

Saint and Sinner

By ANNE AUSTIN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE—
CHERRY LANE in a little different
from her sister, FAITH, who stays at
home and does all the work for her father,
who is semi-invalid mother. Her father,
when he can, can't help, but he does it in
small way. Her brother, JUNIOR, or
"Long" Lane, 21, and JOY, 19, are
on a date. They are on a date with a
woman, a dozen admirers, including ROBERT
HATHAWAY, formerly destined to faith.
ROBERT is the son of George and
ALBERT ETTLETON, a married traveling
salesman, who is great friend of old
MR. CLUNY, whom Faith surprises in
the act of making love to Cherry, and
CHERRY LANE, over whom Robert had
committed suicide.

The two girls are invited to a party
at George's home, but on the last min-
ute after Faith has worked night and
day to finish her party dresses, she
is stricken with heart attack
and Cherry goes to the party alone,
leaving George to care for mother.
Pruitt, whom Cherry is trying to leave
because of his money, sends Bob Hath-
away to bring him a tray of
refreshments. Faith has hastily
dressed herself in her party frock
to meet him, but the relatives that
are deeply troubled over Cherry.

Cherry in Chris' arms, although Cherry
had told him she loved him. Bob and
has been a great comfort to him, con-
firms him but berates Cherry on her
return. Cherry informs Faith that Pruitt
is the only man she can depend on
because of his money. Sends Bob Hath-
away to bring him a tray of
refreshments. Faith has hastily
dressed herself in her party frock
to meet him, but the relatives that
are deeply troubled over Cherry.

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

"I haven't neglected the house-
work, 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 an-
swered sulkily. "Bob's coming over at
4, and we're going to drive over to
Marthoco 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
this once, and Joy'll help, won't you,
honey?"

"I will if Cherry'll give me a
dime." Joy replied promptly. "To-
morrow's the first day of school and
I wanta dime for the fountain shower
we're going to give our teacher. A
lot of us kids made it up to give
her a shower, so's she will be in a
good humor the first day, anyway.

The fourth grade kids said last year
she was a regular hellcat!"

"Joy! Leave the table this minute
and march right into the bath-
room and wash your mouth out with
soap! And lem me tell you, young
lady, if I ever hear you usin' lan-
guage like that again—oh, dear.
It's just one thing after another!
With Faith gaddin' about all day
Sunday and out every night in the
week and Junior kitin' around all
over the country in that second-
hand Ford that your Pa oughta
known 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."

"Be grudge! Who's begrudgein' 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' 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—poker 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 embarrass-
ment. "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 no
body's fool! A rich man don't show-
er a poor girl with expensive gifts,
and expect no return! Been makin'
love to you, ain't he?"

"That just hope you didn't make any
mistake on your figgers." Mrs.
Lane sighed. "When you're workin'
on a job at \$8 a day, we know
what to expect!"

"Oh, listen to this, Mother!" he
said. "New Hathaway Building
Plans—that's the headline—Robert
Lee Hathaway, rising young archi-
tect, 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
pictured on this page, 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?"

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

"No, he hasn't." Faith laid down
her fork and rose from the table, her
hand trembling as she steamed herself
against her chair. "Every last
one of you is dying 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 'sass' but I can't stand all of
you picking on me like this. George
Pruitt is the first man I've ever
been with that I really respect, but I'd
better tell you—all of you—that I
haven't 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

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

"Well!" Cherry pushed back her
chair and pattered around the
table in her heelless slippers, to
put her arms protectingly 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 me on, and now you ad-
mit 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 diffi-
culty. "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 atten-
tions, 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 quar-
reling. We all love each other, yet
we are at each other, tooth and toe-
nail, all the time." She dashed
tears from her eyes, then turned to
Joy, who had been drinking in
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 fin-
ished her housework, had made the
soup 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 heelless
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."

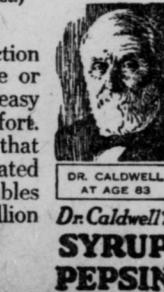
"You don't know luck when it hits
you in the face." Cherry told her
easily. "You could marry George
Pruitt, and you turn up your nose
at him. If you really don't want
him, I wish you'd give me a chance."

"Do you mind if I wear your white
feet?" Faith ignored her sister's sug-
gestion. "This old tan straw of

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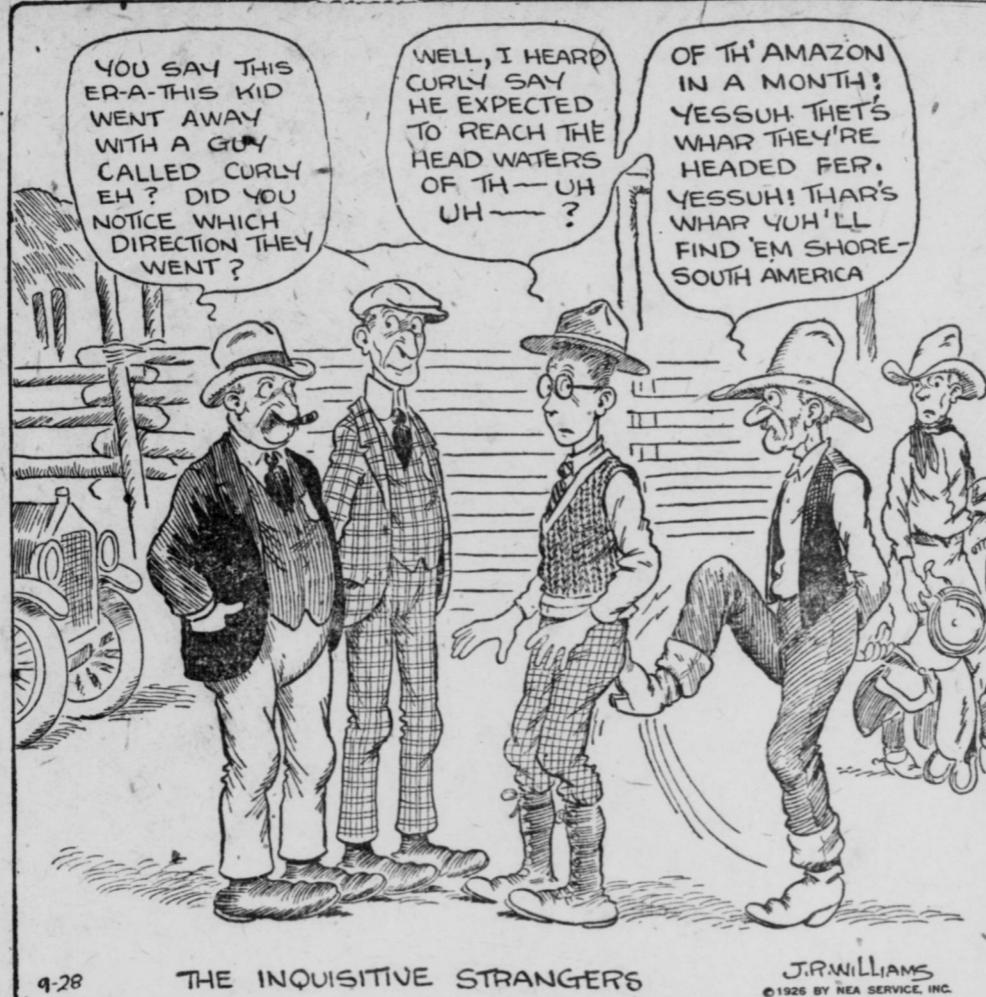
When Mother is Alarmed!

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relies upon Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsi. "My son had
been constipated and bilious since birth. At the age of five he had
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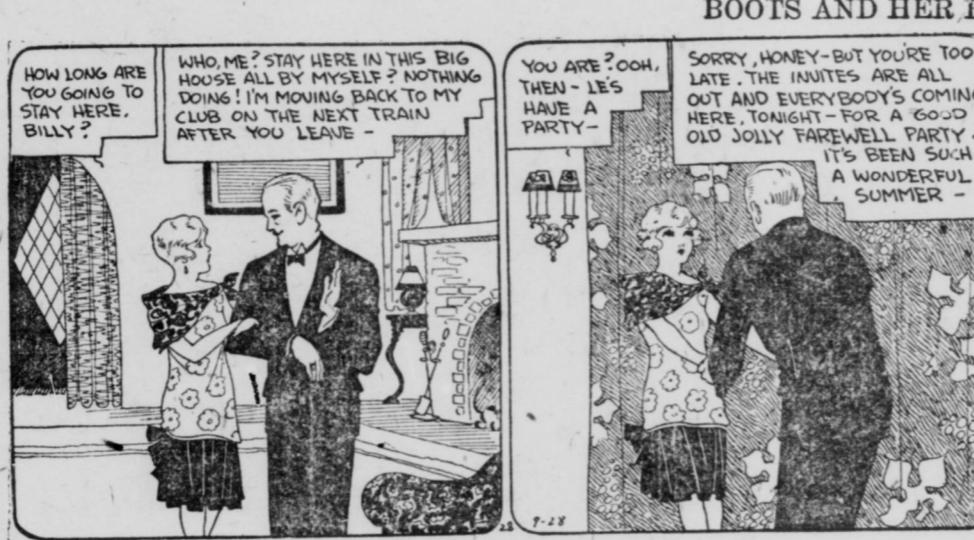
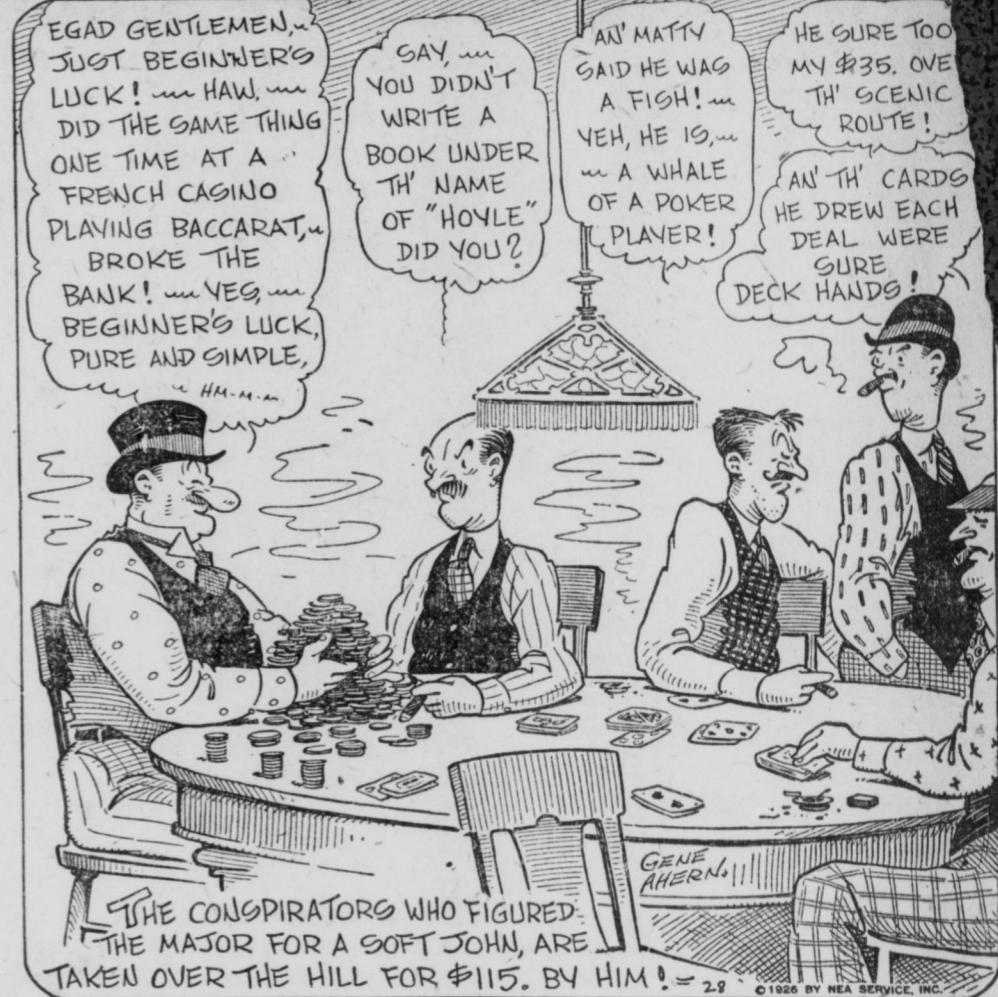
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OUR BOARDING HOUSE—By AHERN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—By BLOSSER



WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW

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 imagination?

Have you told that an open fire
place 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 sea
son 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
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 en-
joy 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 Sun-
day had tamed for years.

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

Serious Thought

Have received the following from
the George H. Doran Company of
New York, which I think will interest
you:

"Decrying the utter lack of fore-
sight with which young men and
women of today choose their life
work, leaders of American thought
point out a vital weakness in the
American educational system as now
constituted, and urge the need for
systematic and intelligent vocational
guidance.

These opinions, which consider
the social and economic aspects of
the problem, were made public as
the result of a survey just completed
by John Farrar, editor of The Book-
man, and were elicited by the an-
nouncement of the forthcoming pub-
lication of a book on careers by Ed-
ward L. Bernays, well-known pub-
lic relations counsel, which will seek
to eliminate waste of human effort
by providing authoritative guidance
to the American youth in the choice
of his career. Mr. Bernays will write
the chapter on public relations.

"Among those who have contrib-
uted chapters to the book are: A. C.
Ernst, of Ernst and Ernst on ac-
countancy; Stanley Resor, president
of the J. Walter Thompson Company
on advertising; Nelson Antrim Crawford,
director of information of the
United States Department of Agri-
culture; Harvey Wiley Corbett, ex-
president of the Architectural League
on architecture; Frederick James
Grieg on art; Ray Long, vice presi-

dent and editor-in-chief of the Inter-
national Magazine Company on edit-
ing; John Hayes Hammond on en-
gineering; J. Butler Wright, assistant
secretary of State on diplomatic
foreign service; Roy W. Howard of
the Scripps-Howard newspapers on
journalism; Mrs. Mary Roberts Rine-
hart on literature; Dr. William Allen
Chancellor Brown of New York Uni-
versity; President Holden of the
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy
Medical Association on medicine;
Col. Michael Friesland of the Great
Northern; President K. of the Atlantic
Coast Line Railway; Herbert Bayard
Swope, editor of "The World"; Paul
D. Cravath of Cravath, Henderson
and De Gersdorf; President K. of
Sears Roebuck and Company, many
others."

The largest of privately owned
yachts is said to be the Arcturus,
an American oil-engined boat of
2,522 tons.

Stressing variously the economic
value of drifting from job to job,
the importance of proper vocational
guidance, and the practical diffi-
culties of such guidance, the con-
tributors to the symposium include

Presidents Angell of Yale, Olds of
Amherst, Mezes of City College,
Chancellor Brown of New York Uni-
versity; President Holden of the
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy
Medical Association on medicine;
Col. Michael Friesland of the Great
Northern; President K. of the Atlantic
Coast Line Railway; Herbert Bayard
Swope, editor of "The World"; Paul
D. Cravath of Cravath, Henderson
and De Gersdorf; President K. of
Sears Roebuck and Company, many
others."

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effectiveness in relieving bilious-
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medicine has been in use for over
80 years and its popularity is con-
stantly increasing, as its steadily
increasing sales clearly prove.

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remedy, prepared from roots
and herbs, carefully combined and
packaged by automatic machinery.

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after-effects.