

WHIRLWIND

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ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED
SYBIL THORNE, recuperating from her father's death, and various affairs of the heart, sails for Cuba with MABEL WARE, a social worker, admitted to a man hunt. Mabel, though less engaged than CRAIG NEWELL, the wildest young bachelor in Boston, is when she was very young Sybil fell desperately in love with JOHN LAWRENCE, who went to France with the A. E. F. and never returned. After his death she sought forgetfulness in such reckless fashion that society gasped at her indifference.

When Craig begs her to marry him she implies time to think things over; and leaves Boston, thoroughly distracted, about the time her brother Tad returns with his freckled little bride from their wedding trip.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI
It was the evening of the second day, and Mabel began to feel ill.

"I'm going in to lie down," she told Sybil. "It would be so ghastly to die on deck."

The Joneses—mother and daughter—had already retired. Miss Wiggins, a trifle green, took deep breaths of ocean air and made desperate conversation with Mr. Winsor. Father Finn was reading his office as though nothing troubled him.

"It's blowing up," announced Mabel nervously, "and I'll bet it is going to storm. If I get any sicker I'm going to jump overboard."

Mrs. Parkins sat up straighter, put her hand resolutely to her mouth, folded her baby dresses deliberately.

And, suddenly appreciating the advantages of haste, dropped her work basket and lumbered frantically within. The pretty Corrales giggled.

"Me and grandma," muttered Mabel, and sought her feet unsteadily. "Tell the Senoritas, Sib, I'll kill 'em when able."

They laughed heartily as she stumbled past. Beyond words, Mabel shook her fist at them and made hurried flight.

"If you would lie down," suggested Sybil, "you'd feel better."

"I'll be right back," Mabel turned her face to the wall.

"Go away," she implored. "Go away and let me die."

There was a knock at the door. "Kill him," ordered Mabel weakly. "Whoever it is, kill him."

Mr. Arnold and Mr. Eustis sent their compliments; the steward said, "and would Miss Blake and Miss Thorne join them this evening in the captain's cabin for a game of bridge?"

"Tell them we're awfully sorry," began Sybil, "but Miss Blake doesn't feel very well—"

"Tell them nothing of the kind!" contradicted Mabel. "We'll be delighted."

The little steward smiled. "Very well, Miss."

"But, Mabel," protested Sybil, "you were dying a minute ago."

"I know it. Where's that paste rouge of yours? Do you use the same stuff on your lips? Thank you gods for a permanent, Sybil. Where in the devil is my curling iron? You'll have to let me wear a pair of your light stockings."

"I bought a whole dozen, and forgot to put them in my bag. Let's dress this evening. My neck and shoulders are the only good looking things I have."

Mabel was excitedly voluble. "Wait till you see Mr. Eustis!" she commanded shrilly. "Last night, after you were asleep, I went out on deck. And there he was in my deck chair. We got to talking and then he said he'd like to walk. We did a marathon around those decks and, my dear, I bet I lost 10 pounds. Then—the moon was perfectly wonderful—and he's the best looking thing, Sib!"

"Mabel Blake! How did you know he was out there?"

Sybil dodged the pillow Mabel threw and produced a pair of stockings. "They're beautifully sheer," she pronounced, running her hand through them expertly. "But you'll have to depilate your legs. Tell me, Mabel, how did you work it?"

"Oh, I pumped the steward, if you must know," confessed Mabel. "He said that Mr. Eustis spent the night before on deck, and slept most all day. The steward thought he was kind of queer, I guess. But the poor man's got insomnia. And, besides, he's writing a book."

Sybil chuckled. "I'll hand it to you, Mabel. You're a great little fixer. I suppose the lamb never suspected you were stalking him all through the stilly night? Did he tell you the story of his life?"

"Well, I know he's a Harvard man, and his people had barrels of money, but they lost it during the war."

Lord, Sib, I wish I had your nice things."

"I'll bet you spend more money on clothes than I do."

"Probably I do. But you're a perfect genius at choosing things, and I'm an awful dud. I take anything the saleswomen want to unload. Every time I go shopping I get an inferiority complex. Honestly, Sib, they simply bully me into buying the most atrocious things."

"You know that big pink hat of mine? They very thing for a pretty little flapper with cheeks like apple blossoms. Well, the girl got it on my head and I took one look in the mirror. 'Take it away,' I said. 'That wasn't ever meant for me.' 'Why, the idea!' she says. 'It suits you perfectly.' That pink tulle against my red head! I said. 'It's precious!' she murmured."

"That darn hat cost \$25 and I haven't worn it five times. Remember the funny bonnets horses used to wear? 'Well, that's what I feel like—an old gray horse tricked out in a fancy bonnet.'"

"Where's that perfume you were talking about? You know, dear, I do believe these pointed heels make your ankles look slimmer. How much do you pay for stockings like this? ... Well, you look charming, Sib. Is it too early to go up now?"

"No, I don't think so. I'm a pretty

punk bridge player, you know, Mabel."

"That's all right by me, dear. The punker you are the better little Mabel you will look. Now, be a good girl, Sib, and don't pull any Lorelei stuff on Mr. Eustis. Remember I saw him first!"

"Heavens, anybody'd think I was a regular home wrecker!"

"My dear, if I lived to be a hundred I'd never learn the half of what you know. You were smarter in the ways of men when you were 15 than I'll be to the longest day I live."

"Some kids are like that—wiser than the oldest women. And when you youngsters grab all the good-looking men in sight there's nothing for us old-timers to do but sit on the sidelines and grit our teeth. We haven't a trick that will compare with yours."

"Idiot, you flatter me. As a heart breaker I'm nothing but a bust. But if it will make you happy, I'll trump their old aces and be dumb enough to make you glad."

"Haven't you got your mouth on yet? Here, don't spread it all over your face! There—that's better. Come on."

(To Be Continued.)
Richard Eustis was tall and thin, and utterly fascinating. Right away he makes love to Sybil. The next installment will amaze you.

THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1928 by NEA Service Inc.

The Russian Inn was mellow, golden and brown. It was really another of those old barns appropriated by an "arty" soul and made into something "different." Tony and Crystal followed the head waiter to a little table agleam with copper and brass.

"I love this corner," said Tony. "If you're hungry, take a tip from me and have one of the American lunches. Their lamb chops are superb, and the fresh shrimp salad is not to be sneezed at. All these Russian dishes are just pancakes and sour milk and lentils and dried herbage—atmospheric but not filling."

"You order," said Crystal shyly as she always was with Tony, who'd been everywhere and seen everything.

So Tony ordered—fruit cup, shrimp salad with toasted cheese wafers, chocolate—"and those adorable little cakes—Marianne knows the ones I mean."

Then Tony changed. She slid into the shadows of the brown board walls and Crystal saw that her blue-black eyes were tired.

"I'm in a jam, Crystal," she said, her hands toying with the lapis choker that brought out the blue lights in her hair. "I want to talk to you because you listen."

"Crystal," and she leaned impulsively over the table, "I really want you for my friend. Maybe it's because we were together so much before things—" she broke off, her white teeth nipping her red lips. Then went on, "Oh, it's because you like me for myself so much. You're not like other girls who envy me and are a little jealous and want to see me have trouble because they're always thought 'Tony Tarver sells too high.'"

Something throbbed in Crystal. All the hurt that had lain in her heart since she surmised that perhaps she was unwelcome in Bob's and Faith's home, that George Pruitt would never love any one but Faith, and that life was over before beginning, when she was only 22, seemed to lose its power to wound as she realized that Tony, beautiful, beloved Tony, was turning to her with confidences and an appeal for help.

"Tell me, Tony," she said simply, self forgotten, which in itself made a rare moment for Crystal.

"I guess I fibbed to you a little, Crystal, about Dick Talbot. I told you he meant nothing in my young life. But that very night at the club dinner dance I—oh, I don't know quite how to explain it—but I let myself go a little and he took it was granted we were engaged."

"Crystal, can you understand? You know how we were taught at boarding school—all that stuff about 'saving our lips for the right man' and never permitting a man to kiss us unless we were engaged to him, and not losing the 'dust from the butterfly's wings' and not becoming shop worn' and all that."

"But things are so different outside school, Crystal. You find yourself in a world where kisses are as taken for granted as lipsticks. Everybody kisses; it's part of the game."

Crystal looked up then, for Tony's voice had trailed away into a little gasp. Crystal followed Tony's eyes to a table in the corner opposite

East Is West; Women of Turkey Modernized

Dress Like Europeans and Enter Business Life, Professions.

By United Press
CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 4.—The last mark by which Turkish women may be distinguished from European women has disappeared this summer.

A year ago only a small minority had abandoned the distinctive national headgear, but today the women who cling to the old-style veils are finding themselves conspicuous.

A strictly western felt or straw cloche hat is now the order of the day on the street of Constantinople. The head scarf which wound round the head and sometimes carried a light veil down to the tip of the nose has almost disappeared.

Considerable admiration is felt

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



THEM AS HAS GITS

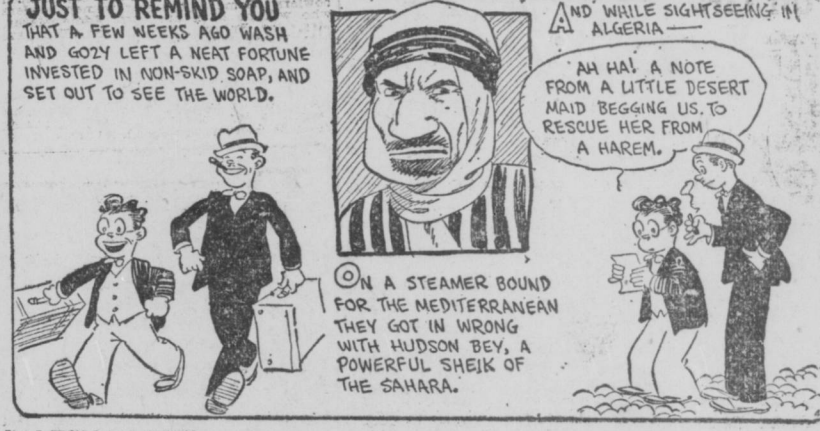
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



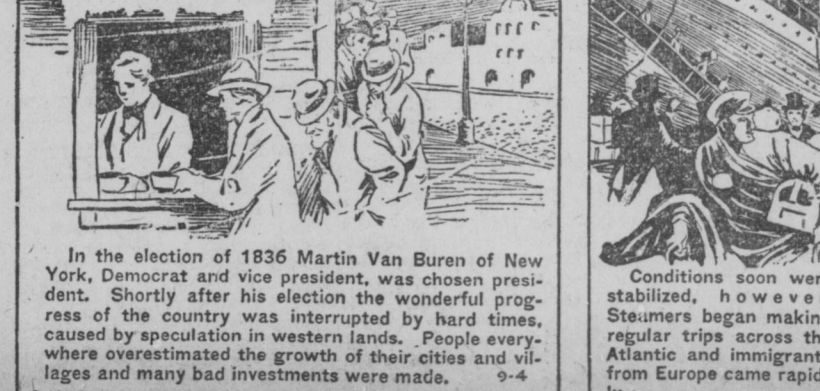
SALESMAN SAM



MOM'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



THEM AS HAS GITS

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

SALESMAN SAM

MOM'N POP

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Martin

—By Blosser

—By Crane

—By Small

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