

# SANDY

by ELENORE MEHERIN,  
Author of "CHICKIE"

**THE STORY SO FAR**  
SANDY MEHERIN, a rich Italian, married BEN MURILLO, a rich Italian, to please her impoverished father. Her father, who was a miser, died, leaving her a fortune. She and her mother took a trip to Europe. There she met RAMON WORTH, who saved her life in the surf. The same summer home he declares his love. Murillo says he will never release her. JUDITH MOORE, a cousin, tells Sandy love is everything. Murillo overtakes her as she goes for a walk with Ramon. She leaves his house and accepts the kindly attentions of Ramon. Some time later she goes home when she learns her mother is very ill. Sandy's mother dies and Sandy goes to live with her cousin, Judith, after parting with Ramon. DOUGLAS KEITH, the man whom Judith loves, introduces her friend, HARRY, to Judith. He himself, falls in love with Sandy, who reciprocates his affection. This leaves Judith heartbroken. Sandy tells Douglas about Ramon. She receives word from her uncle that he has started suit for divorce and hopes she will have her freedom within a year.

## GO ON WITH THE STORY

### CHAPTER LXXXVI

He looked after Judith lingeringly—Judith going up the hill with a milk bottle tucked under her arm. Fine way to spend New Year's Eve! She could have come! It wouldn't have hurt her to come—

She reached the high flight of steps. The door closed on her. Going into make the egg-nog—

He frowned impatiently. She could have come! Didn't need to go running up the hill like that. He went on reluctantly, filled with regret and a queer sense of loneliness. Mean to go off and leave Jude behind. Why hadn't he thought of asking her sooner?

He remembered last year—all those years. Now she wouldn't think he'd forgotten her—forgotten all those dear, happy times—

As he got into the car he suddenly remembered Judith's eyes—deep violet stars and odd way she said, looking off to the sky: "Why, there's nothing to tell, Doug. What should there be to tell?" Saying this and holding him with her warm, tear-filled eyes—

He idled with the gears. Why did Judith look so? And her hands trembling. Was she hurt to be left alone? No—Judith was never hurt—too much humor—too much pride. She was just queer—different from others. She could cry any old time at a cloud drifting through a tree top; a bird singing, or a ship going down the horizon. The little things affected her so deeply. That's what made her such a kick. You never knew how she would react; never got tired of Jude.

A sudden image of her in one of these inexplicable moods filled with startling poignancy to his mind. Last year just at midnight they were dancing together. At the stroke of twelve the light flashed out. He swept her gently close, stooped for a quick, happy kiss—unexpectedly brushed at the soft sweetness of Judith's lips—unexpectedly stirred by the white, breathless quiet of her and that strange, half prayer, half smile that passed like a light over Judith's face.

As though a kiss were something epochal—hushed as before a vision or a holy miracle—

This image of Judith came to him now disturbingly. He put it aside, saying several times: "Bunk—oh, bunk." Judith thought the world of him—of course. And he didn't know anything he wouldn't do for Jude—but the idea of supposing it went any deeper with her—

But the image of her with that stilled, joyous look returned again and again. It brought other images. Once they talked of marriage, he said he was in no hurry because he'd have to give her up. He asked: "Ever think of that, Jude? How'd you like it? Wouldn't you care?" Her hands reached for his. She turned her face upward with a soft, piercing laugh; eyes all violet with fire. "Would I care, Doug? I'll care! Holy smoke, you bet I'll care!"

He now wished savagely that Judith was alone. Queer that she and Sandy had parted. Pretty damn queer, after the trouble of fixing up the room. He'd find out about it—a shame if anything had happened—

For a fragile moment a suspicion that Sandy might have done something—might have hurt Judith, took spark in his thought; made him hotly uncomfortable—

But this spark died the instant he saw her. All in white, running down the stairs. Sandy looked like an angel in white, that band of brilliant in her hair.

He laughed and caught her soft, appealing hands, thrilled by the fer-

vor of her lips; her singing: "Happy New Year. Doug—oh, happy, happy year!"

Almost midnight. They sat at the table. An egg-nog was served. Abruptly and sadly this recalled Judith running up the hill, the milk bottle in her hands. Then he told Sandy about the meeting and that he had asked Judith along. But she wouldn't come, and how strange this seemed if it was true they hadn't quarreled.

Bright stains like red petals bloomed on either of Sandy's cheeks. "Because if you left just because they're crowded, they were crowded just the same months ago."

"What did Judith say?" "That you wanted to go?" "I had to go!" Then feverishly: "You see, my aunt is against it—voiced just as my father is. She would still think I had no right—no right to think of you, Douglas." "Judith wouldn't think this?"

"No—Judith wouldn't—"

And for the first time the whole evening Sandy's spirits fell. She thought with a fitter of vague despair: "If he saw Judith take that picture of his way she did and hide it away—if he saw that look in Judith's face—oh, Lord, if he guessed that Judith loved him!"

Then they rode out to the Marina. It was raining—a fine, gray mist that, whirled in great, silvery wheels over the waters. Sandy thought of the night of the housewarming, when all the guests were gone and she had stolen to the big room on the third floor.

How utterly alone she had felt watching that pale finger of light trace across the sky. And as she stood there so, suddenly and shyly like the opening of petals, like the flutter of a song, a faint stir touched along her nerves. Arresting, delicate, unique—the stir of life—... notes of music dropping on her heart.

Then she was no longer alone. Then she was filled with this warm, yearning sweetness.

Even as now. She closed her eyes, drawing a deep, unconscious sigh. This happiness would not pass. This happiness was hers. She felt suddenly an imperious need of assurance.

She reached one foot upward and laid it against his cheek. "Douglas, if the noblest and sweetest woman in the world came and said she loved you, would you still think of me?"

"The sweetest and dearest has said it."

"But if someone better?" And now both hands touched his face, held it while her eyes searched and pleaded: "If someone better? Oh, somebody fine like Jude?"

Her lips trembled. Then her eyes closed, feeling the sweep of his arms, the laugh of his lips against her own: "If all the women in the world—if the five hundred wives of Solomon came—"

"It would still be I, Doug? I, first? You see I've always been so near to happiness and always just missed it—"

He saw the tears trembling on her lashes—saw the whiteness of her lips. He said between a laugh and a cry: "You poor little kid! But you won't miss it this time. I'll make up to you for all that, Sandy—for every last bit of it—"

"I wish you'd say that ten thousand times, Douglas. You don't love me as much as I love you. You couldn't. No one in the world loves as I love you!"

And that night, too, Sandy stood at the window, her eyes filling because of all that music in her heart. "I can't help it," she murmured. "I can't help it! It's mine! It's ours!" She found it so easy to laugh—easier still to cry.

They went on seeing each other every day—growing nearer—growing happier until the very summit of joy seemed theirs—

In the end of January Bob McNeil sent a wire to Sandy: "Come down this week-end, will you? I'm looking for complication. Don't get too alarmed. Fear counter charges."

Saturday Sandy was back in Santa Barbara. She stood in the office of Bob McNeil.

Bob handed her a letter: "See here little kid—don't get so white. He says he has the goods on you. I know it's a lie. But this—"

Standing there with those burning words leaping from the pages, Sandy felt the desolation that is death.

(To Be Continued)

## HERESY EVIDENCE GIVEN

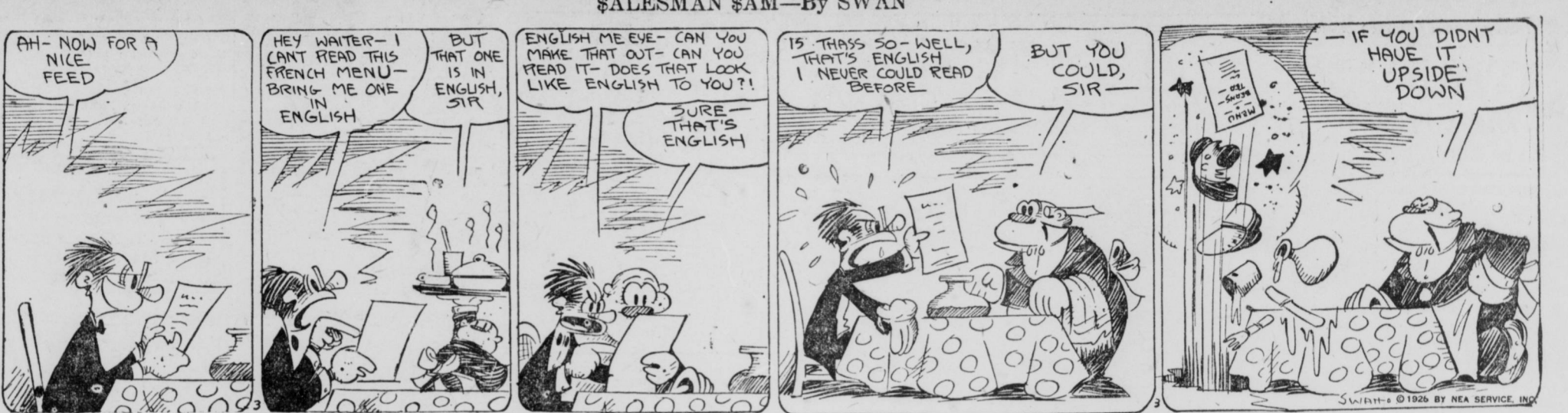
Promise of a comprehensive investigation into charges made by the National League for the Betterment of the Public School in connection with heretical teachings in Indianapolis schools was given league of officials for a conference collected in the league investigation.

Graff accepted the evidence and names of teachers and schools in which affidavits, held by the league, state heresy is being taught.

By Gilbert Frankau  
CHICAGO, May 3.—Except when I write fiction, which I do very slowly, trying to make each word point its picture, or tell its story, I am a fairly quick worker. People in my own country call me quite a live wire, and it has even been suggested that if I go on writing novels, writing articles, editing a film news reel, making political speeches, to say nothing of dancing, driving racing cars, playing semi-professional tennis and riding to hounds, I shall die a very early and extremely unpleasant death from exhaustion.

How then am I to come alive through this bustling America, where I have to do at least three times as much work as I ever contemplated at home?

No bluff  
The question I admit is already beginning to bother me. I had heard a good deal about the American hustler before I came over; but



## OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



## OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



## COULD HARDLY DRAG AROUND

Florida Lady Says She Took Cardui and Soon Noticed an Improvement—Appetite Came Back.

So many women who are weak and run-down, just drag around, not knowing how to look for relief for their troubles. On the other hand, thousands have reported that they have found Cardui helpful in building up their health and strength.

Mrs. Linwood D. Furman, 1010 East Church Street, Jacksonville, Fla., tells how she gained relief through the use of Cardui:

"I was very much run-down last spring. I could hardly drag myself around the house. A lady friend came to see me one day and asked me why I did not take Cardui.

"I got a bottle of (Cardui) and began to take it. I noticed an improvement in myself at once. My appetite came back and my general health grew better.

"In every way I found Cardui a most satisfactory tonic, and I have recommended it to several of my friends."

Over forty years of use, by thousands of women, stand behind every bottle of Cardui you buy. This well-known tonic contains medicinal ingredients of best, selected quality, which years of thorough testing have shown to be of value in just such cases as that described above.

Try Cardui in your own case. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

Take CARDUI A PURELY VEGETABLE TONIC



Heal that itching rash with Resinol

One who has used this comforting, healing ointment writes: "Resinol Ointment is so soothing it stopped my itching at once and I got the first night's sleep I had had in weeks. Now my skin is well." What it has done for one it can do for others. Why don't you try it and save yourself hours of torture? Resinol soothes as it heals. Ask your druggist about it.

## 'WOW', SAYS BRITON, IN SPEEDY AMERICA

Author Has National Pride and He's Doing His Best to Keep Up, but 'Whew' Again.

Editor's Note: Gilbert Frankau, British author of the novel "Masterplan," is discovering America from New York to Hollywood. In the following article, the second of a series, he expresses astonishment at the fast pace of American life.

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CHICAGO, May 3.—Except when I write fiction, which I do very slowly, trying to make each word point its picture, or tell its story, I am a fairly quick worker. People in my own country call me quite a live wire, and it has even been suggested that if I go on writing novels, writing articles, editing a film news reel, making political speeches, to say nothing of dancing, driving racing cars, playing semi-professional tennis and riding to hounds, I shall die a very early and extremely unpleasant death from exhaustion.

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hustling game, at least I am not going to let you beat me.

Go on with your hustling. Interview me, make me speak, make me write, show me your friendly hands, teach me your Charlestons, produce me your yamps and dose me with your synthetic gin until my knees ache and my head buzzes like a bee hive. I don't care and I won't care. Somehow I'll live up to it. And somehow I'll get to the end of this outward journey.

Because the end of this journey is Hollywood, where even the wicked, I am told, are allowed to rest.

Now, however, after just five weeks over here, I know better. The pace ratio of your country to mine is—I should say—about three to one. Stepping on the gas seems to be your national pastime. You go at everything—and you go at it like blazes.

One of my own days, for instance, may contain five press interviews, three public speeches, an article for my home newspapers, a rough idea for a short story, a factory inspection, two free meals, four hundred new acquaintances, an attempt to learn the Charleston, an escape from a vamp, and, if I am very lucky, a very resolute for stricter enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment next morning.

His National Pride.  
Still, I am carrying on. My national pride as a Britisher is aroused. If I cannot beat you at your own

gas man can't get down to read the meter. Every time there is a rain the water gets a little deeper. The property owner and the agent has told us time after time that it would be taken care of at once, but nothing has been done.

TIMES READER  
The only encouraging feature of your predicament is that the gas man can't get the data for the bill. The board of health promised Mr. Fixit an early investigation.

The board also is investigating an "insanitary" drug store on E. Tenth St., reported by a reader.

DEAR MR. FIXIT: Can anything be done about machines being parked on both sides of Sixteenth St., from Sherman Dr. to Denny St.? There are no sidewalks on either side of the street.

TWO RESIDENTS.  
Under present regulations cars may be parked twelve hours in the residential district. However, you might ask one of your city councilmen to introduce an ordinance authorizing parking only on one side of the thoroughfare.

To Times Reader: Mr. Fixit makes it his policy to handle no complaints of liquor law violations. They should be sent directly to police. Mr. Fixit's job is to help you get things done at city hall, such as finding out why your street paving is delayed or why you cannot get a street light installed.

## PLEASANT LAXATIVE

For Sick, Bilious Children



Mother! Give Constipated Child "California Fig Syrup"

If your little one is out-of-sorts, child again. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative. It never cramps or overacts. Say "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages plainly printed on bottle.

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