

WHIRLWIND

by ELEANOR EARLY

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THIS HAS HAPPENED
SYBIL MOORE, now so disillusioned of
brides, has deserted her husband on
their honeymoon. RICHARD EUSTIN,
dangerous and impulsive, has agreed
to marry him after five days' tem-
perous courtship.

In the morning following the wedding he
begins to drink and breaks Sybil's heart
on their marriage night. She leaves him
in the middle of the night on a road. She
goes immediately to MABEL BLAKE, a
seaside worker, who accompanied her.

Mabel, meantime, has become en-
gaged herself in an affair of her own.
In Hawaii JACK MOORE. They listen,
and when first to tell Mabel, she says,
"Well, I'll be——"

Now GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXXIII

LIKE strangers Sybil and Mabel
looked at each other, and seemed
embarrassed.

Until suddenly, with one of her swift changes
of mood, Sybil advanced like a field
marshal on Mabel's wardrobe.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "help me
to be bad boiled." Wake up
Mabel. Help me swing this trunk
around. Pack your hats and your
toilet things. I'll get your dresses
on the hangers. A little speed, if
you're sailing with me!"

With incredible swiftness the
hours flew. Three hours later they
followed their trunks aboard, while
whistles blew and the gangplank,
under their very feet, began to
tremble and to move.

On the pier Jack Moore wiped his
glistening pate, and swore he'd seen
a miracle.

"You see," explained Mabel, "the
lamb never saw me hurry before."

They stood on the deck together,
their faces toward the shining city.
And Mabel waved her little hand
kerchief until Jack was only a dot
in the distance.

"Well, Mabel," Sybil tucked her
arm through her friend's. "It was
an exciting vacation anyhow."

Mabel turned her back to the dis-
tant land. Smoldering turquoise
and gleaming sapphire, and all the
sunset hues that shone on build-
ings of pink and blue and yellow.
Morro Castle in a sea of jade, and the
city beyond, all bathed in golden
light.

"My dear," she said in her best
social service manner, "that's no
way to talk. You must try not to
be bitter. But don't, I beg of you,
be frivolous!"

Sybil, swallowing a perilous lump
in her throat, dabbed at her eyes
with a bit of lace. Her chin quiver-
ed, and she caught her lower lip
between her teeth.

"Well, I don't feel so darn Polly-
annaish about it—I'll tell you that.
I'd like to crawl into my little berth
back there, and hew! hew! But
what's the use, Ma? You've got
to snap your fingers at Fate, old
dear—or Fate will darn soon knock
you out."

"Sybil, have you thought of Craig
lately?"

"My dear, I haven't thought of
anybody else. It took Richard to
make me appreciate him. A lot
of good that will do me—now."
him, Sib?"

"Do you suppose you'll marry
Heavens above, Mabel, I've had
enough of marriage."

"But it would be different with
Craig."

"I know it would. But I can't
even think about it. You see I'm
already married. Whether I like it
or not, I have a husband. It doesn't
make any difference that he drinks
and chases Isabellas. He's my hus-
band just the same. Unless I get a
divorce!"

"Oh, my dear, wouldn't that give
Boston something to talk about!
Wouldn't they love it! Wouldn't
Val just eat it up! And Mrs. Car-
rington, and the Caswells. And all
the girls who want Craig and can't
get him. And the crowds at the
Country club!"

Sybil sighed profoundly. "I guess
I've fixed things this time, Ma. I
guess I've wrecked my little old life
forever."

MABEL said nothing at the time,
but shortly she began to talk
divorce. After dinner that night
she found a sequestered corner for
their deck chairs, and to Sybil's
great amazement, proceeded calmly
to advocate an immediate divorce.

"I don't know how you'd go about
it," she admitted. "But aren't they
awfully easy things to get in Paris?
In this country there's something
about establishing a residence—
that is, you have to live for a cer-
tain length of time wherever you
file suit."

So that ducking out of Boston
wouldn't do much good. People
would know about it. But if you
went over to Paris, it could all be
so quiet nobody would even suspect."

Sybil laughed.

"Anybody think you were talk-
ing about running over to South
Boston?" she joked, and added
pantingly, "how, my dear, could I
hop over to Paris?"

Mabel was vague.

"Oh, it could be arranged some-
how. I'd love to see you out of
this mess, Sybil, before Craig knows
about it. By the way, did you ever
write him?"

"No, I didn't. I simply couldn't.
And I sent about twenty radios
and things, I cabled that I'd write
later—that I was awfully busy, and
having a wonderful time. He knows
how I hate to write letters. And I
asked him not to cable any more, because it made me feel awfully
guilty."

"I said he was just ruining my
vacation, making me feel that I
ought to write him. My dear, it
cost me \$16 and I felt like a per-
fect criminal. But it worked. Poor
old Craig. He told me to have a
good time and to forget all about
him—just to let him know when we
were coming home."

"You could wireless him now."

"Oh, I couldn't. I'd feel like such
a hypocrite. You know, Ma. I'm
awfully surprised at you." Sybil
eyed her friend sternly. "There you
are, urging a married woman back
to her lover. Boosting divorce and
snapping your fingers at respect-
ability."

"Oh, Sybil," Mabel protested
anxiously. "I could forgive my hus-
band for getting drunk. I could
forgive him for telling the same
old stories over and over again—
you know, my dear, Jack does that."

"I could scream sometimes. I
could forgive him for committing
murder, or robbing a bank, or
throwing cigarette ashes on the rugs.
I could forgive him for lying."

"But there are two things I could

never, never forgive. And one of
them would be for being mean and
stingy; and the other would be for
going with another woman. Gener-
osity and fidelity—the cardinal
virtues for husbands. If my husband
had not until she had reason to be-
lieve he was a good man, I'd kill him.
I know I would."

Sybil's eyes grew thoughtful.

"Yes, . . . you would," she said,
"if you loved him. But you see,
Mab, I didn't care much. People
think that the opposite of love is
hate. That isn't so at all. It's in-
difference."

It WAS strange that Sybil was
seasick that first night out. The
ocean was like a mill pond.

"I can't understand it," she
moaned, tossing restlessly in her
stuffy stateroom. "I felt so well
coming down, all through the storm
over Hatteras, when everybody was
sick."

"It's probably your nerves," con-
soled Mabel. "You've been through
a dreadful experience, you know—
and I suppose it's a sort of physical
reaction."

But next morning Sybil was not
able to go down for breakfast, and
Mabel had the steward bring a tray
to their stateroom.

"Griddle cakes," he said, un-
wrapping a steaming plate, "and sau-
sages."

"Oh, take them away, please. If
I smell, I'll die."

Hashtly she retreated and Mabel,
with a worried line between her
eyes, peeled an orange. There was
a doctor aboard. Perhaps she
could talk with him.

"Here, dear, suck on this," she
suggested. "It can't hurt you. Still
feeling pretty rocky?"

Sybil finds that her plans will
have to be changed and Mabel is
worried over her friend's plight.

THE NEW Saint and Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1928 by NEA Service Inc.

Annabel, her maid, was snoozing
in the big croquette chair in Tony's
room when she slipped in, tired and
desolate and a little remorseful, for
there had been a hurt in Dick's eyes
when he kissed her good-night and a
tenderness in his voice that
touched her deeply as he told her
not to worry and not to blame her
self about him.

Poor Annabel, up all times of the
night waiting for her!

In contrition she did not even
turn on the light—but moved about
noisily. Annabel stirred, flick-
ered an eyelid and sprang to her
feet.

"And I always take the dough-
nuts and I wasn't here to have the
coffee and make them!" Tony moaned.

Even the thought of Dick's de-
parture to a place away from her
seemed much less important than
the thought of no doughnuts for Sandy.

Sandy scurried around, assembling
knickknacks, cool little pongee
skirt, gay red tie, stout stockings
and shoes, for when Sandy was on
berries bent, no crease would stop
him, and Tony had run the gamut of
his scorn at sight of her hesitating
to cross a brook and had given a snort at her thin kid shoes.

"You had sense enough when you
were a kid to dress right for berry
picking," he had told her. "But you
have lost it some place."

It was almost 3 before Tony was
in bed and she knew there would
be little sleep. Sandy would be
along before 6 with his skillet and
coffee pot.

"And I always take the dough-
nuts and I wasn't here to have the
coffee and make them!" Tony moaned.

Even the thought of Dick's de-
parture to a place away from her
seemed much less important than
the thought of no doughnuts for Sandy.

"Sandy," she confessed, "I was
away last night and I don't have
the doughnuts."

"But I have," said Sandy, "and
melted and bacon and eggs and
cinnamon bun and everything."

"Best day in the year, Tony," and
they were o in the morning mists.

(To Be Continued)

"I know it would. But I can't
even think about it. You see I'm
already married. Whether I like it
or not, I have a husband. It doesn't
make any difference that he drinks
and chases Isabellas. He's my hus-
band just the same. Unless I get a
divorce!"

"Thanks, Annabel. Now run to
bed, Tony, and her heart's load lifted
a little as somehow it always did when Sandy came back
into her life—

Blackberrying with Sandy! What
a lark! They would take Sandy's
funny little car—for he refused to
be driven by Tony—and whiz down
the yellow dirt roads to the black-
berry patch they had raided every
since she was just a tiny girl and
the Tarvers really needed the
berries for winter jam and sauce.

(To Be Continued)

A TRAMP COMEDIAN IS A VARIETY HIT

Mack of Mack and Stanton Brings a Well-Known Burlesque Character of the Old Days Back to Life.

BY WALTER D. HICKMAN

THE old tramp comedian of the good old burlesque days has been missing on the vaudeville and legitimate stage for some time. He is back in the big league this season and Mack of the team of Mack and Johnson is responsible for his recovery.

Mack is a tramp comedian with the putty nose, the dirty beard and the big falling trousers. It takes art of a definite quality to make the tramp stand out on any bill, but Mack is doing it this week at the Lyric.

Mack has talent and his tramp is created in makeup like the traditional burlesque tramp but his language in both words and song is the language of the day.

LOOKING OVER NEW BURLESQUE SHOW

"Sporty Widows" as a snappy title for a burlesque show is a happy thought, but that short title omits the description of the show by that name.

That important something is Billy Fields. He is a clown, makes no pretensions otherwise and, while you are looking at him and listening to his many "wise cracks," makes you forget all about art, humor or anything else that has to be interpreted before it can be understood. Fields gets the idea across that it is all in fun.

The comedian is an integral part of any burlesque show, they all have them, more or less. But here is one that tops most of the others by a long way. It's burlesque and it's funny.

The rest of the show, costumes, girls, dances and all, has nothing spectacular to offer. Fields is given most of the time and deserves it.

The Five Maywells have a standard, stale, old fashioned exhibition. Fine act.

Other theaters today offer: "Lilac Time" at the Circle; Charlie Davis at the Indiana; "The River Pirate" at the Apollo; fight movies at the Colonial and "Two Lovers" at the Lowes' Palace.

Charles Schwab says that "putting the idea across" and not money is what animates the modern business man.

"It's a good variety bill at the Lyric this week."

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a hypocrite. You know, Ma. I'm
awfully surprised at you." Sybil
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OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern

