SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN, Author of "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR

SANDY McNEILL, in love with life, marries BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Typhoid by Murillo and frequent quarrels follow. A son dies at birth. Bob McNeill, her uncle, arrives in Paris for Sandy and her mother to take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets RAMON WORTH, who saves her life in the surf. On the same steamer home, he declares his love. Murillo says he will never release her. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overtakes her as she goes for a tryst with Ramon. He appears, unexpectedly, at a party she is giving for her friends. After the party he strikes her. She leaves his house and accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She then accepts a position in the city, spending occasional week-ends with Ramon at his home. She is summoned home because of her mother's illness. She meets Murillo and refuses to live with him. A few days later she and Ramon meet to say good-by. Sandy's mother dies and after the funeral Sandy determines to get a job.

GO ON WITH THE STORY FROM HERE

CHAPTER LXXIV

For the hundredth time Judith draped the gauzy curtains. The room was ready for its enchanting guest. Sandy would arrive in the morning.

Half of the dresser drawers were cleared for her and half of the hooks in the closet.

"We'll have a pip of a time!" Judith thought, gazing delightedly at the windows, done after a sketch she had admired in one of those magazines about "homes beautiful." Brilliant cretonne shades and over these luring veils of silver voile that toned in with the soft gray walls, the whole offering a mellow background for the fine old rosewood bed and dresser.

This set had come around the Horn when the McNeils were in the heyday of their glory. It was greatly prized by Judith's mother, but when the craze for painted furniture was at its height the two older girls refurnished on the installment plan. The fine old antiques were pushed contemptuously to the basement whence they were quietly rescued by Judith.

They looked quainter and more beautiful now with the walls so delicate and fresh. These walls were Judith's great pride. Tinted them hersif!

The Moores paid but $50 rent for their big, comfortable flat. The landlord hadn't raised the rent, but he refused any and all repairing. If they didn't like the nile green and bricky yellow tinting let them close their eyes or move!

So Judith bought several packages of alabastine, experimenting until she had a faint warmth of lavender in the color.

And Douglas came over to help. They took one of the leaves from the dining room table, set it on two ladders. With the can of tinting between them they set to work.

"You must care a heck of a lot for this dame of a Sandy, Jude, seeing that you risk your lovely hands for her."

Judith pulled on a great pair of gloves and laughed with a bound of joy.

"Why so wench?"

"Nothing!" But she thought, thrilling: "By the same token, Doug, you must care a heck of a lot for me, else why give up three nights all in a row?"

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They talked of so many things—love and when to get married, and how much a fellow needs and if the girl should keep on working. Judith was sorry when the room was finished.

Now she went over to the closet. There was a litle window here. And it looked into the kitchen of the flat next door. Very often Judith stood at this window, hiding behind her coat when one of her sisters came into the room.

It was 7 o'clock. In this next-door kitchen a small, thin woman with a sweet, earnest face, washed the dishes. And a boy with a young, rollicky look picked up three plates at once, wiping them absently.

He talked. Something great and exciting must have happened, because he hunched his head between his shoulders and laughed joyously. Once Judith heard: "Gee whiz—think of it, Em!"

Then he showed those white teeth in a fine, boyish grin. Judith drew a long, sighing breath and closed her eyes against sudden tears. How clean and young—oh, how glorious he was!

Any one else looking would have seen but a nice, bonny lad of 24 with a sun-burned face, a pair of fine, hazel eyes, a nose turned up just a little at the very tip and a square, manly chin. He had plenty of brown, almost fair hair, slicked back in the approved fashion of snappy young gentlemen. He was 5 feet 9 inches and proud of his big shoulders and tapering waist. This was Douglas Keith.

But to Judith those 5 feet 9 inches measured all of romance and beauty the world contained. She could hardly bear it when he looked straight and laughing into her eyes, because his had such a high, noble quality. So she thought—seeing in him all that was knightly, imaging the very soul of young Galahad dwelling behind those gray, twinkling eyes.

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Four years Judith had loved him. Two or three times she had thought: "He loves me, too. He doesn't know this. Will he find it out? Oh, will he ever find it out?"

And in novels she read of such affairs, picturing herself the heroine, dreaming of the hour when he would awaken, as David Copperfield did, winning at last his Agnes.

She now whispered: "I wonder how Aimee is?" Aimee was his latest flame. "Gee—what a pip!" he told Judith, recounting the charms of a little golden haired flapper who could just tickle you like a feather, she was so darn cute.

These affairs of his always started out in a flame of enthusiasm. In a month or six weeks they waned. And when Judith inquired: "Well, how is Ruth?" or "How is Patsy?" he would make a gay, contemptuous sound with his lips and serenely report: "A flat tire! World's full of them."

No one guessed the joy of these repeated disillusions to Judith.

He hung up the dishtowel, gave a cursory brush to the stove with a worn whisk broom, kicked a chair into place.

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Emma Keith said something that Judith didn't hear. A disappointed look came over her face.

Then the boy caught her shoulders, shook her whimsically. His deep, warm voice rose teasingly: "Don't be green-eyed, Em! I'm only going next door. Want to tell Jude."

Emma's mouth tightened. Judith saw this. His mother was jealous of her—more jealous of her than of any ten girls that Douglas liked.

Judith considered this with a throb of exultation.

And now she ran to the dresser and in a flurry whisked powder over her nose. Oh, if she had only looks. Instead of that big, ardent mouth—that drab straight hair—if she had only a crimson cupid's bow and hair of coppery gold!

The tan skin flushed and this made her eyes seem purple. She had deep violet eyes rimmed with stubby, black lashes—lovely eyes, full of soul—that's what people said, even those who called her "plain." Maud, her sister and the beauty of the Moore family, was envious of Judith's eyes. They would have gone much better in Maud's comely face.

"I wonder what's happened," Judith murmured.

He came in the back way, kicking open the screen door of the kitchen and calling: "Where the heck are you, Jude? Come on for a walk. Next week we ride."

They went toward the hill. A whiff of clean, fragrant air blew down the green slopes of Alamo Park. They climbed the steps going round the tier till they came to the circle of trees at the top. . . They stood on this round plateau in the darkness and gloom, looking down on the lighted canyons of the city's streets.

They often strolled here. Sometimes they walked about stealthily watching the benches, nudging each other and chuckling when they saw couples with arms entwined.

But now they stood here laughing, their hands clasped and swinging.

"A hundred dollars, Jude! Why, I'm rich girl!..

"Will it last, Doug?"

"As long as I do, I don't expect to peter out before I'm 40. And any one ought to be willing to die by then! I tell you I've got a contract. Gee, I'm the luckiest dog that ever breathed! No more law office for me!"

His news was this—the paper for which he wrote short, epigrammatic stuff illustrated with bizarre drawing had syndicated his articles. And he, Douglas Keith, pauper, was to receive $100 a week.

"I'll buy a ritzy little bus for you and me. I tell you we'll tear up this jazzy ole town."

"And Aimee, Douglas? Will you marry her now?"

"Aimee—pouf!"

"Oh, is that over?"

"No depth of feeling, Jude—nothing to her—now if she was like you, you know. Had some understanding—something besides looks—"

"Oh, have I something, then, Doug?"

"Say—have you?" He turned to Judith. His eyes went straight to Judith's soul.

Just then a bird flung out a note of song and a star sped goldenly across the sky. Judith's heart stood still—waiting. The blessed, prayed for moment—was it come?

(To Be Continued.)

$ALESMAN $AM—By SWAN

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

SEE CONVENTION RECORD

Three Gatherings Here Every Two Days So Far This Year.

With an average of three conventions here in Indianapolis every two days for the first three months of 1926 and 148 conventions listed for the remainder of the year, officials of the Chamber of Commerce convention bureau today said they expected the number of conventions for the year to surpasse that of last year's, which was 292.

Special efforts are now being made to obtain conventions for 1927. Among organizations considering Indianapolis for 1927 are International Kiwanis Clubs, National Canners Association, National Confectioners' Association and National Tuberculosis Association.

"Doc" Malcolm has decided to "lay" for the thief who took his lone hen from his chicken house. Last fall a prowler took "Doc's" rooster and left the hen. Now the hen is gone.

Hoosier Briefs

Ralph Stout of Gary was not content to take ordinary chances at a railroad crossing. He crawled under a crossing gate and was struck by a gasoline speeder.

Postal officials were notified when Herry B. Cain of Elwood received a "Spanish prison letter."

John F. Hutichings of Eaton has been granted a patent on an implement for depositing cores in moulds used in constructing sash weights in foundries.

Plans for memorial hall at Muncie are being rushed so the building can be completed in time for the opening of the local high school basketball season, according to Robert O. Burt, chairman of the ways and means committee.

Bloomington Police Chief Perry Cardwell has started a drive to clean up disreputable dance halls in the city.

Prisoners in the Lake County jail at Crown Point received their first taste of spring when they started work on the jail garden today.

Harkey Allen, 11, thrust his head inside a wondow at the Forty-Third Avenue Presbyterian Church at Gary during a prohibition speech by Judge Thomas W. Slick of South Bend. The bay was brought inside to keep him from disturbing the audience. Then he started selling seeds.

CANDIDATE HAS UNUSUAL CARD

Losche Tells Qualities in Clever Manner.

In a few words Albert H. Losche, candidate for the Democratic nomination as county clerk, describes his characteristics and qualifications. The case is presented on a post card bearing Losche's picture.

"Yes, I'm Albert H. Losche, Democratic candidate for county clerk," the statement reads. "I was reared in Indianapolis and proud of it. Go to church, been in the Army, like a good ball game and admire a hound dog. Married four years ago and am still married. Got one youngster and I think he is a whale of a boy 'cause he is my kid. I pay my taxes, political assessments; foot my own bills and live a happy life. I expect to be cussed and discussed, squeezed and mooched, ripped and shook down; lied to, lied about; talked to and talked about; eulogized, criticised and called everything from a lizard on up.

"In this primary race I shall fight fair. I'll win if I can, or lose if I must; I will accept victory without boasting or defeat without a whimper. Angels could do no more."

SEAL SALE IS LARGE

Indiana Christmas Controbution Estimated at More Than $176,000.

With an estimated total of more than 176,000 contributed by Hoosiers to the 1925 Christmas seal fund, officials of the Indiana Tuberculosis Association today predicted the State would lead the Missippi valley conference for the sixth consecutive year.

Final results of the sale are being tabulated at State headquarters. Figures show a State-wide per capita sal eof 5.8 cents worth of seals. Marion County had an 11 cent per capit asale, totaling about $39,000.

BROWNING TO BE TOPIC

Prof. Francis Calvin Tilden, head of the department of comparative literature at De Pauw University, will speak on "Browning and the Thought of His Time," at the forty-fifth dinner of the Browning Society, May 7. Professor Tilden has taught literary classes at De Pauw since 1900.

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