

SANDY

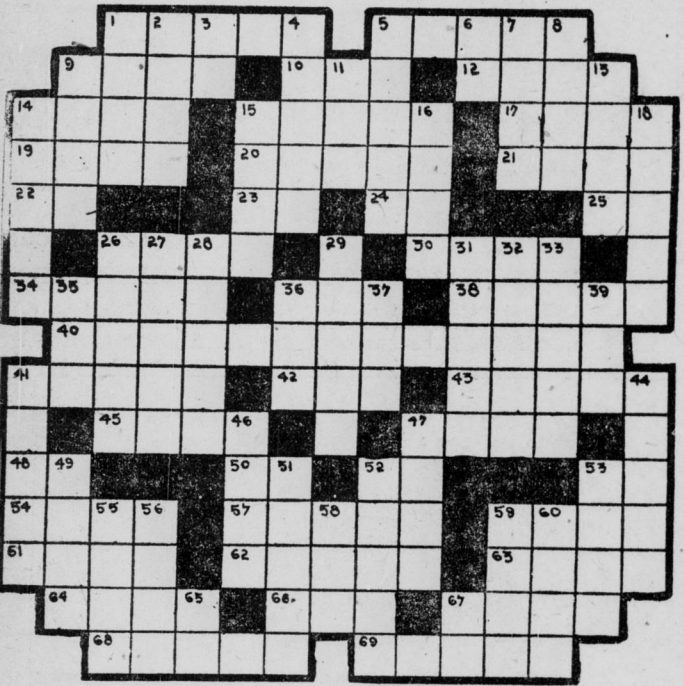
A NEW STORY OF A MODERN GIRL

by Elenore Meherin, AUTHOR OF "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR
Sandy McNeil, forced by her impoverished family into a loveless marriage with Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, sacrificed her love for Timmy, a childhood sweetheart. Murillo's tyranny and insatiable greed led her to a life of misery. In unutterable loneliness, Sandy awaits the day when she can escape her marriage to take a Honolulu trip with her mother. There she meets Ramon Worth, and promises to drive with him the following night.

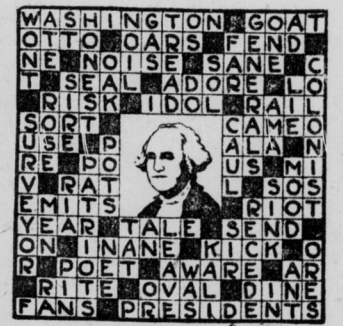
GO ON WITH THE STORY
She became more and more agitated—breathless with it. Why must she do this?
She never should have married him. It was a mistake—a ghastly error. Why must her whole life be committed to that one false move? She must never know the beauty of a great love—never know the dearness of a child.

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL**
- Exhibits.
 - Cupidity.
 - Dread.
 - Estimated perfect score in golf.
 - Correspondence.
 - Pertaining to the sun.
 - Person who disregards people he considers below him.
 - To grate.
 - To obliterate.
 - Wild duck.
 - Neuter pronoun.
 - You and I.
 - Point of compass.
 - Myself.
 - Exclamation of sorrow.
 - Fat.
 - More domesticated.
 - Beverage.
 - Playing cards.
 - Protest.
 - Poison.
 - Writing instrument.
 - Almost donkeys.
 - To crack a whip.
 - Rocks containing metals.
 - Hypothetical structural unit.
 - Bone.
 - Fourth note in scale.
 - Preposition of place.
 - Failure to keep a possession.
 - To commence.
 - Fiber obtained from the century plant.
 - Composition for one voice.
 - Insulates.
 - Aroma.
 - Female horse.
 - Tiny golf mound.
 - To spill by jarring container.
 - Rapt.
 - To drive.
- VERTICAL**
- Oceans.
 - Musical instrument.
 - Correlative of either.
 - Fern seed.
 - Cow food.
 - Standard type measure.
 - Opposite of west.
 - To eat.
 - A daring accomplishment.
 - Wing part of a seed.
 - Earthly matter.
 - Grain to be ground.
 - Stitches.
 - Roll of film.
 - To make a noise like a sheep.
 - Last word of a prayer (pl.).
 - Citric fruit.
 - Fragrant odor.
 - To change.
 - Pulpit block.
 - To lift up.
 - Scum or slag.
 - Part of verb to be.
 - Venomous snake.
 - Sea eagle.

Answer to "Monday's Crossword Puzzle"



JULIUS KAHN LAUDED

Late Representative Paid Tribute for World War.
Tribute was paid to the late Julius Kahn for his services rendered during the World War, by Merrill Moores, former representative in Congress from the Seventh district, at a meeting of the B'nai B'rith Monday night at Indianapolis Hebrew Temple, 975 N. Delaware St. At the death of Mr. Kahn he was succeeded by his wife, who took his seat in the House.

"I believe that Julius Kahn is worthy to be ranked not only with the greatest of his race, but with the greatest of Americans," said Moores.

CONFESSES FARM THEFTS

By United Press
RICHMOND, Ind., Feb. 23.—Two men are in jail here today as the result of a confession by Oscar La-mott, involving Floyd Mullen in a series of farm equipment thefts in Wayne County. Mullen denied connection.

Neuritis

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Aching Joints

Instant Neuritis relief! Magic!
A moment after applying "Heet" to the Neuritis area you will feel a tingling glow; a soothing, penetrating warmth; then the Neuritis pain, torture, aching is gone—Yes, Gone! Neuritis in the leg, knee, ankle, elbow, arm, shoulder or body vanishes and it is often weeks before you again feel a twinge of pain.

"Heet" is a clean, colorless liquid discovered by the Edward Wesley Co., chemists, Cincinnati. It doesn't burn or blister—isn't smelly or greasy.
"Heet" acts just as positively in Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica and on sore, aching joints and muscles. "Heet" costs 60 cents a bottle, including handy applicator, at all drug stores.—Advertisement.

"No! You shouldn't do that."
"That's my business in life—doing what I shouldn't. You had an appointment with me. You promised to drive."

Sandy glanced at the car, taking a little jump. Her lips moved faintly—smiled, she kept her eyes on the precipice. She thought nervously: "How much did he see? How much does he guess? She was ashamed of the weakness that had made her cry; that had made her wish to sink back grateful for the kind, winning look in his eyes.

And she still wished to say to him: "I would rather kill myself than go home!" She wanted to tell someone of this outrage. She wanted to shout her defiance. She was sorry now she had taken such a pose with him—sorry she had pretended to be such an arrogant, happy, breezy person.

SHE had liked Ramon Worth from the moment of their meeting six weeks ago. He had a sunny, careless way that won her, because it made him seem boyish and friendly like Timmy.

He was much older than Timmy—perhaps a little past 30, and he had the charm born of wide, colorful experiences. He had been an aviator in France, wandered over South Africa, sojourned in Alaska. He talked of these things, sitting on the beach at his side, his arms wound about his knees. When he came to an interesting point in the sunny, brown eyes turned inquiringly to hers. Finding her fascinated, he went on delightedly.

CHAPTER 27
SANDY looked down the precipice dropping darkly to the water. The Fall was a black pool in mid air. Far below were the lighted waters; far above the gaunt, stupendous cliffs towered sheerly to the flame topped sky. They were suspended in space, girded by the silence, the appalling beauty of the dark, abrupt mountains, imprisoned in the cheer, throbbing solitude.

HE spoke very little of women though it was evident he had charm for them. Once Sandy overheard a girl say: "Don't count on him. He's gone on that Murillo dame. Trust a married man to pick off the winner every time!" She had been a bit flattered at this.

She had seen his face light when she came down to the beach. She had laughed secretly when he hurried to her side. But her thoughts were bitter. Of what use was her beauty? How terrible her imperious demand for gladness! Her childish longing for the miracle that would reopen the bright, joyous way for her again. She clung to the year of her marriage he wiped away like figures of chalk from a blackboard.

But she told him nothing of all this. He guessed considerably. Twice he had seen her glance swiftly at her mail, twist the envelopes and thrust them in her pocket. He had fancied a tight, frightened line about her mouth.

And once, speaking of love and marriage, the color had flared to her cheeks. She had laughed and tossed her head.

TONIGHT he had strolled to the veranda in the hope of meeting her. He had seen her stop at the palm and fling the shawl with such agitation across her shoulders. He was about to speak, but she went on so quickly, so obviously overwrought. She seemed desperate as she stood on the beach, her head flung back. For an instant he had been alarmed. He had half-wondered if she intended rushing into the water.

But now she had her hands clasped. She said quietly: "I'd like to drive back, please."
"Why, such a beautiful night as this!"
"My mother is alone."
"Are you angry because I overtook you?"
"No."

He had an idea you might have received unpleasant news, I thought, perhaps, I could do something."

She nodded. "Yes, I did get some ill news. But you can't do anything—no one can."

Her lips trembled.
He said swiftly: "Why don't you tell me? It often helps to talk of things."

She gazed upward at the moon—such a gleaming, emerald moon. She said slowly: "No—not of such things as this—"

He put his hand over hers: "Then I'm sorry, Sandy. I'm mighty sorry. You're awfully young to have—"

She closed her eyes, interrupting swiftly: "Won't you please drive home?"
He said nothing until they reached the hotel. Then he took her arm and lowering his head to hers whispered: "Sandy—I have more than an idea—perhaps I could help you? I wish I could. I wish you'd let me." She shook her head.

AFTER he left, she sat on the veranda. The big chair was hidden behind shrubs. It was so warm—such a mellow tenderness in the sweet breath of the night. But she was shaking as though it were cold.

She thought of that distant cousin of hers—that Pilar Dominguez who had run through the grape vines a century ago to meet her lover.

This brought Murillo's face again to her mind.

Suddenly she wondered if Murillo wanted her? If he would care if she asked him to free her.

Perhaps he might be glad. She became excited imagining this. Free her! Why shouldn't he? What was the marriage to him?
And if she were free? She felt Ramon Worth's hands covering hers. Brown shrewd hands—brown, sunny eyes. She felt his head lowered to hers and flushed.

ADAY or two after this he was walking with her down the avenue. They were caught in a shower. She pulled her sweater up quickly. Letters dropped from her pocket.

He stopped to pick them up, brushing off the water. They were unopened. They were the same letters she had received a week ago.

the envelopes twisted. Murillo's name was written plainly in the corner.

She knew that he saw this—that he remembered. Her breath caught painfully.

He pretended to notice nothing. But when they were sitting on the beach, he began to talk about the war. He said: "Isn't it singular the frenzy of sacrifice that can move a whole nation? Think of all the fellows who threw away their lives! I wonder how they'd feel if they could look down now and see that it was all for nothing?"

"Was it?"
"Yes—but sacrifice always is. No one is ever justified in throwing away his life or his happiness for another. It nullifies the primary value."

"You mean that we should be selfish always and think only of ourselves?"
"I mean that you never benefit another when you hurt yourself. I mean that the first problem of each individual is himself—the highest duty is to be the happiest, sanest, gayest person you know how to be. If everyone in the world accepted this as his bounden duty think what a magnificent sum total of beauty and joy this little old earth would be!"

"But suppose my happiness meant another's pain?"
"It doesn't! What right has another to act the parasite? Why should any one with the youth rippling in his veins be forced to shove his own interest to the background? Only a thief would ask it—and only a weakling would permit the theft."

He looked up suddenly, his eyes challenging her: "What I say is the truth, Sandy. And you know it, don't you?"

She looked back at him, tinging from head to foot. She answered: "Yes!"

As she came into the lobby late in the afternoon, Mrs. McNeil was waiting. Her placid face was struck with annoyance.

She said: "Sandy—how is this? Why didn't you tell me? She put a telegram in Sandy's hands. It was from Murillo.

(To Be Continued)

HOOSIER BRIEFS

BURGLARS made a clean getaway at the City Laundry at Alexandria. Nothing was taken.

Edward Willkie, formerly of Elwood, will go to Germany to manage an evaporated milk plant for a Chicago company.

Smith Martin of Marion is going big over the radio at Kansas City now. He sings and plays the ukelele.

Hundreds of men are flocking to Auburn, seeking employment in the Auburn Automobile Company. President E. L. Cord announces they're out of luck. Auburn men will be given preference.

Elkhart employees of the New York Central Railroad gave a banquet for A. W. Davis, 70, supervisor of buildings for the railroad, who retired after fifty-two years of service.

Sink Scrapers
Sink scrapers of rubber, with wooden handles, eliminate unpleasant work in cleaning the sink.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

