

SERIAL STORY

DOLLARS TO DOUGHNUTS

BY EDITH ELLINGTON

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YESTERDAY! Sheldrake accused Weeming of putting Anthony in the store to spy on him. When he realized that Weeming had no intention of spying, she remembered the scene in the office, that hated voice, the man who said she should be chloroformed. She stormed at Anthony, then rushed from the office, colliding head-on with a man carrying a milk can.

LOVE IS THE ANSWER

CHAPTER XXX

WHEN she opened her eyes, Anthony Bradley was holding her head. "Go away," she moaned. "Go away. Oh, my stomach..." "Now you know how I feel," Anthony said crisply. "Are you all right?"

She sat up, scowling at him. She saw Bruce Sheldrake and Morris Fletcher. She noted their stupefied pale faces and their slack, trembling mouths.

Sheldrake came to life first. "Allow me, Miss Davenport." He helped her to her feet. The fat man with the milk can was murmuring wretchedly. "But I only wanted to show Mr. Sheldrake the coat. The police found it in a parcel locker. It had our label. I—"

"Give me my coat!" She snatched it out of his hands. "Call my car, somebody! I never saw such a bunch of imbeciles in my life! What are you all standing around for? Do something! You, Mr. Fletcher—call my guardian at once! Tell him I fired you! You, Mr. Sheldrake! Get out of my sight!"

FOR the second time she turned and fled down the corridor. But now the milk can was clutched in her hands, and now wide-eyed employees got out of her way with grateful alacrity. Through the street level selling door she raced. No car at the main entrance. She lifted her hand. A cab sizzled to a halt. She got in.

"Fourteen-forty Park Avenue." There'd be delirium in Mr. Weeming's office, consternation in Budget Fashions, a crisis in newspaper city rooms. She didn't care. The doorman at her apartment house goggled.

"Pay this man his fare!" The elevator boy nearly fainted. "Miss Davenport, ma'am, I thought you were kidnapped!" She sailed into her own apartment. "Greta! What do you mean by giving information to reporters?"

A dark man rushed out of the drawing room. "Beatrice! My own! They have saved you!" He held out his arms, like an emotional Latin in a movie. "You have been restored to me! My darling!"

BEATRICE stood very still and regarded Clarence distastefully. "How did you get here?" "Mr. Weeming phoned me five minutes ago. I rushed right over."

"Did he say what I'd been doing? Did he tell you I had never been kidnapped?" Her contempt snapped. "Oh, Clarence, you fool! You messed everything all up! I was enjoying myself for the first time in my life! I was living, working, amounting to something—feeling something!"

"Aha," said Clarence, blinking his black eyes. "Those emotions you so yearned for!" He pulled thoughtfully at his neat mustache. "What sort of emotions, explain me that. To work—bah! That is not romantic! It was something else. Tell me, Beatrice."

"I'll tell you nothing!" She ran to the white and gold bedroom into a corner of which Toby Masters' whole apartment would have fitted snugly. She pulled out dresser drawers in a frenzy of haste. She found the antique silver jewel case and extracted Clarence's emerald. She ran back to the drawing room. "Here! Here's your ring! I don't want it."

"But Clara—my sweet—what has happened? I am not angry with you, Beatrice. It was an adventure, a whim! It cannot come between us, beloved. Surely you—" "Please, Clarence. There's no use talking about it any more."

"She pressed the ring into his hand. 'I—I made a mistake, when I promised to marry you. I didn't love you. I didn't know what love was. But now, I can't go on with it.'"

"So?" Clarence breathed softly. "So, now, all is changed? Now you know perfectly what love is, eh?" He grabbed her arm. His eyes burned. His mouth was suddenly cruel and ruthless. "Who is the man who has taught you what love is, Beatrice? Who is he? I demand the truth!"

Beatrice jerked away from him. "I won't tell you. It's none of your business. All that matters to you is that I've given you back your ring."

"But that is not all that matters to me! I love you. I shall kill the pig who tries to take you away from me."

Three musical notes chimed. Beatrice looked at Clarence, speculatively. "Here comes your chance," she said. "Because I'm sure that Anthony Bradley is at the door."

IT was Anthony. He strode into the room, hatless, his expression a curious mixture of deliberation and determination and temper. He stopped short when he saw Clarence.

"This," said Beatrice maliciously, "is your pig, Clarence. And, Mr. Bradley, this is your prince." Clarence eyed Anthony. Anthony surveyed Clarence. The silence became appalling. Beatrice helped things along by remarking, "Clarence has duelling pistols on his mind. Or sabers at dawn."

"Hmmm," said Clarence, "so you

are the man who has bewitched my beloved. It is because of you she returns my emerald."

Anthony's face cleared. "She returned your ring? Oh, I see."

The relief in his tone was unmistakable. Beatrice began to sing. Maybe he wouldn't hate her too much, after all. Maybe he could bear to marry a girl who owned a department store, especially if he worked in it.

"Queer about Mr. Weeming," she said irrelevantly. "About his investigations, I mean. Because that was my idea, too, you know."

"I must prepare a statement for the papers," Beatrice said dreamily. "I must inform them that it was my concern for Grandfather's store which ran away with me."

"Beatrice!" thundered Clarence. Beatrice looked around, mildly astonished. "Oh, you're still here?" Her eyes dropped. "Clarence, do run along like a good boy. I—I have a lot of things on my mind, and—really, Clarence, you'll be delighted to be rid of me, once you think it over."

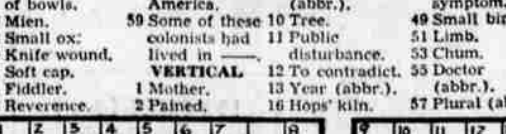
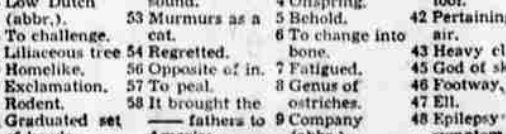
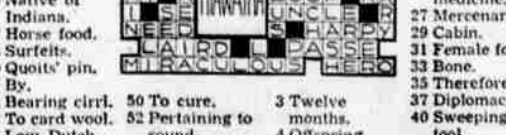
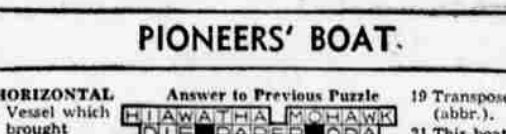
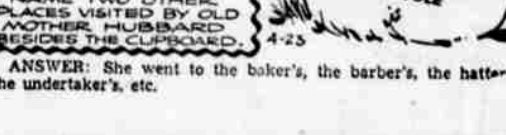
The swarthy face of Fernando di Grandezzi, who was not the descendant of a long line of noble Romans for nothing, stiffened. He bowed formally. His heels clicked. "I hope you will be very happy," he said thickly.

BEATRICE and Anthony watched him go. Then Anthony said, morosely, "We probably won't be. On your money."

"If you start that, Anthony Bradley, I'll butt you in the stomach again!" "I do know other ways of starting. But you'd have to come a little closer."

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



Slowly, deliciously, Beatrice moved closer. "Is this better, Anthony?" she inquired meekly. It was much better. Anthony's arms swooped her up. He kissed her masterfully. Kissed her until the room swam around her and the floor lurched. He kissed her until she was blind and deaf and helpless.

"Our mutual guardian was right," he said happily. "What you needed wasn't chloroform, after all. All you needed was love."

(THE END)

Home to Musso?



Rumors persist that Italian Ambassador Don Ascanio dei principi Colonna will be called home from Washington to tell Benito Mussolini all about United States seizure of Italian ships.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople



By Fred Harman



By Harold Gru



By Marti



By Crani



By Blossie



By V. T. Hamlin

