







# WHIRLWIND



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by ELEANOR EARLY

**THIS HAS HAPPENED**  
Sybil Thorne, Boston society girl, entertains a strange proposal from Richard Eustis. Because he wants her so that "longing is an ache in his bones," Eustis (who professes to scorn and despise marriage) finally begs her to marry him.

But Sybil is more or less engaged to Craig Newhall, wealthy and desirable. It was to please her dying father that she had consented to a secret understanding with Craig. After her father's death she begins to fear it was all a mistake, since she cannot banish from her mind the image of young John Lawrence, her first sweetheart. Lawrence went to France with the A. E. F. and never returned—but Sybil believes herself still in love with him.

In order to think things over she has taken a trip to Havana with Mabel Blake, a social worker. They meet Eustis aboard and he begins immediately to make wild and violent love. He has asked Sybil for a little sapphire circlet she is wearing, proposing that they use it for a wedding ring. And he tells her the captain will marry them—there in Havana harbor.

Now go on with the story:  
**CHAPTER XVI**  
"The exhilaration of madness!" cried Richard. "The ecstasy of it!"

And then Sybil looked at Mabel. Mabel standing there, consternation on her good, plain face. Sensible Mab. Lord, where did sense get you!

"Darling!"

Richard's voice was low now. He whispered against the softness of her neck.

And Mabel turned white as the painted ropes when Sybil slipped the ring from her finger and dropped it in his outstretched hand. A baby breeze tossed her hair, and blew her skirts. Her eyes were flashing, and her cheeks were pink as the steward's roses. She laughed recklessly.

"All right!" she cried. "I will!"

Breathlessly she pulled Richard toward her. "You never thought I'd do it, did you? Never, never, never—in your heart you know you didn't. Well, I will! I will!"

Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy.

"Sybil! Sybil!"

He lifted her off her feet, and kissed her on high. He swung her about. And hugged her wildly. Then, when he was breathless, he kissed her again.

"Restrain yourself, Mr. Eustis. Father Finn's looking at us."

Primly, with mock solemnity, she pushed him away.

"Why not? Anybody'd look at you, darling. Oh, you wonder girl. You adorable, lovely thing!

Father Finn—oh, Father Finn. Come meet the bride—Mrs. Jones!"

Richard dragged them over. And there was a great deal of shaking hands, and Mrs. Jones ran to tell Alice. Father Finn, solemnly and sweetly, blessed them.

By and by Captain Hanna came, spick and span in shining white, with Tina, the boat's monkey mascot, in a bright red coat and cap, hopping along by his side. And a steward with two little love birds in a cage.

"Permit me," said the captain in his deep bass. "My gifts to the bride."

From his pocket he produced a Panama, fine as linen.

"And a hat for the groom."

Another steward came with a chest in his arms.

"Some embroideries I'd picked up for my Missus," said the captain. "But brides must be served."

The steward laid the chest at Sybil's feet.

"Oh, Captain Hanna, you're too good for me." There were hysterical tears behind Sybil's laughter.

Mrs. Parkins came bustling up.

"My dear, Mrs. Jones just told me. Here—it's all I have. Just a tiny gift. Oh, yes, you must, my dear. No—no don't unwrap it." She whispered in Sybil's ear. "It's a little bed jacket I had for my daughter. It may come in handy."

The Corrales came, giggling. Blithe young things—happy and excited. They kissed Sybil, and kissed Richard, too.

"Here, here," he cried. "Line forms on the right. Everybody who wants to kiss the bridegroom, please fall in line."

Then there were more kisses, and more laughter. Until Sybil saw Mabel, pale and frightened looking, clutching the rail.

Poor old Mabel—she looked positively green. Sybil threw her arm about her.

"Excuse us, everybody. The bride and the maid of honor must get dressed. And you too, Rich. Wear your white knickers, and your very best tie."

He devoured her with blazing eyes, and implored like a suppliant. "Give me another kiss, Sib."

"No—no more. Run along, Simpleton. No—can't come to the bride's boudoir today. Go on—get out! Mab and I have a lot to do."

But he went with them to their stateroom, and held her to him, and kissed her madly.

When he had gone, Sybil closed the door, and stood with her back against it. Mabel had sunk limply on her berth, and was fanning herself listlessly.

"No time for speeches, Mab. I know you're going to be a good scout."

"But, Sib—how about Craig?"



Then Richard had her in his arms, and his voice was singing with joy . . . "Sybil! Sybil!"

Sybil was tossing things about. "Not much of a trousseau. Five vests, eight step-ins and a dozen pair of stockings. Two negligees, one of them mussy. Three slips, with the hem out of one, and the shoulder straps off another. Six night dresses. Too bad I haven't a white one in the bunch. Brides are supposed to wear white, aren't they? Oh, well. . . . Remember when Enid Swallow was married she had two dozen of everything. From vests to sheets. And her monogram on every blessed thing."

"Sybil, your mother will have a fit."

"I know it. Poor old dear! But think of all the trouble I'm saving her—money, too."

"What will Tad say?"

"Tad?—Oh, he always said I was crazy."

"And Valerie."

"The devil with Valerie."

"Oh, Sib—Sib dear. I wish you wouldn't. You'll be sorry. I know you will."

"I'll be sorry, whatever I do, Mab, and I've been miserable enough, God knows, to get a break somewhere. It's too late for post mortems now."

Mabel was crying softly. Wiping her eyes ineffectually.

"If she could only see herself!" thought Sybil impatiently. "Come on, Merry Sunshine," she coaxed. "Into your glad rags. You're holding up the party."

She preened into the little glass on her washstand, and remembered Valerie, exquisite in satin, parading before the long mirror in her dressing table. Two girls from Malam de Coen's arranging her veil, and fixing the sweep on her train.

"Not much like Val's wedding," she remarked. "That girl had a modiste and two maids to dress her up. Get on to your job, Mademoiselle Mabelle. Tie that knot in back, will you? Bows are such a darn nuisance."

"My dear, you can see right through this skirt! Where's your pink slip? Here—hook me up in back. Now then, how do I look?"

(To be continued)

### Centenarian Says He Admires Women

By United Press.  
NEW ORLEANS. — Leopold Cahn, who celebrated his 100th birthday here recently refuses to permit his age to warp his viewpoints.

The centenarian is alert of mind, quite active for his years and keeps abreast of modern times by reading newspapers and conversing with the younger generation, he said.

"It depends on who wears 'em," Cahn said when asked to state his choice—short skirts or hoop-skirts.

"No, I don't like automobiles. They are too bumpy. But I would like to ride in an airplane," said

### the centenarian as he knocked the ashes from a much used pipe.

"Girls? I like them. I never married any of them. I always just liked 'em," said Cahn, adding that he thought bobbed hair was "magnifique."

### New Thing In Face Powder

A new youth shade that is exclusive to MELLO-GLO. Stays on longer, less affected by perspiration, does not clog the pores. This new wonderful Beauty Powder is made by a new French Process and you will be delighted with it. Absolutely pure. Just try MELLO-GLO and note its rare qualities. Only one dollar.—Paramount Pharmacy; Phillips Drug Store.

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### CLEAN WHITE COTTON RAGS

Suitable for Cleaning Machinery  
No small scraps, socks, coveralls, etc., wanted.

10c per pound

TIMES OFFICE

### Statement of the Business of the THE CITIZENS STATE BANK

of Ranger, Texas  
At the Close of Business October 3rd, 1928

| RESOURCES                   |                     |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| Loans and Discounts         | \$640,364.53        |
| Overdrafts                  | 5,193.48            |
| Banking House               | 25,000.00           |
| Furniture and Fixtures      | 15,540.90           |
| Interest in Guaranty Fund   | 2,305.21            |
| Assessment in Guaranty Fund | 8,000.00            |
| Stocks and Bonds            | \$ 67,139.36        |
| Bills of Exchange           | 11,362.70           |
| Cash and due from Banks     | 164,617.53          |
| <b>TOTAL RESOURCES</b>      | <b>\$939,523.71</b> |
| LIABILITIES                 |                     |
| Capital Stock               | \$ 75,000.00        |
| Surplus and Profits         | 8,205.29            |
| Deposits                    | 824,405.73          |
| Cashier's Checks            | 31,912.69           |
| <b>TOTAL LIABILITIES</b>    | <b>\$939,523.71</b> |

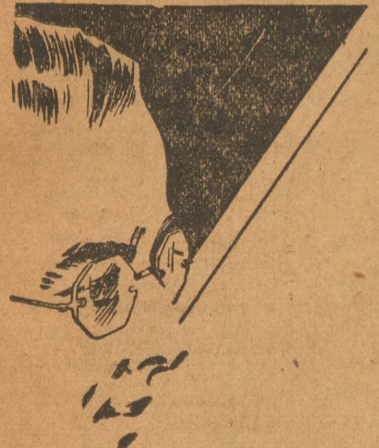
The above statement is true and correct.  
HALL WALKER, Cashier

We are serving the public and at the same time operating a clean and conservative bank.

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In the Land of Opportunity



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AND  
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A LIST OF RELIABLE AND RESPONSIBLE FIRMS WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN PROMPT AND EFFICIENT SERVICE AND DEPENDABLE MERCHANDISE

RETAILERS  
AND PROFESSIONAL  
SERVICE

Who will be professional men, business men, manufacturers and wholesalers of Ranger that will say

## "We Believe in Ranger"

Doubtless this question has occurred to the citizenship of Ranger when the wording first appeared "We Believe in Ranger." If you believe in Ranger and want your firm constantly before the buying public of Ranger it's nobody's fault but yours that your firm isn't with the leaders of their particular line of business!

Thousands of dollars go out of this trade territory—WHY? Just because we fail to let the public know who we are—where we are—and what they can expect by calling us.

By all means get in on the Booster Page of the leading business men of Ranger and say:

## "We Believe in Ranger"



