



TRUE BY THE SUN
Lida Larrimore

CHAPTER XI—Continued

"There's a telephone in the office," Jim continued. "You'll find it easily. I left the door open and there's a light. Call a doctor. The nearest one. Ask information."

"Okay, buddy." The boy released the brake with a jerk and the girl, leaning out of the window for an interested view of the disaster, fell back into the seat.

Jim waited for help to come, going at intervals to look at Dolly, wiping the blood from the wound above her temple, speaking to her gently, watching with pity and a mounting feeling of alarm her still face, white under the rouge, bending to hear her faint breathing.

The coupe returned after what seemed to Jim an eternity of waiting. The boy got out; the girl followed. Jim was scarcely aware of her.

"Did you get a doctor?" he asked the boy.

"The state troopers are on their way and an ambulance from the hospital at Chestertown."

The boy was obviously proud of his efficiency. The girl's eyes were two round disks in a round white face. Jim swore grimly under his breath. He didn't want the police mixing into this—not, at any rate, until he had talked to Tommy, until he had gotten in touch with Mr. Vaughn.

"Why didn't you call out the marines?" he asked caustically.

The girl giggled in nervous appreciation.

"Shut up, Gladys," the boy said irritably. "I ought to have taken you home. You told me to ask information," he said to Jim. "I told her it was a pretty bad accident and she phoned the police."

"All right. Thanks," Jim said briefly, and realizing that they intended to see the excitement through, he added, "Have a cigarette."

Another eternity of waiting passed, an eternity made more dismal than the preceding one by the boy's eager questions about the accident, the girl's identification of Dolly, her awed and nervous comments, Jim's growing anxiety for Dolly, the fact that Tommy did not appear. He wished he had gone for his own car and taken Dolly to the village. That might have been dangerous, though. He had no idea how badly she was hurt. He'd have to get in touch with Mr. Vaughn. Where was Tommy?

The police car finally arrived, conveying the ambulance from the hospital at Chestertown.

"Evening, Sergeant McCready," the boy in the checked cap greeted the trooper with swaggering familiarity. "You made pretty good time."

"Good-evening," the tall young man in the uniform returned, scarcely glancing at the boy. "Who's hurt?" he asked addressing Jim.

"She's in the car," Jim led the way. Sergeant McCready followed, accompanied by his companion, a stocky older man. The ambulance driver and an interne came up bearing a stretcher. The boy and the girl with the round white face pressed forward.

Jim watched the interne with strained intensity as he bent over Dolly, felt her pulse, examined the cut above her temple.

"Is she badly hurt?" He asked the question in a low shaken voice.

"I can't tell without an examination," the interne said.

Jim moved forward to help the interne place Dolly on the stretcher. Lifting her gently, his throat felt tight.

"You can give me the name of her family, I suppose," the interne said.

Jim supplied the information. She looked so small and so still on the stretcher. He felt as though he had deserted her when the ambulance bore her away.

Sergeant McCready turned to Jim.

"Does this car belong to you?" he asked.

"No," Jim replied.

"Who does it belong to?"

"It belongs to Miss Cecily Vaughn, Officer. T. H. Vaughn. Meadowbrook."

"I thought so," the sergeant's companion cut in. "I've seen this car plenty of times on the road."

"Does Miss Vaughn know you were driving her car?"

The question startled Jim. The sergeant assumed with such casual certainty that he was responsible for the accident. It had not occurred to him that he might be suspected.

"I was not driving the car," he said evenly.

"Who was?"

Jim hesitated for a moment. Then—"I don't know," he said.

"No?" It was the sergeant's companion who spoke. His voice was unpleasantly edged with sarcasm.

"Well, buddy, what's your story?" Jim told it briefly. He sketched his position in Mr. Vaughn's employ, told of being awakened, of running across the fields, of finding Dolly alone in the disabled car. He knew, before either of the officers spoke that they did not believe him. His momentary hesitation, circumstantial evidence was all against him.

"That's not an entirely convincing story," the sergeant said when Jim had finished.

"It's as full of holes as a sieve," his companion remarked. He turned to the boy and the girl who were watching and listening with wide-eyed interest. "You're riding along the road and you find this fellow, here with the car and a girl who's out cold. Did you see anybody else?"

"No, sir." The boy stepped forward eagerly. "It happened like that. We're driving along and we stop and he asks me to go down to his place and call a doctor. When I told information there'd been an accident she put in a call for you. I didn't see anyone else."

"He might be telling the truth, though," the girl offered, glancing at Jim. "There was a light on in his place. He might have left like he said, when somebody knocked at the door."

The sergeant took the names and addresses of the witnesses—Frank Wilson and Gladys Smith—and sent them reluctantly on their way.

"We'll take you over to headquarters," he said to Jim, leading the way to the police car.

"How long will you keep me there?" Jim asked.

"That depends. We can arrange a preliminary hearing tomorrow. Can you get bail?" he asked, not unkindly.

Bail! Good Lord! He was under arrest!

"I think so," he said. "It will be necessary for me to get in touch with someone at Meadowbrook."

"You can call from headquarters," the sergeant said.

"Miss Vaughn's car?" Jim asked.

"We'll send a man out here to take care of it. Let's get going, Kelly."

Jim liked the sergeant. He had a clean-cut, intelligent appearance. His manner was neither bullying nor inflated with self-importance. Jim squeezed himself into the police coupe with the two men and resigned himself to the unpleasant aspects of the immediate future.

Chestertown was a sizable borough eight or nine miles from Glendale. Jim's mind was occupied with thoughts and conjectures. It was Tommy, of course. But where had he gone?

There was some explanation. He, Jim, would have to keep the kid out of the mess until he could get in touch with Mr. Vaughn. He felt responsible. He shouldn't have let Tommy believe that Dolly might make trouble with the moon-calf, puppy-love letters the boy had written her. He'd probably taken her out tonight in an attempt to get them. Dolly had looked so small and so still on the stretcher. Was it possible that Dolly was going to die . . . ?

When he had gone inside the highway patrol station with the officers, Jim asked if he might make a telephone call.

Jim gave the operator MacPherson's number. After an interval of insistent whirring, he heard MacPherson's voice at the other end of the wire. Feeling grateful that Mrs. MacPherson had not answered the call, Jim, sketched his predicament, asked MacPherson to go up to the house and make sure that every member of the family was there and come at once to the troopers' headquarters at Chestertown. MacPherson's voice, controlled, calmly efficient, reassured Jim. There was no cause for alarm, he told himself.

The following hour was unpleasant enough. The sergeant and his associate asked a wearying number of questions. Jim knew that they did not believe his story. Why should they? he thought. The evidence was all against him. He had to keep Tommy out of it. Oh well, it was only for a time.

When the hands of the clock had crept around past half past three, Jim heard in the early morning stillness the sound of a car stopping in front of the house. A moment later, Cecily came into the room, followed by MacPherson. She had not changed her clothes; obviously she had not gone to bed. She still wore the filmy floating dress and the short jacket of brilliant brocade buttoned snugly at her waist. Was it only this evening that he had seen her walking across the side lawn at Meadowbrook, wait-

ing for her escort to take her to Marjory Patton's party? It seemed an eternity to Jim.

"Jim!" Cecily cried softly, walking toward him. "What have you been doing, Jim?" Her voice was steady, her color was high, her hair was blown into flying tendrils giving her an attractively hoydenish appearance.

"I'm under arrest," he said, with a half smile for Cecily and MacPherson.

"Tell us more of the matter, lad," MacPherson said quietly. His expression was grave and concerned.

Jim told the story again.

"But that's absurd," Cecily turned to the tall young trooper standing beside the desk. "Mr. Fielding couldn't have done a thing like that, Sergeant McCready. It's utterly impossible. There must be some mistake."

The darling! Jim thought, touched and elated by her defense of him, loving her spirit and her gallantry.

"It is your car, isn't it Miss Vaughn?" Sergeant McCready asked.

"I suppose it is," Cecily replied. "At least my car isn't in the garage. Mr. Fielding is familiar with it."

Sergeant McCready's face was impassive.

"Did you give anyone permission to use the car last night?" he asked.

"No," she answered promptly. "But I know Mr. Fielding didn't take it. One of the men on the place must have decided to go on a spree."

"Is everyone at home?" asked Jim.

"Everyone is there," MacPherson replied.

"We looked into their rooms," Cecily continued. "They were all asleep, Susan, Tommy, Jerry, Miss



The Sergeant Took the Names and Addresses of the Witnesses.

Parker, the maids. I was just getting home from the party when MacPherson came up to the house. And now you're going home with us, Jim."

"We'll have to hold Fielding," the tall young sergeant said.

Cecily turned swiftly. "Hold him? Why?"

MacPherson glanced at Jim. "I'm afraid that ball can't be arranged tonight," he said. "I am not a property owner and Miss Cecily is a minor."

"But you know us, Sergeant McCready," Cecily appealed to the trooper. "I can assure you that Father would want to do everything possible for Mr. Fielding. I'll make myself personally responsible. Isn't that enough?"

"I'm afraid not," Sergeant McCready replied with a half-smile. "In the matter of speeding or skipping a light we do, occasionally, make an exception. But in a case like this we can't," the sergeant continued. "A girl has been hurt—how badly we don't yet know."

"And you admit you didn't give him permission to drive your car," Officer Kelly added.

"But he wasn't driving the car," Cecily said heatedly. "He has told you exactly what happened."

"It was a good story," officer Kelly observed laconically.

"I've never heard of anything so ridiculous!" Cecily was angry.

"You'd better go home with MacPherson," Jim said gently. "It's almost morning. I don't mind staying here. There will be a hearing some time tomorrow."

"Will they let you go then?" she asked Jim.

The sergeant answered the question.

"If ball is furnished and the magistrate will sign his release."

"But he's innocent!" Cecily cried.

"If that is true," Sergeant McCready said soothingly, "you've nothing to worry about. It may take a little time. We can't have a final hearing until we know definitely how badly the girl is hurt. That's all I can tell you, Miss Vaughn."

"Then there's nothing I can do?" She looked at Jim, her spirits drooping a little.

"You can go home and get some sleep."

"Sleep!" Her chin lifted. "I'm going home and call Father. Don't worry, Jim."

"I'm not worrying," he smiled.

"Good-night. Thank you for coming. Good-night, MacPherson."

"Good-night, lad," MacPherson pressed Jim's hand. "We'll be coming back tomorrow."

"We certainly will," Cecily said

with emphasis. "Good-night. Good-night, Jim."

Jim's eyes followed her as she walked through the door. It was almost worth being under arrest to have her defend him so spiritedly. He seated himself in a hard oak chair, resenting his detention less than he had before Cecily and MacPherson came, thinking, with a certain degree of serenity, of the ordeal before him.

Silence filled the room for an interval. Sergeant McCready, at the desk, wrote on a long sheet of paper with a scratching pen. Officer Kelly dozed behind the sports section of a newspaper. Jim lit a cigarette. The hands of the round-faced clock pointed to quarter of five.

CHAPTER XII

"You get to bed now, Jamie," Mrs. MacPherson said, as Jim finished a heartening mid-afternoon lunch in the kitchen at the cottage.

"Not just yet, Bessie," Jim pushed back his chair and stood wearily erect.

"You must be ready to drop. No sleep last night and all those questions this morning. It was downright bad manners the way that judge or whatever he was talked to you."

"Official routine," Jim said, smiling to lighten Mrs. MacPherson's concern. "I'm going to bed pretty soon. Right now I've something to do."

Mrs. MacPherson sighed. Jim went out of the cottage and down the orchard path. He had to find Tommy before he could sleep. Tommy had not been present at the hearing this morning. Cecily had been there, accompanied by Jeremy Clyde. The MacPhersons, too, had been present, Dolly's father and stepmother, her brother, Joey, the one who sang, more closely resembling Dolly than any of her family, the same flax-blue eyes and impudent charm. Seeing Joey in the magistrate's office this morning had given Jim a bad moment or two.

The hearing had been less of an ordeal than he had anticipated. Sergeant McCready presented a report from the hospital. Dolly's condition was much the same. She had regained partial consciousness, toward morning, only to slip back into unconsciousness again. The doctor in charge of the case would not, as yet, make a definite statement. The inference seemed to be, Sergeant McCready stated, that the Dolly-Dorothy Quinn, how strange that sounded—was in a serious condition as a result of a fractured skull.

Following the hearing, Jim was detained in the magistrate's office until Mr. Vaughn's lawyer came out from the city and signed the bail bond, acting on authority from Mr. Vaughn who had made the arrangements by long-distance. Mr. Vaughn was returning at once. Cecily had told Jim that at the close of the hearing, Jeremy Clyde had been sympathetic. He had even seemed to be distressed about his predicament, Jim thought, recalling Jeremy's white and shaken look during the brief public interview he'd had with Cecily and her guest.

Mr. Vaughn would arrive at Meadowbrook some time about noon tomorrow. The matter would be cleared up speedily then. But Jim wanted to talk to Tommy.

Susan was sitting on the steps of the side veranda, a disconsolate little figure, her chin resting on her knees. She sprang up when she caught sight of Jim, ran to meet him, flung herself at him impetuously.

"What's all this?" Jim asked holding her off, looking down into the wide hazel eyes upturned to him.

"Will they put you in jail?" Her lips trembled; her eyes filled with tears.

"Of course not," Jim said cheerfully. "What gave you that idea?"

"Nora said they would and so did Rose." Tears spilled down over her cheeks. She held tightly to Jim's arm.

"Neither Nora nor Rose know everything. Stop crying, silly. Your eyes will be red for the wedding. People will think you have hay-fever."

"I don't want to go to the wedding." She pressed closer to him. "I want to stay here with you."

"Oh, come now," Jim says coaxingly. "They can't have the wedding without you. Think how disappointed the bride and groom will be and all the people."

"I'm afraid, while I'm gone, they'll come and take you away."

"Nonsense!" I'll be here when you get back."

"Truly?" she asked.

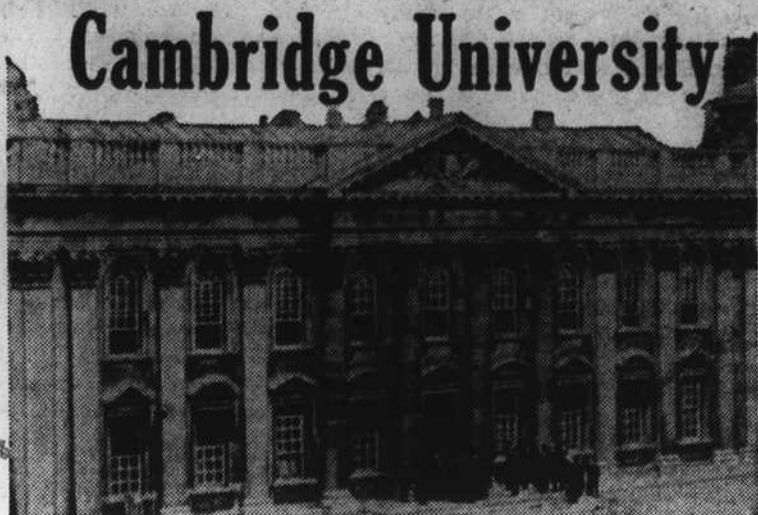
"Certainly. I'm going to the cottage and sleep for a day and a half. Will you bring me some wedding cake?"

She nodded. "Did they put handcuffs on you," she asked, "like in the movies?"

"No. They treated me very politely. Where is Tommy?"

"He's out on the front lawn writing a letter. He told me to go away so I think it's to a girl. I don't care if they do put you in jail," she cried vehemently. "I'll like you just the same. I do like you awfully, Jim."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



The Senate House, Cambridge.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

MANY American college men, old and young, find odd contrasts between university life in the United States and that of ancient Cambridge. These differences are plain in discipline, in daily life, in the relations between faculty and undergraduates (never "students" at Cambridge), and in certain customs peculiar to this venerable seat of learning.

There is little about the dingy railroad station at Cambridge to suggest that somewhere thereabouts stands a great university town.

A policeman of whom you ask your way to "The University" offers no help; he cannot, simply because there are so many colleges here, each in itself a little university. However, after driving into town along a wide thoroughfare which your taxi man tells you had been in ancient times a highway used by Roman soldiers, you finally arrive at St. John's college which you are to enter.

Because John Harvard, principal founder of the famous American center of learning which bears his name, was educated at Cambridge, this university holds a special interest for people in the United States.

John Harvard entered Emmanuel college in 1627. In an old leather book there you see his signature, and a notation that he paid a ten-shilling matriculation fee.

Now a tablet is set up in the chapel at Emmanuel to his memory; and last year Cambridge in England observed with sympathetic interest the movement in Cambridge, Massachusetts, to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the founding of Harvard college.

Each Cambridge college is a separate entity. Each has its own chapel, lecture rooms and assembly hall, but most of the space is devoted to residential quarters.

This independence has been characteristic of Cambridge from its earliest days. It dates from the foundations established by religious orders, such as the Dominicans and the Carmelites, most of which belong to the first part of the Thirteenth century. It continued with the foundation of the colleges, the first of which was Peterhouse, established in 1284. The majority of the others followed in the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth centuries, though Selwyn was founded as recently as 1882.

Finally Admitted Women.

Cambridge long held out against the admission of women students, and, though it was obliged at last to surrender and welcome the two girls' colleges, Newham and Girton, more than sixty years ago, it still, unlike Oxford, does not allow women to take actual degrees.

The "undergraduates" attend lectures, both university and college, with the undergraduates, and take the same "honors" examinations (they are not allowed to take the easier "pass" examinations), but if successful their reward is merely a "title to a degree."

Every college has its own staff of tutors and its own endowments which, together with the fees from its student members, provide for its upkeep. In many cases the colleges have acquired much landed property.

From the beginning it is impressed on the student that the loyalty of the individual is first to his college. It is by no means uncommon for the members of a family to send their sons to one particular college, generation after generation. But in the background there remains the Alma Mater, the university itself. To the initiated it is your college that you mention first; to the stranger, if asked, you announce yourself as a Cambridge man.

The university, like a college, is a corporate body with its own endowments supplemented by contributions from the colleges and the government. It also has its own lecture halls and research laboratories and it alone appoints the professors, who are the elite among the "dons," or faculty members.

While the ultimate governing authority is the senate, which consists of those who have taken the degree of master of arts, the executive authority is vested in the chancellor, elected by the senate, who is now always a prominent national figure.

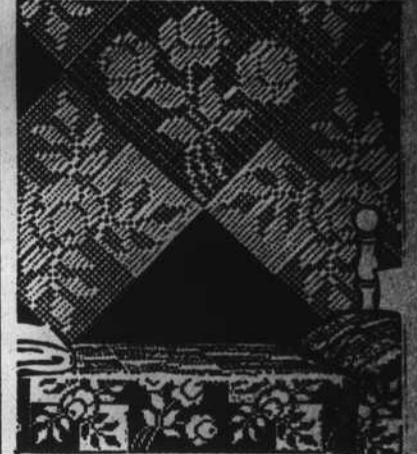
In practice, however, his duties are performed by the resident vice-chancellor, who is invariably the head of one of the colleges.

Gowns Are Important.

This division of the university's life into colleges is seen in the differences in the gowns, which all undergraduates must possess. These

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To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) To The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Please write pattern number, your name and address plainly.

My Favorite Recipe
By Mrs. John N. Garner

Icebox Rolls.

1 cake yeast
1 cup lukewarm milk
3/4 cup shortening
1 rounded tablespoon sugar
1 cup mashed potatoes
2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon salt

Enough flour to make stiff dough.

Dissolve yeast, sugar and salt in warm milk, add shortening and eggs and potatoes. Mix well, then add flour last. Put in icebox and about one hour before baking make into rolls. This dough will keep in icebox for two or three days.

©—WNU Service.

Supporting Royalty

The funds which England supplies its royal family do not come from the pockets of the taxpayers, but from the hereditary revenues of the "Crown Lands," which have been collected and controlled by the government since 1760. Today less than half of this income is required for the king's civil list. The remainder—more than \$3,000,000—is added to the income of the country.—Collier's Weekly.

Give some thought to the Laxative you take

Constipation is not to be trifled with. When you need a laxative, you need a good one.

Black-Draught is purely vegetable, reliable. It does not upset the stomach but acts on the lower bowel, relieving constipation.

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Homes
Men make houses, women make homes.

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Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer aching backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up at night, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, irritable.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won international acclaim than on something less trustworthy of untried, new concoctions.

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DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS