

# SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN,  
Author of "CHICKIE"

SANDY MURILLO, in love with the man who has been her father, to please her impoverished family. To-day she is a girl of 19, and her father follows. A son dies at birth. BOB MURILLO, her mother's first husband, leaves her mother to take a trip to Honolulu. There she meets RAMON MURILLO, who saves her life in the surf. On the same steamer home he declares his love. MURILLO says he will not release her. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. MURILLO takes her as she goes for a tryst with Ramon. MURILLO is everything. MURILLO accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon, whose home she shares. She goes home with her mother and her mother is very ill. Sandy's mother dies and Sandy goes to live with her cousin, MURILLO. The man whom Judith loves, introduces his friend HAL HOME to Judith. He himself falls in love with Sandy and 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, whispering softly.

But the moment she was alone, this gaiety 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 in 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 nails: "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 perilously 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!" Picturing herself sitting to a holiday dinner in state, waited upon, some gallant lover turned husband but no whit less adoring, sitting opposite.

If some one had said to her that she would yet be so lonely she would hunger for the confusion of the old home; if some one said that on a Thanksgiving day she would be practically without a home, without a family, without the right even to hope for love, she would have laughed mockingly.

Suddenly she remembered that it was Thanksgiving day, four years ago, that Ben Murillo spoke for her hand. He had presented himself, in his ceremonious way, to Angus, and he had stayed to dinner. As though it were but yesterday, Sandy recalled her excitement, her insolent audacity. "Spiffy," she had thought, to be courted by this dreamy-eyed aristocrat, thinking no more of the marriage than she did of the end of the world.

There came a picture of herself at 19, badgered by her mother and the two married sisters. How annoyed they were when she spoke of waiting for a love that would sweep her to a flame-lit heaven in its ecstasy. She should be ashamed to have such thoughts. How smug was their relief when at last they were able to force her hand because of that pitiful night in the hillside cabin.

She reviewed this now in a shiver.

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If your system is run down, if you can't seem to eat or sleep, have lost weight or suffer from trying pain, why not let Tanlac start you back to vigorous strength and health.

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Many people keep the OUTSIDE body clean but let their INSIDE body stay full of fat and poisons. Give the inside a REAL cleansing with the mixture of buckhorn bark, sycamore, etc. as sold under the name of Adierka. This acts on BOTH stomach and liver, dissolves mineral matter, poisons and removes old matter which caused sour stomach, indigestion, nervousness, headache, etc.

Whenever you eat too much, heavy food, Adierka REMOVES the undigested surplus and leaves you feeling better. Outspontaneous GAS and takes away that bloated, swollen feeling. Even if you move every day, Adierka brings out

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Dr. G. Rogers reports Adierka is the best medicine he has used in 17 years. Dr. W. H. Bernhart writes he could not get along in his practice without Adierka. Dr. J. J. Weaver, a doctor for 40 years, says he knows no medicine better than Adierka.

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Adierka is a big surprise to people who have used only ordinary bowels and stomach medicines because of its REAL quick action. Sold in Indianapolis everywhere where. Sold in Indianapolis everywhere where. Sold in Indianapolis everywhere where. Sold in Indianapolis everywhere where. Sold in Indianapolis everywhere where.

Not so with the confessions of Jack Barrymore. He talks to the reader as if he were a long-time and un-

ing quiet, wondering at her own fate. It did no good to tell herself she had been vain, weak, blind. Other girls at 19 were equally so. No blight came to them. All that had happened seemed the will of a relentless fate overtaking her as a storm does the bewildered, unsuspecting traveler.

Stories she had read of reincarnation filtered to her mind. What sin had she committed in another life that she was punished now?

Perhaps she had misused a great happiness; perhaps she had flouted love and must learn through horrowing deprivation to cherish it; wait for it as Judith did, as for some sacred revelation.

But surely the wretchedness of her life with Murillo amply paid for the error of her marriage. She didn't deserve to atone for that with the rest of her years.

She argued thus as though un-

seen judges passed sentence, which she fought against accepting. Why, at 22, was she standing here in this dressing room, her teeth chattering because of the thing she had now to do? With all her breezy, joyous temperament why should she be doomed to lonely repression all the days of her life?

And he compelled to give up the one great, fine thing that had ever come to her; giving up this love so piercing and so sweet—her first and only love.

Yes—the first and only one. She insisted on this, putting from her the thought of Ramon.

"I'm not belittling him!" she now challenged with hot, defiant eyes, refusing to admit to her consciousness the flood tide of regret that could easily have rushed upon her. No—all that was generous and kind in him deserved gratitude. She would always feel that.

In that cruel hour when she had gone stumbling up the road to hide in the bushes, he had come like a prince and championed her. There was tenderness and beauty in their relation.

Now, though she would so gladly have wiped the whole episode away, she would not deny this. She hoped fervently that Ramon would, if he had married, perhaps, that girl who was like herself. He had found the love he was so capable of treasuring. She wouldn't shame him or herself with remorse.

All this she thought grimly. And she now told the white, pathetic image of herself trying to smile there in the mirror: "I'm not crying over anything. What's done is done."

Ah, 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 feelings for Timmy. Douglas was an equal sweetness, a richer charm, and underneath, a deeper 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 his 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 where the Boy Scouts have their encampment—when they were parked here they had to watch the moon, the part glazy silver drapes, enter the sapphire sky; they had to watch the starry Venus outline 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 Jude wasn't any stronger.

This was his thought of her.

Sandy knew this. She was the bluckest 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—'tis 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



HO HUM—NOT A CUSTOMER ALL MORNING



SAY SAM—WHILE YOU AINT BUSY I WISH YOU WOULD POST THIS LEDGER—WE'RE A MONTH BEHIND ON OUR BOOKKEEPING—ALREADY



5 MINUTES LATER



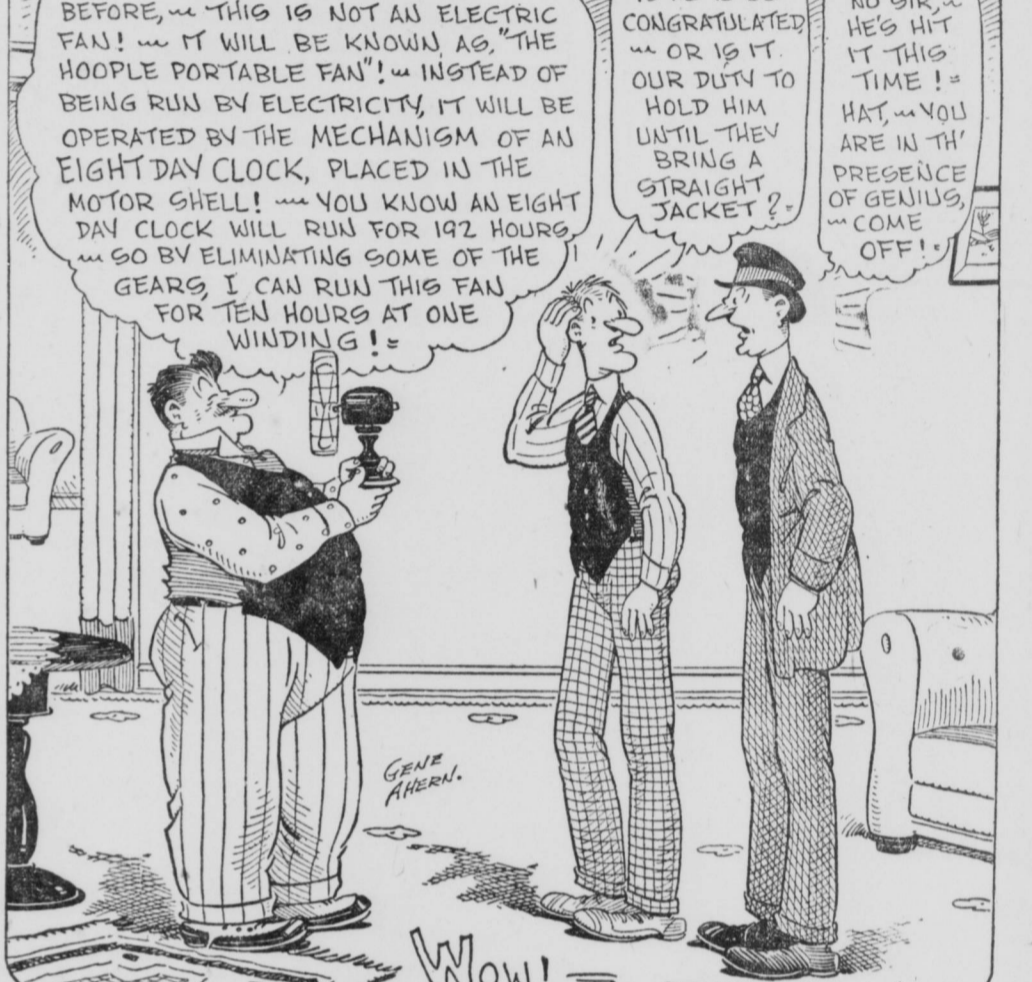
— BUT IT WAS TOO BIG TO GET IN THE MAIL BOX SO I HAD TO LEAVE IT OUTSIDE

### OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



SOWING THE SEED OF EQUAL RIGHTS

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



NOW THEN M'LADS, AS I SAID BEFORE, THIS IS NOT AN ELECTRIC FAN!

### BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



COR! I AM AMAZED THAT YOU WOULD DO SUCH A THING, THE IDEA!

### BILLY!



I WAS JUST PASSING THROUGH TOWN—AND HAVING A FEW HOURS STOP OVER I THOUGHT I'D RUN UP HOW ARE YOU, DEAR?

### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



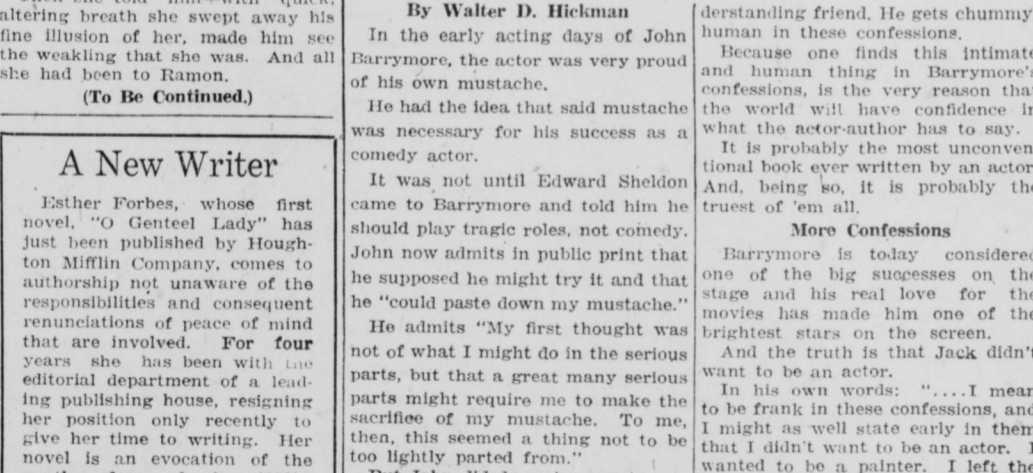
MOM! MOM! AD MOM! WHADDYA THINK?

### I DID, MOM! REALLY AND TRULY I DID!



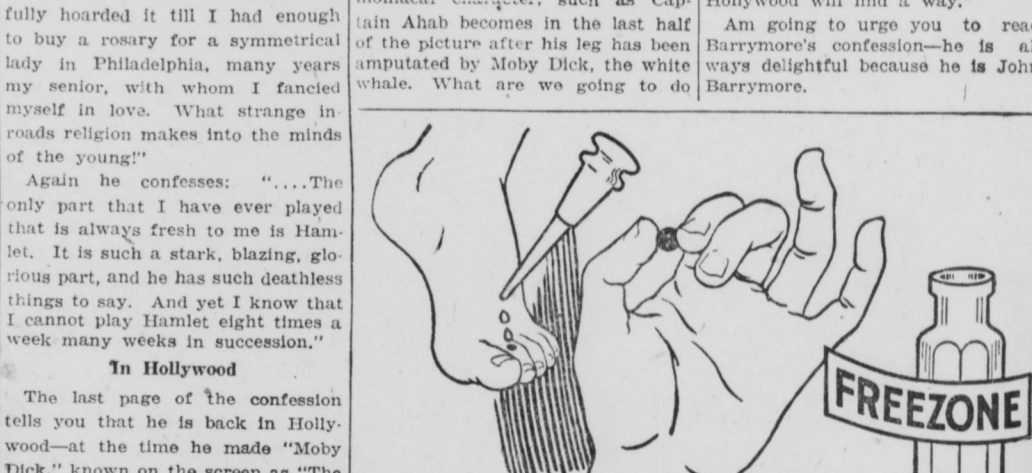
I DID, MOM! REALLY AND TRULY I DID!

### I-I SAW A FLEA IN MY BED LAST NIGHT!



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### I DON'T KNOW—I DIDN'T SEE ITS FACE!



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### A New Writer

Esther Forbes, whose first novel, "O Gentle Lady" has just been published by Houghton Mifflin Company, comes to authorship not unaware of the responsibilities and consequent renunciations of peace of mind that are involved. For four years she has been with the editorial department of a leading publishing house, resigning her position only recently to give her time to writing. Her novel is an evocation of the gentler days of the 1850's, though the heroine is as rebelliously alive as any flapper of today.

### Barrymore Confesses He Loved His Mustache

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 his 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." 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.

### 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. 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."

### In Hollywood

The last page of the confession tells you that he is back in Hollywood—at the time he made "Moby Dick," known on the screen as "The Sea Beast." 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 scented, bepluffed, be-

### 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 his 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." 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.

### Wiggled and ringleted characters—princes and kings and the like—that I revel in the rough and almost demonic 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 always delightful because he is John Barrymore.

### COLONIAL

SECOND AND LAST WEEK "SANDY"



## Corns Lift Off

You'll laugh! Lift off hard corns, just lift that old bothersome corn soft corns, corns between the toes right off with your fingers. It works like a charm, every time. Seems Magic! Just drop "Freezone" on any tender, touchy corn. Instantly it stops aching; then shortly you Try it!