

SANDYby ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, meets BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. Tired by Murillo and frequent quarrels with him, Sandy runs away to NEW YORK, who saves her life in the surf. On the same steamer home he declares his love. Mrs. McNeil never forgives her. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overcomes her as she falls in love with Ramon. He appears, unexpectedly, at a party she is giving for her mother. Sandy has been having fun, the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She leaves him, however, because she loves her mother is ill. Sandy's mother dies and she goes to live with her cousin. Judith, who is in love with Ramon, the month after she receives a letter from Ramon.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Yes, they are cute," said the mannequin, deftly pushing the cu-ticle 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 dence 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—even him."

"Oh, wouldn't you? Don't be 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. Doug 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 her half way near Union Square. Had something "seraphic" to tell her. Seraphic was his favorite word for the supernaturally delicious.

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 living and loving. 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 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, Loug?"

"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 . . ."

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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 500 miles and he was selling it for \$1,000.

Appetite Gone?

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

Scores 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 recharge 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 sickenly. 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 Chaloupa, Sherman School, Chillicothe, Ohio, writes:

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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.

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(To Be Continued)

knocking off more than a third of its cost.

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"What does your mother say?"

"I haven't told her yet. I'll break the news gently. Poor Em's so 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 a taste, he 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, Judge—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 that 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 riffer 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 kids under her."

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

"Bunk—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."

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