

WHIRLWIND

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ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED

SYBIL THORNE, who knows a good deal about men, meets RICHARD EUSTIS, an astonishing person, who proceeds to make immediate and passionate love to her. She has been haunted for years by the specter of her first young romance, JOE LAY-RENCE, whom she adored when she was 18, went to France with the A. E. F. and never returned. Since then Sybil has sought to forget her heartbreak through various light affairs and countless indiscretions.

Following the death of her father and the marriage of her brother TAD to VALERIE WEST, a frivolous creature, Sybil sails for Havana with MABEL BLAKE, a good-natured young woman, who is determined to get married. It was Mabel who saw Richard Eustis first and looked upon him as a mystery. But Eustis has never seen any one but Sybil.

The first night they are together he tells her that he is crazy about her and proposes to make her his wife. She kisses her and she promises to meet him every night on deck. Fearfully excited and a little frightened she awaits developments.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XIII

NEXT morning Richard Eustis breakfasted in the saloon, and that day he began his conquest of Sybil.

"Morning, noon and night!" complained Mabel, two days later. "And he won't give me a second!"

Mabel became a social creature. She chatted with Father Finn and the minister. She studied Spanish with the Corrales and knit a baby jacket for Mrs. Perkins.

She sympathized with the Joneses in all their troubles, and listened patiently to the lady from Wellesley. "Anything," she explained, "to get away from Arnold. I wouldn't marry him. Sib, if he was the last man on earth—and happened to ask me. Now you know how I hate him."

"I suppose," hazarded Sybil, "if he hadn't grabbed you off that first evening Rich would never have fallen to my lot."

"You never can tell. Anyhow I'll never forget him for it."

EUSTIS was making frantic love to Sybil, and everyone aboard was watching the progress of the affair with the avid interest of people who have nothing else to do.

"Don't think," he besought Mabel, "that it's just a case of sour grapes—about, honestly, Sib, I think you'd be an awfully chump if you threw Craig over."

"Who said I was going to? Anyhow, you thought Rich was pretty special yourself."

"I know I did, dear. And I do think he's absolutely fascinating. But he hasn't Craig's stability, Sybil. He's a sort of ditherer. Oh, please don't misunderstand me, honey. I think as a lover he's a perfect knockout. But as a husband—well, you know yourself, Sybil, how perfectly wonderful Craig would be to do you. I think Richard would be as dependable?"

"If you think Craig's so wonderful why don't you try and get him yourself?"

Mabel flushed darkly and instinctively Sybil was contrite.

"Oh, Mabel, I didn't mean that. Please forgive me. You're not angry, are you?"

"Yes, I am. I'm darn good and sore. But you needn't worry. I'll mind my own business after this."

Mabel picked up a book and stalked from their stateroom in outraged dignity.

"There's one thing certain," she reflected grimly, "I'm in for a devil of a trip. Sybil, I'm right, running around with flappers. A love-sick kid on my hands—God help me!"

EUSTIS knocked on Sybil's door. "Come in," she called. And when he opened the door—"Well, if it isn't God's little gift to women!"

"Sybil, be serious. Where's Mabel?"

"Out on the deck, with a book and a frown."

"May I come in? I want to talk to you away from all the good ladies and holy men."

She raised her lashes lazily.

"Go read your little book on etiquette. Don't you know gentlemen never invade a lady's boudoir? Besides, I haven't my mouth on yet."

He kissed her on the lips.

"There—that's better for them than a lip stick. How much longer are you going to kid me along, Sybil?"

"How inelegantly the gentleman talks!"

She nestled against his shoulder.

"If Mabel comes in, she'll have a fit. If the steward shows up, you'll have to tip him. This is outrageous."

"You like it, don't you?" He held her very close.

"Love it. . . . Oh, my dear, you'll choke me!"

ALWAYS, from love and kisses, their conversation turned to marriage. Richard, laughing, modernistic fashion, condemned it soundly.

"But, my darling," he told her now, releasing her lips lingeringly, "I'd almost marry you—I swear I would."

"I suppose," she hazarded lightly, "if it was the only way you could have me, you might be induced to consider it."

"Exactly," he agreed. "A man will do anything if he wants a woman badly enough."

"And you want me that bad?" she taunted.

"I want you," he told her solemnly, "so much that it's an ache in my bones. A hungry gnaw eats me night and day."

He took her in his arms, and when she clung to him tremblingly, he whispered softly:

"It's holding you, dear—like this—it's enough to make me or any man drunk. Don't you know that?"

She drew herself away, and pouring water from the decanter, drank it slowly. When she put the glass down her voice was steady.

"No man ever made love like this to me before who didn't want to marry me," she remarked slowly.

"You make me feel sort of defiled. I don't like it."

Deliberately she powdered her nose and touched her lips. When she had inspected herself critically in the mirror, she pulled on a small felt hat.

"Come upon deck," she invited. "Bedrooms, all heavy with powder and scent, nauseate me. It's almost eleven. They'll be serving broth in a few minutes."

They found their chairs, and when

he had slipped a pillow beneath his head, he stretched indolently beside her.

"You mustn't think," she began acidly, continuing their conversation where they had left it off, "that I'm trying to worm a proposal out of you. Because I wouldn't marry you for the world."

He reached for her fingers.

"You know," he told her, "that you possess me entirely."

"Fiddiesticks!" she retorted, and snatched her hand away.

"I never did ask a girl to marry me," he remarked ruminatively, "I've always thought of marriage as a sort of a trap. And of course it's desire that springs the thing."

SHE said nothing.

"I'd make such a rotten husband," he continued speculatively. "I'm much too brilliant."

And when she flashed him a look of withering scorn, he rallied his defense humorously.

"Morons makes the best husbands, you know, Sybil. I've always said so. Look at the awful things marriage does to clever people. Now I've seen lots of fine, promising fellows—"

"Oh, shut up, Richard!"

"But I have," he insisted. "And just as soon as they get married, what happens? Same old tread mill. Same old run."

"I hold no brief for marriage," she interrupted him primly. "And your views don't interest me a bit."

"But they ought to!" he protested. "Everyone's interested in marriage. To marry happily one needs a single track mind—now I know what I'm talking about, Sybil. You'd better listen."

"I won't," she snapped, and put her fingers in her ears.

"Oh, well," Richard shrugged indifferently. And when she had taken her hands away, remarked casually, "You'd make a rotten wife yourself, you know, darling."

"Why?" she demanded.

"You're not stupid enough," he told her cheerfully. "Gentle, fruitful women make the best wives."

"I must be dreadfully stupid, or I wouldn't put up with you."

"Oh, no," he contradicted gently. "You're not stupid, Sybil. You are a very highly strung, sensitized bit of organism, utterly unsuited for

anything so tranquil as matrimony. You ought to be clever enough to see that, my dear. If you must get married, cultivate placidity."

"Oh, please!" she besought. "I don't want to get married. Let's talk about something else."

LAZY days, and tropical nights. Cocktails and kisses. Love on a painted ocean. Moon and stars. And darkness all about.

They stood on the boat deck, deserted at midnight, and leaning over the rail, watched the phosphorescent water gleam like molten silver.

"It's magic!" Sybil cried. "It's the loveliest thing I ever saw. Every blessed wave has turned to silver! What made them, Richard?"

"The water," he informed her. "The light without sensible heat. The chemical properties."

"I told you!" she interrupted gaily. "Of course it's magic. There's no such thing as light without heat. It's only make-believe. It's water sprites weaving tapestries for Neptune. Or maybe, it's the ocean turned upside down, and that's its silver carpet."

"Anyhow it's enchanted. It's the loveliest night in the world. Oh, Rich, I feel bewitched! It's full of sorcery. Lovely, lovely night!"

"My dear," he answered, "you make me think of a beautiful poem. It must have been written for a girl like you on a night like this."

He repeated the lines softly.

"So walks in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright; Meet in her aspect and her eyes; Thus mellowed to that tender light Which Heaven to man's day denies."

When he had finished, there was that thick, heavy silence that closes about lovers everywhere, who stand beneath the moon. And when he spoke again he whispered, as lovers always do at midnight.

"Only a few more hours!"

"If we could make life stand still!" she murmured. "It's been so wonderful."

"We're docking before noon," he replied. His voice was dull with misery.

"And I'll never, never see you again!" She tried to say it lightly. (To Be Continued)

(Richard actually asks Sybil to marry him! And that is not the only surprising thing that happens in the next chapter.)

THE NEW

Saint and Sinner

By Anne Austin

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Crystal involuntarily jumped to her feet, dropping her bag and scattering lipstick, vanity, car tickets and keys, as Tony gave her little wave of recognition to Pat Tarver, her father.

"Tony, will you let me run, please?" she asked between scrambling for her belongings. "I'd completely forgotten that I was just out on a noon hour and Miss Morse was furious because I could have the late hour, anyway, and, besides, your father will want to see you alone."

"But along, ducky," said Tony, knowing that Crystal's panic had something to do with the fear in Pat Tarver's eyes as he saw his daughter and knew that some explanation must be made for the beautiful woman opposite him who was not Mrs. Pat Tarver.

Pat was paying his check. Pat murmured, looking in Tony's direction, and mademoiselle's blue eyes grew a little rounder and Tony saw her shake her shoulders in refusal, pick up her bronze beaded bag and murmur a farewell to Pat.

It was one of those casual, intimate farewells with no "good-bye" in it.

"It means that even though she is in such a hurry right now that she won't come over to speak to me, she'll see Pat for tea or dinner or drive with him tonight or see him for lunch tomorrow," Tony said to herself.

Pat was crossing the dim raftered room of the inn. Even in the midst of her uncertainty and near panic, Tony's heart glowed a little to see eyes follow him. Big and ruddy and strong, but with that gentleness in eye and step which, when a part of big men, makes them as dear as little children, Tony knew exactly why people looked at him.

Pat was exactly what he was—bless him—and Tony felt a little twinge of disloyalty as she remembered her mother's poses and reticences to remember "the days when"—the days on Myrtle St. when corned beef and cabbage perfumed the Tarver kitchen and even Tony's pennies for Sunday school had to be fitted into the family budget.

So many things rushed through Tony's head during that long moment when Pat Tarver, very much a king and very much a little boy, crossed the room to her.

She remembered those many

night of late when Pat Tarver had phoned that he couldn't be home for dinner—"too many orders coming in."

"And me a modern girl!" laughed Tony, and felt panic stir in her heart. But what a world when a "modern" girl had a "modern" father.

Pat was at her table now, making that funny little bow which was such a dear mixture of the Pat who had climbed his way to the top during long grueling years with no time for social graces, and the elegant Pat of the present. But Tony saw at once that he was as much abashed as she.

(To Be Continued)

ROOSEVELT TO BOOM

AL SMITH IN MARYLAND

Democrats to Hold Mass Meeting in Baltimore Sept. 18.

By Times Special

BALTIMORE, Sept. 6.—Maryland Democrats are to get a running start in the presidential campaign when Franklin D. Roosevelt, who nominated Governor Smith at Houston, will speak at a mass meeting in Baltimore Sept. 18.

With both parties hoping to win Maryland, State leaders are planning to throw their entire strength into the campaign.

A close battle is expected between Senator William Cabell Bruce, Democrat and vet, and former Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough in the senatorial contest. Goldsborough has taken the dry side of the argument.

Maryland went Republican for President in 1920 and also in 1924, although by small majorities.

Leading Hog Breeder Dead

By Times Special

ZIONSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 6.—James W. Brendel, 68, president of the Indiana and American Chester White Hog Breeders' Association, died at his home here Tuesday night. He was known nationally as a breeder of Chester-White hogs.

Iceberg Scarcity Found

on Coast Guard Survey

Few Floaters Off Shore of Greenland; Polar Bears Numerous.

ON BOARD UNITED STATES COAST GUARD CUTTER MARION, OFF ARSUK, FJORD, GREENLAND (via Radio Through American Radio League Station 2 WI to Science Service)—Icebergs are very scarce this season in Davis Strait, off the coast of Greenland, but the polar bear business is picking up.

From Cumberland Sound southward to Cape Harrison not more than two dozen bergs have been counted by Lieutenant Commander Edward H. Smith, making the survey. In this stretch of water usually there is a south-bound procession of hundreds of them.

The crew of the Marion captured

a polar bear cub, which Commander Smith intends to present to the National Zoological Park in Washington, when the ship reaches headquarters at New London, Conn., late this month.

The return of the Marion is delayed because she turned aside from her regular work to join the search for the Greater Rockford. Now that the crew of the plane has come out alive, she is hastening the completion of her scientific survey, to be out of the Arctic before winter sets in.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—When informed of the pending arrival of a polar bear cub for the National Zoological Park, Director William M. Mann said that he would be delighted to have it. He intends to name the cub Marian, after Commander Smith's ship, or, if a change in gender proves necessary, he will call it Marian.

Both Britain and the United States claimed the Oregon country. Blows were averted in 1846 by an agreement dividing the territory between them.

In the election of 1844, Henry Clay, Whig candidate, was defeated by the Democratic James K. Polk of Tennessee. At that time the whole country was ringing with the cry, "Fifty-four forty or fight!" This meant that the northern boundary of the United States was to reach the southern boundary of Alaska, then a Russian possession. 9-6

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Sketches by BESSEX. SYNOPSIS BY BRAUCHER

President Polk ordered General Zachary Taylor to advance into the disputed territory and close the Rio Grande. Soon a body of Mexicans attacked a small part of his force. The president declared that Mexico had begun war on the United States and on May 13, 1846, Congress declared war against Mexico. General Winfield Scott started for Vera Cruz.

(To Be Continued) 9-6

OUT OUR WAY



A CARRYING CHARGE.

