

WHIRLWIND

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THIS HAS HAPPENED
SHE HAS BEEN ON A gashly
honeymoon, is living with her mother in
Boston. Nobody knows Sybil is married
except MABEL, her mother. Sybil married
MABEL, JACK MOORE. Sybil married
RICHARD EUSTIS in Havana after a
five days' honeymoon. She was married
lasted two weeks. Sybil, after learning of
her husband's unbelieveable infidelity,
refused to return to him.

CRAIG, NEWHALL, her old sweetheart,
meets her at the pier, but his manager
tells him he mustn't know anything of her
marriage. She is wretchedly unhappy
because of the recent death of her father
and the marriage of her brother, Tad,
to a girl he met in the hotel and
fish-little debutante.

MRS. THORNE, who is also heart-
broken, suggests psychoanalysis at
Valerie's suggestion and gets a new
outlook on life. Valerie, in a
tan suit, from the room because
of Sybil and Tad seem unappreciative of
her efforts on their behalf.

Mrs. Thorne, always amiable for
suggestions that maybe she is going to
have a baby.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXVII

SYBIL laughed shortly.

"Not a chance," she opined.

"Valerie wasn't born yesterday."

Mrs. Thorne blushed painfully.

"You shouldn't say things like
that," she reproved her daughter
mildly.

"Who started it?" demanded Tad.
and catching her to him, kissed her
roughly and laughed at her discom-
fort. "If Mother's got her heart
set on a grandchild, I guess you'll
have to get married, Syb."

Across his mother's head he winked
broadly. "A girl ought to be will-
ing to do that much for her poor
old mother."

Mrs. Thorne pushed him gently
from her.

"Freshie!" she murmured in the
fashion of her girlhood and slapped
him with a pink rose.

SEPTEMBER was hot in Boston
that year. Quiet, with hardly
a breath of air; and the heat ris-
ing in little puffs from the cobble
stones.

After school small boys swam in
the Frog Pond and grownups pat-
ronized the swan boats. Firemen
sprinkled down the streets.

And the newspapers chronicled
the temperature in screaming
headlines, with lists of prostrations
in red print. Mrs. Thorne felt the
heat painfully.

"If you'd had sense enough to
stay at Wianno!" Sybil reproached
Valerie.

"That's right—blame it on me."

"Well, you dragged mother
home."

"Oh, of course—it's all my fault."

The girls had stopped speaking,
when Valerie decided to visit
friends in New Haven.

"You'll be glad enough to be rid
of me," she remarked, which was
so true that Sybil refrained from
comment.

Tad was to make a western trip
on business.

"And when I get back," he de-
clared firmly, "Val and I are going to
look around for a place of our
own. It's an awful imposition—
staying here. Val doesn't realize,
of course—but mothers not so
young as she used to be."

It was Sybil who packed his
bags and sewed his buttons on and
drove him to the station when he
went away.

Valerie had an engagement that
evening to play bridge. The next
day she was leaving for Connecti-
cut.

IT was lonely for Sybil when she
and her mother were there alone,
since Craig had more or less
faced himself, and Sybil was rather
avoiding her old crowd.

Craig had declared himself quite
definitely.

"I don't like being a footstool," he
told her. "And I'm all through
bothering you, Sybil. I guess maybe
you've found my protestations an-
noying. You know I love you. I'd
do anything for you. But I don't
seem to know how to make you care
for me. So, I'm going to drop out
of the picture for a while."

"Absence makes the heart grow
fonder," she purred lightly, half
glad of the relief of promised soli-
tude.

"So I've noticed," he retorted,
"fonder of the other man."

She wondered if there was any
significance in the remark.

"If there's ever anything I can
do for you," he offered.

"Oh, Craig!" she protested, "don't
be silly!"

"Well, I just wanted you to know,"
he insisted awkwardly. "Any time
you want me, let me know."

After that she saw him infre-
quently, and missed him more
than she had thought possible.

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"It is all my fault," said gallant

the very latest idea. They were to
be married in the Spring.

Sybil was carrying a white tis-
sue package, tied with satin rib-
bons. A nightgown of knife-pleat-
ed chiffon in palest flesh, with pink
lilac roses peeping through the
sheerness of it.

Her engagement gift to Mabel.
And, primarily, her excuse for in-
truding on a busy Wednesday
afternoon.

The telephone operator directed
her to the third floor. Mabel was
clinic director of a place called the
G. Y. N. Sybil did not know what
that meant, but apparently it was a
clinic for women—the most depressing
thing about it.

They sat about on benches, their
damp clothes odorous in the un-
pleasant warmth of the place. It
was raining out, and slushy, and
some of them had left rubbers on
the register.

Now the rubbers smelled, and
the cheap furs reeked with the
loathsome smell of wet dyes. Chil-
dren played about their knees, clinging
to their skirts.

They were unhappy, frightened
looking children with running noses
and ugly, misfit clothing.

Mabel looked up from the desk
where she sat before a great card
index. A woman who had been
crying softly turned away, and Mabel
wrote on a little card and in-
serted it in the index.

"Next Thursday then, Mrs. Bren-
nan," she said. "And you mustn't
be frightened."

THEN she saw Sybil standing
uncertainly in the doorway, her eyes
shifting from one wryly
wretched creature to another.

In a second Mabel had crossed the
room, her white clinic apron blow-
ing in gout behind her like a starved
sail. She threw her arms around
Sybil and kissed her on the mouth.

"Sybil Thorne! I haven't seen you
for ages. Only this morning I
was saying to Aunt Emily, 'I simply
must phone Sib—I don't know what
she'll think of me.' My dear, I'm
glad to see you. What an adorable
jaquette. Sit down honey. I've
got people waiting to see me—but
let 'em wait. What's the news,
Sib?"

Sybil proffered her package.
"I've been intending to get down
with this for ages."

"Oh, my dear, it's lovely—per-
fectly exquisite!"

Mabel handled it rapturously.
"Never say anything so beauti-
ful."

"Well, that's not all that brought
me down," admitted Sybil, and
glanced apprehensively toward the
X-ray room. "Can anyone hear us, Mab?"

"Not a soul dear. What's on
your mind?"

"I'm going to have a baby."

The night gown slipped from
Mabel's fingers and all the joy in
her good plain face turned to
misery.

"Are you sure?"

"I went to the doctor's yester-
day. Next May, he says."

Sybil turned, suddenly faint, to-
ward the window, and, when Mabel
had opened it, she leaned on the sill.

Spasmodic dry chokings and
horrible sounds came from her
throat. She threw her arms over her
face, to stifle the noise she
made.

"It wouldn't be so bad—if—if—"
She could not say it.

There were tears in Mabel's eye,
but Sybil's were hard and dry.

"Don't, dear," she cried. "It will
be all right."

Sybil shook her head.
"It's—it's awful!" she gasped, "I
hate him, Mabel—I hate him! His
baby...."

She stood with her back to the
window, and her head against the
glass, moving it restlessly. Her eyes
were wild and hunted.

(To Be Continued)

Sybil and Mabel prepare for
Christmas at the Settlement House.

And Sybil, her heart soft-
ened, discovers that she does not
hate Richard's child. A new
glimpse of Sybil in the next
chapter.

**THE NEW
Saint and Sinner**
By Anne Austin © 1928 by NEA Service Inc.

As Crystal Hathaway sat before
her dressing table that Saturday
evening, making up her face for her
"blind date" with Dick Talbot, her
large hazel eyes glanced frequently
at the front page of the afternoon
newspaper:

"I CHANGED MY MIND," SAYS
CAPRICIOUS "TONY"

Beneath the heavy black capitals
ran the explanatory italics: "Tony
Tarver, new-rich society brat,
breaks engagement with Richard
Warrington Talbot, handsome scion
of wealthy 'old' family."

The sensational story was "dressed
up" with gorgeous photographs of
Tony Tarver and Dick Talbot.

"Home less than two weeks from
Bradley, fashionable girls' college,
Antoinette Tarver, already known
to every flapper, shell and traffic
officer in Stanton as 'Tony,' has
managed to climb to first place in
two unofficial contests—beauty and
popularity—among Stanton's 'wild'
younger generation."

"Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pat-
rick Tarver of Serenity Boulevard,
'Tony' required just one week to be-
come engaged to Richard Warrin-
ton Talbot, only son of Mr. and Mrs.
Benjamin Warburton Talbot, mil-
lionaires and social arbiters of Stan-
ton's most exclusive circles, and
rather less than a week to grow tired of
her hasty bargain."

Today's society column carries the
formal engagement, over the
signature of the capricious young
woman's mother, until recently an
obscure housewife on humble Myrt-
le St., which has become famous in
Stanton as the thoroughfare on
which lived beautiful Cherry Lane,
acquitted of the murder of her aged
fiance, Mr. Ralph Cluny.

"Tony," when interviewed today,
refused to make any comment
other than "I changed my mind."

"It is all my fault," said gallant

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



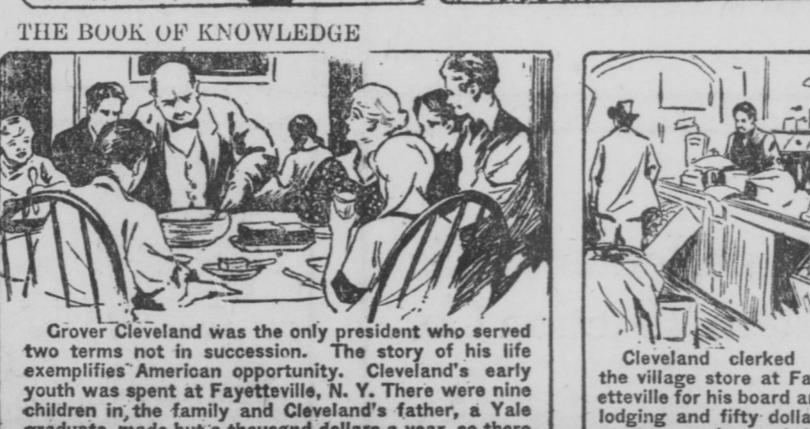
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SALESMAN SAM



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

