

SANDYby ELENORE MEHERIN,
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY McNEIL, in love with life, marries BEN MURILLO, rich Italian, to please her impoverished family. They move to Miami, where they start to follow. A son dies at birth. BOB McNEIL, her uncle, aids in plans for Sam to leave her and go to Hawaii to Honolulu. There she meets RAMON WORRICK, who saves her life in the surf. On the same day, Sam's love follows. Sandy loves everything. Murillo over takes her as she goes for a tryout with the girls. Sam's love follows. She accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She goes home when Sandy's mother dies and Sandy goes to live with her cousin, Judith, after marrying. Sam's love follows. Sam's love follows the man whom Judith loves, introduces her friend, HAL MAXWELL, to Judith. He loves Sam's love, but Sam's love reciprocates his affection. This leaves Judith heart-broken.

GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER LXXXII

Sandy sat at her typewriter after all the other girls in the office were gone.

"Are you doing that brief, Mrs. Murillo? It can go till the morning. I'm driving out your way." Dick Carlson, the quiet, junior member of the firm, stopped at Sandy's desk.

"I'm staying in town this evening, so I thought I might as well finish it."

"I can't drive you home, then?"

"Not tonight."

He loitered as though he had much to say. Sandy typed with all her speed, whistling softly.

But the moment she was alone, this galety dropped from her: "My last night," she told herself, her throat dry and hot. "Our last night."

She leaned her elbows on the typewriter, touched the tips of her fingers to her parted lips. She said to herself with a soft, harsh laugh: "I suppose this is the way a man feels in the death chamber—the night before the gallows."

Then she went to the dressing room, washed her hands a long time. She smoothed the powder over her nose and noticed with a peculiar, melancholy satisfaction that she looked wistful and lovely.

"If I were really honest I'd want to look hideous so that he would not regret me."

She pushed at her hair: "I've got to do it.... I'm going to do it."

It was the night before Thanksgiving. Years ago in the old home, they would be sitting in the kitchen, Isabel preparing the turkey; Alice taking the plum pudding from the great pot where it had steamed all day; Sandy on a box reaching her mother's wedding china from the topmost shelves; Madeline's children running in and out, banging all the doors.

How often one of them had dashed periodically near as Sandy cautiously stepped from the box. And how often she had impatiently thought: "Lord, I'll be glad to get out of this bedlam!" Plotting herself sitting to a holiday dinner in state, waited upon, some gallant lover turned husband but no wailing less adoring, sitting opposite.

But what she felt for Ramon was never love! Call it loneliness, call it need, call it the mere flush of joy that comes because of great and unearned kindness in another. But it was not this surge and singing in the heart; it was not this wish to laugh and cry because another's eyes looked so; not this wish to faint because of a happiness too great to bear.

This that she felt for Douglas was love, tender and complete. A hint of it she had known in her feeling for Timmy. Douglas was but another glorified Timmy with an equal sweetness, a richer charm, and underneath, a dogged strength that made him dominant with his attraction; that made her, Sandy, the breezy insolent one, humble and eager to please.

This was their last night together. Judith said she could only break her life in two. Much easier to kill her own heart!

A Sandy, hysterically gay, now went to meet him. "I'll wait till after dinner. I'll wait till we've driven out to some dark, secluded spot. Then he can't look at me—then I can't see his face. Then I'll tell him."

But when they had driven down the beach and turning off Sloat Boulevard, were parked in the trees—the tall, delicate trees holding eternal concourse about that lake where the Boy Scouts have their encampment—when they were parked here they had to watch the moon, part glazy silver drapes, and the sapphire sky; they had to watch the starry Venus outshine so many other lights.

Then Sandy said: "I'll wait till he kisses me—just once. I'm entitled to that."

When it came; when he stooped with a soft: "Well, seraphic one" and ever so sweetly put his lips on hers, she closed her eyes. She thought "a little longer."

But suddenly she reached her hands to his face; she looked in his fine, hazel eyes now winking and glowing at her.

He thought her so lovely—so wronged yet so lovely. He would make up to her for all that suffering.

She had borne it so bravely, with a high, laughing heart. Even Judge wasn't any stronger.

This was his thought of her. Sandy knew this. She was the bluesthest thing running away in the night alone, getting a job.

But if he learned that she wasn't brave like that—hadn't gone alone.

She looked away from those eyes. She said faintly: "This is our last night, Douglas. We're not to see each other again."

"How so?"

"Oh a flippant gesture: "Flirtations end—the way of all flesh."

"You've not been flirting with me, Sandy!"

"Yes, that's the kind of a person I am."

He took her hands down and held

Worries About Sick Wife—Now She's Well

Because his wife had stomach trouble, T. Williams worried a good deal. He got her to try the mixture of buckthorn bark, senna, etc. (known as Adlerika) and now his worries are over. She says she feels like a new woman.

Many people keep the OUTSIDE body of their INSIDE body. They give the body a GAS and poisons. Give the body a GAS cleansing with the mixture of buckthorn bark, senna, etc. (known as Adlerika). This acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel, eliminates metabolic wastes, and cures all diseases which you never thought was in your system.

Whenever you eat too much heavy food let Adlerika cause some diarrhea.

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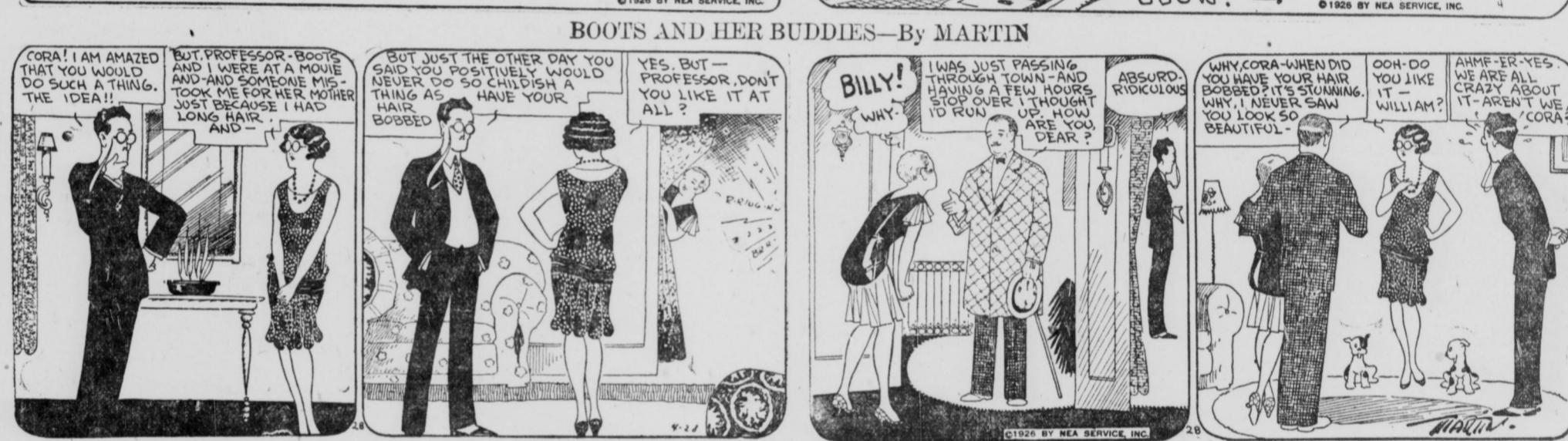
Adlerika is a great relief to people who have used only ordinary bowel and rectal enemas because of its rapid and quick action. Sold in leading drugists every where. Sold in Indianapolis by the Hook Drug Co. and other leading druggists—Advertisement.



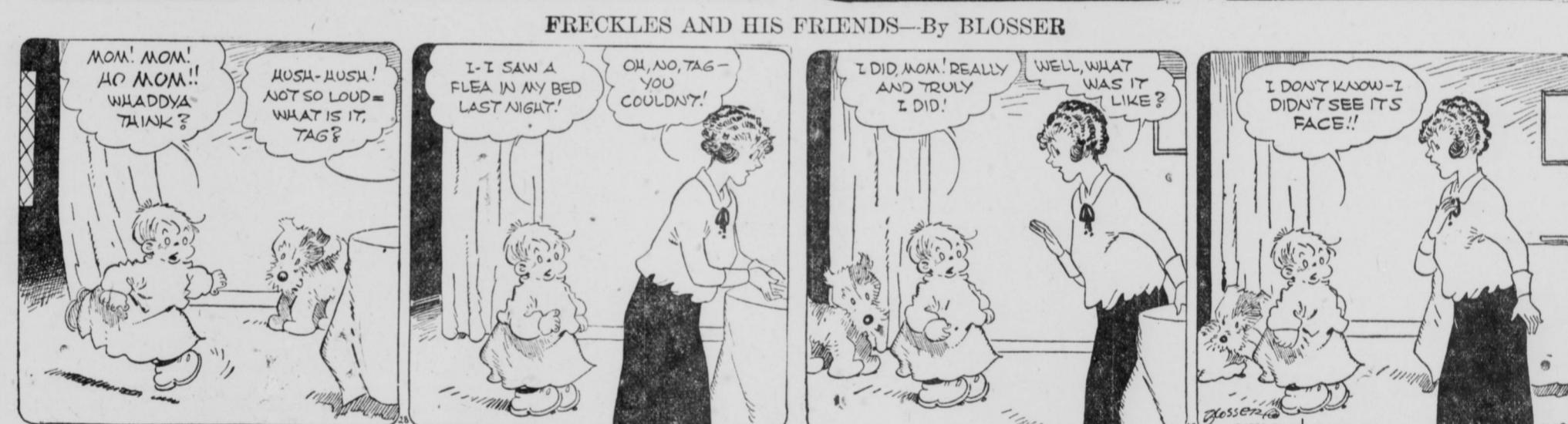
OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



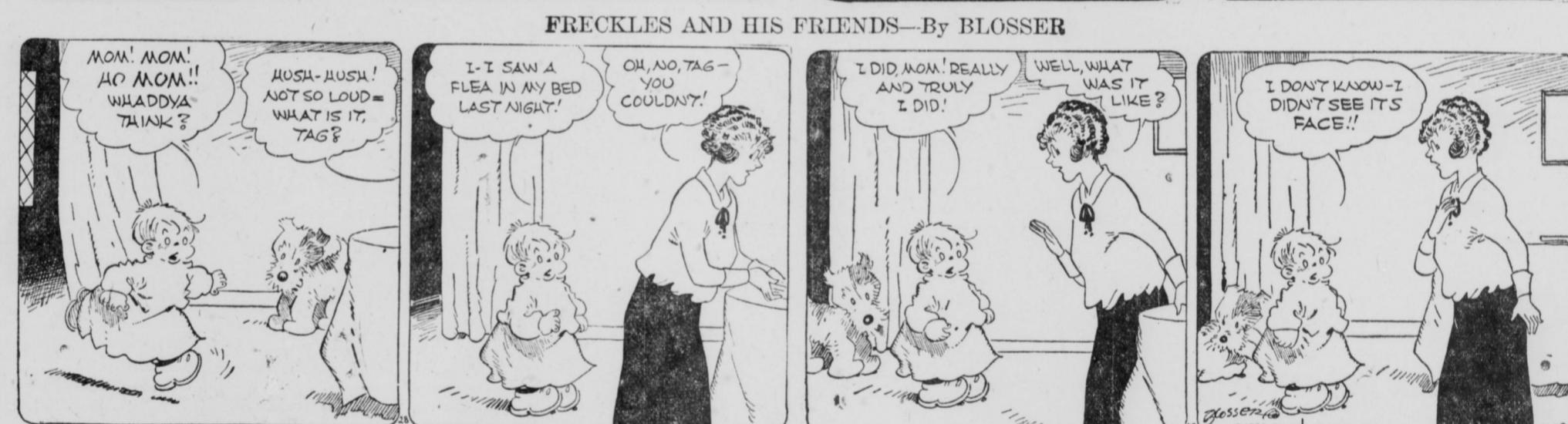
OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



SOWING THE SEED OF EQUAL RIGHTS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER

WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW
Barrymore Confesses He Loved His Mustache

By Walter D. Hickman

In the early acting days of John Barrymore, the actor was very proud of his own mustache.

He had the idea that said mustache was necessary for his success as a comedy actor.

It was not until Edward Sheldon came to Barrymore and told him he should play tragic roles, not comedy.

John now admits in public print that he supposed he might try it and that he "could paste down my mustache."

He admits "My first thought was not of what I might do in the serious parts, but that a great many serious parts might require me to make the sacrifice of my mustache. To me, then, this seemed a thing not to be too lightly parted from."

And the truth is that Jack didn't want to be an actor.

In his own words: "...I mean to be frank in these confessions, and I might as well state early in them that I didn't want to be an actor. I wanted to be a painter. I left the stage to study at art schools, and I only went back to the theater because there is hope—at least money—for the bad actor. The indifferent painter usually starves."

But John did do serious parts.

You will run up against this human confession in John Barrymore's own book, "Confessions of an Actor," just published by Bobbs-Merrill of this city, selling at \$2.50.

So many of these books by noted

players give me the feeling that a

secretary arranged and even collect-

ed the data, and that a press agent

might have had a hand in the actual

writing.

Not so with the confessions of Jack

Barrymore. He talks to the reader

as if he were a long-time and un-

derstanding friend. He gets chummy, fully hoarded till I had enough

to buy a rosary for a symmetrical lady in Philadelphia, many years my senior, with whom I fancied myself in love. What strange in-

roads religion makes into the minds of the young!"

It is probably the most unconventional book ever written by an actor. And, being so, it is probably the truest of 'em all.

More Confessions

Barrymore is today considered one of the big successes on the stage and his real love for the movies has made him one of the brightest stars on the screen.

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Barrymore writes: "...I like to interlard work in the theater with the making of movies, which I thoroughly enjoy. I am back in Hollywood once more working upon a new picture. It is made from a great classic of American literature, Melville's 'Moby Dick.' This book appeals to me and always has. It

has an especial appeal now, for in the last few years, both on the stage and on the screen, I have

played so many sequels, bepuffed, be-

wigged and ringletted characters—

princes and kings and the like—that

I revel in the rough and almost de-

moniacal character, such as Captain Ahab becomes in the last half

of the picture after his leg has been

amputated by Moby Dick, the white

whale. What are we going to do

for a love interest, I don't quite

know.

He might fall in love with

the whale.

I am sure,

however,

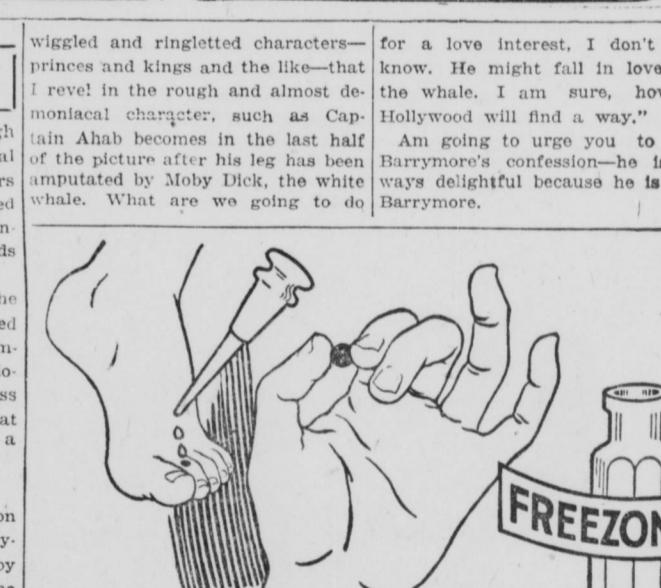
Hollywood will find a way."

Am going to urge you to read

Barrymore's confession—he is al-

ways delightful because he is John

Barrymore.



just lift that old bothersome corn

right off with your fingers. It works

like a charm, every time.

Seems Magic! Just drop "Freezone"

on any tender, touchy corn. Instant-

ly it stops aching; then shortly you

try it!

Corns Lift Off



"SANDY"