

WHIRLWIND

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by ELEANOR EARLY

THIS HAS HAPPENED
SYBIL THORNE, Boston society girl, was engaged to a young fellow, JOHN LAWRENCE. She was sent to France on the eve of their marriage—and never returned. When the mother, gave herself up to romance and indiscretions in a vain attempt to forget.

Years later she contrived a wretched masquerade, her son being the child when her son was a year old. Sybil brought suit for divorce. On the trial when the case was opened, her husband was killed while motorizing from his home in New Haven to Boston.

Sybil incurred her family's wrath and the disapproving gaze of the Bostonians, her death with a theater party.

Shortly afterward she goes apartment to a friend. The real estate agent dresses them for Mabel's flat. When he sees her, he recognizes her, and falls, fainting.

"Oh, you're beautiful," he cried. "It's not that."

And then he fell silent.

She held his hand in her lap, lifting his fingers one by one, and letting them drop back again.

"Then," she whispered, "the things you love me for are gone? And all the lovely dreams are dead. Nothing could ever be the same again?"

"Nothing is ever the same again," he told her, and turned to meet her eyes. "You've been disillusioned."

He looked at her so intently that she felt embarrassed, as if being disillusioned was like being pockmarked.

"I suppose I have," she agreed, and sighed deeply, so that he might be impressed with the bitterness and tragedy of her life. "You couldn't expect a woman of 28 to be as idealistic as a girl of 18. Women don't keep many illusions. Not outside of nunneries. And life's been cruel to me since you went away, John."

"Those real estate people are her cousins, I think. And she got him compensation and a brand new start in life. She even chose his name for him—didn't she, John? But nothing anyone could do could restore his memory. Until he saw me, Mab. And now it's all come back again."

Mabel stirred her coffee incredulously.

"Don't you read the papers?" she demanded. "If you saw Sib's name in print, wouldn't it have meant anything to you?"

"Yes, I read the papers," he said. "Has Sybil's name been in them? If it has, it didn't mean anything to me."

"Oh, not much."

Sybil interrupted hastily. "I—I didn't tell you—I haven't had much time, you know. I had entered suit for divorce when my husband died. There were a few little stories. Last November it was."

"I was in Washington then," he explained, "adjusting my compensation. I was there two weeks."

He was very pale. He put his cup on the table, and his long fingers, dropping between his knees, twitched nervously. Sybil, noticing his agitation, took his arm tenderly.

"John, this has been an appalling experience for you. I want you to go home, and I'll go to see you this evening. You're in for a terrific period of readjustment, and you've got to take things easily. Where are you living, John?"

He pressed her hand, weakly grateful.

"At the Fairmore," he told her. "And I guess you're right, dear. I hate to act like a weak-kneed idiot. But I am pretty well done up. Will you really come round this evening?"

"I surely will," she promised. "And I'll drive you down now myself. I'll be back for the baby in half an hour, Mab. You won't mind keeping him awhile?"

"Lord, no."

Mabel loved taking care of Teddy. "I'll tell him a story," she said, "about a man who went to sleep and when he woke up he was somewhere else."

She laughed shortly. "It's ghostly—a dead man materializing in front of your eyes. Lordy! I thought for a minute we'd all gone crazy!"

She shrugged with a semblance of horror and proffered her hand.

"John Lawrence, if you're half the man Sib thinks you are, I'm glad she found you."

He bowed courteously. "I hope," he said, "we may be something more than business acquaintances now. I'd like to be your friend, Mrs. Moore."

"I simply couldn't stay away any longer. So I ran down and got a jar of cream, and a package of marshmallows. I thought maybe if I fed you, you'd let me come in."

(To Be Continued)

THE NEW
Saint and Sinner
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Faith and Bob Hathaway, who did not properly belong to the "set" in which Mr. and Mrs. Tarver moved, but rather to the "younger married crowd," but who had been urgently invited by Mrs. Tarver, arrived before the host and hostess had appeared, and while Tony and Crystal were sweetly greeting Mlle. Dumont.

Only four other couples were expected, as Tony had persuaded Peg to make it a small, informal party, the better to suit her own—or rather, Crystal's—scheme for releasing Pat from his enchantment.

Introductions were performed demurely by Tony, who noted that Faith, lovely and dignified in dove-gray taffeta on which she wore a corsage of hothouse violets, was looking slightly puzzled by the presence of the exquisitely dressed, beautiful French woman. Mademoiselle was wearing an extremely chic black lace-and-chiffon afternoon dress. About her throat she wore what looked like real pearls, and she carried a not-too-large turquoise-blue ostrich feather fan which wickedly emphasized the color which had begun to fade a little from her blue eyes, made large and bright now by mascara.

"Oh, here are Peg and Pat—or must I be formal?" Tony cried, hailing her parents' arrival. "Let me present my mother and father, Monsieur and Madame Tarver," she added demurely in French, to her former teacher. "But I keep forgetting!" Tony dropped into English. "You already know my father, don't you?"

Mademoiselle met Pat when he came to see me at Bradley, you know, Peg. Of course he had to meet our beloved mademoiselle! In all the years and years—twenty, wasn't it, Mademoiselle?—that she taught in Bradley, she was the most popular woman teacher.

"All of us girls got crushes on her. A freshman who didn't begin right off to copy Mademoiselle's clothes and hairdress and make-up was given an extra mean hazing as punishment, wasn't she, Crystal? It was simply the thing to be nuts

"But," she stammered, "you—really don't know anything about me. Of course I've grown older. I—I've lived so fiercely—and loved and hated. I suppose I have changed. I'm wiser—and hard, I guess."

With a touch of unconscious coquetry she laid her hand on his, and lifted her eyes, swimming now in tears.

(To Be Continued)

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



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MEMORIES OF FRANCE.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern



HE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, BUT IN UNCOUTH ENGLISH! I BOUGHT A MARVELOUS TROUPE OF TWENTY-FIVE TRAINED FLEAS, FOR \$100. ONE OF THEM RIDES A BICYCLE, TEN OF THEM DO A BALLET DANCE, SIX OF THEM PULL A TALLY-HO COACH, AND THE REST ARE SKILLED VARIETY PERFORMERS. EGAD!

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—By Martin



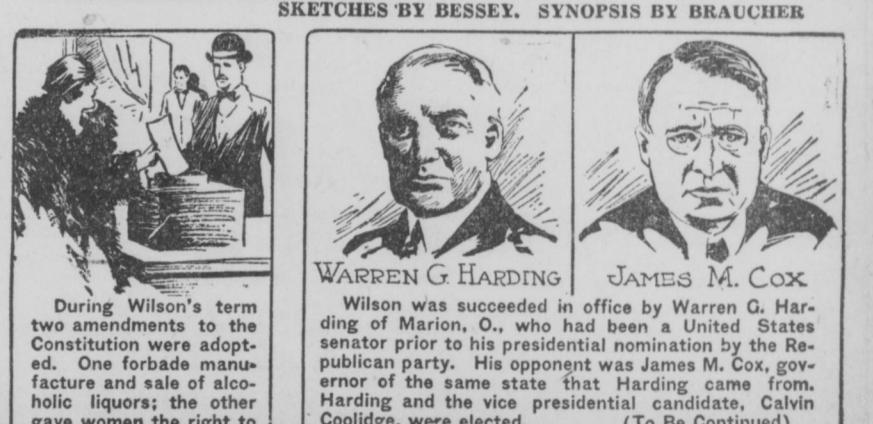
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—By Blosser



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—By Small



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—By Cowan

THE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE



Those were dark days for Woodrow Wilson after the Senate rejected his ideal of world peace, the League of Nations. Stricken by a physical breakdown in 1919, he remained an invalid until the day of his death. During the rest of his term he was able to give attention only to the more important problems of government. 10-12.



EDITH BOLLING GALT
His first wife had died in 1914, and he had married Edith Bolling Galt in December, 1915. She cared for him tenderly until the end came, Feb. 3, 1924.



WARREN G. HARDING
Wilson was succeeded in office by Warren G. Harding of Marion, O., who had been a United States senator prior to his presidential nomination by the Republican party. His opponent was James M. Cox, governor of the same state that Harding came from. Harding and the vice presidential candidate, Calvin Coolidge, were elected.

(To Be Continued)

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