

SANDY

A NEW STORY OF A MODERN GIRL

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

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THE STORY

Sandy McNeil, forced by her impoverished family into a loveless marriage with Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, sacrifices her love for Timmy, a childhood sweetheart. Present quarrels follow. A son is born, dying almost immediately. Seeking some escape, Sandy appeals to her Uncle Bob, who enables her to take a Honolulu trip with her mother. There she meets Ramon Worth, who drives and dances with her, and finally saves her life in the surf. On sailing for home she was surprised to find him a passenger. During the voyage he declares his love. Murillo meets Sandy and her mother at the pier, and at an overnight motor stop Sandy demands a separate room. At home, she tells Murillo she must be freed. Threatening her with bodily injury, 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 bitterness of Sandy's words. If 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 send you touring with your mother for several months?"

Her eyes grew black and fiery in the blanching of her face. "I have grounds enough to get ten divorces if I chose to state them. And I shall!" "You have witnesses for all these atrocities, have you? Remember, it's your word against mine, and I can make mine worth money. If I never get a divorce."

"Aren't you offering a rather high price for your spite? You forget you'll also be free. There are plenty of women in the world better suited to you than I. Plenty who would give you good return for your food and your clothes and your shelter. There are even some who might marry you without being driven into it by their disgraceful pasts."

"You realize it, do you? Yes—plenty of women better looking than you! Plenty with more to offer a man! But I'm married to you. Married for life. I can't get free. Neither can you!" "I am free. I've ceased to be your

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 halting 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 slits, 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 sulsed 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 worst 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 sane again, perhaps we can come to some agreement. I mean every



Sandy gets small consolation from Alice in her battle against Murillo. Sandy posed by Miss Mabelle Swor of Ziegfeld's "Louis the Fourteenth," winner of the Smart Set Magazine \$1,000 prize November Cover Contest.

word I've said. There's no need to degrade ourselves with bitterness and insult. We made a mistake to marry. No one is involved but the two of us. The only decent, clean thing we can do, since things are as they are, is to part. I mean to accomplish this."

He made a clutch at her wrist. "And I mean that you shan't! Think it over!"

HE pulled from him—cold and defiant. She put on her hat, her hands trembling. She whispered to herself with a shaky laugh: "Mustn't get any more freckles!" felt giddy with the pounding in her head.

But outside it was uplifting—sparkle and joy in the air. She walked quickly, saying to herself:

When finally she reached the back gate of the old white house dreaming 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."

LICE in a bungalow apron sat at the kitchen table, all the battered old family silver before her. It was cool in here, the brown earthen floor freshly scrubbed—all the pots gleaming on their hooks near the stove.

Alice wore a stiff pair of very large gloves and with an angry look worked the old toothbrush over the filigree.

"Where's Isabel?" "Visiting your sister, Madeline. The dear girl is melancholy so mamma must go over and make lemon pies for her and the brood. Did you come for a visit?"

"That was my intention." "Make yourself comfortable."

"Nice little old pastime for a beautiful day, Ally."

The brush going with redoubled vigor: "Beautiful days are nothing in my young life."

"Oh dear, there are worse things in life than polishing the McNeil plate on the twenty-seventh day of September at 12:30 precisely."

"Such as visiting the islands and remaining there three months? I'd like to have a chance at some of these WORSE things. Sorry I can't entertain you in state."

Sandy took off her hat, began scowling about the pantry.

"Don't bother," said Ally impatiently. "I'll get the lunch."

"It's no bother, old dear," Sandy now made a loud clatter dumping vegetables from a bowl to a sauce pan to be heated. She feared Alice's next move.

But Alice said: "Well, if you insist on helping, here you can finish the silver." She pulled off the stiff gloves, handed brush and cloth and resigned her chair to Sandy.

If there was one thing Sandy hated it was to polish silver—get your fingers all grimy. However, she appreciated her sister's superior strategy and gingerly sat herself down.

"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. What's in the air?"

"Oh nothing much only I don't expect to end my days with him. 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 see 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, are 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, don't you?"

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

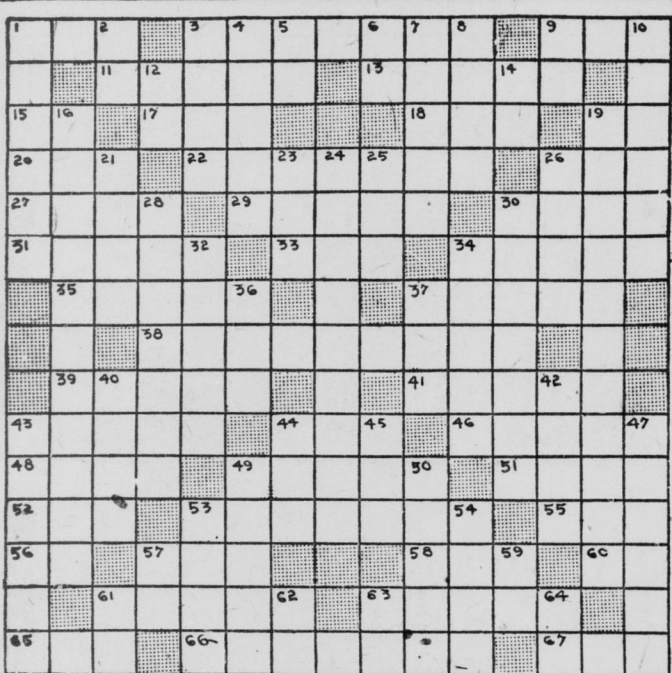
She sat down at the table, wiped her neck. "Is your father coming to lunch, Alice?"

"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)

Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1. Mineral spring.
2. Thriving.
3. Work of genius.
4. Challenges.
5. Portals.
6. Correlative of either.
7. To regret exceedingly.
8. Digit of the foot.
9. Solar disc.
10. Scarlet.
11. Consecrated.
12. Cot.
13. Possessing flavor.
14. An easy canter.
15. Local positions.
16. Point.
17. Couples.
18. Satan.
19. Name of a book.
20. Lifeless.
21. Advanced ahead slowly (horse racing).
22. To resolve a sentence into its parts.
23. To scatter.
24. To bring legal proceedings.
25. Godly person.
26. Hoag.
27. Blood pump.
28. Pear-shaped stringed instrument.
29. Beam of light.
30. Merchants.
31. Males.
32. Morinda dye.
33. Small tamour.
34. Intention.
35. To accomplish.
36. Freedom from war.
37. Ticks (insects).
38. Meadow.
39. Stays.
40. Aurora.

VERTICAL

1. Games.
2. Paid publicity.
3. Larva of a butterfly.
4. Rolls of film.
5. Bone.
6. Hypothetical structural unit.
7. Famous.
8. Favorable.
9. Like.
10. Crafts.
11. Measure of area.
12. Second note in scale.
13. Pertaining to homes.
14. Typified.
15. Fruit.

23. To devour.
24. Not material.
25. To drink slowly.
26. To heat so as to cause ebullition.
27. Corrects and changes (literary work).
28. Pertaining to the side.
29. Tender.
30. South American male deer (pl.).
31. Boy.
32. To pierce a tree.
33. Drunken revelry.
34. Water parsnips.
35. To spread irregularly.
36. Ocean.
37. Before.
38. Adult male voices.
39. From this time.
40. A series of cars.
41. Expensive.
42. Perches.
43. You and I.
44. Myself.
45. Dad.
46. Standard type measure.
47. Third note in scale.
48. Point of compass.

Answer to Friday's crossword puzzle:

TRAINED RECOILS
WASTE HERE ANVIL
IRK ACE ASSAULT
SE STEEL MATE EN
TRACERS STEWARD
E WARTS SIRE
DEER ASTIR SEED
AS DILATED LAD
G W NOTES L
METER TUM MINOR
ROT PEE P TOW
SLY TOASTED WED
MY EARN ATOP DO
U INLET REVEL T
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 navies 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.

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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

