

Saint and Sinner

By ANNE AUSTIN

(Continued From Page 1)

the linoleum of the dining room floor, to plump herself down as close beside her mother as possible.

"How are you this morning, Muggsy darling? Did your bad little girl wake you up when she came home last night? I walked so careful! And I tiptoed so easy to kiss you good night! You were sleeping like a lamb, and I just barely touched your forehead, like this!" Cherry leaned forward and gave her mother a buttery kiss upon her heavy, sagging cheek. As the other children said resentfully, Cherry had her mother "wrapped around her finger."

"Yes, honey, you did wake me up," her mother confessed, in her patient, complaining voice, but it was curiously different, charged as it was with the doting love for the beautiful girl who was bending toward her so solicitously. "But I knew it would worry you, if I let on, so I just kept my eyes closed. Played 'possum on you! I never slept a wink all night! And my head's just splitting this morning. I declare, life don't seem worth living when you're sick all the time and poor as a church mouse."

"Well, Mother, such is life!" Mr. Lane pushed back his chair, dropping the sprawled sheets of his paper to the floor.

"Jim Lane, if you say that to me again, I'll—I'll divorce you!" Mrs. Lane struck the table sharply with her clenched hand. "That's all you ever say—well, such is life!" Such is life!" she mimicked bitterly. "I'm sick and tired of the sound of the words! If you had more sit-up-and-gut to you, such would be life in the Lane family! Such is life! Huh! Make me sick, you do!"

"I do the best I can, Martha," Jim Lane said in a low voice, as if he would like to exclude the children from their never-ending quarrel. "I'm tryin' my best to land that Hathaway contract. Two six-room-bath bungalows."

"Daddy!" Cherry said, the musical sweetness of her voice edged slightly with contempt. "I do wish you'd quit working on the jobs yourself. I tell the girls and the fellows I go with that my father is—a construction engineer, or a contractor, or a carpenter, and then they see you in overalls, carpentering."

"You shouldn't say things that aren't true, Cherry," Faith said quietly, as she slipped into her father's vacated chair and drew the platter of cold bacon and eggs toward her. "Father is a carpenter, and a good one, and it's just enterprise on his part that makes him land a small bit of contracting now and then. I hope you get the Hathaway contract, Dad. What's your bid?"

"Six thousand, three hundred and fifty," her father answered, straightening his bent shoulders and looking down at her with boundless pride and affection. "Your figuring helped me a lot. Ain't so good at figures myself. But I think Holloran is going to underbid me—crooked as a dog's hind leg—Holloran is. He'll get the job at the lowest bid, then ring in a bunch of extras. Don't see how he gets away with it."

He reached for his sun-yellowed straw hat that lay on the sideboard. "How will you swing that big deal, Dad?" Faith asked, her eyes wistfully following his stooped, old-be-tore-times figure as he walked slowly toward the living room door. Dear Dad!

"The lumber yard's willing to carry me for materials, and Pa will go on my note at the bank for pay roll and incidental expenses," he told her, his eyes brightening with hope. "Might have a meat pie for dinner to night, honey if you ain't got nothing else planned. I've asked Hathaway to drop in for supper. Might help me land the contract, if you fed him good. Decent young chap, Bob Hathaway. I've been tootin' your cookin' up to him, Faith, so do your durnest!"

"I wish you wouldn't use such language in front of the children, Jim," Mrs. Lane complained wearily, as she scraped butter upon her fourth piece of toast and reached for the jam pot.

Joy Lane giggled. "Durndest! That's an awful old fashion cuss word! You ought hear Long yell 'em off! Mom—'n—h—e—"

"Joy, leave the table this minute!" Her mother half rose from her chair, then sank back with a groan. "Oh, dear! If life isn't one thing after another!"

"Such is life, Mother!" Jim Lane chuckled, as he left the dining room. "Faith, it does look like I could have a decent egg, considering the fact that I have to work hard all day! This one's broken and the yolk's as stiff as glue!" Cherry pushed her plate from her in disgust, her lovely face petulant and aggrieved, like a sulking child's.

"If you would get to the table when breakfast's ready, your egg wouldn't be cold," Faith retorted. "I'll fry you another one. How do you want it? Sunny side up or scrambled?"

"Scrambled, in butter, with cream," Cherry gave her order languidly and stretched her pretty, almost completely bare arms above her head in a great yawn. "Oh, Muggsy, I learned a new step of the Charleston last night over at the Warrens. Look!"

Cherry sprang up from the table, spread her petaled, crisp green organdy skirt so short that it showed her dimpled knees in their gleaming white silk stockings, blew a kiss to her mother, then began to fling her tiny feet and her graceful arms in a wild abandon. Junior obligingly whistled. "Yes, sir, that's my baby!" clapping his hands to accentuate the tempo. Joy jumped up and joined in, her thin little sticks of arms and legs making a grotesque burlesque of Cherry's graceful performance.

"Say, kid, you got that all wrong!" Junior interrupted. "Here, it goes like this!" His long legs began to weave the intricate figure with practiced ease, his arms swinging madly, then crossing themselves as he bent forward in the last African frenzy of the dance. "You're good, all right!" Cherry, breathless, watched him admiringly. "I guess you learned it from that fast Fay Allen!"

"A young lady, you lay off."

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



efficient stenographer!" Faith's voice was quietly sarcastic. "If you didn't go to work all dressed up like a chorus girl, with your cheeks and your lips painted up like a—like a North Second St. girl—oh, shut up and let me talk a while—and got to work for once in a blue moon at 9 o'clock, and didn't play sick every time you wanted a day off to go on a picnic with one of your half dozen parlor-sheiks, maybe you could keep a job, and not have to pull that gag about your boss getting fresh! All right, Mother! I'll hush! But if you didn't snarl Cherry and believe every word she says you'd know I'm right!"

"I think you're the meanest thing in the world!" Cherry banged her clenched fist on the table and broke into a fit of wild sobbing.

"Yes, I suppose I am mean," Faith said bitterly. "I loll around the house all day—all I have to do is to cook for six people, clean a six-room house every day, make every bed on the place, clean up after your sheiks, take care of mother, help Joy with her lessons, make every stitch of clothes that the whole family wears—"

"Throwing it up to me because made me this dress!" Cherry sobbed. "And I didn't ask you to clean my white shirt for me. I'd rather be late for work than have you do it, if you're going to throw it all up to me. I'll buy my clothes ready made, if that'll do any good!"

"I didn't mean it that way, Cherry," Faith's voice softened, and she put an arm about the sobbing girl's shoulder. "But I wish I had more time to get out and work, too. I get sick of having nothing to wear, and being tied to the house all day! Mother, won't you let me go to work for Madame Aly's? She'll pay as much as Cherry makes, and between us, Cherry and I could get a woman to help with the housework and stay with you during the day. Please, mother! I could cook breakfast before I left for work and get dinner after 5."

"To hear Cherry tell it, every man she works for tries to take advantage of her!" Faith dabbed angrily at her streaming eyes with her napkin. "First, there was Kirkpatrick, and then old Dr. Mullins, and then that young architect—"

"Faith! Cherry's voice was shrill with indignation. "I won't stand for your insinuations! I guess if you had to work with a lot of old he-wives, every last one of 'em wantin'—"

"I should think they'd all want

Lordy! I'm getting gas on my stomach again! If life ain't one thing after another?" She lay back moaning, her eyes closed.

"Such is life, Muggsy!" Cherry, gay again, called over her shoulder as she flitted, like a green-and-gold bird of paradise, toward the hall between living room and bedrooms. She paused on the threshold to call out to Faith:

"Don't sulk, darling! And by the way, Dad's idea about a meat pie is the bunk. Make it southern fried chicken and waffles, and some of your heavenly apricot sherbet for dessert. Dad introduced me to Bob Hathaway on Cain St. the other day, and—oh, boy! About thirty—looks like Ben Lyons, lots of money, and a bachelor! What could be sweater? Don't worry, Muggsy, darling! I'll get another job at the agency he is! Bye, Ches! In ten minutes!"

(To Be Continued)

"The VANITY CASE"

A Tale of Mystery and Love

By CAROLYN WELLS

CHAPTER XXXVII

Buck looked after Bunny, sorely tempted to follow, but concluded not to, feeling it was better to let her think things over by herself.

He went back to his chair on the porch, where sheltered by the clustering vines, he sat and smoked num-berless cigars.

His aunt came out and said, in crisp way:

"Come, Toddy Boy, it's late. You can think about her in your dreams instead of catching your death of cold out 'on this porch. Come along."

"No, Aunt Em. You run along to bed, and I'll go up when I get ready. I go in."

"Oh, all right, have your own way, but if you get hay fever, don't blame me!"

"I won't. Good night, auntie dear."

"Good night, Boy. You'll find anything you want in the pantry—if so be, you can think of anything else!"

Buck determined to clear Bunny and has a talk with her, but she refuses to be trifled with. She loves him, but she's tired and turns away.

"Now GO ON WITH THE STORY

Buck smiled at his aunt's intu-

ition, and left her railery unanswered.

He sat there for hours, unheeding the flight of time. He ceased smoking, and sat, almost motionless, giving himself up to dreams far removed from detectives and murder stories.

How sweet and dear she was! And that little wistful smile—that alone betokened her utter innocence. If she had a secret, it was that she was shielding somebody else—from some mistaken sense of duty.

Well, he would discover her secret—he had a right to, for his motives were all for her good, his interests only hers, from now on and forever.

Some day, this awful investigation would be at an end, some day she would be free to go or come as she pleased. Then she would go home, and he would follow. He would meet her people, interview her father, and all would be shipshape and proper.

Whether it was the mental picture of the wedding feast, or the increasing chill of the night air, something turned his thoughts to the pantry his aunt had so casually referred to. He was just contemplating a move in that direction, when he saw some one coming out of the front door.

The door had been closed, though not locked, and the one who came through it was Bunny—yes, surely, Bunny.

He sat very still, his eyes almost staring from his head. Was she, could she be, walking in her sleep?

No, he saw at once that she was not.

She had on a dark frock, and black shoes and stockings, and she walked slowly, looking about her as she made her way.

She could not see Buck, as he sat back in the shadow, and he made no sound, so that she did not even pause to look that way.

She went softly, slowly, but steadily on, to the edge of the porch and down the steps.

As she went down the path to the side gate, Buck rose and quietly followed her.

He felt no hesitancy about doing this, he was her protector and he meant to watch over her.

It was not necessary to be very cautious, for the soft lawn deadened his steps, and apparently she had no thought she was not alone.

Across the lawn she made for the small piece of woods that was not far away.

In the shelter of a tree Toddy

OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



UNION NATIONAL
SAV. & LOAN ASSN.
20 W. OHIO ST.

SURPLUS, \$310,000.00

We Charge No Membership Fee