

JILL



CAST OF CHARACTERS
JILL WENTWORTH, heroine, attractive debutante
ALAN JEFFERY, hero, rising young artist
BARRY WENTWORTH, Jill's step-brother
JACK WENTWORTH, Jill's brother
Sylvia SUTTON, oil heiress.

Yesterday: Arda leaves Alan's studio after destroying his portrait. The next day Alan decides to sail for England and his home after talking with Ainsley. Jill had topped his world!

CHAPTER TWENTY

THE soft closing of the front door behind Jill had not disturbed John Wentworth, who sat in a deep chair by the fire in his study. It had not disturbed Barry, who had gone back to the music room when Jill fled upstairs, and now was sprawled on a cushioned divan in the music room.

John Wentworth had been sitting there, his eyes on the fire, since the close of a second and briefer conference with Oscar Montanne.

The second conference had been very different from the first. In the first he had pitted his wits against a man who had once been his friend. A man who had turned suddenly into an enemy, determined his upon him.

And then, Jill had come in to announce her engagement to Oscar Montanne's son. There had been a second transformation then, even more startling than the first. Everything had been sweetness and light.

They had gone back to the study from the ballroom. He and Montanne.

"I've been wrong," Montanne had said grimly. "I had become frightened. I suppose by the changing aspects, affecting his business. But families must hold together. I'm going to stick with you, of course, John. I'm sure I can swing the others back into line. The loan will go through, of course, though it's a bigger loan than I would expect any other man at this time."

But winning the battle had brought no glow of victory. It was humiliating to find suddenly that he was holding his immense investments was a sheer economic hairline; and that the loss of one powerful financial adherent could change the scene that his own power, personal and business acumen had kept in its present focus.

He was tired. Infinitely weary of the strain. And there would be months of wary watchfulness and conciliation before his business would swing clear again—beyond what he now saw was a vicious financial circle. He had got himself in this plight by depending too much on the friendship of three men. And friendship had failed him if Jill had not become engaged to Milo Montanne.

He was troubled about Andy. Could it be possible that she had realized the strain being put upon him?

He could not bear to think that it couldn't be true that Jill had sacrificed herself for him. She had come in too radiant and proud. She had become fond of Milo. He hoped she was not dazzled by Milo's great wealth.

He got up suddenly, glancing at the clock. Twenty minutes to six. Great heaven, he had been here for hours going over the same ground and getting nowhere beyond the fact that his business trials were over, for the present at least.

He walked heavily toward the hall. When he had gone to his study the place had blazed with lights. The atmosphere was a gloomy cavern, not but a faint glow came from the music room.

John Wentworth frowned slightly. His mood still marked by the rigors of his past struggle.

These young people wasted pennies prodigally, not realizing that pennies make dollars. He smiled a little at the trend of his thinking. No pennies, or miserly hoardings of dollars, could count in a battle that had to do with millions. Many millions.

His faint smile was erased as he reached the door of the music room. The light there was blazing down from a glistening chandelier. It revealed the figure of Barry, his head buried in a pillow.

The lines of worry deepened on John Wentworth's weary face as he studied the sleeper, taking in the flushed face and tousled hair.

The fool. The besotted young fool. He should have a real raking down. Yet it would probably do no good. A hard, impenetrable sheet of callousness and ruthlessness had grown over any manly qualities Barry might once have had. He hated to believe Barry had never possessed those qualities.

He moved and Barry opened drink-dulled eyes, meeting the quiet brooding gaze of his stepfather.

"So it's my thoughtful parent. Might I inquire the reason for the suddenly fatherly interest that would make a night cap and tuck me in bed?"

"Get on to your room, Barry. I was not waiting up for you."

"I should have known that," Barry mocked. "So you and old man Montanne have been sitting around cheering because you're getting all the money into one big family. Maybe, planning how to keep the Government from getting any of it. The Government may know a way, but by heaven, I don't."

"Come into my study, Barry," his stepfather said sternly. "I have wanted to talk with you a long while. But I kept hoping."

"Oh, the chatter!" Barry retorted. He stumbled to his feet and followed his father across the hall and into the room where the fire had burned down to ruddy embers.

John Wentworth closed the door and motioned to a chair across from him. "Sit there," he commanded.

BARRY slumped into a chair, his eyes filled with malicious light. He lit a cigarette and began to smoke, one hand nervously toying with a heavy marble paperweight that held down some papers on his father's desk.

"Shoot," Barry said. "And then maybe I'll do some talking. I'm sick and tired of being treated like a beggar in this family."

"That's what you are!" Mr. Wentworth's voice was unexpected and violent. "I've tried to be lenient and patient with you, Barry. I've waited to see some signs of settling

down. But you've kept on. Spending, wasting, drinking. You're a grown man, and yet you've never had a job picked out for you. All you do is to whine for more money to waste. You don't know it, Barry, but we've been skating on thin ice. Perhaps it's my fault that none of you realized it. I've tried to keep my family from worry."

"You don't get anywhere talking depression stuff," Barry growled. "I know you're lousy with money. And if I'm a beggar, I suppose your fine Jack is."

"All I could ever want in a son," John Wentworth spoke fervently. "John had fled upstairs, and now was sprawled on a cushioned divan in the music room.

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"I'm going to change my will. I think the fairest thing to you

BY MARY RAYMOND

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TO BE CONTINUED

Daily Short Story

GUEST ARTIST—By W. G. Braugham



"She was surprised—too surprised to feel Andy's arm around her."

ADORE men like Monty Maverick," said Lois as she leaned back in the swing. "I think he's the nicest singer in radio."

"I'm glad you do," returned Andy Heron, with as little conviction as he could manage. He scraped his feet loudly on the floor of the porch. Obviously Andy would welcome a change of topic.

He thought his voice is like a flute—or something.

"That's swell," he scraped his feet again. "Lois," he began, "I—that is, there's something—"

She was discreetly silent. Andy had never gotten this far before.

Then suddenly she was surprised to feel Andy's arm crept around her. Yes, she considered, he needed practice in making love. Still, he was making progress. With a little rehearsing, Andy might turn into a prospective Beau Brummel—or a Monty Maverick.

Andy loomed large as he slouched in the swing at her side. She inspected him with a level eye. His suit was a little shiny, but it had been pressed recently. His collar was clean and the shirt didn't show any missing buttons. Yet he wasn't handsome—not even cute. Just a lovable, wholesome boy, she concluded.

Following his romantic debut, Andy said nothing.

Lois' voice was flute-like. "Well, Andrew Heron, why say it?"

"Have you forgotten that Monty's program will soon be on?" she announced from inside. "He's going to sing 'My Sweet—for You' tonight."

She felt sorry for Andy. He was so naive, so artless in making love. hadn't he been going with her for over a year and hadn't yet asked for her hand? Still, she hoped that she wasn't making a mistake by pretending that she was interested in this Maverick. She knew she wouldn't give all the Monty Mavericks that the West could produce for Andy.

Andy, meanwhile, sitting on the swing, propped fervently that she would listen to Monty Maverick's program.

The orchestra began to play, filling the house with its melody. Lois listened carefully for the first strains of "For All the World"—Monty's theme song. At the same time she heard the honeyed tones of the crooner himself. Why, she didn't even like the way this fellow sang.

She listened more intently. Strange, but Maverick's voice didn't seem to be coming from the radio! "I must be dreaming things," she considered. The song seemed to be coming from the porch. The porch? Why, only Andy was out there!

She glanced at Andy Heron; at the same time she smiled quietly as she considered her foolish talk.

"Isn't it swell?" she said. "Singing about the white clouds on the horizon. I'll bet you don't know what a horizon is."

"Cut it out, will ya? You're breakin' my heart."

"The rustle of the breeze in the trees—"

Mind Your Manners

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

1. At a football game should one rise when the rival team's Alma Mater is sung?

2. Is it considerate to sit visiting in a public library?

3. How should students greet their instructors?

4. Is heavy makeup good taste in the day time?

5. Should one wear hair ornaments with informal clothes?

What would you do if—When you answer the telephone someone asks for Mrs. Dayton?

(A) "I am Mrs. Dayton?"

(B) "This is she speaking?"

(C) "This is her?"

ANSWERS

1. Yes.

2. No.

3. "How do you do, Miss Bradley?" or "Good morning, Dr. French."

4. No.

5. No.

Best "What Would You Do" solution—(B).

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



HEY, COWBOY,
WE'RE DEER
HUNTING
WHERE CAN WE
RENT SOME HORSES?

THE ROUGH RIDERS J.R. WILLIAMS 11-11

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Remember how we used to fight over who'd play with this, Chuck? We musta been a pair of little brats."

—By Al Capp



—By Blosser



—By Raeburn Van Buren



—By Ryan Biren



"Oh, Martha! Will you take the children in the other room? I'm going to read the stock market reports!"

SO THEY SAY

When people vote, they vote from the heart. What reaches the heart as easily as music?—Jerry Miko, playing violin for votes in Ravenna, Ohio, campaign for mayor.

A skunk who knows he's safe—like the one on display in the zoo—makes a good a pet as a house cat—Brayton Eddy, director, Michigan Insect Zoo.

commonly seen for years among cab drivers in London. There seems to be in some cases a nervous factor.

The condition has its place. If the person has it, this disease gets attention promptly, much may be done to stay its progress, particularly in so far as involves a rearrangement of the digestive functions and a control of secondary infections.

Sometimes this disturbance is related to a disturbance of the digestion. In other cases it seems to be related in women to disturbances of their special functions. In a few cases excessive exposure seems to be responsible, as the condition was

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