JILL

BY MARY RAYMOND

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JILL WENTWORTH, heroine, attractive debutante.

ALAN JEFFRY, hero, rising young artist.

BARRY WENTWORTH, Jill's stepbrother.

JACK WENTWORTH, Jill's brother.

SYLVIA SUTTON, oil heiress.

Yesterday — Mrs. Wentworth moves again to bring Milo Montanne into Jill's life. Failing, she finds the name of Alan Jeffry in Jill's party invitations, recalls with dismay that he is the poor artist.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MISS DEXTER, watching Mrs. Wentworth nervously, saw her face turn a dull red. She was still staring down at the list.

Jeffry, Jeffry, Mrs. Wentworth was thinking. Where had she heard that name? Oh, yes. Jill had told her it was the name of the young man who had stalked by Perkins. The young man who had rudely demanded to see Jill.

So this was the special reason. The rude young man with the lordly airs was the cause of Jill's suddenly awakened social interest.

She had been duped by a clever girl. If the impudent upstart came to the party, Jill would have eyes for no one else. She wouldn't know Milo was there. And she had already hurt his feelings terribly. Evidently, all she thought of was this young man with bad manners who wasn't even marriageable material.

Jill was simply a fool who must be protected against herself.

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MRS. WENTWORTH scanned the boxes, which were packed in alphabetical precision, pulling out an envelope here and there until she found the J's. She could feel Miss Dexter's eyes upon her, which made no difference at all. Sometimes, she felt Miss Dexter was not in sympathy with her. But you didn't need sympathy in a subordinate. What you wanted was service.

In a moment, she had Alan Jeffry's invitation safely out of the box. Safely in her own hands.

"I'll speak to Jill about this invitation," she said, her eyes slanting away from Miss Dexter's direct gaze.

"The old fox," Miss Dexter thought.

If she knew which invitation had been removed, she could send another. But it would mean rechecking the invitations in that particular box. And how could that be done when Mrs. Wentworth still held Jill's list and evidently had no idea of returning it.

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SUPPOSE she spoke to Jill about it, and Jill gave the name of the objectionable young man. Mrs. Wentworth would be sure to see him at the dance, and it might mean the loss of her job.

Perhaps it was better to let well enough alone. Not every private secretary had an existence as pleasant as hers. Not many had a room as pretty as her bedroom, done in French blue with dainty prints on the wall. She liked it much better than Mrs. Wentworth's room, which was very rich looking in dull gold and green.

She sighed romantically, feeling a surge of sympathy, as she did almost daily, for Jill Wentworth, who had such a cold and unscrupulous stepmother.

Jill, meanwhile, was going through the days buoyed by a splendid hope.

She could picture it all: She would be speaking her lines politely as a well-bred young hostess should, saying things mechanically. The same things over and over. And then, all at once, she would look up and see a tall, young man with cool, gray eyes, and an aloof manner (which you knew by experience was only a mask that could be dropped in a moment of vigorous action).

"Hello," he would say, "How are you?"

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AND she would answer in a tone so low her stepmother couldn't hear: "Fine, now!"

He would press her hand a very little to show he had forgiven her for loving him so much that she had made him miserable.

This was as far as Jill could go with her mental pictures.

Each day she waited for one "accepts with pleasure." She would not allow the negative word "regrets" to enter her mind.

But the evening of the party arrived and no word had some from Alan.

He will phone, Jill decided. Busy young men who worked rather than played perhaps took these short, social cuts.

All the time she was getting ready, Jill had an attentive ear open for the telephone. While she was emerging glowing from her bath . . . while she was dusting her face and shoulders with fragrant powder . . . when she was slipping into scant, silken things. And finally, when the white and silver gown went slithering down over her head, aided by her maid's practiced hands, to mold her slim body and sweep out in smart, flaring lines.

"Oh, Miss Jill, you're beautiful!" Louisa exclaimed.

"Thank you, Louisa," Jill murmured, absently.

She was thinking: "He hasn't phoned. But he'll come. Of course he'll come!"

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MRS. WENTWORTH had come into the room and was surveying Jill critically.

"You look very nice," she conceded, after a moment. "I must say that is the smarest evening dress you've had in a long time, even if I did select it. All you need now are your flowers. I never saw so many. You can't wear all of them. But there's a gorgeous bouquet of white orchids that Milo sent. They would be perfect with your gown."

"I'll wear them, with Bill's," Jill said, unexpectedly tractable. Troubled waters were ahead. It was just as well to begin pouring oil.

Mrs. Wentworth smiled, pleased.

"I'll have both bouquets brought up. I hope when you marry, Jill, that you'll train your husband to be more thoughtful than your father. If I hadn't ordered orchids for myself, I wouldn't have had any."

Jill was thinking: "When Alan and I are married, things like orchids won't matter at all."

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POOR mother, who never had a thought above such things. Poor dad, who was missing being married to a woman who would be happier wearing a petunia he had sent than a cape of orchids sent by any other man.

Jill smiled. How shocked her stepmother would be if she knew a common idea like wearing petunias had entered her mind.

Mrs. Wentworth noted the smile curving the corners of Jill's mouth.

"She's thinking of Alan Jeffry, and how she outwitted me," she thought.

Well, Jill would soon find out he wasn't coming. She would doubtless put his unexplained absence down to deliberate rudeness. Then, no doubt, she would sensibly start putting him out of her mind. As she should have done long ago.

A secretive smile was playing over Mrs. Wentworth's face as she went out and closed the door behind her.

The telephone rang a few minutes later and Jill picked up her own phone. It must be Alan!

It was Patty.

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"JILL, something has come up. An important meeting with a publisher. So I can't come to your party. I'll go plutocratic another time, if you'll ask me. I wish I could be there so I could relay the swank details to Ardath. Did you know she's moved! I must say the town is a pleasanter place now. But she calls me sometimes when she's full of surplus conversation."

"I'm sorry you won't be here," Jill said. "Patty, I invited Alan."

"Swell. I hope he comes. But don't be disappointed if he doesn't. You know how proud the English are."

Patty said goodby, and Jill sat for a moment thoughtfully. Don't feel disappointed.

"I simply couldn't bear it," Jill thought, miserably. The English were proud. How well she knew.

"I'll call him," she decided, impulsively.

Alan was not yet in the telephone book, but an obliging information could assist her.

And then wonders of wonders, after five short minutes, Alan's deep voice answering her own.

"You're coming to my party, aren't you? Please, Alan. I've been so unhappy."

"Your party is tonight? I didn't know."

"But I sent an invitation to you —ages ago."

"I didn't get it."

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JILL'S mind worked quickly. Her mother. Of course, it was her mother's doing.

"You must believe me, Alan. Yours was the very first name I put on my list. There's been some awful mistake. But you will come."

There was no mistaking Jill's sincerity—or the frantic eagerness in her voice. There was a muffled sound—

"Jill, you are crying—"

There was no answer.

"Jill, darling."

All his bitterness dropped from him. It was as though a heavy load had been lifted in a moment. Jill was crying. She loved him. What a fool he had been. Arrogantly setting standards for love. He was happier than he had ever been in his life. He was the happiest man alive.

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"JILL, I'm coming as fast as I can get there. I wouldn't care if you were the richest girl in the world."

"Oh, grand," Jill said softly.

This had been the way all along. Simple honesty. Letting Alan know how much she cared. She had been brave, and all the barriers had broken down.

She was sitting quietly, wrapped about with glamorous dreams.

Oh, if there were only someone close enough to share her happiness with. If dad were here, she could tell him. But never mother. How closely she had come to ruining life for her. Jill shuddered.

And then her mother's petulant voice reached her: "Jill, aren't you ever going down? People will be coming down soon."

Jill thought: "My last big party. But what a happy one."

(To Be Continued)

OUT OUR WAY — By Williams

FLAPPER FANNY — By Sylvia

"Now, I'll be the fairy princess and you be the G-Man. You stalk in and look romantic at me and say 'Wake up, in the name of the law'!"

LI'L ABNER — —By Al Capp

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS — —By Blosser

ABBIE AN' SLATS — —By Raeburn Van Buren

Daily Short Story

TAKEOFF—By E. J. Holmes

"She asked him what was wrong."

TOM HANSON and his mother sat over supper in the kitchen of what had once been the much-admired Hanson place. It was midsummer and doors and windows were open. Upstairs they could hear the roomers moving about.

The front screen door was lightly opened and closed. There were quick young footsteps on the stairs. They continued to the third floor.

"That," said Tom, "would be Miss Frame. Kept late and overworked as usual."

Mrs. Hanson's manner toward the roomers was always formal, suggesting the widow who has been forced to throw open her home to strangers. Toward her only son, especially since her husband's death, she showed an increasing tenderness.

"I think," she began, "you are paying undue attention to Miss Frame."

"Maybe," he said. "She's certainly different from the others who live here."

"But you ought not to single her out, Tom," Mrs. Hanson continued. "She is a comparative stranger, you know. And it might start talk among the other people. You know how difficult they are. We've got to remember that all we have left to depend on is this place and each other. I'm sure you understand, don't you, dear?"

"I suppose so."

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"I DON'T think you should visit Miss Frame in her room or be seen going to and from the house with her." She examined her hands in her lap. "I know it is not easy for you here. My companionship is not much. If only your father——"

Tom thought: "Yes. Yes. If father had only left some money the brightest cadet at Stanwyck would not find himself a chambermaid at 22. But we must take care of each other and this house, because it is all we have and neither of us is any good outside it."

To his mother he said: "All right, duchess. Whatever you say."

Housekeeping was the first work Tom Hanson had ever done. After his father's sudden death he had tried confidently, then desperately, to get a job. He failed. He took to lying disconsolately about the house and when his mother opened it to roomers he found himself "helping out."

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MRS. HANSON was not strong. They had not been able to afford outside help. Rather surlily Tom began making beds, washing windows, cleaning floors, repairing plumbing and finally—doing the washing. By the time Miss Frame arrived he had more or less accepted the routine.

Miss Frame—Elsa—was a dark, slender girl who worked as a secretary in the city. Tom had found her pleasant company, easy to talk and listen to. She walked with a long stride. She knew something about books and some things about life. More about life, Tom thought, than he did.

Tom had learned all this before his mother had insisted that he keep to himself. Many a long walk he had had with Elsa, discussing topics dear to both their hearts. And it was only after he had been advised to see her less often that he realized what an important part in his life this association really played. He looked back with a distinct feeling of loss. But he had given his word; he saw the reason behind his mother's advice. And he determined to do as she wished.

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IT was not easy staying away from her. He arranged his work so that he would not be on the third floor when she was in. Twice he refused her invitations to walk. Then one evening she found him alone on the porch and asked him directly what was wrong. He told her and she smiled a bit crookedly.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I certainly wouldn't do anything to interfere with your career."

The following week Miss Frame announced she was going on her vacation. Two weeks in Denver. The night she stopped downstairs to bid them goodby Tom had purposely left the house.

"So quickly?" Mrs. Hanson inquired. "I thought you would be starting in the morning."

"No," Miss Frame replied. "I'm anxious to get away, although I've been happy here. I—I had been very lonely before that."

"You talk as though you might be going for good," said Mrs. Hanson.

"Yes," said Elsa, and started out into the dim street. "I have friends in Denver. I may stay there. Here's two weeks' rent, Mrs. Hanson. Don't hold the room any longer than that. And please say goodby to your son for me."

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MISS FRAME turned quickly and walked out of the house. But Mrs. Hanson had seen tears in her eyes.

Tom came back very late, but his mother was still sitting in the living room.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I'm up," Mrs. Hanson said. "I've been thinking. I've been thinking for hours—ever since Miss Frame went. She is an unusual girl, Tom. Sit down. I want to talk."

"That's good," Tom replied. "I want to talk, too. I went to the station, mother, and said goodby to her. Then I walked. I've been walking ever since. I've got to tell you something. I'm going away."

"I know," she said. "You're going away from me and this house. For a while, anyhow. Where to?"

"I don't know," Tom answered. "Somewhere."

"To Denver, of course," Mrs. Hanson stated.

Tom peered long at his mother. Suddenly he saw her thoughts in her face.

"But she'll be back in two weeks," he said.

"She won't come back unless you bring her back. Now go up and pack. There's a train in the morning. And don't worry about me. I've already hired a good strong woman to take your place."

Collecting his clothes in the room he had grown up in, Tom began to sing.

He had something important to do and a place to go.

THE END

The characters in this story are fictitious.

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Mind Your Manners

Test your knowledge of correct social usage by answering the following questions, then checking against the authoritative answers below:

1. What does "Au gratin" on a menu mean?
2. If the food which you are served in a restaurant is not well cooked, should you register your protest by not leaving a tip for the waiter?
3. May one touch one's lips with the tips of fingers dipped in a finger bowl?
4. If one is a guest at a dinner party given in a restaurant should he leave a tip for the waiter?
5. When a man and woman are eating together in a restaurant, who gives the order?

What would you do if—

You are invited to a bridge party and on the day of the party you have a bad cold in the "sneezing" stage—

(A) Call your hostess and tell her your predicament and ask if she can get someone to substitute for you?

(B) Go to the party and apologize for your cold?

(C) Stay home from the party—and explain to your hostess later?

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Answers

1. Covered with cheese or breadcrumbs.
2. No.
3. Yes.
4. No.
5. The man.

Best "What Would Do" solution—(A).

ASK THE TIMES

Inclose a 3-cent stamp for reply when addressing any question of fact or information to The Indianapolis Times Washington Service Bureau, 1013 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Legal and medical advice cannot be given, nor can extended research be undertaken.

Q—In which states are license plates transferable with an auto?

A—Alabama, California, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, Washington and Wisconsin.

Q—How widespread has the use of police radios become in the United States?

A—More than 550 city and county police departments now have one-way or two-way radio communications. The Pennsylvania Motor Police is experimenting with a teletype radio by which typed messages can be sent to moving police autos.

Q—Who is Felix Salten?

A—An Austrian author of animal stories, as "Bambi," "Florian," "The Hound of Florence." He is also a well-known dramatic and literary critic. He was born in Ofenpest, Austria, Sept. 6, 1869.

Q—Where were the Shangri-La scenes in the motion picture, "Lost Horizon," produced?

A—The set was constructed on the Columbia Ranch, San Fernando Valley, Cal.

Q—Did William Randolph Hearst ever own a German language newspaper in New York?

A—He owned the Deutsches Journal, a new York morning newspaper published in German. It was discontinued in 1918.

YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein
American Medical Journal Editor

WHATEVER type of skin trouble affects one, cleanliness is of the first importance. The second step after making certain that the skin is clean is to protect the inflamed areas against further irritation.

In the first place, the general hygiene of the body is important in the prevention of pimples and blackheads. Sometimes a suitable control of the diet will be associated with a lessened amount of grease in the skin. Sometimes it is necessary to modify the various glandular actions of the body in order to accomplish cure by treatment applied directly to the skin. In some cases pimples on the skin are associated with the use of various drugs which tend to bring about irritation in the skin.

It should be obvious that removal of blackheads is beneficial if it is properly done. The importance of removing the blackhead properly can not be overemphasized since the skin is easily injured by using too much force.

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FORCE will be found to be particularly unnecessary if the skin is first prepared for the removal of the blackheads. In such preparation the face is washed thoroughly with soap and water, hot towels are then applied for about 10 minutes in order to dilate the pores. Then the skin is sponged with a lukewarm or very mild antiseptic solution.

A physician treating the condition usually will loosen the top of each blackhead with a sterilized needle before squeezing it out by the use of the ordinary blackhead remover. However, if the preliminary treatment has been sufficient, it is frequently unnecessary to do this.

After the blackheads have been removed, the hot towels are applied again in order to encourage circulation to the skin. Then application of cold water is made in order to contract the skin. It is then dried with a towel.

If, however, there are pimples and these are rather deep in the skin, it is unwise to attempt to remove them at home. Much less scarring will occur if they are suitably opened and removed by a physician.

IN many instances the young person who is afflicted with pimples becomes exceeding nervous about them and is overenthusiastic about their removal. In the same way these young citizens of the future will pick constantly at the pimples and in that way not only produce bad scarring but also spread them more widely on the skin.

GRIN AND BEAR IT — By Lichty

"There's that fresh flirt again—I suppose I might as well make a date with him and tell him where he gets off!"