

# WHIRLWIND

BY ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED  
SYBIL THORNE, social butterfly, finds herself courted on shipboard by a fascinating and dangerous lover, RICHARD EUSTIS. Subconsciously Sybil is seeking romance, and Richard, with his mad, modern, subconscious, nearly sweeps her off her feet. Her own love life has been tragic. When she nearly is married to a young man, JOHN LAWRENCE, who returns from France.

Several years later, when all Boston society is talking of her indiscretions, SYBIL NEWHALL, most popular girl in the city, asks her father, who is very ill, Sybil becomes engaged to RICHARD. But her father dies. And then SYBIL, her adored brother, is married to WEST. WEST is an inconsequential thing whom Sybil instinctively distrusts. Hopelessly in love with RICHARD, she takes a trip with MABEL BLAKE, a social worker admittedly anxious to get married.

On the boat they meet Rich Eustis, whom Mabel promptly seeks to marry. But Eustis has fallen violently in love with Sybil.

They talk of marriage and Richard tells Sybil that she would make a wretched wife.

"You're not stupid enough," he informs her cheerfully. "And me—well, I make a rotten husband. I'm too clever for matrimony. But their last night at sea seems to forget his cynicism and becomes surprisingly tender."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

## CHAPTER XIV

"SYBIL," Richard put both hands on her shoulders, and held her at arms length.

"Will you marry me, Sybil?"

"Richard Eustis!"

"Will you, Sybil?"

"But Richard," she cried. "You don't know what you're saying. You don't believe in marriage."

"No," he told her firmly, "I don't. But I want you. I want you so much that it seems as though I could not live without you."

"But, Rich—" She faltered helplessly. "You've only known me five days. You—you—you've let emotion sweep you away. Rich, you don't really want to marry me."

"Marriage is positive anathema to you. You've said so loads of times. You'd hate me if I married you. And besides—"

"I don't want to. I want to love all your ideas about love and marriage. I think they're simply sickening. I—I wouldn't marry you for the world. I've told you so hundreds of times."

"She was remembering what he had said the night before. . . . Love was a physical thing."

And he had shrugged his shoulders in that disdainful way he had, indicating that, whatever it was, it could not by any means interest him.

"You make me sick," Sybil had retorted. "You're perfectly dreadful."

"No darling," he had shaken his head wisely. "Only sane and very candid. All men love in the same fashion. The rest are hypocritical about it."

NOW she faced him solemnly.

"I can't understand you, Richard," she said, and her voice was cool as the moonlight.

"You are unalterably opposed to marriage. Your nature demands that your life shall be perpetual love. And you believe that you could not love any woman except transiently. How can you then be willing to make a legal contract to love me as long as I shall live? You don't even believe in fidelity."

"But all that," he cried, "was before I knew you!"

She smiled gravely.

"Oh, no," she said. "Five little days and a new experience have not changed you at all—not basically. You have an absolute obsession regarding marriage. You believe that it murders love. That once you fetter romance, you have killed it. Then why are you asking me to marry you?"

"Because," he told her bluntly, "it's the only way I can get you."

"Oh! Oh!" she cried, and beat his chest with her fists. "I hate you. I hate you!"

"But you're going to marry me," he retorted.

The moon shone full on his face. His skin was very pale. It seemed almost translucent. On one cheek there was a scarlet mark where her lips had brushed it.

And his lips, from her kisses, were crimson. His hair had fallen across his forehead. Blonde hair, beautiful in the moonlight.

"Darling," he begged, "let's not talk like two people in a book. Don't try to make me feel like a villain on the stage."

"Your asinine conceit," she told him scornfully, "is positively sickening."

"Conceit!" he cried. "You call it conceit because I dare to say you love me?"

"Sybil, do you know anything about Walt Whitman? He wrote a poem once. 'A Woman Waits for Me.' There are these lines in it. They're always stood out in my mind because I believe so firmly in the truth of them: 'Without shame the man I like knows and avows the deliciousness of his sex. Without shame the woman I like knows and avows hers.'"

"Walt Whitman!" she repeated scornfully. "He's the dirtiest creature I ever knew."

"The Good Gray Poet," men called him," he reminded her, and, capturing her hands, began again to talk of love.

"SWEETHEART!" he implored, "you know I'm crazy about you. I can't make pretty speeches tonight. But I've done something I never meant to do. I've begged something of you. I've asked another woman on earth could wring from me. I'm on my knees, Sybil, beseeching you to marry me."

"There's not a concession on earth I wouldn't make to you, dearest—Legality. Respectability. Bah, I make myself sick—Like a lovesick bumpkin I crave your hand in honorable marriage. See, Sybil!"

He dropped to his knees, and clasping her with his arms, cradled his face against her legs.

"I should think," she told him icily, "that you would appreciate the need of keeping your independence for the sake of other romantic adventures. Why write 'finis' after this one?"

She took his elbows in her hands. "Get up, please, Rich. . . . Please. Come sit in our deck chairs."

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"But I can't let you go," he groaned. "We've got to straighten this thing out."

Fifteen minutes later he spoke again.

"We're going over this from the beginning," he told her. "And I'm going to try to be truthful with you. Men are never truthful with women. More than women are absolutely truthful with men. But I shall try to be honest. And I want you to be as fair with me, Sybil. Will you?"

"Yes," she promised meekly. "I'll try."

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"The trouble with marriage," he proclaimed, "is this—there's no sense in physical attraction—no rime nor reason. It's blind as a bat. People mistake a powerful physical attraction for love, and so they get married, and expect the thing to last. That's idiotic."

"Listen to me," she directed. "I've a few ideas on the subject myself. I quite agree with you on the importance of honesty. I believe that if love could be honestly discussed, there'd be a great deal more happiness. I think that every human relation should be based on decent understanding. There is never any harmony unless there is understanding."

"I was going to say that we bring all our little deceptions and prideful follies, about which we've builded all our lives, right on to love and marriage. And that, of course, is disastrous. That's why marriage

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## Length of Beard Fixes Death Hour of Murders

French Detectives Find New Methods to Aid Crime Solution.

By United Press

PARIS, Sept. 7.—One-fifth of a millimeter of a man's beard is sufficient for the police of Paris to fix within a few minutes the hour of his suicide, murder or death by natural causes.

This is the amazing revelation of no less an expert than Dr. Balhaard, professor of medical legislation, and is confirmed by Messrs. Bayle, Payen and Ruby, the three principal experts of the French Berillon service.

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