

# SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

Author of "Jesse's Wife"

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**THIS STARTS THE STORY**  
 Doctor Strickland, his two daughters, Alice and Cherry, and his niece, Anne, live together in the California suburb of Cherry. Doctor Strickland, a well-to-do man, comes and goes at will. After the wedding, Martin Lloyd, a visiting engineer, has a stab of conscience that this is actually a cherry. After the wedding, Martin Lloyd, a visiting engineer, has a stab of conscience that this is actually a cherry. After the wedding, Martin Lloyd, a visiting engineer, has a stab of conscience that this is actually a cherry.

**AND HERE IT CONTINUES**  
 But she developed steadily. As she grew skillful in managing her little house, she also grew in the art of managing her husband and herself. She became clever at avoiding causes of disagreement; she listened, and nodded, with a smiling heart, and never said a word of having Martin's satisfaction over the next day, or the viewpoint to meet her own secret conviction. Martin's opinion, she told herself wearily, as she swept and cooked and marketed busily, didn't matter anyhow.

He would rage and storm at his superiors, he would threaten and brood, and then it would all be forgotten, time after time. Silent, absent-minded, looking closely at a burn upon her smooth arm or peering her checked apron, Cherry would sit opposite him at his late lunch.

"I suppose you don't agree with me?" he would interrupt himself to ask scornfully.  
 "Mart—" The innocent blue eyes would be raised vaguely. "I don't know anything about it, dear. If Mr. Taylor—" "Well, you know what I tell you, don't you?"

"For God's sake, don't call me 'dear' when you—" "Mart!" her dignity always rose in arms. "Please don't get excited."  
 "Well!" His tone would be modified as the appetizing little meal was discussed. "Lord, you do make me so mad sitting there criticizing me—I can always tell when you're in earnest."

He would go on and on; Cherry would pause at the door, carrying out plates, to have him finish a phrase; would nod sympathetically as she set his dessert before him. But her soul was like some thing spun into a cocoon, hearing the sounds of life only vaguely, interested in them not at all.

Somehow, somehow, and all their little world accepted her as a matter of course. Pretty little Mrs. Lloyd went every morning into the Company store, as the only store at the mine was called, and smiled over her shopping; she stopped perhaps to speak to her husband; she met some other woman wheeling a baby up to the cottages, and they gossiped together. She heard the men praised every dish extravagantly and the women laughed at their greedy enthusiasm. Mrs. Lloyd was a woman with a curly maple bedroom set; Mrs. Lloyd wanted a standing mahogany lamp for the sitting room.

But under it all Cherry knew that something young and irresponsible and confident in her here, bringing home the dog and the dreamy evenings by the fire. And especially she did not like to think of that eighteenth birthday, that thrilling and ecstatic because the strange young man from Mrs. North's had stared at her in her sticky apron with so new and disturbing a smile in his eyes.

So winter passed at the mine, and at the brown house under the shoulder of Tarnapala. Alice still kept her bedroom windows open, but the doctor was in, and Anne protested at the ensuing stains on the pantry ceiling. Creeks rushed swollen and yellowed down the mountain peak; the forest floor oozed moisture. Spring came reluctantly; muddy boots clogged the doctor's hearth, for he and Alice and Peter tramped for miles through the woods and over the hills, bringing home the dog and the dreamy evenings by the fire.

Cherry's wedding, once satisfactorily over, was a cause of great satisfaction to her sister and cousin. They had kept back daily to give her the center of the house, and when they were congratulated, had helped her in all her praises of Martin and his of her, and had given her more than her share of spoons and yellowed old lace.

And now that she was gone they had loved their own lives again, and cast distance never fail to give. Cherry, in keeping house and managing affairs, was a cause of great interest. The girls surmised that Cherry must be making friends; that every one must admire her; that Martin would be rich some day, without doubt. When letters came there was always an animated chatter about the one.

Cherry wrote regularly, now and then

assuring them that she was the same old Cherry. She described her tiny house right at the mine, looking down at the rough, pebbled road that led to the mouth of the tunnel, and the long sheds of the plant, and the bare big building that was the men's boarding house. Martin's associates brought her trout and ducks, she wrote; she and Martin had driven 500 miles to the superintendent's car; she was preparing for a card party.

"Think of little old Cherry going off on week-end trips with three men!" Alice would say proudly. "Think of Cherry giving a card party!" Anne perhaps would make no comment, but she often felt a pang of envy. Cherry seemed to have everything.

Alix was working hard with her music this winter, aided and abetted by Peter, who was tireless in bringing her songs and taking her to concerts. Suddenly, without warning, there was a newcomer in the circle, a sleek-headed brown-haired little man known as Justin Little.

He had been introduced at some party to Anne and Alix; he called; he was presently taking Anne to a lecture. Anne began to laugh at him and say that he was "too ridiculous," but she did not allow any one else to say so. On the contrary she told Alix at various times that his mother had been one of the old Maryland Percies, and his grandfather was mentioned in a book by Sir Walter Scott, and that one had to respect the man, even if one didn't choose to marry him.

"Marry him!" Alix had echoed in simple amazement. "Marry him—what was all this sudden chatter in the household when a man could no sooner appear than some girl began to talk of marriage?"

Alix had always rather fancied the idea that all girls had an opportunity of capriciously choosing from a dozen eligible swains, but Cherry had quickly anchored herself to the first strange man that appeared, and here she was dimpling and looking demure over a small, neat youth just out of law school, certainly the little person Justin Little was a strange harbor for all Anne's vague dreams of a conquering hero. Stupefied, Alix watched the affair progress.

"I don't imagine it's serious," her father said on an April afternoon, tramping beside them, was interested but silent.  
 "My dear father," the girl protested, "have you listened to them? They've been contending for weeks that they were just remarkably good friends—that's why she calls him 'Frenny!'"

"Ah—I see," the doctor said mildly, as Peter's wild laugh burst forth.  
 "But now," Alix pursued, "she's told him that as she cannot be what he wishes they had better not meet."  
 "Poor Anne!" the old doctor commented.

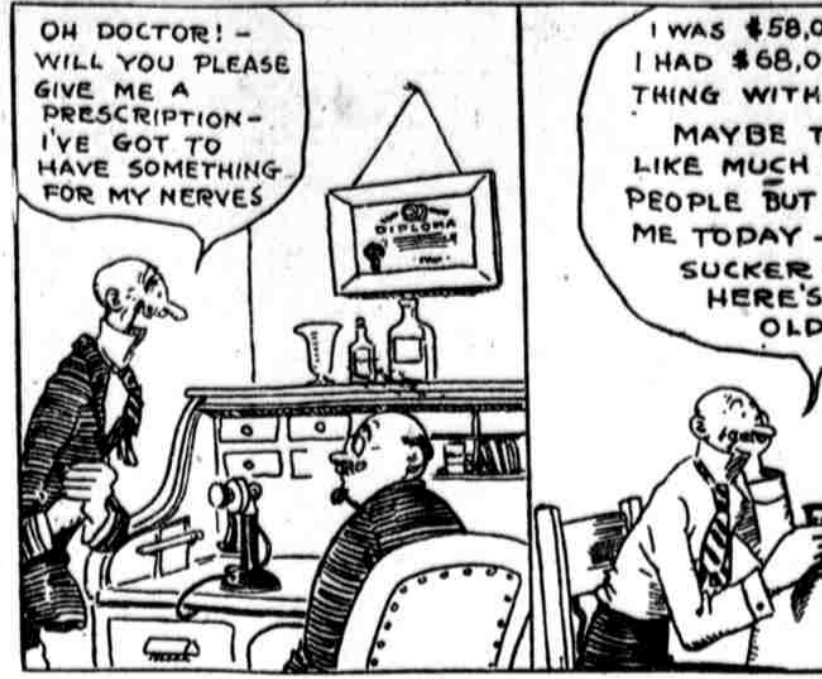
"Poor nothing! She's having trouble of her life," her cousin said unfeelingly. "She told me today that she was afraid that she had checked one of the most brilliant careers at the bar."  
 "I had no idea of all this!" the doctor confessed, amazed. "I've seen the girl in some of my patients."  
 "Well—well! Anne, too."

"You and me next, little sweethearts," suggested Peter, dropping down beside the doctor who had seated himself, parting, upon a log.  
 Alix, the dog's sticky head under her hand, was resting against the prop formed by a great tree trunk behind her shoulder, and looking down at the two men. She grinned.

"Nothing stirring, Puddeny-woody!" she answered, returning with a puzzled face to Peter's smiling, indifferent face to his daughter's unembarrassed smile; shook his head in puzzled fashion, and returned to his pocket the big handkerchief with which he had been wiping her forehead.  
 "There ye are!" he said, shrugging.  
 "Cherry goes gaily off with a man she's only known a week!" Anne dresses up this new fellow with new dresses, new shoes, and you and I, who know what qualities; and you and I, who have neighbors all your lives, laugh as if marriage was a joke."  
 "Our marriage would be, darling," Alix assured him. "But, dad, if you would like me to marry you, I'll do it. George, I will!" she added dutifully.  
 "Peter!" the doctor said, betrothed; "Bucky," she said to the dog, "dat's on new daddy!"

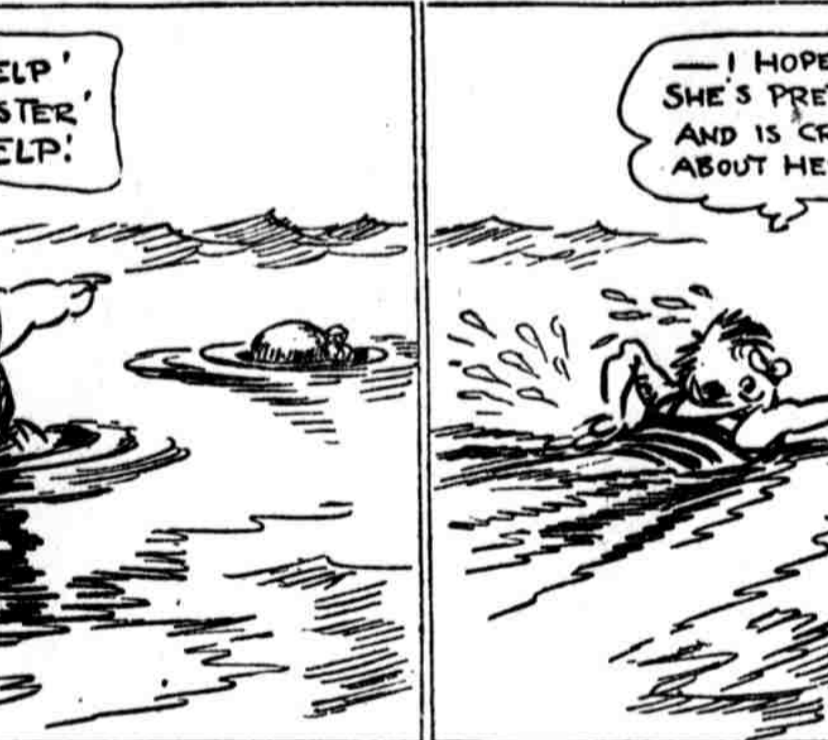
Sheer man paid her the slightest attention. Peter scraped a lump of dried mud from the calf of his high boots, and the doctor musingly looked back along the trail again with great, boyish springs of her bloomed legs.

## THE GUMPS—Into Every Life Some Rain Must Fall



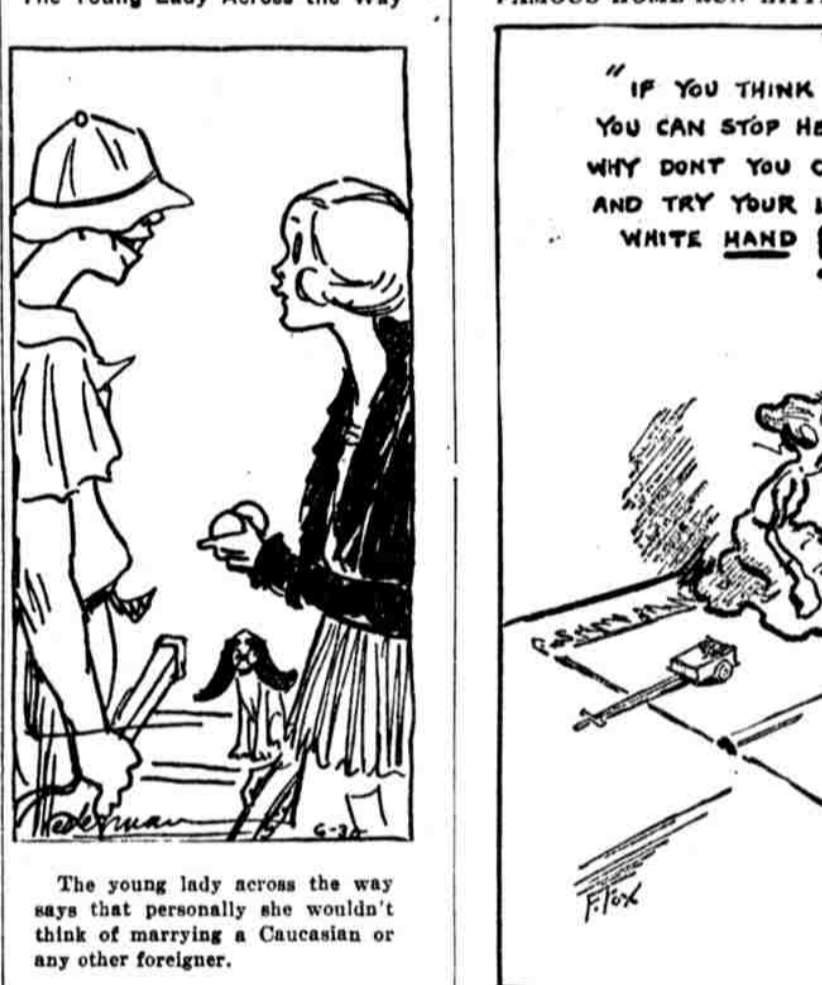
By Sidney Smith

## PETEY—It's An Awful Life

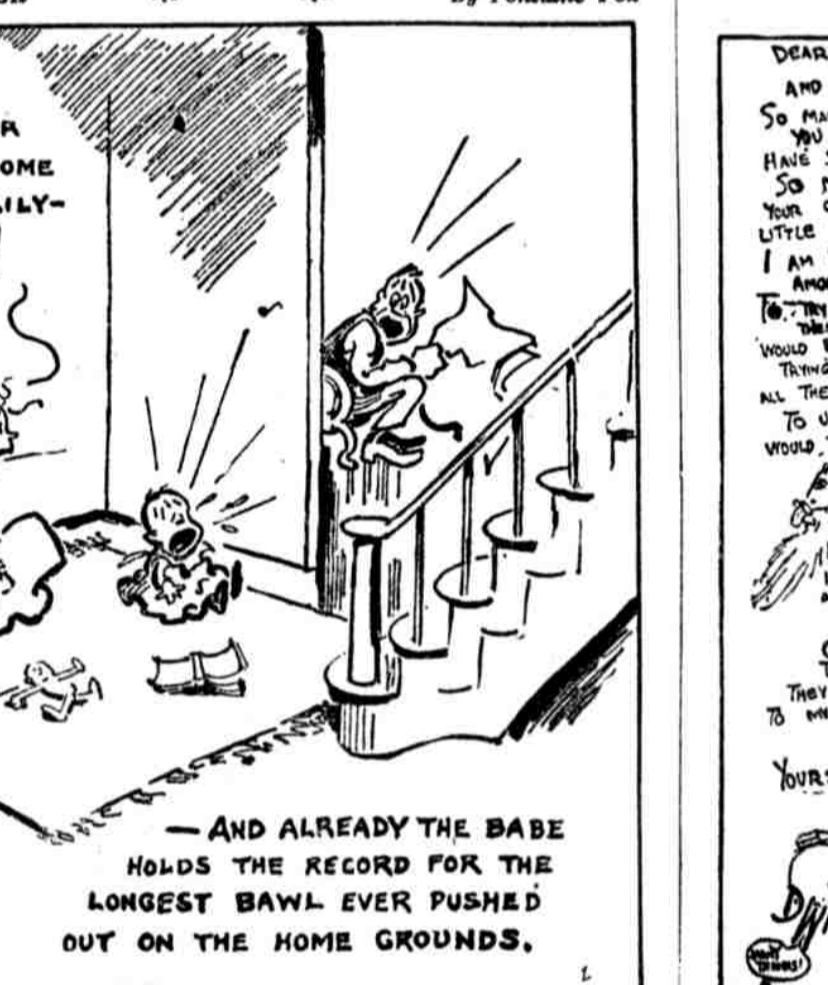


By C. A. Voight

## THE BASEBALL FAN NAMED HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER RUTH, AFTER THE FAMOUS HOME-RUN HITTER



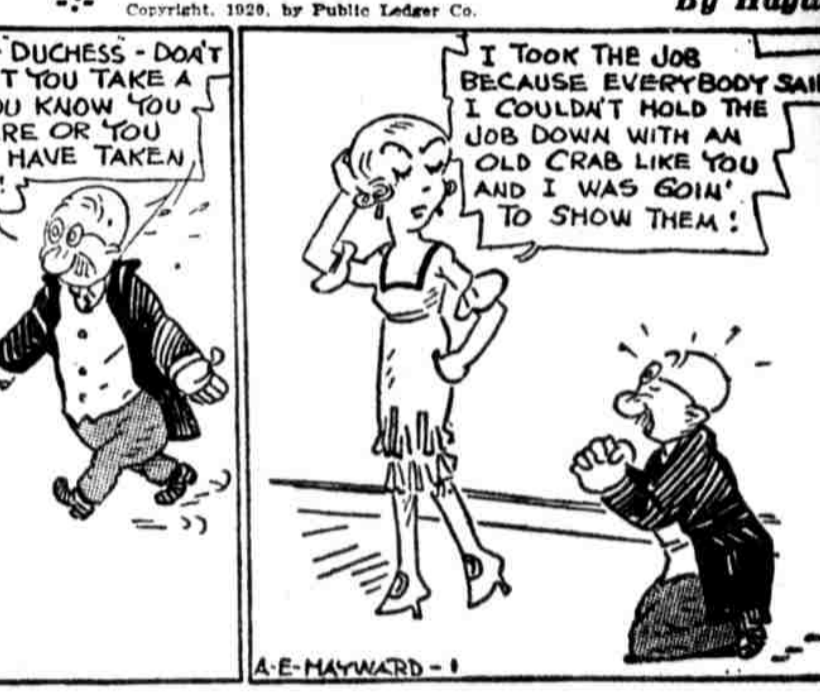
## SCHOOL DAYS



## DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS



## SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPHER—Why She Took the Job



By Hayward

## "CAP" STUBBS—How Does Ma Know?



By Edwina

## DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

### THE OUTLAW

By DADDY

Peggy and Billy hear that Judge Owl has turned into an outlaw. When they inquire about it, they find out that Judge Owl has turned into an outlaw. When they inquire about it, they find out that Judge Owl has turned into an outlaw.

Billy looked at his waist and at Judge Owl. It didn't seem possible to get that big bird inside his waist. Judge Owl lent so big as he looks," whispered Peggy, and as Billy opened his waist, Peggy stuffed Judge Owl inside. Then it became plain that Judge Owl was mostly feathers, and the feathers could be stuffed into the waist as though it were a pillow.

Through the woods ran Peggy and Billy, but Caw-Caw paid no attention to them. He was after Judge Owl, and he thought Judge Owl couldn't get away.

(Tomorrow—Judge Owl sets out to solve a mystery.)