

# SANDY

## A NEW STORY OF A MODERN GIRL

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

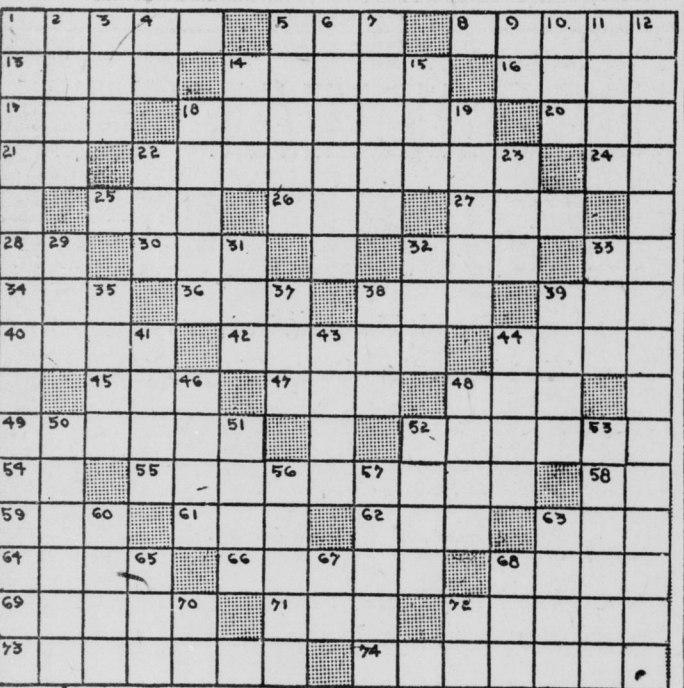
Sandy McNeil, forced by her impoverished family into a loveless marriage with Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, finds her love for Timmy, a childhood sweetheart, from Santa Barbara. A son is born, dying almost immediately. Seeking some escape, Sandy appeals to her Uncle Bob, who enables her to take a Honolulu trip with her mother. There she meets Ramon Worth, who saves her life in the surf. The boards the same steamer home and during the voyage declares his love. At

home Sandy tells Murillo she must be freed. He declares he will never release her. Ramon meets Sandy on the beach at Santa Barbara. He tells her to GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

### CHAPTER XLIII

They drove deep into the hills. It was now late—nearly 12. Sandy talked eagerly in a wistful excitement.

### Today's Cross-Word Puzzle



#### HORIZONTAL

1. Series of railway cars.
5. Existed.
10. To curse.
13. Opium.
14. Pertaining to the check.
16. Gaelic.
17. Hymn.
18. Contaminates.
20. Scarlet.
21. You and me.
22. Chainlike.
24. Three-toed sloth.
25. Quantity.
26. Scarlet.
27. Small mass.
28. Stop.
30. Two fives.
32. To stitch.
33. Neuter pronoun.
34. To attempt.
36. Excavated.
38. International battle.
39. Garden tool.
40. Dregs.
42. Principle.
44. Taste.
45. Wing part of a seed.
47. To scatter.
48. Male child.
49. Rigorous.
52. Riddle.
54. Point of compass.

#### VERTICAL

1. Headlessness.
2. Wands.
3. To mimic.
4. Exists.
5. Thin biscuit.
6. Placed in line.
7. Prepared lettuce.
9. You and I.
10. To make a mistake.
11. Toward sea.
12. Renovations.
14. Joined.
15. To soak flax.
18. Reckoned chronologically.
19. Drain.
22. Be.
23. Obstruction in a stream.
29. Metal in rock.
31. Hard fruit of a tree.
32. Headgear.
33. Electrified particle.
35. Twelve months.
37. To secure.
38. To marry.
39. To dangle.
41. To slide.
42. To approach.
44. To labor.
46. Acidity of the stomach.
48. Protuberance.
50. Designating a type of electrical socket connection.
51. Genuine.
52. Looked.
53. Fireplace ledge.
56. Takes care of.
57. Vigilant.
60. Lairs.
63. Opposite of aweater.
65. To place.
67. To accomplish.
68. Measures of area.
70. Second note in scale.
72. Dad.

### Gargle Aspirin for Tonsillitis or Sore Throat

A harmless and effective gargle is to dissolve two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in four tablespoonfuls of water and 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 tin boxes of twelve tablets for a few cents.—Advertisement.

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"Eczema broke out in small blisters and red spots on my face. It itched and burned a great deal, causing me to scratch, and later scaled over and then peeled. The trouble lasted about five years. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. It helped me so I purchased more and after using a couple of cakes of Cuticura Soap and five boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Nellie State, 1115 E. Miller St., Springfield, Ill.

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Sample each. Free literature: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. H, Malden, Mass."

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ment. The almost impenetrable darkness heightened her feeling of exultant terror.

Ramon thought: "She came for the romance of it. She's that young." He stooped down, trying to make out her features.

She whispered: "Isn't it mysterious and thrilling?"

He winced and for a long while remained silent. They were parked under a great pepper that now murmured with gentle monotony to the breeze. Suddenly Ramon said: "And did you mean it when you said you might come to the city?"

"Yes, I'm thinking of it. When my mother gets better and I'm not needed here."

"You're going to work."

Sandy drew a quick, impatient breath. "Yes, Oh, why did you need to speak of this, Ramon? I've been forgetting who I was and what for the whole of the last hour."

"I haven't forgotten."

"Are you glad I may come to the city?"

"I should be since I had to drive nearly 500 miles for an hour with you, but I don't know that I am."

"Why?"

"I'm thinking how things may be."

"What things?"

"Between you and me."

She flushed: "That sounds intriguing."

He frowned, saying almost harshly: "No—it's not that. I wish I could see your face, Sandy. Did you come down there all alone in the darkness just for the adventure of it? Did you come because of a wish to see me?"

She laughed and shrugged: "Oh, both. But you were the adventure of it, I suppose."

"Do you remember what I told you on the boat just before we left?"

"I think so."

"I told you that I loved you. I mean it. That's why I'm wondering how things may be between us."

"Don't love me in that kind of a way, Ramon. It will be over between us if you do."

"Do you mean you don't care for me, Sandy? Or that you're never going to be free?"

"I don't know! I don't know!"

"That is the way I love you, however it is with you."

She said disturbed and now unhappy: "I'll have to go home now. Drive me there." Seeing that he was gloomily silent she reached up her hand, touched his cheek: "You're so much nicer when you are laughing, Ramon. Have a kiss before we part."

He kissed her with a long fervent solemnity that sent an uneasy pang through her thoughts.

The house was in darkness. Sunday night. Murillo wouldn't be home. Of late he never came from Friday to Monday.

Sandy let herself in stealthily. As of old, she slipped off her pumps and went piddling up the stairs. She undressed quickly in the darkness.

She felt a brightness and a glitter in her mind. She saw herself standing in those wavering shadows, leaning on the pier. Saw Ramon spring toward her, arms flung out; heard the gladness of his voice. She shut her eyes, smiling with the feverish sweetness of her thoughts.

She couldn't sleep. She wondered what Alice would think if she knew what Judith would say. A heat like guilt spread over her, but it was a pleasant sensation. It sent a tingling flush through all her nerves; made her feel daring, courageous; filled her with a glad, stealthy joy.

She didn't regret going. She was glad—boundlessly glad to have run back into the shadows. She would go again. She had a right to this.

Yes—and if Alice had been braver, she, too, would have defied them one way or another. If she had, in her secret heart she could look back and smile. But Alice hung a wet dish towel on the rack, pressed her face against it, weeping in that forlorn, rejected way.

Suddenly Sandy heard herself saying in that light tone: "Have a kiss before we part!" Suddenly she felt Ramon's arms tightening—the long, fervent solemnity of his lips pressed on hers.

She turned her face uneasily against the pillows, closing her eyes. She opened them almost immediately, with the swift consciousness that someone had entered the room.

She lay quiet a moment, listening. Her heart flew to her throat. Now she could swear that foot—unshod, light feet moved toward the door—were in the hall—

"I'm crazy," she whispered. But she sat up, switched on the light. No one was there. It was 2 o'clock. She dismissed the alarm, sinking back drowsily—smiling. In the morning she had forgotten it.

As she came into her mother's kitchen Alice greeted her with a smirking gibesness. "Good morning! All dolled up, I see."

"Oh, all the time, Ally. That's a trick of mine."

"Have a nice time last night?"

"Yes, Jude says she wishes you'd try to get a week off. She thinks a trip to the city would be great for you."

"Humph! I can think of lots of things that would be great for me. I'm not talking about Jude. Did you have a nice time from 11 p. m. on?"

Sandy blushed: "What do you mean?"

Alice's disdainful smile: "I suppose you haven't the faintest idea, have you? Did you see your fond husband last evening?"

"No. He wasn't home."

"Oh, wasn't he?" Well, he was there between 11 and 12, kid."

It became almost impossible for Sandy to breathe. She said faintly: "Well, I didn't go home after the train left. I met May and Bernice Arliss. You know it's nearly a year since I've seen any one I care about. We got to talking. Did Ben phone here?"

"Yes, dear! He phoned at 11:30 and asked if he should call for you. Your father answered and told him that you left hours ago. The sly fellow covered up neatly. He said he hadn't looked in your room. Humph! So you met May and Bernice, did you?"

Sandy took up a battered old cup with a trembling: "Any coffee left?"

"No—have a little tea."

"How's ma today?" Sandy asked. She felt ill—suffocated—wild with resentment that Alice, eaten with curiosity, was making her beg for the facts. She thought in a fright: "That was he in the room! He knows it was nearly 11 when I got

in. O, Lord—"

She was almost in tears. Ramon phoned at noon. He was waiting over. He wanted to see her in the evening—just for an hour. She said: "I can't."

"Please—walk down the hill—go into that dry goods store. I'll be there. No one will dream that we knew each other. I want a moment—just a moment."

And finally she said: "All right." And she was walking rapidly, taking a short cut through a lot. She ran a little. A step behind her. Her arm caught: "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

It was Ben Murillo. He had never overtaken her before.

(To Be Continued)

### WEEKLY SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

### Christ's Last Words Bring Comfort to All Hearts

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for March 14. Christ's Last Words With His Disciples. John 13:1-7.

By WM. E. GILROY, D. D., Editor of The Congregationalist.

Probably fewer words ever spoken or written have brought more comfort to troubled hearts than the words of Jesus that are recorded in this fourteenth chapter of John: "Let not your heart be troubled."

What an appeal that exhortation in itself make to troubled humanity! Jesus not only says: "Let not your heart be troubled," but He justifies this exhortation. He bases the hope of comfort in Himself. "Ye believe in God, believe also in Me. He is the way and the truth and the life; the way to lead us to God the Father. He is as sure that there is a heavenly Father and a heavenly home as that He himself constitutes the way."

What did Jesus mean by these words? He was a man born within the knowledge of some of those who listened to Him, who had lived His earthly life in their environment from babyhood to manhood. Is it not striking that we are not in any way repelled by the greatness of such claims?

These Words Accepted Where some others might rouse our disgust or resentment by making great pretensions of authority and knowledge, we feel instinctively that there is something really humble and quiet about this claim of Jesus to be the way by which men come to God.

Was Jesus speaking of himself mystically, in some such way, to use a very inadequate illustration, as a poet like Walt Whitman might incarnate in himself the spirit of democracy and the age in which he lived? We cannot say. But the lesson speaks forth with the utmost clearness the conviction of Jesus concerning the eternal things of God. Take Christ and all that He represented out of the page of human history and how hopeless would be

one's outlook over the troubled world! But on the other hand see the world through Christ, through the purity and beauty of His life, through the sweetness and richness of His words, through the conquering power of His cross, and how soon we see in this world what Jesus himself saw.

The Essentials Is this a myth? Nay. Can one ask it? Do we not come back to simple confidence in the ultimate essential instincts of a man that create in him the conviction of the reality of the immortal life.

How beautiful are the words of Jesus, "If it were not so, I would have told you." There are certain things that can never be proven to the minds of men that the souls of men may take for granted.

It is in the practice of immortality that we find its reality. If you doubt the eternal, if you question whether there can be in this world a heavenly Father and an ultimate home of the soul, why not test the words of Jesus by living in simplicity and in trust the life that he revealed as eternal?

Wants Son to Be General, Too



Mrs. Frederick Funston, widow of General Funston, who captured Aguinaldo, is trying to market a cure for chilblains which she has discovered. She hopes to earn money enough to go to West Point next year and see her son, Frederick Jr., graduate from the military academy.

### GEAR SHIFT INVENTED

By United Press. GOTHENBURG, Sweden, March 13.—An automatic gear box for automobiles, which entirely eliminates the shifting of gear by hand has been perfected after three years' experiments by a Swedish engineer, Sven G. Wingquist.

Installed in an ordinary closed car the new device which is described as partly mechanical, partly hydraulic, has been tested out first here and recently in London during the heaviest Christmas traffic, and will soon be shown to American automotive experts.

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



### OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

