SISTERS By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Josselyn's Wife" (Copyright, 1919, by Kathleen Norris.)

Doctor Strickland, his two daughters Alix and Cherry, and his nicce, anne, live together in the California redwoods, and Peter Joyce, their neighbor, comes and goes at with Martin Lloyd, a visiting engineer, proposes to Cherry; and the family begins to suspect her secret. Peter has a stab of pain as he realises that a stab of pain as he realises that Lloyd may be in love with Cherry. "They've gone to Cherry is confused and uneasy when Lloyd places his arm about her under cover of the trees.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES. ARTS THE STORY AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THEIR talk was incoherent. Cherry was still playing coqueting and smiling, her words few, and Martin, having her so near, could only repeat the endearing phrases that attempted to ex-

press to her his love and fervor.

"You darling! Do you know how I leve you? You darling-you little ex-

Tenrs stood in his eyes, and she for-gave him his admiration for Dorothy King, and said that she knew he was good. And Martin said that he was going to make her the happiest wife a

King, and said that he was good. And Martin said that he was good. And Martin said that he was good to make her the happiest wife a man ever had.

Dragging the stripped tree, they ran down the sharp hill to the house just as Anne came out to announce luncheon. Peter was wandering off in the woods nearby, but came at Alix's shrill yell of summons, and looked relieved when he saw Cherry and Martin not even talking to each other. They had been gone only ten minutes.

Anne, who did not like Peter, had decided not to ask him to stay, but Peter had calmly taken his usual place, and had annoyed Anne with his familiar questioning of Hong as to the amount of butter needed in batter bread. It was a happy meal for every one, and after it they had attacked the rose bush again, with aching muscles now, and in the first real summer heat. It was 3 o'clock before, with a great crackling, and the scream of a twisted branch, and a general panting and heaving on the part of the workers, at last the feathery mass had risen a foot—two feet—into the air, had stood tottering like a wall of bloom, and finally, with a downward rush had settled to its old place on the roof, Hong was pressed into service now, and with Martin, was on the roof, grappling with a rope, shouting directions.

A shower of tiny blossoms and torn leaves covered the steps of the office porch, the garden beds were trampled deep, the seven laborers breathless and chausted. But the rose vine was in decided but hurt to the heart, nevertheless.

"There's no question that Cherry—called him by his name. 'Martin, 'she called him.'
Anne had crossed to the shadowy doorway; she stood still.

"It can't be!" protested the doctor. uneasily. "Did Alix say anything to you about it?"

"She said that." Anne admitted, drily. "You've not noticed anything between him and Cherry?" pursued the doctor. "Tou've not noticed anything between him and Cherry?" pursued the doctor. "Tou've not noticed anything between him and Cherry?" pursued the doctor. "It don't him and Cherry?" pursued the d

Martin, was on the roof, grappling with a rope, shouting directions.

A shower of tiny blossoms and torn men are concerned." Anne said, understance of the steps of the office porch, the garden beds were trampled deep, the seven laborers breathless and exhausted. But the rose vine was in place! Alix shouted congratulations to Martin as he busily roped and tied the recaptured masses in their old position. Anne had vanished for sandwiches; Peter was being scientifically bandaged by the doctor. Cherry stood looking up at the roof; she did little talking; she watched Martin during every second he spent there.

Was bursting with stood of the office normal and the answered honestiy:

"You're quite different. Anne to were older at eighteen than she'll be at twenty-four; you could hold your own you could, in a way, make your own you could, in a way, make your own an impocent

self!" Cherry said, in the softest of little-girl voices, and with her shy little head hanging. Anne decided that it was be-coming her clear duty to talk to Cherry. coming her clear duty to talk to Cherry.

"My dear," she said, later that same afternoon, when by chance she was alone with her little cousin, "don't you think perhaps it would be a little more dignified to treat Mr. Laloyd with more formality? He likes you, dear, of course. But a man wants to respect as well as like a pretty girl, and I am afraid—uncle has noticed it!" she interrupted herself quickly, as Cherry tossed her head scornfully. "He spoke of it last night, and Alix tells me that you are calling Mr. Lloyd 'Martin!' Now, dearie, Martin Lloyd is fully ten years—"

"Then Alix is a tattletale!" Cherry

"Then Allx is a tattletale!" Cherry "I don't know about that," Anne said gently, although perhaps it would have been more generous in her to add that Alix had made the comment gleefully, and almost admiringly. "But that ien't important. The point is that you are only a young girl—"

"You darling! Do you know how I leve you? You darling—you little exquisite beauty! Do you love me—do you love me?" Martin murmured, and Cherry answered breathlessly:

"You know I do—but you know I do" Presently he selected the sapling red-blows of his ax. The girl seated herblows of his ax and constantly touching, trink, their hands constantly touching, the far distance to for a distinct the deserted link and the was stored that the was the hand married him all right.

And Cherry looked up, laughing almost reproachfully. How could he ever she hadd written to say that she was ensaged to another man, a man named—she had forgotten the name. But hamed—he had forgotten the name. But hand married him all right.

And Cherry looked up, laughing almost reproachfully. How could he ever had married name! Cherry said forget her married name! Cherry s

her uncle called her.

He was sitting in the little room that was still called his office, but that was still called his office, but that was really his study now, and the late afternoon light, through the replaced rose vine, streamed in on the shabby books and the green lampshade and the cluttered desk.

"Anne—you weren't there when that young chap tumbled. But I've been worrying about it a little.

"There's no question—there's no question that she—that Cherry—called him by his name. "Martin," she called him." Anne had crossed to the shadowy doorway; she stood still.

"It can't be!" protested the doctor, uneasily. "Did Alix say anything to you about it?"

"She said that." Anne admitted, drily.

watched Martin during every second be spent there. Her small heart was bursting with excitement. He had found easy opportunities to talk to her a dozen times under cover of the general noise. He had said wonderful and thrilling things. There is made immortal the content of the cover of the general noise. He had said wonderful and thrilling things. There is made immortal the cover of the general noise. He had said wonderful and thrilling things. There is no the gord of the cover of the general noise. He had said wonderful and thrilling things. There is no the gord of the gord

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES THE FLOWER GARDEN BALL

By DADDY

(Peggy and Billy shrink to doll-size and go to the Flower Garden Ball then by the flower folk in Peggy's farden. Bachelor Button and his wathers come to the ball, though unsuited, and set out to spoil the party.)

CHAPTER V

The Night Wind's Secret EVERYTHING was confusion and excitement as the flower folk searched shxlously for the vanished Rose Prinanxiously for the vanished Rose Princian. The bee musicians stopped playing
and buszed around through the bushes
and stribs searching, searching, searching. The many butterfly guests at the
hall fluttered around looking, looking,
looking. And the flower people dashed
wildly about peering in every nook and
corner, and hunting, hunting, hunting!
At last the search was given up in despair. The Rose Princess was gone!

"Where can she be? Where can she
he? oried Prince Peony in dismay." She
has by my side one moment—the next
side had disappeared." And the frantic
brince rushed hither and thither.
searching every cranny, crevice and posside hiding place for

crince disappeared." And the frantic rushed hither and thither earching every cranny, crevice and possible hiding place for some clue to his missing sweetheart.

The Bachelor Buttons have kidnapped her, said Pessy. "Don't you released her have meant the princess."

But the Bachelor Buttons were in front by the table—the princess was with meand at the very back of the cast. "In the princess of the cast." And the poor Peony dropped his head in discouragement. "But there were only three Bachelor Buttons under the mushroom table." arrectly under the mushroom table. "arrectly up behind and carried the Rose over the spilled punch. We must search the whole garden!"

ook command of the situation ing the flower folks into groups out parties with glowworm search the whole garden was explored, every shrub

examined, and every path gone into—with no result. The beautiful Rose Princess seemed to have vanished into the air.

The tired and disappointed flowers gathered around Peggy and Billy in the center of the garden to report the failure of their hunt. Prince Peony broke down and wept in despair as searching party after searching party returned without the princess. Suddenly, however, he sprang to his feet. The flowers next door," he cried. "They have carried away my beautiful Rose, I know it, I know it! To arms, my soldiers." And selzing a rose thorn spear from an empty bush nearby, the hot-headed prince started on a run toward the neighboring garden.

After him dashed dozens of the flower folk, spears in hand, and after them running madly came Peggy and Billy crying. "Stop! Stop!" at the very tops of their voices.

"Stop? Why should we stop when my

folk, spears in hand, and after them running madly came Peggy and Billy crysing. "Stop! Stop!" at the very tops of their voices.

"Stop? Why should we stop when my princess is a prisoner?" demanded Prince Peony, turning to the children, sword upraised, just as he reached the hedge which separated the gardens.

"You should stop because you don't know that the Rose Princess is a prisoner next door," cried Billy breathlessly, for they had had to run very fast to keep up with the anxious flowers. "Bemember that we didn't find any of the Bachelor Buttons either when we searched the garden. They, and not the flowers that live beyond the hedge, carried away the princess. Don't start a silly fight with the other flower folk. You may need thely help soon."

"That is true!" agreed the prince, letting his sword drop. "But where, oh where, is my princess."

The night wind blew gently through the tree tops. "I know, I know," it whispered gently.

"Oh tell us, tell us, kind wind," cried all the flowers.

"It is a secret, it is a secret," murmured the night wind softly.

mured the night wind softly

Rose Princess is rescued.

THE GUMPS-Andy, a Champion of Lions



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A NICE CLEAN LION AND HAVE ONE OF THOSE SHOW GUYS PUT HIS HEAD IN YOUR MOUTH - MAYBE HE HADN'T HAD A SHAMPOO FOR A MONTH IT TAKES A LOT OF PATIENCE TO TRAIN AN ANIMAL -FOR THE ANIMAL

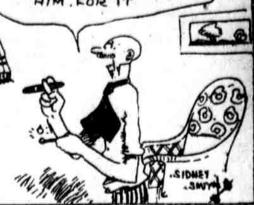


THEY DO EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO MAKE EM LOOK AND ACT WILD AND THEY. EXPECT HIM TO BE DECEITFUL -

By Sidney Smith

WHEN, HE ACTS LIKE HE LOOKS, THEY BLAME HIM FOR IT

...



PETEY-We Can Hardly Blame Him





By C. A. Voight CA Wight HOPE - I WOULDN'T TRUST ANYBODY WITH THIS CASE!

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the languages come much easier to her than mathematics and, what with French, Italian and Spanish, she's really getting to be quite a

ederman





SOMEBODY'S STENOG-She's Going to Be Maid of Honor



