

# SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN,  
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, married BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her over-protective family. A son dies at birth. BEN McNEIL, her uncle, aids in plans for Sandy and her mother to take a party ship. There she meets RAMON WORTH, who saves her life in the surf. In the same steamship home he declares his love. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overtakes her as she goes for a trial with Ramon. He sneers, unexpectedly, at a party she is giving for her friends. She leaves him and accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She leaves for her home with her cousin, Judith, after parting with Ramon. Some months later she receives a letter from Ramon.

## NOW ON WITH THE STORY

"Yes, they are cute," said the manicurist, deftly pushing the cuticle of Judith's nails with a small orangewood stick, different from any Judith had ever seen. "They were sent to me from China. And this powder gives a wonderful gloss. It came from France. I wrote Dick—that's my friend's name—to send me a bushel before he leaves." He's going to Persia next."

Judith grinned. "How romantic, getting orangewood sticks from China. Most likely he'll send you a rug from Persia."

She thought nervously: "We're all alike! All kidding ourselves with our dreams."

Judith's cheeks, usually of a smooth tan color, were now pink with excitement and a stealthy sense of guilt as though having her nails manicured were an unworthy thing. He said her hands were pretty—slender and soft. She wished to add to their beauty. But she said to herself: "They needed it! Typing is the very deuce on a person's nails. I've sense enough to know that if he doesn't care for me for my heart and soul—if he can be lured by surface charms, then it wouldn't pay me to even think of him. I wouldn't stoop to attract the greatest man on the earth—myself."

"Oh, wouldn't you? Don't lie to yourself, Judith Moore! You'd rouge, though you look a fright when you do. You'd paint your eyelashes and bleach your hair and hang a ring in your nose if you thought that would win him. You know you would! You're no whit different from all the women in the world!"

"Well! Why should I try to be?" she added more softly. And going from the store she paused at a mirror to smooth the powder over her nose. A big purple hat made her eyes the deepest violet, and that flush gave a soft glowing look to her eager youth—a look Sandy said was more than beauty.

Judith hoped he'd think so. Douglas was home—arrived in the morning—coming to meet her now.

It was nearly 6 o'clock. She hurried along Geary to Stockton. He phoned he'd wait near Union Square. Had something "seraphic" to tell her. Seraphic was his favorite word for the supernaturally delicious.

They saw each other at the same moment. He was leaning with an insolent grin, against a snappy little maroon-colored coupe—as though he owned it.

Then he swept off his hat and came toward her, eyes twinkling. For a moment she thought he was going to sweep her in his arms.

He chuckled, showing the white, sparkling teeth. "Boiled you, that time? But I'd like to, Judy, darling!" And he gripped her hand, saying a dozen things all at once, sprinkling in many a "Judy-see, I'm glad to see you! Step this way."

He opened the door of the little maroon car. It was his—bought it that very afternoon. Only home three hours when he got the chance. Ask the world if he wasn't a lucky sinner!

A fellow in the newspaper office bought the car and had now lost his job, so he had to sell. Tough on him. The car had only run 800 miles and he was selling it for \$1,000.

—knocking off more than a third of its cost.

"So here's where we begin to live, Jude!"

"What does your mother say?" "Haven't told her yet. I'll break the news gently. Poor Em's as used to doing without, she thinks it almost sinful to get what you want. She has the queerest idea of God, as though He's some mean fellow who goes snooping around waiting till he finds a poor starving kid who's just come upon a nice fat cream puff. Just as the kid gets ready to take a bite, up comes God and snatches it from him."

Judith laughed. "But it's not a joke, Jude, when a person looks on life like that. Em's afraid to be riotously happy. But she's got to get used to it from hence on—"

"You won't go back to New York?"

"I should say not! And you're glad, I'll bet. Tell me, Jude—holy smoke, ain't you glad? You're all snaked up to see me. You look darn good."

"And I've got a fellow for you."

"A fellow for ME, Doug?"

"Yes, for you. And just can't chatter about your not being attractive, Jude. That's the bunk. This fellow's a prince. I went to Cal with him—then he went East to study some more. You surely remember my talking of Hal Hume?"

He was in medicine—a brilliant student. You're just the sort for him. He likes them deep—couldn't see a flapper if he had a hundred eyes."

"I'm not that deep. And I never went to college—"

"You're not? But you've read about everything that was ever written. You don't have to go to college to be educated. Your type doesn't."

"Anyway—there's a party arranged for night after tomorrow. I thought we'd let him take Cousin Sandy. You and I'll go together. Afterwards, you'll put the skids under her."

"I put the skids under Sandy? You don't know what you're talking about. She's got everything."

"Think—she's married, isn't she? Of course, that makes it nice in some ways, but a fellow isn't thinking seriously of a married dame."

Judith looked at her pretty hands. They had driven out Bay to Van Ness and then back to Fisherman's Wharf, trying out the new car—talking about it—how beautifully it swept along—how cunning the fittings were.

They were now parked here. "Gee, your nails shine."

"Yes — the gloss came from France. And the orangewood sticks from China! So you're going to marry me off, Doug?"

"No—but I'm not going to have you stuck in the mud all the days of your life. Time you were stepping and living. No one gets a bigger kick out of things than you. Besides, you and Hal would make a stunning couple. He's the sort of a fellow you could care for, Jude."

She looked clear into his eyes. She asked gaily: "Do you know the kind of fellow I could love, Doug?"

"I ought to."

Judith gave a soft, tender laugh, lowered her eyes swiftly: "Yes—I guess you should."

They had a chummy dinner together. Judith told him that Sandy was too determined to pair her off. "But I'm a total loss, Doug. I just can't go in for that petting stuff. I can't bear it! It's not that I wouldn't like to kiss somebody, because I would. But I couldn't do it just with my lips. I'd have to love him—"

She pulled the big drooping hat and shielded her face. "I'd have to love him with all my heart and soul—so much that I could die for him—Otherwise, just kissing would bore me to death. I should think it must be awfully stupid—"

His face, at first sober, now lighted up, the eyes twinkling, a blush going merrily to his temples. "Not quite that stupid, Judy, darling! You see—there's finesse in everything! You say Sandy isn't empty and isn't stupid. But she likes it, doesn't she? But you won't have to do any petting with Hal. Just be yourself. There are plenty who can pet—but darn few that can talk the way you can."

"All right—" She reached for her vanity, took the puff and rubbed it slowly over her now crimson cheeks: "And when I've got the skids under Sandy, then I take Hal and you take her?"

"Oh—we'll see—"

He put the car in a garage around the corner from the flat. They walked up the block, still intently talking.

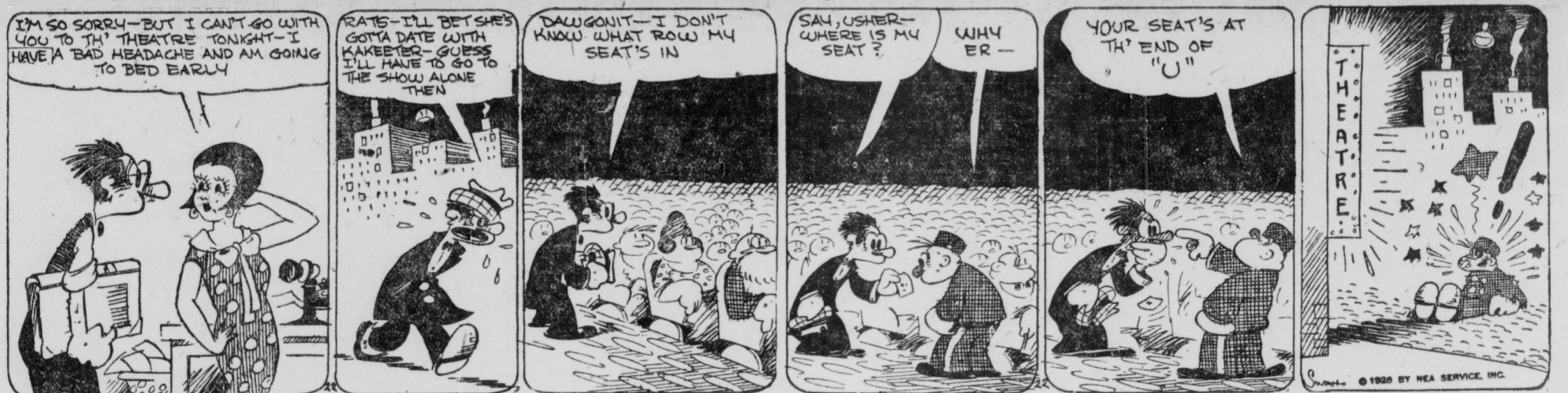
They were at the steps and starting upward before they noticed the figures at the door.

Judith saw Sandy's shawl. Sandy stood with her head raised, the curved, beautiful lips a little parted. And the boy, his hat off, stooped and kissed her.

Judith trembled, shot a quick glance at Douglas, hoping he hadn't seen.

"Pretty—gee, that was pretty!" he chuckled softly. "Is that Sandy? Is that Cousin Sandy?"

Tears rushed to Judith's eyes. (To Be Continued)



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



### Appetite Gone?

A tempting, delicious looking meal—all the choicest morsels from a well stocked pantries—all these good things falling to put a keen edge on your appetite—falling to arouse, in any degree, a hardy relish for the food so attractively placed before you. Why?

Score of men and women are faced with the same misfortune. After a day of toil—when they are tired—when good things to eat should be ravishly sought to re-charge their vitality and fit them for play time—their stomachs turn. They are worn down, played out. Food has no appeal. To them it is sickening. The aroma of appetizing things nauseates them.

Red blood cells are missing. Red blood which should be coursing through your veins strengthening your vitality—adding to your strength—keeping you healthy and fit—is not to be found.

S. S. S. is what is needed. Your blood needs purifying. What use is an automobile without a battery? What advantage is a dynamo without electricity? Your body is a

human dynamo. Your blood cells supply the energy which keeps your body well and fit. Weakened blood cells make you like the storage battery with dry cells—power is lacking—energy gone—productive qualities at the lowest ebb. S. S. S. supplies the red blood cells—the spark that recharges your system.

Mr. James Chaloupka, Sherman School, Chillicothe, Ohio, writes: "I feel like a new man after taking S. S. S. It gave me a better appetite and cleared my skin of pimples and blackheads."

Carefully selected, scientifically proportioned and prepared herbs and barks make up S. S. S.—the great blood purifier. Give nature a helping hand. Get back the lost appetite—the missing vitality—the keen, sparkling eyes—that look of determination. The best way to start back over the road to well being is with S. S. S. Nervous will become stronger. S. S. S. will give you more energy, vitality and vigor, and a more "up and going" appearance.

S. S. S. is sold at all leading drug stores. Try a bottle and see for yourself. The large size bottle is more economical. Get one today.

**S.S.S. Makes You Feel Like Yourself Again**

## HOTEL BUILDING SOLD

Real Estate Brokers Purchase Hotel and Residence.

L. H. Lewis & Co., real estate brokers, Hume-Mansur Bldg., have purchased a two-story brick hotel building and residence at 1923 N. New Jersey St. at a consideration said to be in excess of \$60,000. The property was owned by heirs of the Odell estate.

## CIVIC CLUB TO MEET

Chautauqua Agreement to Be Topic of Business Men.

Southeastern Civic Improvement Club will meet tonight in the Church Community House at Hoyt and State Aves.

John F. White, president, said business men signing the community Chautauqua agreement will discuss the plan with company representatives.

## UNION PLANS CONTEST

"Why Belong to W. C. T. U.?" to Be Topic of Attorney.

Meridian W. C. T. U. will sponsor an oratorical contest Monday night at Central Christian Church, Walnut St. and Ft. Wayne Ave. Mrs. Fred Miller is contest superintendent.

J. E. Martin, attorney, will speak on "Why Belong to the W. C. T. U.?" Koehler sisters trio will play. Miss Catherine Beasley of Valley Mills is pianist.

## RALLY NEXT WEDNESDAY

Epworth League District Meeting at St. Paul M. E. Church.

"Friendship" will be the topic of Miss Mary Elizabeth Plummer of Bedford, Wednesday night at a district Epworth League rally at St. Paul M. E. Church.

The De Pauw University trio composed of Miss Helen Rolland Alice McCartney and Arnold Small, will play.

## USE PORTABLE LAWNS

Artificial Grass Replaced by New Invention.

By United Press. CULVER CITY, Cal., April 21.—"Portable lawns" are the latest invention of the botanical department of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios here.

The "portable lawn" consists of a series of shallow wooden trays into which soil is laid and lawn seeds planted. They are kept in racks and tended and watered daily. The device does away with artificial grass, which has fallen into disuse as unrealistic and highly inflammable.

## EXTRAVAGANCE

End of	Payments	Dividend on Payments	Earnings on Dividends	Total Credit to date
6 mos.	130.00	.....	.....	130.00
12 mos.	130.00	3.90	.....	263.90
18 mos.	130.00	7.80	.10	401.80
24 mos.	130.00	11.70	.34	543.84
30 mos.	130.00	15.60	.70	690.14
36 mos.	130.00	19.50	1.20	840.84
42 mos.	130.00	23.40	1.82	996.06
48 mos.	130.00	27.30	2.58	1155.94
54 mos.	130.00	31.20	3.46	1320.60
60 mos.	130.00	35.10	4.50	1490.20
66 mos.	130.00	39.00	5.70	1664.90
72 mos.	130.00	42.90	7.04	1844.84
78 mos.	130.00	46.80	8.54	2030.18
Total	1690.00	304.20	35.98	

Total payments..\$1690.00  
Total dividends on payments.. 304.20  
Total earnings on dividends.. 35.98  
Total credit in six years and six months.....\$2030.18

We Have Always Paid 6%

is a habit, once formed, that is hard to break, but in connection with that, a question arises that is very easily answered: Which would you sooner have, luxuries now or independence and comforts when old age comes? Naturally the answer is old-age independence.

Assure yourself of being well taken care of in the future. Break the bonds of extravagance by starting saving a regular amount every pay day. It isn't as hard as you might think. Come in tomorrow and let us explain our many plans. Start on the right track NOW.

The scale shown on the left is based on \$5.00 saved every week. Don't wait—Start today!

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