

SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, to please her impoverished family, Tyrone by name, and friend, Quimby, Ramon, her son dies at birth. BOB McNEIL, her uncle, aids in plans for Sandy to marry Ramon, and she goes to him. There she meets RAMON WORTH, who saves her life in the surf. On the same day, Sandy's mother dies. Ramon Murillo says he will never release her. TUDOR MOORE, a cousin, tells her to run away. Murillo overtakes her as she goes for a tryst with Ramon. He appears unexpectedly at a party she is giving for friends. After the party he strikes her. She leaves his home and accepts the kindly invitation of Ramon's mother to share her home. She then accepts a position in the city and boards with Ramon at his home. She is summoned home, and she leaves Ramon, returning to the city. She is free. At her home she is confronted by Murillo, who asks her to come back. She goes back to him. She receives a note from Ramon with a note saying "good-bye."

GO ON WITH THE STORY 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 him 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 distractingly: "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 liquid gleam. Her eyes filled. How sad that love goes on for one and ends for the other—that he would keep on looking backward, she could put it there.

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 insolently, 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,



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Enjoy Eating

1/11

If your blood is pure~ You like to eat

REMEMBER how you used to come in from play hungry as a bear? Bet 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 red 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.

(To Be Continued.)

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SALESMAN \$AM—By SWAN



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



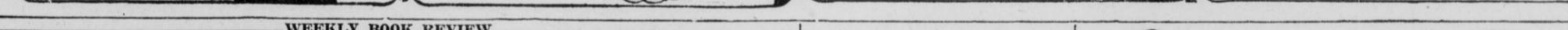
MOUNTAIN FASTNESS AND LOOSENESS.



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW
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 realism 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.

We come into close contact with the brain machine of the fighters and the leaders. We face honestly the mental combat of a married officer, whose wife "dogs" him nearly to the battle front.

The author is not intentionally dirty. He knows war and he realizes the mean and passionate flights of fighting men. Here is not liberal, 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 fiction at the Central Library include: "The Lava

But this is no handicap, because rons," by Mrs. L. C. Burnham; "Steel Decks," by Mrs. A. R. Burr; "Steel Decks," by J. B. Connolly; "King of No Man's Land," by A. O. Friel; "Gertrude Haviland's Divorce," by L. H. Gillmore; "Appassionate," by Fannie Hurst; "Stormy Petrel," by Oswald Kent; "Plumed Serpent," by D. H. Lawrence; "East of Eden," by Lynn Montrose; "Treasure Trail," by Roland Pertwee; "Three Farms," by Cynthia Blockley; and "Dark Tower," by F. B. Young.

New books of philosophy, sociology, religion and economics are:

"Cosmic Evolution," by J. E. Boodin; "Faith and Teaching of Jesus According to the First Three Gospels," by E. Bosworth; "Our Enemy, the Child," by Agnes de Lima; "Kumala," by Arpad Ferenczy; "The Faith of a Worker," by L. P. Jacks; "Life: A Study of Self," by W. B. Maxwell; "Our Industry and the Competitive System," by G. W. Stocking.

New scientific and technical books are: "A Health Survey of Ninety-Eight Cities," "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. Clegg; "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 Stoeling; 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 Hebrides, get jailed for photographing Gibratlar, and be the first person to climb Fujiyama in winter. All of which Halliburton has done, as

for wind-mills—pouf!

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