

DARLING FOOL by MABEL MCLEWELL

BEGIN HERE TODAY
MONNIE'S 20 and beautiful as unhappy because DAD, THE IRISHMAN who professes to be in love with her is in the same shabby old family. CHARLES EUSTACE, says Monnie's very come to Belvedere, pays Monnie marked attention. He's off with his family and when KAY, her younger sister, tries to run off with a traveling salesman, he has Monnie bring her back without scandal.

SANDRA LAWRENCE, one-time friend of Monnie's, has come to Belvedere from her. Sandra's maid HETTY thinks Sandra's trying to stamp JAMES, the chauffeur, and when Monnie brings her back, now go on with the story.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN
SANDRA LAWRENCE was giving

a party. Not the ordinary sort of Belvedere party, but a very special one, with caterers from the city, flowers from the same place and an orchestra reputed to have come all the way from Chicago.

Mrs. Peterman, grumbling below-stairs about the "goings-on," was nevertheless, enjoying herself hugely, bumping into the caterer's men with their trestle tables and their white coats, bullying Hetty.

"Why's she have her parties at the club? That's what I want to know!" Hetty complained, polishing silver. "Forty people to supper—it's fierce, that's what it is."

The cook immediately took up the cudgels for her employer.

"Hasn't the young lady a right to do as she pleases in her own house? What's it to you, anyway? You'll have your afternoon off, same as always. You've got no kick coming."

"Me answering the bell in that gray outfit and tending to the ladies' things," whined Hetty, "when I oughta be off having a good time for myself. She's just a pain—that's what she is, giving herself airs like nobody in town."

"You get along upstairs in plenty of time to make yourself neat, miss," warned Mrs. Peterman, inflamed by the reference to the new uniform of taffeta, with a musical comedy apron and frilled cap.

"Who's all coming?" Hetty wanted to know, interrupting.

"The cream of the place," said the older woman with relish. "Judge Martindale's two, and the Blairs, the Simmonses and Watermans and Olivers—and the Cardigans, of course. And ten young folks from the city, coming by the 6 o'clock. Jamm'd better not forget to meet them."

"Mister Cardigan, I'll bet, is invited," Hetty opined, giving a vicious rub to a fruit bowl encrusted with ornamentation.

"Of course. And his sister, Miss Geraldine. That new Mr. Eustace—"

"You saw the list," Hetty broke in, eyes glittering with a true gossip's relish. "How about that pretty O'Dare girl?"

MRS. Peterman shook her head. "Not her. This is for real swells, didn't I tell you? The O'Dares are nice enough, but poor as church mice."

"Her church had her 'round the house plenty all last winter," Hetty said coldly. "If you ask me, she's better than the lot of them. She knows a person when you meet her on the street. She ain't afraid to say 'good morning' like a Christian when you see her."

Mrs. Peterman's manner became slightly unctuous. On all matters of social precedence in Belvedere, she having been general of the Lawrence household affairs for many years, felt herself eminently qualified to speak.

"Nice enough, as I said, but her station in life is quite different from the rest of these people. My mother always said to me, 'Nannie, she said, 'always keep to your own station in life.' And I did. It's better so."

Hetty sniffed. "This is a free country," she contributed negligently. Then she wheeled, flushing deeply, as a masculine voice called "Match, miss?"

"Yes, thanks very much." She flipped a cigaret from her pigskin case and stuck it into a corner of her mouth. The young man came close, holding the flame for her, cupping it with infinite care with one brown hand.

Sandra felt his nearness—a little tingling went down her spine. This heeded deeply. This wouldn't do. She would have to show James his place. Just because they had picnicked together, quite informally, on Summit Hill, that day the distributor acted up, just because she'd been well, friendly and democratic to the boy—he hadn't misunderstood.

That was the trouble with servants in this country. Give them an inch and they'd take a yard.

As the engine roared, leaping to be off, she gave the chauffeur a cool glance.

"Don't forget the 6 o'clock," she sang, making a turn.

Yes, he must be reminded that he was, after all, only her servant. She was the great lady. Why had she been so foolish, that day on Summit Hill?

It had been spring—he had reminded her, in his bigness and leanness, of Dan Cardigan. Was that it? Anyhow, for the fraction of an instant she had let him hold her in his arms.

It had been the veriest accident. She had tripped, stumbling over a tree stump. He had caught her. She had lain there for an instant longer than necessary. Oh, she had been mad, mad! That was all—but it had been encouragement enough.

The man in olive green stared after her curiously as the dust hid the ear from view.

"She's a cool one and that's the truth," he muttered to himself.

A girl in maid's uniform, watching from the pantry window, caught her lip within her teeth.

"If she does leave him alone," she threatened to no one at all, "I'll tell—!"

She did not finish her menacing sentence.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

MONNIE heard Kay's voice and looked up. It was Sunday morning—11 o'clock, to be exact—and Monnie was enjoying the sweet freedom of her "day off," celebrating it by the weekly washing of her burnished bronze hair.

She was fond of murder and detective stories and this was just a good deal of good reading in it.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)



M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

M-250

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., it sells for \$2.50.

(To Be Continued)

<p