

Sisters

KATHLEEN NORRIS



(Continued from last week.)

His heart pressed like a dull pain in his chest. Dully, quietly, he went out to the fire again, and dully and quietly moved through the day. Her books and music might stand as they were, her potted ferns and her scattered small possessions—the sewing-basket that she always handled with a boy's awkwardness, and the camera she used so well—should keep their places. But he went to her desk, thinking in this long, solitary evening, to destroy various papers that she might wish destroyed before the cabin was deserted. And here he found her letter.

He found it only after he had somewhat explored the different small drawers and pigeonholes of the desk, drawers and pigeonholes which were, to his surprise, all in astonishing order for Alix. Everything was marked, tied, pocketed; her accounts were balanced, and if she had anywhere left private papers, they were at least nowhere to be found.

Seeing in all this a dread confirmation of his first suspicion of her death, Peter nevertheless experienced a shock when he found her letter.

It had been placed in an empty drawer, face up, and was sealed, and addressed simply with his name.

He sat holding it in his hand, and moments passed before he could open it.

So it had been true, then, the fear that he had tried all these weeks to crush? He had been weighing, measuring, remembering, until his very soul was sick with the uncertainty. His mind had been a confused web of memories, of this casual word and that look, of what she had possibly heard, had probably seen, had suspected—known—

Now he would know. He tore open the envelope, and the dozen written lines were before his eyes. The letter was dated, a most unusual thing for Alix to do, and "Saturday, one o'clock," was written under the date. It was the day of her death.

He read: "Peter, Dear—Don't feel too badly if I find a stupid way out. I've been thinking for several days about it. You've done so much for me, and after you, of course, there's no one but Cherry. She could be free now, but she couldn't prevent it. When I saw your face a few minutes ago I knew we couldn't fight it. Remember, this is our secret. And always remember that I want you to be happy because I love you so!"

It was unsigned. Peter sat staring at it for a while without moving, without the stir of a changing expression on his face. Then he folded it up, and put it in the pocket of his coat, and went out to the back yard, where Kow was feeding the chickens. The wet, dark day was ending brilliantly in a wash of red sunset light that sent long shadows from the young fruit trees, and touched every twig with a dull glow.

"Kow," Peter said, after an effort to speak that was unsuccessful. The Chinese boy looked at him solicitously; for Peter's face was ashen, and about his mouth were drawn lines. "Kow," he said, "I go now!"

"Go now other house?" Kow nodded, glancing toward the valley.

But Peter jerked his head instead toward the bare ridge.

"No, I go now—not come back!" he said, briefly. "Tonight—maybe tomorrow, tomorrow, Inverness. I don't know. By and by the big mountains. Kow—by and by I forget!"

Tears glittered in the Chinese boy's eyes, but he smiled with a great air of cheer.

"I keep house!" he promised.

The dog came fawning and springing from the stables, and Peter whistled to him.

"Come on Buck! We're going now!" He opened the farmyard gate where her hand had so often rested, crossed the muddy corral, opened another gate, and struck off across the darkening world toward the ridge. The last sunlight lingered on crest and tree-top, tangled itself roily in the uppermost branches of a few tall redwoods, and was gone. Twilight—a long twilight that had in it some hint of spring—lay softly over the valley; the mountain loomed high in the clear shadow.

Gaining the top of the first ridge, he paused and looked back at the cabin, the little brown house that he had built almost fifteen years ago. He remembered that it was in the beginning a sort of experiment; his mother and he were too much alone in their big city house, and she had suggested, with rare wisdom, that as he did not care for society, and as his travels always meant great loneliness for her, he should have a little eyrie of his own, to which he might retreat whenever the fancy touched him.

She liked Del Monte and Tahoe, herself, but she had come to Mill Valley now and then in the days of his first wild delight in its freedom and beauty, silk-gowned and white-gloved and

very much disliking dust. She had sent him plants, roses, and fruit trees, and she had told him one day that he had a neighbor in the valley who was an old friend of hers, a Doctor Strickland, a widower, with children.

He remembered sauntering up the opposite canyon to duty call upon this inventor-physician one day, and his delight upon finding a well-read, music-loving, philosophic, erratic man, who had at once recognized a kindred spirit, and who had made the younger man warmly welcome.

Presently, on the first call, an enchanting little girl in a shabby smock had come to—a little girl all dimples, demureness and untouched boyish beauty. She had said that "Anne wath wud wiv her, and that Alix—" she managed to lip the name, "wath up in the madrone!"

A somewhat older child, named Alix, a freckled, leggy little person with enormous front teeth, had proved the claim by falling out of the madrone, and had received no sympathy for a bump, but as to him—rather surprising censure. He had yet to realize that nothing ever hurt Alix, but that she always ruined her clothes, and frequently hurt other persons and other things. He found her a spirited, enthusiastic little person, extremely articulate, and quite unself-conscious, and she had entertained him with an excited account of a sex feud that was being pushed with some violence at her school, and had used expressions that rather shocked Peter. A quiet third girl—a niece, he gathered—had joined the group, a girl with braids and clean hands, who elucidated:

"Alix and I don't like our teacher!" "She's a sneak and a skunk!" Alix had frankly contributed. Cherry, now quietly established in her father's lap, had smiled with mischievous enjoyment; nobody else, to Peter's surprise, had paid this extraordinary remark the slightest attention. He remembered that he had fancied only the smallest of these children, and had been glad when they all went out of the room.

Looking down at the cabin, the young slipped past him like a flying film, and it was the present again, and Alix—Alix was gone.

He roused himself, spoke to the dog, and they went on their way again. Mud squeaked beneath Peter's boots in the roadway; the dog sprang lightly from clump to clump of dried grass. But when they left the road, and cut straight across the rise of the hillside, the ground was firmer, and the two figures moved swiftly through the dark night. The early stars came out, and showed them, silhouetted against the sky above, Alix's beloved Tamapais, the man's erect form with its slight limp, the dog following faithfully, his plump tail and feathered ruff showing a dull luster in the starlight.

Cherry, with her violet eyes and corn-colored hair, Cherry, with her little hands gathered in his, and her heart beating against his heart, and Alix, his chum, his companion, his comrade on so many night walks under the stars—he had lost them both. But it was Alix who was closest to his thoughts tonight, Alix, the thought of whom was gradually gripping his heart and soul with a new pain.

Alix was his own; Cherry had never been his own. It was for him to comfort Cherry, it had always been his mission to comfort Cherry, since the days of her broken dolls and cut fingers. But Alix was his own comforter, and Alix might have been laughing and stumbling and chattering beside him here, in the dark, wet woods, full of a child's happy satisfaction in the moment and confidence in the morrow.

"Alix, my wife!" he said softly, aloud. "I loved Cherry—always. But you were mine—you were mine. We belonged to each other—for better and for worse—and I have let you go!"

He went on and on and on. They were plunging down hill now, under the trees. He would see a light after a while, and sleep for a few hours, and have a hunter's breakfast, and be gone again. And he knew that for weeks—for months—perhaps for years, he would wander so, through the great mountains, with their snow and their forests, over the seas, in strange cities and stranger solitudes. Always alone, always moving, always remembering. That would be his life. And some day—some day perhaps he would come back to the valley she had loved—

But even now he recoiled in distance from that hour. To see the familiar faces, to come up to the cabin again, to touch the music and the books—

Worse, to find Cherry a little older, happy and busy in her life of sacrifice, not needing him, not very much wanting the reminder of the old tragic times—

An owl cried in the woods; the mournful sound floated and drifted away into utter silence. Some small animal, meeting the death of its brief life had evaded a hundred times, screamed shrilly, and was silent,

Great branches, stirred by the night wind, moved high above his head, and when there was utter silence, Peter could hear the steady, soft rush of the ocean, dulled here to the sound of a gigantic, quiet breathing.

Suddenly she seemed again to be beside him. He seemed to see the dark, animated face, the slender, tall girl wrapped in her big, rough coat. He seemed to hear her vibrating voice,



Suddenly she seemed again to be beside him.

with that new, tender note in it that he had noticed when she last spoke to him.

"I'll go home ahead of you, Peter, and wait for you there!"

Tears suddenly flooded his eyes, and he put his hand over them and pressed it there, standing still, while the wave of tender and poignant and exquisite memories broke over him.

"We'll go on, Buck," he whispered, looking up through the trees at a strip of dark sky spangled with cold stars. "We'll go on. She's—she's waiting for us somewhere, old fellow."

(THE END.)

BOYS THAT SUCCEED

"A new boy came into our office today," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that the boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife.

"Because the very first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will yet change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I don't think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned two or three days ago. Well, he is the best boy who ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first day after the boy began to work, he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned to him, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished he came to me and said: 'Mr. —, I have finished all the work, now what can I do?'"

"I was a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came into my room with the question: 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing and volunteered to do more than was assigned to him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."—Liguorian.

My Prayer
Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me;

Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery;
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;

Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker;
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me!

—Our Dumb Animals.

Passenger—"Did you find a bottle of rheumatism liniment when you made up my berth, porter?"
Porter—"Lawd yes, boss, I thought you done left dat for me, it sure was de best liniment I ever drank, suh."

Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end.—Proverbs.
Justify alike the small and the great.—Ecclesiasticus.

NEW CHEVROLET CARS
For demonstration and terms call Mr. Gething at Tabor 1669.

BOOTH TARKINGTON



This eminent humorist has for years been acclaimed one of the greatest of American authors. "The Turmoil," "Seventeen" and the Penrod stories, are only a few of the many from his pen that have made fame, popularity and wealth for him. In 1919 his work, "The Magnificent Ambersons," won the Pulitzer prize for the best story published during the year, "presenting the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." His tale, "The Oricle," which you will have an opportunity to follow in serial form in this paper, is one of those fascinating, extremely humorous depictions of child life which best illustrate his talents.

Former Record Man Heads List of Sixty at Law School Exams

Arthur C. Sellers, who was ad selector, makeup man and pressman in The Evening Record at the time of the Chelsea fire in 1908 recently finished first in a competities examination among 60 law students and practicing attorneys at the Northwestern College of Law at Portland, Oregon. Sellers had a wife and six children when he began the study of law, in 1908. He worked in a newspaper until he met the record man, Mr. Sellers, as a hard working, loyal employee in the "days before the fire" and it wishes him success as an attorney at law.—Chelsea (Mass.) Evening Record.

Mr. Sellers is now employed on the Scott Herald.

Daniel M. Lawrence Dead
Daniel M. Lawrence, of Scotts Mills, Ore., grandson of Grandmother Jane Kilborn of 89th street, and son-in-law of Warren Kilborn of Scotts Mills, died as the result of a fracture of the skull caused by a flying axe, while Mr. Lawrence was sawing wood at his home. He died in the Silverton, Oregon, hospital Saturday night at nine. He leaves his widow, formerly Nellie Kilborn.

CARD OF THANKS
We desire in this way to sincerely thank our friends for the kindness and many favors shown to us during the illness and death of our beloved sister, Mrs. Mattie H. Moore, also for the beautiful floral offerings and the vocal music by the choir.
Mr. and Mrs. L. W. HARLAN.

The Anglo-Saxon
It is amusing to recall the romance of the Anglo-Saxon race, writes G. K. Chesterton. Ever since America parted from us in anger, we have pursued her with rather undignified amiability. We have given half a hundred reasons for the inevitable unity and friendship of England and America, and nearly all of them had reasons. We have told a country crowded more and more with Latins and Celts and Slavs that our sympathy goes out to them as English exiles. We have told them a democracy, whose very virtues are expressed in law breaking, that we Saxons alone understand the Reign of Law. We have talked as if an average American never forgot England and never remembered Ireland. We have turned history upside down, and human nature inside out, in order to prove that England and America are very much alike, especially England.—Canadian Extension.

F. R. FENTON
Real Estate
(Successor to the late Chas. E. Kennedy)

9218 WOODSTOCK AVE.
AT 92nd STREET

Baby's First Steps
The facial expressions, the moving hands and feet, the swaying, unsteady little body—all go to make a never-to-be-forgotten picture in parents' eyes.
May I show you the shoes for

Baby's First Steps
and shoes for larger babies, too?

T. G. SAMUEL
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS AND FURNISHINGS
5827-5829 92nd St., Lents, Ore.
Just around the corner from Foster Road

GRAYS CROSSING
Sheet Metal Works
GET MY PRICE BEFORE
LETTING THE JOB

Automatic 640-75 6007 1/2 82nd St.

P. R. L. & P. HAS GOOD YEAR

The report on the physical and financial condition of the Portland Railway, Light & Power company for the year 1921, presented by President Franklin T. Griffith at the annual meeting of the company Wednesday afternoon, showed material gain in revenue over the previous year and was more satisfactory than any similar report during the last 10 years.

It was shown that all bank loans and short-term indebtedness had been paid or funded into long-term securities, and that payment of dividends had been commenced on the first preferred stock, being the first dividends declared on any of the stocks of the company since June, 1914.

The net surplus of the company increased 15 per cent during the year, reaching a total of \$22,000, compared with \$711,459 for 1920. Gross earnings of the company for the year amounted to \$9,922,242, being 3.74 per cent greater than in 1920, and net earnings totaled \$3,647,302, showing an increase of 3.31 per cent over the previous year.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Cress and family have moved into the house at 5729 85th street. They are from Boulder, Colo. Mr. Cress is an employe of the main Portland postoffice.

Patronize our advertisers.

Secrets of GOOD ADVERTISING
ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT.

The fact being established that advertising is a science and pays when properly executed, it might be advisable now to analyze a successful advertisement.

The features which make retail publicity a success are:

First—A Definite Purpose.
Second—Proper Display.
Third—Useful Illustrations.
Fourth—Appropriate Introduction.
Fifth—Good Descriptive Matter.

The five features above mentioned should be given careful consideration in the order shown. Each subject is of sufficient importance to be given individual attention in this series and the next five articles will be devoted to this purpose.

MT. SCOTT HERALD
Telephone: Auto. 622-28
5812 92nd Street, S. E.

H. WARRINER
A Licensed Electrician

Will, himself, do your work for less, because of small overhead. Personal service. Complete stock of electrical fixtures. Call 621-87 and your wants will be promptly attended to.

F. R. FENTON
Real Estate
(Successor to the late Chas. E. Kennedy)

9218 WOODSTOCK AVE.
AT 92nd STREET

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Automatic 640-75 6007 1/2 82nd St.

Sand & Gravel

JAMES A. C. TAIT & CO.
315 HAWTHORNE AVE. PHONE EAST 6035

It Is Getting Ice Cream Time

The handy place on the corner has every facility to give the best service—and of course real tasty lunches at all hours, too.

Mt. Hood Ice Cream Parlor
Cor. Foster Road and 82nd St.

What?

Only \$10 down and the balance of \$65 in 7 monthly payments for a Gasco "Cottage" Floor furnace?

Yes, just to introduce it quickly into fifty homes.

See it at the

Portland Gas & Coke Co.

Monuments = Markers

Perhaps you have wished something appropriate to mark the final resting place of your dear one.

If you have, the news that the Mt. Scott Granite Works (Harry J. Reinhard, Proprietor) is discontinuing business should make you realize that it would be to your advantage to call at the shop, just south of Powell Valley Road, on 821 street, and see Mr. Reinhard.

Mt. Scott Granite Works
Automatic 617-80 3575 82d Street

P. LARSEN, Real Estate, Insurance
6538 Foster Road
Business Aut. 638-30 PHONES Residence Aut. 636-01

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE
Multnomah State Bank
at Portland, in the State of Oregon at the close of business March 10, 1922.

Resources	
Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, if any.....	\$124,479.64
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	128.56
U. S. government securities owned, including those shown in items 31 and 36, if any	10,950.00
Other bonds, warrants and securities, including foreign government, state, municipal, corporation, etc., including those shown in items 31 and 36, if any.....	75,059.79
Stocks, securities, claims, liens, judgments, etc.	3,176.00
Furniture and fixtures	6,542.00
Real estate owned other than banking house	15,225.58
Cash on hand in vault and due from banks, bankers and trust companies, designated and approved reserve agents of this bank	44,477.77
Interest, taxes and expenses paid	32.56
Total	\$280,071.81
Liabilities	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 15,000.00
Surplus fund	3,000.00
Net amount due to other banks, bankers and trust companies ..	15,000.00
Demand Deposits, other than banks, subject to reserve;	
Individual deposits subject to check, including deposits due the State of Oregon, county, cities or other public funds	171,325.24
Cashier's checks of this bank outstanding payable on demand ..	2,225.95
Certified checks outstanding	500.00
Time and Savings Deposits, subject to reserve and payable on demand and subject to notice:	
Time certificates of deposit outstanding	33,161.41
Savings deposits, payable subject to notice	39,829.21
Total of time and savings deposits payable on demand or subject to notice, items 27 and 28.	\$72,990.62
Total	\$280,071.81

STATE OF OREGON,
County of Multnomah
I, Sherman Harkson, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
SHERMAN HARKSON, Cashier.
Correct—Attest: Henry Harkson, U. S. Harkson, Directors.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of March, 1922.
RALPH STANZ, Notary Public.
My commission expires April 9, 1924.