

# WHIRLWIND

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THIS HAS HAPPENED SYBIL THORNE, bride of two weeks, has deserted her husband in Havana. RICHARD EUSTIS, fascinating and immoral, swept her into an impetuous marriage after five days' courtship. They met on shipboard and were married in Havana harbor. After their wedding night Richard became intoxicated, and despite constant protest, he continued to drink. Following a particularly sordid scene, Sybil leaves him again, she returns to her apartment. In the morning, moved to forgive him again, she returns to her apartment. Richard lies in a drunken stupor across the bed. On the floor there is an empty bottle and the card of one of Havana's notorious women. "I'm completely disillusioned," Sybil seeks MABEL BLAKE, a Boston social worker, with whom she had made the trip to Cuba. Mabel, meantime, has become engaged to JACK BROWN, an American salesman working in Havana. Sybil tells them of the final break with Richard, and begs Mabel to return to Boston with her. They sail that afternoon, leaving Sybil still alone.

On the way home Mabel surprises Sybil by suggesting an immediate divorce, and advancing the possibility of marriage with CRAIG NEWELL. This is a fine young man—the most eligible bachelor in Boston—and Sybil is in love with him. She was in fact engaged to him at the time of her mad marriage with Richard. Sybil becomes ill and Mabel, thoroughly alarmed, sends the doctor, Henderson, a passenger on her boat.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXIV MABEL had never felt so uncomfortable in her life. A brick red flush intensified her unbecoming embarrassment.

She felt that all the blood in her face had rushed to her blistered nose. Even her eyes smarted with painful embarrassment.

"And I'm a social worker," she reminded herself sternly, "and supposed to be last boiled!"

Dr. Henderson was regarding her curiously.

"If there is anything I can do," he repeated, and smiled in an amiable, professional sort of way.

"It isn't about myself I wanted to ask you," she stammered. "I want to know if you can tell me, Doctor, won't you sit over there for a few minutes so that I can talk without anybody hearing us?"

They found deck chairs while poor Mabel murmured distractedly, "You're very good." And when they had seated themselves she began to talk rapidly.

"I don't know how to begin. Perhaps I'm foolish to bother you, but I'm so worried. You see—it's this way, Doctor—" and she launched into the story of Sybil's marriage.

"Now," she concluded hopefully, "you see how it is. If the poor girl's going to have a baby, it's perfectly awful, for she doesn't mean to tell anyone that she has been married."

"She doesn't want to have anything to do with that wicked man. And besides—it would be terrible to bring a child into the world with a heritage like that."

"Richard Eustis was drunk almost every blessed minute. If she's going to have a baby, everybody will know about her marriage. And they'll know she had run away from her husband. Oh, it would be so dreadful!"

Mabel sighed miserably. Then a thought, like lightning, flashed across her mind.

"Heavens above!" she groaned. "It would be worse than that. They'd never believe Sybil had been married at all!"

D. HENDERSON twirled his thumbs upon his little, round stomach.

"And how," he asked, "did you think I could help you?"

Mabel explained. "But you see I may be making a mountain out of a mole hill. But she's perfectly miserable. She hasn't been able to eat a thing since we came aboard. Do you suppose, Doctor, that she is going to have a baby?"

Thoughtfully the little physician gazed upon the ocean.

"Well, now, that's a very difficult thing to say—at this stage of the game. There are no hard and fast rules for the condition you contemplate. None at all—unfortunately. In any case, I should advise that you keep your misgivings from her. Divert her mind. Get her out on deck if you can."

"Would you be willing to drop in and see her, Doctor?"

"It wouldn't do a particle of good, my dear young lady."

THAT night Sybil slept fitfully. Mabel never closed her eyes.

The dreadful uncertainty of it! In four days they would be with Craig and the family. Mabel pounded her pillow fiercely and moaned in silent misery.

"Of all the horrible complications!"

The next morning Sybil went to breakfast in the salon. But it was the last time she essayed it. She had luncheon and dinner brought to her on deck, and announced her intention that evening of having all her meals in her deck chair.

"It's really most pleasant," she said. "It's so stuffy in the dining room."

After that she spent most of her time in the open, even sleeping one hot night on the boat deck and so the days passed, lazily and pleasantly enough, until the journey home was over.

THEY were getting in the afternoon. Sybil, in a deck chair, munched an apple meditatively.

"Well, Mab," she confided, "I've made up my mind what I'm going to do. I'm not going to say one single word about Richard to anybody."

"If Craig still wants to marry me, after the shameful way I've treated him, I'm going to wait until I'm altogether sure of myself. Then, if I know I want to marry him—and, my dear, I'd be sure this time—I'll make a clean breast of everything. Perhaps it will kill Craig's love, but I guess that would be my punishment."

"As if you hadn't had enough now!" interrupted Mabel.

"Life's all punishment for me."

"Oh, don't be morbid, dear. It isn't exactly a bed of roses for any of us, you know. Makes you wonder what it's all about, doesn't it? Life's so hellish—it seems as if there ought to be something good somewhere."

"Well, I'll have my little heaven, if I ever patch things up with Craig. If he cares enough, Mab, could get a divorce after a while."

"Of course you could, dear. What do I tell you?"

"Well, there wouldn't be any sense in it, if it wasn't going to do some good. Do you suppose Craig will ask me for a divorce?"

"Oh, I'm sure he will, Sib. I think real love can forgive most anything."

"But I couldn't forgive Rich."

"Of course you couldn't. That was different. He insulted you—outraged you—oh, my dear, there isn't any comparison at all."

"Perhaps Craig will think I treated him as horribly as Rich treated me. In a way there's a sort of parallel."

"There isn't, Sib. Craig will understand."

MABEL tried to sound confident, but her heart was full of misgivings. Suppose Craig did love Sybil, just the same. Suppose he did want to marry her.

But suppose Sybil was going to have a baby—Richard's baby. How would Craig feel about that? And how about Richard? It would be his baby, too. Mightn't he want it?

That was a new idea. Mabel pondered it silently. Perhaps Sybil would let him have it. If she

didn't love Rich, perhaps she would not love the baby—his baby. Sybil interrupted her train of thought.

"Mab, I was talking with the captain yesterday," she demanded. "He says that all life is accidental, and that everything is chance. He had the thing pretty well doped. I think I rather agree with him."

"Take me for instance. I'm sure Mother was satisfied enough with Tad before I ever came along. All my life I've thought she half-resented me."

"Sybil!" Mabel's laughing protest was rather shocked.

"Well, I have," insisted Sybil. "Might as well be frank about it. Now suppose you forget your outraged sensibilities for a minute, Mab, and listen to me."

(To Be Continued)

Sybil philosophizes on life and love. At last they reach Boston. Meantime, in Havana, Jack Moore has broken the news to Richard Eustis. Events crowd thick and fast in the next chapter.

## THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin

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The woods were alive with waking furry and feathery things as Sandy and Tony toted their skillet, blackened coffee pot and basket of provisions through the dew-wet forest leading to The Point several hundred feet above.

Sandy trudged ahead with basket and water jug. He carefully held back brambles and stinging twigs for Tony, but made no attempt to relieve her of skillet or jug.

Trudging through the soft wood dirt behind him, Tony grinned a little to reflect that she knew no other man in all the world who would let her climb The Point with her share of the load.

Tony thought other things, too, watching Sandy ahead. She reflected that she knew no other man who would go off on a breakfast without wearing the right clothes "pour le sport."

Dick Tubot, for instance, would be wearing English knickerbockers, custom made hiking boots, just the right shirt, tie, cap and stockings, and he would be carrying no smoke-blackened old skillet or unwieldy water jug, but the very latest thing in thermos bottle and camp skillet.

As though conscious of her thoughts, Sandy stopped to grin at her as he held back a biting thorn branch.

"How do you like what the well dressed young man wears when blackberrying?" he called, pointing to the patches on his old trousers.

"Grandest ever!" called up Tony. "Is the top almost here? I'm getting old and rheumatic. I guess Seem's like a hundred miles high!"

Suddenly they were there, in dazling clean golden morning sunshine that spilled over a daisied field with the tip-top boughs of the forest trees peeping over the hilltop edge like a jet black fringe.

Below, the river, cleaved as though with a knife by The Point, ran like a golden ribbon with pools of roses caught in its folds when the morning sun mirrored itself.

## 'THE PATRIOT' IS DUE AT THE CIRCLE

Emil Jannings and Lewis Stone Have Leading Roles in Paramount Feature Which Comes Highly Rated.

LEWIS STONE, the man who appeared in "The Wedding Circle," and "Helen of Troy," is cast in what he himself believes the best role of his film career in Paramount's "The Patriot," which comes to the Circle Saturday.

The role is that of Count Pahlen, minister of war, and the only man in whom Czar I of Russia placed any trust.

"The Patriot" has Emil Jannings in the starring role with Mr. Stone cast in a role nearly equal in importance. It is he who wins the sympathy of the audience, as the patriot, also as the man who enjoys the trust of his leader, he figures in one of the most interesting incidents in the history of Imperial Russia.

This epic of the screen was adapted from the stage play of the same name by Alfred Neumann, celebrated European playwright. Taken from an occurrence in the turbulent history of Russia, it forms one of the most amazing dramas ever put to the stage or screen.

Paul I was known as the Mad Emperor. He had the heart of a child and a brain of a tiger. He ruled ruthlessly and without mercy. Pahlen was the only man who could handle his superior.

He saw what was happening to his country, and knew the only way to keep his country from destruction. He resolved upon a desperate plan and saw it to a successful conclusion.

Achieving this, he thrust himself into oblivion. A most inspiring character. Stone has handled it in a perfect manner.

Also included in the cast of this "wonder picture" is Florence Vidor, herself a star, and Nell Hamilton, popular leading man, who has the role of the Czar's son. It was directed by Ernst Lubitsch and adapted to the screen by Hans Kraly.

Indianapolis theaters today offer: The Five Mayellos, at the Lyric; "Sporty Widows," at the Mutual; "The River Pirate," at the Apollo; "Two Lovers," at Loew's Palace; "Out of the Ruins," at the Indiana; "Lilac Time," at the Circle, and fight movies at the Colonial.

Oct. 3 for Wheat Planting Bu United Press LENTON, Ind., Sept. 19.—The question of "When is the best time to sow wheat?" has been answered by V. D. Sexton, Greene County farm agent, Sexton said Oct. 3 has been established by entomologists as the fly free date in Indiana. Sexton said the wheat crop, especially in southwestern Indiana has been heavily infested by Hessian fly last fall and reduces to such an extent that much of it was plowed under.

Mother Kills Babe, Self Bu United Press CLEVELAND, Sept. 19.—Fears of a young mother that her 20-month-old son would "inherit" her nervous disorder caused her to chloroform the boy and kill herself here today, according to police.

In the election of 1876 both the Democratic candidate, Samuel J. Tilden of New York, and the Republican, Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio, claimed to have been chosen. It was hard to know who really had been elected, because in some of the southern states there were two governments, each claiming to be the right one. 9-19

A special court was appointed, called an Electoral Commission. It was decided in favor of Hayes. But many still believe Tilden was elected. 9-19

## OUT OUR WAY



HEROES ARE MADE—NOT BORN.



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



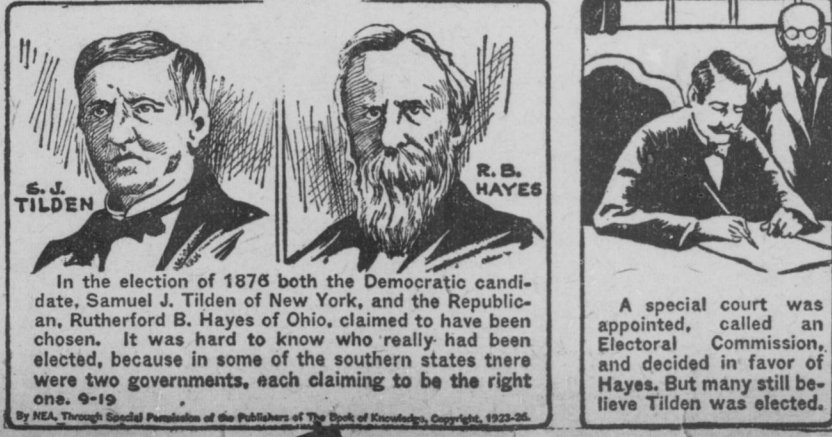
SALESMAN SAM



MON'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



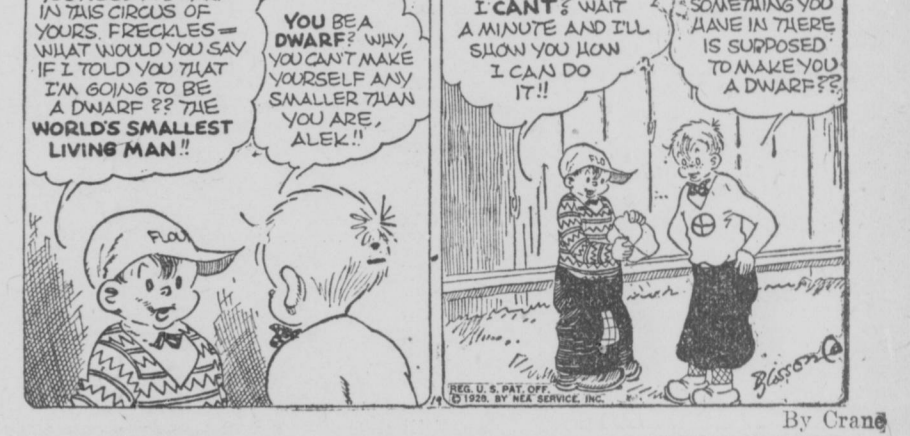
## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



By Martin



By Small



By Small



By Small



By Small



By Small

