

DARLING FOOL

by MABEL McLELLON
A NEW SERVICE

CHAPTER XII

Justice flashed back, word-
"You are right. Make the
it."

Monnie decided that
would take whatever came on
adventure as a gift from the
she would be young only once.
She had her golden opportunity.
She was in this mood she rose with
from the table.
"Good. I'm not playing."
"Will you take a turn on
with me?"

assented and, after seeing
Justice comfortably established
table, strolled with her host
almost deserted promenade.
A clear, cool night of high
and friendly stars. Belvedere
her old problems seemed far
like—all this? His long
included the dancers within, the
pound of the unseen band,
up-slip of feet.

ing to be desired, eh?"
Justice withdrew her eyes and
that was like a stub escaped
"I wouldn't say that."
older man eyed her keenly.
over the time and place and the
one together—"he said rum-
suppose that's it," admitted
Justice. Then she turned
in embarrassment. How easily
traveller had guessed her
Did she, then, wear her
in her sleeve for all to see?
Arthur Mackenzie evidently
the subject. "Do you know,"
said in a low voice, "that you
sits the sensation in the din-
tonight?"

Justice stared. Surely this man
making fun of her.
"I am perfectly serious," he
"Corinth was green-eyed—
you notice—and everywhere
were whispering, 'Who is the
girl?'"

mattered. "I don't know why
I did that. Sorry."

Justice laughed a bit shakily.
"Just crazy I guess," she said.
"Never mind, Danny, don't
take so seriously. It isn't
first time."

Justice won't come in after all,"
said he awkwardly. Danny
didn't want to get in deep
Sandra, he told himself. It was
one of those things. She was a
id and all that.

of course you will," Sandra an-
d in a bright, matter-of-fact
"Nothing happened. Don't
worry, aren't we?"

Justice nodded, feeling foolish. But
she was there for him to do
as he set it on that basis? Sheep-
ly followed her into the softly
lit sitting room where a tray
of cakes and sandwiches was
laid.

But new maid is a jewel," San-
dras chattered on. "Pauline. Did you
see her at dinner, Dan?"

Justice established him in the big
heating herself opposite on a
green couch whose color pro-
vided a most effective background.
This is cozy," Sandra curled
up feet under her, little girl
in. Pats, with a glass and a
in the small table beside him,
in the atmosphere of friend-
and ease.

people tonight," he com-
"I liked them."

"Oh, did you, Dan?" Sandra
seemed enormously pleased. "I'm so
glad—because they liked you, too.
Tad said—but maybe I ought not to
tell you this. Your head will be
simply too swelled. Tad said you
looked as if you were going places."
"Honestly?" Dan couldn't help
grinning, puffing out his chest a bit.
Maybe it was bunk but it made him
feel good.

"Really, Dan!" Sandra leaned for-
ward confidentially. "I happen to
know, too, that he's looking for
someone to assist him in the busi-
ness. It wouldn't be a bad idea—"
She narrowed her eyes, staring into
space. "Cincinnati's a good place,
Dan," she observed. "Things going
on there. You're buried in this town.
It's a shame. I don't wonder you
think about lighting out. Don't
blame you." She selected a cigarette
from a shagreen box at her elbow
and Dan sprang to light it. In the
flame he couldn't help observing the
clarity and delicacy of her skin, the
long lashes which fluttered down to
hide her eyes. He'd been a fool
he told himself, thinking Sandra was
in league with his mother and Ger-
aldine to trap him and keep him in
Belvedere. Why, she was all right.
A pal. She understood.

"I've got to stand by Father,"
Dan blurted out, reddening. He
hadn't meant to say that. The words
had just slipped out. But Sandra
rippled on, not seeming to sense
that his words had any deep signifi-
cance. Probably she knew nothing
about business, Dan thought patern-
ally. She was just a little girl at
heart, for all her sophisticated pose.
"Your father's a lamb," she mur-
mured. "I adore him."

For a moment they smoked in
pleasant silence, broken only by the
fall of a log and the brief excite-
ment of a flare of sparks. Both sat
staring, fascinated, at the fire. San-
dra was the first to break the spell.
Softly she said, "What do you hear
about Monnie, Dan?"

He started, clenched his fists.
He didn't want to discuss Monnie
with anyone.

"Nothing," he told her shortly.
"Why?"

Sandra shrugged. "Just wondered,"
she said. Her eyes narrowed. "I'm
really angry at Monnie," she told
Dan softly. "I thought better of
her."

He had set his mouth in that stub-
born expression she knew so well.
Dan was not to be moved—not to be
budded from the position he had
taken. Sandra, glancing away, al-
lowed a hurt note to creep into her
voice.

"After all the nice things I did for
her," she complained, "she didn't
even let me know she was leaving.
Well, it's easy to see where her
thoughts have been lately."

Dan did not rise to the bait, but
sat smoking impassively, his dark
face a mask.

"Not that Charles isn't a lamb.
He is and I adore him," Sandra
hastened to elucidate. "Only—well,
you can't help wondering what he
sees in her, that's all."

"Monnie's a fine girl," Dan said
heavily, almost angrily.

"Of course she is. Of course,"
Sandra agreed with suspicious haste.
"Haven't I always said so? Haven't
I stood up for her when everyone
said—well, you know how people
talk, Dan?"

He had risen now. To the slim
girl in the shadows he seemed to
tower over her, broad shouldered,
his face grim in the firelight.

"What could anyone say," he be-
gan menacingly, "about Monica
O'Dare?"

(To Be Continued)

Manhattan Island still has a cave
which the early Indians used as a
home.

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The Awakening

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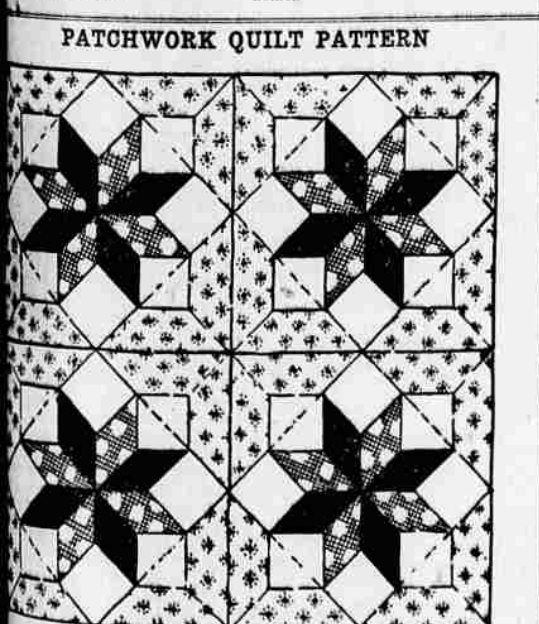
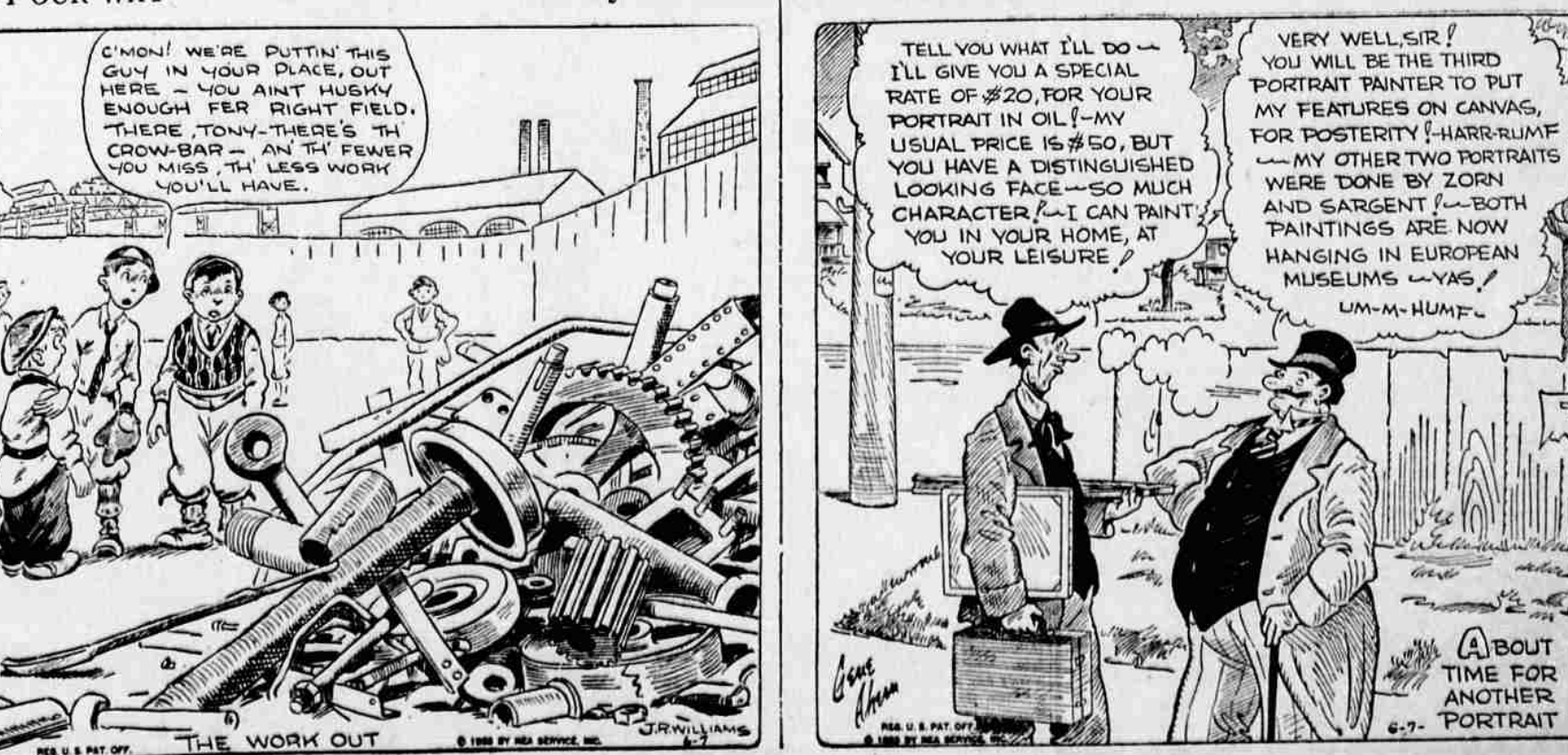
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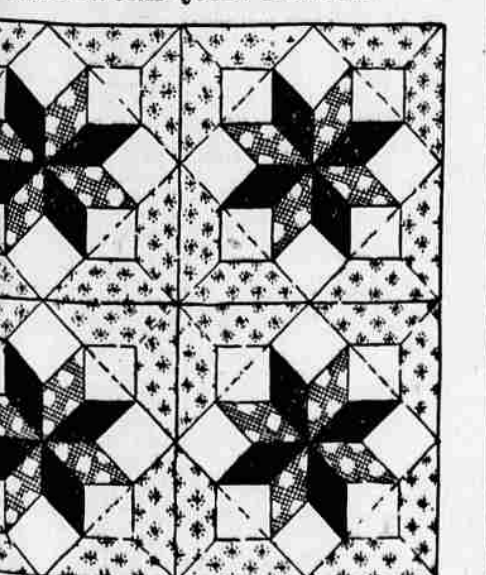
OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



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PATTERN NO. 412
By Laura Wheeler

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