

By Sidney Smith

The Winds of the World

By RUBY M. AYRES

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Jill and Kathy (sisters) take care of their crippled brother, Kathy, who is to marry Ralph Hilliard. Jill is rich, but Hilliard is poor. Jill feels that Kathy will be a burden to her. Her rich employer, a society doctor, falls in love with Jill, but she reveals her true self. She meets a rich lawyer, who meets Jill, after a couple of days' absence. He leaves her presence and goes to the rich woman who is to rebuild his fortune. Jill meets him on the street next day, and she told her the truth. She said she was engaged for ever so long. The lawyer's first day's shopping with his "rich choice" leaves him sad and depressed.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

Tallentyre registered a vow that if she were married he would accompany Elrica on a shopping expedition again; a man was as much a piece of a woman's shop as a bull is of a woman's farm; he would not have followed Jill as a man, but as a woman's shopping partner. She was called upon to do things, to have blue or pink suited her. She had resolved to avoid meeting her, if he could help it; had she been going to be a fool, she would have known he would meet her, and sit near her, and talk to her.

It was this fellow Riden, he said—and was there any truth in his suggestion to Jill? The Despard was a stab. Of course, some day she would marry him; he shut his eyes and deliberately forgot the memory of the early days of their friendship.

The little shabby house in Aeacia Hills—Jill in her worn, cheap clothes—she was to look up on her from when she came into the room—Jill looked when he first said he loved her. They all passed before his eyes like a series of beautiful pictures which had once been his, but which in the ignorance of their value he had thrown away.

A man coming into the room glanced at Tallentyre and then stopped, struck by the hardness and unapproachability of his face.

"Hello, Cig," he said abruptly. Tallentyre opened his eyes, and sat up with an effort. "Hello," he said mechanically for his cigarette case. "Have a smoke?" "Thanks." The other man took a cigarette, and lit it silently, watching Tallentyre all the time. He had come to gain into the depths of his chair, his thin, well-kept hands hanging listlessly over the chair-arms, the old blank look of boredom fallen once more over his face.

"Doing anything tonight?" Merredew asked carelessly. "If not, come along to the Despard's with me." "Sorry, I'm dining with Hilliard—only just accepted."

"Well, you won't want to stay there all night; I'm not going to Despard's until about 11; the fun never begins till then."

"The fun?" Tallentyre opened his eyes a little wider. "Oh, you mean the gambling." "If Mr. Despard doesn't look out, she'll find herself in a rather unpleasant corner one of these days," he added listlessly.

"Humph!" Merredew dragged forward a chair, and sat astride it, his arms folded across the back. "You're friendly with the Hilliards—very friendly, aren't you?" he asked suddenly. "I am—why?" "Only because I think some one ought to get Hilliard to drop Mrs. Sturgess's name." He looked away now, a trace of embarrassment in his face. "I don't understand," Tallentyre said after a moment.

"She told me she was dining out first—and would come along afterward." "She's dining at Hilliard's. Look here—I'll come along with her if I can." Merredew looked relieved; he was quite a youngster, but he was genuinely in love with Jill. "Thanks—thanks awfully," he said. "I'd like you to see for yourself how the land lies; I'm not naturally a suspicious chap, but I have felt jolly uncomfortable once or twice lately. There's a kind of indefinite feeling about the place." Tallentyre nodded. "I know; well, I'll come along."

He went back to his rooms and changed, and reached Hilliard's house just as Jill's landaulet drew up at the door. He waited for her, and they went in together.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," Jill said lightly. She avoided looking at him, he thought, though her color had deepened a little at sight of him.

She was dressed all in black, and he wondered if it was perhaps the somber mourning that made her look pale and tired.

There were shadows beneath her eyes which he had not noticed before, and a little touch of something artificial in her voice and laugh.

"You never told me Mr. Tallentyre was coming tonight, Kathy," she said as she kissed her sister. Her voice sounded sharp and excited. "You said that Mr. Riden, and I were to be the only two guests."

"I know—but Ralph met Mr. Tallentyre at the club, and asked him to come along. Jill, you do look tired."

Jill laughed; she threw down her cloak, and dropped into an easy chair, stretching her white arms. "You said that Mr. Riden, and I were to be the only two guests."

"I haven't had any beauty sleep for weeks; I'm getting quite dissipated."

"Where were you last night, then?" Kathy asked.

"The Despard's. Do you know them?" "Yes I do, and I can't stand them," said Kathy quickly.

Jill laughed. "There are not many people you can stand, are there?" she asked whimsically. She rose to her feet. "Give me some powder, there's a dear—and if you've got any rouge, Kathy—"

"Rouge!" said Kathy blankly. "Why, I never—" "Jill, what do you want rouge for?"

"To put on my face my dear, of course," Jill said lightly. "I look a perfect wash-out, scarecrow. Haven't you really got any?"

"I am afraid not, and if I had with distressed eyes." "Oh, Jill, you never used to do that."

"I never used to do lots of things I do now," said Jill with irony. "But one must move with the times. Don't look so shocked, Kathy—I'm only doing what every one of your friends, Elrica Hewing, and all the rest."

"Elrica!" said Kathy scornfully. "She doesn't count."

"She counts a great deal," Jill averred. "She's got money, and a title and beauty—and Cyrus Tallentyre!" she added with a little laugh. "What an achievement for one person!"

Kathy made no answer. Jill seemed like a stranger to her tonight; many times she fancied that the old Jill had quite vanished, leaving in her stead half a dozen personalities, all of whom were more perplexing and less understandable than the other.

"Has Mr. Riden come?" she asked presently.

Jill shook her head. "I don't know; he didn't come with me. Kathy, what did your worthy husband say when he knew you had asked Mr. Riden here?"

"I don't remember," said Kathy quickly. She did, but it seemed impossible to tell Jill the many uncomplimentary things Ralph had said of Riden, and of Jill, too, for that matter. She rose hurriedly. "Are you ready—shall we go down?"

"Yes—I wish you had some rouge, though," Jill complained.

"I'm glad I haven't," Kathy answered. "I hate it."

They went downstairs. Tallentyre and Ralph were talking together in the drawing room. Ralph greeted his sister-in-law rather coldly. When she turned away she looked at Tallentyre and shrugged her shoulders with a little smile.

"Ralph doesn't love me, you know," she said presently when he and she found themselves together for a moment. "I do so wonder why—has he ever told you?"

"I've never discussed you with him at all," Tallentyre answered quickly.

"Why are you staring at me so?" she asked. "I know I look washed out, but that's Kathy's fault; I asked her for some rouge, and she hadn't any. I wonder she doesn't keep some for people who are not fortunate enough to have rouge of their own."

She did not look at him as she spoke; her hands clasped and unclasped one another restlessly in her lap.

Tallentyre tried to think of something to say, but for the moment he felt stupidly tongue-tied.

He hated the flippancy of her words, and the bright, hard look in her eyes. He noticed the way she glanced again and again toward the door, the little flush that came and went so quickly in her cheeks.

"I'm going to the Despard's later," he said presently. "I suppose you will not be there?"

She turned her head sharply. "You are going there? I thought you hated cards."

"So I do," he admitted. "But I like to look on sometimes while other people lose their money."

"She bit her lip."

"You are not going, then?" Tallentyre repeated unemotionally.

"I don't know—I may do; it all depends; I—she broke off, and her eyes turned again to the door as if in expectancy, and a servant announced: "Mr. Riden."

Tallentyre's first thought was that he had never seen a more handsome man; the second, that he had never seen a face he trusted less.

He was actually conscious of the way Jill looked at the newcomer; of the eager way Riden turned to greet her, and of the unnecessary length of time which he held her hand, and a sudden bitter jealousy surged through his heart.

Was this the man who was to fill the place that might have been his? Rather a thousand times that a clean-living, honorable boy like young Merredew stopped in and captured the prize which he himself had valued so little.

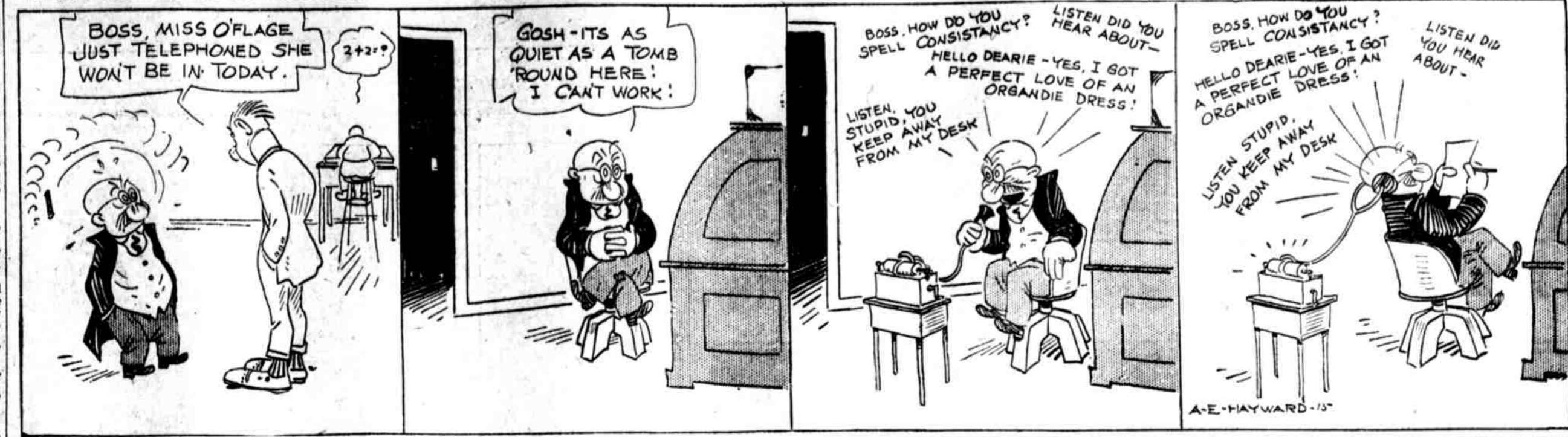
He bowed stiffly when he was introduced to Riden; his sleepy eyes took prejudiced stock of the other man's handsome face.

Well-cut features, and very blue eyes, a drooping brown mustache, and excellent teeth he realized that there was something in this man's personality which did not altogether depend on features for its charm.

THE GUMPS—Fire! Fire! Fire! 4-11



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Normalcy

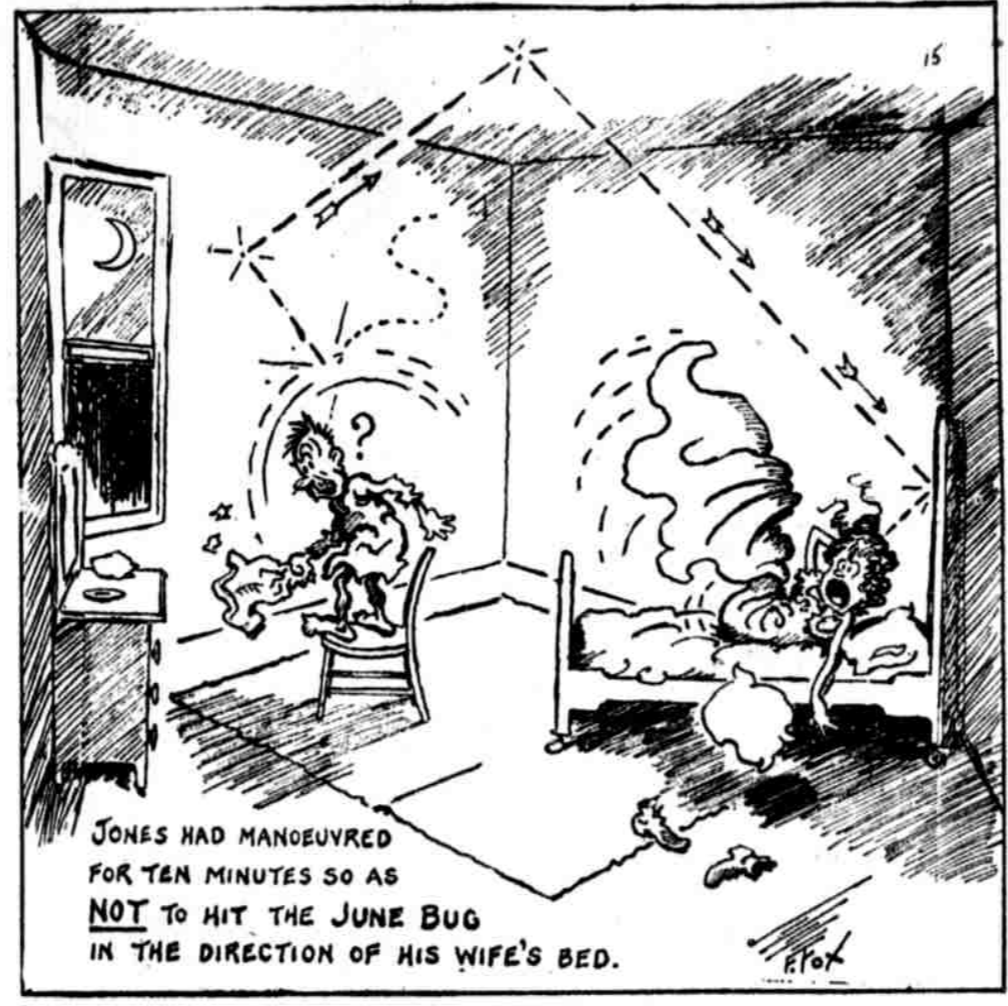


The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she understands the Government is going to try to refund the Victory bonds all at once and no wonder taxes can't come down at present with all that ready money to raise.

MRS. JONES BEING DEATHLY AFRAID OF JUNE BUGS - By FONTAINE FOX



JONES HAD MANOEUVRED FOR TEN MINUTES SO AS NOT TO HIT THE JUNE BUG IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS WIFE'S BED.

SCHOOL DAYS



PETEY—A Slight Mistake



THE CLANCY KIDS—Timmie Took a Chance



CONTINUED TOMORROW