WHIRLWIND

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

SYBIL THORNE, beautiful and reckless, became engaged to CRAIG NEWHALL, who is quite all that a young man should be, in order to please her father, who she worships. But Mr. Thorne died before she could tell him. Shortly afterward her brother, TAD, married VALERIE WEST, selfish and frivolous but inordinately pretty.

Sybil goes to Wianno to open the family's summer place for the homecoming of the newlyweds. And at night she wanders alone to the beach where JOHN LAWRENCE, the man she still loves, first kissed her. It was shortly after that glorious night that John went away to war and never returned.

Craig finds her there, trysting with the dead. They talk of love and life, and Craig urges her to marry him. She tells him she can not make any decision because her life is so full of perplexities, and she asks if he would mind if she went away with MABEL BLAKE, to think things over. They have planned to go to Cuba together, but Sybil assures Craig that she will not go unless he is willing.

"The devil you won't!" he retorts. "You'll do whatever you want—and you darn well know it."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER X

"DON'T buy a stitch," counselled Mabel. "The shops in Havana are next to Paris. You can buy importations for a song."

Their facetious friends besieged them with importunities to "bring home some liquor."

Valerie wanted a Spanish shawl. "White or cream-colored, splotched all over with roses and awfully vampy looking." And "a pair of Spanish pumps with red heels."

Mrs. West had heard that Cuba was a wonderful place to buy linents. She hinted largely for a luncheon cover and suggested that Valerie's collection be supplemented by a few pieces that Sybil could surely pick up reasonably.

Tad shoved a handful of bills in his sister's bag.

"For Val's shawl and things," he explained.

"See here, Tad," exploded Sybil, "you can't afford to trick that wife of yours out like a circus rider! Lord, the girl got clothes enough in Paris to last her a year."

'Gosh, Sib, you don't think I'm going to be a piker with Val, do you? What's a couple of hundred dollars, for Pete's sake!"

"It's a couple of hundred that you can't afford to spend, Tad Thorne—and you know it."

"What's the difference?"

"Val's dreadfully spoiled, Tad, and you pampering her like a baby. What does she think you are?"

"Lay off Valeria, will you, Sybil" Tad spoke sharply.

"Oh, all right. It's your funeral."

# # #

QUICK tears sprang to Sybil's eyes. It was so tragically easy to cry those days. When people were sharp with her, or very tender, she felt the same absurd impulse to weep.

Now she stooped to the roses on the library table, ashamed to let Tad see her foolish tears. She was idiotically jealous of Valerie. Hurt, like a child, because Tad championed his bride against her.

"Gee, Tad, I'm touchy. I didn't mean to pop off like that."

His arm across her shoulders made things right.

"You're shot to pieces, Sis. All tired out. This trip's going to be just the thing for you. Wish to the Lord I was going along."

"You could if you weren't married . . ."

She could have bitten her tongue off when the words were out. The door had opened and Valerie was with them.

"So that's the way you feel about it, is it! I always knew you didn't like me, Sybil Thorne. I knew from the beginning that you were a hateful old thing. Nice to my face—Oh, of all the mean, horrid things! Trying to come between Tad and me. Oh! Oh!"

Valerie's voice broke on high, and she ran, crying wildly, from the room.

"And you, too, Tad Thorne! You're just as bad as she is. Oh—oh—I want my mother!"

Tad was after her in a bound.

"Baby . . . Baby . . ."

Sybil could hear him as he caught her on the stairs. "Well, well, you poor little thing . . ."

Valerie's sobs were smothered in his arms. . . . "Poor little baby."

He carried her to his room, the room they share together now.

"Damnation" said Sybil.

# # #

IT was quite exciting, getting away. Valerie pleaded a headache and stayed at home.

"God is good," murmured Sybil, piously, when she saw Mrs. Thorne bustling upstairs with the aspirin and an ice bag.

But Tad was at the boat with a corsage for each of the girls and a great box of candy.

"From Val," he said. "She was awfully sorry she couldn't get down."

"Liar," said Sybil, and kissed him affectionately.

Craig had filled their stateroom with roses, and came bearing exotic fruits.

The girls at the society where Mabel worked had given her a camera and a portmanteau.

"Saints above!" cried Sybil when she saw them. "Now everybody'll know we're a couple of old maids!"

There was a great deal of kissing, and a little weeping. Mrs. Thorne, fussing with last-minute regrets, was afraid it wasn't just right "letting Sybil go off like this." Mabel Blake's aunt warned them to beware of strangers and the Cuban lotteries.

"Good-by. Good-by. . . Be good. . . . Don't forget my perfume. Black narcissus, you know. . . . Be sure you look for linens. . . . Good-by. Good-by."

At last they were off—all but Craig.

"Hurry, dear—they're pulling up the gang plank."

"One more kiss, Sybil. . . . Oh, my dear, I love you."

"Craigie, darling—hurry!"

Mab was on deck, calling to the others from the rail. Excitedly, they were clamoring for Craig.

"Where is that boy! Sakes alive, he'll get taken away, sure as you're a foot high. Craig! Craig!"

"A real one, dearest. . . . Ah!"

"There, old sweetheart! And a flock of them when I get home again. Now run, you crazy nut. Craigie, you look as if you'd lost your last friend!"

"Do you believe in hunches, Sib"

"No, darling, I don't. But I've got a powerful good one that you'll bo on your way to Havana if you don't clear out of here."

"I've a dreadful feeling that this is really good-by. Sybil, look at me. You know I'm crazy about you. And that goes, whatever happens. Don't forget, Sib."

# # #

"MY dear," Mab told her later, "Craig made that dock by half an inch. I never saw anything like it in all my life. The prettiest jump you ever laid eyes on. That boy sure is an athlete. Some girls have all the luck."

She looked at Sybil appraisingly.

"I don't believe you're a bit in love with him, either. And I know girls who'd give their right eye for him. It's a funny old world."

'You said it," conceded Sybil, laconicallly.

They had their deck chairs moved under the awnings and appraised their fellow passengers interestedly.

"Anybody look good to you?" Mab wanted to know.

Sybil clicked them off on her fingers.

"Mrs. Jones and daughter, Alice, traveling, I take it, for Alice's health. Miss Jane Wiggins, from Wellesley, en route for the tropics to gather material for something or other. Horribly academic. Mrs. Horace Parkins on her way to Panama to visit her married daughter, Helen.

"She's knitting a baby's jacket over there, next to the minister. That's Mr. Winsor, with the Roman collar. There's a priest aboard, too—I don't know his name.

"There are three sisters named Corrales, from Havana. They've been in the States at school and are going home for vacation. . . . Beautiful girls. The missing ones are probably having a drink. I take it we're three miles out. One of them sort of fat. He had a cap on when I saw him, but I could tell to look at him he's getting bald. He wears a diamond stickpin and he has high blood pressure. The other one is tall and thin."

# # #

MABEL sighed. "It looks," she opined, "like an uneventful trip."

"That's all right by me," Sybil stretched comfortably. "I'm not hungering for excitement."

"Well, I am. How old are you, Sybil?"

"Almost 23."

"Oh, you're young yet. I thought you were older."

"I am, inside. I look older, I know."

"Well, I'm 34."

"Honestly, Mab? You don't look it."

"You know darn well I am. Marion Forbes told you last week at Claire's bridge. And I happened to hear you say I looked older than that.

"My job's wracking, Sybil. And, upon my word, social workers are the darndest pack of sour old hens I ever laid my eyes on. We talk a lot about independence and pretend we pity the married ones. But believe me, there isn't one of us wouldn't be there ourselves if we got the chance.

"Living in furnished rooms, hanging onto car straps, eating in cafeterias, doing our laundry in the bathroom. And we say we wouldn't swap our independence for a nice, loving meal ticket! Give me a good provider and a few kids—and the rest of them can have their independence.

"I'm a man-hunting female. And the only difference between me and the rest of them is I'm honest—and they're not. Any time you see a good-looking man glancing my way, clear the decks for action. For Mabel'll get him if he don't watch out."

Sybil yawned luxuriantly. "You make me tired, Mab. I'm going to sleep."

But Mab would not be silenced "Look, Sib," she whispered "over there by the rail! Is that man looking at me or am I having hallucinations?"

(To Be Continued)

Mabel meets her man in the next chapter. Then along comes Sybil.

THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1928 by NEA SERVICE, INC.

It was her second day on the job in Mr. Lincoln Pruitt's advertising agency that Crystal was called to the phone as she was taking dictation from him.

It was Tony.

"Hello, beautiful, I'm downtown just rarin' for somebody to eat lunch with. I know the duckiest place—Russian. Meet me at the library at 1, won't you, and I'll whisk you over? Loads to tell you! I must talk to you! Didn't get a chance to tell the real news with all the tadpoles about the other night!"

"But I must go to lunch at 12," said Crystal, conscious of Mr. Pruitt's listening ears and his impatience at the call taking her from the dictation, anyway.

"Make 'em change it," ordered Tony who had never been 'a poor working girl' in all her life.

Mr. Pruitt grunted when he heard that "Tony."

"Pleasure before business, young lady—go to lunch with your young man whenever you must. Office always here, you know. But if you could, please just train him not to phone you at 10 in the morning."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Pruitt," said Crystal in a voice that was sincerely sorry, for the things Bob had said to her that night in the living room had her on her mettle to make a go of her job, "but it isn't a man. It's just a girl—Tony Tarver, you know—we roomed together at boarding school and she wants to see me this noon, but I'm explaining to her that Miss Morse goes out late, so that I go early."

"Well, stop explaining and run along when you want to, child. Miss Morse can shift her hour for once."

Miss Morse belonged to a vintage which wore its hats atop the head and not jammed down over one eye. But she jammed it on so viciously as she prepared for her 12 o'clock lunch per orders of Mr. Pruitt that she looked almost flapperish. Her grey eyes blazed like those of an affronted old tabby cat shooed out of the best chair.

Crystal happened to be in the next room, but Miss Morse, directed no conversation her way. Her words were for the edification of Miss Harris, her friend from the office across the corridor, and infinitely more for Crystla's ears.

"We've got to expect it—us women who don't do any more than give a firm the best there's in us to give—there on the dot, working overtime, taking no lunch hours, never away rain or shine, sick or well—we've got to learn that those things don't count these days. It isn't efficient help employers want, it's young things around showing their legs and filling the office with cigaret smoke.

"I think I'll turn in my resignation right away. Fifteen years I've been slaving here, and this is the first time anybody's ever told me to go to lunch at 12 o'clock just so's a newcomer can go when she wants."

"Now I have an enemy," thought Crystal.

(To Be Continued)

PROFESSOR EXPLAINS CONSTITUTION SPEECH

E. M. Linton of I. U. Aserts He Was Only Quoting Book.

By Times Special

FT. WAYNE, Ind., Sept. 3.—Criticism of the United States Constitution credited to Prof. E. M. Linton, Indiana University history department, during an address at the De Kalb County teachers' institute, was not an expression of his own opinion, but quotation from Beck's "Constitution of the United States."

Professor Linton explained matters in addressing Allen County teachers at their institution here.

Judge William P. Endicott of the De Kalb Circuit Court denounced Linton in a public statement as a result of the speech, and his action was followed by adoption of a condemning resolution by the De Kalb County Bar Association.

USES BALLOON IN WORK

Stack Repair Man Does Up in Air Job at Kokomo.

By Times Special

KOKOMO, Ind., Sept. 3.—Thomas Bean used a balloon to do repair work on lightning rods on the tall stack of the Northern Indiana Power Company plant here.

Controlling the balloon with a cable, Bean anchored it at the top of the stack and with his son and grandson as helpers, quickly made the repairs, after lowering himself from the gas bag with a block and tackle.

Embalming Fluid Routs Insects

By Times Special

WINSLOW, Ind., Sept. 3.—Yellow jackets, credited with being among the most stinging of all stinging insects, can be routed with embalming fluid. This was proved by Oliver Brenton, undertaker, who was stung by five yellow jacket while trimming a hedge at his home. He sprayed the insects' nest with the fluid and they left in a hurry.

Insurance Agents to Meet

By Times Special

WEST BADEN, Ind., Sept. 3. — Lieut. Gov. F. Harold Van Orman of Indiana will deliver the address of welcome when the National Association of Insurance Agents convenes here Sept. 18 for a three-day session. Attendance of 1,000 is expected.

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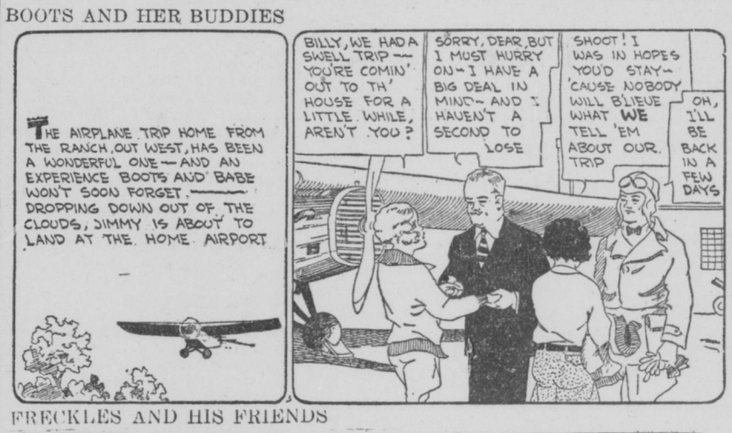

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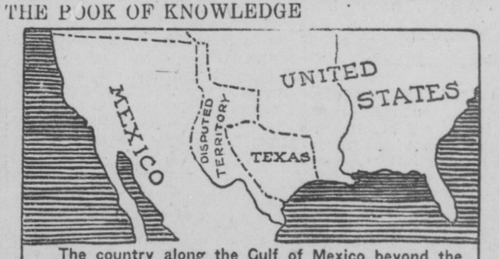
THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



The country along the Gulf of Mexico beyond the United States' possessions was called Texas by the Spanish and Mexicans. Americans began to move in about 1819. Soon large numbers had arrived. Both Adams and Jackson tried to buy the territory but Mexico refused to sell. The Texans began to talk about independence and in 1835 fighting began. 9-3

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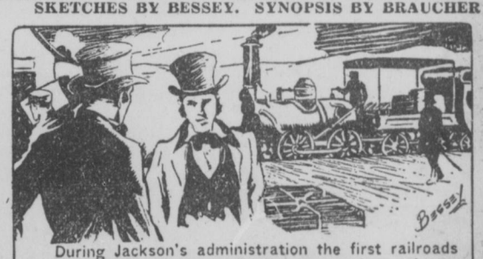
The Texans showed themselves superior fighting men. They organized the Republic of Texas and asked to be admitted to the Union.

Many northerners opposed Texas' admission because it would give so much more slave territory. The dispute was not settled at once. 9-3



During Jackson's administration the first railroads were built in the United States, anthracite coal was used in an engine, a reaping machine was invented and other important machines designed. Opponents of Jackson, calling themselves Whigs, banded into a political party. From the Whigs the present Republican party drew much of its early strength.

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