

SANDYby ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, meets BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to play cards. Sandy's family, Ty, Ramy by Murillo and friend, Williams follow. A son dies at birth, BOB McNEIL, his mother, Mrs. McNEIL, goes for Sandy and her mother to take a trip to Italy. There she meets RAMON WORTH, who is in love with her. On the same steamer home he dedicates his life to her. Murillo says he will never release her. **DETDE MOORE** says "Sandy's love is everything." Murillo goes to see her and goes for a try with Ramon. It appears unexpected by a party she is giving for her friend Williams. Sandy's love accepts the kindly attention of Ramon, whose name she shares. She leaves for her home, but Ramon follows her. She is ill. Sandy's mother dies and she goes to live with her cousin, Judith, after parting with Ramon. Douglas, a friend of Judith's, gives a party to which Sandy is invited. Douglas, whom Judith loves, is fascinated by Sandy. He invites her to dinner.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER LXXXIX

For a fleeting moment, Sandy hesitated. It would have suited her mood this fine September day to go dashing out through the Panhandle with this bonny Douglas Keith; to say daring things that would send the merry color flying to his eyes. "Lord, isn't he attractive!" she thought, resting her hand on the door of the car."

"No, I can't go," she said absentively. "Though I'd like it awfully well."

"You can't, really? Or you only think so?"

"I can't."

"Well, you're booked for Tuesday night and Thursday night. Tell Judith, will you? Though Hal may bring her up."

"Tell her."

"Lovely," said Judith, when he came over after dinner for a moment. She was setting the dishes in the closet and glad that her back was turned.

"You ought to be flattered, Jude. It was Hal arranged it—first time I knew him ever to do such a thing. He thinks you're a peach!"

"Oh, does he?" said Judith. She was now trembling, her cheeks pink. So she laughed to hide this confession. "I can't tell you how it makes me feel to have you bothering with me, Doug."

"Gee—that's a funny thing to say, Jude. You know what I think of you!"

Judith gulped: "Sure, ole thing. And I'll try my darndest to do you proud!"

She waved him from the kitchen door. She stood before the rows of hydrangeas, planted in huge barrels on the back porch. She plucked off the withered leaves, whispering savagely: "Behave yourself, Judith Moore! You can meet any fate that comes to you. Any! You don't need love. He doesn't think of you. Realize it!"

Her cheeks burned. A coward self-whispered: "I know he loves me. He's loved me for years. He cares more for me than for all the girls in the world. God—he's mine—mine! Make him see it—oh, make him!"

On Tuesday night they all went together in Hume's car. He came to Judith with his winning quip: "You're riding with me. It that all right?"

"Yes—joyous!" Not looking at him, Judith got in quickly. Waves of suffocation oppressed her.

She heard Douglas twitting Sandy; heard his gay, exuberant laugh at Sandy's answers. She thought, sinking: "I won't be able to bear it. I'll give myself away."

And when she saw the two of them dancing together, her eyes flitting with Sandy; dwelling teasingly on Sandy's luring mouth, she

"But you think I've interfered with your friendship."

Judith put her coat on a hanger, brushed the fur collar. She shook her head. "If you can interfere with our friendship after all these years, Sandy, then it wasn't worth an awful lot. When he needs me, he'll call, again. He always does."

But there was now a strain between Judith and Sandy. Sandy no longer put her arm about Judith's waist to fall asleep with her soft cheek snuggled on Judith's shoulder. And they no longer talked far into the night.

Now, when Judith watched Sandy's dream-laden eyes it was no longer with a thrill of tribute—but with a stab of pain to think: "How can he help but care for her? What will it do to him?"

In these moments Judith could have run to him, pinned him with her arms, pleaded that he stop—pleaded that he reckon. "I'm going wild," she would think. "It's only a merry flirtation, why not..."

One night Judith went to the library. Her sisters and her mother were at a movie. Sandy pleaded that she had letters to write.

At 9 o'clock Judith walked slowly up Fulton St. Before her out there above the trees of Alamo Park was the moon. Often they had walked toward it. Tonight it was the new moon—"the young moon with the old moon in her lap," a delicate silver cradle, swinging the pale old mother to sleep. She remembered the night in May just before Sandy came. And they stood in the gloom-bound circle of a tree, hearing the bird notes trill and the star fly goldenly across the sky. She thought he had almost told her then—almost said:

"Ah, Judith—how I love you."

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The Story of Cain and Abel Is Told By Dr. Gilroy

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for April 24, 1926, Story of Cain and Abel—Genesis 4:1-12.

By William E. Gilroy, D. D.
Editor of The Congregationalist

If we would rightly understand the early chapters of Genesis and appreciate their full historical and spiritual significance, we must divest ourselves of much of the modern atmosphere and knowledge, and put ourselves far back in the position of those who were contemplating the beginnings of things, and who were seeking, in an age that had not developed philosophy and science in any high degree, to account for the universe and their own lives, and to develop some sense of the meaning of life and its right relationships.

If we could wipe out from our minds all that has come to us through the teaching of accumulated thought and experience of the centuries, we should be able to understand both the reality and the greatness of the ideas that are expressed in these early records of beginnings in Genesis.

Nor is this the only profound emphasis manifested on such a wide scale in the twentieth century of the Christian era should hesitate before it regards as old-fashioned and out of date a simple record like this that lays such profound emphasis upon the sacredness of human life.

The voice of thoughtlessness and selfishness and greed and ambition still says, as it said through Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" This selfish philosophy is today, as it was in that ancient time, too often little more than an effort to cover up the dastardly and abominable nature of its own deeds.

The challenge, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is one that must be brought into the wide range of all modern social relationships, and it is only in a society in which the strong care for the weak and in which all the relationships of life are safeguarded by love and justice that we can far from the spirit of Cain into the spirit of godliness expressed by this ancient writer. He had discovered the sacredness of life and the great means of emphasizing and expressing that sacredness in human society.

Men who know the real sacredness of life instinctively assume toward those who share a common life the attitude of brotherhood.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: I am a reader of The Times and am going to build in the 1800 block S. Keystone Ave. The water company has water pipes to Iowa St. Is the company going to lay main water pipes any further south on Keystone this year?

DANIEL JOHNSON, 1218 S. Harlan St.

The small number of customers that would be served has prevented the water company from extending this main, but if you can get a sufficient number interested, petition the board of works for the extension.

WAY BACK
TO HERE

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MR. FIXIT

Bar Association to Aid
Indigent Persons.

Let Mr. Fixit present your case to city officials. He is The Times' representative at the city hall. Write him at The Indianapolis Bar Association.

The Indianapolis Bar Association will extend legal aid to indigent persons. James M. Osgood, president, informed Mr. Fixit today.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: I am a poor woman and have to go to law. Please tell me if I can get a lawyer to work for me free of charge.

C. B. A.

Ogden told Mr. Fixit the association had established a committee to aid the unfortunate. See Judge Stark, chairman, deputy prosecutor, at the courthouse.

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