

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 to him, but her kind and sweet heart Murillo's tyranny and insincerity caused her to write to her mother, Mrs. San Francisco, asking for help in escaping her marital bondage, but just as she was about to leave, a son is born, dying almost immediately. In uttermost loneliness, Sandy appeals to take a Honolulu trip with her mother. There she meets Ramon Worth, and proceeds to drive with him the following night.

GO 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 one false move?

She must never know the beauty of a great love—never know the dearness of a child.

She must be willing to die—put her head on the block and smile—kneel there smiling.

The whirl of her thoughts weakened her. She now stood on the beach, afire in every nerve. She looked out over the lighted waters. Tears were rushing to her eyes. Her mother—her own mother—would quickly push her back to it—to him. She would never go—never!

She flung her head back; a madness and longing and overpowering ache filled her. She put up her hands, brushed away the tears.

Her hand was caught swiftly in the brown, shaggy hand of Ramon Worth. "Are you contemplating suicide, girl?"

"Perhaps?"

"Well, you act like it. I've been following you."

"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 lazy, teasing mouth. His eyes fixed intently on her. She felt their power. They were brown, sunny eyes. She felt like laughing when she looked into them. She felt glad—so right she kept her head averted.

"I'm driving you to the Fall, Mrs. Sandy."

She laughed: "All right—She was excited and said rather stiffly upright.

HE drove slowly up the long, wide road. They parked. Dozens of machines were here and there about, as they were on the beach at Santa Barbara.

Now they were at the summit. To their left, sheer and magnificent, towered the vast, mighty cliffs—the sublime, barren mountains. The moon was a crescent—a perfect, emerald crescent in a setting of luminous clouds. The light went down from these and floated on the distant water.

Ramon Worth took Sandy's hand. "Make yourself comfortable, dear."

"Don't be so impudent."

"That's only my friendly way. What made you walk in such a fever?"

"I imagined it."

"But I'm not imagining these, am I?" He lowered his face until his eyes were directly on hers. Then he raised his hand and wiped the tears. "I'm not imagining these are!"

She felt the warmth in his sunny eyes and turned her head abruptly, afraid of her own desperation—the wildness in her thoughts. She could turn to him—to anyone.

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CHAPTER 27

SANDY looked down the precipice dropping darkly to the water. The Fall was a black poised in mid air. Far below were the lighted waters; far above the gaunt, stupendous cliffs towered sheerly to the flame touched sky.

They were suspended in space, girded by the silence, the appalling beauty of the dark, abrupt mountains, imprisoned in the cheer, throb-bing solitude.

A tremor went along her nerves. She could step from the car—take a little jump. Her lips moved faintly—smiled, but 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 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 her side, his arms wound about his knees. When he came to an interesting point the sunny, brown eyes turned inquiringly to her. Finding her fascinated, he went on delightedly.

She looked forward to these daily meetings. He lived in one of the cottages on the beach. He was an accountant and had been in Honolulu three months working on a special detail for a big sugar company. Every afternoon he was in the water. He was daring as a native. It thrilled her to see him come dashing over the waves on the surfboard, his bronzed body poised and gleaming in the sun.

Lately she had begun to wait for the moments when he would turn his winning eyes on hers. The moments were flushed with exultance. She felt like a girl again and she would put the thought of Murillo coldly away; she would tell herself defiantly: "I'm here! And I'm not going back today or tomorrow!"

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 Jane 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

insistent longing for the miracle that would reopen the bright, joyous way for her again. She clamedored that the year of her marriage was 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.

But she never spoke of her husband. Her silence piqued him. Why was she here so long alone?

She shook her head.

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 hand 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 in the hope of meeting him. She wanted to tell him she 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 shaggy hands—brown, sunny eyes. She felt his head low-ered 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 its 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.

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AElkhart 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.

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Sink Scrapers

greatest 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 needn'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 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 fel lows 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?"

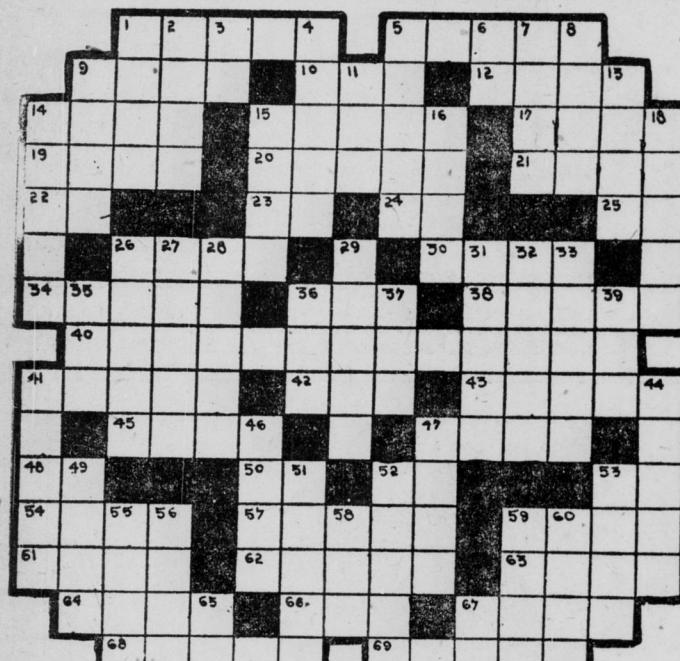
"Yes—but sacrifice always is. No one is ever justified in throwing away his life or his happiness for another. It nullifies the primary value."

"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,

(To Be Continued)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



- 1. Exhibits.
- 5. Cupidity.
- 9. Dread.
- 10. Estimated perfect score in golf.
- 12. Correspondence.
- 14. Cogwheel.
- 15. Pertaining to the sun.
- 17. Person who disregards people he considers below him.
- 19. To grate.
- 20. To obliterate.
- 21. Wild duck.
- 22. Neuter pronoun.
- 23. You and I.
- 24. Point of compass.
- 25. Myself.
- 26. Exclamation of sorrow.
- 30. Fat.
- 34. More domesticated.
- 36. Beverage.
- 38. Playing cards.
- 40. Protest.
- 41. Poison.
- 42. Writing instrument.
- 43. Almost donkeys.
- 45. To crack a whip.
- 47. Rocks containing metals.
- 48. Hypothetical structural unit.
- 50. Bone.
- 52. Fourth note in scale.
- 53. Preparation of place.
- 54. Failure to keep a possession.
- 55. To come.
- 59. Fiber obtained from the century plant.
- 61. Composition for one voice.
- 62. Insulates.
- 63. Aroma.
- 64. Female horse.
- 66. Tiny golf mound.
- 67. To spill by jarring container.
- 68. Rapt.
- 69. To drive.

Answer to "Monday's Crossword Puzzle:

WASHINGTON GOAT
OTTO JOARS FEND
NE NOISE SANNE C
T SEAL ADORE FLO
RISK IDOL RAIL
SORT USEP CAMEO
RE DO ALA IN USM
V RAVL LLSOS
EMITS RIOT
YEAR TALE SEND
ON INANE KICK TO
R POET AWARE A
RITE OVAL DINE
FANS PRESIDENTS

JULIUS KAHN LAUDED

Late Representative Paid Tribute for World War Work.

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

RICHMOND, Ind., Feb. 23.—Two men are in jail here today as the result of a confession by Oscar Lamott, involving Floyd Mullen in a series of farm equipment thefts in Wayne County. Mullen denied con-nection.



Neuritis

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Aching Joints

Instant Neuritis relief! Magic! A moment after applying "Heet" to the Neuritis area you will feel a tingling glow; 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.



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



YOU AINT EVER DID REAL EATIN' IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN OUT WHERE A SPUD TASTES JES LIKE HONEY AN A SINKER'S LIGHT AS AIR.



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WELL, AN' TH' SUN SHINES IN TH' DAY WHEN WE DON'T NEED ANY LIGHT!!