

MONEY OR HER LIFE.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6.)

Sally confessed. "Because one of those terrible society papers printed something pretty awful. Grandmother saw it and hit the roof. She rushed me off to Europe to forget him. But I didn't write him the day I got back—and asked him to marry me..."

"Not really!" gasped Eileen. "Why not? I knew he'd never ask me! He's too proud and sensitive, considered himself a washout and all that. So I asked him—and see what the stuffed prune answered!"

"From her hand-bag she drew out a letter. Dear Miss Sally: (Eileen read) I am honored by your trust and confidence. I know you feel yourself sincere. But you are very young and if I may say so, romantic, too. I suspect that my very evident plight warmed chivalrous sympathy in you and that your letter may be accepted as evidence of that. For I thank you and believe me, always Faithfully and gratefully your friend Fitzgerald Decourcy Lynnes-cote Smythe

"That made me so darned mad—after I'd simply hurled myself at him," commented Sally. "I made up my mind to forget him. I tried to, too. But when I came face to face with him in Chicago—that was two weeks ago today—the dam busted. I just took him in hand firmly, and it was about time. Just think, he might have been hi-jacked or machine-gunned any minute."

"Machine-gunned?" echoed Eileen. "The priceless idiot was in with a gang of rum runners," explained Sally. "You see he did love me terribly and was desperate and wanted to make money quick. And in Chicago he'd known in England who was making big money and Gerry didn't care much what happened—but I did. I married him that afternoon—and here I am. I thought I ought to give grandmother a chance to be a sport if she wanted to be. But she plainly doesn't—which is that? See?"

"I see," acknowledged Eileen. And added, "Is—is your husband here?" "No, he counting the minutes—or he'd better be—until I get back to Chicago. He's got to work for a living, you see. We discussed all that. He already had a car and I told him to keep right on driving. Not for rum runners but something like a taxi. Only without a meter and more for—"

"Why—why, that's what my Jimmy does!" This was the first time she had ever called Jimmy her Jimmy but she did not notice that. "Truly? Isn't it the most exciting thing—working that way?" paeaned Sally. "Gerry tells me about all his passengers and everything. And we've got the duckiest three-room apartment. Of course, it's tiny—but I love it to pieces. It's really living!"

"Living?" echoed Eileen, wide-eyed. "You mean—more than this?" She glanced around the exquisitely furnished room as she spoke. "This!" scorned Sally. "Say, you don't call this living, do you? Why, I feel as if I'd escaped from Sing Sing. I—" "I don't mean just this room—or the house," protested Eileen. "I mean the gorgeous times you must have had. The people you know—and the music and travel that way!"

"Bunk!" exploded Sally. "Gorgeous times—Egypt's Queen! I suppose you mean teas and dinners and dances. Same old crowds, same old faces, same old jokes. Travel? The really interesting places are always where they haven't a good hotel or where no Thaxter would be seen. And the people you'd like to meet because they look interesting are never in the Blue Book, somehow. All right in their way, but not our sort, you know. I've been to Europe three times and I don't care if I never go again. I'd rather go to a place in northern Michigan Gerry told me about."

"She took a deep breath, her eyes stary. It's going to be our honeymoon," she explained. "We'll take the car and camp out nights. And fish and wear old clothes. Do anything we feel like with no set schedule—" "I'll bet most girls would prefer Europe, just the same," Eileen broke in, at that point. "I would. All my life I've hoped—" "Well, now's your chance," Sally reminded her. "Oh, yes, it is. As far as grandmother is concerned you're Sally Thaxter right now. Of course that's crazy but go to it—I won't gum up the game. I've got Gerry. But—you'll have to give up that Jimmy you were talking about."

her. For Chicago! Then: I guess, she announced recklessly, "we're twins both sides the skin. It begins to sound to me as if—" "You mean—you're going back to your Jimmy!" cut in Sally joyously. "I'm going back to Chicago anyway," corrected Eileen. "If, that is, your grandmother will come across with the return fare and let me wear the clothes I've got on."

"She will do more than that—that's the Thaxter of it," prophesied Sally. "It will be an awful blow to her, but she'd be boiled in oil before she'd lift a finger to stop you. She may even take your breath away. I know her like a book."

And Sally did. Eileen was still breathless as the train, bearing them westward, tore on through the night. "I don't feel as if I ought to have let her give me the coat and all the other things she bought me, besides the check," she told Sally. "They're no use to her," Sally reminded her. "I should worry if I were you. You can have them for trousseau and you do look perfectly ducky in that coat. If your Jimmy doesn't love you in it—" "He'll be more apt to demand where I got it," amended Eileen and though she smiled, it was a shade uncertainly. The thought of Jimmy filled her with a curious shyness. "I was last seen departing in company with a gentleman of whom he disappeared," she added. "He—he may be quite masculine—" "Lovely!" breathed Sally. "How you can make him grovel in the dust when you explain!"

"He—he may not even bother to come around for explanation," suggested Eileen, almost wistfully. "He—he was awful mad at me the last time I saw him—and is probably madder than ever by now." To which Jimmy would certainly have appended a curt "Correct."

"That's the last time she gets a chance to walk all over me," he had assured himself with great vehemence after their last quarrel. He had held to that determination through forty-eight hours. Then, in spite of his pride, which informed him that he was a backbonesless worm he had felt himself inexorably drawn into a public pay station from which he had called Eileen's home number and had asked for her.

"Miss Ridgeway? Oh, she has gone away somewhere," he was informed. "No, she didn't leave any address. Just sent a man around—a porter from some hotel it was—with some of her clothes. She said she'd be gone a month perhaps. To Jimmy it had seemed as if the booth was pressing in around him trying to suffocate him. He had stood there simply stunned. Then craving air, he had automatically achieved it. Eventually his brain had cleared.

"If that human wart had anything to do with her disappearance," he informed himself, with deadly grimness, "he'll need something more than a couple of his machine guns to save his neck when I get my hands on him." Second, sobered thought had amended the conclusion that primitive impulse was based on, however. "He couldn't have put anything over on her," he had reminded himself miserably. "She must have married him—eloped."

And even if she hadn't—well, he was through with her anyway. Absolutely. He wouldn't forgive her now if she got down on her knees to him. This was all in his mind, working like yeast, when a mysterious wire was delivered to him. This read: Please meet train from Boston arriving La Salle Street Station at seven-thirty tonight. Have heard you highly recommended as careful and conscientious driver and may be able to throw considerable employment your way.

It had been signed simply Sarah Ames Thaxter. It was, therefore, for Sarah Ames Thaxter, age uncertain and appearance as nebulous, that Jimmy's eyes—grim eyes they were—searched as the train pulled in. "It will be a perfect scream," Sally was assuring Eileen. "Remember, you're to point out Jimmy and I'll point out Gerry. Then I'll go to Jimmy and you go to Gerry—only don't you dare let him kiss you." So Sally had planned it. Nor was that all Sally had planned.

"You don't know how much I envy you," she said to Eileen wistfully, as they neared Chicago. "You've had such an interesting life. Always your own boss, able to do what you want to, earning your own way. I—will you let me be bridesmaid at your wedding?" "I'd love it—nothing more—if there is a wedding," murmured Eileen, deeply touched. "You forget that Jimmy may have changed his mind. I deserve that."

Sally looked her over. "Don't be a sill!" she commanded. "Because he'll change it back quick enough the minute he sees you. You are a peach—even if I say so as shouldn't. I wish you'd adopt me as a twin. It would be so wonderful, going around with you that way. And I know your Jimmy and my Gerry are going to be great friends."

"You don't mean to say there's more excitement living in a three-room flat and—being poor?" "Take it from me there is," retorted Sally. "Oh, of course I could use some money. But you can't have everything. I've got Gerry and—what are you putting your hat on for?" Eileen did not answer for a second. A wave of pure nostalgia possessed

The train checked itself and so did Sally. "Remember," she said quickly, "you point out Jimmy and I'll point out Gerry and—we'll fool them both." And so they might have, except that Sally, instead of pointing out Gerry, went to him as straight as a homing pigeon to its loft the moment she caught sight of him.

"Oh, Gerry," she all but sobbed, her arms around his neck. "Do you still love me?" "Love you?" he exploded. "Even if I'm disinherited—dis-owned?" "You're not disowned—I own you," he reminded her stanchly. Eileen was quite forgotten. But then Eileen had temporarily forgotten Sally, too, the moment she had seen Jimmy.

She sped toward him. "Oh, Jimmy!" she breathed, as she caught sight of his face. "Did you miss me that much?" "They had already slipped into each other's arms," "Miss you!" he breathed. He paused and choked. Then: "Where's that guy who skipped off with?" he demanded fiercely.

"What on earth are you talking about?" she demanded. And then, realizing what was in his mind, she added, "Why, Jimmy Sturgis! do you mean to say you thought that—" "Of course not," he lied quickly. "I—I just didn't know what had become of you and—the last thing I knew you were going off with him and—" "He got fresh and I gave him the gate," announced Eileen, very virtuously. "And—oh, I've a million things to tell you. You won't believe half of them but—you've got your car, haven't you?"

Jimmy, with never a thought of Sarah Ames Thaxter, assured her he had. Seated beside him, Eileen was silent for a second as her contented eyes drank in Chicago. It splashed by, iridescent, colorful, teeming with the life and movement she loved. And—Jimmy! She drew a deep breath and then impulsively thrust her left hand under her arm.

"I guess it's true," she murmured. "Home is where the heart is." "Do—do you mean that?" he asked chokily. "I guess it's true," she murmured. I've been and what I've passed up you'll say I do," she replied, and she told him. "You—you mean to say you passed up a chance for a million?" he gasped incredulously.

"Well, her own granddaughter did," Eileen reminded him. "All for a little three-room apartment." She glanced at him, misty-eyed. "Do—you know of any nice little three-room apartments?" she asked. "Do I?" he retorted. "There's one I've ached to show you. It's—" "Let's go see it," she suggested impulsively. Their eyes met and their lips, as he stole a swift, audacious kiss. "Gracious!" gasped Eileen. Didn't you see that traffic cop signal stop?" "Did he?" replied Jimmy. Unperturbed, he drew a prodigious breath and added, "I'd like to see anybody try to stop me now!"

Eileen did not answer him—but her eyes did. They were filled with the exquisite realization of the vision of life that Sally had given her. She had had her chance at a million and been shrewd enough to glimpse the truth—which is that some things are even bigger than a million. For excitement is ever the cream of life and Eileen, challenging the real adventure, was lapping it up once more.—Hearst's International Cosmopolitan

Multi-Motored Planes Safer. The successful flight of the Friendship across the Atlantic is taken by Richard E. Byrd as another argument for using planes with three or more motors on long overwater trips. The Southern Cross, which in the Hawaii Fiji egg of its trans-Pacific flight made the longest ocean hop yet recorded, was also a tri-motored plane. Commander Byrd, himself, used this type of motive power for his flight to the North Pole and to France.

12,000 Studying To Become Air Pilots. Approximately 12,000 men entered air schools to learn to become pilots this year, reports the American Air Transport's Association. One association's check indicated that approximately 20,000 will enroll at schools in 1929. To obtain license to become air transport pilots students must have 200 "air hours."

462 Autoists Lose License. Revocation or suspension of 462 automobiles operator's licenses during December is announced by the Pennsylvania department of highways. Revocations remain in force for an entire year, while suspensions are of indefinite duration, rescinded when officials believe such action warranted.

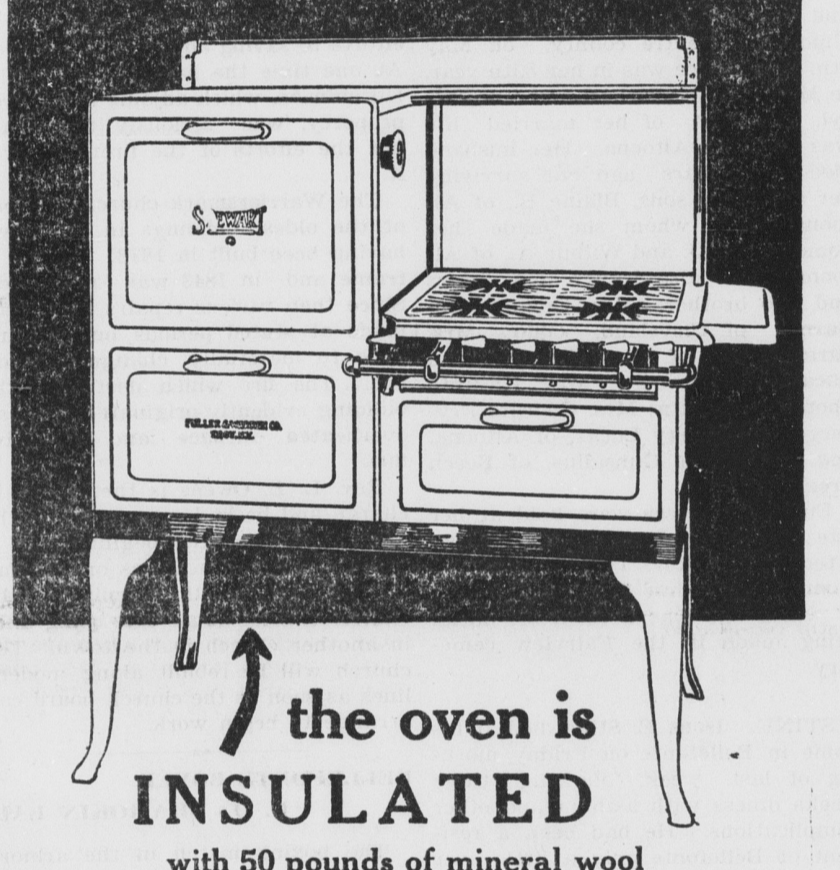
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Must Obey Rules On Burial Permits. The State Health Department, through its bureau of inspection has instituted a State-wide drive against undertakers and sextons for violating the law requiring permits from the local registrar prior to burial. Colonel James Duffy, chief of the bureau of inspection, said that, while in the vast majority of cases the undertakers and sextons in this Commonwealth are living up to the letter of the law, nevertheless the single instances of violations are sufficiently high as to justify state-wide action. Recent convictions, some of which involved the illegal burial of contagious disease victims, have been obtaining in Wayne, Lawrence and Wyoming counties. A number of additional cases are pending.

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