The Winds of the World

By RUBY M. AYRES Author of "The Phantom Lover," "The Master Man," "The Second Honeymoon," Etc. Copyright, 1921, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.

THIS STARTS THE STORY

THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jill and Kathy (sisters) take care
of their crippled brother. Kathy is
engaged to marry Ralph Hillyard.
engaged to marry love in a cotShe had pictured a "love in a cotShe had pictured a "love in a cotstage" life, but Hillyard is rich. Don,
tage" life, but Hillyard is rich. Don,
tage" life, but Hillyard is rich. Don,
tage" life, but Jill feels that Kathy will
be brother, has little faith in Hill.
the brother, has little faith in Hill.
the brother, has little faith in Hilly
ard, but Jill, who is employed
them utterly. Jill, who is employed
to a stenographer, gets acquainted
as a stenographer, gets acquainted
as a stenographer, also a society
with Cyrus Tallentyre, also a society
with Cy

unto death, and just too late Kathy
puts in an appearance.
"Do you want to see Don?" Jill
asked; she felt as if Kathy were just
a stranger in her new beautiful
clothes, and with that oddly nervous on in her blue eyes.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES OF COURSE I want to see him, Kathy said falteringly; she fol-

on the door as it allows the shut.

Don was asleep; for a little while he had forgotten his pain; his handsome had forgotten his pain; his handsome had forgotten his pain; his handsome had forgotten his pain; his brushed back, there with his curly hair brushed back, and his lips a little parted.

"He—he doesn't look so very ill."

"He—he doesn't look so very ill."

said Kathy falteringly; she did not go and parter to him.

There was a moment's silence; in the mext room Hillyard moved restlessly.

Kathy turned at once "I think I ought to be going—Ralph wants to go on to the city," she spoke almost in a whisper; she looked with envious apology at Jill.
"Very well," Jill walked past her late the attrice room.

awkwardly: it was the list time of the speken to her.

"He is asleep." she answered hm.

It was all such an unreal scene:
Kathy in her beautiful clothes, standing there with the stiff awkwardness of a stranger; and yet—only a few short weeks ago this ugly room had been her home; the home to which she had been home; the home to which she had been longer and the warmth of her sister's unselfish leve.

If the room to which she still went home every day; it seemed to her that with the passing of time she only realized more acutely how much he had been to her; and what a terrible blank his death had left in her life.

There were times when it seemed like a hundred years since his death; and times when she could not believe that it had been longer ago than last night; times when she was sure that she had only to look in the little bedroom to see

leve.

Jill's heart swelled with passionate resentment; she wondered if sudden wealth would so quickly have changed her, had she been married to Ralph Hillyard instead of Kathy, and her heart cried out in passionate protest.

"Well—good-by—" she said after a moment; she leaned a little toward Kathy, offering her cheek—it was hot and burning; Kathy kissed her hurriedly.

"I shall come again soon—and if there is anything you want—"

Hillyard laid a couple of sovereigns on the table; he avoided Jill's eyes as he did so—

Description in the little bedroom to see his white, still face on the pillow, and the thin folded hands on the narrow chest.

Life had lost its interest; there was nobody to think for, or work for; she went to and fro to the office mechanically.

She did her work mechanically, won-dering why she troubled at all, why she ate and drank, and tried to sleep, when coverything seemed so utterly pointless. In the first shock of grief and remores Kathy had begged her to go and live with them; she had clung round Jill's neck and told her that now their home must always be together. Hill-

on the table; he avoided Jill's eyes as he did so—

"Give them to Don—from me," he said awkwardly.

Jill did not answer; she left the sovereigns lying where he laid them down; she knew how furious Don would have been had he heard the unconscious condescension in his brotherin-law's voice; she knew that Don would probably have thrown the gift in the face of the giver.

Kathy and her husband went out of the room together; Jill stood looking after them through the open door; Hill-yard's hand was on his wife's arm; he seemed to be talking to her in a low voice.

Suddenly Kathy freed herself; she came running back; she pushed the door to now of her own accord—she went the word to the formal contenes he had offered her.

Into Ill with them; she had clung round Jill's neck and told her that now their home must always be together. Hill-had looked past Kathy's golden to where he stood, stiff and unresponsive, pointedly not seconding his unfriendly gaze.

"It's kind of you—very kind, but I couldn't! I'd much rather live alone—i shall be much happier alone."

Kathy had never again made the suggestion. Jill could not suppose that when they got home Hillyard had told her plainly that it would never do, and that he did not intend to have a sister-in-law in the house.

Jill writher and told her that now their home must always be together. Hill-had looked past Kathy's golden to where he stood, stiff and unresponsive, pointedly not seconding his unfriendly gaze.

"It's kind of you—very kind, but I couldn't! I'd much rather live alone—i shall be much happier alone—i shall be much happier

In your sister loves you, she will never allow any one to take her away from you." Tallentyre said.

Jill laughed mirthlessly.

She loves him so much better ...

She loves him so much better ...

The so easy to say that—when there isn't anything you want to come tight ...

The loves him so much better ...

The little room in Acacia terrace, her the scalding terrs she would not let fa!!

It was unfair—unjust the

She gave a passionate gesture.

'It's so easy to say that—when right,' she told him. 'Oh, you don't some one has been trying to tear my voice. 'Kathy was always so different everything to each other; and now-room just now.''

She gave a passionate gesture.

Anyway he had been out of London for a whole week and had not written to her, a whole week during which she had tried not to think of him; tried to force herself to realize that after all, friendship—real friendship—could never be possible between them—Tallentyre moved in a totally different world to hers—and sooner or later she knew that this acquaintance which had begun so strangely would have to end.

hear about it all; it's kind of you to hear about it all; it's kind of you to come. Don is better—he was fast asleep just now when we went in."

"I should like to see him," said Tallentyre. "I've never seen him yet, you know, though I've heard so much about him. If I promise to be very quiet—may I just put my head round the door?"

He was talking lightly on purpose to try to cheer her; Jill smiled faintly.

"You may go in if you like; you won't waken him, he's so fast asleep."

She led the way into the little room; she went softly over to the window to lower a blind that let in too much

lower a blind that let in too much light.

Tallentyre walked across to the bed, and stood looking down at the boy; he was very much like Kathy as he lay there—the same beautifully chiseled features and wealth of hair; he looked more like a girl than a lad verging on manhood. Tallentyre thought with sudden nity. den pity.

He bent nearer to him-there was

moment's silence, then Tallentyre caught his breath hard, and drew him Kathy said falteringly; she tor-Jill into the inner room, and, looking down at Don. looking down at Don. Jill had been right when she said that Don was so fast asleep he would not waken.

CHAPTER XII

"The key lies to your hand, the world at your feat.
Take what the good gods offer—and walk on?"

there with his cut; the parted.
and his lips a little parted.
"He—he doesn't look so very ill."
said Kathy falteringly; she did not go
any nearer to him.
The doctor says that he has never
limit had such a bad attack," Jill answered had such a bad attack," Jill answered had such a bad attack," Jill answered surtly; she stood beside the bed in a curtly; she stood beside the bed in a curtly; she stood beside the bed in a suddenly broken off in the middle of a dry business letter to put his question.

Jill raised faintly surprised eyes from her work.

"Tired—no, thank you." She waited a moment, expecting him to continue

a moment, expecting him to continue the dictation, but he laid down his "That will do for the present—put your pen down; I want to speak to

almost in a whisper and a whis

There were times when it seemed like a hundred years since his death; and times when she could not believe that it had been longer ago than last night; times when she was sure that she had only to look in the little bedroom to see his white still force on the nillers and

came running back; she pushed the door to now of her own accord—she went up to Jill with eager steps.

"Jill—oh, Jill," she said tremblingly.
Jill raised her dark eyes; they were hard and accusing.

"Well?"

"Don't be cross with me—I do love you know I do; but—but Ralph te "" She could not on; her voice trembled so.

Hillyard called to her from the narrow passage below; there was a touch of impatience in his voice.

"Kathy—Kathy!"

"Kathy put her arms round Jill; she

of his silence and of the formal condenses he had offered her.

In what way was she different to Kathy? she asked herself resentfully. He had thought Kathy good enough to love and marry, but for Kathy's sister he had only undisquised dislike.

"Not that I would have dreamed of going to live with them, even if they had both begged me to!" Jill told Tallentyre afterward.

"Not even if I had liked Kathy's lusband, and I don't—sometimes I hate him."

"You don't mean that." Tallentyre answered in his quiet wales.

him."
You don't mean that," Tallentyr

"Kathy—Kathy!"

Kathy put her arms round Jill; she kissed her unresponsive face twice with eager fondness.

"I shall come again—I shall come again soon," she said; she flew off and down the stairs.

When she went out to the car she found Tallentyre talking to her husband; he greeted her gravely—he did not shake hands.

"I hope your brother is better," he said rather formally. "I was just going to inquire."

"He's asleep—we didn't think he lecked very ill, did we, Ralph?" Kathy appealed to Hillyard eagerly.

He shrugged his shoulders; he was annoyed at Tallentyre's friendship with Jill—annoyed, too, because Tallentyre had been away a week met.

"He has these attacks so often—it's useless getting upset every time. Can we give you a lift, Tallentyre?"

"No, thanks."

Tallentyre waited till the car had driven away, then he went into the driven away the had the driven away the had called at the office day after day to

"No, thanks."

Tallentyre waited till the car had driven away, then he went into the house.

Jill was standing where Kathy had left her; the two sovereigns still lay unheeded on the shabby tablecloth.

"Don is better, I am glad to hear."
Tallentyre said; he went up to her and took her unresponsive hand.

Jill did not answer; she looked up at him absently; then—

"It's Ralph who is doing it." she said hoarsely. "I might have known! Kathy was always so week—so easily led, and she loves him. He'll take her right away from me—that's what he is tryling to do. I didn't switch the did not know where he had gone, or, once or twice, driven by her desperate loneliness, she might have been tempted to write to him; she was starving for affection—for some one to care for her and be interested in her future.

Kathy's love was lost to her in the best sense of the word, she knew; nothing would ever be the same between them again: already Jill was beginning to see small allusions to her sister in the society columns of the newspapers: Mrs. Ralph Hillyard was evidently being pushed to the fore by her new relatives. In different circumstances no-body would have been more pleased and into the point of the property of the property of the property of the had so had not know where he had gone, or, once or twice, driven by her desperate loneliness, she might have been tempted to write to him; she was tarving for affection—for some one to care for her and be interested in her future.

Kathy's love was lost to her in the best sense of the word she knew; nothing would ever be the same between them again: already Jill was beginning to see small allusions to her sister in the society columns of the newspapers:

Mrs. Ralph Hillyard was evidently being pushed to the fore by her new relatives.

I didn't see said; her and the property of the property of

and she loves him. He'll take her right ing to do. I didn't see it before—Don did, but I didn't see it before—Don "If your sister loves you, she will never allow any one to take her away from you." Tallentyre said.

Jill laughed mirthlessly.

She loves him. He'll take her right invest. In different circumstances nothing to body would have been more pleased and proud than Jill: but now it merely filled her with a burning resentment.

Night after night she lay awake in the little room in Acacia terrace, her eyes tightly closed to keep back the scalding tears she would not let fall:

CONTINUED TOMORBOW.



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Getting Rid of the Old Ninny

JIM - JOE - HELPME - I CANTGET RID OF THAT

WHISKERED CUSTOMER - HE KEEPS ASKING

ME TO MARRY HIM - NOW HE'LL WAIT FOR ME TONIGHT - I'LL BRING HIM THIS WAY - YOU TWO GIVE HIM A GOOD LICKING - I'LL WAIT 'ROUND THE

CORNER .

By Hayward Copyright, 1921, by Public Lodger Co. HANDS UP, PAPA! | WE HATE TO DO IT -DON'T BE FRIGHTENED DON'T FUSS -WE'RE TOUGH REMEMBER THIS IS GOING TO HURT US MORE THAN IT DOES SWEETIE - THEY WON'T BOTHER NUTS US ANY MORE ! A -E-HAYWARD -3

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her father expects to go to Jersey City, July 2, to see the between Carpentier and Babe Ruth



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG

PETEY-No More Fun for Him



