

# WHIRLWIND

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by ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED  
SYBIL THORNE, recuperating from heart trouble, has been drawn from the heart's cells, for Cuba with MABEL BLAKE, a social worker, admittedly on a "lark." Many songs for writing, but Sybil, though she's never been engaged to CRAIG NEWHALL, the most eligible bachelor in Boston, is filled with misgivings.

When she was very young Sybil fell in love with a man named ALLEN LARENCE, who went to France with the A. E. F., and never returned. After his death she had a "lark" in a most reckless fashion that society gasped at her indiscretions.

When the dogs her to marry him she implores him to think things over; and leaves Boston, thoroughly distract, with her trunks packed, and returns with his frivolous little bride from their wedding trip.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XI

IT was the evening of the second day, and Mab 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. Parks sat up straighter, put her hand resolutely to her mouth, folded her baby dressed deliberately.

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

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

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

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

"If I could die I'd feel better."

Mabel turned her face to the wall.

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

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

"Mr. Arnold and Mr. Eustis send 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 Mab. "We'll be delighted."

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

"But, Mab," 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 your 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 Mab 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, Mab, 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, Mab. 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."

"What's that they all say? Was he in service?"

"No, he's got a bum lung. He handled a lot of Liberty Loan publicity, though."

"Three cheers for our hero!"

"Don't be mean."

"My dear, I've the greatest respect for all the smart boys who kept out of war. But I'd like to hear a few of them tell the truth about it. They all had bum lungs, or bad hearts, or poor eyesight."

"That's nothing but bunk. It was influence they had. Not that I'm calling your precious friend a liar. He may have two bum lungs for all I know. I'm only theorizing."

"Well, stop your theorizing and get dressed."

"Must I go?"

"Well, I could hardly trot up there alone, could I? Wouldn't I look cute? Hello, boys. Miss Thorne has a few sweethearts of her own, so she's given me a clear field. I'm only a cranky old maid—but how I'd like a little spooning!"

"You're crazy, Mab."

"No, darling. Only desperate. Crawled in the berth there, will you? Till I get this trunk open?"

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MABEL took a black chiffon from its hanger.

"Kind of wrinkled, but you'll have to do."

"I guess I'll put on that gray georgette of mine, Mab."

"I guess you won't! Want to make me look like a poor relation? Wear that black crepe de chine, like a good kid. And let me wear your crystal beads. I need something to brighten this old rag of mine and my pearls wouldn't fool a blind man."

Considerable admiration is felt

punk bridge player, you know, Mab."

"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 dupe. 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.' 'The idea!' she says. 'It suits you perfectly.' That pink title against my red head!" I said. 'It's precious!' she murmured.

"That darn hat cost \$25 and I haven't worn it five times. Rememb'r the funny bonnets horses used to wear? 'Well, that's what I feel like—an old dry 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 our ankles look slimmer. How much do you pay for stocklings 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

(To Be Continued.)

Richard Eustis was tall and thin, and away from the mirror. "Well, that's what I feel like—an old dry horse tricked out in a fancy bonnet."

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THE NEW

## Saint and Sinner

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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 waitress to a little table a gleam 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 herbs—atmospheric but not filling."

"You order," said Crystal with a quiver.

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