

# SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN,  
Author of "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR  
SANDY McNEIL is a girl with life, brains, and a good deal of money. She is a daughter of a rich man, and she is a girl who is not afraid to take a trip to the moon. She is a girl who is not afraid to take a trip to the moon. She is a girl who is not afraid to take a trip to the moon.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE  
CHAPTER LXI  
"Because I've got a job? You didn't think I could stay on there always. Ramon—so alone—taking from you?"

His mouth hardened. "Why can't you take from me? Why do you want money as though it had a power in itself to hurt you? Do you think I would make it hold you to me or want it to hold you to me? You'll be living alone here almost as much. It will be more difficult for us to see each other. And how can it help you even in your own opinion?"

"Yes—it will. Anyway, you will know that I come with you freely—because I wish to go."

He drove with his eyes glued to the road, tense and excited. "That would be all right, Sandy, if you could get a decent job. But you can't stand this layout. You're not used to it. After you pay your board and laundry and lunches you won't have \$5 a month left for clothes and car fare and everything else that comes up. How long will you stand that?"

Sandy shrugged. She smiled into the darkness. The trees flew past her in shadowy blurs. She thought of her wedding night and her wide-eyed terror starting on that journey. Now she was beginning again. Little shivering apprehensions crept through her.

She pushed them off with an impatient defiance. "Oh, something will happen. This is only temporary. I'm not going to be earning \$85 all the days of my life."

And she repeated with a brazen tilt of her head: "Something will happen!"

"What, Sandy? What's going to happen?"

More than once in the last week as she walked to work she had come to an abrupt pause, asking herself this same question. These lovely days with the first lilt of summer singing through the valley and the May roses blooming in every garden—on these gay sunny mornings, of course, something joyous must happen.

Incredible that a fine, breezy person like Sandy McNeil would be filing compensation reports in a cooped-in office all the days of her life. She was doing this only till Ben Murillo came to his senses and realized she was in earnest; she'd left him for good and all. Then he'd release her.

But if he didn't?

She refused to think of it. She sat up and poked her head from the window sniffing noisily of the sweet night air. She was aware of Ramon's rigid quiet.

He leaned moodily forward regarding her now and then with pained, ardent eyes. How long would she endure the beggary of such a mean, grinding life? She would grow restless and impatient under the pinching and want. The woman in the postoffice had frightened her and

so she had run away—proved to the world that she was free and brave. She was not taking things from him. What had they to do with the world?

He saw already in this attitude of hers a tragic menace to their happiness.

Midnight when they reached the cottage. A burnished moon hung in the pines like an immense golden fruit. The pine swayed, and then the moon swung free and rode above the waters so that they rippled and took life. The waters flashed with eerie figures—strange, lighted figures glided on the waves.

"How thrilling, Ramon!" she drew close to him, turning her hand in his—stirred to her inmost pulse. The quiet of the night swept and uplifted them like music. Sandy thought with pain: "This is love—this is beauty. I want this."

She said aloud: "Ramon—Oh, isn't it lovely?"

In these moments a glad recklessness possessed her. She would turn to him with a vivid laugh: "I'm glad! I'll always be!"

She was young enough to exult in her defiance; to regard herself a free, brilliant being who dared to do what others wished but feared. She recalled characters in fiction—women who were a law unto themselves, seizing boldly the color and vividness of life; leaving to the paltry the meanness of reluctance and remorse.

This moment of disturbing beauty with that sad, plect tree, so still there in its rocky cleft, was a holler thing than she would ever have known if she had hoped. She held herself this and wondered why her breath grew short and the tears came to her eyes.

She leaned against his shoulder, watching the fantastic imagery of the water.

He said softly: "There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you, Sandy."

"What for instance?"

"Everything. Sometimes I wonder if you care much—deeply—so that you'd be willing to spend a thousand lives with me?"

"Oh, not that many! I don't think I'd want a thousand lives."

"I would—with you!"

"You look so tragic, Ramon, when you speak so. Not like yourself."

"I'm not myself since I met you. At least I'm not what I was before."

He turned her face upward. In the moonlight his appeared white, his eyes glowing and were soft in his pallor. He gazed at her, smiling: "I'm not what I was before, Sandy. You own me. Do you know this? I don't think except in terms of you."

She gave a little shivering laugh. The image of him so burned on her mind. Afterward—on many a tortured night she saw Ramon standing so—holding her face—kissing it.

"Say that you love me, Sandy. Why are you so grudging?"

"Don't I love you—mustn't I love you?"

After this he was light-hearted again... the brown eyes were sunny.

"I like you better gay. Always be laughing, Ramon. I can't bear, mournful people."

They rose early and went for a swim in the chilly water. The air was cold, and the sands under their feet were wet. They ran up and down, dashing back and forth into the waves.

"It's worth working all week for a lucky time like this, Ramon."

"It's worth working all year. But we could have this time just the same if you stayed here and were at peace."

"And maybe having the villagers coming down to inquire who the wild lady was that you kept immured in your ocean castle. And maybe dragging me out to get tarred and feathered! Such is life! I think I like better coming in now and then," she laughed. "Then you won't be so sure of me. You won't know for certain that I'll be here."

So in the week-end he came to San Jose. And in the evening they drove down here.

The Fourth of July came on a Monday. Sunday night they were sitting before a big fire. The phonograph was going. Sandy sang a soft, sweet cadence.

Her hat and coat were flung on a chair.

The legs were crackling and the music filled the room.

They heard nothing till a loud knock came pounding on the door. They sat upright, the color dropping from their cheeks.

Ramon shook his head. "I won't answer it."

"They hear the music—they know you're here—"

The knob rattled. She got up—she darted to the kitchen. Some one called "Ray—ole fellow—let us in!"

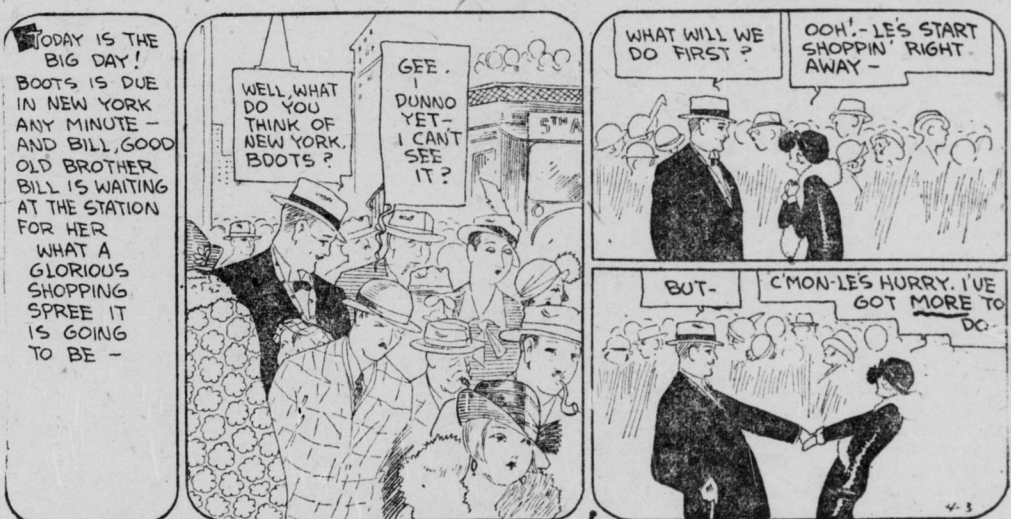
(To Be Continued.)



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By WILLIAMS



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



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## COULD NOT PUT ON HER SHOES

Mrs. Daugherty Was so Weak

In a little town of the Middle West, was a discouraged woman. For four months she had been in such poor health that she could not stoop to put on her own shoes. Unable to do her work, unable to go out of doors or enjoy a friendly chat with her neighbors, the life seemed dark indeed to Mrs. Daugherty.

Then one day, a booklet was left at her front door. Idly she turned the pages. Soon she was wearing with quickened interest. The little booklet was filled with letters from women in conditions similar to hers who had found better health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I began taking the Vegetable Compound," Mrs. Daugherty writes, "and after I took the third bottle, I found relief. I am on my eleventh bottle and I don't have that trouble any more, and feel like a different woman. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to everyone I see who has trouble like mine. I am willing to answer any letters from women asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. E. DAUGHERTY, 1308 Orchard Ave., Muscatine, Iowa.

## Jesus Appears to His Disciples in This Great Study

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for April 4, Jesus Appears to His Disciples, John 20:19-29.

By Wm. E. Gilroy, D. D.

Editor of The Congregationalist. We have emphasized the human interest in the Gospel of John, the Gospel that pre-eminently sets forth the divinity of Jesus. Nowhere is this human element better displayed in the Scriptures than in the narratives in John concerning the experiences of the disciples following the resurrection of Jesus.

Two of the intimate and beautiful scenes and experiences of these days are recorded in our lesson. The first concerns "Doubting Thomas," a good and honest man who has been somewhat maligned by the epithet "doubting" that has been applied to him all through the years. A man who is not necessarily a doubter because he is cautious and desires sufficient proof before he commits himself to belief in strange and unaccountable things. When Thomas was told that the disciples had seen their risen Lord there was much to make him doubt that assertion. It was against all experience that a man who had been crucified should be known to live.

The disciples had been through what we would describe today as shell-shocking experiences. They were in an exceedingly excitable state of mind. It was not unreasonable that Thomas should have questioned their statement and wished to have proof for himself.

The treatment that Jesus is represented as according to Thomas does not indicate any great disapproval of Thomas' hesitation. He knew that Thomas desired to believe, and he gave him every opportunity to have his doubts satisfied. "Reach hither thy finger," He said to him, "and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing."

It is true that when Thomas responded in the fullness of faith, "My Lord and My God," Jesus gave him a gentle rebuke, but this rebuke, it should be recognized, was not a commendation of credulity, but was rather a commendation of that spiritual instinct and thrust which lays profound stress upon inward belief, and which does not base religious conviction upon mere outward evidence.

"Blessed are they that have not seen," he said, "and yet have believed."

Might we not apply this Christ with great propriety to many Christians today who are frankly troubled over the whole question of the miraculous? They have a strong sense of the permanency and unalterability of natural law. They feel, in a sense that it is this unalterable quality of law that, above all else, speaks of the integrity of God and the universe.

They would not find it so easy to believe in a divine being if they felt

smarting under the sense of his unworthiness, yet rejoicing in the fact that Jesus had claimed him.

Peter had been boastful of his allegiance to his Master. Impulsively, but apparently without realizing what he was saying, in emphasizing his own loyalty, he had disparaged the faith and courage of other men.

"Though all men deny thee," he had declared, "yet will not I." How humiliated he must have been in the eyes of the disciples. In spite of his boasting he had fallen far below his own ideal. And how gently Jesus puts him to the test!

**Peter's Faith**  
What is the quality of his faith? What is his spirit? Is it still that of the "boastful desire to be first?"

"Simon, son of Jonas," says Jesus, "lovest thou me more than these?"

Peter entirely ignores the words "more than these," and replies, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

Three times Jesus repeats the questions, and three times as Peter replies in the affirmative Jesus lays upon him the obligation of lowly and humble service. This, he reveals to Peter, as the way of love.

## SCHOOL HELPS

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Burma, with an area of about 231,000 square miles, a little less than that of Texas, is the largest province of British India. It consists of a wide tract along the east side of the Bay of Bengal, ridged by many mountain ranges with rivers flowing in the valleys between. High mountains, reaching 15,000 feet in the north, shut it off from Tibet, China and Siam. Upper Burma, for the most part heavily forested, is subject to much greater extremes of heat and cold than the Irrawaddy delta country, a vast plain of 12,000 square miles, where enormous crops of rice are grown—Burma's largest crop. Two-thirds of her people are engaged in agriculture and kindred occupations. From great oil fields comes nearly all the petroleum used in India.

Nine-tenths of the Burmese are Buddhists. The priests give free instructions to children, so that for an oriental country, Burma has a high percentage of literacy. The Burmese for the most part are easy going and cheerful, very different from the caste-ridden peoples of India proper. The women enjoy a high degree of freedom.

Burma was conquered and taken under British rule in 1885, after nearly a century of frontier war.

## BURMA—It produces world's finest rubies and sapphires.

trade dispute with the native sovereigns. The country has been a notable field of American missionary endeavor since 1813.

The Burmese are short, stocky, with dark hair and olive complexion.

On the banks of the Irrawaddy River the Burmese sell morocco, lacquered baskets, rubies, tourmalines, royal blue sapphires (for the world's finest rubies and sapphires come from the region which centers around Mogok, ninety miles northwest of Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma, jade, striped silks and dried fish.

Population of Burma is nearly 13,000,000.

**K. OF C. PLANS FROLIC**  
Council Will Give Easter Ball at Clubhouse Monday Night.

Easter frolic and ball of Indianapolis Council Knights of Columbus will be at the clubhouse, Thirtieth and Delaware Sts., Monday night. The program of vaudeville acts and dancing will be broadcast over WFEM.

"The Cinderella," to be given for the first time in the city, will be featured in the grand march, the program includes—Steve Wilhelm

and George Mangen, singers, and Margie Mansfield and Roslyn Ludwig, who will present a junior Charleston.

**CANDIDATES BACKED**  
Disabled American Veterans of the World War voted endorsement of the candidates of Ralph E. Johnson for the Republican nomination for prosecutor, and for the Republican renomination of Representative Ralph E. Updike at a meeting at 16 E. Michigan St. Friday night.

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