

WHIRLWIND

COPYRIGHT 1928 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

THIS HAS HAPPENED
SYBIL THORNE, Boston society girl, got an strange proposal from RICHARD EUSTIS. Her father was so her that "longing is an ache in his bones." Eustis (who professes to scorn and despise marriage) has finally begun to marry her.

Rich Sybil's more or less engaged to CRAIG NEWALL, wealthy and desirable. It was to please her dying father that she had consented to a secret understanding with Craig after her father's death she begins to fear it was all a mistake. She has the image of young JOHN LAWRENCE, her first sweetheart, in her mind. She is in love with A. E. F. and never returned when Sybil believed herself still in love with him.

It is in these thoughts that Sybil has taken a trip to Havana with MABEL BLAKE, a social worker. They meet many of the rich Americans who are ready to make wild and violent love. He has asked Sybil for a little sapphire ring, which she is saving for the day when they use it for a wedding ring. And he tells her the captain will marry them when in the United States.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVI
THE exhalation of madness?"

"I cried Richard. "The ecstasy of it!"

And then Sybil looked at Mabel. Mabel standing there, consternation on her good, plain face. Sensible Mab, Lord, where did sense get you!

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody's look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing! Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

RICHHARD dragged them over. And there was a great deal of shaking hands, and Mrs. Jones ran to tell Alice. Father Finn solemnly and sweetly blessed them.

By and by Captain Hanna came, spick and span in shining white, with Tina, the boat's monkey mascot, in a bright red coat and cap, hopping along by his side. And a steward with two little love birds in a cage.

"Permit me," said the captain in his deep bass. "My gifts to the bride."

From his pocket he produced a panama, fine as linen.

"And a hat for the groom."

Another steward came forward with a chest in his arms.

"Some embroideries I picked up for my Missus," said the captain. "But brides must be served."

The steward laid the chest at Sybil's feet.

"Oh, Captain Hanna, you're too good for me." There were hysterical tears behind Sybil's laughter.

Mrs. Parkins came bustling up. "My dear, Mrs. Jones just told me. Here—it's all I have. Just a tiny gift. Oh, you, you must, my dear. No—no—don't unwrap it." She whispered in Sybil's ear. "It's a little bed jacket I had for my daughter. It may come in handy."

The Corrales came, giggling. Blithe young things—happy and excited. They kissed Sybil, and kissed Richard too.

"Here, here!" he cried. Line forms on the right. Everybody who wants to kiss the bridegroom, please fall in line."

Then there were more kisses, and more laughter. Until Sybil saw Mabel, pale and frightened looking, clutching the rail.

Poor old Mabel—she looked positively green. Sybil threw her arm about her.

"Excuse us, everybody. The bride and the maid of honor must get dressed. And you too, Rich. Wear your white knickers, and your very best tie."

He devoured her with blazing eyes, and implored like a suppliant. "Give me another kiss, Sib."

"No—no more. Run along, Simpson. No—can't come to the bride's boudoir today. Go on—get out! Mab and I have a lot to do."

But he went with them to their stateroom, and held her to him, and kissed her madly.

WHEN he had gone, Sybil closed the door, and stood with her back against it. Mabel had sunk limply on her berth, and was fainting herself listlessly.

"No time for speeches, Mab. I know you're going to be a good scold."

"But, Sib—how about Craig?"

"Please, Mab."

Rich has swept you off your feet, dear—"

"I know, Mab. That's what I needed—some one to sweep me off my feet. Besides, Craig is too good for me. Rich is more my sort. Craig has me up on a pedestal. When I came toppling down, I'd break his heart. There aren't any pedestals in Richard's life. I couldn't disillusion him—he's not that kind."

"Oh, my dear, I think you are making a mistake!" There were tears in Mabel's eyes.

"Mabel Blake, don't you know it's bad luck to cry on a wedding day?"

Sybil dabbed at her own eyes. "I'm going to wear my gray georgette. Those roses will be heavenly against it. Hurry up, like a good girl. I can't have a maid of honor with a red nose—please, Mab. That blue crepe de chine is lovely on you, and you can wear your precious pink hat, to match our roses. Oh, such a swanky wedding!"

Sybil was tossing things about.

"Not much of a trousseau. Five vests, eight step-ins and a dozen pairs of stockings. Two negligees, one of them mussed. Three slips, with the hem out of one and the shoulder

straps off another. Six night dresses."

"Too bad I haven't a white one in the bunch. Brides are supposed to wear white, aren't they? Oh, . . . Remember when Erid Swallow was married she had two dozen of everything. From vests to sheets. And her monogram on everything."

"Sybil, your mother will have a fit."

"I know it. Poor old dear! But think of all the trouble I'm saving her—money, too."

"What will Tad say?"

"Tad?—Oh, he always said I was crazy."

"And Valerie?"

"The devil with Valerie."

"Oh, Sib—Sib, dear. I wish you wouldn't. You'll be sorry. I know you will."

"I'll be sorry, whatever I do, Mab, and I've been miserable enough, God knows, to get a break somewhere. It's too late for post-mortems now."

(And in the next chapter Sybil gets married . . . and is not long in regretting it.)

CHAPTER XVII

THE exhalation of madness?"

"I cried Richard. "The ecstasy of it!"

And then Sybil looked at Mabel. Mabel standing there, consternation on her good, plain face. Sensible Mab, Lord, where did sense get you!

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody's look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing! Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody's look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing! Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody's look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing! Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody's look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing! Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody's look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing! Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody's look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing! Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mable turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand.

A baby breeze tousled her hair and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!" Breathlessly she pulled Rich toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never