

WHIRLWIND

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SYBIL THRENE, Boston society girl, bemoaned the way she had been by man on shipboard in Harmon harbor—a man whom she had known just five days—**HARD EUSTIS**, dangerous and fascinating.

With **MABEL BLAKE**, a rich woman, Sybil had gone for a trip to the tropics, to try to recoup a decision regarding **CRAIG NEWHALL**, to whom she had given her heart. **NEWHALL** is a young and wealthy bachelor, but Sybil, years ago, fell desperately in love with **JOHN LAWRENCE**.

When Lawrence was reported missing in action Sybil took a solemn vow never to let him out of her sight. It was to please her father, who was very ill, that she came to the tropics. **Craig Newhall** is the man. But when her father died she began to question the wisdom of her promise. Then after a quarrel with her mother, **TAD** and **VALERIE**, kept a frivolous, tempestuous and selfish girl, Sybil, utterly miserable.

Richard Eustis is aboard, and Sybil finds neither rest nor peace until she has given her love to her, but not until the last night of the trip does he ask her to marry him. He loves her, **Craig Newhall** does not. But when her father died she began to question the wisdom of her promise.

Then after a quarrel with her mother, **TAD** and **VALERIE**, kept a frivolous, tempestuous and selfish girl, Sybil, utterly miserable.

On their wedding night, strutting down the Prairie with **JOHN LAWRENCE**.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XVIII

SYBIL drew her breath sharply. "Oh, Rich," she protested, "you don't want to drink any more tonight."

"Why not, darling?"

Good-naturedly he coaxed. "We'll just drop round to Sloppy Joe's. You've no idea how interesting it is, dear. Life in the raw—jockeys and gamblers and all their fancy ladies."

She shrugged distastefully, and her voice was cool and distant.

"If you wish," she conceded icily, and they walked in silence down the gay promenade.

The crowd at Joe's was loud and boisterous, so that Sybil drew back as they reached the corner.

"Don't go in," she begged. "It's too noisy."

But **Richard**, pleasantly expansive, would have his way. "Just one little drink, dear. You and I together."

He pressed her arm persuasively.

"Whoever heard of a honeymoon without a champagne cocktail?"

But it was bacardi he ordered when they had found seats at the crowded bar.

"President!" he called, and turned again to Sybil. "I want you to try these, dear. They're the kickiest things in Cuba."

And when the bartender shook them up and set them forth, shouting "kick," he ordered, "Mix us up another."

"Richard Eustis, you said just one!"

"Well, dearest, I don't get married every day. I guess you're going to let me celebrate tonight, aren't you? You'll like this drink, Sybil. Here's happiness, sweetheart! Fill 'em up again, boy."

"Oh, Rich, you're only trying to be tactful."

"Stick around," Richard urged her good-naturedly. "The night's young yet."

But she left them before 10 o'clock. Dinner had been served in their suite. Now it was after midnight.

"Rich," Sybil implored, her voice close to tears, "you must come now."

She clutched his arm, until, unsteadily, he gained his feet.

"If you say I must," he conceded, "I'll do it. But, Sybil, of course, I'd like 'nother drink."

It was only a few minutes back to their hotel.

"Now, darling," he suggested, as they reached the lobby, "you go ahead, and I'll be up in a few minutes."

"You're not going to have anything else to drink, Richard," she demanded, and her voice was hard and sharp as he had never heard it before.

"My God, Sybil, you talk like somebody's maiden aunt!"

He put his arm about her shoulders and laughed mockingly. "Only a nightcap, darling. It will make me feel better. I'll be right along."

"You needn't bother," she informed him huskily, and holding her head high, rang savagely for the elevator.

"Listen, sweetheart." Contritely he sought to detain her. "I'm dreadfully sorry, but I've a splitting headache. That's the only reason I want a drink. Sybil, you don't think I want to get drunk tonight, do you? Why, darling, I've been dreaming about this!"

"Here's the elevator," she interrupted, and stepped into the little gilded cage.

"**Sybil**! You've been crying!" He kissed her soft, wet face. "Why, Sybil—dear—dear—you mustn't. Tears simply lacerate me."

He found his handkerchief, and tried to wipe them all away.

Shuddering she turned from him. "Please," she implored, "go away."

But he sat on the side of her bed, and stroked her forehead and her hair. When she had grown quieter he put his arms about her. And so the night passed.

"About time you were showing up!" she said, shaking her amethyst drop earrings while her ample bosom heaved her pent-up words. "Dick Talbot waited for you for hours, Tony. First thing you know you'll lose that young man."

Pat broke in at this: "And what if she does? Guess no young fellow's obliged to wait on Tony if he doesn't want to!"

"Well, I've put the engagement tea invitations in the mail," went on Peg, "and you've got no idea what a busy—"

"Mother!" exclaimed Tony deprecatingly, "you didn't—you wouldn't interfere like that!"

"Oh, so it's interfering, is it?" Righteous anger sprang to the blue eyes of Mrs. Tarver. "I guess it's always the girl's mother who announces her engagement, ain't it? And I guess you're engaged, ain't you?"

The high, outraged tone gave way to the usual plaintive, whimpering one. "That's right—it's always the same. I do what's right, and work myself half to death for you—and what thanks do I get? Interfering!" she says to her mother. And 200 invitations I got out today. May-

"But I'm a sick man, Sybil." He moaned with great fervor. "God, I'm sick!"

He raised himself in bed. Put his head on his knees, and cradled his body with his arms, rocking back and forth.

"Poor little girl."

"I don't believe you know how rotten I feel dear," he moaned.

"I begged you not to drink last night," she reminded him coolly.

"I know you did, darling."

"You—you were horrid to me."

"Was I, Sib? Oh, Lord!"

He broke off to resume his rocking. "What a head! Ring for some ice water, will you? And get me some more of that aspirin."

Dutifully she rang, and dutifully pried the tight little lid from the box of tablets.

"Will two be enough?" she asked dispassionately, and when he had taken them, she started toward the door.

"If you knew how sick I am you wouldn't walk out on me like this," he objected miserably.

"Oh, yes I would. I know just what I'm doing."

"You're beautiful!" he contradicted, and kissed her tears away. "Oh, darling, I'm not fit to touch you—not worthy to kiss your little feet."

She laughed at his humility. "When the devil was sick," she reminded him, "the devil a saint would be. When the devil was well, the devil a saint was he!" and, laughing, she sat on his knee, and rumpled his hair.

"You're not going to have breakfast with Mab?" he questioned her anxiously, like a child begging for goodness.

"No, darling. I'm going to have it with my loving husband."

"Sweetheart!"

He jumped from the bed and held her by the shoulders.

"I've told you I'm sorry. What else do you expect me to do? Shed a lot of crocodile tears and grovel at your feet? It isn't my fault that I'm sick, is it?"

She shrugged with dainty disgust.

"See here, Sib—you wouldn't go back on me the very day after we're married? Oh, Lord, darling—I'm crazy about you. You know I am, sweetheart. I'm too sick to talk."

"Mrs. Legree!"

"Do you feel better, dear?"

"Better? I'm on top of the world!" Gaily he hummed a snatch of song—"Sitting on top of the world."

"Good-by, darling. Hurry back."

When she had gone he crossed the room shakily and reached for the telephone.

(To Be Continued)

(How does Richard act on probation? More honeymoon episodes in the next chapter.)

MABEL had left them after dinner. "I've some letters to write," she explained.

"Oh, Mab, you're only trying to be tactful."

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THE NEW Saint and Sinner

By Anne Austin © 1928 by NEA SERVICE INC.

It was well past dinner time when the Tarvers, father and daughter, drove under the pretentious porte-cochere of the Elms.

Pat and her father both secretly hooted at the porte-cochere and the name. But a porte-cochere and a house with a name had been Mrs. Tarver's goal for years, and nothing could so easily bring the sniffles from her husband or daughter.

But somehow both the porte-cochere and the Gothic lettered sign made Tony wince a little. Poor Peg! Would she learn only at a fearful price? And what would that price be?

Peg awaited them on the sun porch as they came from the garage, for Tony insisted on "tucking my own car in bed and hearing its prayers myself."

GENEVA. Sept. 12.—Perhaps the most serious effort in the history of the world for universal religious peace will have its official inception here today.

One hundred representatives of almost every religion, race and country in the world for the next three days will prepare the plans of a universal religious peace conference to be held in 1930.

Ultimate effort of this conference will not be so much of that of church unity, but rather to arrive at a basis of mutual understanding and collaboration in the broader sense of religion.

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OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

