

TRUE BY THE SUN

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

By LIDA LARRIMORE
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WNU Service.

"Did he see you?" Jim asked.

"He had his back to me and he was calling the hospital and when he'd hung up the receiver he acted so funny that I thought I'd better see what he was going to do because he's our guest," she finished virtuously.

"What do you mean by 'funny'?" her father demanded.

"Well, he sort of looked around as though he was afraid somebody was watching him," she went on, "and he walked fast but sort of easy like a cat does. So I went to his room in the guest wing but he had closed the door and—"

"You looked through the key-hole," Jim suggested.

"I didn't either." Susan's expression was offended. "I just listened. I heard him pulling out bureau drawers and—"

"No fibbing, Sue," Jim said sternly. "Tell the truth."

Susan looked down at her sandals.

"Well, I did look just once through the key-hole," she confessed. "And he was packing his bags. Where do you suppose he's going?" she asked in an interested voice. "Do you suppose he just got tired of it here? Or do you suppose—?" Her eyes widened. She breathed excitedly. "Do you suppose he was the one who took Cecily's car and hurt the girl?"

Susan's questions received no replies.

"I'd like to call the hospital," Jim said.

Mr. Vaughn rose, paced back and forth across the brick veranda. "I was about to suggest that," he said. Susan looked from Jim to her father, her eyes round with interest and excitement.

Jim called the hospital over the telephone in the lower hall. When he returned to the veranda, Susan had been banished. Mr. Vaughn was alone.

"Well?" he asked, wheeling about as Jim entered.

"Dolly has regained consciousness," Jim reported. "I talked to her nurse. It is a concussion and not a fracture as they feared at first. Her condition is greatly improved."

"That's encouraging. This Jeremy Clyde, Jim—?" Mr. Vaughn's expression was grave and concerned. "Are you certain?"

"Fairly so, although I have no definite proof."

"Hadn't I better go up with Cecily?" Jim asked.

"I don't like the idea of—"

"She wanted to talk to him alone," Jim said gently. "I think she has been expecting this. I was sure, this morning, that she knew I've been waiting for a chance to talk to you. I couldn't when she was here."

"Poor child!" Mr. Vaughn sighed. "This is going to be difficult for her. Why did you suspect Clyde, Jim?"

Anger flared through his weakening self-control. "Cowardly young boonder! I'd like to wring his neck!"

Jim detailed to Mr. Vaughn the steps which had led him to suspect Jeremy, of being sure at first that Tommy had taken the car, of his talk with Tommy, of the question which had brought the look of fear into Jeremy's eyes. He related the events of the day preceding the night of the accident, mentioning Jeremy's quarrel with Cecily as Susan had reported it, the party at

couldn't not have believed you, Jim."

Jim's eyes met Mr. Vaughn's. Again he saw, breaking through the anxiety which darkened Mr. Vaughn's face that half grave, half smiling expression. He looked away, a curious feeling of elation stirring in his heart.

"I tried not to believe that Jerry might have taken the car," Cecily went on, "but the thought kept coming back, even though I'd known he was in bed before MacPherson and I went to Chester town that night. And then yesterday at the wedding, Jerry acted so strangely. He drank quantities of champagne. The punch which wasn't like him at all. Jerry seldom drinks more than a cocktail or two, or a glass of wine. Taking care of himself is an obsession with him. The punch exhilarated him to an unusual degree. He tried to persuade me to elope with him. I think, now, that's why he drank."

"Did you consider the proposition?" Mr. Vaughn asked, looking at her intently.

"No," she said simply. "I had given you my word, hadn't I, Father? When we got home," she continued, "I called the hospital. There was something in Jeremy's face, as he stood beside me, waiting for me to get the connection, that convinced me, a suddenly terrified expression. I suppose all the punch he'd taken had weakened his self-control. I slept scarcely at all last night I knew."

"You didn't accuse him?" Mr. Vaughn asked. "You didn't question him even indirectly?"

"I was afraid," she said. "I knew that if he suspected that I knew he would run away. I wanted to keep him here until you came, Father. I knew you could help him to get out of this with some degree of decency, so that it needn't ruin his chances for a career."

"You expect me to help him?" Mr. Vaughn asked in startled amazement.

"Don't bluster, darling," Cecily said coaxingly. "Let me do the talking now. Dolly is apparently going to get well," she continued more gravely. "There will be no charge against Jerry other than taking my car without permission and driving too fast. He hadn't even been drinking. She went to ride with him willingly. He told me that he simply lost control of the car in that narrow road. If you will pay the girl's hospital expenses—I don't see why we can't get Jerry out of this and let him join the Cherry Hollow company as soon as possible."

"Cecily!" Mr. Vaughn said despairingly. "Are you still in love with the boy?"

A look of pain crossed her face. There was pain in the depths of her dark golden eyes.

"I never want to see him again," she said slowly, "but I do know that I want you to help him. I want him to have another chance."

Mr. Vaughn moved restlessly in his chair. "I don't know what I can do," he said. "He doesn't deserve help or consideration."

"Forget him," Cecily said. "Do it for me." She rose from her chair, stood looking at her father, at Jim. "The generosity of the victor to the vanquished. It was a sporting proposition having Jerry here for a visit." A small, crooked smile touched her lips. "Gentlemen, you win."

"Where are you going?" Mr. Vaughn asked as she took a step toward the door.

"I'm going to take two of Miss Parker's sleeping tablets and go to bed," she said. "And when I wake up tomorrow or the day following, I'm going in to the city and buy some new fall clothes. And then—"

Her bravado seemed, for an instant, on the point of deserting her. She lifted her chin and again the smile, poignant in its gallantry, touched her lips. "And then," she continued, "I'm going to Hawaii and learn to do a hula or help Jim run the riding academy or—"

Her lips trembled. Tears glistened on her lashes. She went into the house, almost running. "Something like a sob broke the stillness. The door swung to with a briefly resounding slam. Cecily was gone."

"These modern youngsters," Mr. Vaughn said with a sort of roughness in his voice. "Bravery and bravado." He cleared his throat. "Call Bradley for me, will you, Jim? The generosity of the victor. We'll see what can be done."

CHAPTER XV

Dolly's eyes, bluer than he had remembered them under a tilted white bandage, shining softly with pleasure and surprise, were turned toward the door as the nurse admitted Jim.

"Hello!" she called gaily. "I wasn't expecting company. Pardon me if the place is a mess. I've been ironing all day."

"Hello, Dolly." Jim stood beside the high narrow bed looking down at her, gentleness in his eyes and in his voice. She looked so small and so thin propped against the smooth mound of pillows, so different from the Dolly he knew, in an expensive looking bed-jacket all lace and chiffon, with no make-up except a delicate touch of rouge, different, younger—What was it?

"They've cut off my hair," she said, aware of his puzzled gaze. "Look, you can see what color it

really is. Sort of mouse-brown. Or would you call it gray?"

"Brown," Jim said. "I like it. How are you?"

"Fine. They're going to send me home at the end of the week. This is Miss Penny, Jim—Mr. Fielding," Dolly smiled at the nurse. "She's been swell to me."

Jim acknowledged the introduction. The nurse, a rosy, healthy looking young woman, looked at him with interest and admiration.

"Dolly is our pet patient," she said, displaying large white teeth in an amiable smile. "We'll be sorry to lose her."

Dolly grimaced. "Apple - sauce," she said. But she looked pleased and a little excited.

"I've brought you a present." Jim laid a square white florist's box on the bed.

"For me?" she cried. "Oh, Mister Fielding, how thoughtful! But when she had untied the loops of silver ribbon and lifted the lid she gave a little breathless gasp of

"Miss Vaughn is—Lovely, isn't She?"

pleasure. "Is it an orchid?" she asked, lifting maidenhair fern, a mauve and purple blossom streaked with white and yellow from a nest of crisp waxed paper.

"Of course it's an orchid," Miss Penny said appreciatively. "Give it to me, Dolly. I'll put it in a vase."

"No you won't!" Dolly guarded her treasure fiercely. "Pin it here." She touched the lace and chiffon at her breast. "I've never had one before. And fix the mirror so I can see myself. This is probably the last chance I'll ever have to look like Constance Bennett in bed."

Jim smiled. He had known that an orchid would please her more than a wheelbarrow load of less glamorous blooms. "You look like a million gold dollars," he said, seating himself in a chair beside the bed.

Miss Penny shook a finger at Dolly. "Only 15 minutes," she said. "If I let you get all tired out, Doctor Donaldson will give me a scolding."

"I think she's in love with Doctor Donaldson," Dolly told Jim when the nurse had gone out of the room. She stopped admiring her reflection in the mirror, turned her head to look at Jim. "I didn't know for a long time," she said shyly, "that it was you who found me the night I was hurt."

"Don't talk about that, Dolly."

"But I want to." She looked down at her fingers spread in thin fans against the counterpane. "Herb told me all about it, that you'd been arrested. Were you really in jail?"

"I spent a night at the state troopers' headquarters," he said. "They treated me very politely."

"Miss Vaughn is—lovely, isn't she?" Dolly said with apparent irrelevance.

"Yes," Jim replied.

"She brought me this." Dolly touched the folds of the jacket, a soft rose pink, like a sunset cloud. "I've never had anything so pretty. Cecily has exquisite taste."

Dolly was silent for a moment. Then she said, "I was so ashamed when she came to see me."

"Why, Dolly?"

"Because I'd hated her. That's why I went driving with Jeremy Clyde that night, because I thought it would hurt her."

"You hated her because of Jeremy?" Jim asked.

"Him! I should say not! I never liked him at all." She looked up at Jim, looked away, her face flushing under the tilted bandage. "Don't you know," she asked in a low voice, "why I hated her, Jim?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

UNCOMMON AMERICANS

By Elmo Scott Watson
© Western Newspaper Union

Father of the Dime Novel

A FEW years before the opening of the Civil war a printer in Buffalo, N. Y., began issuing a magazine called the Youth's Casket and a little later another, called the Home Monthly. Neither was much of a success. More successful was his brother who ran a newsstand and began selling songs on single pages in much the same fashion as the ballad-hawkers of an earlier day. Then the printer brother published a number of these songs in a pamphlet called "The Dime Song Book" and it sold so well that they decided to move to New York city and publish other books for ten cents.

Thus it was that a great American institution was born, for these brothers were Erastus F. and Irwin P. Beadle and they were the "Fathers of the Dime Novel." They took into partnership another native of Buffalo, Robert Adams, and for the next three decades there came from the presses of Beadle and Company and Beadle and Adams a perfect flood of little books (the Pocket Library, the Half-Dime Library and the Dime Library) to thrill the souls of American boys and to fill the hearts of American parents with fear that their sons were being corrupted beyond all hope by these "yellow-backs."

How groundless that fear was is shown by the fact that some of the most distinguished Americans of today grew up on a reading diet of Beadle's dime novels. Exciting and thrilling those stories may have been (opening, as so many of them did, with "Bang! Bang! Bang! Three shots rang out and another redskin bit the dust") but they were also highly moral. For the villain was always foiled, Virtue always triumphed and it is doubtful if a single boy ever was ruined by reading one of them.

Irwin Beadle retired from the firm in 1862, Robert Adams died in 1866, and his two younger brothers, William and David, succeeded him. With them as partners Erastus Beadle carried the dime novel to the heights of its success. He continued in the business until 1889. Then he retired with a fortune built up by the dimes and nickels of Young America. He died in 1894—too early to realize that certain of the little "yellow backs" which he sold for a dime would later sell for hundreds of dollars because they are "Americana" and "collectors' items."

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz
© Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.

- How many languages and systems of writing are there?
 - What state has contributed the most Supreme court justices?
 - In what year was a performance of "Aida" given at the foot of the Pyramids in Egypt?
 - Who guards the White House?
 - Who wrote the "Comedie Humaine"?
 - What was a bireme?
 - Of what musical instrument was the clavichord a forerunner?
 - Who were the Jacobites?
 - Of what country was Catherine de Medici queen?
 - In what country is Mecca?
 - In what war was James Clinton a noted American general?
 - How many sovereigns have been crowned in Westminster Abbey?
- Answers
- Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly says that there are six thousand seven hundred and sixty named tongues and systems of writing in the world.
 - New York has contributed the most United States Supreme court justices, 10.
 - In 1912 an impressive open-air production of the opera was given there.
 - The White House has its own police force of 48 men. This includes a captain, a lieutenant, three sergeants and 43 policemen. There are also 10 Secret Service men.
 - This is the title of an uncompleted series of nearly a hundred novels by Balzac, designed to give a panoramic picture of the manners and morals of the time. He began the work in 1829, adopting the general title in 1842.
 - An ancient galley having two banks of oars.
 - The piano.
 - Adherents of James II or his line.
 - France.
 - Arabia.
 - The Revolution.
 - Thirty-seven sovereigns have been crowned in the abbey, and 25 queens consort—all of the kings and queens since William the Conqueror. Eighteen sovereigns and 14 queens are buried there.

Little Red Schoolhouses

There are 138,542 little red schoolhouses dotting the nation's countryside. One-room affairs, they represent 57 per cent of all American school buildings and for the most part teach good old-fashioned American education with the three R's as the basis.—Literary Digest.

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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

They Are Rare
Only the sparkling speeches should be long—about one in 10,000.

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them!

Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter the kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure. When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS



"Do You Suppose He Was the One Who Took Cecily's Car and Hurt the Girl?"

the Pattons'. He spoke of Dolly and the hints she had given him of her acquaintance with Jeremy. With painstaking care he fitted the fragments together into a complete and convincing blue-print of the entire situation.

As Jim talked, Mr. Vaughn continued to pace back and forth across the veranda, letting his cigar go out, lighting it again, asking a question now and then, making a comment, weighing and appraising the evidence Jim presented. And as he talked, Jim listened, without being conscious of doing so, for Cecily's returning footsteps, for sounds from the distant guest wing, for some hint or indication of what was taking place upstairs.

An interval of considerable length