

WHIRLWIND

BY ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED
SYBIL THORNE, a ghastly
housewife, is living with her mother in
Boston. Nobody knows Sybil is married
except MABEL BLAKE and Mabel's
husband, JACK MOORE. Sybil married
CLARA BLAKE in Havana after a
five-day courtship at sea. The marriage
lasted two weeks. Sybil later learned
of her husband's unbelievable infidelity,
returned to Boston with Mabel's letters,
CRAIG NEWHALL, her old sweetheart,
meets her at the pier, but his manager
is strangely distant, and Sybil wonders
if he could now anything of her to-
morrow. She is violently unhappy be-
cause of her tragic secret, and also be-
cause of the recent death of her father
and the marriage of her brother, TAD,
to VALERIE WEST, a frivolous and sel-
fish little debutante.

MRS. THORNE, who is also heart-
broken, takes up psychoanalysis at
Valerie's suggestion and gets a new
outlook on life. Valerie, one of her
sisters, flings from the room because
Sybil and Tad seem unappreciative of
her efforts on their mother's behalf.
Mrs. Thorne, always apologetic for Val-
erie's 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."

"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, Sib."

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 Wianon!" 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 mother's 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 ef-
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 both-
ering 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 parried 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.

Occasionally he sent flowers and
a box of candied fruits to Mrs.
Thorne, who was pleased that he
remembered her preference.

Munching a sugared pineapple or
succulent pear she would contem-
plate Sybil gloomily over her sweet
and remark, as usual, that she
could go further and fare worse.

Once after that Craig took Sybil
to a road house. It was the first
time she had done anything gay
for weeks. She wore a dress of
lilac chiffon and pinned a great
bunch of silk violets on her shoul-
der. She wore a top coat of soft
mauve and a little felt hat that
matched.

Almost all men, she reflected,
liked orchid and purple and all the
royal shades between. Craig had
often told her violet was his favorite
color. She slipped a lac string
of amethysts about her neck and
fastened it in her ears.

Across the candle-lit table Craig
bent toward her desirously. It was
nice and cozy, sitting across from
each other like that.

Impulsively she reached for his
hand and brushed it lightly across
her lips. He smiled quietly and
pinched her cheek; then gravely
lighting a cigarette, studied her re-
motely through clouds of smoke.

"Rather nice, isn't it?" he re-
marked idly.

"Nice?" Oh, Craig, it's wonderful
—being together, I mean," she as-
sured him. "I haven't enjoyed any-
thing so far ages."

Through dinner he remained dis-
tantly affable and all the blessed
little intimacies of long ago were
like painful memories.

Sybil poured his coffee and when
he had taken it from her her fin-
gers closed softly about his wrist.
Then, swiftly, she sought her eyes
and held them until she bent, con-
fused, to finger her beads.

"Craig," she whispered softly,
"Do you still want to marry me,
Craig?"

He took her hands then, and held
them close to his face. "You know
I do, dear," he said.

She was tempted then to tell him
everything.

"Would you marry me," she
asked, "if you knew I'd been a very
bad girl?"

He smiled and inclined his head
gravely, as one humoring a child.

"Yes," he told her seriously.

"If you knew I'd been—oh, some-
thing dreadful—married, perhaps?"

Then he laughed, and musing
his napkin mightily, threw it in a
great heap on the center of the
table.

"Come on," he invited heartily.
"Let's dance! And lay off this mar-
riage stuff, will you, Sybil? Pound-
ing away on a sore spot's no good,
you know."

"But I meant it!" she cried.

"Yes, you did!" he muttered.

"You've got about as much intention
of marrying me as nothing at all. So
let's stop talking about it. Do your
theorizing with some other guy,
because it doesn't get anywhere with
me, Sybil."

"Shall we dance?" she asked him
stiffly.

He held her closely and looked
grimly down on the little mauve
hat that nestled on his shoulder.

His eyes, beneath his brim, were
wet with tears.

But of course he could not know
that, nor guess when a big salty
drop splashed on her violets.

And that was the end, for a while,
of their romance.

AUTUMN followed on the heels
of Indian summer; and November
was cold and drear and gray.

Dead leaves whirled in dusy spir-
als and a penetrating dampness
made Sybil shiver as she set out
one afternoon to call on Mabel at
Weston House.

Jack was home again and Mabel
had her ring now. Not the con-
ventional engagement ring at all—
but a delicate platinum circlet,
set with sapphires. With it she
would wear her wedding ring, like
a guard.

And later Jack would give her
a twin band, set with pearls. Sap-
phires—diamonds—pearls—it was
all hers.

THE NEW
Saint and Sinner
By Anne Austin

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 columns: "Tony
Tarver, new-rich society beauty
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,
Anthony Tarver, ready known to
every flapper, sheik 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 Warring-
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
beauty's mother, until recently an
obscure housewife on humble Myrtle
St., which has become famous in
Stanton as the thoroughfare on
which lived beautiful Cherry Lane.

acquitted of the murder of her aged
father, Mr. Ralph Cherry.

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

"It is all my fault," said gallant

Dick Talbot, to the reporter. "I
jumped to the conclusion that Tony
would marry me, just because she
did not definitely say she would not,
and informed her parents and mine
of the engagement. I hope that she
will yet consent to marry me, but
until she makes up her mind to do
so, the engagement of course is
off."

"Dear Dick—gallant Dick," Cris-
tal murmured. "Being a gentleman,
what else could you say to the re-
porter? But we know—don't we, my
Richard?"

"I wonder what the reporter
would have written if he had known
that you called me up at 8:30 this
morning and asked for a date?"
Some day, Richard O' mine, I shall
tell you how I felt, how terribly
fast my heart beat, when I heard
your voice—your dear gruff voice—
asking me so curtly if I'd give you
a 'blind date' for tonight."

"Were you afraid I should say no,
Richard?" she murmured tenderly
to the pictured fact of the dark, to-
good-looking boy.

Faith's voice broke in upon her
sentimental murmurings:

"A date tonight, Crystal? Can I
help you dress? Bob and I are go-
ing to dinner at the Country Club
again, and I thought you might like
to go along, if you had no other
plans."

Crystal's face flamed as she tried
to hide the newspaper propped
against her mirror. "Thanks aw-
fully, Faith, but I have a date—
with Dick Talbot."

"Dick Talbot?" Faith echoed
incredulously, a frown drawing her
dark eyebrows together. "I see
you have read the paper. I do
wish they would quit rehabing
poor Cherry's story. . . . Are you
going to want to go out tonight,
with Dick Talbot—under the cir-
cumstances?"

(To Be Continued)

Grover Cleveland was the only president who served
two terms not in succession. The story of his life
exemplifies American opportunity. Cleveland's early
youth was spent at Fayetteville, N. Y. There were nine
children in the family and Cleveland's father, a Yale
graduate, made but a thousand dollars a year, so there
were few luxuries in the home.

Cleveland clerked in
the village store at Fay-
etteville for his board and
lodging and fifty dollars
a year, and saved his
money to go to college.

Just as he was getting
ready to enter college his
father died and the
dream of college was
given up. For a year
Cleveland taught in a
school for the blind.

The young man borrowed the money to go to Cleve-
land, O., named after one of his ancestors, Moses
Cleveland. From Cleveland he went to Buffalo where
an uncle lived. He worked and studied law. He had
no instruction, but had to dig out everything for him-
self. He developed that stubborn perseverance for
which he later became noted. In 1859 he was ad-
mitted to the bar.

Sketches by BESSEY. SYNOPSIS BY BRAUCHER

By Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern

WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

WAGON TUBBS II

SALESMAN SAM

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