

SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

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HOME AGAIN.

Synopsis—Doctor Strickland, retired, is living in Mill Valley, near San Francisco. His family consists of his daughters, Alix, 21, and Cherry, 18, and Anne, his niece, 24. Their closest friend is Peter Joyce, a lovable sort of recluse. Martin Lloyd, a visiting mining engineer, wins Cherry, marries her and carries her off to El Nido, a mine town. Peter realizes that he loves Cherry. Justin Little woos Anne.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

"I had no idea of all this!" the doctor confessed, amazed. "I've seen the young man—noticed him about. Well—well—well!" Anne, too.

In June came the blissful hour in which Anne, all blushes and smiles, could come to her uncle with a dutiful message from the respectfully adoring Justin. Their friendship, said Anne, had ripened into something deeper.

"Justin wants to have a frank talk with you, uncle," Anne said, "and of course I'm not to go until you are sure you can spare me and unless you feel that you can trust him utterly!"

Anne's engagement cups were ranged on the table where Cherry's had stood, and where Cherry had talked of a coffee-colored rajah silk. Anne discussed the merits of a "smart but handsome blue tulle" for the wedding.

"We'll get a slice of that some time," Cherry said thoughtfully, glancing at her husband. "I don't mean when Dad dies, either," she added, in quick affection. "I mean that he might build us a little home some day in Mill Valley."

"Gee, how he'd love it!" Alix said, enthusiastically.

"I married Cherry for her money," Martin confessed.

"As a matter of fact," Cherry contradicted him, vivaciously, animated even by the thought of a change and a home, "we have never even spoken of it before, have we, Mart?"

"I never heard of it before," he admitted, smiling, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe. "But it's pleasant to know that Cherry will come in for a nest-egg some day!"

Presently the visitor boldly suggested that she and Cherry should both go home together for the wedding, and Martin agreed good-naturedly.

"But, Mart, how'll you get along?" his wife asked anxiously. She had fumed and fussed and pattered and tolled over the care of these four rooms for so long that it seemed unbelievable that her place might be vacated even for a day.

"Oh, I'll get along fine!" he answered indifferently. So, on the last day of August, in the cream-colored silk and the expensive hat again, yet looking, Alix thought, strangely unlike the bride that had been Cherry, she and her sister happily departed for cooler regions. Martin took them to the train, kissed his sister-in-law gaily and then his wife affectionately.

"Be a good little girl, Babe," he said, "and write me!"

"Oh, I will—I will!" Cherry looked after him smilingly from the car window. "He really is an old dear!" she told Alix.

CHAPTER VI.

But when at the end of the long day they reached the valley, and when her father came innocently into the garden and stood staring vaguely at her for a moment—for her visit and the day of Alix's return had been kept



Late in the Afternoon She Came Down to Join Them.

hand he'd probably weigh close to a hundred pounds! He's a—well, a sort of damp-looking youth, if you know what I mean! I always want to take a crash towel and dry him off!"

"Fancy Anne with a shrimp like that!" Cherry said, with a proud look at her own man's fine height. "He sounds awful to me."

"He's not, really. Only it seems that he belongs to the oldest family in America, or something, and is the only descendant—"

"Money?" Cherry asked, interestedly.

"No, I don't think money, exactly. At least I know he is getting a hundred a month in his uncle's law office, and Dad thinks they ought to wait until they have a little more. She'll have something, you know," Alix added, after a moment's thought.

"Your cousin?" Martin asked.

"Well, her father went into the fire-extinguisher thing with Dad," Alix elucidated, "and evidently she and Justin have had deep, soulful thoughts about it. Anyway, the other day she said—you know her way, Cherry—'Tell me, Uncle, frankly and honestly, may Justin and I draw out my share for that little home that is going to mean so much to us—'"

"I can hear her!" giggled Cherry.

"Dad immediately said that she could, of course," Alix went on. "He was adorable about it. He said, 'It will do more than build you a little home, my dear!'"

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secret—her first act was to burst into tears. She clung to the fatherly shoulders as if she were a storm-beaten bird safely home again, and although she immediately laughed at herself and told the sympathetically watching Peter and Alix that she didn't know what was the matter with

her, it was only to interrupt the words with fresh tears.

Tears of joy, she told them, laughing at the moisture in her father's eyes. She had a special joyous word for Hong; she laughed and teased and questioned Anne, when Anne and Justin came back from an afternoon concert in the city, with an interest and enthusiasm most gratifying to both.

After dinner she had her old place on the arm of her father's porch chair; Alix, with Buck's smooth head in her lap, sat on the porch step beside Peter, and the lovers nuzzled under the darkness of the hammock under the shadow of the rose vine. It was happy talk in the sweet evening coolness; everybody seemed harmonious and in sympathy tonight.

"Bedtime!" said her father presently and she laughed in sheer pleasure.

"Daddy—that sounds so nice again!"

"But you do look fagged and pale, little girl," he told her. "You're to stay in bed in the morning."

"Oh, I'll be down!" she assured him. But she did not come in the morning, none the less. She was tired in soul and body and glad to let them spoil her again, glad to rest and sleep in the heavenly peace and quiet of the old home.

Late in the afternoon, rested, fresh, and her old sweet self in the white ruffles, she came down to join them. They had settled themselves under the redwoods. Anne and Justin, Peter and Alix and Buck, the dog, all jumped up to greet her. Cherry very quietly subsided into a wicker chair, listened rather than talked, moved her lovely eyes affectionately from one to another.

Peter hardly moved his eyes from her, although he did not often address her directly; Justin was quite obviously overcome by the unexpected beauty of Anne's cousin; Anne herself, with an undefined pang, admitted in her soul that Cherry was prettier than ever; and even Alix was affected. With the lovely background of the forest, the shade of her thin wide hat lightly shadowing her face, with the dew of her long sleep and recent bath enhancing the childish purity of her skin, and with her blue eyes full of content, Cherry was a picture of exquisite youth and grace and charm.

The evening was cooler, with sudden wind and a promise of storm. They grouped themselves about a fire in the old way; Anne and Justin sitting close together on the settle, as Martin and Cherry had done a year ago. Cherry sat next her father, with her hand linked in his; neither hand moved for a long, long time. Alix, sitting on the floor, with her lean cheeks painted by the fire, played with the dog and rallied Peter about some love affair, the details of which made him laugh vexedly in spite of himself. Cherry watched them, a little puzzled at the familiarity of Peter beside this fire; had he been so entirely one of the family a year ago? She could almost envy him, feeling herself removed by so long and strange a twelvemonth.

"Be that as it may, my dear," said Alix, "the fact remains that you taught this Fenton woman to drive your car, didn't you? And you told her that she was the best woman driver you ever knew, a better driver even than Miss Strickland; didn't you?"

"I did not," Peter said, unmovedly smoking and watching the fire.

"Why, Peter, you did! She said you did!"

"Well, then, she said what is not true!"

"She distinctly told me," Alix remarked, "that dear Mr. Joyce had said that she was the best woman driver he ever saw."

"Well, I may have said something like that," Peter growled, fushing. Alix laughed excitedly. "I tell you I loathe her!" he added.

"Daddy, we have a lovely home!" Cherry said softly, her eyes moving from the shabby books and the shabby rugs to Alix's piano shining in the gloom of the far corner. It was all homelike and pleasant, and somehow the atmosphere was newly inspiring to her; she had felt that the talk at dinner, the old eager controversy about books and singers and politics and science, was—well, not brilliant, perhaps, but worth while. She was beginning to think Peter extremely clever and only Alix's quick tongue a match for him, and to feel that her father knew every book and had seen every worthwhile play in the world.

Martin, whose deep dissatisfaction with conditions at the "Emmy Younger Mine" Cherry well knew, had entered into a correspondence some months before relative to a position at another mine that seemed better to him, and instead of coming down for a day or two at the time of Anne's wedding, as Cherry had hoped he might, wrote her that the authorities at the Red Creek plant had "jumped at him," and that he was closing up all his affairs at the "Emmy Younger" and had arranged to ship all their household effects direct to the new home. Martin told his wife generous-

ly that he hoped she would stay with her father until the move was accomplished, and Cherry, with a clear conscience, established herself in her old room. She wrote constantly to her husband and often spoke appreciatively of Mart's kindness.

Anne's marriage took place in mid-September. It was a much more formal and elaborate affair than Cherry's had been, because, as Anne explained, "Frenny's people have been so generous about giving him up, you know. After all, he's the last of the Littles; all the others are Folsoms and Randalls. And I want them to realize that he is marrying a gentlewoman!"

Cherry and Alix went upstairs after the ceremony, as Alix and Anne had done a year ago, but there was deep relief and amusement in their mood today, and it was with real pleasure in the closer intimacy that the little group gathered about the fire that night.

After that, life went on serenely, and it was only occasionally that the girls were reminded that Cherry was a married woman with a husband expecting her shortly to return to him. November passed, and Christmas came, and there was some talk of Martin's joining them for Christmas. But he did not come; he was extremely busy at the new mine and comfortable in a village boarding house.

It was in early March that Alix spoke to her father about it; spoke in her casual and vague fashion, but

The loss of my leg is more than justified by the privilege of being a member of the American Legion," declared Asher Miner, president of a large milling company at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., who suffered the loss of a leg in France as the result of a shrapnel wound received while leading his men. Mr. Miner was a colonel in the Twenty-eighth division and since has been appointed brigadier general of the Pennsylvania National guard.

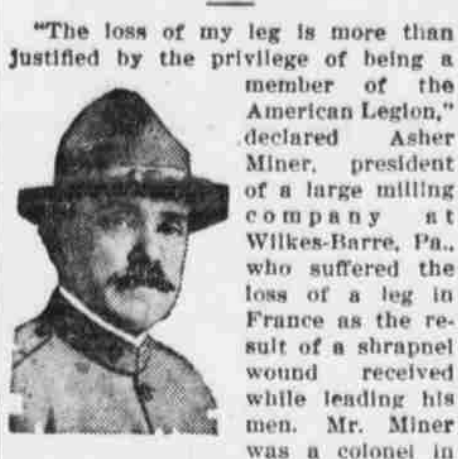
Mr. Miner was among the guests of honor at a banquet tendered American Legion officials by the New York Shipbuilding Corporation upon the occasion of the first trip of the new liner "American Legion." He was one of the speakers. He did not tell, however, how after he had suffered the amputation of his leg he insisted upon being carried out to his men to inspire them in "carrying on." This was told by one of the other speakers, who knew of the colonel's courageousness.

The military record of Mr. Miner begins with his enlistment in 1884 in a Pennsylvania militia company. He saw active service in the Spanish-American war and in 1907 was appointed colonel of the Ninth Infantry. At the expiration of his commission he was reappointed and commanded the Third Pennsylvania Field artillery on the Mexican border. He went to France in 1918. He was cited for bravery and awarded a Distinguished Service cross and later received a Distinguished Service medal.



(Copy for This Department Supplied by The American Legion News Service.)

WOULD GIVE LEG FOR LEGION
Colonel Miner Who Lost Limb in Service, is Proud of Membership in Organization.



The Last of the Littles.

THE GOOD "LITTLE MOTHER"
Wichita (Kan.) Woman Regular Visitor to Boys in Hospitals Who Served in World War.

The mother of six boys and three girls, Mrs. Grace I. Jackson, is qualified for her role as "little mother of Uncle Sam's boys" in the three hospitals of Wichita, Kan., where American soldiers still are suffering from their part in the World war.

As chairman of the welfare committee of the Woman's Auxiliary to the American Legion, Mrs. Jackson has made 114 visits to the men in the wards. Each week she visits the three hospitals, taking fruit and flowers, candy and cakes to the boys, who are performance motherless. Her's is the pleasant task of distributing to them the warm dressing gowns, the smokes and the magazines contributed by her committee; upon her the stricken heroes of the world's struggle bestow smiles for their reflection to the other good souls of her organization.

Eight of Mrs. Jackson's children live at home with her. One son served in France with the One Hundred and Thirtieth Field artillery of the Thirty-fifth division, his immediate junior was physically disqualified and the remainder were too young to be accepted.

MERCHANT TELLS OF A REMARKABLE CASE

Writing from Maxey's, Ga., A. J. Gillen, proprietor of a large department store at that place, says: "I have a customer here who was in bed for three years and did not go to a meal at any time. She had five physicians and they gave her out. One bottle of Tanlac got her up, on the second bottle she commenced keeping house and on the third she did all the cooking and housework for a family of eight."

This sounds really incredible, but it comes uncollected from a highly creditable source and is copied verbatim from the letter.

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Advertisement.

Might Have Been Both.

"This is a very sad moment," declared the duke of Devonshire, the retiring governor general, at a farewell luncheon at Ottawa. And now curious persons are asking if he referred to his departure or to the fact that he had first signed an order in council making Ontario dry on July 18.—Kingston (Ont.) Whip.

BEATS GASOLINE AT 10 CENTS A GALLON

New Invention Makes Ford's Run 34 Miles on Gallon of Gasoline and Start Easy in Coldest Weather—Other Cars Show Proportionate Savings.

A new carburetor which cuts down gasoline consumption of any motor, including the Ford, and reduces gasoline bills from one-third to one-half is the achievement of the Air Friction Carburetor Company, 301 Madison St., Dayton, Ohio. This invention not only increases the power of all motors from 40 to 45 per cent, but enables one to run slow or high gear. It also makes it easy to start a Ford or any other car in the coldest weather without previously warming the motor. With it you can use the very cheapest grade of gasoline or half gasoline and half kerosene and still get more power and more mileage than you now get from the best gasoline. Many Ford owners say they get as high as 35 to 40 miles to a gallon of gasoline. The manufacturers offer to send it on 30 days' trial to any car owner. It can be put on or taken off in a few minutes by anyone. All who want to try it should send their name, address and make of car to the manufacturers at once. They also want local agents to whom they offer exceptionally large profits. Write them today.—Advertisement.

Something Lacking.

An irate fan, who had watched the home team go down to defeat stopped the umpire as he was leaving the park.

"Where's your dog?" he demanded. "Dog?" ejaculated his umps. "I've no dog."

"Well, you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog." returned the disgruntled one.—American Legion Weekly.

Fashion writers are also inspectors of customs.

Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing backache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folk. Ask your neighbor!



Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TOO LATE

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking



The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the National Remedy of Holland since 1896. Three sizes, all druggists.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Shave With Cuticura Soap The New Way Without Mug

KREMOLA
A WONDERFUL FACE FLASCH...
\$79 A WEEK GUARANTEED

For selling a average Creamo Raincoat a day. Output FREE. We Deliver and Collect. Improved Mfg. Co., Dept. 151, Ashland, O.
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 36-1921.

SHE'S FRIEND OF THE LEGION

Mrs. Abby Howe Forest, Mayor of Thayer, Kansas, Booster for Ex-Service Men.



"A post of the American Legion is a valuable asset to any community," says Mrs. Abby Howe Forest, mayor of Thayer, Kan., who holds the distinction of being the first woman in the United States to hold such an office.

"Mayor" Forest is a friend of the ex-service man and takes a deep interest in the affairs of the local Legion post. The project of the Thayer post is to erect a community house which would be the center of activities for the town and country adjacent. Mrs. Forest has been an untiring worker for this civic improvement, "and we can always count on her support," declares C. B. Adams, the post adjutant.

In addition to her interest in the American Legion, Mrs. Forest is an active member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and an officer of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"The lady? She was unfortunately married before I had a chance to ask her," said Peter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Turk as a "Goat Herder."

The famous goat herder of primitive countries who sells his milk by the jar or cup from the goat skin bag on his back has his modern prototype in the person of a chap who appeared on the Bowersay said the New York Sun.

Slung over his shoulder was a large white metal container similar in shape to the goat skin bag and from one end of which protruded a spigot. The top of the container was gayly festooned with flowers and flags and for three cents the peddler would take a small paper cup from his pocket and draw a glass of milk for the thirsty youngster, or passerby. The carrier of the metal container wore a bright red turban on his head. His trousers were broad-beamed of the same color and his moustache of the kind figured in lithographs of the ferocious Turk,