

WHIRLWIND

by ELEANOR EARLY

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THIS HAS HAPPENED
SINCE THE SECRET婚禮, she
covers she's going to have a child. She
confides in MABEL BLAKE, a social
worker with whom she took the trip to
Hawaii, where she met her husband
RICHARD EUSTIS, whom she married
after a shipboard courtship, proved so
satisfactory. Mabel has left him, left
him after a two-weeks honeymoon.

Leaving Mabel to secret, she
traveled to Boston, where CRAIG NEW-
HALL lives. Craig has loved Sybil for
years—fact they were informal en-
emies when she came to Cuba and met
Richard Eustis. She has tried to
tell him of his mistakes, but he
completely misunderstands her, and
she has no place to go. She has
told him of such things. And
after the particular incident he seems
inclined to believe her.

Sybil hates her husband and has
moved to New York. She left him
drunkenly in Havana. She is furiously
rebellious and having a child
but Christmas time her heart
softens, and to her own utter amazement
she no longer hates the thought of
Richard's child.

Mabel urges Sybil to tell her family,
"Right after Christmas," she promises.
"I can't bear to spoil that for them.
But I'll tell them right away."

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 M's. Thorne wept salt tears
into her punch, and Valerie 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 copying hers, and
that would be bad enough if I
liked the darn thing! But I simply
despise platinum and diamonds!"

Tad looked darkly at the neck-
ties 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 Valerie's despised trinket and felt
that murder was a thoroughly justi-
fiable procedure.

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

Valerie had given her a bottle of
exotic French perfume that hinted
of languorous trysts and dusky se-
crets.

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 apologeti-
cally, to use it herself.

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

"You've never heard from Rich,
Sybil?"

"Not a word."

Mabel was counting on her fin-
gers. "Are you frightened, dear?"

"Oh—sort of. I don't imagine it's
going to be much fun, with the
hole town talking, and mother acting
as though I were a tragedie queen."

"Val will have a good time,
though—that's something, of course.
By the way, I saw Hilda Burgess
the other day. It seems my sweet
sister-in-law had quite an affair in
New Haven last month. Gosh, I
hope she'll be all right."

(To Be Continued)

THE NEW Saint and Sinner

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

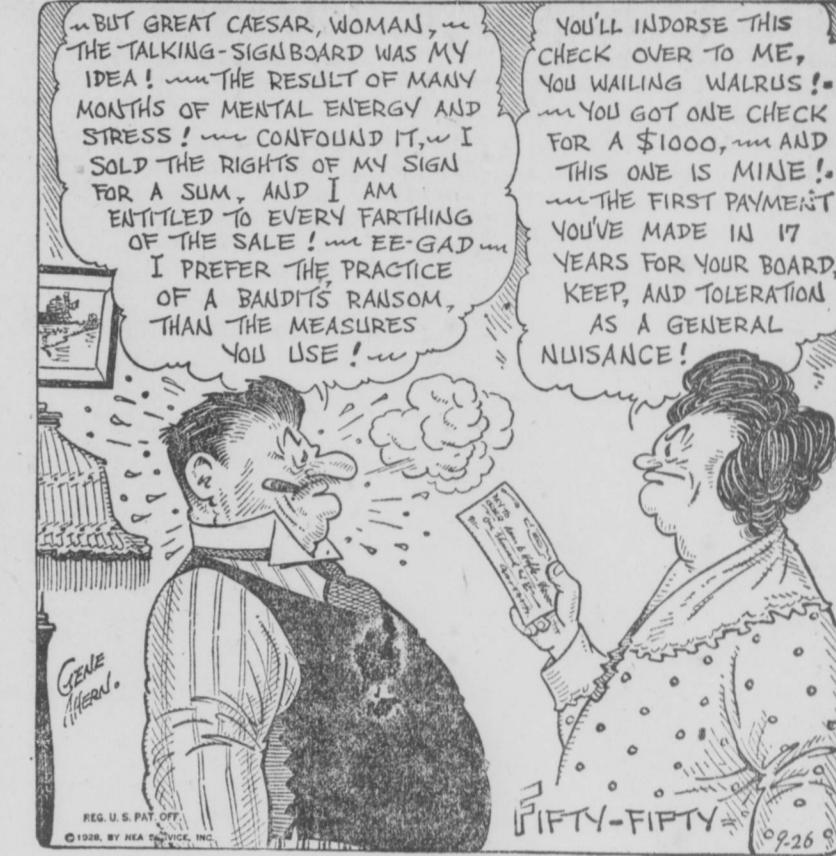
THE INDIANAPOLIS TIMES

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



—By Ahern

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



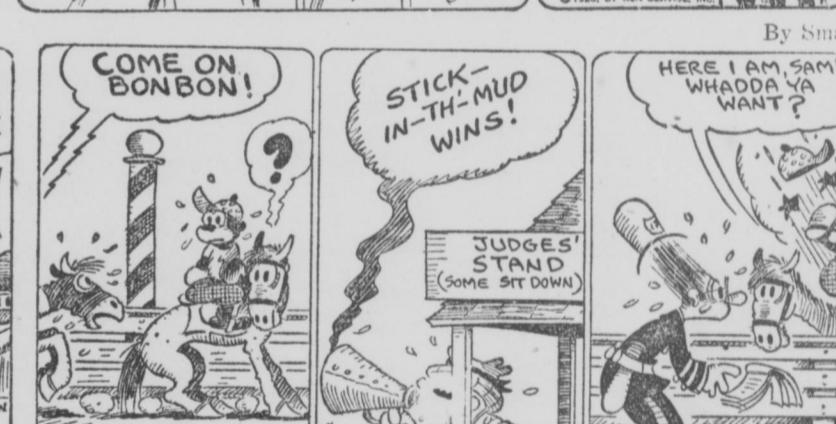
WASHINGTON TUBBS II



By Williams



By Williams

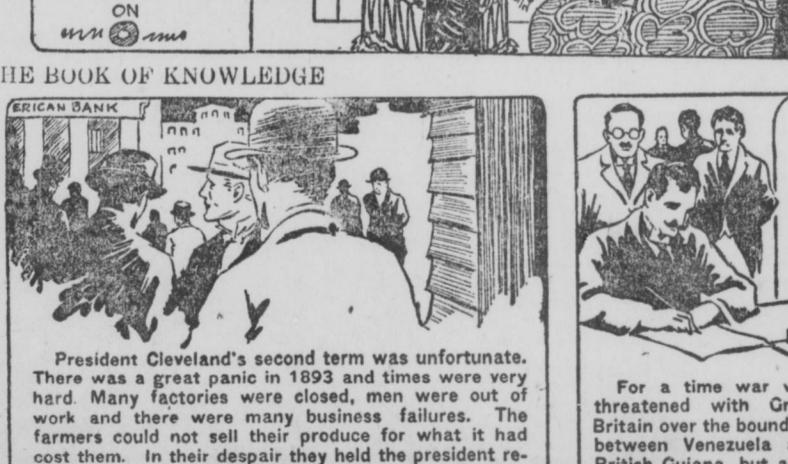


By Williams



By Williams

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



By Williams