TRUE BY THE SUN

By Lida Larrimore

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CHAPTER X—Continued

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"Are you?" The arm she held was unresponsive.

"Jim and I went over to Dutch's." Her voice was quick and light. "You haven't been waiting long, have you? It was stuffy in the theater. You were marvelous in the first act. How did the other two go?"

"You aren't particularly interested, are you?"

"Darling!" Cecily's voice was coaxing, a little exasperated, more than a little alarmed. "I've seen that play four times this summer. Do you want to stop at Dutch's? Let's go home and have scrambled eggs."

Jim took a step in the direction of the car.

"Good-night," he said.

Cecily turned to him. "Good-night," she said with a gay little gesture of farewell. "Thank you. Good-night, Jim."

"Good-night, Fielding," Jeremy said on a curt note of dismissal.

Driving back to "Meadowbrook," Jim made plans for the future. He would put a cot in the office at the riding academy and get a kerosene stove in the village. He wasn't going to hang around while Clyde was there.

He would keep out of it. None of his business, anyway. The fellow disliked him. Disliked him! There was something more virulent than dislike in his voice when he'd said good-night. What right did he have to take that superior tone with Cecily? Of what was she guilty? Unintentionally hurting his pride, perhaps. That was all.

The third week in September Mr. Vaughn went with a party of friends on a fishing trip to Maine. He sent for Jim the morning of his departure.

Jim, arriving at "Meadowbrook" in answer to the summons found his employer in an eleventh hour hubbub of packing and final instructions. Miss Parker and Rose were scurrying about the second floor locating garments which had been packed away since the last fishing trip.

"They think I'm going to Little America," Mr. Vaughn fumed good-naturedly, indicating the array of garments piled on the bed and the sofa in his room.

Mr. Vaughn was in high good humor, excited, grumblingly genial. Jim went with him to the game-room where the fishing equipment, ready to be packed, covered the ping-pong table.

"I had to work like the devil to get the doctors' permission to go," he said, tenderly unjointing rods, laying them, flannel wrapped, in a leather traveling case. "The time isn't very convenient. I'd rather not leave home while Cecily's guest is here. Miss Parker will be busy getting the youngsters ready for school. Still, I suppose there's nothing to worry about."

"Nothing at all," Jim assured him. "These flies are beauties."

"Pretty fine collection," Mr. Vaughn said with a certain degree of complacence. "Pack them carefully, Jim. Well I'll be—! Who's been monkeying with this?"

Mr. Vaughn was examining a bamboo rod which had been broken and mended. Jim laughed. "I'm afraid I'm guilty of the mending," he said. "The day I came here Susan was fishing in the brook. I startled her. She fell off the bridge and broke the rod. I had to make an attempt to repair the damage since it was partly my fault."

"Not a bad job." Mr. Vaughn was in too high a state of anticipation to be annoyed by a broken rod. "So that's how you wormed your way into Susan's esteem. Is that a pun?" He twinkled at Jim. "I suppose it is. Funny," he added, laying aside the bamboo rod, "she's the only one of the children who seems to have inherited my passion for fishing. I'll have to take her with me some time. She's as game as a brook trout. And that reminds me—I ordered some casting-rods from New York. They didn't come this morning. I'll leave you the address of the camp in Maine. Will you come up here some time tomorrow and readdress them for me?"

"Yes, sir," Jim replied.

"Are you comfortable at the riding academy?" Mr. Vaughn asked.

"Oh, yes." Jim smiled. "I'm becoming an excellent cook. Now that I have electricity and a telephone I feel as though I'm living in a suite at the Ritz."

"Well, keep an eye on things. What time is it? Past eleven!" Mr. Vaughn thrust his watch into his pocket. "Strap up these things for me, will you? and take them out to the car."

Mr. Vaughn finally got off a little after twelve o'clock in a flurry of affectionate farewells, the trunk rack on the sedan piled high with luggage. Jim did not linger at "Meadowbrook" after the sedan had disappeared around the curve in the drive. He returned, at once, to the riding academy, avoiding any conversation with Cecily and Clyde who had dashed in from somewhere at the last minute to see Mr. Vaughn off on his fishing trip.

It had not been difficult to avoid Cecily and her guest. The afternoon following the last performance at the theater they had paid him a visit at the riding academy. At the moment of their arrival Jim had been converting the office into living quarters with Susan's enthusiastic but somewhat officious assistance. The visit had been amicable, on the surface, at least, mutually friendly and pleasant. Cecily and Jeremy had inspected Jim's new quarters, jokingly admired his unesthetic arrangement of a cot and a kerosene stove, a few cooking utensils, a table and an armchair borrowed from the MacPhersons. He had used the subterfuge of a brush fire endangering the academy to explain his change of residence, and it had been accepted without question.

Jim knew that the call was an apology, artfully maneuvered by Cecily, though no mention was made of the previous evening. Clyde was agreeable, apparently interested in the project.

And Cecily had been radiant that afternoon. The fatigue of the evening before had vanished. If, for a time, her faith in Jeremy had been shaken, Jim inferred that it had been completely restored.

She had had that shining look of happiness whenever, since then, Jim had had a glimpse of her. He told himself that he was glad she and Jeremy had adjusted their difficulties. It was possible to believe that during the busy working day when pressing duties crowded out thought and speculation. It was more difficult at night. Alone in his new quarters, attempting to read or check over bills, sitting alone in the movies, riding the one horse already purchased for the stable along the infrequently traveled back country roads, even on the one or two occasions when, breaking his resolve, he stopped in at the drug-store to talk to Dolly, his thoughts, never far from the subject, returned to the evening he and Cecily had gone to Dutch's.

She had been troubled that evening. She had questioned her relationship with Jeremy. She had never done that before. He had felt very close to her. Had she thought again of what he had told her? Probably not. His symbolism had been inept. He probably hadn't gotten his meaning across. She had defended him in thoughts. "I don't suppose you really liked picking beans and changing tires." The darling!

Late in the afternoon following Mr. Vaughn's departure, Jim drove to the station to inquire for the package which he was to readdress. The expressman told him that it had been delivered at "Meadowbrook" earlier in the afternoon. Jim drove out to the estate, parked his car at the side entrance of the house and went into the hall.

A low voice murmuring in the living-room attracted his attention. He walked to the door and stood looking in, smiling at what he saw. Susan was, apparently, putting herself through a dress rehearsal for some impending ceremony. She wore a pale peach-colored frock, tight-waisted, quaintly ruffled, with a sash of a deeper tone and a matching ribbon binding her taffy-colored hair. She stood before a long mirror, practicing a curtsey, murmuring unintelligible words, casting an occasional glance at her feet festive in peach-colored socks and white slippers tied with bows.

"Hello!" Jim said.

She whirled around from the mirror, a guilty flush staining her cheeks.

"What's the idea?" Jim asked, smiling. "Are you going to be presented at court?"

"I'm going to be in the wedding tomorrow," Susan replied. "Mary Lillian's mother invited me. I'm going to hold a white satin ribbon when the wedding comes up the aisle. We practiced this afternoon."

"You look awfully nice."

He saw that he had pleased her.

Jim laughed. "You're growing up, Sue. Did the expressman leave a package here this afternoon?"

"It's out on the kitchen porch. I heard Nora tell Miss Parker."

She went out to the porch with him, walking demurely, amusingly conscious of her wedding frills. Jim found the package lying on a bench and prepared to mark it with the address of the camp in Maine.

"Look, Jim!" Susan said in a bright interested voice. "There's Jerry Clyde!"

Jim's eyes turned to follow her frankly pointing finger. Looking out between vines, he saw Jeremy seated on the narrow rim around the fountain, apparently gazing at his reflection in the water.

"Narcissus," Jim observed.

Susan was too deeply interested in the news she had to impart to demand an explanation.

"He's mad," she said cheerfully. "He and Cecily had a fight this morning."

"A fight!" Jim whittled a point on the black crayon he had brought to readdress the package.

"Well, they didn't hit each other or throw anything," Susan continued, perching herself carefully on the end of the bench. "They were mad, though—he was, anyway, and Cecily was, too, after a while. He was mad because Marjory Patton is having a dinner-party and a dance for her wedding party tonight—just the grown-up ones," she added regretfully. He wasn't invited. There's just an even number in the wedding party and if Cecily took Jerry it would upset everything. And Jerry said she was ashamed to take him for fear he wouldn't know which fork to use and Cecily said he was acting like a spoiled little boy and she talked sweet to him at first and then she got mad—you know the way she does—like a princess or something and Jerry said he'd probably get drunk or something and Cecily said she didn't care what he did." Susan, from sheer necessity, paused to get her breath.

"Where were you when you heard all this?" Jim printed an uneven 'n' beside a staggering 'g.'

"Well, I was fishing in the brook. I just happened to be under the bridge when Cecily and Jerry came and leaned against the rail and I thought maybe they'd be embarrassed if I came out so I just stayed underneath."

"That was considerate of you."

Susan wriggled uncomfortably.

"Well, I couldn't help it," she said heatedly. "I just happened to be there."

"It isn't being a good sport to listen to conversations you aren't intended to hear," Jim said feeling hypocritical, making excuses for similar offenses of his own.

"Well I don't like Jerry," Susan said as though personal feeling explained any breach of etiquette. "He treats me as if I was a baby—like

"Have a Good Time," He Said Aloud.

people do who haven't much sense—and he's certainly stuck on himself. Tommy says Jerry acts as though he gives the girls a treat just by living and I think, for once, Tommy had a sensible idea. Don't you think so, Jim?"

"I think you'd better go take off those clothes before you ruin them and upset the wedding."

"I guess I'd better." Susan slipped off the bench. "Are you going to stay here this evening?" she asked, lingering on the porch.

"No," Jim replied. "I'm going back to the riding academy after supper."

"Why don't you?" she asked coaxingly. "It's going to be pretty lonesome tonight. Daddy's away and Miss Parker is going to a card party in the village and Cecily will be at the Pattons' and it's Nora's day off and I think Tommy has a date because he gave Rose a quarter to press his pants. There won't be anybody here with me except Rose," she finished with a consciously wistful glance at Jim.

"Jerry will be here," Jim reminded her.

"Oh, him!" She made a face. "Please, why don't you, Jim?"

The wistful expression was appealing. Jim considered taking her to the movies and discarded the idea.

"You'd better get to bed early tonight," he said. "You'll want to look as fresh as a daisy for the wedding tomorrow."

Thoughts of the exciting day ahead consoled her for the prospect of a lonely evening. Susan went off contentedly.

Jim completed the address, reinforced the parcel with wrappings of twine. At intervals he glanced, through vines, toward the fountain. Jeremy's attitude was despondent, a tableau arranged for Cecily's eyes, perhaps. Jim smiled a little grimly. "If you're contemplating suicide, my lad," he said under his breath, "that pool won't do. You'd only bump your nose."

He felt surprisingly cheerful. He whistled as he walked around the house, taking the package to his car. Cecily came out on the side veranda, dressed for the party, in something thin and dark that floated as she walked, a short evening jacket of brilliant brocade buttoned snugly at her waist.

"Hello," she said, walking across the grass.

Her color was high and her eyes were bright. Her chin, above the collar of the brocade coat, wore a determined expression. That's the girl! he thought, silently applauding. Into battle all flags flying! You look very lovely, darling. "Have a good time," he said aloud.

"I mean to." She paused beside Jim for a moment but her eyes glanced beyond him into the garden where Jeremy dropped beside the fountain. "If you hear my escort arriving, have me paged in the garden."

"Right." Jim smiled. "Happy landings, Cecily."

Jim's eyes followed her until she had passed through the opening in the low hedge that bordered the garden. Then he resolutely turned away. There were some things a gentleman did not do and one of them was openly watch the scene now taking place beside the fountain. He left his car parked in the drive and walked hurriedly to the cottage.

Jim was in high spirits at supper. He laughed and made the MacPhersons laugh. He ate with a hearty appetite and asked for second helpings.

"Well I must say," Mrs. MacPherson observed, "it's pleasant to have you act like yourself again."

"Haven't I been?" Jim asked innocently.

"You've been acting like a sick calf, moaning and not eating enough to keep a sparrow alive and moping off by yourself."

"Bessie!" Jim grimaced. "You have an unfortunate gift for description."

"Hasn't he, Andy?" Mrs. MacPherson appealed to her husband.

"We've thought you might have had something on your mind," MacPherson said, looking at Jim.

"I've had the job on my mind," Jim said, "not to mention my own incompetence and lack of experience."

Jim felt two pairs of eyes watching him.

"That's all," he said.

"I can't see any sense in your living off there by yourself," Mrs. MacPherson worried, putting an end to the moment of sentiment. "You'll come down with a spell of something, eating Heaven knows what out of boxes and cans."

"I'm a swell cook," Jim boasted. Amazing how light-hearted he felt this evening for no reason at all. "At any rate, it isn't forever. I'm coming back here to stay when I've found a stable man. I heard of one today. He used to work at the Fox Run stables. If he'll come for the money we can pay, I think he's our man."

They talked, then, of the riding academy and the progress that had been made. After supper Jim sat, for a time, on the veranda with MacPherson. When he rose to leave it was getting dark. Twilight came early now that autumn was approaching, autumn with a lingering breath of summer in the still, mellow air.

Jim walked back to his car parked in the drive. He must not forget to take Mr. Vaughn's parcel to the express-office in the morning. Passing the kitchen porch he heard Susan talking to Rose and glanced up. One crystal star shone in the darkening sky. Tomorrow would be fair. Fine weather for the wedding. He'd like to see Cecily in her bridesmaid's dress. No. There was battle in the atmosphere at "Meadowbrook." He'd better keep away.

He set his car in motion. As he drove past the house he saw a solitary figure pacing back and forth across the terrace. Tommy? No—Jeremy Clyde. His gait appeared to be steady. If he meant to carry out his threat of getting tight, Jim thought with fleeting amusement, it was obvious that he had not yet made a start.

CHAPTER XI

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Jim flung his arm over the side of the chair in unconscious protest at being roused from sleep. The knocking was repeated. He made an effort to struggle up to the surface of consciousness through the gray tide that dragged at his senses. A voice was calling urgently, a little hoarsely.

"Who is it?" Jim answered, not yet fully awake.

Words came to him which, for a moment, had no meaning or importance. "Smash-up — side-road—hurry!" Jim shifted his position in the chair. His hand struck a glass on the table beside him, knocked it to the floor. The sharp thin sound of breaking glass brought him to full consciousness. He sat erect, blinking in the subdued light of the shaded lamp on the table.

What had roused him? He'd thought he had heard someone calling, banging at the door. Dreaming, probably. He must have gone to sleep while he was reading. A magazine lay where it had fallen on the floor at the side of the chair.

What time was it? He glanced at his watch. Only a little past midnight. He couldn't have slept long. Strange how real that dream had seemed. Was it a dream? He pulled himself up from the chair, crossed the room, opened the door.

No one was there. Puzzled, not yet convinced of the reality of the voice which had called, Jim walked out into the drive. The night air, cool and crisp, blew away the last blurring cobwebs of sleep. Someone had knocked at the door. Someone, a man, had called.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about

The Origin of Sitdowns.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. — With the Barnum show there once was an elderly lady elephant named Helen. Now, Helen had wearied of traipsing to and fro in the land.

Probably she figured she'd seen everything anyhow. So each fall, when the season ended, she went rejoicing back home to Bridgeport, Conn.

Irvin S. Cobb

Nobody ever knew the date of departure the next spring. There was no more bustle about winter-quarters on that morning than for weeks past.

But always, when the handlers entered the "bull barn" to lead forth the herd, they found Helen hunkered down on her voluminous haunches, which, under that vast weight, spread out like cake batter on a hot griddle. She would be uttering shrill sobs of defiance. And neither prodding nor honeyed words could budge her.

So they'd wrap chains around her and two of her mates would hitch on and drag her bodily, she still on her rubbery flanks, aboard a waiting car. She'd quit weeping then and wipe her snout and accept what fate sent her.

So please don't come telling me that the sit-down strike is a new notion or that somebody in Europe first thought it up. Thirty years ago I saw my lady elephant friend, Helen, putting on one, all by her fourton self.

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Taxes and More Taxes.

JUST when everybody is taking comfort from the yodelled promises of that happy optimist, Chairman Harrison of the senate finance committee, that the government will be able to get by for 1937 without asking this congress to boost taxes, what happens?

Why, in a most annoying way, Governor Eccles of the federal reserve board keeps proclaiming that, to make treasury receipts come anywhere near meeting treasury disbursements throughout the year, he's afraid it's going to be necessary to raise the rates on incomes and profits higher than ever.

And meanwhile state governors and civic authorities scream with agony at the bare prospect of any reductions in Uncle Sam's allotments for local projects.

A balanced budget would seem to be like Santa Claus, something everybody talks about but nobody ever expects to see.

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Self-Determination.

FORMERLY the states jealously guarded their sovereign perquisites. Once—but that was so long ago many have almost forgotten it—they fought among themselves one of the bloodiest civil wars in history over the issue of states' rights.

Now we see them complacently surrendering to federal bureaus those ancient privileges—and maybe, after all, that's the proper thing to do, if in centralized authority lies the hope of preserving a republican form of government.

Still, one wonders what Englishmen would do under like circumstances, since Englishmen are fussy about their inheritance of self-determination. Perhaps the distinction is this:

In democracies there exists the false theory that all men are born free and equal. So the Englishman insists on having his freedom, which is a concrete thing, and laughs at the idea of equality. Whereas, the American abandons his individual freedom provided he may cling to the fetish of equality.

Yankee tweedledee and British tweedledum may be brothers under the skin, but they have different skin diseases.

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The Parole Racket.

IT IS astonishing but seemingly true that, of five young gangsters recently caught red-handed in a criminal operation, not a single one was a convict out on parole. Is there no way to bar rank amateurs from a profession calling for prior experience and proper background? And can it be that the various parole boards over the union are not turning loose qualified practitioners fast enough to keep up with the demand? Maybe we need self-opening jails.

Those sentimentalists who abhor the idea that a chronic offender be required to serve out his latest sentence should take steps right away to correct this thing before it goes too far. Our parole system must be vindicated if it costs the lives and property of ten times as many innocent citizens as at present.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Festival Bills Elephant Fight

Elephant tug-of-wars, in which the beasts locked tusks and sometimes struggled for hours, were a feature of a festival recently held near Calcutta, India.

Tot's Party Frock Is Easy to Crochet

She'll be proud of this dainty, crocheted frock, in a clover leaf pattern. In one piece, gathered to a contrasting yoke, it's effective in string or mercerized cotton. Pattern 1388 contains directions for making the dress in sizes 4 to 8 (all given in one pattern); an illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

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10c and 25c at dealers

Talent and Genius

Talent is that which is in a man's power. Genius is that in whose power a man is.—Lowell.

ARE YOU Miserable?

Mrs. Raymond Thomas of 1408 Clarkson St., Baltimore, Md., said: "I was weak after one of my babies came. I had no appetite, very little strength, and I was all 'on edge.' Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was recommended to me as a tonic. I had a real appetite after its use, gained strength and felt fine."
New size, tablets 50c. Liquid $1.00 & $1.35. Buy now of your near-by druggist.
Consult Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

Great Wealth

He who owns the soil owns up to the sky.—Juvenal.

Do something about Periodic Pains

Take Cardui for functional pains of menstruation. Thousands of women testify it has helped them. If Cardui doesn't relieve your monthly discomfort, consult a physician. Don't just go on suffering and put off treatment to prevent the trouble.

Besides easing certain pains, Cardui aids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from their food.

Cardui is a purely vegetable medicine which you can buy at the drug store and take at home. Pronounced "Card-u-i."

In the Strength of Youth

It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.

Miss REE LEEF says:

"CAPUDINE relieves HEADACHE quicker because it's liquid... already dissolved"

A Base Possession

The wavering mind is but a base possession.—Euripides.

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