

SANDYby ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

THE STORY SO FAR
SANDY MENEZZI, living with life, marries BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. They are poor by her side. Bob McNeil, her uncle, aids in plans for Sandy and her new home. She is a good girl. There she meets RAMON WORTH, who saves her life in their surf. On the same day, she meets KONRAD WORTH, who, Murillo says, he will never release her. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is in the air. Sandy is to meet him as she goes for a tryst with Ramon. He appears at the party, and leaves his home and accepts the kindly attention of Ramon, whose home she shares. She is for him, she says. She learns her mother is ill. Sandy's mother is ill and she is to live with her cousin Judith after parting with Ramon. Judith's friend, DOUGLAS HUMES, plays piano while Sandy and HAL HUME, a friend of Douglas, are invited. Douglas, whom Judith loves, is to wed her. One evening Judith sees them together.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

They looked into each other's young, glowing eyes. Swiftly Sandy's closed, overwhelmed with a sudden, stabbing ecstasy. He loved her. The sweetness of all his clean, bonny life was hers.

Lighly she stole to that room of Judith's. She closed the door, leaning against it, her face hidden. She laughed in a soft, piercing way. He loved her!

She stood in this flame-lit hour, all the past of her life obliterated, hugging herself with that half-sobbing laugh: "He loves me."

Judith stumbled against the coal-bin, straightened herself with a little gasp: "Oh—the coal bin—" She smiled to the throbbing shadows of the dark musty basement, whispering in a vague, gentle way: "I know now. Now, I know." She saw the quick, glad sweep of his arm enfolding Sandy.

She sat on the edge of the bin and wiped the moisture from her forehead.

After a long, long space came that persistent, pathetic thing that is hope in a valiant soul. Hope came to Judith, whispering: "Because you never saw him kiss a girl before, you imagine this is different. Because Sandy loves you and it all goes before your eyes, you fancy it complete—the love of a life. Why should it be? How could he be so blind?"

"It's not different. It's just like all those other episodes of his . . ." She now got up quietly, surprised to find her knees weak, her hands clammy and shaking. She might say again and again: "It's not different—just a flirtation." A cruel intuition told her that he whom she loved these four years with all the passionate idealism of her girlhood; he in whose eyes dwelt all of beauty and all of romance, was now passing from her.

One unforgettable day in November, the last filament in Judith's hope vanished. It was the day of the Big Game. For three years Douglas had taken her. In the weeks preceding this seraphic event, they talked football incessantly, had on their fingertips the qualifications of the players and the points that gave California the edge to win. They were almost hysterical as though the burden of victory or defeat rested on their individual shoulders. This year the four of them were going together.

Sandy was beside herself with elation. She came home with bolts of blue and gold ribbon and four tiny grizzly bears that she decorated jubilantly. She said: "Lord, Jude, I can hardly wait. I wish it was Saturday. You know I've never been to one of these games. I've only read about it."

"Never been to a big game? Oh, Sandy, darling—you're in for the thrill of your life."

The sudden return of Judith to her old, warm tenderness brought a mist of tears to Sandy's eyes. She asked trembling, "You're glad to have us along, Jude? You really want me?"

"Do I? I wouldn't have you miss it for forty thousand dollars. And it's lots more fun with four than two."

Judith meant this. In her opinion it would be counted a tragedy to miss this supreme, ecstatic hour of mingled anguish and delight. And now, finding that Sandy had never seen the magnificent spectacle, she began fervently to explain points of the game. She said with frank eagerness, "Get Douglas to chart it for you; he adores making diagrams."

The game heralded the opening of the Memorial Stadium in Berkeley. They arrived early, saw the tiers and tiers of bleachers spring into

(To Be Continued.)

WEAK, AND IN TERRIBLE PAIN

Alabama Lady Took Cardui and Tells How She Regained Strength. "I Just Feel Fine and Enjoy Life Now," She Says.

Mrs. Mary Hardy, 406 Henderson Avenue, Talladega, says that seven years ago she "got down sick" and was unable to attend to her housework.

"I have never been so weak before or since," she says. "I had a terrible pain in my side—so sore in my side and the lower part of my body."

"Across my back ached, and I was so nervous I couldn't stand up. I had just about given up when some one who came to see me began talking about Cardui. This caused me to get it."

I took about two bottles before I saw much improvement.

"After this, though, I picked up right away. I slept better at night. I was hungry, enjoyed my food, which I hadn't done for some time."

The pain and soreness gradually left my side. I regained my strength. I took about six bottles and left off for awhile, then took two or three more. I feel just fine, enjoy life and can work now too."

I have a young daughter. She was puny for awhile—just dragging around, cold, bad and feeling tired. She needed a tonic and her Cardui and she felt so much better."

Mothers must indeed have confidence in a medicine when they recommend it, or give it to their own daughters.

Take CARDUI
A VEGETABLE TONIC

MR. FIXIT

Autos Can Be Parked in One Place 12 Hours Outside Congested Area.

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

Unless an automobile is parked longer than twelve hours outside the congested district, nothing can be done to remedy night parking in streets.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: On Prospect St., from East St. to Madison Ave., automobiles park on both sides of the street, leaving room for one car only to pass. Last night I had to reverse my car a block to let a car go east.

TIMES READER. A city ordinance allows parking twelve hours.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: Is it a fact that Gemmer Ave. has been changed by city ordinance to E. Iowa St., and if so why does the new street signs still designate it as Gemmer Ave.?

F. M. SMITH, 1625 E. Iowa St. It is Iowa St. The city engineer's department will investigate the discrepancy in the signs.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: While the city is having its spring "clean-up" will you call the attention of authorities to the plot of ground owned by the city between Thirty-Sixth St., Fairfield Ave. and Winthrop Ave. TAXPAYER.

Neither the park board nor the board of works will admit ownership of the ground. The park board owns land not far away, however.



OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS

SALESMAN \$AM—By SWAN

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



— HIS MATCHES ARE STILL HERE —

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY—
A MA CAN BE OUT BUT NEVER DOWN.

THE BIG IDEA TOMORROW

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

**NEW INSURANCE PLAN**

Firm Has Provision for Protecting Employees.

By United Press

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 24.—

The American Seeding Machine

Company, manufacturers of grain

drills, has adopted a group insurance

program providing approximately

\$600,000 life insurance and some

amount of accidental death and

dismemberment protection for em-

ployees of its Springfield, Ohio, plant

and for those attached to its

branches in Indianapolis, Ind., Lan-

sing, Mich., Syracuse, N. Y., Har-

risburg, Pa., and Baltimore, Md.

The insurance is being under-

written by the Metropolitan Life In-

surance Company. Already nearly

470 employees are participating in

the plan, which was arranged on a

cooperative basis, whereby the

premiums on the insurance will be

paid jointly by employer and

workers.

SOVIET WINS PRIZES

Russians Take Nine Honors at Exposition.

By United Press

COPENHAGEN, April 26.—For

toothlessness and skillful seasoning,

the canned goods of the Soviet re-

public walked off with nine honorary

diplomas at the International Ex-

position of the Canning Industry here.

This triumph has greatly surprised

the "tinned goods" experts of Eu-

rope, who had not counted upon

Bolshevik competition.

Mrs. Grace Foster, 83, herself a great-grandmother, as are several other members, declared the Grandmothers' club was unable longer to endure the trend of modern youth.

SUITE COSTS \$60 DAY

Former Apartment of King of Siam

Rented.

By Times Special

BANGKOK, April 26.—A

real royal suite is offered to tourists

here, who want to pay the \$60 a day

charged for occupying the former

private apartment of the King of Siam at his Phra Thai palace, just

converted into a hotel.

The hotel palace is five miles

from here, and is noted for its won-

derful gardens, which require the at-

tention of ninety gardeners.

**Dull Headaches
Rheumatic Pains
Backaches
Weariness
Result from
Kidney and
Bladder trouble**

**Quick Relief
with**

FOLEY PILLS

*A Diaruretic Stimulant
for the Kidneys*

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