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**SAVE FOR VICTORY**

## Meeting Sister

By CATHERINE PARSONS

(Copyright, 1918, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"You're a big, strong woman hater, Kenny," cried Lieutenant Campbell. "But if you refuse to meet my attractive sister-in-law, at least, you will consent to meet my attractive wife—she's quite harmless as far as you are concerned and well worth knowing."

Kenny grinned.

"You bet I'll meet your wife, Fred—the sooner the better! It's only a lot of silly girls I can't stand."

"Well, she's here now. She's taken a little apartment about a mile from camp—10' Main street. We'll expect you to afternoon tea tomorrow—that will be before her sister gets there, so you won't have to worry. Is that O. K.?"

"It sure is. So long, now—I've got to get back to my job."

The next afternoon was cold and clear, and Kenny walked briskly along and thought rather pleasantly of the hot tea he would soon have offered to him. And he was really anxious to meet Fred's wife, too. They had known each other since they were boys and his friend had married only a month or two before—just after he left training camp. The girl he imagined Fred would pick out would be tall and stately and dignified and very good-looking—he could see her perfectly in his mind's eye.

But he had quite a shock when his ring was answered and he was ushered into the tiny living room to Mrs. Campbell's apartment. To be sure, his hostess was there—very much so—but she was small, very pretty and ridiculously young looking—Fred should have prepared him a little for this.

"We're glad you could come, Lieutenant Kenny. Fred took my sister out for a few moments, but they will be back directly. Do sit down and let me something about the camp—I'm dying to hear all about it."

"Sister!" thought Tom Kenny, groaning inwardly. "Then she did come after all. Curse my rotten luck!" Aloud he said:

"I've just been thinking it's so wonderful out—perhaps you would like to see something of the place yourself—we could take a little walk out in the direction of camp if you want to and you think Fred won't mind."

His one idea was to get outside before sister returned—he hoped she never would return!

"Mercy, no—Fred won't mind! He'll be only too glad to get me off his hands for a while."

Having made up his mind to make the best of things, Tom found his little companion decidedly good company. She laughed at his jokes and made herself so agreeable that he found himself feeling almost disappointed when they finally turned towards home. But the whole afternoon she never mentioned her husband once. When they first started out Tom had turned to her questioningly:

"You are quite sure your husband won't care if you do go off like this?"

"My husband!" echoed the girl, blankly. Then light dawned in a moment and she turned her head away to hide the twinkle that shone in her eyes.

"He'd trust me with you, I know," she returned, smiling. "I'm just going to have a good time and forget all about him."

When they got back to Mrs. Campbell's apartment it was so late that Tom begged to be excused, as he had to be back at camp in time for mess. Fred's wife did not urge him to come in, but asked him to come to tea two days later to meet her sister. He tried to refuse, on some sort of pretense, but he found it too hard to refuse anything this girl asked him, when she really wanted to have her own way. So he promised and went back to camp, thinking that Fred was a pretty fortunate man to have such a wonderful little wife, and wishing there were more women in the world like her!

On Friday afternoon he found both the ladies home, and he went through the painful ordeal of meeting sister. She was far more stately than Fred's wife, and possibly very charming, but Tom hardly noticed her at all.

"I was so sorry about the other afternoon," apologized Miss Ely. "Fred told me it would only take a minute, and then I found so many things I had to attend to that before I knew it it was terribly late. I was so sorry not to meet you."

"Mrs. Campbell was very kind, and entertained me royally," assured Kenny.

"I'll bet she did," agreed Fred Campbell, and a gleam of amusement passed between him and his now very demure little wife who was seated at the other end of the room.

"We had a beautiful time, Freddie."

"I adore it!" she assured him. "I haven't been on skates for two years, but I'll probably get along with a little help. You won't mind giving me a few points till I get used to it, will you?"

"No, indeed!" he assented, almost too promptly, and he thought he noticed Fred cough slightly to cover a laugh. He began to wonder how he could get sick on Sunday, but his thoughts were dashed to pieces. He knew that unless he poisoned himself he could never deceive Fred.

"Oh, it will be such fun!" exclaimed Mrs. Campbell, and she smiled at him happily.

They had a very pleasant hour, but Tom had little conversation with Fred's sister-in-law. By mutual consent Fred seemed content that she should talk to his wife, while he himself entertained the stately sister. Tom understood that Fred wanted him to know his wife better, so that he might be more interested in women in general, and that he would approve of his friend's choice. So he listened to the charming little lady and he became her abject slave for evermore. And he also thought that Fred had done better than he deserved—he couldn't possibly appreciate such a marvelous girl. And he told him so on the way home. Fred laughed heartily.

"You're wrong, Tom," he contradicted him. "I assure you that I think my wife is the most wonderful girl in the world, and I adore the ground she walks on. But I thought you would be more interested in my sister-in-law. I really think you are, too—but you don't know it!"

"You're crazy, Fred. She may be wonderful, but girls don't interest me at all—I'm through with all that sort of thing forever!"

But Fred only laughed again and told him he'd be married himself in six months, and Tom walked off indignantly.

The next afternoon Tom Kenny had a note from Mrs. Campbell.

"Dear Lieutenant Kenny—I'm sorry, but I shan't be able to go skating with you all tomorrow. I've strained my ankle slightly, and would not dare to try to skate on it so soon."

"But the party will be just the same, for my sister is anxious to go. Will you come for her at the same time, and we shall expect you to come back to supper with us. Too bad Fred doesn't care much about skating."

"Cordially yours,  
"ELEANOR CAMPBELL."

Tom shuddered. The worst had happened. He would have to get Miss Ely and pull her around the ice alone, and Fred would stay home and laugh at him. It was too much!

But he could not find a way out, so he avoided Fred and appeared at Mrs. Campbell's at the appointed hour. To his surprise he found her alone in the room, evidently dressed for going out.

"You're better?" he asked. "I was sorry to hear you were sick."

"I wasn't," she denied. "It was my sister."

"But you wrote me—"

"No, I didn't write you—that was my sister, too."

"I don't understand at all—so many sisters and things that I'm all mixed up. Whose sister are you, anyway?"

"Fred's and Eleanor's—I thought you knew in the first place, but you didn't. And then you began to think I was my sister, and it was all so funny that I just let you. Eleanor thought it was a good joke, and they helped me pretend the other afternoon when you were here. Oh, I hope you won't mind because I'm not Fred's wife—I'm so sorry if you're disappointed in me!"

Tom could hardly believe his ears, and in his excitement he took the girl's hand in his.

"Disappointed!" he cried. "Why, I never was so pleased about anything in my life. I'm so glad you are only Fred's sister that I can't think! The only thing I wouldn't like would be to have you promise to be a sister to me, too. Please don't do that, will you?"

Dorothy Ely blushed and laughed as she got to her feet and walked toward the door.

"You'll have to invite me to be one first—and besides, I have two brothers of my own. Shall we go skating now, or do you want to wait till my sister can come along and chaperone us?"

"No, I don't, but I'm ready to go anywhere in the world you ask me to, provided you are there, too. Do you think you could be?"

Dorothy looked up at him and then blushed again, and Lieutenant Campbell knew that his suit was won.

## A Heroic Nurse.

In December last a thrilling scene occurred beside a humble cot in the field hospital at Salonica. Lying there, her countenance lit by a pleasant smile, was a middle-aged Scotch woman, Flora Sandes. She was convalescing from wounds that had torn her entire right side from shoulder to knee. Bending over the little lady, a royal aide-de-camp to the Prince Regent of Serbia pinned on her breast the gold and silver cross of Karageorge—a rare decoration given only for conspicuous bravery on the field of battle. Around the sick bed were grouped officers and men of the occupant's regiment, in whose regard she stood high, rejoicing with her upon the investiture of so signal a mark of honor. For Miss Sandes, though originally a hospital nurse in the Balkan kingdom, had been given permission to join its army. Not long afterward she found herself a sergeant, and it was while leading her men in an assault the previous September, during the campaign on the Macedonian front, that an exploding grenade made such terrible havoc of her body.

Of the same home army as the daughter of Scotland is the young Roumanian girl who turned probable massacre into victory for one of her country's regiments in October of last year. Learning of a Hungarian ambuscade, she hastened to the leader of the approaching troops and informed him of their danger. The valiant maid did more. Placing herself at the head of the column, she led it safely, by a circuitous route, to the rear of the enemy. The result was a complete and easy conquest.

Stories such as these have been told and retold in steadily increasing numbers during the last three years. They have been recalled once more, less for the intrinsic interest in their red-blooded details than to point the truth already stated; such splendidly inspiring deeds of womanhood are so far from unusual that they are positively to be counted upon whenever patriotism wakens and the pressing need for heroism comes.

## Oils From the Antarctic.

The results were recently announced of an investigation into a series of oils prepared during the Australasian Antarctic Expedition. These materials included sea-leopard oil, Weddell-seal oil and penguin oil.

The oils have been carefully examined in order to determine their characters in comparison with commercial oils of a similar kind. They were found to be of good quality, and could be used for soap-making.

## Conflicting Purposes.

Barlowe—I'm going to bring my wife around to call on you to-night. Dobson—That's right, but do me a favor, old man. Don't let her wear her new furs. I don't want my wife to see them just now.

Barlowe—Why, that's what we are coming for.

## Position of Trust.

"What I want is a man in whose honesty, discretion, and skill I can place implicit reliance."  
"You want a confidential secretary?" asked a friend.

"No, I don't. I want a man I can trust to plant potatoes."

## Fringed Sash Ends.

The home dressmaker has an opportunity to produce very good effects by finishing sash ends and tunics with fringes. Chenille fringe in various dark colors sells for \$1.95 a yard and for \$2.50 a yard comes heavy wide silk fringe.

## Embellished Shoulder Scarf.

Any sort of embellished shoulder scarf is an acceptable accessory to our dress these days. Glass fringe is one of the newer touches to add charm to scarves of colored tulle and net.

## Country's Highest Mountains.

The ten highest mountains in the United States are Mt. McKinley, in Alaska, 20,300 feet; Mt. Whitney, California, 14,501 feet; Mt. Rainier, Washington, 14,408; Mt. Elbert, Colorado, 14,402 feet; Gannett Peak, Wyoming, 13,785 feet; King's Peak, Utah, 13,498 feet; Truchas Peak, New Mexico, 13,306 feet; East Peak, Nevada, 13,145 feet; Granite Peak, Montana, 12,850 feet; San Francisco Peak, Arizona, 12,611 feet. The highest point in Ohio is near Bellefontaine, Logan county, 1,550 feet; highest point in Indiana, Carlos City, Randolph county, 1,210; highest point in Illinois, Mt. Charles, in Joe Driess county, 1,241 feet.

## Garden for Invalid.

If you have an invalid friend, you can make her a garden that she will enjoy for a very little money. Buy a small gold fish bowl and have a piece of glass to fit over the top. Then go out into the woods and get a piece of moss for the bottom and find a small plant or a tiny fern and set it out in the moss or plant a nasturtium seed. The moisture from the plant will keep it growing; there will be no need to water it, and the invalid can have her little garden right near the bed, can even take it in her hands and watch it grow. It will be a joy for weeks.



Canadian women are right behind the Canadian troops in the trenches. Women nurses are now installed in hospitals miles in the rear of the actual fighting line. Many of our Canadian women are unable to take up the duties of nursing at the front, but they should know how to take care of their own at home and for this purpose no better book was ever printed than the Medical Adviser—a book containing 1,008 pages, and bound in cloth, with chapters on First Aid, Bandaging and care of Fractures, Taking care of the Sick, Physiology, Hygiene, Mother and Babe, which can be had at most drug stores, or send 50 cents to Dr. Pierce, Courtwright St., Bridgeport, Ont.

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