WHIRLWIND

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by ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED

SYBIL THORNE, spoiled and pampered, has consummated a sorry marriage with a drunkard. RICHARD EUSTIS, whom she met on shipboard, was fascinating and seemed desperately in love. Throwing discretion to the winds Sybil married him after an acquaintance of five days. On their honeymoon in Havana he becomes horribly and almost constantly intoxicated. Within two weeks there are bitter quarrels, followed always by reconciliations. Finally, when Sybil threatens to go to another hotel, her husband rushes from their apartment, leaving her to do as she chooses.

Sybil's mad marriage is particularly disastrous because she was engaged at the time to CRAIG NEWHALL, a fine chap. Craig, who is in Boston, knows nothing of her marriage. Sybil took a trip to Cuba with Mabel Blake, a social worker, and met Eustis on shipboard.

Mabel, meantime, has met an American named JACK MOORE, and become engaged herself. The first time Sybil left her husband Mabe land Moore persuaded her to return to him. But now that Richard has left in a towering rage, Sybil resolves to go alone to another hotel.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXII

EMOTIONAL reactions, thought Sybil disinterestedly, were extremely fatiguing.

She would not go tearing after Richard. She would not cry, or sob, or pray. She repressed a faint inclination to laugh.

"No hysterics," she told herself sternly. And, being a creature of habit, she powdered her nose and straightened her hat.

She looked about the room, taking in every detail—much as one looks upon the dead, to remember forever something one will never see again. Then she took her bag, and proceeded soberly to the elevator.

At the Ingla Terra she engaged a room, and leaving orders not to be disturbed, undressed, and slipped into the white satin nightgown that Richard said made her look like a vestal priestess.

She was glad that she was so tired—so utterly, painfully weary. There were aches in the back of her knees, and it was good to stretch between the cool sheets. Good, too, to be alone.

Completely exhausted, she slept until late forenoon, and woke with a guilty start, and an oppressive feeling of impending disaster. She phoned for ice-cold orange juice, and black coffee, and took a cold shower that made her tingle.

The sun was shining, and the streets were full of people bound for their siestas. Dressing hastily she sought the sizzling Prado and hurried to the Seville.

She saw clerks glance at her curiously, and wondered if they knew she had left the hotel the night before. The lights were burning in their room. Perhaps Richard had not returned. She turned the knob quietly.

"Maybe he's asleep," she thought. "Poor little boy!"

She tip-toed across the threshold. Yes, he was asleep, . . . Sprawled across the bed. Dressed even to his shoes.

She moaned.

An empty bottle lay on the floor. Rich's favorite drink—Havana rum. His coat sprawled where he had flung it, and an open bill fold spilled its contents. Cards and letters littered the floor, and there was paper money, sticky with the sugar liquor Richard loved.

Absently Sybil stooped for the coat, and shuffled the confused papers together. It seemed as if she was always tidying after Rich. Socks and shoes and soiled linen. He never hung anything up, or put things away.

"Richard!" she called, bending over him.

He did not start at the sound of her voice, but began to breath noisily. As she turned away, shuddering, her glance fell on the papers she still held. On top was a square white card:

Isabella Petite
Amistad & Cognac
Una triguena Abajo

Triguena? Trigueua? Sybil's brows drew together thoughtfully. The papers slipped from her fingers and fluttered to the bottle on th floor.

Then, without a backward glance, hard on her little French heels, she left the room. Ten minutes later she was with Mabel and Jack Moore at the Pasaje.

# # #

"THERE'S no use talking, Mab. Please, Jack! It doesn't make any difference what you say. Wild horses couldn't drag me back. There's a boat this afternoon, and I'm going to get it. You can come or not, just as you choose, Mab."

"But, Sib, we haven't anything ready! How about your trunk?"

"I'll send a message to the manager. He'll take care of it all right."

"Where's Rich?"

"Asleep."

"Does he know you're going?"

"He doesn't care what I do."

"Oh, Sib darling, if you run away, there'll be hundreds and hundreds of miles between you. Jack, can't you reason with her?"

Sybil's mouth hardened, and her eyes were cold as steel.

"Listen," she began firmly, "I didn't intend to tell you. I'll never tell anyone else. Last night after you people went, Richard was horribly abusive. I left him and went to the Ingla Terra.

"This morning I woke all brimming with wifely love and idiotic devotion. I thought Rich might be sick. I felt sure he would be repentant. And I meant to forgive him once more, and start in all over again. Exactly like a poor adoring fool, you see. So I hurried back to the Seville, and up to our room.

"There lay my husband. Drunk, across the bed. An empty bottle on the floor. And beside it a little card. Do you remember, Mab, the card we saw on the boat? The purser showed it to us.

"It said 'una rubia' on it, and the purser told us it meant the girl was blond. This one said 'triguena.' I know that means brunet, because Richard says love is a matter of types, and you see he likes dark women."

'Sybil—oh, my dear!"

"Her name is Isabella, and she lives downstairs somewhere." Sibil was talking rapidly—disconnectedly now. "My husband particularly likes girls with dark eyes and olive skin."

"Sybil—darling—don't!" Mabel threw her arm protectingly across Sybil's shoulders. 'You poor girl—don't dear!"

# # #

SYBIL contemplated the ring on her left hand thoughtfully. "Why not?" she demanded.

Gently Mabel drew her closer.

"It's so horrible." She shivered. "And — besides — perhaps Richard didn't go there. Maybe he just found the card."

Sybil sat up very straight, and shaking Mabel's arm away, turned her lever gaze upon her friend. "Don't be a dumb-bell, Mab," she admonished.

Moore shifted his incredulous glance from one girl to the other. "Perhaps," he offered lamely, "I'd better go over and talk to him."

"Good Lord, no! Leave him alone. What good does talking do?" Sybil was angrily determined. "I don't mean to be rude, but you'll have to let me handle this my own way. Are you coming with me, Mab—or aren't you?"

Mabel turned to her fiance. "Could you come too, Jack?"

"Not a chance, dear. I have to make Santiago from here. But why don't you go ahead with Sybil? We'll let Eustice sleep until you get out. Then tonight I could drop over there, and tell him that Sybil is through. I suppose he knows how to reach you at home, Sybil?"

Sybil wrinkled her forehead perplexedly.

"Honestly, Jack, I don't know. He knows I'm from Boston, of course, but I don't believe he knows that the family is at Wianno. If I ever mentioned it, he has probably forgotten it.

"Oh, if he wanted to come to Boston, he could find me. Directories and 'phone books, you know.

"Anyhow, I've planned exactly what I shall do. Nobody need know I've been married at all. If Rich cables, or tries to get in touch with me so that Mother would know, I can tell her he's just a crazy man we met on the trip that I don't care a bit about. And you'll stick with me, won't you, Mab?"

"You know I will, Sib."

"Well then—I guess that's settled Will you grab a fertingo, Jack, and hustle down to the steamship office and get us a stateroom? We have round-trip tickets. Mab's coming along like a good girl—aren't you, dear?"

"Oh, I suppose so," Mabel concurred dubiously.

"Angel!" approved Sybil, and turned briskly to Jack.

"I'll help Mabel pack," she told him, "and if you'll come to take us to the boat after you make the reservations, we'll be all ready."

# # #

WHEN Jack had gone she turned helplessly, to hide the tears that stung her scorching lids. Fumbling in the depths of a big beaded bag, she found a handkerchief, and pressing it to her trembling lips, began to bite its lacey edge, until it became a tattered little rag. Her bravado had vanished and aall her crisp, efficient manner.

"Oh, Mab!" she whispered, and it was such a weary, defeated little whisper. "Oh, my dear—my dear—whatever shall I do?"

(To Be Continued)

Sybil sails for home. And, in the next chapter, an unlooked for possibility confronts her.

THE NEW

Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1928 by NEA SERVICE, INC.

For the first time in all the months she has known him—months of alternating and spasmodic sincerity and flirtations, Tony's lips were cold and her lithe body rigid as Dick Talbott's arms held her.

Too proud to resist and have him laugh as she realized his superior strength, Tony sat quietly aloof, her lips cold and unresponsive.

She knew that Dick, handsome Dick into whose dark eyes she had once laughed, was, half in anger, half in fear, now trying desperately to bring back the Tony whom he had known on other moonlit nights such as this.

But Tony's anger was ebbing fast. Things were all wrong, somehow. Dick was spoiled and petulant and greedy. She could not, she would not marry him.

He was a gentleman, too. Something was all wrong now, when a situation like this was beginning to seem common, trashy.

She knew that Dick felt it, too. His face was miserable and a little ashamed. A resisting Tony in his arms would have been one thing. But a Tony who lay still and quiet, indicating that his touch was not even obnoxious to her, but just didn't matter, was too much.

"Talk to me, Tony, and be yourself," he said remorsefully, and released her.

Tony, her heart welling with gratitude and a real liking for Dick, contrite and miserable, again feared the old fascination.

"It's just this, Dick," she said gently. "I'm not really sure about our engagement. When I'm with you, I want to be loved by you, and nothing else matters.

"But when I'm away you just don't seem part of my life somehow—and—" Tony hesitated; she hated to hurt him, but there must be truth tonight, "I can't quite imagine you filling all the years ahead.

"Life seems too big, somehow, to stay in one place with one man. Oh, Dick, I can't make it clear, and it's such a muddle. That's why I didn't tell the family. If you hadn't made it all so definite, Dick, mother wouldn't have spread it around.

"She has sent out engagement tea invitations to two hundred people, without so much as asking me! She wants me to marry you, Dick. She's throwing me at you because you're a Talbott and I'm nothing but a Tarver.

"Oh, I know what Stanton, your part of Stanton thinks of us," she hastened on as Dick tried to protest, "but I don't care what you think.

"Pat Tarver is a prince. He may not have the polish your Dad has and he may not have used finger bowls all his life, but —"

"Stop, Tony," Dick said then, his arm slipping around her waist. "And get this straight, girl. I don't care what my people or my friends think of you and your family. I love you, and because I love you you're not going to be rushed into this.

"The engagement is off! I'm sorry you'll have the gaff to face with follow-ups to all those invitations. Your mother should have waited for you. But life is much bigger than engagement teas, Tony, and you've got to be sure.

"Kiss me good-by. I'm going away tomorrow."

"But where, Dick?" Tony finally asked, stirring in his arms and heart hungry under his old hypnotic love spell.

"Don't know. I'm going somewhere. Let's go back, Tony."

To Be Continued

Sale of Liquor in U. S. by Commission Is Urged

Sweden tried prohibition. It failed. Now a rigid system of State control is being tried, successfully. William Philip Simms, Scripps-Howard foreign editor, has made an intensive study of the plan, and herewith presents the tenth and last of a series on the workings of the system.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
Foreign Editor, Scripps-Howard Newspapers

STOCKHOLM, Sept. 17.—That our prohibition "experiment" is a failure is the growing conviction of an ever-increasing proportion of sober-minded Americans.

But just exactly what we might try next to further the cause of temperance and healthy public morals, which every good citizen sincerely desires, has been advanced only in general terms.

Purely as a constructive suggestion, therefore, the following concrete outline is offered, based almost entirely on the Swedish experiment in liquor control which, covering the same period of time as ours, has been as conspicuous a success as ours has been a failure.

1. Make the vitally needed reforms possible "by the straightforward methods provided in the Constitution itself," of which Herbert Hoover spoke at Palo Alto. Then—

2. With one coup wipe out the present scandals, chaos, graft and corruption connected with prohibition by creating a Federal liquor law enforcement commission whose members, appointed by the President, would be of Supreme Court calibre, and above all suspicion.

3. Similarly abolish bootleggers and all that dangerous underworld of rum ring criminals and grafting officials by creating a National Wine and Spirits Central, to take complete control of the manufacture, importation and distribution of every ounce of alcohols in the country, including industrial alcohol.

4. Remove all incentive to push the sale of alcoholic beverages by removing all occasion for private profit, making the National Wine and Spirits Central a quasi-public concern, operated on capital raised by the sale of bonds to bear only 4 or 5 per cent interest, no more and no less.

5. Strictly subject to local option, legalize the sale of light wines and beers within stated maximums of alcoholic content, likewise specified amounts of the stronger spirits, all to be rationed according to law.

6. Arrange passbooks, as in Sweden, available to adults of clear records and in accordance with prescribed rules. Upon presentation of these at the specific dealer mentioned in the passbook, properly signed, the stated ration would be available.

7. Criminals, persons with police records, people arrested for driving while drunk, and various other objectionable adults to be refused passbooks or deprived of them if already in possession.

8. Subject to proper limitations, bona fide hotels and restaurants to be bonded and licensed to dispense the agreed amounts of beverages to adults in connection with regular meals. But only in the public rooms specified in the license.

9. Provide heavy penalties for violations of the liberalized liquor laws and enforce them by a well-paid corps of agents.

10. Establish an efficient system of checks, balances and audits along the line of Swedish practice, choose all officials and employes carefully, pay them well and ultimately pension them off generously, thus putting a premium on loyalty.

11. As in Sweden, make the whole establishment self-supporting by applying the surplus income, above interest on bonds, to payment of salaries, law enforcement and the rest, including coast aand border patrols to prevent smuggling. Thus will the taxpayers be relieved of a heavy burden.

Teetotalism cannot be enforced anywhere on earth, says Dr. Ivan Bratt, temperance advocate and author of the successful Swedish experiment, as long as any important proportion of the respectable consider moderate drinking a crime. members of a community do not

That being true, he adds, the only sensible alternative to total prohibition is for the State first to get complete control over all spiritous drinks, then ration them out, reduced to the minimum demanded by public sentiment.

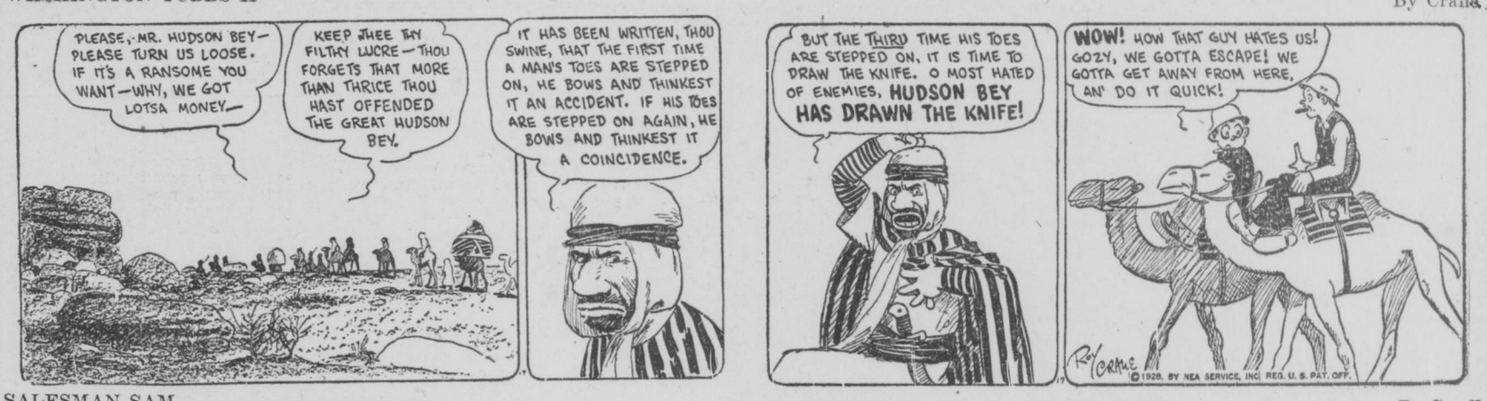
OUT OUR WAY —By Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE By Ahern

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES —By Martin

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS By Blosser

WASHINGTON TUBBS II By Crane

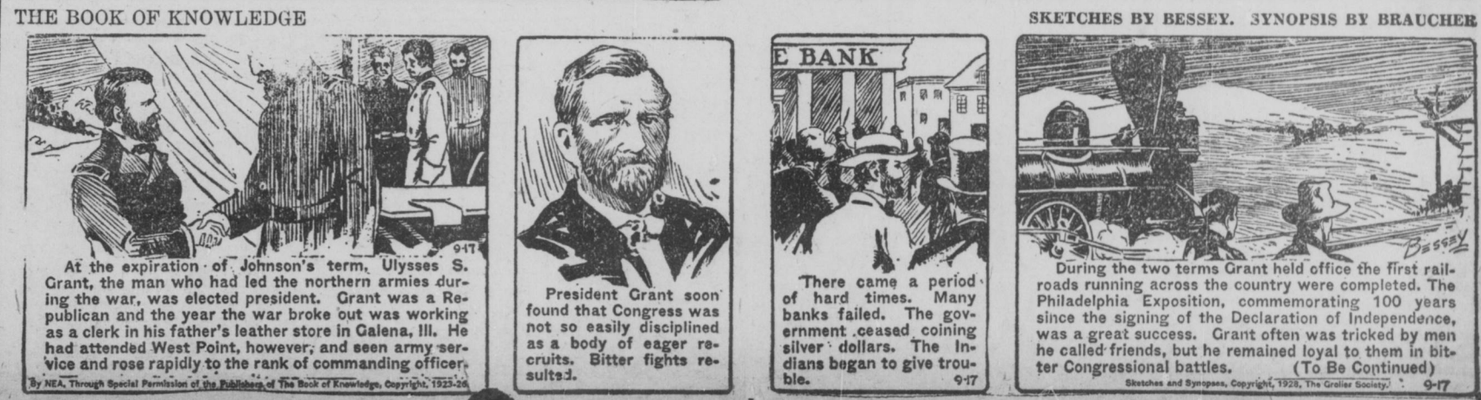


SALESMAN SAM By Small

MON'N POP By Cowan

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

SKETCHES BY BESSEY. SYNOPSIS BY BRAUCHER



At the expiration of Johnson's term, Ulysses S. Grant, the man who had led the northern armies during the war, was elected president. Grant was a Republican and the year the war broke out was working as a clerk in his father's leather store in Galena, Ill. He had attended West Point, however, and seen army service and rose rapidly to the rank of commanding officer.

President Grant soon found that Congress was not so easily disciplined as a body of eager recruits. Bitter fights resulted.

There came a period of hard times. Many banks failed. The government ceased coining silver dollars. The Indians began to give trouble.

During the two terms Grant held office the first railroads running across the country were completed. The Philadelphia Exposition, commemorating 100 years since the signing of the Declaration of Independence, was a great success. Grant often was tricked by men he called friends, but he remained loyal to them in bitter Congressional battles. (To Be Continued)

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