I. "Who Said So?"

My brother had five sisters. All were older than he and all anxious to bring him up in the approved fashion through which each sister had reluctantly come. Each sister interpreted the parents' intentions in the way she had come to understand them. In any disciplinary emergency, in the brother's life, one or more sister was close at hand to interpret and put some measure of (un)delegated authority back of the enforcement of that interpretation on the unhappy person of the brother. One sister at a time was bad enough, but when any number more than one, and up to five, conferred on the matter, some confusion resulted. In case of dire necessity, the brother could and did, raise his own voice above the clamor with the demand that his case be referred back to the ultimate authority. He confessed he was confused by the honest differences of opinion among the doctoresses of the law and before he submitted to the indignity of changing his proposed course of action he felt he had a right to hear the advice of his parents, straight from their lips. This always put the brother in a superior position and relegated the advice of the sisters to the periphery of importance. He could laugh at them whether he had to obey the parents or not. The final voice was the parents not the sisters and applied equally well to the sisters themselves.