SISTERS

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

CHAPTER XV-Continued.

"Martin," she said, impetuously in terrupting him, "I've got to talk to you! I've meant to write it—so many times, I've had it in mind ever since

"Shoot!" Martin said, with his favorite look of indulgent amusement.
"There are marriages that without any fault on either side are a mistake,"

Cherry began, "any contributory fault, "Talk United States!" Martin

smiling, but on guard. Well, I think our marriage was one of those!" Cherry said.

'What have you got to kick about?" Martin asked, after a pause.

'I'm not kicking!" Cherry answered, with quick resentment. "But I wish I had words to make you realize how I feel about it!

Martin looked gloomily up at her, and shrugged.

"This is a sweet welcome from your he observed. But as she regarded him with troubled and earnest eyes, perhaps her half-forgotten beauty made an unexpected appeal to him, for he turned toward her and eyed her with a large tolerance. "What's the matter, Cherry?" he asked. doesn't seem to me that you've got much to kick about. Haven't I always taken pretty good care of you? Didn't I take the house and move the things in: didn't I leave you a whole month while I ate at that rotten boardinghouse, when your father died; haven't

I let you have-how long is it?-seven weeks, by George, with your sister? Cherry recognized the tones of his old arraigning voice. He felt himself

"Now you come in for this money," he began. But she interrupted him

"Martin, you know that is not true!" "Isn't it true that the instant you can take care of yourself-you begin to talk about not being happy, and on!" he asked, without any particular feeling. "You bet you do! Why, never cared anything about that money, you never heard me speak of I always felt that by the time the lawyers and the heirs and the witnesses got through, there wouldn't be much left of it, anyway!"

Too rich in her new position of the woman beloved by Peter to quarrel with Martin in the old unhappy fashion, Cherry laid an appealing hand

"I'm sorry to meet you with this sort of thing," she said, simply, "I blame myself now for not writing you just how I've come to feel about it! We must make some arrangement for the future—things can't be as they

"You've had it all your way ever since we were married," he began.
"Now you blame me——"

"I don't blame you, Martin!" Well, what do you want a divorce

don't even say anything about

a divorce," Cherry said, fighting for



Cherry Laid an Appealing Hand or His Arm.

time only. "But I can't go back!" she added, with a sudden force and conviction that reached him at last.

Why can't you?" "Because you don't love me. Martin, and-you know it !-I don't love

"Well, but you can't expect the way we felt when we got married to last he said, clumsily. "Do you suppose other men and women talk this way when the the novelty has

"I don't know how they talk. I only know how I feel!" Cherry said, chilled by the old generalization.

Martin, who had stretched his legs to their length, crossed them at the ankles, and shoved his hands deep into his pockets, staring at the racing blue water with somber eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked, "I want to live my own life!" Cherry answered, after a stience during

coin the hackneyed phrase.

"That stuff!" Martin sneered, under his breath. "Well, all right, I don't care, get your divorce!" he agreed, carelessly. "But I'll have something to say about that, too," he warned her. You can drag the whole thing up before the courts if you want to—only remember, if you don't like it much, you did it. It never occurred to me even to think of such a thing! I've never been tied down to housework like other women; you're not raising a family of kids-go ahead, tell every shop-girl in San Francisco all about it, in the papers, and see how much sympathy you get!"

"Oh, you beast!" Cherry said, belween her teeth, furlous tears in her The water swam in a blur of blue before her as they rose to go downstairs at Sausalito.

Martin glanced at her with impa-Her tears never failed to anger him.

"Don't cry, for God's sake!" he said, nervously glancing about for possible onlookers. "What do you want me to do? For the Lord's sake don't make scene until you and I have a chance to talk this over quietly-

Cherry's thoughts were with Peter. In her soul she felt as if his arm was about her, as if she were pouring out to him the whole troubled story, sure that he would rescue and console her. She had wiped her eyes, and somewhat recovered calm, but she trusted herself only to shrug her shoulder as she preceded Martin to the train.

There was no time for another word for Alix suddenly took possession of She had had time to bring the car all the six miles to Sausalito, and meant to drive them direct to the val ley from there.

She greeted Martin affectionately, although even while she did so he eyes went with a quick, worried look to Cherry. They had been quarreling, -it was too bad, Alix thought, but her own course was clear. Until she could take her cue from them, she must treat them both with unconsciousness of the storm.

They reached the valley and Martin was magnanimous about the delayed Anything would do for him, he said; he was taking a couple of days' holiday, and everything went. Kow was chopping wood after lunch, and he sauntered out to the block with suggestions; Alix, laying a fire for the evening, simply because she liked to do that sort of work, was favored with directions. Finally Martin pushed her

"Here, let me do that." he said. "You'd have a fine fire here, at that rate!"

Later he went down to the old house with them, to spend there an hour that was trying to both women. It pleased her simple fancy in the matter of hangings and papering, and the effect was fresh and good.

"Girls going to rent this?" Martin

"Unless you and Cherry come live here," Alix said boldly. He smiled glance fell upon the word "Alone." tolerantly.

"Why should we?"

"Well, why shouldn't you?" "Loafing, eh?"

"No, not loafing. But you could ransfer your work to San Francisco,

Martin smiled a deep, wise, long-

"Oh. you'd get me a job, I suppose?" guess I'll paddle my own canoe for a was toward the room.

while longer!" shouldn't live here," Alix said pleas- spelled quickly:

"There is no earthly reason why we should!" Martin returned. He was Cherry had arranged between them to make this plan the alternative to a "To tell you the honest truth, divorce. don't like Mill Valley!"

Alix tasted despair. Small hope of preserving this particular relationship. He was, as Cherry had said, "impos-

"Well, we must try to make you like means a lot to Cherry and to me to be near each other!"

"That may be true, too," Martin agreed, taking the front seat again for the drive home

Alix was surprised at Cherry's passivity and silence, but Cherry wrapped in a sick and nervous dream, unable either to interpret the present or face the future with any courage. Before luncheon he had followed he into her room and had put his arm about her. But she had quietly shaken im off, with the nervous murmur:

"Please—no, don't kiss me, Martin!" Stung, Martin had immediately dropped his arm, had shrugged his shoulders indifferently and laughed scornfully. Now he remarked to Alix, with some bravado:

"You girls still sleeping out?" "Oh, always we all do!" Altx had

which her fortured spirit seemed to answered readily. "Peter has an extra bunk on his porch; Cherry and l But you can be out have my porch. or in, as you choose!'

Martin ventured an answer that made Cherry's eyes glint angri'y and brought a quick, embarrassed flush to Alix's face. Alix did not enjoy a certain type of joking, and she did not concede Martin even the ghost of a smile. He immediately sobered and remarked that he himself liked to be done my share in this business; you never asked me for anything I could accordingly taken into the pleasant accordingly taken into the pleasant give you that you didn't get; you've little wood-smelling room next to Pewhere the autumn sunlight, scented with the dry sweetness of nountain shrubs, was streaming.

He began to play solitaire, on the porch table, at five, and Kow had to disturb him to set it for dinner at seven. Alix was watering the garden, Cherry was dressing. exquisite hour of long shadows and brilliant lights.

Kow had put a tureen of soup on ne table, and Alix had returned with damp, clean hands and trimly brushed nair, for supper, when Peter came up through the garden. Cherry had ramled off in the direction of the barn a few moments before, but Martin had followed her and brought her back, remarking that she had had no idea f the time and was idly watching Antone milking. She slipped into her place after they were all eating, and hardly raised her eyes throughout the meal. If Alix addressed her she fluttered the white lids as if it were an bsolute agony to look up; to Peter she did not speak at all. But to Martin she sent an occasional answer, and when the conversation lagged, as it was apt to do in this company, she nervously filled it with random re marks infinitely less reassuring than

"How long do we stay here?" Martin autiously asked his wife after dinner 'Stay here?" she echoed, at a loss.

"Yes," he answered, decidedly. "I an stand a little of it, but I don't think much of this sort of life! I thought maybe we could all go into town for dinner and the theater tomorrow or Saturday. But on Monday we'll have to beat it."

"Monday!" Cherry's heart bounded. "Martin, isn't it a mistake to go on pretending—" she began bitterly. But Peter's voice, in the drawing room, interrupted her. "I'll let you know-we'll talk about it!" she had time to say, hurriedly, before he came out to them. He flung himself into a chair.

CHAPTER XVI.

The evening dragged. Alix had suggested bridge, but Martin did not play bridge. So she went to the piano, and began to ramble through various songs,

Cherry and Peter, left at the table, did not speak to each other; Peter leaned back in his chair, with a ciga rette; Cherry dreamlly pushed to and was almost in order now; Cherry had fro the little anagram wooden block letters.

But presently her heart gave a great plunge, and although she did not alter her different attitude, or raise her eyes, her white hand moved with directed impulse, and Peter's

When he laid his finished cigarette in the tray, it was to finger the let-ters himself, in turn, and Cherry realized with a great thrill of relief that he was answering her. Carelessly, and obliterating one word before he began another, he formed the question: "My

"Martin always with me," Cherry spelled back. She did not glance at he asked. "I love the way you women Peter, but at Martin, who was watchtry to run things," he added, "but I ing the fire, and at Alix, whose back

"Come on, have another game!" "There is no earthly reason why you Peter asked, generally, while he "Will arrange sailing first possible day."

Alix, humming with her song, said: "Wait a few minutes!" and Martin annoyed by a suspicion that Alix and glanced up to say, "No, I'm no good at

that thing!" Then Cherry and Peter were unobserved again, and she spelled "Mart goes Monday. Plans to take me."

Peter had reached for a magazine he whirled through the pages, and yawned. Then he began to play with

"Can you get away without him?" Mill Valley better?" she said with resolute good-nature. "Of course, it "How?" Cherry instantly asked. And as Peter's hands went on building a little bridge of wooden letters,

> went on: "Alix to train, Martin with me to city, impossible,' And after a pause he added, "Life or

"Difficult to evade," Charry spelled, viping the words away one by one.
"Must wait—" Peter began. Allx, ending her song on a crash of chords, came to the table interrupting him. Cherry was now lazily reading a magazine; Peter had built a little pen of

"I'll go you!" Alix sald, with spirit. But the game was rather a languid one, nevertheless, and when it was over they gathered yawning ab mantel, ready to disperse for the

"And

town and go to the Orpheum?" Alia asked, for the plan had been suggested at dinner-time,

"I'll blow you girls to any show you like," Mar.in offered.

Remarking that he was tired, Peter went to his room. Cherry, with only general good-night, also disappeared. to find Alix arranging beds and pil-

lows on their sleeping porch.
"Oh, Alix—I'm so worried—I'm so sick with worry!" Cherry whispered. "He won't listen to me. He won't hear of a divorce!"

"I know!" Alix said, distressedly. "But what shall I do-I can't go with him!" Cherry protested.

Allx was silent. "What shall I do?" Cherry pleaded

"Why, I don't see what else you can do, but go with him!" Alix said, in a troubled voice. "You are his wife.
'For better or worse, for richer or ooorer, till death-'"

again.

It was said so kindly, with Alix's simple and embarrassed fashion of giving advice, that poor Cherry could not resent it. She could only bow her head desolately upon her knees, as she sat, child-fashion, in her bed, and

"A nice mess I've made of my life!" she sobbed. "I've made a nice mess



She Sobbed.

of it! I wish-oh, my God, how I wish I was dead!"

"My own life has been so darned easy," Alix mused, in a cautious undertone, sitting, fully dressed, on the side of her own bed, and studying her sister with pitying eyes. "I've often wondered if I could buck up and get through with it if some of that sort of thing had come to me! I don't know, of course, but it seems to me that I'd say: 'Who loses his life shall gain it!' and I'd stand anything-people and places I hated, loneliness and poverty—the whole bag of tricks! I think I would. I mean I'd read the Bible and Shakespeare, and enjoy my meals, and have a garden—" Her voice sank. "I know it's terribly hard for you, Cherry!" she ended, suddenly pitiful.

Cherry had stopped crying, dried her eyes, and had reached resolutely for the book that was waiting on the little shelf above the porch bed.

"You're bigger than I am," she said, quietly. "Or else I'm so made that I suffer more! I wish I could face the music. But I can't do anything. I'm One knows of unhappy marriages, everywhere, without quite fancying just what a horrible tragedy an unhappy marriage is! Don't mind me, Alix,

Alix was conscious, as she went out to speak to Kow about breakfast, and to give a final glance at fires and lights, that this was one of the times when girls needed a wise mother, or a father, who could decide, blame, and

Coming back from the kitchen, with a pitcher of hot water, she saw Mar-tin, in a welter of evening papers, staring at the last pink ashes of the wood fire. Upon seeing her he got up. and with a cautious glance toward the bedroom doors lit said:

"Look here a minute! Can they hear us?" Alix set down her pitcher of water, and came to stand beside

"Hear us-Peter and Cherry? No. Cherry's out on our porch, and Peter's porch is even farther away. Why?"
"Take a look, will you?" he said. "I want to speak to you!"

Alix, mystified, duly went to glance at Cherry, reading now in a little fun-nel of yellow light, and then crossed to enter Peter's room. His porch was dark, but she could see the outline of the tall figure lying across the bed. "Asleep?" she asked.

!" he answered. "Well, don't go to sleep without pulling a rug over you!" she com-manded. "Good-night, Pete!" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Books of a Year.

The total number of books published in the United States during last year amounted to 8,422, a decline of more than 2,000 as compared with the year When classified there was shown an increase in fiction, poetry, geography, amusements, biography and inveniles, and a decline in agriculture, history, medicine, business, social and religious. There was a general increase in the cost of book during the year.

Only Two Specimens, There are two kinds of men—those who do what their wives tell them, and



CHUM CHIMPANZEE.

"They have named me Chum," said the chimpanzee, "because I do many tricks to entertain and amuse all the people about

"I like to obliging and do what I can.

"There are some of my family most horribly over-worked, and people who surely do what they can never over-worked forming in theaters.
"We like to do

our part, but we can't do too much! Not too much! We're not as strong as Now we are brighter than any of the other monkeys or animals

"I'm quite sure there are no other creatures who are as bright as we are. When we're free we go about and play and talk and yell.

"Here in the zoo we make quite noise at times too for when I say 'we' speak correctly. There is another chimpanzee here too.

move about in family groups and what good times we did have! "I'm having a good time here, and am often dressed up, and I do my

"But when we were free we used to

tricks "As I told you they call me Chum because I'm just like a chum to the zoo people when I'm so willing to be

friendly and entertaining. "I am not the special chum of any one person but of everyone, though perhaps I am a little scrap more of a chum to my keeper than to any one

"I do not stand up and walk unless I am dressed up and have shoes on my feet.
"Of course then I do because I

know that that is the proper thing to do and I like to do the proper thing. "I walk on the knuckles of my fingers when I'm not wearing shoes. "In that way I am different from people, for whether they wear shoes

or not they still walk on their feet. "We're not as friendly as the Orang-Utan. Sometimes we are cross and ometimes we play a mean trick on those we are usually good to, but very nervous and we cannot help

"The Orang-Utan isn't nearly as nervous as we are, and he is much more friendly. He would never do a mean trick. "Of course I don't mean that all, Orang-Uutans are alike and I don't

mean that all Chimpanzes are alike, any more than I would say that all people were alike.
"The people who come from France aren't all alike and the people who come

all alike and the people who belong to the United States aren't all alike. "But there are

from Greece aren't

certain things about people countries which are somewhat alike. "So the Chimpanzees all have

certain ways about them and Orang . Utans, though sometimes

certain special members of a group might be quite different.

creatures lots to look at when they ee us and our tricks.

"I like to be doing or thinking all the time. I don't like to dream my time away idly. I like to make the most of it.

"That is what the chimpanzee is

I was given a bicycle to ride the other day and I acted just as proud as proud could be, and I put on all sorts

did so. "Didn't the people all laugh? Well, I just should say they did!

"I did it on purpose, eh yes, I did, for Chum, the Chimpanzee, is full of tricks, full of tricks and of ideas and

Effect of Cigarettes "Doctor, de you think the eigarette



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ARTISTS IN JAPAN'S CABINET

Writings and Paintings, the Work of Nipponese Statesmen, Have Been Sold at Big Prices.

Japan has a cabinet of artists. Writings and paintings of some of the great men of the Japan of today brought big prices at a recent auction by the Tokyo Fine Arts club. Three pictures painted by Mr. Hara, assassinated a short time ago, sold for the equivalent of \$600 and another tot of four brought about \$800.

Pince Pamagata's productions brought about \$250 to \$300, while some pakemono writings with proverbs in the Japanese language by Prince Saionii brought from \$200 to \$300.

A chrysanthemum painted by Mr. Noda, minister of communications, sold for \$60 and an orchid from his brush sold for \$70. Mr. Yamamoto minister of agriculture and commerce, had a picture and Mr. Tokonami, the home minister, a poem.

The painting of kakemono is a favorite pastime of the Japanese.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Warned of Disaster.

Miss Janice, just turned seven, was visiting her cousin, Elizabeth, age eight, who is exceedingly careful of her playthings, though she is known to be generous with them, and always willing that her friends should share Janice, in some caper in the playroom, let fall a small doll, with great damage to its head, and with such sorrow to Elizabeth that she cried, and even scolded a little. Janice, too, cried, from mortification, and in their tears the two girls went out to the porch where the older folk were

"Janice broke my little pinky doll,

obbed Elizabeth. "Well," sobbed Janice, at her elbow "I told you not to let me have the pinky doll to play with, that's what I

Unsophisticated.

The proud escort of a pretty girl at the race meeting said to her as the failing source of joy. horse cantered past to the gate: on the second horse."

seems to turn out in a differently colored suit in every race."-Tit-Bits.

The Leather Medal Winner. "Was there any excitement at the hore last summer?" asked Esther. "Yes," replied Dolly. "One day as

was sitting on the pier a man who

couldn't swim fell off. I ran to where there was a coil of rope for just such purposes, and threw it to him.' "Perfectly great! And pulled him

out?'a "No, I didn't have anything to pull on. I threw him the whole coil."-American Legion Weekly.

Freshen a Heavy Skin With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet

Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum) .- Ad-HE'LL STAY AWAKE NOW

Awful Possibility Contained in Barber's Warning Must Have Stirred Up Mr. Brown,

As John Brown sat in the barbers chair sleep overtook him, and while the knight of the lather prepared the creamy stuff, John Brown dozed off. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the

parber five minutes later. "You'll

bave to wake up. I can't shave you! Nervousness sounded in the barber's voice. He hated to disturb customers. "What! Can't you shave me whilst am asleep?" roared John Brown. 'And why, pray?"

answered the barner "Because," apologetically, "when you sleep your mouth is open so wide I can't find your face. And I wouldn't like to drop the razor into your mouth!"

With a frightened look John Brown

held open his eyes with both thumbs

to keep awake while he was shaved .-

London Tit-Bits.

A fireplace that is really used to add to the comfort and good cheer of the family on cool evenings is a neverto draw-a too common fault in lafter-"That's Donoghue, the famous jockey, day buildings-can often be enlarged or otherwise changed at small ex-"Oh, yes," said the girl, "he's quite pense, and made useful. The custom one of the chief jockeys, isn't he?— of having a house full of fire-places and certainly one of the dressiest. He one that is as absurd as it is com

Real Rest Depends Largely Upon the Depth of Your Sleep

A warning to "light" or "poor" sleepers

The deeper and sounder you sleep the better you feel. Five hours sound refreshing sleep does you more actual good than ten hours restless, disturbed sleep.

This is because the final conversion of food

into vital tissue and nerve cells goes on more

rapidly when the physical and mental forces are You can't get sound, refreshing sleep if your rves are agitated with tea or coffee. Both the drinks contain caffeine, which is sometimes very

irritating to the brain and nervous system. If you want to know the joy, vigor and stamina that comes to the person who gets sound, healthful sleep, why not stop taking tea or coffee for a while, and drink delicious, invigorating Postum instead.

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"But we're bright, and we give "How they do enjoy me and my

ways here in the zoo. "At times I get a bit excited, for I'm such a nervous active creature.

like. "But how I do make the people laugh when I pretend to act just as

airs and graces and grinned as I

"And I don't wonder. I'm not sur-prised. I would have been surprised if they hadn't laughed to see me act

abit affects the brain?" "That question can never be a wered, for a man with brains has