

SANDY

A NEW STORY OF A MODERN GIRL

by Elenore Meherin,
AUTHOR OF "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR

Sandy McNeil weds Ben Murillo, a foreigner with large wealth, to please her parents. She leaves the altar for a walk, meeting with Timmy, an old sweetheart in the same line as her in Santa Barbara. She tells Judith McNeil, her maid, that Timmy has found her there, that she cannot go with Murillo. But she does go on the honeymoon. Sandy's boy friends, who invite the couple to a dinner dance, will look for her in the room. Angered by this and other indignities, Sandy flees to her

home, and Murillo in a rage, plans to take forceful possession of her.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

THEY were speechless. Sandy reached for the old percolator, poured herself some coffee.

They waited for her to speak, staring fixedly. They had a stiff, vacant air as though their minds had suddenly lost the power to function.

The mother said blankly: "What madness is this, Sandy?"

"It's not madness. It's happened. I couldn't help it. I've left Ben. That's all there is to it, except that we've parted for good—it's all over."

"Parted for good? Nonsense—what nonsense! Did you quarrel, Sandy? Tell your mother. Did you quarrel and run away?"

Sandy answered quietly, but keeping her eyes down: "I've told you. That's all there is to tell. It's just ended."

Murillo seemed able only to run the palm of her hand back and forth across the table. She started several times to speak, but the soft, double chin moved uncontrollably. Finally she raised her face, the shallow eyes swimming with tears.

"What is the meaning of this, Sandy? You know you can't put aside your marriage. For what trifling matter have you quarreled? Is this the womanly thing to do? Is this any way for a daughter of mine to act?"

THE white lines deepened from Sandy's nose to her lips. She looked transparent. She felt that her heart was breaking—it was sick and breaking.

"It wasn't a trifling. It was everything. I'm not going to talk about it. It's done now. You can't undo it. Nobody can!"

"Your husband permitted you to return home like this—alone? He sent back to your parents, Sandy?"

MURILLO was exhausted with his long frantic ride. But he had mastered himself. He had formed his plan with a scheming boldness. Sandy was his wife—beautiful, admired, young—the type of woman he desired. He exulted in the comments her loveliness evoked. He loved that pale, vivid face of hers; loved those soft, appealing hands. She was his, and he meant to have her.

She would be his wife again if only long enough to be punished; to be subdued; to be hurt for the violence she had done his pride, the outrage of his velvet self-esteem. He would have her again—bend her in two; break her to his will.

He was suave now as in the days of their engagement. He glanced gently toward Sandy as she stood there, her stricken face blazing with heat.

He shrugged. "Don't be hard on her," he said wearily. "She's excited. She can't be very well. We had two very happy months. Everything was beautiful. I did everything to please her. I took her everywhere. We never quarreled. But without saying a single word, she stole from the hotel in the middle of the night.

Sandy tells Murillo she'll never go back to him. Sandy posed



by Kathryn Ray, Murillo by M. De Jari, both of the Earl Carroll Vanities.

"I don't know why. I can't think of the slightest cause. I'm not to blame. I don't know what it all means."

He looked with quiet appeal to the mother and father: "I don't understand. Of course she'll get over it. She left a note. She says she wants the marriage ended."

SANDY leaned on her hands, such a drawn, pinched look about her young mouth that her mother instinctively whispered: "That's what I said—I'm finished with marriage, that's all."

"Don't, dear! Calm yourself—sit down."

"I am calm! I know just what I'm doing—just what I mean to do: I'm

not excited or crazy or ill: I've just finished with marriage, that's all."

She flung her head back, confronting her father's eyes. They were black now. She said hysterically: "That's what I said—I'm finished with marriage. Oh, ho—you can't glare me down—no one can."

She backed to the door, her hands clasped against her chin.

"Come back here!" Angus roared. "You think you'll do as you please and we'll all pay the piper? What do you propose, I wonder."

"You don't need to pay," said Sandy. "I've paid! You made me marry him!"

"Made you! You ought to get down

on your knees and thank any man who married you after the mess you made of things!"

Her hands flew out in a little gesture of appeal. The mother was urging softly, "Hush, Angus, hush—the poor child—"

But Sandy began to laugh, high sobbing laughter: "I ought to be glad—he—that's what my husband told me—I should be glad. But I'm not glad. You can't frighten me with that talk—oh, no, you can't know what I am! I don't need to thank men for marrying me—I don't NEED to!"

She glanced at Murillo, who was now biting his pale lips. She pushed off her mother's restraining hand and went running.

ISABEL knocked at Sandy's door: "It's your mother. Let me in, dear."

And she spoke winningly. She looked a little like Sandy, but her chin was something square, her nose a little pinched at the nostrils; the auburn hair streaked. She was now eaten with curiosity.

"You stood before the alter of God, dear. You mustn't talk of breaking your vows."

Sandy said, despondingly: "Don't blame God for it, mother. That's such an easy out! God had nothing to do with it! Oh, if I'd only known!"

"You're not a child, Sandy. You won't want to hurt your whole family. You must meet life bravely. I had to. You have a good husband. Few men would race after a woman who treated them as you treated him. He is downstairs now. He will take you to his sister's house. She's away. You are to stay there until your own home is ready."

Sandy fastened her hands in the rings at the foot of the bed. She said wildly: "No! I'm NOT going with him. Don't try to make me. I won't! I won't!"

THEY left her alone. The afternoon sun bathed the house—fragrance of honeysuckle and sweet peas drifted through the windows. It was home—just as it had been a few months ago, yet with this funeral hush about it. Sandy felt as though she were abandoned in some

forgotten cloister. She heard them moving about in a stealthy way—on tiptoe as though someone had died.

Her married sisters came. They were in the dining-room. A loud tone, a shocked exclamation, a cup flounced down on the saucer—they were talking about this new disgrace she had brought on them.

Sandy walked to the window. Her mind was on fire. She didn't deserve this! She'd not stand it! Have her life ended at 19? She would NOT! Strike out—be free again!

Alice pushed her way into the room, gave a significant twist to her shoulder. Alice, too, had been a beauty at 19. But she was 30 now—uncrowned. Her married sisters acted as though this made Alice a person to be snubbed. She detested them.

"The old hens are at it," she said maliciously. She looked a little like Sandy, but her chin was something square, her nose a little pinched at the nostrils; the auburn hair streaked. She was now eaten with curiosity.

"Nothing—just what I told you. I don't love him."

Alice made a chattering sound with her tongue against the roof of her mouth—a sound of supreme, impatient disdain: "I know you're not such a fool as that!"

"That's all!"

"Keep it to yourself, then! People like you, that are so almighty perfect in their own opinions!"

She was about to stomp from the room. Sandy called her back: "Ally—do me a favor? Mail this! Tonight—be SURE!"

It was a letter to Judith. It would take care of Sandy's future. Judith wouldn't fall for it.

Late that evening Sandy was going through the hall. She saw suitcases—three of them. They had Murillo's initials.

She went to her mother: "Are those my clothes? Did he bring them to me?"

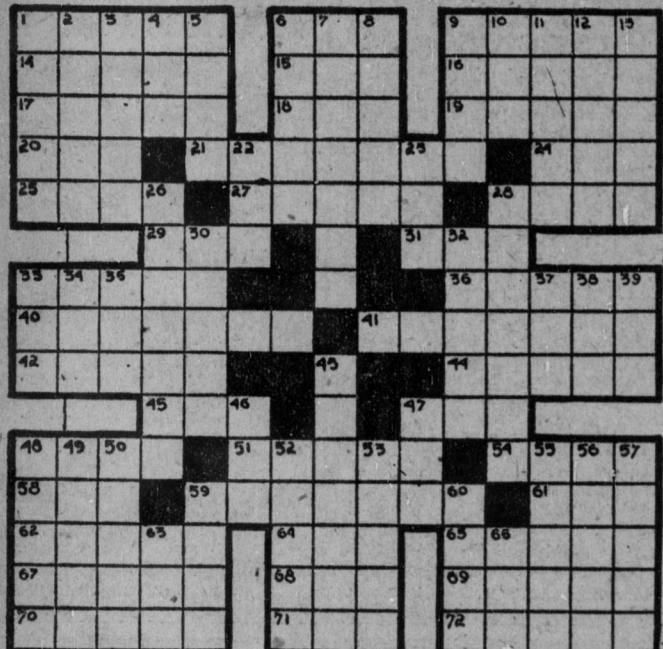
"They are your clothes and your husband's."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. You refuse to go to him. He is coming here to you."

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



VERTICAL

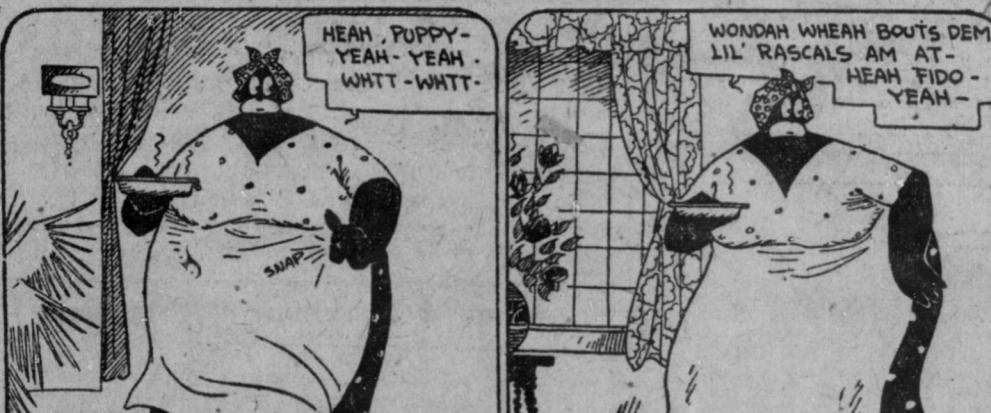
- 1. Long-pointed weapon.
- 2. Strip of wood fastened to the shoe used as a snow glide.
- 3. To implore.
- 4. To follow tracks of others.
- 5. Metal.
- 6. Passages in a theater.
- 7. Corrodes.
- 8. Collection of facts.
- 9. Amber, copal, etc.
- 10. Small European fish.
- 11. Native faculties.
- 12. Social insects.
- 13. Nuisance.
- 14. To become exhausted.
- 15. Organs of sight.
- 16. Rodent.
- 17. Sweet potato.
- 18. Pulpit block.
- 19. To cut off from entrance.
- 20. Perusing.
- 21. The safe keeping of goods in a warehouse.
- 22. Insulates.
- 23. Valued.
- 24. To soak flax.
- 25. Snake-like fish.
- 26. Paper sacks.
- 27. To permit.
- 28. To let fall.
- 29. Possessive pronoun.
- 30. Cooked by direct exposure to the flames.
- 31. Reverential fear.
- 32. Anxy.
- 33. Married.
- 34. To suppose.
- 35. Net trimmings.
- 36. Evening.
- 37. Sauer.
- 38. Nine icy driving particles.
- 39. Lair.
- 40. Requires.

DESERT, REPAST, EMOIL, CARE, PAPER, BRACK, TMA, TDE, CURTAIN, FOR, GOLD, YIELD, CLOOR, HSEE, ELL, SAGAC, TOTALLED, STARRED, RELAYED, WELDER, DELETED, REVISAL, ELEPIE, EME, EAT, LOU, SMILING, GAW, WEEDING, HAD, YEP, PIRE, TREAD, A, E, RAP, INN, ANNE, DUELIS, IT, HRADES

HORIZONTAL

- 1. Narrow and relatively long piece.
- 2. An over-particular person.
- 3. Relieves.
- 4. To perform.
- 5. To sleep.
- 6. Trite.
- 7. Of, pertaining to or due to, motion.
- 8. Silly.
- 9. Makes a golf hole at estimated perfect score.
- 10. Falsehood.
- 11. Theme.
- 12. To put in a row.
- 13. Small depressions.
- 14. Fit.
- 15. To attempt.
- 16. Dealers.
- 17. Green jewel.
- 18. To get out of bed.
- 19. To love exceedingly.
- 20. Work of genius.
- 21. Field.
- 22. To knock lightly.
- 23. Baseball wooden club.
- 24. Years of life.
- 25. Scarlet.
- 26. To ease.
- 27. Sailor.
- 28. Female sheep.
- 29. Cooks until bubbles of vapor form.
- 30. Pertaining to the ear.
- 31. Charm as of movement.
- 32. Mooted.
- 33. Ancient.
- 34. To lift up.
- 35. Possessed.
- 36. Gazes.
- 37. Most benificent.
- 38. Softest and finest feathers.
- 39. Tiny gold mound.
- 40. Poetry.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



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