

SANDY

A NEW STORY OF A MODERN GIRL

by Elenore Meherin,
AUTHOR OF "CHICKIE"

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE STORY
SO FAR

Sandy McNeil, forced by her impulsive and loveless marriage with Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, sacrifices her love for Timmy, a childhood sweetheart. Presently, Timmy's son, a son is born, dying almost immediately. Seeking some escape, Sandy appeals to take a Honolulu trip with her mother. There she meets Ramon Wong, who drives her to the beach and finally saves her life in the surf. On sailing for home she was surprised to find him a passenger. They were soon engaged, he declares his love. Murillo meets Sandy and finds her married. After a scene, an overnight motor stop, Sandy demands a separate room. At home she tells Murillo she is not free. Then she tells him with bodily indignity he declares he will never release her.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

CHAPTER XXXVII

HE let go of her. He went over and sat at a desk repeating in snarling mockery the bitterest of Sandy's words.

She sat with her back toward him—very excited—very still.

He wheeled slowly round, watching her intently, his lips moving. "You can go. I've nothing more to say. You married me. You're my wife. You'll remain my wife. That's all I came to tell you."

"Is it? Well, I've a few things to tell you. There's no sense in making a tragedy of this. We ought to be sane about it. I can't live with you. You no longer care for me. The only thing before us is to part."

"Yes? You think so, do you?"

"It can be done quietly. You can divorce me."

"So you've said. I'm not going to divorce you."

"Then I'll sue for one."

He came over, stood before her, a smile of hatred on his mouth. "On what grounds, my dear? That I married you after you had disgraced yourself? That I took you back after you ran away on your honeymoon? That I pay your hospital expenses for a breakdown induced by your own cheapness? That I sell you touring with your mother for several months?"

He buried that when you buried my child. You might as well know it plainly. If you won't give me a divorce or get one yourself, and if you succeed in balking me so that I'm compelled in the eyes of the law to remain your wife, the only gain to yourself will be the privilege of supporting me."

"And if I don't contest it? If I permit you to get a divorce, who has the privilege of supporting you? You think your father will receive you? He will approve of your divorce and will be glad to take you in?"

"I won't ask you to worry about it. I can make my own way."

"Your own way? So that's it! Who is he? Since I furnish the opportunity of the meeting—since I buy the clothes and pay the passage, I might ask the honor of the gentleman's name."

HE stooped down, his eyes gleaming through narrow slit, infuriated by her arrogance and contempt. "Who is he?" She swept past him, stood at the window, twisting the glass bead on the shade string.

"I'm right, am I?"

She flung about suddenly, answering in a soft voice. Her voice pulsed and was hot. "You'd deserve to be right! You regard me as your wife and you've tried from the beginning to shame me. You married after I disgraced myself, did you? You know, as God knows, that you're a shabby, lying coward to say it. I've nothing to hide—now or in the past."

"I make no promise for the future! Understand that! I'll give you grounds to divorce me—plenty of them."

"You will? Let me inform you a little—just a little before you go any further with that idea. You give me grounds to divorce you—you are one thing to lower my name and you'll get the worse of it! You may not know, my dear—adultery is a felony in this State. A felony punishable with five years in the penitentiary. How would you like that?"

She regarded him across a burning silence. Then she walked up and smiled in his face. "When you're once again, perhaps we can come to some agreement. I mean every

wife. I buried that when you buried my child. You might as well know it plainly. If you won't give me a divorce or get one yourself, and if you succeed in balking me so that I'm compelled in the eyes of the law to remain your wife, the only gain to yourself will be the privilege of supporting me."

"And if I don't contest it? If I permit you to get a divorce, who has the privilege of supporting you? You think your father will receive you? He will approve of your divorce and will be glad to take you in?"

"I won't ask you to worry about it. I can make my own way."

"Your own way? So that's it! Who is he? Since I furnish the opportunity of the meeting—since I buy the clothes and pay the passage, I might ask the honor of the gentleman's name."

HE stooped down, his eyes gleaming through narrow slit, infuriated by her arrogance and contempt. "Who is he?" She swept past him, stood at the window, twisting the glass bead on the shade string.

"I'm right, am I?"

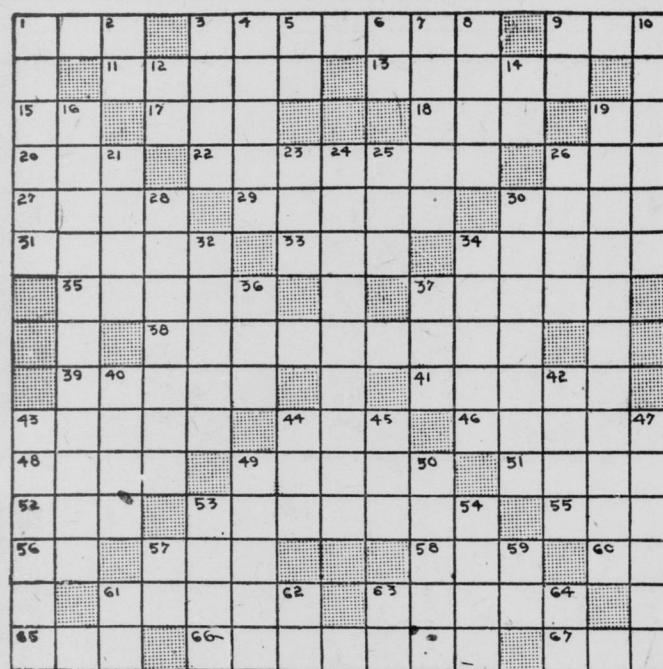
She flung about suddenly, answering in a soft voice. Her voice pulsed and was hot. "You'd deserve to be right! You regard me as your wife and you've tried from the beginning to shame me. You married after I disgraced myself, did you? You know, as God knows, that you're a shabby, lying coward to say it. I've nothing to hide—now or in the past."

"I make no promise for the future! Understand that! I'll give you grounds to divorce me—plenty of them."

"You will? Let me inform you a little—just a little before you go any further with that idea. You give me grounds to divorce you—you are one thing to lower my name and you'll get the worse of it! You may not know, my dear—adultery is a felony in this State. A felony punishable with five years in the penitentiary. How would you like that?"

She regarded him across a burning silence. Then she walked up and smiled in his face. "When you're once again, perhaps we can come to some agreement. I mean every

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- Mineral spring.
- Thriving.
- Work of genius.
- Challenges.
- Portals.
- Correlative of either.
- To regret exceedingly.
- Digit of the foot.
- Solar disc.
- Scarlet.
- Consecrated.
- Cot.
- Possessing flavor.
- An easy canter.
- Local positions.
- Point.
- Couples.
- Satan.
- Name of a book.
- Lifeless.
- Advanced ahead slowly (horse racing).
- To resolve a sentence into its parts.
- To scatter.
- To bring legal proceedings.
- Godly person.
- Hogs.
- Blood pump.
- Pear-shaped stringed instrument.
- Beam of light.
- Merchants.
- Males.
- Morindin dye.
- Small' tamor.
- Intention.
- To accomplish.
- Freedom from war.
- Ticks (insects).
- Meadow.
- Stays.
- Aurora.

- Paid publicity.
- Larva of a butterfly.
- Role of film.
- Bone.
- Hypothetical structural unit.
- Famous.
- Favorable.
- Role.
- Chalk.
- Measure of area.
- Second note in scale.
- Pertaining to homes.
- Typified.
- Fruit.

Answer to Friday's crossword puzzle:

TRAINED RECOILS
WASTE ERANVIL
IRK ACE ASSATE
SE STEM MATE EN
TRACERS STEWARD
EWARTS SIRESE
DEER LAST SEER
AS DILATED AN
GW NOTES LIND
METER TUM MINOR
ROT P E P WED
SLY TOASTED TOW
MY EARN ATOP DO
UL INLET REVELT
GODDESS TREPANS

URGES U. S. TO LEAD

"For the United States to disarm at this time would be nothing short of folly," said Bishop A. B. Leonard of Buffalo, N. Y., Friday night at a men's dinner at the Meridian M. E. Church, Meridian and St. Clair Sts. He termed war as unnecessary and unchristian.

"If my country is defending itself against another country whose armies are marching against it, whose armies are belching and whose airplanes are whirling, it can have everything I've got," he said.

The bishop said the United States should lead in the movement for world peace.

CUTICURA

Mother's Favorite For Baby's Skin

The pure, cleansing properties of the Soap make it ideal for baby's daily bath. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment it does much to prevent little skin and scalp troubles becoming serious and to keep baby's tender skin healthy and clear. Cuticura Talcum is soothing and cooling, ideal for baby after a bath.

Be sure you use only the genuine Bayer Aspirin, marked with the Bayer Cross, which can be had in the boxes of twelve tablets for few cents—Advertisement.

Aspirin Gargle in Sore Throat or Tonsilitis

Prepare a harmless and effective gargle by dissolving two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in four table spoonfuls of water. Gargle throat thoroughly. Repeat in two hours if necessary.

Be sure you use only the genuine Bayer Aspirin, marked with the Bayer Cross, which can be had in the boxes of twelve tablets for few cents—Advertisement.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



When finally she reached the back gate of the old white house dreamlike in its sun bath she ran her hand over her face. Her hands were icy. She thought: "What will Isabel say? I wonder how she'll take it."

"How's your husband?" said Alice brusquely.

"Neither worse nor better."

"Ma's worried about you. She's worried sick. You were slightly cold on the drive homeward, I'd say. That's about all."

"What are you turning pale about then?"

"I'm always pale—my flower-like complexion, you know. What did Isabel say?"

"She asked me if you'd told me anything. Of course she didn't use the terrible word 'divorce,' but she hinted it."

"And I suppose I'd be the black sheep if I ever dared think of it."

"You don't expect anything different, do you?"

"Why not? If two people aren't happy together?"

"Then you are thinking about it, aren't you? All I've got to say is you've got nerve with a family like this on your neck!"

"It's not their business exactly."

Alice smiled with superb disdain: "Oh, no! And it wasn't their business when I wanted to marry Ted, either, was it? You notice I didn't marry him, didn't you?" Alice had her back turned. Her lean shoulder blade stood out like an accusation.

She whacked the spinach. "Just take it from me, kid, you can't buck this trust!"

Sandy blew the powder from the engraved design. "Is ma coming back for lunch?" she asked, getting up to set the table.

"She ought to be here now."

Mrs. McNeil came panting up the walk. She said breathlessly, "Sandy!" Her face was suffused with warmth and redness.

She sat down at the table, wiped her neck. "Is your father coming to lunch, Alice?"

"No."

She sighed with relief. Then she opened her bag, tears flying to her eyes. She took out a newspaper clipping, pushed it toward Sandy.

"Did you see this?" She could scarcely breathe. "It's not true, is it? It can't be true."

(To Be Continued)

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

MY NAME IS BIRDWELL, AND I HANDLE ACCOUNTS IN THIS TERRITORY FOR THE EL FUMO CIGAR COMPANY OF TAMPA! THREE MONTHS AGO A BOX OF CIGARS WERE SENT TO THIS ADDRESS FOR MAJOR HOOPLE, THE UNDERSTANDING BEING, TO SMOKE SIX CIGARS ON TRIAL, AND IF SATISFACTORY, SEND IN A CHECK, IF NOT, RETURN THE BOX, RECEIVED CHECK, WE HAVE NEITHER THE NOR THE CIGARS!

AWKING YOUR DAWDON GIRL, BUT I AM MISTER 'OPPLE VALET, GORRY GIR, THE MAWSTER IS NOT AT 'OME, REALLY SURE IT'S BEEN AN OVERSIGHT WITH THE MAWSTER, OR I SHOULD SAY, WITH 'IG SECRETARY, AND HI SHALL BE PLEASED TO REMIND 'IM OF THE TRIVIAL MATTER ON 'IS RETURN, BE ASSURED GIRL, A SETTLEMENT WILL BE IN TOMORROW'S POST! ER-AH, A NAWIGHT EVENING OUT, EH?



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

