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

with a severe and wrinkled brow. "Try a little mustard in it." she suggested, adding confidentially, "You know Cherry is really too pretty for any use! The rest of us can diet for complexion or diet for figures, and this hat will be becoming or that dress will always look well—but Cherry, why, she just knocks us all galley-west! What's the use of struggling and brushing your hair and worrying about your clothes, when a girl like Cherry will come along and sit down and have everybody staring!"

"She is, of course, quite extraordinary!" Peter conceded as he punched two small holes in the top of a tin of colive oil. The oil welled up through the holes and he wiped his fingers on a corner of Alix's apron,

"It's just the difference," Alix said, "between being nice-looking, which half the women in the word are, and being a beauty. I remember that when Cherry was only about ten I used to look at her and think that there was something rather—well, rather arresting about her face. I remember her in those old bluejacket blouses—"

"Yes, I do, too!" Peter said quickly, straightening up from restoring the vinegar demijohn to an obscure position in a lower cupboard. "Well— These have to go in the oven now; I'll take them out. Aren't you going to change for dinner? It's after 6 now!"

"Since you ask me, I'll see what frock Deshabille has laid out!" Alix yawned, disannearing in the out." Alix yawned, disannearing in the control of the company of the c

have to go in the oven now; I'll take them out. Aren't you going to change the minutes later absorbed in a book.

The evening was cooler, with sudden wind amd a promise of storm. They

her, he added.

"Daddy, we have a lovely home!" I 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 atmosphers 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—weil, 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 worth-while play in the world.

Martin, whose deep disvertigations.

in, whose deep dissatisfaction onditions at the "Emmy Younger Cherry well knew, had entered

the" Cherry well knew, had entered to a correspondence some months beto a correspondence some months beto relative to a position at another ne that seemed better to him, and inmad of coming down for a day or two the time of Anne's wedding, as erry had hoped he might, wrote her at the authorities at the Red of the authorities at the Red of the Anne's and that was closing up all his affairs at the mmy Younger" and had arranged to in all their household effects direct the new home. He knew nothing of did Creek, except that it was a small and town in the San Joachim region, the Cherry's delight at the thought of y alternative for the Emis.

Tuils STARTS THE STORY

Destor Brickland, his two daughters, Alts and Cherry, and his single, and, his team Peter Jongs, there metaphor, comes and goes are transported to the state of the

For dinner? It's after 6 mow! To sharpe shabilic has laid out!" Alix yawned beshabilic has laid out!" Alix yawned ting room, where he found her a few minutes later absorbed in a book.

The evening was cooler, with sudden wind and a promise of storm. They grouped temselves about a fre in the old way; Anne and Justin sitting close together on the settee, 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 railied Peter about some love affair, the details of which made him laugh vexelly in spite of himself. Cherry watched them, alltite 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 a twelvemonth. "Be that as it may, my dear," said Alix, "the fact remains that you taught this Fenton woman to drive you ever knew, a better driver when the best woman driver you ever knew, a better driver when the best woman driver you ever knew, a better driver which the best woman driver you ever knew, a better driver which her hand had her has all the puzzled at the family a year ago? She could almost envy him, feeling a twelvemonth, "Be that as it may, my dear," said Alix, "the fact remains that you taught this Fenton woman to drive you ever knew, a better driver when the said what is not "She distinctly told me," Alix remarked, 'that dear Mr. Joyce had said she was the best woman driver you ever knew, a better driver when the said you "Well, then, she said what is not rue."

"Well, then, she said something like her." he added.

"Daddy, we have a lovely home!"

"Cherry sail softly, her eyes moving from the shabby books and the shabby rugs to Alix's piano shi

"And when does he want his gir?"
her father pursued.
"He doesn't say," Cherry answered
imocently. "I think he is really happier to have me here, where he knows
I am well off!" she said. "I know I
am," she ended after a moment's
thought.

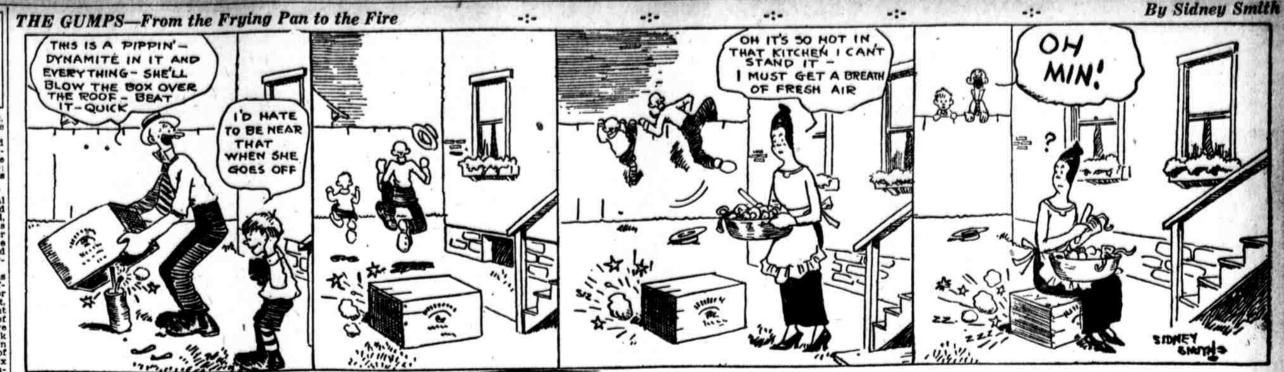
Her father was conscious of a pang;
he had not even formed the thought
in his own mind that Cherry was unhappy. He was as trusting and as inmocent as his daughters in many ways;
he shrank from the unwelcome facts of
life.

His own childhood had been hard and
disciplinary, and at Cherry's age he had

His own childhood had been hard and disciplinary, and at Cherry's age he had been concerned only with realities, with the need of food and clothes and shelter. That a life could be spoiled simply by contact with an unsympathetic personality was incomprehensible to him. The child, he told himself, had a good husband, a home and health, and undeveloped resources within herself. It was puzzling and painful to him to realize that there was needed something moreand that that something was lacking. He felt a sudden anger at Martin: why wasn't Martin managing this affair?

"Mart doesn't mention any time!" he mused.

(CONTINUED TUESDAY)



By Fontaine Fox

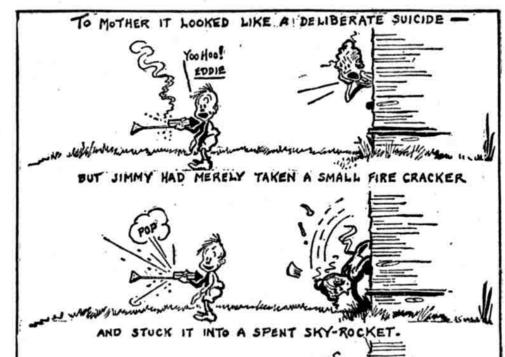


By C. A. Voight -:--:--THOSE GIRLS - YOU DON'T EXPECT HAVEN'T BEEN CHICKENS TO LIKE IN THE WATER THE WATER, DO YOU! ALL DAY OH BOY! CAVOISE

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says that when her father needs money he just goes down to the bank and gets a note discountenanced.



Why Mothers Heave a Sigh of Relief When the 4th Is Over



SOMEBODY'S STENOG—The Real Boss Gives Parting Instructions



YOU DON'T SAY! NO, MY TRAIN DON'T GO FOR ARE YOU IN A JUY HOUR - LISTEN I HEARD A HURRY? THAT IT ISA'T SO ABOUT LUCY SMITH 7 (ETC)





"CAP" STUBBS—It's Great to Ride

SAY! DON'T YA WISHT

OUR AUTER! HEY!







By Edwina