

JILL

BY MARY RAYMOND
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CHAPTER XI

There was so much she could learn if Jack came to this fragment, shadowed place off guard, without time to erect his careful, casual barrier.

Jack came striding into the conservatory, stopping abruptly when he saw Sylvia. His face went white.

"If the mountain won't come to Mahomet," began Sylvia. "I've been calling you worse names than a mountain. I've been calling you a mountain."

"How could I come?" Jack's voice was low, tense and unhappy. "You couldn't unless you cared as much as I do," Sylvia replied simply.

And then, suddenly, she was in his arms.

"It's no use, darling," Jack said unsteadily. "I can't give you up now. Though I tried. I had the feeling that you had planned to leave me, and I wouldn't have, if I had not come along."

"I never would have gone through with it," Sylvia said. "I realized it long ago. Even before you came back from school. But you wouldn't notice me, wouldn't dance with me, rushed past me on the streets. This was the only way I knew."

She stopped talking. For the very good reason that it was impossible to talk and be effectively kissed at the same time.

A mocking voice reached them: "Smooth work, Jack. Everywhere I turn, I have evidence of your superior attainments."

"I suppose congratulations are in order," Barry sneered.

"Yes, Barry," Jack replied. "You'll get them all right, you know."

Jack broke in, curtly: "I thought you'd show better sportsmanship. Not that I particularly want your congratulations."

"Sylvia had a long head," Barry replied angrily, "seeing which way parental preference lies. The favorite son of the president of the Wentworth Company is no small fry even for her."

"I think you're detestable," Sylvia spoke scornfully. Barry swung on his heels and made his way to the dining room.

"I'm glad that's over," Jack said, soberly. "I suspect he's pretty cut up."

"His vanity may have received a very tiny prick," Sylvia said, "and that's all."

Sylvia was right. Barry was smarting under a sense of inferiority and wounded pride. This was merely another instance among numerous others when he had been outdistanced by his stepbrother.

"Think he has the world by the tail and is swinging it around," Barry grumbled to himself. He poured out a stiff drink and gulped it down.

He thought angrily of his father and his devotion to Jack. As for himself—where would he be if his mother didn't supplement his allowance from housekeeping funds? A millionaire's stepson! But what good came of that if you were always held within certain amounts.

"A marriage with Sylvia would have set me up in the old boy's opinion," Barry thought, gloomily. But Jack had grabbed off that rich plum, just as he grabbed off all the others. Well, some day maybe Brother Jack would have a turn of luck. He would like to see him humiliate himself. Jack had it coming to him.

He heard his mother's voice: "Perkins, is Mr. Barry home?"

Heavens, wouldn't she ever let him grow up? And then Barry remembered his injured role.

As his mother reached the door, Barry spoke in a melancholy voice: "Please don't start any hysterics, mother. Because I'm not drunk. I've had a few drinks. Who wouldn't? Sylvia has ditched me."

"She couldn't," Mrs. Wentworth cried. "You mustn't take a quarrel seriously."

"It's no quarrel, mother. She's going to marry Jack."

For a moment, Mrs. Wentworth stood in stunned silence. Then, she sank heavily to a chair.

Barry thought: well, she's taking it harder than I expected. A queer idea was taking shape in his head. Though there didn't seem to be much love between his mother and stepfather, she still had influence with him. And she was pretty tenacious about getting what she wanted.

"I guess Sylvia was smart," Barry said, cunningly. "She probably knew which one of us would come out the short end with dad so damn partial. I have an idea he'll take care of Jack handsomely in his will. But what a joke on high and mighty Jack. If dad left everything to you. Most men do, don't they?"

He watched the color wash back over his mother's white face, and a queer glitter came into her eyes.

"I suppose you don't know about the will, do you?" Barry pressed.

"No. Your father has always said 'daddy will have plenty.'"

"That's hardly fair to you. And after all, Jack and Jill are only his stepchildren."

"You are a stepson, too," Mrs. Wentworth countered. The queer glint was still in her eyes.

"But I'm your son," Barry said, softly. "It wouldn't matter to me if he left everything to you. And what a huge joke it would be on Sylvia."

His mother laughed a little shakily. "Yes, wouldn't it! But I'm afraid we're being foolish. Your father has a strong will and sense of his own."

"It was just a thought I had," Barry got to his feet. "It wouldn't hurt to talk to father about it. He should have confidence in your judgment. And it would be a beastly shame to put you on a basis with stepchildren."

"I'll talk with him, tomorrow. But I'm a little afraid. Dr. Middleton has warned him against worry and any unusual excitement. I suppose you know his heart has been giving him trouble, lately?"

"No," Barry spoke indifferently. "I didn't know. But that's another reason why you should straighten out the will."

He walked unsteadily from the room.

For a long while after he was gone, Mrs. Wentworth sat alone, thinking.

At the end of the month, Jill came home. She had acquired a nice southern tan. But the shadows were still in her eyes.

She heard from her stepmother about Jack's engagement to Sylvia. Feeling Mrs. Wentworth's eyes probing hers, Jill spoke lightly: "I have to go away from home for something interesting to happen."

But later Jack received a warm hug and kiss. "I don't think you could have picked a grander girl anywhere," Jill said. "When is the big event coming off?"

"Not before spring. I haven't discussed our plans with the family. Our engagement isn't too popular around here."

Jill nodded. "I know. But dad is pleased."

"Pleased as punch," Jack grinned. "If I'd been marrying the Queen of Sheba, he couldn't have been as proud."

"Naturally. I'd like to catch you marrying an aristocratic shade."

From Patty, Jill had a bit of news of Alan.

The news was second hand having been gleaned first by Patty from Ardath.

Heaven only knew, Patty said, how Ardath had discovered Alan's new studio among the thousands in the city. It wouldn't surprise Patty at all if Ardath hadn't done some snooping, like questioning the rental agent of that dismal place Alan had vacated.

Ardath had come to see her, announcing brightly that she had run into Alan's studio unexpectedly, and she was planning to visit it one day soon.

A number of people were browsing about the day Ardath passed there, so she didn't go in. You could never tell when browsing might result in selling a picture for \$3000!

"Just a cat," Patty had ended. "A mighty dangerous cat."

The thought of Ardath being privileged to run in and talk to Alan was torment. Jill, who had never known a moment of jealousy in all her young life, was jealous. Fearfully jealous.

Jealous of a girl who had impressed her as too lazy to do much thinking. A not very neat person despite her carefully braided hair. With a mentality that would fit physical unkemptness.

She had not really given Ardath a thought until now. But now she called upon all her memories, analyzing Ardath for any possible charm that might appeal to Alan.

No, she would stop thinking unhappy thoughts. Like Ardath, she would find out where Alan had moved. Like Ardath, she would casually bump into him, and then be invited to his studio. They would tumble out all their troubles and perplexities, and then laugh over them. And then everything would be very right indeed.

But day dreams didn't help. And didn't materialize. For Jill too had her pride. How much happier and more right it would be if Alan would come to her. With a woman's intuition, she felt that was the way her young knight, who was wielding his brush with as much fine zeal as ever a knight of old had wielded his sword, would want it to be.

While Jill was having her hard time, Alan was waging a personal battle. Jill, who had deceived him, couldn't be the girl of his dreams. So Alan reasoned with hard, young logic. But all of his logic and idealism failed to keep from being miserably lonely.

He painted fiercely, trying to shut out the picture of Jill as he had last seen her. It kept coming before his eyes and the canvas. Jill with her tremulous young mouth, which was molded for love and laughter. Jill with a hurt in her lovely, honest eyes.

Alan told himself he was being a sentimental fool. Some other girl would come into his life, and then he would forget Jill.

And one day another girl did come in.

Alan was painting. There was a good light, and the windowed recess was an admirable place for his easel. The commodious window box seemed made for an endless assortment of painting paraphernalia.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Root of all Evil

By HAROLD GRAY

The Best of the Nation's "Human-est" and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily

WELL, IT'S WORKING OUT AS I TOLD YOU IT WOULD—FROM THE BEGINNING—DID YOU GO DOWN AND IDENTIFY THE BRAT?

NOT ME—BR-R—BUT THE BATTLE-AXE DID—THAT PART'S O.K.—NOW TO COLLECT—SH—HERE THEY COME—

AH, MR. BRITTLEWIT—YOU HAVE OUR SYMPATHY—JUST A FEW PAPERS TO BE SIGNED—FORMALITIES, YOU KNOW—

HERE, SIT RIGHT HERE, NELSON, MY BOY—CECIL, FIND SEATS FOR THESE GENTLEMEN—

THERE—YOU REQUESTED CURRENCY—I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND THAT CORRECT—GOOD-DAY—MAY WE MEET AGAIN, ON A HAPPIER OCCASION—

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND—YEAH—SURE—GOOD-BYE—

HA! HA! HA! WELL, NELSON, WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THERE WERE SOME COMPLICATIONS, BUT THERE IT IS—YOUR "EASY MONEY"—

HA! HA! HA! YEAH—THERE IT IS—TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!

THIMBLE THEATRE Starring POPEYE Now Showing: "DON'T KEEP PAPPY WAITING" Monday: "THE ANVIL CHORUS" By E. C. SEGAR

OH, MY GORSH! I AM SO EXCITED!

HI, SON—I DIDN'T KNOW YA WAS HERE

LISTEN, JAKE, OL' BOY—AFTER WE HEARS THE VERDICK I WANTS YA TO COME HAVE DINNER WITH ME

I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF EATING IN PRISONS

YOU MEAN THAT YOU HAVE AGREED UPON A VERDICT WITHOUT RETIRING TO THE JURY-ROOM—HMM—

WE HAVE

THEN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

SECRET AGENT X-9 The G-Man Does Things to a "T" By ALEX RAYMOND

WITH YOUR HELP, CHIEF, WE'VE CAPTURED THE GANG!

YES, BUT WHERE IS THEIR LEADER?

AS INDIANS AND G-MEN CLOSE IN ON THE GANG

THE ANSWER TO THAT IS COMING OVER THE HILL!

GO BACK TO YOUR LANDS, OH BRAVES—THE TERROR HAS PASSED, THE MISSING WILL RETURN—FOR THIS WE THANK THE WHITE FATHER!

YEAH, AND HE MIGHT ALSO THANK THE LITTLE LETTER "T"

NEXT WEEK THE TIME CLOCK ?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES Opal Is the Goat By MARTIN

YOU SAY BUS AND TIPPY ARE COMING FOR LUNCH TODAY, BOOTS? SPLENDID

YES! I HAVE A PLAN I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT

YOU SEE, ORDINARILY, THEY EAT AT BABE'S TEA ROOM, BUT I ASKED THEM HERE AND THEY AGREED TO PAY ME. IN CASH, WHAT THEY'D SPEND—I MEAN, CHARGE—OVER THERE, THEN I'LL JUST GIVE BABE ALL I COLLECT

WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO IS GET HER OUT OF THE RED

HMMM—WELL, I'M JUST WONDERING HOW MUCH RED OPAL WILL SEE WHEN SHE HAS TO DO THAT EXTRA WORK

WASH TUBBS Watt Sees a Chance to Get Easy By CRANE

WHAT A FINE BUNCH OF RED-BLOODED, FIGHTING MEN, YOU TURNED OUT TO BE!

JUST AS WE CATCH UP WITH THAT TUBBS KID, YOU LET A PACK OF MANGY MIDGETS RUN YOU RAGGED!

WELL, I NOTICE YOU'RE KINDA OUTTA BREATH YOURSELF, JESSE.

OH, IS THAT SO? WHY, YOU SLAT-EYED SO-AND-SO, I'LL—

HEY, PIPE DOWN, SOMEBODY'S COMING!

IT'S EASY! HE'S HUNTING TUBBS, I BETCHA.

GIMME THAT RIFLE! HOLY MOSES, HERE'S THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

OUT OUR WAY By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE . . . with . . . MAJOR HOOPLE

THAT AINT FAIR! TH' SHOP FOOTBALL TEAM GITS TWO HOURS OFF EVERY DAY TO PRACTICE! IMAGINE IT—GETTIN' PAID TO PLAY A GAME.

AND ALL THEIR DOCTOR AND HOSPITAL BILLS PAID—WHUT LUXURY!

MY WORD, JASON! YOU SAY MY SISTER LIZZIE PACKED HER GRIPS AND LEFT POSTHASTE BEFORE ANYONE WAS ASTIR? HAW! THEN PREPARE ME A BASIN OF HOT WATER! UMF-F—NOW THAT THEY HAVE SERVED THEIR PURPOSE, I WILL REMOVE THE SYMPTOMS OF SPOTTED FEVER FROM MY FACE—KAFF-KAFF-F!

HM—M—THE NIMBLE MIND OF A HOOPLE CAN BREW A SCHEME TO GET RID OF ANY SCOURGE!

YOU PUT DEM RED SPOTS ON YO FACE TO SCARE YO SISTAH OUT OB DE HOUSE? MAN, IT SHO WORKED! YES, SAH! TISH-TISH—AH'LL BET YO WIFE WOULD GIB PLENTY TO KNOW HOW TO DISCARD A HOOPLE LIKE DAT!

WELL, ONE OF HIS IDEAS WORKED—

THE LOAFERS.

Halloween Party Wolf Creek Event

WOLF CREEK, Nov. 5.—(Special)—The ladies of the Justamere club entertained the children of the community at a Halloween party at the community hall recently. After an evening spent in playing games a light lunch was served. The parents of the children also came as visitors. They visited and played cards during the evening. More than one hundred were present.