

SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, makes Ben Murillo, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Sandy, a son dies at birth. BOB McNEIL, her under-achieving brother, and her mother to take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets RAMON WORTLI, who says her life is in the sun. On the same steamer home he declares his love. She says she will never release him. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy that everything will be all right. She goes for a trip with Ramon. He appears, unexpectedly, at a party she is giving for her friends. After the party he strikes her. She leaves his home and accepts the kind attention of Ramon, whose home she shares. She then accepts a position in the city and boards out, spending occasional weekends with Ramon at his home. She is summoned home and she leaves Ramon, promising to marry him when she is heart and home. He is confronted by Murillo, who asks her to come back. She refuses. Then she receives a ring from Ramon with a note saying "Good-bye."

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE CHAPTER LXIX

Sandy turned the ring in her palm. She sat down cold with dread, the suspense of the last few days now fixed in appalling certainty. Ramon was dead. He had sent this exquisite gift asking to be remembered, and he was gone.

She recalled him in grim, despondent moods; especially since that night when the girl in the purple kimono accosted them at the cottage door, recalled him in moods of despairing and terrible humility. She now thought: "He's done it!" There was that other image of a bronzed and laughing figure riding the surf. Too vital—he was too gallant and vital for a cowardly end like this.

She put the ring on her little finger, turning it back and forth, thinking distractedly: "Men don't kill themselves for love. They talk about it far awhile—they get over it. He loved before. She died. He lived through that."

The stone was so beautiful. She studied its limpid gleam. Her eyes filled. How sad that love goes on for one and ends for the other—that he would keep on looking backward, but she could put it from her—

Finally she thought: "It's better ended for him. What could I bring to anyone? I'll never be free. The longer it kept on the more unhappy it became."

She went out and took a long walk in the hills, but she couldn't shake the cold, sunken weight from her heart.

Sandy wrote. She picked up the ring, pressed its cool, glassy surface against her lips. A mournful way for things to end—romance that she fancied treading so insensibly, going only gay, beautiful ways.

She wrote—pages and pages, recalling all the generous, happy things he had done for her, thanking him many times. All through the sentences went a note of finality; a sad note of inevitable parting. On the last page it was no longer a mood of tender regret. It took form in the words.

TENDER, ACHING, FEET

THE minute you put your feet in a "TIZ" bath you feel pain being drawn out and comfort just soaking in. How good your tired, swollen, burning feet feel. "TIZ" draws out the poisons that cause tender, aching feet.

"TIZ" takes all the soreness out of corns and callouses. Get a box of "TIZ" at any drug or department store for a few cents.

End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep your feet fresh, sweet and comfortable. Bathe Them in TIZ

Enjoy Eating

If your blood is pure~ You like to eat

REMEMBER how you used to come in from play hungry as a bear? But you could hardly wait until Dad filled your plate!

And didn't everything taste good? Seemed like you never would get enough. Didn't you feel good those days. Yes, they were the red blooded days.

Why isn't your appetite like that now? Why don't you like to eat just the same as you did in those days? Here's the reason—your system is simply starving for the lack of rich, red blood! You've lost your appetite because you've lost your red blood power. No red blood nourishment for the tissues of your body.

Build up your blood to where it is pure and rich and watch that appetite come back! S. S. S. is the way to do it! S. S. S. helps Nature build red-blood-cells—builds them by the millions!

You'll get hungry and you'll enjoy eating when S. S. S. helps Nature build pure red cells in that weak blood of yours. And you'll look better—your skin will be clear and unblemished—your flesh will become firm and solid—strength and power will come back to your flabby muscles—you'll be yourself again.

S. S. S. will bring back the joy of eating—the joy of living. It's done it for thousands for generations. It's going to do it for you too. Get S. S. S. at your druggist. The larger bottle is more economical.

"I love the ring, Ramon, and I'll always love remembering you. I have no regret and no secret for the things that have been between us. I know now—and your greatness taught it to me—all the fine, beautiful phases of life that are closed to me. They're closed ultimately. I'm not going to try to seize again. For I see the futility and the madness of this. I thought I could take gaily—joyously. I can't. No one can unless they are very callous.

"I said I had no regret. I should say none but one. It is for you. You tell me that last year when this began I was married and so I have no right now to end it. That is true. I turned to you and took advantage of you, rejoicing in all your goodness, perhaps because I needed it so much. I never thought to give you a hurt that you can't seem to master.

Going on with it wouldn't alter this. We can't go on with it. Things that are stronger than ourselves interfere. You know this. And that's why it's so much better that we part now while there is still beauty in the feeling we have for each other than to go on becoming more and more hopeless—because we are more resentful until finally we would have the thought of each other.

"I wish that you could be content with a friendship. Why need we blot each other out of existence because one relation between us has failed? You gave a great deal to me. If I gave anything to you why can we not think of each other kindly and happily? Why can we not be glad for what we've had and meet like friends who no longer travel the same road, but whose paths cross now and again for a blithe hour of happy remembering? Because we were once so much to each other, is it necessary that being less than this all we must be nothing? That is a petty way—an ungrateful attitude for the joys that have been ours.

"So write to me, Ramon, and tell me you're happy—tell me you understand. You know in your heart as well as I that this end must be. For you it is much better. You are worth a more substantial relation than I can offer. You are better free of me. Don't you see this? If not now—you will. I hope so."

She mailed this. She felt relieved—a warm and aching relief. The same morning that Sandy mailed this letter she received one. Slowly the blood went burning to her cheeks. She wondered if there were some way she could intercept her own message . . . keep him from reading it. Her fright returned.

This was the letter Ramon wrote: "I am going away, dearest of mine, for a little while. Because I don't want to make things hard for you. And because I cannot remain within traveling distance and keep away from you. I've got to put the wide ocean between us.

"I'm going, hoping for you, waiting for you, living for you. As long as I have this much I don't despair. When I left you the other night and you seemed so burdened, so anxious to be free—even a little glad to have me gone—that night for a few hours I was determined to get out of your way and in such a manner that I never could bother you again.

"Then I began to consider your side of it . . . how worried you are—how much you have at stake . . . and I remembered your lips on my eyes. I think this kept me from the madness. I believe you care for me. You must. Don't you? Write and tell me that I count for something in your thoughts—that you love me—you want me—that some day we'll be together and it will be for always.

"I go away, believing this—counting on this—dreaming of this in every waking hour. You are all of life to me. I would suffer pain, inconceivable pain, to make you happy . . . I would be glad to do this.

"Life would be utterly meaningless to me with the hope and the dream of you gone. Sandy—what a power—what a terrific power you have over me! When you flash out sometimes the way you do—when you fling from me with that quick, determined step of yours, I want to drop dead. I have a morbid horror of displeasing you. It is a pity that I am so much under your heel—darling of mine—dear thing of mine. But I'm glad to be there—glad to be on my knees to you. Only let me stay so.

"Write—please—tell me to hope—tell me to yearn . . . say that tomorrow we shall meet—You kissed me—you put your dear, soft hands on my face. I feel them—I laugh, feeling them.

"Wear the ring for me—and think of me. I'm waiting here until your answer comes."

A cold sweat dotted her forehead. She couldn't reach him—couldn't stop him from reading that letter. And when he read it, his hope would vanish—he would be plunged into a mood of black despondence. She went to the public telephone and tried to get him by wire . . . He was not in.

"He'll do it this time—Oh, Lord!" She walked half-blinded up the hill. She wrote to him . . . "But it will be too late."

She tried that night and the next morning to reach him. That afternoon she was coming down the stairs. Ben Murillo was standing before the old marble-topped hatrack. He had the mail in his hands. He was sorting over the letters.

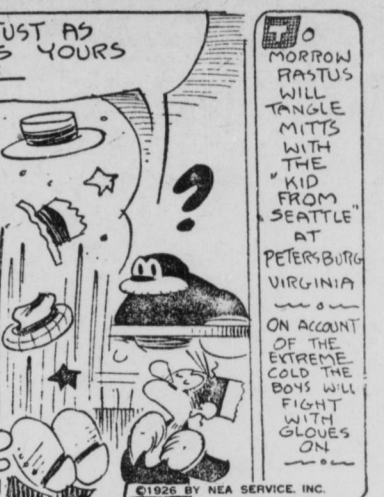
Sandy's heart stood still, then it flew like a wild thing to her throat. (To Be Continued.)

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OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



War's Stink-Pots Pictured In 'No More Parades'

By Walter D. Hickman

War's "stink-pots" are revealed in natural dirt and color in "No More Parades."

Years after the World War we are getting the first really serious, natural and realistic study of war.

I have taken my time in telling you about "No More Parades," by Ford Madox Ford, published by Albert and Charles Boni, New York.

On the stage we have the direct method of talk and deed in "What Price Glory." Not so direct is "The Big Parade," a movie showing the more gentle attributes of the soldiers behind the lines while not fighting and then going into actual fighting on the battle front.

But in "No More Parades" we run up against the mental and sex side of this war game. Here we get satire and protests against the conduct of the war by England.

Here we see the sex machine of fighting men operating in the din of battle.

But this is no handicap, because the style of Ford enables him to project successfully the mental reaction of his characters.

I assure you that if you are weak hearted and hesitate to become acquainted with war as it exists in fact and in the brain box of flighting men, then have nothing to do with "No More Parades."

On the other hand, if you read books a good deal like going to the theater, then you will welcome an opportunity to study this new Ford novel.

Here is an extraordinary book, vital, powerful and at times overwhelming in its dramatic action. War with all of its beastly attributes come to you in this story.

The author is not intentionally dirty. He knows war and he realizes the mental and passionate flights of fighting men. Here is not libel, as I see it, but an honest attempt to picture the mental side of the war game.

"No More Parades" is for the adult, mature mind—the mind which is capable of looking a fact square in the face. The more that I consider this book the more convinced I am that we have one of the outstanding dramatic works of modern fiction. Those who desire honest and sincere writing, to them I recommend "No More Parades."

New books of philosophy, sociology, religion and economics are: "Cosmic Evolution," by J. E. Boodin; "Life and Teaching of Jesus According to the First Three Gospels," by E. I. Bosworth; "Our Enemy, the Child," by Agnes De Lima; "Kamala," by Arpad Ferenczy; "The Faith of a Worker," by L. P. Jacks; "Life: A Study of Self," by W. B. Maxwell; "Oil Industry and the Competitive System," by G. W. Stocking.

New Scientific and technical books are: "A Health Survey of Ninety-Eight Cities," by Chemistry in Modern Life, by S. A. Arrhenius; "Approaching Motherhood," by G. L. Brodhead; "Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward," by T. F. Carter; "Colds, Cause, Treatment and Prevention," by R. L. Cecil; "Muskrat Farming," by Earl Hummel; "Regeneration From a Physico-Chemical Viewpoint," by Jacques Loeb; "Constipation, Its Cause, Effect and Treatment," by

B. A. Macfadden; "The Industrial Museum," by C. R. Richards; "Tea-Room Recipes," by Lenore Richards; "Mastery of the Bow and Bowing Subtleties," by Paul Stoeving, and "Climates of the United States," by R. D. Ward.

LUNCHEON CLUBS TOLD

Every luncheon club of the city had its attention called to the Home Complete Show this week by members of the speakers committee of the Indianapolis Real Estate Board, headed by George T. Whelden.

Dick's Favorite

Richard Halliburton, who wrote that gay and romantic vagabond tale of travel, "The Royal Road to Romance," (Bobbs-Merrill) has confessed to an interviewer that his favorite book and character is "Don Quixote." His mother read the book to him when he was 6; at 16 he read it again and at 26 he relived the old thrill a third time. It isn't surprising then that the boy who had idealized the old wind-mill fighter, could and would, as a man, swim the Hebespot, get jailed for photographing Gibraltar, and be the first person to climb Fujiyama in winter. All of which Halliburton has done. As for wind-mills—puff!

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