



TRUE BY THE SUN
Lida Larrimore

SYNOPSIS

Jim Fielding, one of the "lost generation" who had left college in the depression and is unable to find a job, arrives at Glendale to visit his friends the MacPhersons. Mac had formerly been gardener at his uncle's estate and now works for T. H. Vaughn of "Meadowbrook." Jim is tired of being supported by his married sister Kay. While he still can marry Lenore, an attractive divorcee who is in love with him and have an easy life because of her wealth, his mind rebels. Stopping at the village drug store for a sandwich he meets Dolly, a pretty soda fountain girl. When he inquires about the Vaughns, she asks if he is a friend of "Cecily's." She also entrusts a message to Tommy, young son of the family and tells him how to reach the Vaughn's estate. Approaching the house, Jim encounters a tomboyish little girl, fishing. She is startled and falls in the brook. Incensed at first, she discovers she likes Jim and he learns that she is Susan Vaughn. He discovers Cecily is her older sister. He sees Tommy, a youth of eighteen who imagines he is in love with Dolly. Jim explains his impetuous position to the MacPhersons. They tell him that Mr. Vaughn is recovering from a nervous breakdown and has been a widower since Sue was a little child. Mrs. MacPherson suggests that Mac give Jim a job as handyman. Jim goes for a walk to think it over and picks up a horse shoe. Soon Cecily, a lovely young girl, appears, riding a limping horse. Jim scolds her when he sees the animal has thrown a shoe. There is an angry scene. Jim's ire cools and he is intrigued as he thinks about her. He tells the MacPhersons he wants to stay and assumes his duties as handyman. He sees Dolly again. She explains that she has been seeing Tommy, but regards him with amusement. When Cecily returns from a house-party she asks him, "I wonder how long you'll stay?" Jim acts as Mr. Vaughn's part-time secretary. He opens a letter for Vaughn by mistake and learns it is a love message to Cecily from Jeremy Clyde, a young actor of whom her father disapproves. Cecily accuses Jim of being hired to spy on her. Jim comes upon Sue sobbing rebelliously after an encounter with Cecily. Everybody is helpless to quell her. Jim soothes her. Jim writes Lenore, seeking to avoid attending a house-party to which she has invited him. Tommy is afraid his father will be wrathful if he discovers his attachment for Dolly and asks Jim to intercede with her to get back letters he has written. Jim decides to use the supposed affair with Dolly as a club over Tommy to make him catch up in his studies. Jim takes Dolly to "Dutch's," a roadside cafe. Cecily and Jerry appear. Dolly is indignant as Jerry snubs her. She explains that she has had several dates with him. Returning home Jim finds Cecily waiting. She tells him about her love for Jerry and of her father's disapproval.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

Jim moved restlessly. He was becoming weary of Jeremy Clyde. He doubted the actuality of the virtues Cecily listed. Jeremy Clyde. The name was an affection. He'd probably been christened Jerome or Jeremiah. Moral fiber. He doubted that, too.

"Why bother about your father?" he asked, conscious that the words were edged with sarcasm. "Why don't you get married. You're past the legal age."

She considered that for a moment. Then—"We've talked of it," she said slowly. "Jerry has suggested it. But it's taking too great a chance. If Father should cut me off with a quarter, Jerry would have to give up the stage and get a job. That wouldn't be helping him, no," she said decisively. "I want Father to know Jerry and to help him. We have the part." Her voice was almost breathless with excitement. "A friend of Jerry's has written a play with a perfect part for him. I want Father to back it."

So that was it! Jim wondered whether the idea was her own or a thought flowering in Clyde's mind.

"Now for the favor!" Cecily drew a long breath. "Jim," she said, with admirable directness. "I want you to suggest to Father that Jerry must come here for a visit, the first week in September, after the theater closes."

Jim made an inarticulate sound of protest.

"Wait a minute," Cecily added quickly. "This is the idea. Forbidden fruit. You know. Make Father think that if Jerry can visit us, I'll lose my fondness for him. It's possible. No, it isn't. I'll love Jerry as long as I live. But it's a sporting proposition. Both Father and I stand a chance to win—or lose."

"Possibly," Jim said, amused at her ingenuity, a little appalled by the task she was setting for him. "But why do you ask me to make the suggestion?"

"Who else could I ask? Parker, I suppose, or Aunt Alicia or Norah? Besides," she continued rapidly, "if you're working with Father to break up my friendship with Jerry, you can do it easily. Father will think it's a clever device. He'll probably raise your salary."

"But I'm not," Jim said. "That was your idea."

"I know," she laughed. "I've known it for some time. It was only just at first that I thought Father had hired you to spy on me. I was so upset and unhappy, then, that I could have imagined anything. But you can do this for

me. You have a way with you, Jim. Will you do it, Jim?"

"Perhaps," he replied. "If it's possible. If there is an opportunity." He sat erect behind the wheel. "Have you any idea how long we've been talking?"

"Hours!" Cecily's laugh was gay and friendly. "You've been very patient and polite. Is that really daylight? Is it morning?"

"It is. The roosters are about to crow."

Cecily was out of the roadster before he could open the door.

"Thank you," she stood beside him for a moment. In the pale gray light her face was weary but peaceful. "I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"Good-night," Jim's voice was brusque.

"Good-night." For a moment her hand lay on his arm in a friendly intimate gesture. For a moment he breathed the spring-like fragrance of the perfume she used. For a moment there was between them mutual understanding and respect, friendliness—And something more disturbing. Jim was aware of it. Did she feel it, too? He wasn't sure. When she spoke again, her voice was gentle, a little drowsy, soft as a caress.

"I am grateful, Jim," she said. "It's nice to have found a friend. Good-night—good-morning."

Jim stood beside the sedan waiting for Mr. Vaughn who was strolling about the lawn with MacPherson discussing the planting to be done in the fall. It was a murky August morning, likely to be hot when the sun burned through the mist. Jim hoped that the expedition with Mr. Vaughn would not be a long one. Already he felt uncomfortable in the riding breeches and camels hair coat that he wore when he chauffeured the family. If he had accepted Lenore's invitation, he would be on Long Island today.

The station wagon careened around the turn in the drive that led from the garage. Tommy, at the wheel, was bound for his morning session with Mr. Jordan in the village. He saw Jim and came to a lurching stop, got out, walked over to the sedan.

"Hey, Jim!" he said in a cautious whisper. "Have you got them yet?"

"Them? Oh, yes. The letters Tommy had written Dolly. Jim assumed a grave expression.

"Not yet," he said.

"Didn't you hide in the barn the last time she came to see you?"

"I don't like her," Susan replied serenely. "She's an awful baby and fraidy-cat. There's going to be a wedding at her house, though, next month in September. I thought I'd better be nice to Mary Lillian so that maybe I'd be invited."

Mr. Vaughn laughed. "You're growing up, Susie."

"I'd rather not be called Susie," she said, with dignity. "Or Susan, either. My name is Sue. Here's the gate, Jim. I could have walked only I might have ruined my slippers."

"Well, well, well!" marvelled Mr. Vaughn.

The sedan turned into the Patton place, followed a shaded drive to a pillared house of Georgian brick surrounded by gardens and lawns. Children were playing croquet on a grass court at the side of the house, little girls in dainty dresses, boys in clean white linen. The party had just begun.

Jim opened the door for Susan and handed her out with a flourish.

"You'd think she was a debutante," he said, as Jim returned to his place behind the wheel. "She isn't a bad-looking child. The transformation is amazing," Mr. Vaughn glanced shrewdly at Jim. "How did you do it?"

"I?" Jim's laugh disclaimed all credit for Susan's reformation.

"She's certainly impressed by you," Mr. Vaughn continued. "She tags after you like a shadow. I'd no idea she'd ever be interested in weddings and clothes."

"Susan is very feminine," Jim said. "Her vanity is blossoming. It would have happened—some time."

"And you had nothing to do with it? Don't be unduly modest, Jim. That's no way to get on in the world."

"Oh, something, perhaps," Jim was becoming increasingly embarrassed. "I like Sue."

"So do I. But I've never been able to work the miracle. Went at it the wrong way, I suppose. I've neglected the children," he added soberly. "I've left them pretty much to schools and governesses. Work, the depression—I've not been with them, until this summer, continuously, that is. Tommy—Cecily

notice that Tommy's parting remark was exclusively for Jim.

"Jordan reports that he's doing better," Mr. Vaughn said, stepping into the front of the sedan.

Jim took his place behind the wheel. "He's been studying, I think."

"Discipline," Mr. Vaughn said complacently and Jim smiled as he turned on the ignition.

A shout halted their immediate progress. Susan scampered down the terrace steps, disregarding feminine finery and slippers tied with bows.

"Please, Dad," she said breathlessly, teetering on the running-board of the car, "will you take me to Mary Lillian Patton's house on your way to wherever you're going?"

"Hop in," her father invited.

Susan looked at Jim.

"In front?" she asked.

"Why not?" Mr. Vaughn opened the door. "There's plenty of room." Susan settled herself between her father and Jim. The sedan rolled down the drive.

"Somebody looks very nice this morning," Mr. Vaughn remarked. "Don't you think so, Jim?"

"Swell!" Jim saw Susan's face in the mirror attached to the windshield. It was as pink as a carnation under the brim of a leghorn hat.

"Cecily had better watch out," Mr. Vaughn continued. "Looks as though we may have another beauty in the family."

The carnation pink in the small mirror's face deepened to rose. Susan folded her hands primly over a rubber bag in her lap.

"I've got my bathing suit," she said both shy and pleased. "And a towel and some talcum powder."

"It's a swimming party, is it?" Mr. Vaughn asked in a conversational tone.

"Mary Lillian is having a birthday," Susan expanded in the agreeable and unaccustomed atmosphere



"You Know How Women Are."

of adult approbation. "I've got a present for her. It's a book," she added.

"I thought you didn't like Mary Lillian," her father continued. "Didn't you hide in the barn the last time she came to see you?"

"I don't like her," Susan replied serenely. "She's an awful baby and fraidy-cat. There's going to be a wedding at her house, though, next month in September. I thought I'd better be nice to Mary Lillian so that maybe I'd be invited."

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—Do you know anything about this Clyde chap?" he asked abruptly.

"Cecily thinks she's in love with him."

The question caught Jim's straying attention. Here was his opportunity to make a suggestion. This was the golden moment to present, as his own, the plan which Cecily had devised. Mr. Vaughn was in a receptive mood. He had only to go about it tactfully. He let the moment pass into eternity.

"No," he said, and then, realizing that his reply was a little curt, "Nothing," he added, "except that he writes very bad poetry. Do we turn here, sir? Is the place on the Cherry Hollow road?"

Mr. Vaughn dismissed his family and turned to the business at hand.

"This side of Cherry Hollow," he said. "Not far from here—a mile or so. It's a property we've had to take over, a riding academy. We'll sell it at public auction, I suppose, if anybody's fool enough to make a bid. Another white elephant."

The abandoned riding academy appeared to be a white elephant of the most hopeless variety. The place, formerly a farm, was overgrown with weeds and brambles and blackberry bushes.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" Vaughn said to Jim as they walked through the dim stable festooned with cobwebs and littered with mouldy odds and ends of harness and rope and moth-eaten blankets and corn-cobs and fodder.

"The land should be worth something," Jim said.

"Real estate doesn't bring anything in the present market," Mr. Vaughn replied. "No, we'll take a licking on this."

They came out into sunlight. Jim's eyes moved over the weedy-grown oval in the meadow, the sagging rail jumps, the house huddling forlornly under the low branched trees.

"Was it ever a paying proposition?" he asked.

"Yes," Mr. Vaughn replied. "Four or five years ago it was tremendously successful."

"I should think it might have been," Jim said musingly. "The location is excellent. It's only a mile from the Green Acres club and within a short distance of four towns, to say nothing of the country places around. What happened?"

"The place changed hands. The last fellow who ran it hadn't much initiative. I suppose it requires a certain amount of personality to make a success of a riding academy. It's like an inn or a roadhouse. You have to cater to people's whims and crochets. The ladies especially must be pleased. Now, you—" Mr. Vaughn looked at Jim speculatively. "You have some of the qualifications. Do you think you could take over this place and make it go?"

Jim's heart leapt. He steeled it with a prompt application of common-sense. Mr. Vaughn wasn't in earnest. He was merely talking.

"I've had no experience," he replied as casually as he could.

"You know something about horses," Mr. Vaughn persisted, defending his former statement.

"Oh, something."

Mr. Vaughn's eyes twinkled.

"MacPherson told me you brought 'Lady' through an attack of the colic the other night."

"It wasn't bad. She was in fair shape when the vet arrived. I know a few simple remedies. There were horses on my uncle's place."

"Where was that?"

"Whitehall—out beyond Chestnut hill."

"The King place?" Mr. Vaughn asked quickly.

"Yes, sir. I lived with my uncle. My parents died when I was a child."

"MacPherson came from the King place?"

"Yes, sir," Jim smiled.

"So that's the connection."

"Hmm!" Mr. Vaughn looked thoughtful. "What college?"

"Princeton—'29. I'm one of the lost generation."

Mr. Vaughn made no reply. He stood, for a time, on the steps of the house looking over the property with a minutely appraising scrutiny. Presently he walked to the car.

"All right," he said. "Let's go."

The short drive back to "Meadowbrook" was accomplished in an almost unbroken silence. Once Mr. Vaughn roused from his absorption to ask, "Knew anything about fox-hunting?" and, some time later, he said in an abstracted voice, as though he was thinking aloud, "Horse—sense and personality. That's the combination."

Jim would not let himself believe that Mr. Vaughn was considering the proposition he had mentioned so casually. But he thought of it during the afternoon, to the exclusion of Lenore's house-party and the opportunity he'd lost for promoting Cecily's scheme.

He was silent at supper. He hadn't much appetite. "What's the matter, Jamie?" Mrs. MacPherson asked, disguising her concern in a simulated huff. "That's short-cake, and you haven't touched it."

"It's swell," Jim assured her. "I'm not hungry, that's all."

Jim glanced at MacPherson. The lean, sandy Scot was regarding him with an expression which he did not understand. There was kindness in it, affection and pride.

The same expression puzzled him later, when Tommy came to the cottage to summon Jim to the house.

Well-Dressed at Little Cost



IT WAS some job, Ladies of The Sewing Circle, to get these three lovelies together to pose for the camera this week. They're under the strict tutelage of Dame Fashion just now, learning the latest lessons on how to be well turned out this Spring without benefit of a private mint. You can understand, then, why the co-ed above, center, sort of jumped the gun, so to speak, and was already on her way when the camera clicked.

A Frock That Clicks.
Speaking of things clicking, don't think that new princess gown she's wearing isn't doing it in a big way. Can't you see from where you're sitting that it is simple to see besides being a figure-flatterer of the first order? The buttons half way and a neat little collar in contrast are all its lively lines need to complete the perfect balance—chic vs. simplicity. Take a tip from this stylish student and figure it out for yourself in cashmere or velveteen. The style is 1202 and it can be had in sizes 12-20 (30-32). Size 14 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material plus 3/4 yard contrasting.

Go Print for Spring.
The charming young lady above, left, has chosen to model a very dainty and rather picturesque little frock for she believes you'll be interested in this style as a fitting gesture to Springtime. Especially in a modern print, featuring, say, pussycats or deep-sea flowers, would this frock be tempting. The skirt is bias-cut for artistic reasons, and the circles of contrast aid and abet its gracefulness. Let yourself go print then, come Spring. Style 1257 is designed in sizes 12-20 (30-40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material. Eleven yards of bias binding is required for trimming as pictured.

Gay House or Street Frock.
Lest you begin to think every day is Sunday for our starrng trio, the trim-looking young lady above, right, wants you to concentrate now on her new gingham gown. Not an ordinary bread-and-butter cotton version, but a beautifully cut, carefully planned dress for general service. The linked button front is enough to give it first place on your Spring sewing list if Sew-Your-Own designers know their clients as well as they think. However, there's more to recommend it: a young

becoming collar, a simple yoke-and-sleeve-in-one construction, and a slender action-built skirt. Put them all together they spell CHIC—that little word with a vast meaning. Style 1267 is for sizes 34-48. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 35 inch material plus 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

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