TRUE BY THE SUN

By LIDA LARRIMORE

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued
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He went downstairs. MacPherson glanced up over his paper. "Bonny Prince Jamie," he said admiringly. "You're a sight to flutter the hearts of the ladies," and Mrs. MacPherson beamed with maternal pride.

The night was still and clear. There would be a moon later, very late, an apricot August moon. Jim walked through the garden, along the drive, up to the familiar side veranda. The house looked very gay.

He was early. The guests had not yet begun to arrive. The orchestra, five dapper young negroes in tuxedos, was grouped about the piano in the hall. In the dining-room one of the caterer's men was mixing punch under Mr. Vaughn's supervision.

"Anything I can do?" Jim asked.

"Taste this stuff." Mr. Vaughn filled a glass for Jim. "Too strong?" he asked.

"Just right." Jim set the glass on the table.

Jim waited while Mr. Vaughn gave further instructions to the caterer's man and then went with him into the hall. It was empty, now. The members of the orchestra were out on the side veranda, talking in undertones, joking, their laughter discreetly lowered.

"Everything seems to be all right," Mr. Vaughn said, standing in the open door, looking out across the terrace and the lawn where the lanterns floated in still darkness. "Looks festive, doesn't it? I want Cecily to enjoy her party." His glance turned to Jim. "Having a grown daughter is a tough proposition," he said.

"I can neither agree nor disagree," Jim said, smiling. "I've had no experience."

Mr. Vaughn made no immediate reply. It was apparent to Jim that he had something on his mind.

A voice hailed them. "Hello, you two!"

The gentlemen looked toward the stairs. Cecily was descending slowly, trailing a hand along the banister, deliberately making an appearance.

Cecily was lovely tonight. She wore a slim shining cream-colored dress which broke into cascades of ripples below her knees. Her bright hair was bound with a wreath of golden leaves and golden sandals twinkled beneath the satin ripples of her skirt. Excitement deepened the peach-like bloom of her cheeks and shone in her dark golden eyes. Above her, around her, floated a soft radiance, a lovely luminous glow. She came toward them, smiling. Jim drew a short painful breath.

"Am I all right?" she asked, turning for their approval, her arms extended, her head turned to watch them over her shoulder. "Do I look pretty nice?"

"You'll do," her father replied, the pride and affection in his face discounting the brief comment, and "Dazzling!" Jim said, having difficulty with his voice.

"Have you given the men instructions about parking the cars?" she asked her father and, "Jim, would you mind awfully seeing that the lanterns along the terrace are lighted. That Ralph is an imbecile. He hasn't one brain cell to rattle against another."

"I'm not on duty tonight," Jim said, smiling. But he went to light the lanterns, taking with him a little of her radiance, hurrying toward the moment when he would see her again, dance with her, hold her silken slenderness in his arms.

The moment which he anticipated was slow in arriving. Cecily, for a time, was occupied with the arriving guests, with greetings and introductions. When the music started she was whirled off by the prospective groom and, in turn, by the wedding party to a man. Jim danced with a languid blonde who asked him if he didn't think that dancing in hot weather was too utterly foul and with a pert little red-head who thought the music was too divine and that dancing out-of-doors was too marvelous and the lanterns awfully amusing.

Later, when he met Cecily in the center of the floor, she asked:

"Why haven't you danced with me?"

"I haven't a landing net."

"Want to now?"

"Awfully."

He was dancing with her at last, at last he held her in his arms, breathed the fragrance of her hair, felt her forehead against his chin. She danced beautifully, effortlessly, not as Dolly danced, with spirited abandon, but with a fluid grace, like a wave, like a—He gave it up, content to dance with her silently, endlessly, on and on—forever.

She drew a little away, looked up at him.

"Is it a nice party, Jim?"

"Grand."

"You're making a terrific impression."

Jim scarcely heard what she said. He watched varying colors wash over her face, violet, rose, amber, as they moved under the lanterns. Cecily, Cecily darling. I love you so. What am I going to do? . . .

The music stopped. There was enthusiastic applause.

"That was nice," Cecily said. "I like to dance with you."

"[illegible] goes for me, too."

[illegible] recommenced. She came into his arms again. The tune was familiar. Presently the plaintive baritone sang—

"I've told every little star
Just how sweet I think you are.
Why haven't I told you?"

"Cecily—"

She lifted her head, glanced up questioningly.

"Listen, Cecily—! If I could sing and knew all the words—"

"Jim — ?" She pronounced his name softly, breathlessly, looking up at him steadily. There was a suggestion of alarm in her eyes, more than a hint of compassion. He saw the pulse in her throat stir and beat, as though something alive were imprisoned there, something that wanted to be released.

The orchestra repeated the refrain, playing softly now, with a low muted rhythm.

"Jim—" She stirred gently in his arms. "Jim, are you—?"

He hadn't intended that she should know. The compassion in her eyes brought him back to reality. He didn't want her to pity him.

"I'm making love to you," he said lightly, smiling down into her eyes.

"Are you—Jim?"

"Shouldn't I?" he asked teasingly. "When it's a party and there are lanterns and music like this and pink punch and a prospective bride?"

"Silly!" She laughed naturally, with relief. "You frightened me. I thought—for a minute—you meant it. Conceit!"

When the dance ended, she led him to the changing group at the end of the terrace. Presently she slipped away. When he saw her again, she was dancing with her father. He thought, watching her above his partner's head, a sleek head, blue-black as an egg-plant, that her shining look was intensified, as though, in the interval since she had left him, something, someone had given it a new breath-taking luster. Cecily, Cecily darling!

. . .

She came to him at the end of the dance.

"Will you excuse me, Millicent?" she apologized to Jim's last partner. "I must drag Jim away. It's awfully important."

"Certainly."

"Where are we going?" Jim asked.

"Out to the summer-house. I've something to tell you." Happiness sang in her voice, lent wings to her golden sandals. She picked up her rippling skirt and, catching Jim's hand, ran with him down the central path of the garden. Beside the fountain she stopped. "I can't wait!" she said with a little laugh. "The summer - house is too far away." She lifted her face, her hands touched his shoulders, her lips touched his. "Thank you," she said softly. "Thank you, Jim."

Jim collected his scattering wits.

"What for?" he asked, feeling the light touch of her lips, hearing, as though it came from far away, the splash and drip of the fountain.

"Father just told me," she said breathlessly. "Jerry is coming for a visit. I couldn't wait to thank you. I do thank you, Jim!"

"I had nothing to do with it."

"Didn't you? Early this evening when you and Father were talking in the hall—Didn't you suggest it to him then?"

"No." Jim said roughly. "I've never mentioned it. You've nothing to thank me for."

"Why?" she stood very close to him, looked up at him searchingly.

"Because—" The moon, rising above the woods at the crest of the hill, sprayed the garden with light. He saw her distinctly, her parted lips, the question in her eyes. She saw him with equal clarity. Some of the brightness went out of her face.

"Jim!" she cried on a soft wondering note of alarm and comprehension. "You meant it, didn't you? When we danced—That song—"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry—" She swayed toward him. He caught her in his arms, held her, bent her head back to press his lips against the soft hollow in her throat, kissed her with passion and with gentleness, her hair, her eyes, her lips, released her when, through the splashing sound of the fountain, through distant music, through the drumming in his ears, he heard her soft shaken cry.

They stood facing each other in the diffused white moonlight. He saw that her lips were trembling.

"Are you angry?" he asked. The surge of passion receded, leaving only gentleness. "Have I hurt you, dear?"

She shook her head.

"You're weeping."

"That's only because I'm sorry."

"Never mind."

"And because I'm afraid it's—my fault."

"It isn't. It's my fault entirely."

She stood looking down, twisting the wisp of handkerchief in her hands. "I've deliberately made men love me," she said with characteristic candor. "I didn't do that with you. I was only grateful—I—"

"I know."

She raised her head. Tears glittered on her lashes.

"Maybe it isn't real," she said slowly, considering each word. "Maybe it's just the moonlight, this dress, the pink punch, the music."

"It's real, Cecily."

"I hope you're mistaken. I do hope that, Jim. Of course, in a way, I can't help being glad. That's only the silly vain part of me. I know how it feels to love somebody terribly. I don't want you to love me like that. I'd have you on my conscience—"

CHAPTER IX

Jeremy Clyde was at "Meadowbrook." Cecily made a decided point of introducing him to Jim.

"Jim, this is Jerry," she said, way-laying him early one evening when Jim came to the house for a conference with Mr. Vaughn.

"How do you do."

"How are you?"

They clasped hands briefly. There was a moment of silence.

"Jim has heard a great deal about you, Jerry," Cecily said in a light quick voice. "I've talked to him about you for hours and hours."

"A dull subject, I'm afraid," Jerry said, engagingly modest. "You must have been awfully bored."

"Not at all," Jim protested politely. He felt that the Clyde was

"I Know How it Feels to Love Someone Terribly."

taking his measure, looking him over with something guarded in his eyes. His manner was agreeable. He was good-looking.

The meeting between Jim and Jeremy Clyde ended in an exchange of polite amenities. Jim was glad to escape. He had tried to convey, in answer to Cecily's questioning glance, that, to a certain extent at least, he shared her enthusiasm for Jeremy. He knew that he had not convinced her. She had looked a little hurt, a little disappointed. Her manner became distant. Her hand resting upon Jeremy's arm, was tenderly protective.

It was a relief to discuss business affairs with Mr. Vaughn. Checking itemized bills, tracing a voucher that had gone astray, adjusting the weekly payroll, Jim was able to forget, in a measure, the way Jeremy Clyde had looked at Cecily, the happiness in her voice, the intimacy which had excluded him.

Work! It would be less difficult after a time. He would keep away from "Meadowbrook." Sleep at the riding academy. Not in the house. He would see Cecily, there, as she had been that rainy day, interested, friendly, aware of him. In the office adjoining the stable. Get a cot and a kerosene stove—until cold weather, at least. She would have returned to the city then. The MacPhersons would wonder. Let them—

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Wool - gathering, Jim?" Mr. Vaughn settled back in his chair, a signal that the conference, so far as business details were concerned, was at an end.

"I'm sorry." Jim produced a convincing yawn. "Sleepy, I guess. We finished the fencing today."

"Good! Smoke, if you like." Mr. Vaughn selected a cigar from the box on his desk.

"I'd like to have the place in good shape before you return to the city," Jim said.

"You probably will. I've decided not to open the city house until after Christmas. Susan is going to boarding-school. Tommy will be in school, too, if he works off those conditions. Cecily and I will stay here for the hunting in November. I'll put up at the club when I go to town. The doctors seem to think that three or four more months in the country won't do me any harm."

"Probably not." Jim's heart leapt and sank at the thought of Cecily staying on through the fall. Unless she married Clyde—Unless—

"Have you met our guest?" Mr. Vaughn asked, changing the subject.

"Yes," Jim said. "This evening."

"What do you think of him?"

"I haven't thought—especially." Jim lit a cigarette. "He seems pleasant enough. Very handsome."

"I'll confess that I am agreeably surprised," Mr. Vaughn continued. "I had expected something worse. "Cecily has given me her word not to do anything foolish. No elopements or anything of the kind. I can trust Cecily. She's never broken a promise. The boy is intelligent. Good manners. Respectable family. I don't suppose he'd ever be able to support her. Still—" Mr. Vaughn smiled in a shame-faced fashion. "You aren't interested in all this," he said apologetically. "I've gotten into the habit of thinking aloud to you."

"I know that," Jim said.

"It's meant a great deal to me to have you here this summer." Mr. Vaughn said. "Now if Cecily had taken a fancy to you—"

"Would you have approved?" Jim's slow smile discounted any suggestion of flippancy or disrespect.

"Probably not," Mr. Vaughn confessed. "I would probably have discharged you. But I could have understood the attraction. This Jerry, Jeremy—There's a sort of slyness about him. He looks as though he would slip out of any unpleasant situation, save his own pretty hide, no matter whom he might hurt. That's prejudice, probably. But that's my impression of him."

Mr. Vaughn was prejudiced, Jim thought. Certainly he, Jim, was prejudiced, too. Probably they both imagined an evasive quality in Jeremy Clyde. Nothing that Jim could put a finger on in his infrequent encounters with Cecily's guest after the first meeting. Clyde was amiable, devoted to Cecily, deferential to Mr. Vaughn, charming to Miss Parker.

Jim resolved to keep away from "Meadowbrook." In spite of Mrs. MacPherson's protests, he carried a lunch to the riding academy and returned to the estate for supper at half past six. Usually, then, he caught a glimpse of Cecily and her guest, walking about the grounds in the half hour before the family dinner at seven o'clock. Sometimes Cecily hailed him, called him over to them as gaily and naturally as though the moment beside the fountain had never existed. It had meant so little to her, so terribly much to him.

Jim, in the brief intervals of contact with Cecily and Clyde, attempted to maintain the same natural gaiety and casual friendliness which Cecily established. He found it difficult, especially since he was usually in his working clothes, grimy and weary and needing a shave. At such times, he resented Jeremy's fresh flannels, his tubbed and laundered look, his smoothly rippled hair. Jeremy's suave appearance roused primitive emotions in Jim. He wanted to fight the fellow, muss him up, snatch Cecily and carry her away. He laughed himself away from violence and capture by force.

He resolved to keep away from "Meadowbrook."

No amount of resolution, however, could keep him from thinking of Cecily, could prevent continued conjecture concerning Jeremy Clyde. Too restless in the evening to read or to play checkers with MacPherson, too restless to sit on the cottage veranda, listening, through Mrs. MacPherson's conversation, through the shrill piping of tree toads in the orchard, for sounds from the house, he fell into the habit of driving the second-hand roadster to the village, along the country roads. Usually he stopped in at the drug-store. Sometimes, if closing time was near, Dolly continued to drive with him. More often he only talked to her, drinking orangeade at the fountain, diverted, for a time, by her pert gaiety.

One evening, when there were no other customers in the store, she leaned across the counter and asked him a question.

"What's the matter, Mister?"

"Matter?"

"Are you rushing me or something?"

"Why?"

"You've been dropping in pretty often."

"I have a secret passion for orangeade."

"Apple-sauce!" She looked at him shrewdly, her elbows propped on the fountain, her chin resting on her folded hands. "You look like you did the first day you came in here."

"How was that?" Jim tinkled the ice in his glass.

"Sunk."

"Oh, yes. I was playing 'Hamlet.'"

"You aren't playing now. It's a natural expression. The Vaughns have company, haven't they?"

"Dolly," Jim said evenly, "how well do you know him?"

"Him?" He saw that she regretted making the statement. Her expression, all at once, was too innocent, too bland. "You mean—Jerry Clyde?"

"Miss Innocence! You know I do."

"Oh, not very well." She abandoned her confiding position, moved a glass, wiped a ring of moisture from the fountain. "He used to meet Miss Vaughn in here and a couple of times—" Her brows drew together in an exaggerated frown. "Who do you think you are, a police sergeant or one of those guys from Scotland Yard?"

"Excuse me, Dolly." Jim smiled contritely. "That was a personal question. I'm sorry. It doesn't matter."

"Oh, no, it doesn't matter!" Her voice flaunted a sort of mocking irony, knowing, not unsympathetic. "It doesn't matter to you who visits Miss Vaughn. It doesn't matter, not any more than losing a leg or an eye."

"Think you're pretty shrewd, don't you."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

"Benefit" Promises.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—Maybe "benefits" are being overdone—indeed, some are rackets wearing the mask of charity—but even so, if a good trouper has promised to show up, you'd think he would prove he's a good trouper by showing up.

There have been cases out here when there were listed enough notables to make a whole constellation of stars, but what resulted was a milky way of amateurs and unknowns.

Those last-minute alibis for non-appearance are not always true ones. The real facts may be:

Irvin S. Cobb

A night club cutup has been unexpectedly taken sober and so isn't funny.

A darling of the screen thinks he did enough when he allowed the use of his name, so he spends the evening congenially posing for profile photographs.

An actor is busy trying to decide whether he'll sell his yacht and buy a racing stable or sell his racing stable and buy a yacht.

An actress suddenly remembers she has an engagement over the Arizona line to be married some more.

Staying at home to post up the diary used to be an excuse, but dairy-keeping is now out—oh, absolutely!

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Talking Fish.

PROF. ISAAC GINSBURG of the United States bureau of fisheries solemnly vows he has heard those tiny aquatic creatures known as seahorses communicating with one another by speech and he suspects other species do the same thing.

Undoubtedly so. I can confirm this discovery by a story Drury Underwood used to repeat. Drury said a gentleman ordered whitefish in a Chicago restaurant. When the portion arrived the patron sniffed at it and then, in a confidential undertone, began talking, seemingly to himself.

The waiter ranged up.

"Anything wrong, sir?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," said the patron, "I was just talking to the fish."

"Talking?"

"Certainly. I said to him: 'Well, how're tricks out in Lake Michigan?' And he said: 'I wouldn't know. It's been so long since I left there I can't remember anything about it.'"

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The Race to Arms.

ITALY sees Britain's bet of $7,500,000,000 to be spent on war defense during the next five years, and raises it by decreeing militarization of all classes between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five, which means a trained fighting force of 8,000,000 ready for immediate mobilization, adding as a side wager the promise of "total sacrifice, if required, of civil necessities. . . for attainment of maximum. . . military needs."

This means, of course, that France and Germany and Russia must chip in with taller stacks than before, and thus the merry game goes on until some nation, in desperation, calls some other nation's bluff and all go down together in a welter of blood and bankruptcy and stark brutality.

The world has been 5,000 years patching together the covering called civilization, but experience shows that this sorry garment may be rent to tatters in an hour.

• • •

Maniacs and Motors.

DISPATCHES tell of a slaying automobile which chased a citizen clear up on the sidewalk and nailed him. This is a plain breach of the ethics governing our most popular national pastime—that of mowing down the innocent bystander.

Among our outstanding motor maniacs it has already been agreed that once a foot passenger reaches the pavement, he is out of bounds and cannot be put back in play until somebody shoves him into the roadway again. Otherwise the pedestrian class would speedily be exterminated, whereas its members are valuable for target practice when an operator is building up to the point where he is qualified to sideswipe a car full of women and children while going seventy miles an hour, or meet a fast train on equal terms at a grade crossing.

By all means let us clarify the rules so that the sport of destroying human life on the highroads shall not suffer through the overzeal of amateur homicides. Remember our proud boast that we lead all the world in traffic horrors.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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My Favorite Recipe

By Billie Burke
Actress

English Mock Cheese Cake

1½ cupfuls flour
¼ teaspoonful salt
¼ cupful boiling water
¾ cupful butter
¼ cupful butter
⅞ cupful sugar
1 cupful fresh-grated coconut
2 eggs
2 teaspoonfuls cream
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Make a rich pie paste of the flour, salt, three-quarters cupful of butter and the boiling water. Roll out, cut in rounds, and line muffin tins with it.

Make a filling of the quarter cupful of butter, well creamed; add the sugar and well-beaten eggs, cream and vanilla. Fold in the coconut, fill the lined tins, and bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown, and they are set. These may be topped with whipped cream when they are cool.

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Respect as Due

I respect the man who knows distinctly what he wishes. The greater part of all the mischief in the world arises from the fact that men do not sufficiently understand their own aims. They have undertaken to build a tower, and spend no more labor on the foundation than would be necessary to erect a hut.—Goethe.

Don't Sleep When Gas Presses Heart

If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old poisonous matter in the constipated bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria.

If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable.

You can't eat or sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your complexion is sallow and pimply. Your breath is foul. You are a sick, grouchy, wretched unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED.

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Knows the Value

He who knows most grieves most for wasted time.—Dante.

for WOMEN only

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GOT RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

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