

Darling Fool

By MABEL McELLIOTT

BEER WERE TODAY
MORRIS STUBBS is secretly engaged to **THE CAROLAN**, who is a local fortune. The latter's mother is so sure of the engagement that she has arranged to have the wedding in January when she will come into some money on the sale of her house in **FRANKLIN KENTUCKY**, handsome settlement, who shows **MORRIS** married attraction.

WILL STUBBS is engaged to **ANGIE GILLEN** whose father is a well-to-do man. But **WILL** being in love with a married woman, though admiring **ANGIE**'s good looks of heart.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER XIII
SANDRA, in a deep chair of stick willow with cushions daintily striped in yellow and orange, leaned back and regarded her sister thoughtfully.

"I think you're perfectly right, Geraldine," she observed, lighting a cigarette with a flick of her long, slim fingers. "I think people are talking and it would be well to get him away."

"That isn't just the trouble," presented Dan's sister who, lean and vigorous in her white linen riding outfit, lounged in the porch swing. "He won't go. Mother wanted him to go to Yosemite with her. He says he's too busy. Then my cousin May wrote me about this dude ranch. It's what Dan has always been crazy about—and I thought if you'd go along we could make up a party."

"She left the sentence hanging. Sandra's eyes sparkled.

"It would be fun," she said with enthusiasm. "You and I—and Benny and perhaps Lansing Waterman. He gets home next week. I wonder—" her eyes narrowed, considering. "I wonder if Charles Funtan could be persuaded to go, too."

"My dear!" Geraldine's laugh held a touch of malice. "The man who is perfect if we could swing it. Two birds with one stone."

"Leave it to me!" Sandra got to her feet, smiling. "I'll see what can be done."

Geraldine's voice held a note of envy.

"You're a wonder," she breathed. "If you can do it, mother will be overjoyingly grateful. What she says, of course, is that she could put her foot down—be firm with Dan about seeing her so much—but she would just make him miffed. You know how he can be. Just that touch of opposition," averred Geraldine wisely, "might lead to something serious. Where—"

Sandra finished the sentence for her. "Whereas," she cried eagerly, "we lure Danny off to this delicious place, have a grand time and meanwhile he forgets all about the girl back home."

"Exactly!" Geraldine's lean brown face, so like Dan's but without the touch of softness which would have made her, as women, irresistible, flushed with excitement.

BUT they reckoned without their host this time. Dan was a mulish, refusing to leave Belvedere for any prospect, however alluring. His father, consulted as to plans, brought pressure to bear, summoning Dan to his private office one golden August morning.

Dan liked and respected his father. The keen-eyed, graying man usually kept his hands out of household affairs, preferring to let his wife decide such matters. This time, however, he had not been allowed to choose the line of least resistance. There had been a conference in Mrs. Cardigan's dressing room the night before. This interview was the result.

"Dan, what's this I hear about you not wanting a vacation with mother and the folks?"

Dan squirmed uncomfortably. "Had enough vacation. Thought I'd stick around and see how things are going. I know they haven't been so good for us lately—"

His father interrupted, rather faintly. "Never mind, never mind! It seems your mother's not her heart on this trip and wants you along. I don't know what the notion is, exactly, bears, maybe. You're to save 'em from dangers on this dude ranch." His eyes twinkled.

"Those places are safe as Main street," Dan muttered, sulkily. "Don't see why I have to go tramping off with all those women. Anyhow, they'll have plenty of protection. Lance Waterman'll be there and both the Franklin kids. They're grown up now. As for bears," his tone was contemptuous, "Gerry and Sandra can handle a gun as well as I can."

"I know that. I know that." His father's voice was a rumble deep in his throat. It made the old man uncomfortable to lecture Dan this way. No sense to it, at all. It was rank foolishness, spending all that money on a trip with the market the way it'd been. He was worried about money, no mistake about it. No good suggesting it to Mother, though. She'd just frown up and tell him he ought to manage things better. Well, maybe he should have done that. Worried about money, that made him think of something else he'd been meaning to speak to Dan about.

HE cleared his throat, embarrassed. "Dan—uh—what's this I hear about you and Sandra?"

"He said—" Dan looked blank for an instant, then smiled. "I'm sure, Dad, don't know what you're heard."

"Mother thinks Sandra's pretty sweet on you. Now don't get sore, boy. You know how mothers are. Mother'd be mighty pleased to see

you make a go of that and as I might say, would I Sandra's a fine girl, you know. Slick as a race horse—lots of spirit. Now don't misunderstand me, Dan, but she's got lots of money. What chance for a fortune these days. Her father's a shrewd business man and he's done some smart investing. Sandra's all he's got."

Dan had turned in his chair, was looking absently out the window. He did not reply.

"It would be a fine thing for you, every way you look at it," persisted the old man. "I'm not saying this without having given the matter thought." He glanced anxiously at the silent young man.

"Well, I'll say no more. I won't bother you about it now. Only—the business isn't what I hoped it would be, son, to pass along to you. You've been brought up to like expensive things. I'd be the last one in the world to suggest you should marry a girl for her money, but there's a question of that in this particular case. The man in his senses could help admiring Sandra."

He waited for affirmation and Dan nodded it, grudgingly. "I suppose not," he said.

"Good. Good! I'm glad you feel that way about it. That's why I agreed to talk to you about this trip. It would please Mother, it would please Sandra and, most of all, it would please me. How about it?"

"Let me think about it, Dad!" Dan pleaded awkwardly.

"Certainly. Certainly." Both men were on their feet now, relieved that the interview was at an end. "But don't make up your mind without thinking about what I've said."

WHEN Dan met Monica that night he told her of it—laidly, not sparing her.

"I'd want you to go west with Sandra and the crowd. He thinks I ought to fix it up with Sandra—make a go of it."

He could not see how white she had turned in the darkness. Her voice, when it came, was cool, a trifle distant. "What are you going to do about it?"

Dan felt particularly badgered that day. He was thoroughly out of temper. Monica's dispassionate gentleness only served to irritate him further. He said what he did not mean to say—what he did not really feel.

"Oh, guess I better string along with them, just to please Mother. It might be fun."

Monica withdrew her hand from his arm where he had tucked it only a moment ago.

"Go by all means if you feel like that," she told him. Her heart was very sore. It was full of bursting. Things had gone along too smoothly of late, she reminded herself. Dan had been so sweet and considerate. She had felt secure, so happy, with the knowledge of their secret troth deep in her heart, with Dan's real ring in the bottom of her treasure box, a pledge and a promise. Now they were taking him away from her, coolly, deliberately.

"You shouldn't even think of staying here if you want to go," she said also.

"You little fool!" Dan crushed her to him roughly. They were sitting in the shadows on the side porch. "Better not tell me that too often. Maybe I'll take you to your words!"

"Oh Dan!" She was in his arms, the salt tears trembling on her lashes. "You hurt me so—I thought you wanted to be with them. The way you said it—and, after all, why shouldn't you? It must be fun. Why should I keep you away from it?"

"It'd be rotten without you," Dan told her loyally. "No, I haven't the slightest intention of giving in. I told Father I'd think it over, but my mind's made up."

After he had gone Monica thought bitterly that all their lives Dan would be giving things up for her. It was the eternal battle between the rich and the poor. He loved her now and so it did not matter. But how would it be later on? Would he hate her for taking him away from the easy life he had loved?

She fell asleep, wondering.

(To Be Continued)

In 1932 8,484,000 standard cans of salmon were canned; a can consists of 48 one-pound cans.

Influenza is derived from the Italian language, which means "to influence."

Dancing still takes place in most German universities, although forbidden by law.

Flapper Fanny Says

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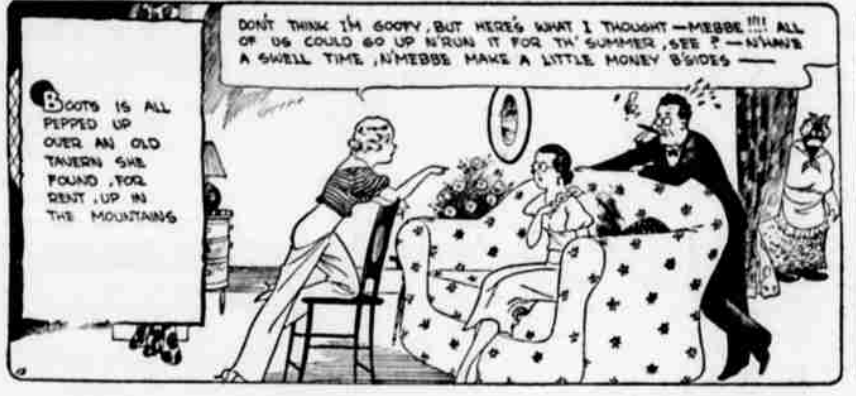
OUT OUR WAY



SALESMAN SAM



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES—MOM'N POP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By Small



By Crane



By Blosser



By Cowan



By Blosser

