Whirlwind

by Norma Newcomb

CHAPTER

He looked so eager in his blond dignified way that she felt a little sorry for him. "Wasn't Boston fun?"

"You know it wasn't. I didn't want to go to Harvard. I wanted to start to work. But Grandfather made me."

"He was right to make you," she said seriously. "You are going to step into rather large shoes some day, Philip. You have to be equal to it."

They were stopped by a tarty light, which fact brought a little tea room to his attention. He led her inside and seated her at a table near the window. That's what scares me, Sally. The responsibility of being a Jethrup. I never wanted money or position, you know that."

His voice dropped a note. "I won't ever forget that night of the dance, Sally."

"I was mad at you that night."

"I know. I knew you'd be angry the moment I stopped you there by the fence. But you were so beautiful that night, Sally. I had to kiss you."

"But that kiss made me a stewaccess." She shook her head. "Funny how things happen."

"I tried to stop Grandfather from sending you away to boarding school. He—he was abdurate. But you don't hold it against me, do you Sally?"

"Philip, of course not! It was inevitable that I be sent away. Your grandfather was most generous. Do you know that he sent me a weekly allowance?"

"He told me about it. He likes you, Sally."

"And I like him. I used to be afraid of him, but since your people died in that accident he's changed—softened. I don't think though, that he'd be pleased if he knew we were sitting here together, taking about him."

"How could he ever find out?"

It was one of those flippant question which most people ask and never have answered for them This time there was an answer, in the person of stately, black-haired, blue eyed Catherine Wingate. The girl stopped beside their table with a low, musical laugh. Philipi, you should never take your headache where other people can meet her."

He started. "Catherine, I . . ."

"Sally, isn't it? Sally Alliston. How nice to see you again, my dear."

"Nice to see you again, Catherine. Do sit down. Philip and I were just reminiscing."

cics "How cute." The heiress darted a glance at Philip's working lips and sat down with a laugh. "I suppose he told you that we're engaged?

"No, he didn't. I think that's very nice. Congratulations Philip."

Catherine's laugh sounded just a wee bit forced. "Now, of things, Phil. A pperson would think you were ashamed of me, or something."

He ran his hann nervously through his hair. "Perhaps I'm ashamed of myself. Catherine

"Phil!"

"You know perfectly well that I am not interested in you. Grand father cracked the whip and I jumped through the hoop like a nicely trained lion."

"I think this is my cue to leave." Sally clambered to her feet. "Thanks for the tea, Philip.

"Oh, you mustn't let me drive you away, Sally. You're practically a member of the family—you're entitled to listen to our quarrel."

"But I'm not the cause of the quarrel, Catherine. You see, I'm just interested in being a good stewardess."

"So long as you remain interested in being that, darling, you and I will get along simply duckly!"

She was glad, suddenly, that she wasn't Philip. Catherine sounded as ugly as a Wingate ever permitted herself to become . . .

The 4:15 plane to Chicago was being given a servicing by the maintenance crew when Sally Alliston alighted from the air field limousine. Mike White was already there, and young Paul Frick who had been assigned to Mike's crew for the duration of Jimmy's suspension. Sally grinned as she set her little overnight bag down on the floor and went over to give him greetings.

At least, she thought, looking at this sober face, he wasn't a kid.

"Hi, Paul, old son. You mean you've decided to grace our plane with your presence?"

"Could be, Sally. Sorry to hear about Jimmy. Though if I know him, I bet right now he's saying that the suspension was a small price to pay for that kiss with Dronda Moore."

"You know him well, Paul. Jimmy won't ever allow a job to interfere with his running after women."

Mike looked up from the magazine he was reading and laughed. "Oh, go easy on the kid Sally. He isn't the first young man who ever threw away all for a woman. And don't you think there's something rather majestic in doing that? It's the truest compliment a man can pay a woman."

"I'll argue with you in Chicago, Mike. Right now there are more important things to do."

Mike looked anything but dejected as he sat on the little bench beside Sally in the waiting room of the Detroit City Airport building. She had come up to him the moment he got down from the cabin, with the firm command to date her that evening in Chicago, come hell or high water. He had just smiled, unable to believe that she really meant it, but her words now were convincing him that it was all quite true.

"After all Mike, I don't see any reason why we shouldn't go out together. Do you realize that we have been in the same crew for almost six months and that in all that time you're never once treated me to an evening?"

"Gold-digger."

"Yes, that's true. But I'll pay you backk with home-cooked dinners at the apartment."

"But—but I don't understand. Is it because of Jimmy? Are you trying to.

"Jimmy my foot! It's that Major Wasson. I told him I had a date with you this evening, and he looks like the sort of person who's going to make very sure he's not being fooled."

"That old man?"

"Old? Mike, don't be a goose. I'm willing to bet he isn't a day older than thirty-five."

"Well, isn't that old? Would you marry a man of thirty-five?"

"If I loved him? You bet I would."

His smile became broader, then faded as he thought of something else. "That's right— if you loved him. Which you can't because of Jimmy."

Purple eyes became incredulius. "Mike, do you think I am in love with Jimmy?"

"I should say not!"

Bells seemed to sing in his heart and happiness of a kind he had never known before swept through his body with a warm rush. He turned to look her full in the face his eyes distinctly glowing.

Jimmy Kennedy's eyes were aglow that same evening, but for quite a different reason. To avoid boredom, he had taken a chance and gone to the apartment overlooking Central Park, and was lucky enough to catch Helen Stafford in. She beamed as she led him into the living-room, five feet five of curved, red-headed loveliness and sophistication. What's the trouble, Jimmy, all the other girls say no?"

"Other girls? Don't be a goose. I wanted to talk to someone sensible and I said to myself, Jimmy, who do you know who's intelligent? Helen. Jimmy answered, and so here Jimmy is. Want me to leave?"

STORY GALLEY 3

She laped into thoughtful silence, then said with a show of animation: "You could come to a party with me, if you wish."

His spirts were very low and he scowled. "Who ever wishes to go to a stuffy party?"

"I think this party will especially interest you, Jimmy. Come you used to trust me."

"Oh, all right. What have I to lose."

Helen could have told him, but she refrained with a queer gleam in her eyes.

There was quiet, and then a gasping sound went round the room as Dronda Moore devastatingly beautiful in a low cut white evening gown, came swaying in. The star looked round, smiled broadly at one and all, and took her position at the piano as Bill Burke applied the seat of his trousers to the stool and ran up and down the key board experimentally. Jimmy stiffened at Helen's side, and she whispered:

"Now are you glad you came?"

"In your debt forever, darling. Miss Moore and I have some unfinished business."

"Jimmy, remember that you're a guest here."

"I have a convenient membory, darling. It holds only what I want it to hold."

She reflected bitterly that that was all to true; then all her attention was claimed by Dronda. She sang, and how she sang!

Mr. Cassidy smote his hands lustily together as The Romantic Blitzkrieg signified by a little inclination of her head that she had finished, and even Jimmy joined in the patter of applause, and the digging deep into ockets and wallets that followed. His eyes were aglow as he turned to Helen. "Isn't she wonderful?"

"Jimmy, don't tell me that you're fallen."

He laughed, and that was not an answer, for the laugh could have meant almost anything.

(To Be Continued)

RESERVE BANKS END WARTIME DISCOUNT RATE

In a move to reduce inflationary pressures and discourage speculation, the boards of directors of the Federal Reserve Banks of Philadelphia, New York and San Francisco, have voted to discontinue the special wartime preferential discount rate to member banks.

Discontinuance of the preferential rate, having served the purpose of facilitating the war-financing program, has been approved by the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

The preferential rate of one-half of 1 per cent pe rannum applied to advances secured by Government obligations due or callable in not more than one year.

"The preferential rate encourages member banks to borrow at Federal Reserve Banks in order to hold or to purchase additional Government securities, or to lend to others at low rates for the purpose of holding or purchasing Government securities," the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System said.

"While such encouragement was justified early in the war to induce the banks to utilize their reserves more fully in financing huge war expenditures, it has subsequently made for speculation in Government securities and has resulted in unnecessary expansion of the money supply through monetization of the public debt.

"The Government's program no longer calls for expansion of bank credit to help finance huge war expenditures. Instead, it calls for action that will stop additions to and bring about reductions in the country's monetary supply in order to reduce inflationary pressures."

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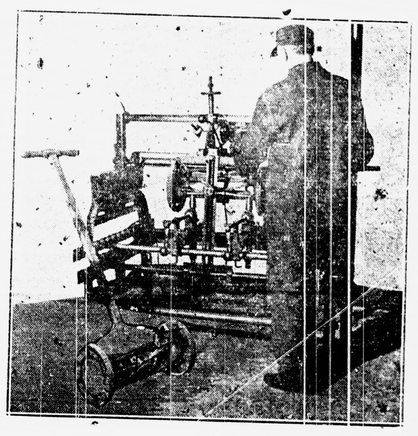

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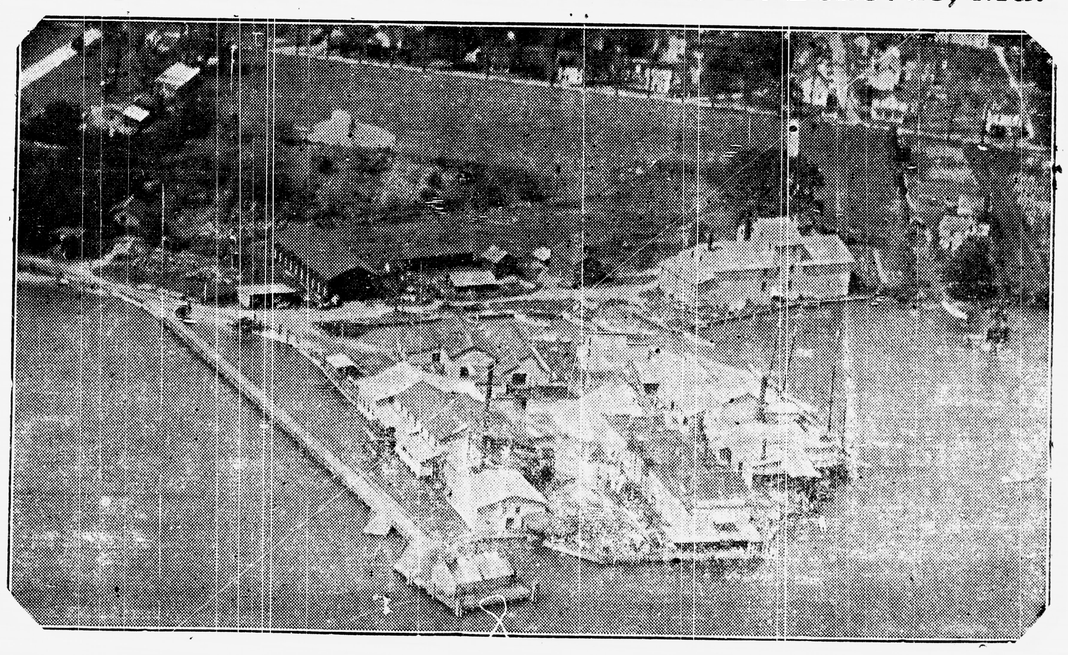

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