

# SANDY A NEW STORY OF A MODERN GIRL

by **Elenore Meherin,**  
AUTHOR OF "CHICKIE"

**THE STORY SO FAR**  
Sandy McNeil, a young girl with large wealth, to please her parents, she leaves the altar for a far-away meeting with Tony, an old sweet-heart, in the garden of her home in Santa Barbara. She tells him that she is not to go with him, but she does go on the honeymoon. At Lake Tahoe she meets two Santa Barbara boy friends, who invite the couple to a dinner dance. Murillo looks her in their room. Angered by this and other incidents, Sandy flees to her home and Murillo, in a rage, follows her there and plans to take forcible possession of her. Sandy vows she will not return to him.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

CHAPTER 14

"Oh, so that's it! You think you can do that?"  
"Hush! Come back here, Sandy!"

Sandy trembled. "It's no use, mother. I won't live and be his wife! That's all there's to it! I'm not going to be trapped into it!"  
"No one is going to trap you, your husband least of anyone!" The color splashed over Mrs. McNeil's face. She had heard of Sandy's arm. Now she sat down, breathless and hurried. What in the world was the matter with Sandy? Such talk! Did she want the whole of Santa Barbara to be scandalized? Did she want the Morning Press to publish the runaway? Of course Mr. Murillo must stay here. They must think of the family—both families. Sandy had no right to put herself before everyone else.

Mrs. McNeil was now crying. "I little thought, Sandy, when I saw you so beautiful as a bride, you'd come back to me like this!"  
"I shouldn't have come. I see that now. I should have gone some-

where else. Anywhere!"  
"Don't talk like that, Sandy. I was so proud of you. I thought you were going to be so happy. You'd have everything. You haven't even tried to keep the holy promises you made."

"I did try. I tried for two months."

"Your mother and many thousands of good women try for thirty years and keep on trying. I didn't think a child of mine, you least of any, Sandy, would be so cowardly."

"How do you figure that?" Sandy faltered. "I'm not a coward! I'm not a quitter! I can meet most things. You don't know—I can't know—I hate him. Oh, Lord God, I hate him!"

"Sandy! Your husband! You married him!"  
"I never dreamed I could feel like this! I didn't need to feel like this! He could have—oh, if he'd only been half way—even half way decent! He never thought of me—one what I wanted—oh, that didn't count."

"Men are all alike."  
"You can't tell me that—oh no, they're not all like Ben Murillo!"  
"Hush—hush, Sandy. Do you want him to hear—you're married to him. Nothing can change that."

Y ES—Sandy was married to him. The marriage was for life. When God had joined together no man could put asunder. All this and a great deal more Isabel McNeil told her daughter again and again. In the morning

when Sandy helped her make the beds, she spoke of it. In the afternoon when Sandy stole into the back yard and sat with the big white cat in her arms, her mother followed. Did Sandy feel better today? Wasn't it really kind in Ben to bring those squabs for dinner and those wonderful roses. Didn't she appreciate that?

Didn't she appreciate all the surprises her husband was preparing? Mrs. McNeil waited after this question.

Sandy rubbed the cat's head until she purred, settling as if for a quiet slumber.

"You don't ask me what surprises? You don't want to hear about the house he has bought? The way he has remodeled it?"

A long pause. Then Mrs. McNeil wiped her eyes. She was broken hearted. She felt, in some obscure way, that Sandy's soul was doomed unless she rose bravely as a dutiful wife and met the fate God had decreed.

Sometimes Sandy listened without answering a word. Then Isabel was sure she was winning. Sometimes Sandy said, "Oh, leave God out of it! Maybe He can understand!"

THE strain in the house became acute. Murillo rose late in the morning. Alice was forced to wait in the kitchen—prepare a fresh breakfast—he sure that the tablecloth was unspotted, the cream thick and the bacon very crisp. She grumbled about it. The Lord knew she had plenty to do without a permanent guest in the house. She wasn't Ben Murillo's wife. She'd like to know why she had to be the goat.

And at dinner when Murillo was present, Angus McNeil talked bluffly. He poked fun at Sandy in a crude way; asked her if she wasn't getting over her spell of bridyitis. Once, her face crimson, she ran from the table. She threatened to leave the house—let the world find out about it—they would pretty soon, anyhow!

But she had to keep up appearances. She had to attend the dinners for her married sisters gave for her on the return of Beatrice Murillo. These dinners brought other engagements. Everywhere Sandy was treated as the joyous bride.

She became nervous and excited under the strain. She evaded Murillo. She wouldn't even sleep in her own room. She lost trust in every one. And she would steal into Alice's room. Then Alice would keep her awake half the night coaxing her to talk, asking what plans she had and how much longer she thought she could get by sticking around here.

"Ye gods!" Alice would say, "you must have had an awfully tough time if you think life in this shack is better. Give me a chance to get out of this everlasting mob scene and I'll stay. What in the world happened, anyhow?"

And she didn't weary. She gave Sandy no peace. Sometimes Sandy was utterly panic stricken. She told herself: "That's true, I can't stick here much longer. I'm beat if I don't do something QUICK!"

...  
S HE was waiting for the letter from Judith. Then she found out that Judith was away... had taken a leave of absence for six weeks and treated herself to a magnificent vacation—a trip to Lake Louise and Banff.

The day Sandy got that letter from Judith she walked slowly up the hill. It wasn't so overly warm, but she felt stifled—throbbed with heat and a heavy faintness. Judith didn't even know what had happened. They hadn't forwarded Sandy's letter.

Four weeks had passed since her homecoming. It was worse now than in the beginning—much worse. Everyone was getting irritable. Even Alice thought it was about time. Sandy was coming to her senses.

But now Sandy walked up the hill, tilted her head back, smiling brightly. She thought, "I've got \$15 in all the world, and it's Ben Murillo's money!"  
She walked more quickly. They thought she was cowed now. Her mother thought that; so did Angus. "They'll see—you bet, they'll see!" She'd wait till Judith returned—a few weeks more. Judith would grubstake her. "I'm not downed! Take

more than Ben Murillo to cramp my style!" She blinked, gave an enchanting smile to old Mrs. Cost, dashed tears from her eyes. They were from the sun. Oh, the sun was so hot.

She was home five weeks. It was a Sunday. Murillo said gallantly, "Come for a jaunt, mother—all of us!"

Sandy held the funny paper stiffly before her face. Sunday was a ghastly day—always. It started like this; then they would go to Murillo's sister for dinner.

Mrs. McNeil blushed when anyone was very chivalrous to her. "That will be lovely."

**STATE MINING LAW REVISION RECOMMENDED**  
U. M. W. A. Attorney Addresses Indiana Safety Conference.

Completion of the State mining laws, with incorporation into them of recent safety regulations, was recommended today, by John A. Riddle of Vincennes, attorney for the United Mine Workers of America, in an address before the State-wide safety conference at the Statehouse.

Referring to the 5700 mining accidents in Indiana last year, Riddle declared the slogan "Safety First" is a myth. With the operator seeking fast production, and the miner striving for the same end, 75 per cent of the mine accidents are purely economic in cause, he stated.

Governor Given welcomed the 300 industrial leaders assembled. Richard H. Lansburgh, Pennsylvania secretary of labor and industry, declared at the morning session that the example of highway reck-

lessness seems to have been carried into our factories and mines.

Dixon H. Eynum, industrial board chairman, presided. The Rev. George S. Henninger, pastor of the Tenth St. M. E. Church, and State board of pardons president, gave the invocation.

Other speakers during the forenoon were: Hinkle C. Hays of Sullivan, who discussed industrial safety from the standpoint of the mine operator; Maj. K. M. Burr, Gary, Illinois Steel Company safety director; T. N. Taylor, president of the State Federation of Labor, and Ronald A. Foster, head of a local compensation insurance house.

**BOB JR. SLAMS 'WEALTH RULE'**  
By United Press

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.—Senate irreconcilables today continued their fight on the Administration tax bill, centering on the inheritance tax repeal.

"Wealth is running riot in United States," said Senator Robert M. La Follette. "Gigantic mergers are being formed without check or hindrance by the justice department, Federal trade commission or Congress. Wealth wants the repeal of the estates taxes."

...  
Hearings today were on petitions to establish lines:

Murillo whispered: "Sandy, tell me, do you like it?"  
She blew her breath on the glass, wiped it off.

"Won't you answer? Don't you think you could be happy here?"  
"Not with you. I'm not coming here."

His sallow face darkened. He said quietly: "Oh, yes, you are." That night her mother talked a long time. Sandy must at least make some effort to adjust herself. Marriage was a solemn union. She had behaved like a child. They expected her to act with courage. She must go with her husband to the home he had prepared—give him a chance. He was a good man and de-

**TROLLEY-BUS BATTLE OVER NEW ROUTES**

Fight for Crosstown Lines Is Revived at Hearing.

Indianapolis motor bus-street car fighting broke out anew in the Senate chamber today in hearings before Public Service Commissioner Frank T. Singleton on petitions of the People's Motor Coach Company to establish three new bus lines and interlock them with existing lines in such a way as to create cross-town service between Riverside and Brightwood.

The Indianapolis Street Railway Company opposed all three petitions scheduled for hearing, both with attorneys and witnesses.

More Complete Service  
Hearings will be held Thursday on two other petitions of the bus firm seeking authority to make its cross-town service even more complete.

served far better treatment at their hands....  
Sandy said: "Leave me alone a little while, mother." She thought: "By the time the house is ready, Judith will be back—and then!"

She became excited—giddy with excitement. The moment Judith read her letter, she would wire for her. Judith would say: "Come AT ONCE! All I've got is yours—you know that—"

Before the letter from Judith came Sandy's face was set. "It can't be!" she told herself starkly, her heart going wild: "Lord God—anything but that!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

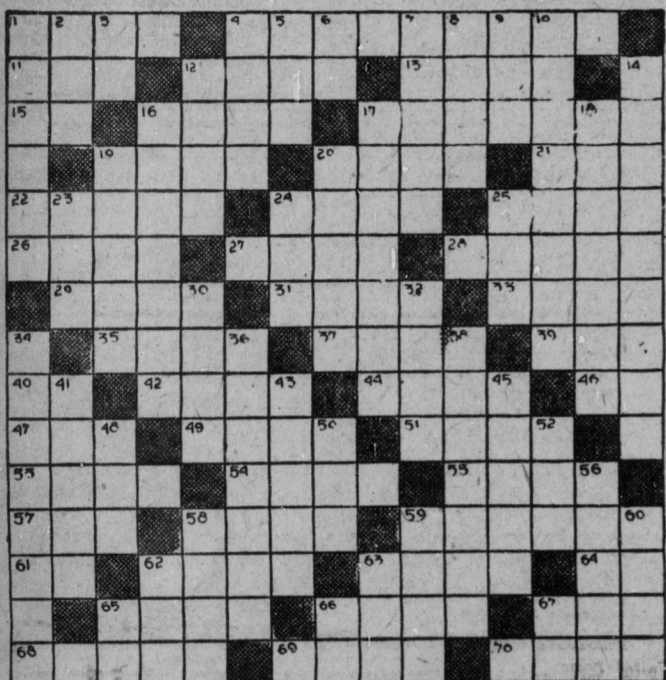
2. From Monument Circle to Thirtieth St. and Sherman Dr. and 3. To change the route of the Riverside line to connect it with the line from the Circle to Thirtieth St. and Sherman Dr.

Reply to Protest  
Repeating to protests of several hundred Park Ave. residents against the proposed Circle to Thirtieth St. and Keystone Ave. line running in front of their homes between Eleventh and Twenty-Fifth Sts., Attorney Robert D. Armstrong, for the bus firm, filed an amended petition asking authority for the line to run on Broadway between Eleventh and Twenty-Fifth St.

This strategy threw out the Park Ave. protests.  
Hearings to be held Thursday are on petitions to establish lines from the Circle to Thirty-Fourth and School Sts. and from the Circle to Sixty-Second St. and Ravenswood Road.

25 LOAFERS ARRESTED  
Police arrested twenty-five persons including six Negroes on vagrancy charges in a drive against loafers in and around the court-house.

## Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL**
- The chief or director.
  - A burning of the dead.
  - Work of genius.
  - Implement.
  - Needy.
  - Sun god.
  - Debatable.
  - Machine for crushing ore.
  - Wild duck.
  - Small body of water.
  - Beverage.
  - Avail (generally used with in).
  - Early.
  - To sanction.
  - Observed.
  - Title of nobility.
  - Card game.
  - Finishes.
  - Spiders' homes.
  - Portion of a harness.
  - Embryo plant.

- VERTICAL**
- Colors.
  - Wand.
  - Printer's measure.
  - Roll of film.
  - Devours.
  - Point of compass.
  - To help.
  - To entreat.
  - High.
  - Gait.
  - Wrath.
  - End of a dress coat.
  - To stitch.
  - To prepare for publication.
  - Season.
  - You and me.
  - To bend.
  - Black particles given off by smoke.
  - Mother.
  - Destitute of natural head covering.
  - Orb seen at night.
  - Cooking vessel.
  - Makes smooth.
  - To repair.
  - Coal pit.

## WEAK AND RUN DOWN; GAINS 35 POUNDS

Says Milks Emulsion brought back her health and strength.

"Last winter I had the flu and pneumonia and it left me in a bad shape. My husband was told he had better take me west for my health. But thank God and Milks Emulsion, I didn't have to go, and I have got my health. When I commenced taking your medicine my weight was 88 pounds. Now I weigh 123 pounds and I would like to have every one know what Milks Emulsion did for me."—Mrs. J. W. Plummer, 112 E. Vermont St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Milks Emulsion restores healthy natural bowel action, doing away with all need of pills and physics. It promotes appetite and quickly puts the digestive organs in shape to assimilate food, thus building flesh and strength, which are Nature's only aids in conquering germs and repairing the effects of wasting diseases. This is the only solid emulsion made, and so palatable that it is eaten with a spoon like ice cream. Wonderful for weak, sickly children. No matter how severe your case, you are urged to try Milks Emulsion. If not satisfied with results, your money will be promptly refunded. Price 60c and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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Builds strength—Tastes good

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## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By Martin



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



Answer to yesterday's crossword puzzle.

SPEAR	SKILL	PLEAD
TRACE	TIN	AUSLE
RUSTS	ANA	RESIN
IDE	TALENTS	SAINT
PEST	PETER	EYES
RAT	YAM	
ALTAR	DEBAR	
READING	STORAGE	
TAPES	RATED	
RET	EEL	
BAGS	ALLOW	DROP
OUR	SCROLLED	AME
IS	EMMED	OPINE
IS	EVE	WISER
ANT	DEN	NEEDS