JILL

BY MARY RAYMOND

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CHAPTER VI

hen a girl falls in love, the thing she does usually is to n a splurge of shopping.

is new mood of Jill's—of ing things to make herself beautiful—was one Mrs. worth could understand. It ged orange blossoms and ding chimes. And so when returned home with more -made gloves than she knew t to do with, Mrs. Wentworth looked the extravagance. Even oned it.

nly a man, she nodded, could put that soft, dreaming look nimated Jill's eyes.

ll had only seen Alan Jeffrey since the day she found him hibiting his beautiful paintings still hopeful mother and her daughters. She was going see him again this afternoon, time through Jill's own clever eavering.

e had at last located Patty. two blocks south of Miss Lan-er's, as Patty had said, but blocks.

this particular afternoon, had inveigled Patty, who was in the least interested in art, going with her to see Alan's tures.

nother girl was with them. dath Holm.

atty had prepared Jill for the eeting Miss Holm before she ved hime from work.

've taken a girl in with me," said. "Writing books isn't any rt route to a Park Avenue rtment. Paying rent for this m has put an extra wrinkle in fair brow. So I snapped up model."

ill laughed.

She has a lean and hungry lo "S achihaseannda

She has a lean and hungry k this girl," Patty said. "I've d her up as a man-eating rk. Or sharkess, I should say. had a French mother and a edish father, which might ac-nt for a lot of mixed emotions. t wait until you see her."

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atty's description had not pre-ed Jill for the new girl's nge attractiveness.

Ardath was thin, with flaxen r, which she wore coiled und her head like a cap, giv-her a foreign look. Her eyes re a golden-gray, fringed by k lashes. It came to Jill sud-nly, that Ardath Holm was kingly like a tiger.

Patty immediately liked Alan re than his landscapes, though admitted they were very good. won Alan's friendship when singled out for her most ex-vagant tribute a picture which ved to be his favorite: "Sun Seville," a brilliant study of Spanish fiesta: glowing, flash-with color, and animated with eful movement.

"All the colors," Patty said, wly, "ran right down and drip-from your fingers!"

Jill saw Alan flush with pleas-. She stood back listening to tty being witty and intellec-l. And watching Ardath being ietly "dumb." It wasn't the ual kind of "dumbness," Jill admitting to herself. Ardath, king silently at the pictures out her strange eyes was perhaps ntering more than the articu-e Patty.

The main thing was that Patty s really impressed and her in-ligent interest was heartening Alan.

"That young man is in a devil a hole trying to buck this town thout friends and without ney," Patty said to Jill later at r apartment. Ardath Holm had ne to her room. "He told me had left his home because he d to leave it. Whatever that y mean. Anyway, he look as ough he has had some bad eaks, and I'm afraid there'll be re of them."

"Don't you think he has a ance here?" Jill queried anxi-usly.

"He may be heaven's own gift the art world, and I'd still bet hasn't a chance to earn three uare meals a day unless he gets a better place, where Mr. and s. Money-bags can peek in. It n't help much if you and I and ybe the fellow across the hall re to ch him on, will it?"

"No," Jill admitted, slowly. "The thing to do, Patty, is to sell picture."

"How long do you think $100 or e $200—and I'm boosting the ntities—would last?"

"Oh, Patty," Jill exclaimed, ood pictures bring thousands!" "Not from any unknown paint-My dear, when did you ma-culate in kindergarten?"

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Promptly subdued, Jill became articulate. But her brain was nthing. A plan was growing. had started out as a germ nted in her mind by a chance mark of her own. The thing to is to sell a picture!

The next time she saw Alan s a date.

He had invited her to lunch d they had gone to Miss Lan-ter's. She had gone to meet m in a taxi. There were no ghty shadows to hide a swank ndster, that was damning evi-nce against her.

She was glad, now, that Alan d not remembered the name ken it Wentworth," which she d so carelessly given him the e she devised home. It was a e that stood for the ultra in ndor of things he despised. e day he would have to know, t not until he knew her better d realized that she cared as ch as he for elaborate living. Meanwhile, he must sell that ture.

After the luncheon, Jill went ught to her father's office.

"What's on your mind, young one?"

Jill thought her father's voice sounded a little tired. How gray his hair was, with the light from the window falling on it. Under his keen eyes there were new wrinkles.

"Why," Jill thought with a surge of tenderness, "dad's getting old."

"I was wondering, dad," Jill said, going directly to the point, if I could be terribly extravagant."

She saw the surprise in her father's eyes.

"I gather you aren't talking about parties and clothes. It must be something very special."

"It is very special," Jill replied. 'Dad, I want to buy a picture. A really grand picture, and I want to pay a big price for it."

"You WANT to pay a big price for it."

"Yes."

"Hmm. Is this artist a friend?"

"Yes."

"A man?"

She nodded. "Dad, could I have $3000?"

John Wentworth studied Jill's face. Brains and beauty. Yes, he could trust his lovely girl.

"He must be an extraordinary young man," her stepfather teased, "to have a beautiful girl wanting to play Santa Claus. You won't pay him a cent less than $3000?"

"No, I won't," Jill smiled at him. "I don't mind paying top prices for what I want. And I want this more than anything in the world."

"I used to think you were Scotch," Mr. Wentworth said, "never wanting to spend as much as I wanted to give you. But you are not Scotch at all. Just a big-hearted American girl, trying to smooth over the bumps for an artist chap she's interested in. Do you want the money in a check or cash?"

"Cash, thank you," Jill said, happily. "Besides being so big-hearted, I'm being very careful that he won't know about it."

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"After all," Mr. Wentworth said, "it's your own money. Some day, Jill, you'll be a very rich young woman. I have never told you, but all my fortune, and it's very large, will be equally divided between you, Jack, Barry, and Evelyn. So I guess $3000 is not so much to spend on something you want."

"Don't let's talk about leaving money to people," Jill said with a lump in her throat. "I couldn't bear to think of not having you, dad."

"Sometimes," he said, soberly, "I'm afraid I don't talk over business matters enough with my family. You know, Jill, all this money is bound up with the company, dependent upon its success; dependent upon the good will of bank heads who negotiate loans; dependent upon markets and trade relations; affected by the fluctuation of world affairs.

"There have been bad times in the past few years. It has been a battle Jill, but I think the worst of the fight is safely behind. Just the same, we never relax vigilance. Something, some unforeseen crisis, might topple the whole works."

"Dad!" Jill cried, her eyes misty. "I didn't know! We all take everything for granted. We've been so busy being rich, we never stopped to think how hard it is on you. Dad, honestly, if you ever get tired of fighting, I wouldn't mind being poor."

John Wentworth's voice was husky, as he patted Jill's slim hands. "Don't worry your pretty head a moment. The old Rock of Gibraltar could be smashed, I guess. But I have an idea it never will. Our company is just about as strong. And it will be as long as men like Oscar Montanne believe in it."

He left the room. Jill sat soberly for a moment. She was ashamed of the little uneasy prickle along her spine. It was natural for Dad to like Mr. Montanne, who was always ready to come to his aid financially. Just as it was natural for her not to like Mr. Montanne's son, who counted on his father's money to make friends for him.

"Just the same," Jill thought unhappily. "I wish he hadn't mentioned Milo's father just at this moment. It's silly, but somehow I don't feel quite so happy."

She managed to lift smiling eyes as her father entered the room. He handed her a roll of bills, which Jill stuffed into her purse.

"I feel like the sole owner of the mint," she said. "A hug and kiss is mighty little thanks, Dad."

"Jill, be careful," her stepfather warned. "No one ever yet bought happiness."

"This will," Jill boasted, "because it's somebody else's happiness I'm buying."

Afterward, she remembered that boast.

(To Be Continued)

Mothers Study Club Meets, Bailey Hill

BAILEY HILL, Oct. 30.—(Special)—The Bailey Hill Mothers Study club met jointly with the extension unit. In a separate session at the close of the meeting the club held a brief business meeting for election of officers. All officers were re-elected as follows: Chairman, Mrs. John Grienier; secretary, Mrs. Harold Carpenter; leader, Mrs. Carl Pfeiffer; assistant leader, Mrs. Will Steele.

The next meeting is scheduled for Friday, Dec. 3, at the home of Mrs. Ray Bower.

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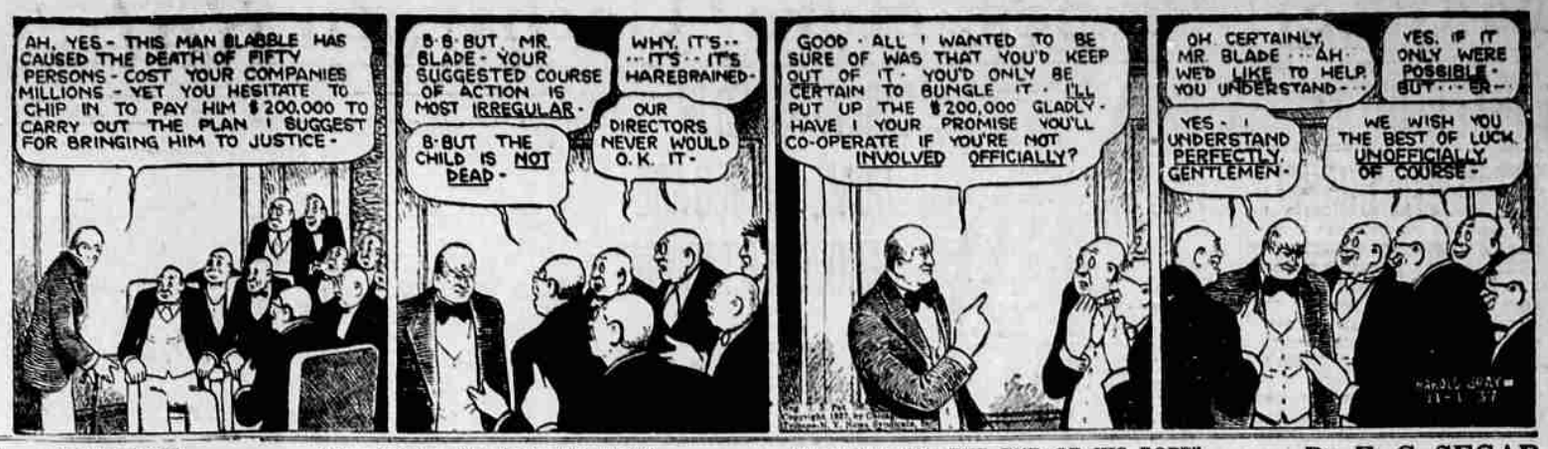

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