

# WHIRLWIND

BY ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED  
STILL THORNE, Boston society girl, enters a strange, proper-looking man, who she knows is a doctor, into her home. He is a doctor, she knows, but she is not sure of his name. He is a doctor, she knows, but she is not sure of his name. He is a doctor, she knows, but she is not sure of his name.

CHAPTER XVI  
"The exhilaration of madness!" cried Richard. "The ecstasy of it!"

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

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

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

A baby breeze tossed her hair, and by her cheeks, 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 Richard toward her. You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never—do you hear 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!"

RICHARD 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.

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! Mabel 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 fanning herself listlessly.

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

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, well. . . . Remember when Enid Swallow was married she had two dozen of everything. From vests to sheets. And her monogram on every blessed thing."

"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."

They had dived under the second rail fence that kept the stock from the river and were walking along the river edge, the cliffs high above them, before Pat began, as Tony knew he would.

"Walk with me like you used to, Tony," he said, and Tony put her hand on his big firm one and they swung arms like school kids.

Pat took a big gulp and stopped, wheeling to face Tony, both arms gripping her shoulders.

"I'm going to talk to you, Tony, as no father ever talks to his daughter and maybe as no father should," he said, gently forcing her down to a big fallen tree with holes forming two perfect back rests.

"Tell me, Pat," said Tony simply, her hand still in his. "You know that nothing you could do or say would shock or frighten me. Talk to me like a friend, another man, not as if I were just your daughter."

Pat scuffed his shoes through the wood dirt and trailing green things underfoot, and began slowly.

"It's all such a muddle, Tony. I don't know where to begin. I don't know how to tell it. I don't want to escape—spare myself anything—but I'm not all black, either."

"You see, Tony, I guess I see the handwriting on the wall—I'm getting old and I don't want to get old. I'm at that dangerous age your story books talk about, and yet I don't feel old in my heart at all."

"You know, Tony, I was never really young like Dick and Lon and all the boys you know. I was just 18 when my father died, and mother was left with a mortgaged farm and six children."

"There was no decision for me to make when I was young, Tony. Life had me. My way was so clearcut that no energy was wasted wondering who and how I'd go."

"Not only was the big decision made for me—that I must go to work and support mother and the kids, but I couldn't even make such little decisions as whether I would go to town on Saturday night and have an ice cream dip or whether I'd stay home."

"My decision was made for me by the very fact that not a cent could be spared for such an innocent little pleasure as that."

"In ten years the mortgage was paid off, all the kids were through high school, some of them married, mother's worrying days were over. I had a good job in the auto works."

STATE PAINTERS' UNION  
NOMINATES OFFICERS

Open Organized Labor Convention at Evansville.

By Times Special  
EVANSVILLE, Ind., Sept. 10.—The Indiana State building trades council will convene here today as part of the State convention of labor unions this week. More than 600 delegates are expected here for five days parley.

The painters, plumbers and steamfitters opened the convention Sunday. Officers nominated by the painters which will be elected by referendum within thirty days include:

President, Carl Muller, Hammond; vice presidents, Percy Head, Terre Haute; D. C. Hanna, Princeton; Harold Alsop, Evansville; Leo Klotzky, Evansville; Carl Jacobson, La Porte, and Guy Gray, Bloomington (three to be elected); secretary-treasurer, L. H. Hart, Lafayette, and L. A. Barth, Indianapolis; trustees, Joseph Bastian III, Evansville; Monty Saxson, Evansville; Clem Brown, Lafayette, and Frank Hazel, Gary (three to be elected).

COMMUNITY SERVICE AT  
ZION PARISH TONIGHT

New Building Dedicated Sunday With Ceremony.

A community service, featuring speeches by Mayor L. Ert Slack and a number of local ministers, is scheduled for tonight at the new Zion Evangelical parish hall, North and New Jersey sts.

The new building was dedicated Sunday before a crowd of a thousand. A large number of visitors inspected the hall. Following a presentation of the keys of the new structure to Dr. E. G. Winter, president, the Rev. O. Hegermeier, Alton, Ill., delivered the dedicatory address. The Rev. J. C. Peters, pastor emeritus, and the Rev. Frederick R. Daries, pastor, assisted. Special choir and congregational music was a feature.

Zion parish hall has been erected at a cost, exceeding \$100,000. A dining hall in the basement of the new building will accommodate 750.

MABEL was crying softly. Wip-dresses.

"If she could only see herself!" thought Sybil impatiently. "Come on, Merry Sunshine," she coaxed. "Into your glad rags. You're holding up the party."

She preened into the little glass on their washstand, and remembered Valerie, exquisite in satin, parading before the long mirror in her dressing table. Two girls from Madame de Coen's arranging her veil, and fixing the sweep on her train.

"Not much like Val's wedding," she remarked. "That girl had a modiste and two maids to dress her up. Get on to your job, Mademoiselle Mabel. The that knot in back, will you? Bows are such a darn nuisance."

"My dear, you can see right through this skirt! Where's your pink slip? Here—hook me up in back. Now then, how do I look?"

(To Be Continued)

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

## THE NEW Saint and Sinner

By Anne Austin

They had dived under the second rail fence that kept the stock from the river and were walking along the river edge, the cliffs high above them, before Pat began, as Tony knew he would.

"Walk with me like you used to, Tony," he said, and Tony put her hand on his big firm one and they swung arms like school kids.

Pat took a big gulp and stopped, wheeling to face Tony, both arms gripping her shoulders.

"I'm going to talk to you, Tony, as no father ever talks to his daughter and maybe as no father should," he said, gently forcing her down to a big fallen tree with holes forming two perfect back rests.

"Tell me, Pat," said Tony simply, her hand still in his. "You know that nothing you could do or say would shock or frighten me. Talk to me like a friend, another man, not as if I were just your daughter."

Pat scuffed his shoes through the wood dirt and trailing green things underfoot, and began slowly.

"It's all such a muddle, Tony. I don't know where to begin. I don't know how to tell it. I don't want to escape—spare myself anything—but I'm not all black, either."

"You see, Tony, I guess I see the handwriting on the wall—I'm getting old and I don't want to get old. I'm at that dangerous age your story books talk about, and yet I don't feel old in my heart at all."

"You know, Tony, I was never really young like Dick and Lon and all the boys you know. I was just 18 when my father died, and mother was left with a mortgaged farm and six children."

"There was no decision for me to make when I was young, Tony. Life had me. My way was so clearcut that no energy was wasted wondering who and how I'd go."

"Not only was the big decision made for me—that I must go to work and support mother and the kids, but I couldn't even make such little decisions as whether I would go to town on Saturday night and have an ice cream dip or whether I'd stay home."

"My decision was made for me by the very fact that not a cent could be spared for such an innocent little pleasure as that."

"In ten years the mortgage was paid off, all the kids were through high school, some of them married, mother's worrying days were over. I had a good job in the auto works."

## DRYS FILE SLATE

Prohibition Party Drafts Last of Candidates.

William M. Harris, Indianapolis, is the Prohibition party candidate for United States Senator, and Albert Stanley, Indianapolis, the gubernatorial candidate. The party slate was filed with Governor Ed Jackson Saturday, who turned it over to J. O. Lee, State election board secretary.

It contains approximately 1,000 names of residents of the State. Oct. 15 is the last day for filing such petitions.

Names of presidential electors and the following candidates for offices are on the petition:

Owen Wierd, Winona Lake, Lieutenant Governor; Clevy H. Lloyd, Shelby, Secretary of State; Lula Swisher, Gary, treasurer; Joseph A. Fried, Wakarusa, auditor; Allen Bowman, Huntington, superintendent of public instruction; Charles A. Slayer, Montpelier, attorney general, and Isabella Everson, Columbus, reporter of the Supreme Court.

WAGE PARLEY FAILS TO SET MINERS' SCALE

Subcommittee to Report No Agreement at Terre Haute Today.

By Times Special  
TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Sept. 10.—Failure to agree upon a new coal miners' wage scale is expected to be reported to the joint conference of miners and operators here today by the subcommittee which adjourned Saturday.

Further efforts to reach an agreement are considered unlikely. Since the Jacksonville agreement expired last April many of the mines near here have been operating under individual contracts. Operators are expected to revise these contracts similar to the Illinois scale of \$6.10.

CHURCH HOMECOMING

All-Day Services Observed at Flackville M. E.

More than 150 members and former members of the Flackville M. E. Church attended the annual homecoming services Sunday at the church.

The Rev. H. L. Davis spoke at the morning services. Dinner was served in the church at noon, and the Rev. J. L. Stout was in charge of the afternoon services, assisted by the Rev. Wayne M. Nicely. The celebration was under the direction of the Rev. U. G. Abbott, pastor of the church.

PUSHES MURDER PROBE

Father of Youth, Killed at Marion, Starts Investigation.

By Times Special  
MARION, Ind., Sept. 10.—Investigation of the murder of Orville Goodpasture, 24, a week ago, will be pushed by the dead youth's father, John Q. Goodpasture, of Queensboro, Ky., who arrived here Sunday accompanied by a leading criminal lawyer of Kentucky.

The grand jury will convene on Wednesday. Charles Mauler and Uhle Ferguson are held in jail here charged with voluntary manslaughter. Both maintain their innocence.

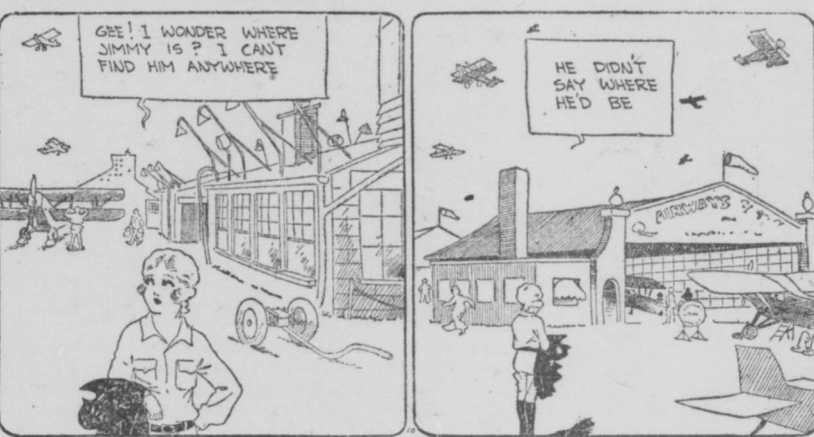
Reports Aged Husband Missing

D. C. Hollowell, 73, of Cambridge City, Ind., was reported missing from home today. Mrs. Hollowell said she had accompanied her husband to Indianapolis and that their nephew was with them. Hollowell left his wife and nephew, saying he was going to get something to eat, but failed to return.

### OUT OUR WAY



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



PRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



INOTON TURNS II



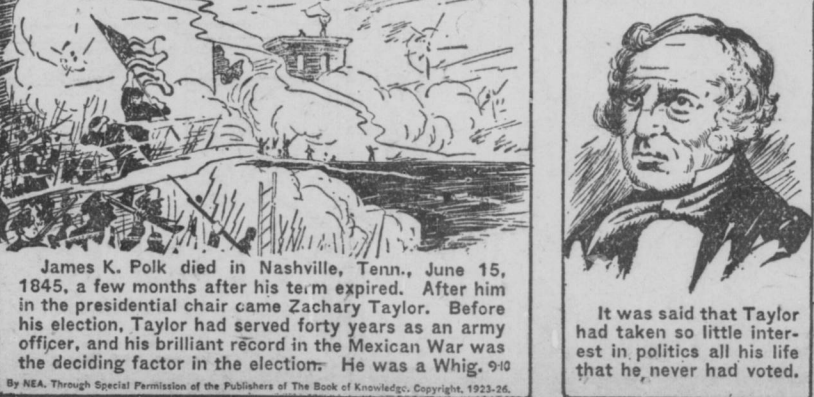
SALESMAN SAM



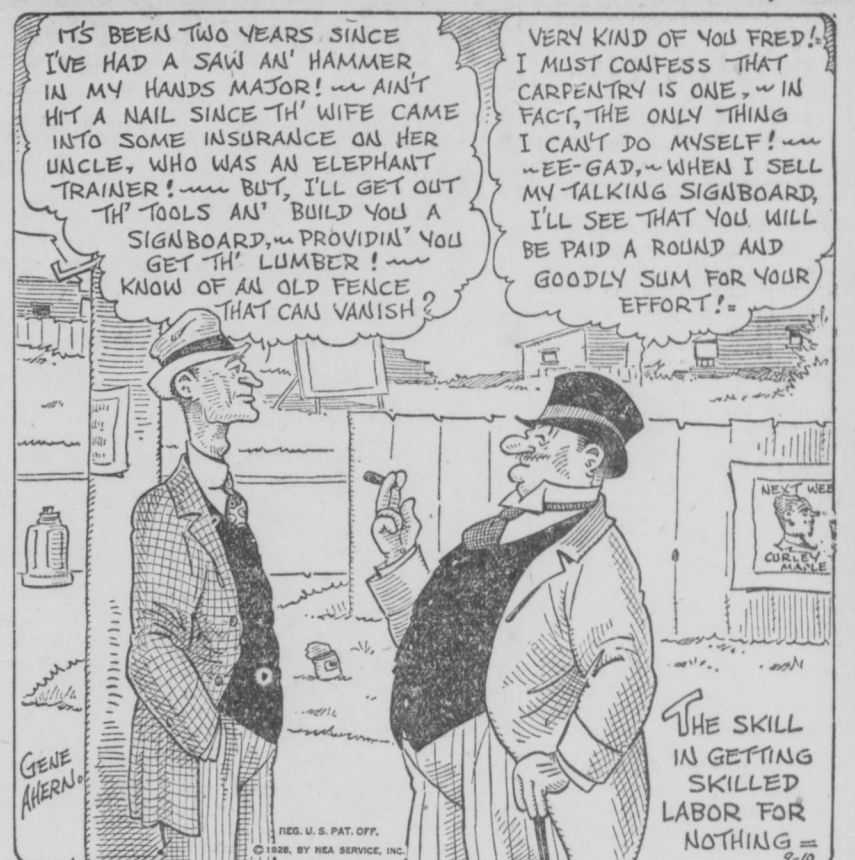
MOM'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE



THE SKILL IN GETTING SKILLED LABOR FOR NOTHING



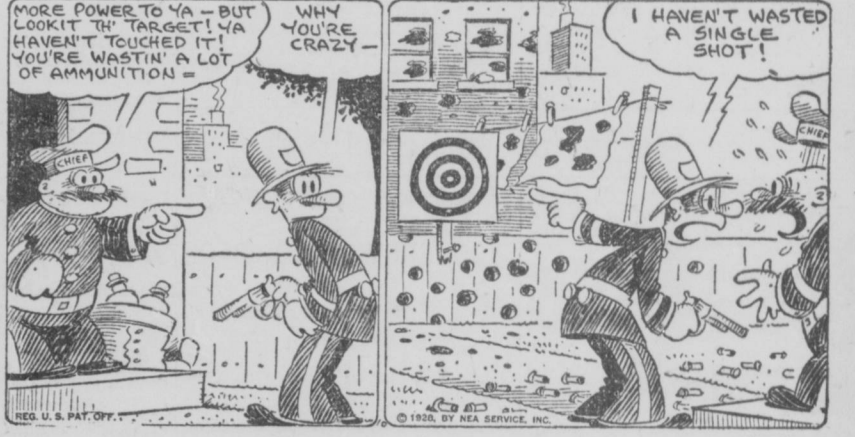
—By Blosser



—By Crane



—By Small



—By Taylor



SKETCHES BY BESSEY. SYNOPSIS BY BRAUCHER

