. Isn't that it, Vera? You have seven cents and Terry's probably got one."

Vera sank down into a chair and stretched out her long, lovely legs. "As a matter of fact, Toby, that's it. I thought maybe he had some money, so I phoned him, but..."

"You thought maybe he had some money!" Toby's sarcasm was devastating. "Well, go on down and haul him up here. No, wait. Here's a dollar. Send him around to the delicatessen, first."

Beatrice opened her handbag. "Toby, let me see. After all, I'm the one who..."

"Yes, I forgot to tell you," Toby put in, carelessly, to Vera. "This is Bee Davis, she's spending the night with us. I'm taking her down to the store in the morning to see about a job."

Beatrice handed \$2 to Vera. Vera stared down at the money. "Lady, are you cracked? Do you think we're feeding a regiment? There's just four of us, you know, and potato salad at 20 cents a pound, and bologna at..."

Toby dived for the money. "Don't take it. It's her last ditch fund!"

"But I've crossed the ditch. I've practically got a job!" Beatrice insisted.

Vera said, "All right. We'll celebrate. Spiced beef and pickled herring. What kind of cake do you like?"

"Cheese cake," said Toby. "That's expensive."

IT was a gay, completely informal meal. They ate off a wobbly card table set up in the living room. Vera made the coffee, and everybody helped to unwrap the delicatessen packages and slap them down on plates. Beatrice had never in her life eaten spiced beef, pickled herring, hard rolls, potato salad and sour green tomatoes. But she found them delicious.

Terry ate enormously, confiding between mouthfuls, "Had no lunch." After his second cup of coffee, he tilted back the spindly

seen you. I used to be a publicity cameraman, you know. Montauk Point, Miami Beach, Palm Springs—well resort hotels..."

"That must account for the opulent scenes," said Beatrice. "You've got me mixed up with someone else."

Terry's eyes were still narrowed and speculative. "Maybe. But who's the gal I've got you mixed up with?"

(To Be Continued)



HAWAIIAN—When Hawaii's legislature—Uncle Sam's most westerly law-making body—opened in Honolulu, Arthur Akina (above) assumed duties as speaker of the house.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



GERMANY. AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESENT WAR, WAS ESTIMATED TO HAVE 50,000 DOGS UNDER MILITARY TRAINING!



THE EYE-TOOTH HAS NO CLOSER CONNECTION WITH THE EYES THAN ANY OTHER TOOTH.



THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA IS BOUNDED BY WHAT STATES?

ANSWER: Maryland and Virginia.

GREAT EMANCIPATOR

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

Crossword puzzle grid with a portrait of Abraham Lincoln in the center.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



THE CITY-MADE FRONTIER

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



THE MAJOR SAW THEM COMING DOWN THE STREET

RED RYDER



RED RYDER

BY FRED HARMAN



BY FRED HARMAN

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

BY HAROLD GRAY



BY HAROLD GRAY

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

BY MARTIN



BY MARTIN

WASH TUBBS



WASH TUBBS

BY CRANE



BY CRANE

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

BY BLOSSER



BY BLOSSER

ALLEY OOP



ALLEY OOP

BY V. T. HAMLIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN