

Saint and Sinner

By ANNE AUSTIN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE? CHERRY LANE is utterly different from her sister, Faith, who days ago was a girl who did all the work for the family of six, including her mother, who is a carpenter and contractor in a small way, her brother, JOY, or "Long" Lane, 21, and JOY's wife, CHERRY. The first is devoted to a career with a dozen admirers, including CHERRY LANE, who is a married woman, and ALBERT LITTLESON, married travel salesman, her present employer, and MR. CLON, whom Faith surprises in the act of making love to Cherry, and CHRIS WILEY, over whom a girl has committed suicide.

GEORGE FRUITT, rich man's son and amateur artist, falls in love with Faith, who has already lost her heart to Bob Hathaway, who is infatuated with Cherry. The two girls are invited to a party at George Frutt's, but at the last minute Faith has worked night and day to finish their party dress. Mr. Lane is stricken with a heart attack and Cherry goes to the party alone, leaving Faith to nurse her mother, because of his mother, sends Bob Hathaway to the Lane home with a hamper of refreshments. Faith has hastily dressed herself in party frock, trying to attract him, but she realizes that he is deeply troubled over Cherry. He tells her that he has seen Cherry in Chris Wile's arms, although Cherry had told him she loved him, and had kissed him ardently. Faith comforts him but tells her to go on her return. Cherry informs Faith that Frutt is going for a drive and she takes Faith for a drive.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XIV

During the week that followed Faith Lane wondered rather uneasily, yet not quite unhappily, if she had indeed, as Cherry had said, "cast a spell" over George Frutt. She could not believe it, looked humbly for explanations of the strange fact that it was to her he sent the daily box of flowers or candy or basket of hot-house fruit—to her, and not to the adorable little flapper, Cherry, who had always had such attentions, by the divine right of beauty.

But the family, just as puzzled as Faith, were not slow to accept the new, incredible situation for what it was worth. They discussed it with cruel frankness or friendly curiosity at every meal, commenting on every gift, every "date," every expression of the obviously infatuated young man.

At breakfast on Sunday, just ten days after George Frutt had first come to call, Faith was serving buckwheat cakes to the entire family, Junior having finally emerged from the bathroom in a sleek-like splendor, his Indian-straight black hair shining like patent leather, his tanned cheeks closely shaven and dusted with scented talcum, a striped silk sports shirt open at the throat.

Cherry, in a faded lavender silk kimono, her copper-and-gold curls still wet and lemon-fragrant from the shampoo she had given them, was reading the Society section of the thick Sunday paper. Joy, her pet little face, with its snub nose, shining from soap and water, was already dressed for Sunday school.

Mrs. Lane was vast and uncorseted in a thin, faded percale bungalow apron, and Mr. Lane, in white cotton undershirt, his suspenders hanging in great loops about his bony hips, was reading the real estate section, his near-sighted brown eyes peering through old-fashioned steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Here, listen to this, Mother," he said. "New Hathaway Building Plans—that's the headline—Robert Lee Hathaway, rising young architect, has taken out building permits for two model bungalows in the new Englewood addition. His own plans are to be used in building these two charming homes, one of which is situated on this piece, and contract has been let to Builder James G. Lane, of 3518 Myrtle St. Work is to begin immediately. These are only two of many projected new homes in this popular subdivision, just opened to the public." Builder James G. Lane! Now, what do you think of that, Mother?

"I just hope you ain't made any mistake on your fingers," Mrs. Lane sighed. "When you're workin' on a job at \$8 a day, we know what to expect—"

"Oh, listen to this!" Cherry cried. "Lanes all over the paper this morning! Miss Selma Pruitt entertained charmingly at the Lincoln Pruitt mansion on Fairview Ave. Friday evening, bridge and other card games, dancing and music being the diversions. The lovely young hostess, assisted by her friends, Misses Frances Warren, Isabel Piper, Faith and Cherry Lane, served a delicious lap supper of fruit salad, cheese straws, sandwiches, ice cream—"

"Gosh!" Junior shouted with laughter. "That was sure a lapful, all right!"

"Shut up! You're just jealous because you weren't invited!" Cherry snapped. "If you didn't run around with that awful Fay, you, you could get into society, too!"

"And listen to this, Smarty," Junior flung the sports section to the floor. "If it wasn't for Faith, you'd not have a lookin at the Pruitts, and you know it darn well! I'd never hoped to see the day that good old Faith could take you down off your high horse like she's done this week! Hey, Faith, when's the wedding coming off? I gotta have plenty of notice, so I can get me a Tuxedo made to order. Me in a Tuxedo and a stiff bosom shirt! Oh, baby!"

Faith slipped three more piping hot buckwheat cakes to his syrupy plate and sat down to her own breakfast. "Don't order your Tuxedo—yet," she said calmly. "Pass me the butter, Dad, please. Everybody had enough?"

"I ain't got any appetite," her mother answered plumply. "What are you girls doin' today? Gaddin' about, out to all hours of the night—I don't know what's goin' to become of the house—"

"I haven't neglected the housework, Mother," Faith answered gently. "I've got the dinner on in the fireless cooker and Cherry can dish it up when Dad and Joy get back from church. You haven't a date until this afternoon, have you, Cherry?"

"You know I haven't," Cherry answered sulkily. "Bob's coming over at 4, and we're going to drive over to Marlboro for supper. But I think it's mean of you to make an all-day Sunday date, and leave me to fix dinner and wash up a whole raft of dishes."

"I do it seven days a week, Cherry. It's not going to hurt you, honey? I will, and Joy'll help, won't you, honey?"

"I will if Cherry'll give me a dime," Joy replied promptly. "Tomorrow's the first day of school and I wanta dime for the fruit shower we're going to give our teacher. A lot of us kids made it up to give her a shower, so she will be in a good humor, the first day anyway. The fourth grade kids said last year she was a real hellcat!"

"Joy! Leave the table this minute and march right into the bathroom and wash your mouth out with soap. And let me tell you, young lady, if I ever hear you use language like that again—oh, dear! Life's just one thing after another! With Faith gaddin' about all day Sunday and out every night in the week and Junior kitting around all over the country in that second-hand Ford that your Pa oughta knowed better than to let him buy, Jim Lane—"

"Junior's doing pretty well with this automobile accessories job of his, Mother," Jim Lane told her with mild emphasis. "And if I was you, I wouldn't begrudge Faith a little fun once in a while—"

"Begrudge! Who's begrudin' her anything? I can't say a word to my own children without gettin' my head snapped off for it, Jim Lane! If Faith's going to marry this rich feller, I guess it's all right, but I don't trust him, I don't! Anybody can pull the wool over your eyes, but I guess a mother's got a right to protect her daughter from high-flyin' good-for-nothin's that led Lord knows what kinda life in New York. I never seen an artist yet that meant any good to a pure young girl."

"You're makin' a movie villain out of George, Mother," Faith laughed.

"That's right—poke fun at me!" Mrs. Lane sighed bitterly. "But what I want to know is—has he asked you to marry him?"

"Oh, Mother," Faith protested, her face blushing richly with embarrassment. "I've only known him for ten days!"

"Yes, ten days, and he's been hangin' around here every day for a week, clutterin' the house up with his candy and his flowers and his dollar-a-pound grapes! I ain't nobody's fool! A rich man don't show up a poor girl with expensive gifts, and expect no return! Been makin' love to you, ain't he?"

"No, he hasn't," Faith laid down her fork and rose from the table, her hand trembling as she steadied herself against her chair. "Every last one of you is dyin' with curiosity about me and George Pruitt, and I'm—I'm tired of it! Please don't get mad at me, Mother! I don't mean to be 'sassy,' but I can't stand all of you pickin' on me like this. George Pruitt is the first man I've ever gone with that I really respect, but I'd better tell you—all of you—that I'm not one tiny bit in love with him, and I haven't encouraged him to make love to me, and don't intend to."

"And what's more, if he does ask me to marry him, I'm not going to do it! I'd rather live in a one-room shack with a man I love than to marry a millionaire! Now, won't you all let me alone and let me be friends—just friends—with George Pruitt? I know enough to take care

OUT OUR WAY—By WILLIAMS



THE INQUISITIVE STRANGERS

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES—By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



THE CONSPIRATORS WHO FIGURED THE MAJOR FOR A SOFT JOHN, ARE TAKEN OVER THE HILL FOR \$115. BY HIM!

of myself, Mother. I'm not going to disgrace the family—"

"Well!" Cherry pushed back her chair and pattered around the table in her heeled slippers, to put her arms protectively around her mother. "I must say that's a fine way for you to talk, Faith Lane! You're always giving me 'Hail, Columbia' for flirting and leading men on, and now you admit that you're letting George Pruitt hang around you day and night when you have no intention of marrying him. Practice what you preach, saintly Miss Faith! Isn't that right, Mugsy?"

"You're being ridiculous, Cherry," Faith controlled her voice with difficulty. "I'm not leading George Pruitt on as you call it, and I can't very well forbid him to come to see me or refuse to accept his attentions, without any explanation at all. I'd simply be a fool to tell him I can't have him for a friend, because I have no intention of marrying him—when he hasn't asked me. Oh, let's don't quarrel! We're always quarreling. We all love each other, yet we are at each other, tooth and nail, all the time." She dashed tears from her eyes, then turned to Joy, who had been drinking in her words, open-mouthed. "It's half past nine, honey. Better run along to Sunday School. It would be nice if you stayed for church and walked home with Dad."

At eleven o'clock Faith had finished her housework, had made the salad and dessert, leaving them to chill in the ice box, and had dressed herself hastily in her two-year-old white flannel suit, freshly cleaned and altered and touched up with new collar and cuffs of hand-embroidered white silk.

"Just what are you and George going to do today?" Cherry came padding in listlessly on her heeled slippers, to sit on Faith's neatly made bed.

"I told you—drive over to Sulphur Spring. We'll get there about 1 o'clock—it's forty miles you know. We'll have lunch there, George is going to sketch a while, and then we'll have a swim in the lake, and drive home toward evening."

"You don't know luck when it hits you in the face," Cherry told her enviously. "You could marry George Pruitt, and you turn up your nose at him. If you really don't want him, I wish you'd give me a chance!" "Do you mind if I wear your white felt?" Faith ignored her sister's suggestion. "This old tan straw of

mine is looking terrible. Don't bother, I'll get it."

Cherry gave an ungracious assent, and Faith went to her sister's room to search her closet for the last year's fall hat. The hat was not on the top shelf, where she expected to find it. Thinking it might have fallen to the floor, Faith knelt and searched in the dark closet. Moving a suitcase to look behind it, she was surprised to find it heavy, as if it were packed full. Lifting it with an effort, she laid it on the floor of the room and tried to open it.

It was locked. A quick search of the closet revealed that nearly all of Cherry's clothes were missing. Bewildered, fighting back a dark suspicion, she was about to confront Cherry with a demand for an explanation when she heard George Pruitt's cheerful voice, greeting her mother and father.

(To Be Continued)

Persia is represented at the Sesqui-centennial Exposition in Philadelphia and the Persia Society has distributed a handsome booklet describing the Persia Bids at the exposition and the aims of the society itself, and including a full page portrait of the new Persian ruler, Reza Shah Pahlavi. The impressive ceremonies attending his coronation last April are described in the Atlantic for October, by "An Onlooker" who gives a colorful picture of gala days in modern Teheran.

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Let George Challis Take You on a Big Adventure

By Walter D. Hickman

Want to get back to the days when pirates bold sailed the sea? Want to read something at home on these chilly fall nights which will increase your circulation? Have been told that an open fireplace is the ideal spot for reading a detective yarn.

And I am sure that a comfortable chair in a cozy little nook will be ideal for the reading of "The Splendid Rascal" by George Challis and published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis.

I have every reason to believe that these pirate yarns are going to be the literary fashion this season. This idea took on definite thought when I visited book concerns in the East a few weeks ago.

So I have a jolly recommendation for your first pirate yarn of the season in "The Splendid Rascal." Have not had the experience of "meeting" Challis before, meaning I have not read him as far as I can remember.

Challis is a good spinner of a yarn of the old pirate days. It takes lot of imagination to turn back the years until the sixteenth century is re-created. Atmosphere is every thing in such a story and yet the characters must have life blood.

The trouble with so many romantic yarns of other days is that the author has failed to make the characters actually live. Not so with George Challis. He makes Louis Madelin one of the most

unique bad men who ever fought a Spanish galleon.

There is a fight which happens in the early part of the story which will make you want to stay with the story until the last page is reached.

And you will meet Captain Sunday and his strange death. You will enjoy this delightful old devil of the seas. He sure had a corking good death, because our fighting friend, Louis Madelin was the cause of the captain's strange departure from this earth.

And a strange trick of Fate makes Louis Madelin the last word over the wild crew which Captain Sunday had tamed for years.

Here is corking good adventure. Here is a yarn that will make you hungry for adventure yourself. I do not hesitate to recommend this Challis novel as a most enjoyable experience.

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DR. CALDWELL AT AGE 93

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