

By Sidney Smith

The Winds of the World

By RUBY M. AYRES

Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Master Man," "The Second Honeymoon," Etc.

SYNOPSIS

Salvationist exhorting people to "come and have a dip in Jordan" attracts the attention of Jill Talentire and a tall young man, Jill and Kathy (sister) take care of their brother. They are poor and work. Kathy is engaged to a man named Hilary. Jill has other suitors. She pictures the tall man—salvationist—going out to dinner and leaving a beautiful woman. The tall man proves to be a "good" man, Sturgess, her employer. They recognize each other when he comes to the office. He invites her out to supper. He asks her for friendship. He asks her to marry him. She would like to but she has a man who is rich and lovely and she knows everybody that's anybody. They refer to her as the "Salvationist's girl of the world." Kathy is mentioned. Talentire and Jill are fast friends. He is amazed that Hilary is engaged to Jill's sister, but it must be the same Hilary, but it must be the same Hilary, but it must be the same Hilary.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER IV

Talentire's eyes wandered over Jill's flushed face with a sort of wonderment; it hardly seemed to him as if the coincidence of their mutual discovery warranted the wild excitement of her eyes; after a moment he leaned back in his chair with a little quiet laugh—"The world is a very small place," he said laconically.

"I think it's most wonderful—just most wonderful," said Jill, her voice trembled with agitation. "Somehow I always felt that Mr. Hilary was just what I needed. I don't know what I was thinking about him when he wanted to marry me—there was something about his boots—there he looked down unobtrusively at Talentire's feet. "Something about them like yours," she added.

Talentire adjusted his eyeglass, and scrutinized his extremities with a sort of cynical smile. "Am I to take that as a compliment, or otherwise?" he asked gravely.

"Oh, as a compliment of course," said Jill hastily. "I only meant that they looked somewhat expensive—as if they were made of gold."

"That I am not in a position to confirm," he told her, "seeing that they have not yet been paid for." He looked at her with a faintly cynical smile.

"Oh!" said Jill, rather at a loss. She sat staring before her with sparkling eyes. Talentire was right; Kathy was going to marry a man who could give her everything she wanted—money, diamonds, and a motor of her own; a man who would be generous to them all, and buy her a chair in which he could get out of No. 6 Acacia terrace forever and ever.

"I wonder why he hasn't told Kathy," she broke out suddenly. "I wonder why he has pretended to be so poor?" "Oh! won't she be surprised!"

"I should say that she most probably will," Talentire took a cigarette case from his pocket. "May I smoke?" "Of course," said Jill. "She watched while he lit the cigarette; she liked the deliberate way his white hands struck the match; she wondered what it would cost to have her own fingers so dexterous as his were; she wondered if perhaps, later on, when Hilary had taken the entire family under his wing, if it would be possible to experiment."

"Is he is very rich?" she asked abruptly. "Very," said Talentire indifferently. He leaned his head against the chair back, and blew a whiff of smoke into the air.

"But I should not have imagined that you were mercenary," he added deliberately. "Of course I am—If I had lots of money, I should—I should—I should be off in dreamy speculation."

"Yes," he encouraged. "I should go to the best dressmaker in London to begin with," Jill told him fervently, "and buy heaps and heaps of new clothes; then I should go and have my hair dressed like—like that girl's over there," she added, lowering her voice.

"God forbid!" said Talentire bluntly. "Why not?" She turned surprised eyes on him. "Never mind—go on." "Then—then I should buy a house in Park Lane," Jill continued, "and a gray motorcar, and I should drive in the park all day long like—like Lady Elric Hewing does."

"His lazy eyes flashed into momentary interest. "What do you know about Lady Elric?" he asked. "I should like to know," Jill shook her head. "Nothing—only I read about her in the papers—and on Sunday morning, if I don't want to go to work, I take a bus down to the park and watch her driving up and down the Row in her car—she's got a gray car, you know," she informed him.

"Has she, indeed?" He wondered what Jill would say if he told her that three times as many as he could remember; if he told her that he had seen her by the side of the piece of perfection which was the Lady Elric till he was bored stiff; if he told her that for months past gossip had coupled their names, and still daily looked for the announcement of their engagement in the Morning Post.

"You would emulate Lady Elric, would you?" he said. "I would like to be as beautiful as she is," said Jill bluntness. "And I should like to have a crowd of men round my car every time I stopped—should like to see my name in the papers, and the accounts of what I was doing, and where I had been, and what I was wearing."

"Yes—and when you had done all that?" he asked as she paused. "What would you do then?" "I should marry and live happily ever after."

Talentire's cigarette had gone out as he listened; he threw it away and lit another. "You would marry—probably?" he asked her with a touch of bitterness. "I don't know," she said. "I don't care about you; you can't live with a man who can't give you anything; you know—and a man who is just a business arrangement—if you pay his debts in consideration for the doubtful estate which he leaves back to Queen Elizabeth, and a handful of the blood, and a handful of the kind of woman like Lady Elric will probably make," he finished more gently.

Jill looked at him disbelievingly. "But she's so beautiful! I should have thought any man would have loved her," she said. "If I were a man, she would be just my ideal of what a woman should be—she's so stately—so beautiful."

"If you were a man," said Talentire in his unusual voice, "you'd be like other men, and want women of flesh and blood—a woman whose eyes would brighten when she looked at you—a woman who wouldn't mind having her hair pulled if you were a man." He broke off with a little embarrassed laugh. "What nonsense you have made me talk," he said in annoyance. His second cigarette had gone out, and he flung it away with a little vicious gesture.

"Isn't it rather—wasteful?" Jill asked depreciatingly. "Wasteful?" he echoed blankly. She colored a little; she indicated the cigarettes. "That's the second one I've thrown away," she said, "and you hadn't smoked either of them properly."

He laughed. "I'm afraid it's a sort of habit with me," he said, "to smoke when I'm talking to—any one interesting. Jill and the others call me 'Cig'—because I'm always smoking."

"The other men I know—the men at the club," she said. "I don't know what you mean by that," she said. "I don't know what you mean by that," she said. "I don't know what you mean by that," she said.

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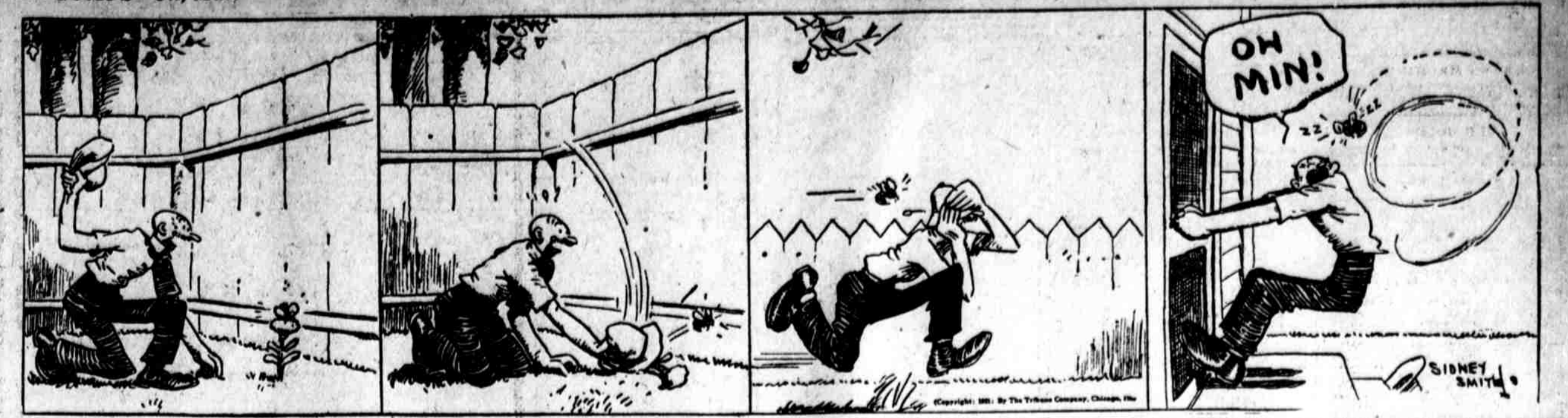
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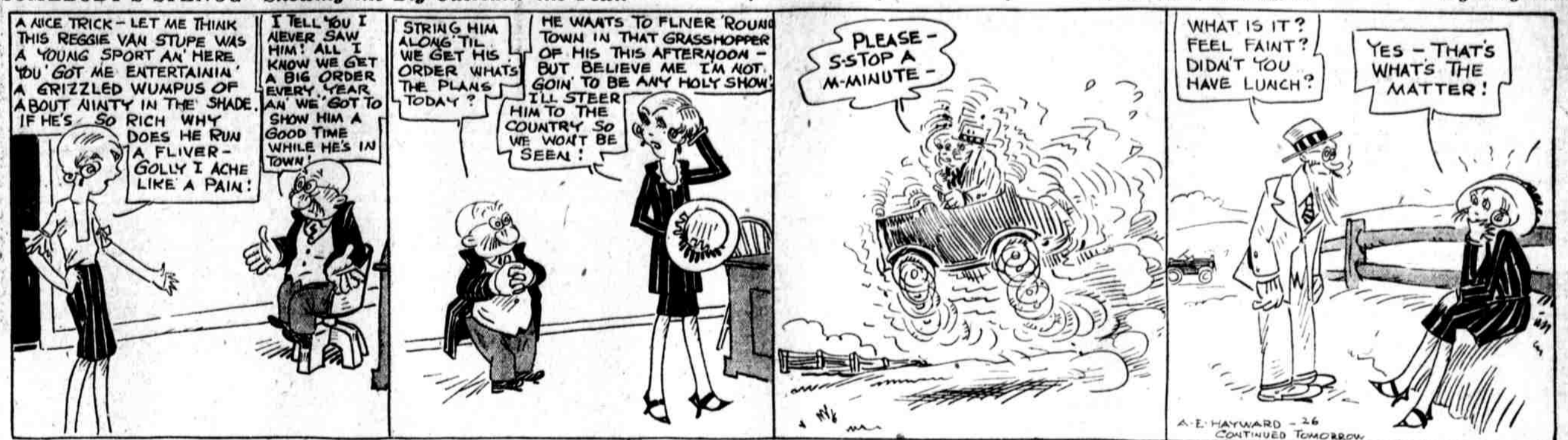
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THE GUMPS—Oh, Min!



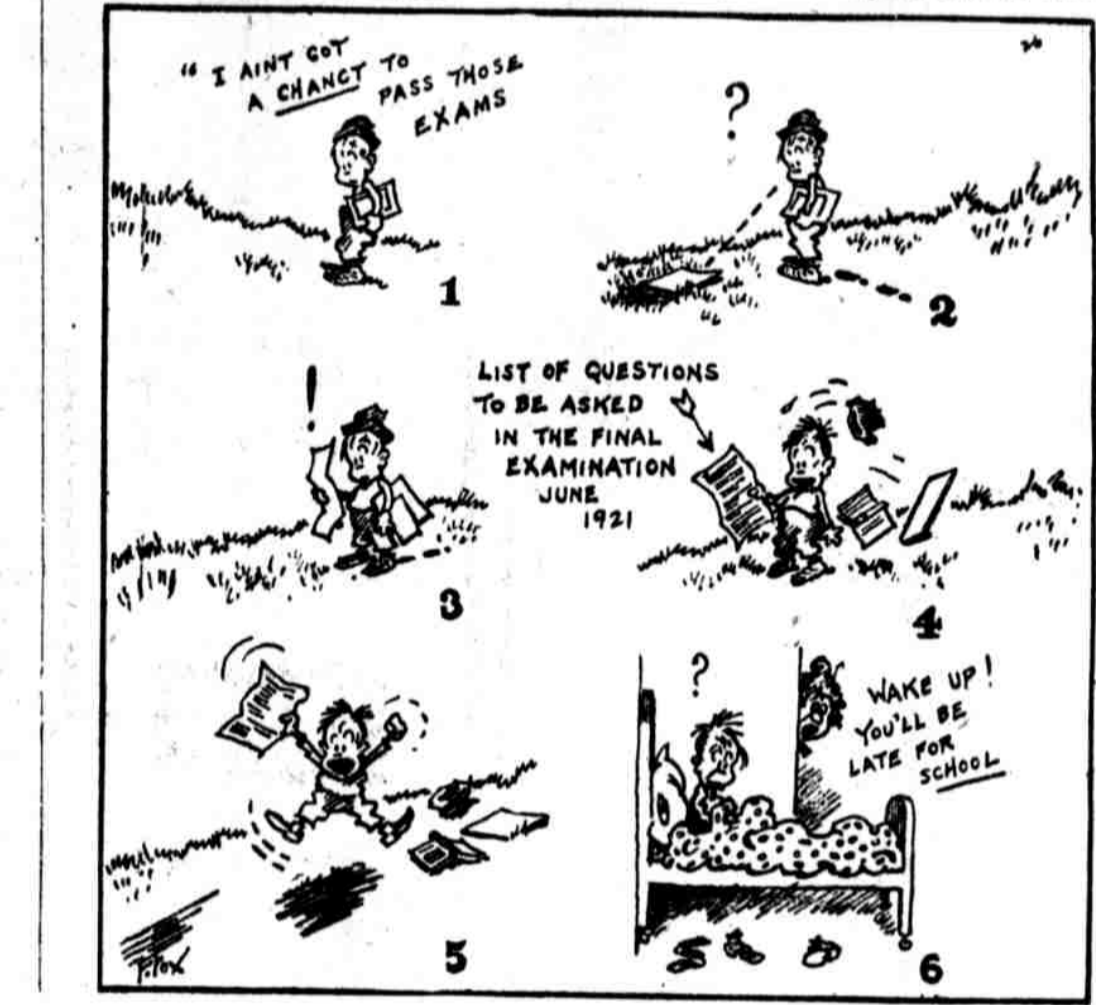
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The Young Lady Across the Way



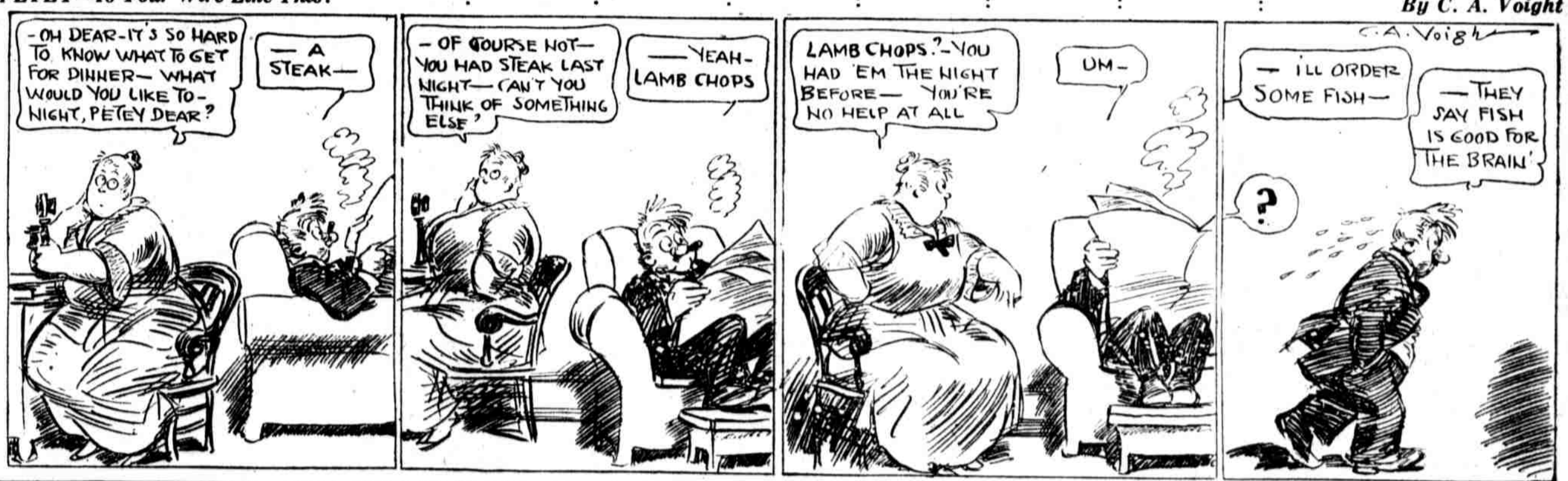
AS THE TIME APPROACHES



SCHOOL DAYS



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