

WHIRLWIND

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SYBIL THORNE is a good and notorious belle—herself—the most miserable of girls. JOHN LAWRENCE, her youthful lover, has fallen in love with TADIE WEST, a frivolous creature. And now she's jealous of him, and he's been breaking her heart.

John has a devoted friend, CRAIG REWELL, a manly, slight, fresh-faced Boston boy. Craig persuades her one starry afternoon to leave her father and drive with him to New York.

Two months Sybil and Craig have had a sort of affair. "Just because I want to get with a man it's no big deal," says Sybil. "And though she has permitted Craig's caresses and understood his infatuation she has been surprised when he asks her to marry him.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER V

OH, CRAIG, Craig, Angel Simpleton!" Sybil grasped his coat lapels in both hands and pulling him to her, kissed him and pushed him away again. "Blessed and adorable fool!"

"I'd be awfully good to you," he promised, and taking her hand, raised it to his lips to make a bracelet of kisses for her wrist.

Craig did that. Sometimes it was necklaces and sometimes it was bracelets. Whenever it was a necklace, there was a very particular kiss to nestle in the little hollow of her throat.

Ceremonial kisses, like strands of sacred stones. Cool and chaste as pearls.

Sybil took her hand away. "Kiss me on the lips," she said.

And when he had, she sighed happily, and leaned against his shoulder.

"Darling," she told him. "I shouldn't have let you—now I don't know quite what I was going to say. Don't touch me again until I've finished."

"Your technique isn't conducive to reasoning. And getting married, Craig, is sort of serious. Now listen—in the first place, I'd make a wretched wife. No domestic accomplishments—no social graces—

"Now you listen," Craig put his hand over her mouth to make her. "I don't want a cook, or a professional hostess, or anything like that. If I did I'd go to an employment agency.

"I want a girl to love and pet and make a fuss over. Budgets and bashes and things aren't my idea of marriage. I'm not paying a little woman to run a vacuum and shake a wicked mop."

"I want a mistress all wonder and a wild desire." A girl with crimson lips to kiss, and skin that's soft and sweet to touch. That's why I'm asking you, sweetheart."

SYBIL thrilled appreciatively. "But there's my past," she protested. "They say I'm a bit wild, Craigie. Fleekle and hard as nails, and a notorious petter."

"Well, I'm no white-haired boy myself," he admitted, and smiled her absurdities.

"But, Craigie, you're a catch!" try proposing to any other girl in town. "My dear, you'd be surprised! They'd simply jump at you. And here you are—throwing yourself away on me!" Craig—it's preposterous! And, fumbling for a handkerchief, she wiped her eyes.

"Darn wind," she said, "makes my eyes water."

"Oh, well, it's nothing to cry about," Craig patted her hand lamely. "Gee, you're a funny kid, Sybil. Think it over, dearest. I don't want to rush you into anything. But when Tad gets married, you're going to be very lonely. And you'll need some one to cling to."

"You don't mean that, Craig," she corrected, "not about Tad. I mean. It's daddy you're thinking about. You're afraid, when he dies, I'll go crazy again. Like when John died. And you're just wonderful enough to want to save all you can. Grief and loneliness and everything."

"I suppose you're afraid I'll take to cocktails and affairs and get myself talked about some more. You think I'll try to forget, running 'round with every Tom, Dick and Harry. You think"

"I think," he told her, "that you're a luxurious little barbarian—that's what I think. I think you need someone to look after you. And I'm begging for the job. Oh, Sybil, you adorable child, with your handiwork ways! Come, and let me baby you, and keep you, from all that's hard and cold and hurtful."

SHE leaned against him gratefully.

"I feel like the girls in the comic sheets, Craig. 'This is so sudden!'

"You darling!" he cried, and moved to take her in his arms. "Just a minute! Just a minute!" With both hands she waved him away. "Sit still like a good little boy. The lady of your heart must ponder."

"But you're so deliberate!" he protested.

"You told me to think it over," she reminded him.

And over his shoulder, as he drew away, she saw another figure. Pathetically boyish. With the sun on his hair and the light of love in his eyes.

A phantom in khaki. And she saw his mouth grow hurt as she gazed. And his outstretched arms drop to his sides. . . . Could she break faith with the dead?

She thought of her father as she had left him an hour ago. And he seemed to her more pitiful even than John, who had died in his youth with his heart full of love and dreams.

It must be dreadfully hard to grow old, and die. Particularly when you knew that death was only around the corner, lurking—waiting—ready to spring, and to choke.

John had been spared all that. He never knew. Oh, the blessedness of never knowing!

Six months ago her father was so strong and happy. Robustly alive, florid and laughing; and his little light mustache bristled and looked full of life.

Six months had made a frightening change. His eyes—they used to be bright and China blue. They were dull now and swimming in tears so they made her think, with a lump in her throat, of blue bells under water.

His face was drawn and wan. Pain had left its mark and the horror of death. His mustache had grown white and looked limp and dejected. Sometimes he gnawed savagely on its ends.

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



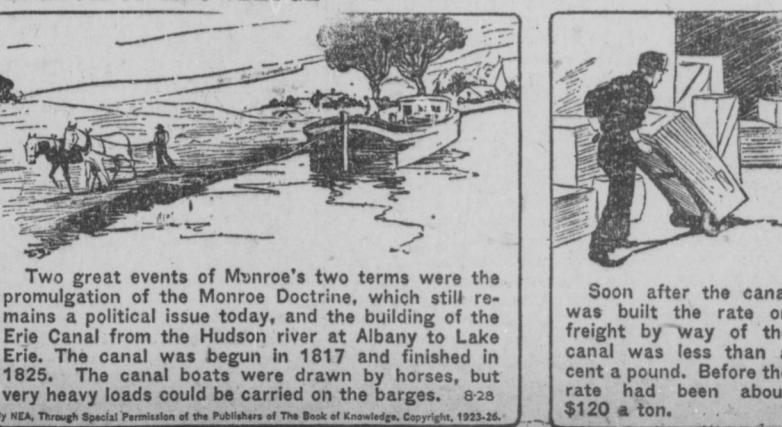
SALESMAN SAM



MOM'N POP

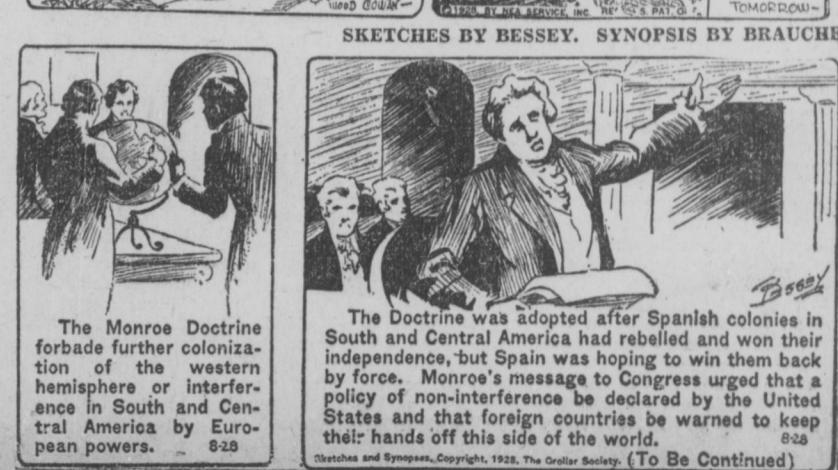


THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



THE NEW Saint and Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1928 by NEA SERVICE, INC.

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(To Be Continued)

Chain Features

Daylight Saving Time
Meters Given in Parentheses

WEDNESDAY
WKBW (223) INDIANAPOLIS
WKBW (223) INDIANAPOLIS Power and Light Company

4:00—Afternoon musicale.

4:30—Items of interest from Indianapolis Times Want Ads.

5:15—"What's Happening," Indianapolis Times.

5:30—A chapter a day from the New "Care of the Hair and Scalp."

6:00—Baseball scores with WKBW dinner ensemble.

6:30—"Research, Indiana University."

7:00—Studio orchestra concert.

7:30—"Theater," Arthur Berlau.

8:30—"Screws," Arthur Berlau.

10:30—WKBW shopping service.

11:30—Live stock and grain market.

12:00—Weather and shippers' forecast.

1:00—Late news, bulletins and sports.

2:00—Bromley House and Benita Annis.

3:00—Apollo Club.

11:30—Circle Theater.

(To Be Continued)

POURS LIQUOR IN SON'S BATH TO CHEAT LAW

Mother's Ruse Fails; Soap and Alcohol Don't Mix.

By United Press

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Aug. 28