

JILL

BY MARY RAYMOND
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CAST OF CHARACTERS
JILL WENTWORTH, heroine, attractive debutante.
ALAN JEFFREY, hero, rising young artist.
BARRY WENTWORTH, Jill's step-brother.
JACK WENTWORTH, Jill's brother.
SILVIA SUTTON, old maid.

Yesterday: Ardash 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 brief 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 upon his ruin.

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

"I've been wrong," Montanne had said gruffly. "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 extend any other man at this time."

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

He was tired. Infinitely weary of the strain. And he was weary of months of weary 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.

Or rather, it would have failed him if Jill had not become engaged to Milo Montanne. He was tired. He was weary of the strain. He was weary of the strain. He was weary of the strain.

HE could not bear to think that. It couldn't be true that Jill had sacrificed herself for him. She had come in to announce her engagement to Milo Montanne. He was tired. He was weary of the strain. He was weary of the strain. He was weary of the strain.

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 entrance was a gloomy cavern now, 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 hoarding 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 glittering 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-chilled 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 fix me 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, can 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,ly 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 earned a nickel in your life. 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. "I suppose you're planning to leave him a big slice, and cut me out—"

JOHN WENTWORTH spoke heavily: "Your mother came to me about the will, also, Barry. I told her I would be just about it. But I didn't tell her what I planned to do. I'm going to change my will. I think the fairest thing to you

would be to have your share held in trust while you make a man of yourself. If in five years after my death you've proved—"

Barry, his hand still clutching the heavy marble paperweight, had leaped to his feet. His voice rose in a vicious shout: "You couldn't get away with it. I won't let you—"

He rushed toward his father, his hand still raised, as though to ward off a blow. His pale lips moved, but no words came.

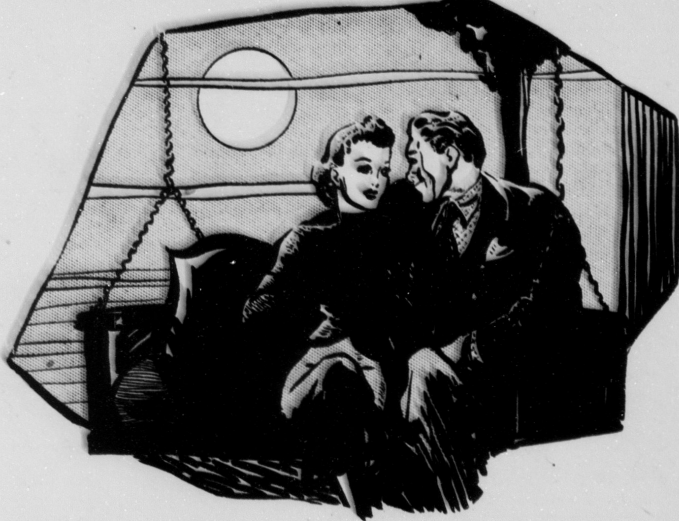
Before Barry reached him, he had crumpled suddenly, his head striking the andirons on the hearth. Suddenly sobered, Barry lifted his father up.

There was something about the still, white-faced man in horror. Barry placed his father back on the rug, and got to his feet. A cry was stifled on his lips.

(To Be Continued)

Daily Short Story

GUEST ARTIST—By W. G. Braugham



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

"I ADORER 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.

"I think 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—I—"

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

Then suddenly she was surprised to feel Andy's arm creep around her. Yes, she considered, he needed practice, 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 by 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 fluterie. "Well, Andrew Heron, why so quiet?"

"Listen, honey," groined Andy, "do we have to hash this thing over again?"

SEEMINGLY, Lois Bates had been charmed by a radio singer. Monty Maverick, by name. He was appearing nightly on the local radio station at 8:30.

Lois resumed: "Don't be absurd, Andy. Oh, I may as well talk to myself."

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

"Isn't he too cute?" She gazed 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 considered 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 you—
(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).

Our minds are too small and our hands too huge for successful tinkering with the ultramicroscopic wheels of life.—Dr. William G. Lennox, New York.

Evolution is played out... The organic world is the finished product, except for man, whose possibilities are infinite.—Dr. Robert Broom, noted paleontologist.

Men don't like women they are with to dress conspicuously.—Sally Rand.

OUT OUR WAY



THE ROUGH RIDERS

By Williams

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

LIL' ABNER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



ABBIE AN' SLATS



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—Do honey bees attack sound grapes?

A—Experiments by entomologists have proved conclusively that honey bees cannot break the skin of sound grapes with their mouthparts. Bees confined with bunches of sound grapes will die of starvation. Where the skin of the grape has been broken by other insects or fungous disease, bees attack the grapes at the injured places and may quickly reduce the fruit to a worthless condition. Injury by bees is best avoided by protecting the fruit from insects and disease which interfere with its soundness. In the absence of spraying, fruit in danger of attack by bees can be protected by bagging the bunches after the fruit is well set, or shortly before ripening begins.

Q—Who appoints the pages in the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives? What are the age limits and how much are they paid?

A—Pages in Congress are appointed upon the recommendation of the members of the House and the Senate. Boys between the ages of 12 and 16 are eligible. The pay is \$4 a day, Sundays and holidays included, while Congress is in session.

Q—What proportions of asphalt and linseed oil shall I mix to use as a roof paint?

A—Mixtures of asphalt and linseed oil when combined with a volatile thinner to form a paint or varnish are not recommended for outdoor exposures on roofs. A

satisfactory asphalt roof coating can be prepared by mixing 60 parts asphalt with 30 parts of petroleum distillate or solvent naphtha, and 10 parts asbestos or finely-divided mineral matter. The consistency can be varied to suit the job by increasing or decreasing the amounts of volatile thinner. A small amount of drying oil can be added to the mixture, if desired.

Q—Do any Negro tribes have red hair?

A—Negro tribes, both in the Pacific Islands and Africa, sometimes bleach their hair red with lime, or rub red coloring matter into it. Natural red hair is never found in full-blooded Negroes. Its presence is a sure sign of blood mixture. The consistency is commonly seen among the mixed Negro population of the United States.

Q—Which states have official state songs by act of the State Legislature?

A—Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oregon, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and Washington.

Q—Is the Federal gasoline tax levied on the number of gallons of gasoline produced?

A—It is levied on the number of gallons to which title passes when the gasoline is sold by the refinery.

Q—What is the cost of firing a 16-inch gun?

A—If the gun is fired in battle, the cost is \$2000; in practice, it is \$900.

Q—Who was baseball's first curveball pitcher?

A—William Arthur Cummings, of the Brooklyn Stars, who introduced it in 1867.

Q—What is the full name of the head of the J. C. Penney Co.?

A—James Cash Penney.

Q—What caused the death of Francis E. Willard?

A—Influenza.

YOUR HEALTH

By Dr. Morris Fishbein
American Medical Journal Editor

THE common inflammation of the skin with blackheads and pimples is usually called acne. There is, however, another condition called rosacea to which the additional term rosacea is applied.

In this condition the nose and cheeks become very red and sometimes there is great enlargement of the end of the nose called "whisker nose" or "grog blossom." This is unfortunate because many people with this disease have never touched alcoholic liquors.

The condition frequently starts as a slight redness of the tip of the nose. Later the nose gets blue and cold to the touch. Gradually the condition will spread over the middle two-thirds of the face and on the forehead.

THE skin may be oily and the pores will stand out like large holes. In the area affected there will be no doubt many enlarged blood vessels. Due to the damage of the skin that takes place, the large pores may become filled with material of a blackhead type.

Sometimes the condition will get to the area around the eyes and bring about inflammation of the eyes.

As there is repeated healing and scarring in this condition the nose may become wrinkled and folds will appear.

THE condition seems to affect men more often than women.

Women, however, are usually more concerned about their appearance and will consult a physician so as to have treatment sooner, so that the very severe cases are seldom seen in women.

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

GRIN AND BEAR IT

By Lichty



"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 is very easily as music? Jerry Miko, playing violin for votes in Ravenna, O., campaign for mayor.

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

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