

WHIRLWIND

COPYRIGHT 1928 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED SYBIL THORNE, secret belle, discovers she is going to have a child. She confides in MABEL BLAKE, a social worker with whom she has been friendly since a shipboard courtship, proved so despicable a husband that Sybil left him after a two-week honeymoon. Pledging Mabel to secrecy, she returned to Boston, where CRAIG NEW-HALL lives. Craig has loved Sybil for years—in fact they were informally engaged when he sailed away to Cuba—and met Richard Austin, who has tried to tell Craig of her marriage, but completely misunderstanding, he seized upon the fact that Sybil was not in the room after that particular incident he seems inclined to avoid.

Sybil hates her husband and has never heard from him since the dread day she left him, sleeping drunkenly in the hotel in Havana. She is furiously rebellious about having a child.

But at Christmas time her heart softens, and to her own utter surprise she no longer hates the thought of Richard's child.

Richard urges Sybil to tell her family, and to tell Craig.

"Right after Christmas," she promises. "I can't bear to spoil that day for them. But the very next day."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXIX

TAD carved a monstrous turkey and pulled on the wishbone with Sybil. They had their gifts before dinner on their chairs in the dining room, and ate among tissue wrappings and red satin ribbons, with cards scattered all about the floor, and tinsel cord streaming everywhere.

There were wreaths in the windows, and bay candles on the mantel. And after dinner there was a steaming plum pudding with rum blazing merrily. Sybil had tried very hard to make things festive.

But Mrs. Thorne wept salt tears into her punch, and Valeria sulked because the little locket watch Tad had given her was exactly like Lil Billings'.

"You know perfectly well," she wailed, "that I wanted one of those French enameled things. Goodness, I've talked enough about it! It's just that you don't even bother trying to please me any more. Lil will think I'm cowering, and that would be bad enough if I liked the darn thing! But I simply despise platinum and diamonds!"

Tad looked darkly at the neckties that were his gift from his wife, and exchanged glances with Sybil. She could have cried when she saw the piteous little droop to his mouth. She calculated the worth of Valeria's despised trinket and felt that murder was a thoroughly justifiable procedure.

Sybil had given her brother a lounging robe of broadcloth, and she had chosen himself his gift to her—a crimson negligee of chiffon velvet, faced with palest pink. Mrs. Thorne had the usual assortment of scarves and gloves and books, with a gold locket from Tad, and a woolly afghan the color of young violets from Sybil.

Valeria had given her a bottle of exotic French perfume that hid of languorous trysts and dusky secrets.

Mrs. Thorne would continue to use her own brand all the days of her life, but the other would not be wasted. After a decent interval she would beg Val, a bit apologetically, to use it herself.

AFTER dinner there were roses delivered from Craig, and Eucharist lilies, blooming at Christmas time, and great boxes of bonbons and sugared fruits.

After Sybil had arranged the flowers, they drove to the cemetery with laurel wreaths and red roses and a small fir tree. Valeria went out to a Christmas tea, and Tad, donning the broadcloth robe, tuned in on all the psalm singing universe.

When Valeria came in, Sybil was dressing the negligee Tad had given her. She thought he had worn his wedding gown to please her, and so she had shaken out the crimson folds of her flaming tea gown, and, standing in front of the mirror, had wrapped it softly about her.

She was going to the library, where she sat in front of the radio, to show him, when she encountered Valeria in the hall.

"My goodness, Sybil!" Val stopped her with outstretched arm. "That's a vamped looking outfit—bust, heavens, Sib, you're getting fat! And that red makes you look awfully pale. You don't look a bit well—does she Tad?"

Tad looked up from his dials. "You're a knockout, Sib," he cried, and surveyed his gift judiciously. "That thing just suits you. Val looks like a hag in a wrapper. She's too darn skinny. A man likes a girl with a few curves." Nonchalantly he bent to his dials. "Just got Havana on her. Come on in—I like to look at you."

"You t w o!" scoffed Valeria. "Dressed up like a couple of Christmas trees!"

"Well, Sib, Tad may like 'em curvy, but if I were you, dear, I'd start dieting."

She flung down the hall to Mrs. Thorne's room, and Sybil wondered miserably if it were possible that she had been guessed.

Tad drew a chair for her in front of the fireplace and sat at there, with her elbows on her knees, gazing wretchedly into the flames, and pain like a solid thing wedging up within and filling her body with a dull, stifling ache.

And so the Christmas holidays passed. And New Year's came.

ON the second of January Sybil went again to Western House. Mabel kissed her solicitously, and Sybil saw the worried question in her eyes.

"Oh, it's all right, Mab," she said, and began to pull off her gloves to hide her confusion. "I told them yesterday. Val was simply scandalized. I mean she said she was. You never saw a girl act up so in all your life."

"Of course she was tickled to death—but, my dear, you'd have thought to hear her, the whole thing was a personal affront. And that I'd done it all just to embarrass her. Some day I'll kill that woman—I know I will!"

Sybil rolled her gloves into a little ball, and tossed them on Mabel's desk.

"Tad was absolutely wonderful," she continued. "And mother's down at Bigelow's this morning, to see about having announcements printed. First time she's been out of the house for weeks."

"Poor mums—I guess she felt there wasn't a minute to lose. They

seem determined to put on a brave face, and make the best of a tough proposition.

"You'd think I'd outraged her sense of decency. She gives me a pain, Mab. I do feel sorry for mums and Tad, though."

Mabel looked relieved. "Well, thank goodness that's over with. I should say your mother had been quite wonderful about it."

"Oh, she cried half the night. To tell the truth, I was afraid they'd think I wasn't been married. But Val seemed to be the only one who entertained any doubts on that score. It wasn't what she said—but the way she looked."

(To Be Continued)

THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin ©1928 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

The club steward was becoming red and flustered under Dick Talbot's coldly angry demand for a table.

"If you had only reserved a table, Mr. Talbot," the steward repeated for the fourth time. "Every table available has been crowded upon the floor, as you see—" he swept an apologetic arm toward the densely crowded porch ballroom.

Crystal, clinging to Dick's arm, felt that every eye was upon her, saw heads swaying confidentially toward each other, could almost hear the excited, incredulous buzz of comment: "Who is that beautiful girl with Dick Talbot? Did you see the paper, my dear?"

"Doesn't this look as if he broke the engagement, not Tony Tarver? At any rate, he hasn't taken long to console himself..."

Crystal was pretending great nonchalance and amusement when she saw Tony Tarver rise from a table, shake off the waiting hand of her dinner partner and come skating joyously across the slippery dance floor.

"Hello, laggards!" Tony sang out blithely, for every amazed ear to hear. "Thought you were never coming! We've already had soup, fish and two dances!"

Crystal gasped, dug her fingers into Dick Talbot's arm. Tony flung her bare white arm about Crystal's shoulders and whispered hurriedly: "I'm not trying to butt in, darling. Trust Tony."

Aloud she said, in her thrillingly gay voice: "Dick, an idiot, why are you torturing poor Betsy? I thought you understood that Mr. Blaine had taken care of the reservation for four."

Dick Talbot gave her a long, level look from under his silky black brows, then smiled a bitter, crooked smile as he offered his other arm. "Snap out of it, Dick!" Tony commanded in an undertone. "You know you followed me here, just to embar-

ass me. I saw you circling the block before Harry Blaine came for me, saw you follow us out to the club, then turn around and go back.

"You can act like a spoiled brat if you want to, but I'm not going to let you spoil a perfectly good evening for Crystal and me."

"People are talking," Dick muttered. "Listen to the buzz."

"Which is exactly what you wanted," Tony said severely, but her face was alight with a smile for the benefit of the crowd. "But now they're saying that we're a civilized pair of youngsters and that there really is no reason why we shouldn't go on being friends, even if our engagement is so publicly busted."

"Be a sport or I'll have Harry Blaine give you a thrashing."

"Who the devil is Harry Blaine?" Dick Talbot growled, as they neared Tony's table.

"The new Boy Friend," Tony chuckled. "The reporter who interviewed me on my broken engagement. Isn't he grand?"

Mr. Blaine—as they reached the table—this is my chum, Crystal Hathaway, and my ex-fiance, Mr. Talbot.

"Be a darling, won't you, and act as if you'd been expecting them all along," Dick neglected to reserve a table, and one does owe something to one's ex-fiance. Smile prettily for the gentleman of the press, Dick.

"Crystal, you look gorgeous, darling."

Tony's kind lie made Crystal, conspicuous in her formal evening gown of black chiffon and rhinestones, glow happily.

"Crystal's the prettiest girl in town—that's the reason I brought her," Dick Talbot announced evenly, his mobile mouth twisting bitterly over the lie, as his narrowed black eyes flashed toward Tony to observe the result of the first shot in his new campaign to win her.

(To Be Continued)

140 YEARS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PARADE

This is the third article of Rodney Dutcher's series on "The Presidential Parade," describing the nation's political campaigns from the days of George Washington to the present. Today, Dutcher tells of the election of Thomas Jefferson, the great champion of the people.

BY RODNEY DUTCHER

NEA Service Writer

(Copyright, 1928, NEA Service, Inc.)

ASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Aaron Burr, one of history's arch-villains, came within a hair's breadth of being chosen President instead of Thomas Jefferson.

The original Constitution's election machinery creaked dangerously in the very first elections when it was always possible that a vice presidential candidate might be elected President by mistake or political trickery.

In 1800, with presidential electors still voting for two men each—the first and second men to be President and Vice President, respectively, Jefferson tied Burr, his running-mate, 73 to 73. When the election was thrown into the House, the aristocratic Federalists tried to seat Burr so as to keep Jefferson out and demoralize his party.

Before the next election, the law was changed so it couldn't happen again.

Let's glance briefly at the issues and events leading up to that most remarkable campaign of 1800, in which Jefferson, Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Madison and many slightly less famous men took part.

Cabinet for Hamilton

John Adams, elected President in 1796, retained the cabinet he inherited from Washington. Its members were primarily loyal to Alexander Hamilton, then the big boss of the Federalists.

When it came to an issue of Adams of Hamilton, these men double-crossed Adams at every turn. The advice they gave him was Hamilton's. It took a long time for Adams to realize that, but when he did he wrecked the party.

Popular opinion, once violently pro-French and anti-British, was turned about-face by the "XYZ papers" and the country echoed Pinckney's immortal "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute!" in answer to the French demand for indemnity.

The Federalists always were the anti-French party, for revolutionists now ruled France.

As war hysteria raged, President Adams completely lost his balance and appeared publicly, sworded and in uniform and cockade, to howl at the French.

Hamilton Plots War

Hamilton worked behind the scenes to promote war. He wanted to be a commander and when Washington was placed in command of the army that was to fight France, he was named second in command by cabinet intrigue.

But hysteria flared out before the army could be half recruited.

The Federalists stupidly tried to establish themselves permanently by passing the alien and sedition acts, the second designed to jail all who criticized the party in power.

A Congressman was the first vic-

Adams and Hamilton Split

The Adams-Hamilton split came openly when Hamilton's group attempted to jam through a declaration of war against France, and failed. Adams fired one of the Hamilton-controlled cabinet members and the party was divided.

By now the Federalist leaders didn't dare reject Adams as their candidate, but again nominated Tom Pinckney of South Carolina for vice president with the hope that he would beat Adams.

How they bawled for divine lightning when Jefferson and Burr won! Adams, the other of Hamilton's three pet hates, ran eight behind—65 to Pinckney's 64. Only defeat of the popular will in some States by legislative trickery kept the Federalist defeat from being far worse; the party was "through."

Jefferson Carries South

Only the voters of Rhode Island, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina were allowed to choose their own electors. Jefferson and Burr carried the South, plus New York and an arranged majority of one from Pennsylvania.

The House, into which the election was thrown, voted for six days, taking thirty-six votes. Both Jefferson and Burr refused to make commitments to the Federalists in exchange for election.

The Jefferson victory came after Hamilton had persuaded James A. Bayard of Delaware to vote for him, giving him a majority, whereas at the Federalist abstained from voting on the last ballot. Burr became vice president.

Next: Thomas Jefferson's twenty-six years of power.

OUT OUR WAY

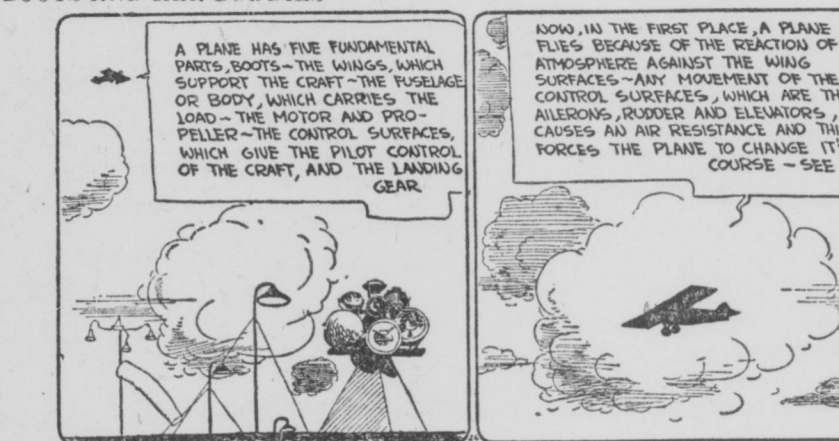
—By Williams

OUR BOARDING-HOUSE

By Ahern



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



SALESMAN SAM



MON'N POP



THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

