TRUE BY THE SUN

—BY—

LIDA LARRIMORE

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XIII

—17—

Mrs. MacPherson came into the living-room from the kitchen and MacPherson left the door - yard where he was unpacking a box of bulbs as Jim walked down stairs.

"Are you feeling better?" Mrs. MacPherson asked, directing an anxious glance at Jim.

"Much better," Jim said cheerfully. He glanced at the clock. "Ten o'clock! Good heavens! Have I slept since yesterday afternoon?"

"You needed sleep," MacPherson said. "I drove over to the riding place about half past eight. Everything seems to be going well."

"Thank you," Jim said.

"I'll get you some breakfast." Mrs. MacPherson bustled off toward the kitchen. "It won't take a minute."

Jim turned to MacPherson. "Have you heard from the hospital?" he asked.

"I called half an hour ago," MacPherson replied. "The girl's condition is more hopeful. She was conscious for a short time this morning."

"Did she talk?" Jim asked eagerly. "Did she speak of the accident?"

"I don't know. They don't tell you much—over the telephone, at least."

"Would they let me see her?"

"No," MacPherson replied. "I asked the question. They aren't letting anyone see her—not even her family. There's nothing to do but wait, lad, as patiently as you can."

"I know." Jim paced restlessly back and forth across the floor. "Patience isn't my long suit. It's vital, of course, that Dolly shall not be annoyed."

MacPherson nodded. "Miss Katherine called last night," he said.

"Kay called? How did she know?"

"There was a fairly full account of the accident in the papers last evening. Do you want to see them?"

"Not now. I suppose they put the hooks into me?"

MacPherson nodded, his face troubled and kindly.

"'It is alleged.' The testimony of witnesses point to the conclusion—" he broke off abruptly. "Was Kay awfully upset?"

"Considerably. She said one of the babies wasn't well but she'd come anyway, if you wanted her. I told her to wait for a day or two. Mister Victor asked me if money or a lawyer was needed. He said to do anything we thought should be done and he would be responsible for the expense."

"Stout fella, Vic!" Jim said, with feeling. "I hope we won't need to accept his offer. Vic has done enough for me." He glanced at the clock again. "Has Mr. Vaughn arrived?"

"Not yet. He should be here in an hour or so."

"Breakfast is ready, Jamie," Mrs. MacPherson called.

She had set a table on the veranda. The weather was pleasant, clear and crisp, warmed by the mellow sunshine of late September. Jim ate the abundant breakfast with relish. The MacPhersons sat near him, watching him as he ate, surrounding him with a kindly protecting atmosphere of loyalty and affection.

"You knew the girl rather well, didn't you?" Mrs. MacPherson asked.

"Dolly? Yes," Jim replied soberly. "I took her out to dance or to ride several times this summer."

"I can't understand it," Mrs. MacPherson worried. "After seeing her parents, I can't understand how you could have been interested in the girl."

"Her parents?" Jim asked quickly. "Have they been here?"

"Now Bessie—" MacPherson said warningly.

Mrs. MacPherson bristled at her husband, projecting invisible quills like a porcupine whose young was in imminent danger. "Oh, go on, Andy!" she said, exasperation in her voice. "Jamie will have to know some time. He might as well hear it from us." She turned to Jim, her eyes snapping, her fresh color higher than usual. "The girl's father and mother came out last night, looking for you. He's a scrawny little man with a long wrinkled red neck. Reminded me of a turkey-gobbler, especially when he began to make a noise. The mother looks like a pink silk sofa cushion that needs to be laundered. Fat and soft and dingy and covered with powder."

"She's Dolly's step-mother," Jim said. "What did they want?"

"They talked about horse-whipping and hanging," Mrs. MacPherson continued indignantly. "At least the father did. She just whimpered and daubed at her eyes and sniffed a bottle of smelling-salts. I opened all the doors and windows as soon as they left. Between that woman's powder and smelling salts and an onion smell and some sort of stuff the man had on his hair, I guess, you couldn't have gotten your breath."

Jim looked at MacPherson. "What did they want?" he asked.

"Just blustering," MacPherson said. "I suppose it relieved their minds."

"We had lots of company last night," Mrs. MacPherson went on. "A girl reporter as saucy as a bluejay. She knew all about your family and that you'd been to Princeton college and had a job this summer working around the place. She said she was writing a feature story for the Sunday newspaper and asked me if you'd shown any tendency toward wildness when you were younger. I made short work of her," she concluded in a tone of grim satisfaction.

"I can believe that." Jim smiled. "Any other visitors while I was sleeping?"

"A young fellow— What was his name?" Mrs. MacPherson appealed to her husband who shook his head. "Oh yes," she continued. "Herbert something or other, a sandy young man with an adam's apple and a sort of solemn expression."

"He's the pharmacy clerk at the drug-store," Jim said.

"I felt sorry for him." Mrs. MacPherson's expression softened. "It's as plain as the nose on your face that he's dead in love with the girl that was hurt. She'd do better to take up with a nice steady-looking young fellow like that than go

"We Had Lots of Company Last Night."

gallivanting around the country with somebody who'd steal a car and leave her along the side of a road. Girls haven't a grain of sense. A little dash of excitement goes to their heads."

"Did he want anything—especially," Jim asked, "other than to tar and feather me and ride me out of town on a rail?"

"He's pretty much cut up about the girl," MacPherson replied. "He seemed to want to know the truth about the accident."

"Who doesn't?" Jim asked crisply. "Incredible as it may seem, I'd like to know myself."

"It must have been somebody off the place," Mrs. MacPherson said musingly. "Somebody who knew that Mr. Vaughn was away and that Miss Cecily was going to a party that night."

"I thought of Tommy," Jim said. "Early in the summer, when I first came here, Tommy thought he was having a heavy affair with Dolly. He has gotten over it thoroughly enough to have transferred his affections to a girl who's been visiting at the Beaches'. He was with her at the time of the accident. He had the Pierce-Arrow."

"Hmm—" MacPherson said. "When he returned the sedan to the garage, did he notice that Miss Cecily's car wasn't there?"

Jim grinned. "I'd make a fine detective, wouldn't I? It didn't occur to me to ask him. I doubt very much whether he would have noticed, anyway. Love seems to make Tommy absent-minded."

MacPherson cleared his throat.

"Have you any idea who took Miss Cecily's car that night?" MacPherson asked directly.

Jim hesitated for a moment. "I have a vague theory," he replied, "but no actual proof. If you don't mind, I'd rather not speak of it until I have talked to Mr. Vaughn. Don't think I'm unwilling to trust you." He glanced at MacPherson in quick apology. "You've been fine about everything. But this theory of mine—I'd rather go into it first with Mr. Vaughn."

MacPherson's glance met Jim's steadily for a moment and Jim fancied that there was comprehension as well as sympathy in the keen gray eyes under the shaggy brows.

"I understand," MacPherson said quietly. He rose from his chair with simulated briskness. "Well, I must see about getting the ground ready for the bulbs that came this morning. They're beauties, Jim—imported tulips. They should make a fine showing next spring."

"And I'm going over to the riding academy." Jim's face was grim. "I suppose the men working there have heard about the accident. Well, I'd have to make an appearance some time. Might as well get it over."

"You'll come back here for lunch, Jamie?" Mrs. MacPherson asked, obviously reluctant to let Jim go.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I want to see Mr. Vaughn as soon as he arrives."

Jim walked out into the sunshine, through the orchard, along the drive. In the stable-yard Cecily was about to dismount from Lady. Jim was a little surprised. Cecily hadn't ridden the horse, to his certain knowledge, since Jeremy Clyde had come to "Meadowbrook." And he had thought that she would be sleeping late this morning. Still the wedding festivities had probably been over by ten o'clock last night. He waved to her. She returned the greeting, slipped down from the saddle, gave the reins to Jake, the stable man, and came to meet him.

"Hello," she said when they met in the drive.

"Good morning." Jim was shocked by her pallor, her listlessness, the shadows under her eyes. "How was the wedding?"

"All right." She sighed. "I was so dreadfully tired. I called the hospital this morning. They think Dolly's condition is more hopeful."

"I know," Jim said. "MacPherson called. That's good news, isn't it?"

"Splendid," she said, but her voice lacked vibrancy, the vitality which, ordinarily, made it so charming. She stood beside him, silent for a moment, flicking the tip of her crop against her boots. Was it merely fatigue which was responsible for her listlessness? Or was it a new gnawing fear? Had she, too, suspected Jeremy?

"It's a swell morning, isn't it?" Jim said cheerfully. "Did you have a pleasant ride?"

"I don't know. I was thinking." She looked up at him. "Jim," she asked, "do you know who took my car night before last?"

The question startled him. The poignant unhappiness in the dark golden eyes hurt him unbearably. He wanted to meet her candor with honesty. He hadn't courage enough to give her even a hint of the suspicion which, in his mind, had become certainty. He simply could not hurt her as she would be hurt if he answered her question frankly.

"No," he said slowly. "Wouldn't I have told the police if I had known?"

"But you have an idea?" she persisted, looking up at him steadily.

"Occasionally," Jim said lightly.

The pleasantry drew from her no answering sparkle.

"You're shielding someone," she said steadily.

Jim made an attempt at a mirthful laugh.

"Are you making a hero of me?" he asked. "It's no use. I'm not the stuff of which heroes are made, Cecily darling. I'm too fond of creature comforts, of sunshine and horses and apple pie with cream. It must be awfully uncomfortable to be a hero."

He saw that he had not convinced her. Again his attempted lightness drew no sparkle from Cecily.

"You must not try to shield anyone," she said with low intensity. "Not anyone. Not for any reason. No matter what happens." She gripped his arm. "Promise me, Jim."

She had suspected Jeremy. He was almost certain of that. When he spoke, his voice was grave.

"That would be absurd, wouldn't it," he asked, "as well as entirely useless. Dolly can—and will tell us who took her driving that night."

"Yes—if Dolly—lives." She drew a long quivering breath. "You're to tell Father everything, though. Everything that you know or suspect. You've got to promise, Jim."

"Whom do you suspect?" Jim asked gently. "Do you know—? Have you found out anything? Will you—can you tell me?"

He thought she would have told him, then, if they had not been interrupted, if Jeremy Clyde, at that moment, had not come out from the house.

"Good morning," he called. "Hello, Cecily. I'm afraid I've missed breakfast."

Jim glanced at Jeremy. He looked fresh and rested, romantically handsome in light corduroy trousers, a pull-on sweater, the collar of his shirt opened at the throat. Surely his theory must be without foundation, Jim thought. The fellow couldn't have been so easily amiable, so jaunty in manner and appearance if what he suspected was true.

And then he looked at Cecily. Her eyes were turning from Jeremy to Jim with such pain in their clear golden depths that suspicion, growing fainter in Jim's puzzled mind, became certainty again. Cecily knew.

CHAPTER XIV

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"And the sergeant naturally assumed that I had been driving the car," Jim said, concluding a long and detailed account of the accident. "I don't know how I can expect you to believe me, sir. The circumstantial evidence is pretty much against me."

"Cecily believes you." Mr. Vaughn looked from Jim to Cecily in the curious half grave, half smiling way that Jim had noticed at intervals during the afternoon.

"I do, Father," Cecily said earnestly. She sat on a low stool near her father, her head resting wearily against the arm of his chair. Mr. Vaughn looked tired from his journey, troubled, confused. Late afternoon sunshine fell through the vines which roofed the side veranda. A shadow leaf quivered on Cecily's cheek.

"And I believe you, too," Mr. Vaughn said gruffly. "In the time you have been with us I've never known you to be other than trustworthy and honorable. I believe you, Jim."

"Thank you." Jim relaxed a little in the willow chair. Mr. Vaughn's commendation, the shadow leaf on Cecily's cheek made his throat feel tight.

"But who could have taken the car?" Mr. Vaughn asked. "Have you any idea, Jim?"

Mr. Vaughn had asked the question, musingly, at repeated intervals during the long interview with Cecily and Jim. He had not, however, questioned Jim directly. Jim caught the swift startled look in Cecily's eyes, saw her lips tighten, saw the rapid rise and fall of the soft bow against her breast.

"I have an idea," he said slowly, "but no definite proof. I may be entirely mistaken." He felt Cecily's eyes upon him and paused. He couldn't tell Cecily's father in Cecily's presence that he suspected Jeremy Clyde.

"Whom do you suspect?" Mr. Vaughn asked encouragingly. "This isn't a court room, my boy. You're in no danger of being sued for libel."

But he was in danger of hurting Cecily. If he might talk to Mr. Vaughn alone—But Cecily had not left her father's side since he had arrived.

"I'd rather talk to you in—" Jim replied hesitantly, looking over Cecily's bright head directly at Mr. Vaughn.

"Tell Father, Jim," Cecily said. Her voice was low and controlled. Nothing in her attitude betrayed the emotion she felt, nothing except the rise and fall of the soft bow against her breast.

Jim sat silently in the willow chair, forming phrases, rejecting them, uncomfortably aware of Cecily's eyes, of her father's alert attention.

Susan came out from the house.

"I guess Jerry Clyde is going somewhere," she said casually. "He's packing his bags."

Jim glanced quickly at Cecily. She did not appear to be surprised by Susan's announcement. She might almost have been expecting it. She rose, at once, from the foot-stool.

"Wait here until I return," she said.

"But what—?" Mr. Vaughn made a motion to rise.

"Please, Father." Cecily's voice shook. She steadied it with an effort. "Don't come with me. Let me talk to Jerry—alone."

Mr. Vaughn, a protest on his lips, sank back in the chair. Cecily left the veranda. In the brief silence which followed Jim heard her footsteps running along the hall, up the stairs.

"So that's it, is it?"

Jim nodded and turned to Susan. "How do you know that Jerry is packing his bags?" he asked.

"I know," Susan said, not quite understanding, a little proud of the sensation she'd made. "First he telephoned—"

"Where?" Jim asked. "To whom?"

"To the hospital where the girl who was hurt is," Susan said. "He used the 'phone in your den, Daddy."

"Where were you?"

"I just happened to be on the upstairs porch."

"Just happened, Sue?" Jim asked.

Susan, for a moment appeared to be a trifle disconcerted.

"Well Cecily told me to go away," she said plaintively. "And I was just as interested as anybody in finding out who took Cecily's car and what's going to happen to Jim."

"And from this end of the upper porch it's possible to hear what is being said down here," Jim said accusingly. "If you lie flat on your stomach with your ear against the railing."

Susan flushed.

"Well, I was as interested as anybody, Jim. And Cecily told me to go away."

"Never mind," Mr. Vaughn said brusquely. "Tell us what you heard and saw."

"I couldn't hear very well," Susan said with a questioning glance at Jim, "so I thought I'd go in my room and get a book to read. And when I got to the door into the hall I heard somebody call a number in your study, Daddy, and I knew it wasn't you or Jim because you were down here, or Tommy because he's in the city getting things for school, so I walked sort of easy up to the door into the study because I couldn't think who it could be and I looked in and it was Jerry."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Hawaii Got Turkeys in 1815

America is the home of the turkey but Hawaii never saw a turkey until more than 100 years ago. In 1815 Queen Kaahumanu went aboard a trading schooner and saw turkeys Capt. John Meek had obtained in Chile. Never had she seen such large birds before. Upon going ashore she told the king. The king went to the vessel and asked for the birds. Upon refusal he seized the turkeys and went ashore. The birds later escaped. On the slopes of the island's volcanoes and even in the United States national park wild turkeys are fairly numerous, believed to be descendants of those brought to the islands by Captain Meek.

What Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

Touring Accommodations.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—For the sake of comparison two of us, out lately on a little trip, stayed one night at a wayside motor camp and the next night at the most expensive tourist hotel in three states, rates $25 per day per sucker.

At the tourist camp, the company was mixed but neighborly and, for the most part, pleasant. The only really discordant note was a lady in the adjoining cabin who, at all hours, kept waking her husband up, apparently for the purpose of telling him another thing about him that she didn't like.

Irvin S. Cobb

At the exclusive establishment were many guests who seemed to be suffering from severe attacks of nervous culture, being fearful, I'd say, that, if ever they behaved naturally, they'd give themselves away. Mainly they were dull. Waxworks, even when animated, usually are dull.

But stopping at a $25 a day hotel has one advantage, I find. Afterward, you can go around bragging that once you stopped at a $25-a-day hotel. This should be a great help socially.

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Dealing With Snakes.

A CONNECTICUT congressman is pushing an act to prohibit importation of venomous serpents from other countries for exhibition purposes. His fear is that an earthquake or something might shake the zoo apart and liberate a lot of deadly reptiles that would start multiplying and constitute a new menace to the lives of such of the populace as have thus far escaped being killed by automobiles.

Without presuming to assume that the gentleman is a bit of an alarmist, I'd like to point out that he can obtain millions of adherents for this measure among old-fashioned Americans by tacking in an amendment to his bill providing that the bars likewise shall be put up against foreign-born communists.

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How Times Change.

I JUST read what I once knew for myself but had forgotten in the rush and bustle of these latter days.

It related to the attitude which America, considerably less than half a century ago, held toward unescorted woman. For instance, as recently as 1890 not many respectable hotels would permit one of them to register.

Some time after 1900—in fact, as I remember, it was about 1910—a prominent lady was asked to leave one of the smartest hotels in New York city because she dared to light a cigarette in the public lounge. As for women drinking at a bar—well, not even the most forward-looking liberal could conceive of so incredible a sight as that.

And now just look at the darned things!

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Hardships de Luxe.

WHEN our plutocratic classes decide to go simple, they go simple, regardless of what it costs 'em.

A rich couple have just completed a trip out here, following the ancient trails of the early pathfinders. Like true pioneer stock, they roughed it in specially built twin trailers, each about the size of a pullman but much more complete, and were towed by a couple of Rolls-Royces. The servants, only six in number, had to put up with two much cheaper cars.

During the entire trip there was no dressing for dinner and thus, with true democratic spirit, was the primitive plan of the expedition carried out. Every hardship encountered enroute—such as the champagne getting all jolted up and the caviar coming unglued in the can — was cheerfully endured. An armed guard was maintained at night to repel kidnapers and hostile Indian tribes.

I wonder how Jim Bridger and Kit Carson ever stood it with no butler along—in fact, not even a second man.

IRVIN S. COBB.

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Tweeds and Peats

The famous Harris tweeds came into being through an accident of nature. The freezing winds which swept across the barren islands of the Outer Hebrides, off the coast of Scotland, made it imperative that the natives have warm wind-proof, weather-proof garments. With nowhere else to turn, the women of the islands took advantage of the unusually thick fleece which was the winter coat of their sheep, and from it they wove for their men the first crude Harris tweeds. Because they had nothing but the natural dyes made from lichens and crottle, and nowhere to steep their wool except over peat fires, Harris tweed has always been characterized by a peaty outdoor odor. These tweeds had been worn in the Outer Hebrides for many years before the fashion centers of the world discovered them and elevated them to the front rank of sports fashions

My Favorite Recipe

By Bebe Daniels
Film Star

Fruit Salad

Place lettuce leaves on each plate. On this place one slice of pineapple (cut through but left in shape). Over this slice a banana, figs, orange and pears. Put one maraschino cherry or pomegranate seed on top. Use whipped cream or dressing made from the fruit juices sweetened to taste.

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Foreign Words and Phrases

Aequo animo. (L.) With equanimity.

J'ai parle. (F.) I have spoken.

Arbiter elegantiarum. (L.) An authority on matters of good taste.

Zum Beispiel (Z. B.) (Ger.) For example.

Sans facon. (F.) Without ceremony.

In puris naturalibus. (L.) In a state of nudity.

Quet-a-pens. (F.) An ambush.

Fiacre. (F.) A public hack.

Exeunt, exeunt omnes. (L.) They go out, they all go out.

Amende honorable. (F.) A satisfactory apology; reparation.

Ancien regime. (F.) The old order of things; the rulers of the ante-Revolution period.

Et id genus omne. (L.) And everything of the sort.

Egalite. (F.) Equality.

Vale. (L.) Farewell.

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Silent Lies

The cruelest lies are often told in silence.—Stevenson.

Gas, Gas All the Time, Can't Eat or Sleep

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Temperance

Temperance is the nurse of chastity.—Wycherly.

MISERABLE AND WEAK

Mrs. M. C. Jones of 31 River Ave., Clarksburg, W. Va., said: "For two years I felt miserable. Finally I started taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; then I began to pick up in strength. The first few days my appetite improved and I was soon strong enough to be about and in a couple of months I felt fine. I shall never forget how Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, taken as a tonic, helped me." Buy now of your near-by druggist. New size, tablets 50c., liquid $1.00 & $1.35.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

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hotels
With folks of wealth
or great renown,
And every now and
then I do
When our rich
uncle comes
to town.