

SISTERS

By VIRGINIA BLAIR

Vicky was younger than Edith, but she seemed older. She had such an assured air, and a woman-of-the-world manner which seemed to set her beyond all youthful folly. It was only when she was alone with Edith that she showed the child in her.

"One of us has to seem grown up," She could explain to Edith, "and you are such a baby that I have to put on an extreme amount of dignity."

Edith smiled. "I am not such a baby," she said, "but you have more courage than I, Vicky; I do not believe that you are afraid of anything."

"Yes I am," Vicky admitted. "I am afraid of George Miller, Edith."

The color flamed into Edith's face. "Why, why should you be, Vicky?" she demanded.

"He always looks at me as if he could see through me," Vicky confessed, "and I feel as if I ought to be in short dresses and wear my hair in pig-tails."

"He does not make me feel that way," she said.

Vicky's short nose was up in the air. "Of course not, he's in love with you, Edith."

"I hope not," said Edith gravely.

"Why not?" Vicky demanded.

"Because I don't love him," was the response.

"And he loves you. Isn't that just the way of it? All the good things come to you and you don't want them, while I—

Edith looked at her in astonishment. "Why, Vicky Osborn," she said "I don't see why you should care."

"I don't," said Vicky bravely, "but George Miller is too good to be hurt."

She said the same thing to the young man that evening when he came out white-faced from a talk with Edith.

"I want you to be happy, George," she said.

"You are a nice little thing, Vicky," he told her, "and we've always been good chums. But I cannot come here any more."

Vicky looked after him forlornly. "I couldn't tell him the truth," was her thought, "—that Edith cares for some one else."

She found Edith in tears on the porch. "I am not going to sympathize," Vicky scolded; "you ought to love him, if you don't."

"But there is Richard," Edith faltered.

"He cannot hold a candle to George," Vicky said.

"I believe you are in love with him yourself, Vicky."

Vicky turned on her, her eyes blazing. "Do you think I'd love a man who didn't care anything for me?"

But that night she cried herself to sleep, and in the morning she rose early and went for a walk through the garden and down the road which led to the river. Her big dog, Laddie, followed her. She talked to him on the pier while watching a fisherman drawn in the nets with the morning's catch.

"Edith has always had everything," she said. "She's the pretty one and the popular one. I wouldn't care, Laddie, if she loved George; I'd give him up, but it is such a pity to have so much devotion go to waste."

In silence she watched a boat shoot out from the upper rapids into a placid pond.

"It's George," Vicky said, and rose, ready for flight.

He saw her and waved to her. "Don't you want to go for a row?" he asked.

Vicky consented, and with Laddie in the stern they turned down stream. There was a little inn on a wooded point. There they had breakfast, telephoning to Edith that they would be back at noon.

All that morning George poured the tale of his troubles into Vicky's sympathetic ears. And Vicky listening, said within her soul: "It isn't Edith that he really loves, it's what he thinks Edith is."

Yet she dared bring him no disillusion, for she could not break faith with her sister.

When she reached home she found Edith in a fever of excitement. "Richard wants me to marry him," she said. "He has it all planned, we are to live in his college town and he will finish his studies and have me for his inspiration."

Nothing that Vicky could say or do could influence Edith, and so it happened that the young and irresponsible pair were married within the month, and thus Vicky was left alone. Since the death of their father and mother the two girls had been chaperoned by an old aunt whose feebleness made her poor company for a young and eager girl. Vicky packed her things and went to the city. She took a small studio in an old building down town, and there she painted in company with a half dozen other artists.

There was one man, a Russian, who scrutinized her pictures and gave her valuable suggestions. "You have genius," he told her, "but your heart is not in it."

"I haven't any heart," said Vicky, whimsically.

"You had one once," he said shrewdly, "but it has gone out of your possession. Who is the man?"

Vicky shook her head at him. "There is no man," she said, stoutly. But that night when she went to bed she had a vision of George Miller.

She had not heard from him for a

long time, but the next morning she wrote him a letter. It was a pitiful little document that held a cry of loneliness. Edith, she said, was busy with her new happiness—everybody seemed busy with their happiness, and she was trying to paint and be happy without Edith, without everybody. Wouldn't George come down as a cure for homesickness?

He came and found her so thin and white that he cried: "Why, Vicky, what is the matter?"

"Nothing," she declared, and on top of her declaration broke down and cried.

He petted her and went away with a picture of her forlorn little face blotting out the image of Edith's beauty. He came down often after that and one day he said: "I love you, Vicky. I want to take you home with me."

"It is pity, George."

"It isn't," he declared stoutly, "you are the one woman in the world for me."

She tried to believe him, but her heart whispered: "If Edith were not married, what then?"

Then like a thunderbolt came the news of Richard's death. Edith, heartbroken, went back to the old home and Vicky gave up her idea of a career and took up, once more, the life that they had led together. She said nothing to Edith of her engagement to George.

One day she took things into her own hands. She telephoned to George to meet her at the pier, and once more he rowed her down the river. And there Vicky set him free.

"But why?" he demanded, "don't you love me?"

She would not meet his eyes. "Edith—" she faltered. "In a little while she will have forgotten her sorrow for Richard—and then—you—"

"Do you think for a moment, Vicky," he demanded, "that I want Edith?"

"You loved her first," she said.

He leaned forward and took her hand. "Little child," he said, "it was not love that I gave Edith. I thought it was, because I was blinded by her beauty. But when she threw back to me, so lightly, the heart that she had won, when she had no sympathy, no feeling for the boy she had known all her life, I was disillusioned. It was your sympathy, Vicky, which made a man of me. It was your pity that revealed to me what you might be as a wife. The love I had for Edith, compared to my love for you, is as candlelight to moonlight."

And Vicky was content.

INSANITY ON THE INCREASE

Number of Afflicted in the United States is Assuming Alarming Proportions.

The number of insane persons in hospitals in the United States on January 1, 1904, was not less than 150,151.

This was more than double the number of 1890, which was 74,028. From 1904 to 1910 the insane in hospitals in New York alone increased 25 per cent. It is safe to say, writes Homer Folke in the *American Review of Reviews*, that the insane now in hospitals in the United States number at least 200,000.

The population of Nevada and Wyoming in 1910 together is about equal to the population of the hospitals for the insane in the United States. The total annual cost of caring for the insane in the United States is in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000 a year. About one-sixth of the total expenditure of the state of New York is for the care of the insane.

The New York State Charities Aid Association has outlined and is carrying into effect a movement for popular sound psychological methods as to the causes and prevention of insanity. As one factor in this educational movement a short leaflet has been prepared stating in simple language the essential facts as to the causes of insanity so far as they are now known.

This leaflet is being printed by hundreds of thousands, and is being placed in the hands of men, women, boys and girls, through every form of organization willing to help in distributing it. It has been sent to every physician in the state, to the principal of every public school, to all clergymen, college presidents and faculties, superintendents of city schools, health officers, county school commissioners, secretaries of Y. M. C. A.'s to officers of labor unions, proprietors of factories, department stores, laundries, to city officials, officers of local granges, officers of fraternal orders; in short, to all the various types of organizations that are willing to promote such an effort for the public good.

Colloge in Northern Nigeria.

Shells still take the place of metal colloge in northern Nigeria. Lately a movement was set on foot to introduce a proper colloge, but as no action has been taken with regard to the demonetizing of cowries. They have never been legal tender in the strict sense of the term, but have been and continue to be accepted by the government in payment of taxes, and are still current among the natives. The government is striving, however, to replace this unsatisfactory form of currency by British coin. The natives of Africa have a very decided preference for silver colloge.

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WHERE DISTINGUISHED MEN PLAY GOLF



NEW CHEVY CHASE CLUB HOUSE

LAVA CHARRED LOG

Found Imbedded in Basalt Rock Formation Near Spokane.

Piece of Wood, Said to Be 100,000 Years Old, May Throw Light on Geological Status of Valley—Is Well Preserved.

Spokane, Wash.—Believing that the discovery of a lava charred log, imbedded 80 feet from the face of a cut into the basalt rock formation in the eastern part of Spokane will aid science to deduce much important data regarding the geological status of the Spokane valley, experts connected with Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., will be requested by the Spokane chamber of commerce to make thorough analyses of the mass.

Father J. J. Adams, S. J., instructor of physics at Gonzaga college, Spokane, has made a series of experiments to determine the character of the tree, but beyond establishing the fact that it is a hard wood, the log so far has withstood all attempts at chemical analysis, probably owing to the numerous changes it has undergone.

"After consulting every reliable authority at my command," Father Adams said, "I have reached the conclusion that the Spokane valley is of comparatively recent formation, a product perhaps of the Cenozoic epoch. Of course the surrounding mountains, such as the Cascades and the Rockies, are of much older formation, dating back, no doubt, to the Mesozoic period.

"The more recent crustal movements in all probability took place after the glacial period, although the volcanic eruptions in the vicinity of Spokane would seem to date back 200,000 years. This peculiar volcanic belt underlying Spokane would seem to date back at least 100,000 years. The formation in Division street, in the locality of the stump, indicates that the tree was embedded during the recent crustal changes.

The log was found by laborers employed in a rock cut on the Spokane International railway. The mass was split and hacked by the men, who did not know its scientific value, though three large fragments, the size of cord-wood, were rescued by representatives of the Spokane chamber of commerce, Gonzaga and Spokane colleges and civil engineers connected with the railroad. H. A. Margoyles, a local railway contractor having charge of the work, also secured several eight-foot pieces, which he will have fashioned into an easy chair.

The formation at the point where the log was encountered included a layer of rock, one of ashes and another of rock, the thickest part of the wood being imbedded in ashes with the basalt rock covering it. The roots were burned off, while the rest of the log was charred to depth ranging from one to two inches. The color of the wood is dark brown. It is of close grain and in a good state of preservation.

ADVOCATES KILLING OF CATS

Dr. Farquhar Campbell Contends That Feline is Menace to Health and Germ Distributor.

Kansas City, Mo.—If Dr. Farquhar Campbell has his way the cats in Kansas City will be exterminated. He recommends the killing of all cats—not "unnurled" cats or "stray" cats—but every cat, whether it be a blue ribbon winner or just an ordinary family pet.

Dr. Campbell contends that the cat is a germ carrier and a nuisance. He asked the commissioners to instruct the police department to shoot the "alley" cats and to attempt to persuade the cat owners that a catless town will be a healthful town.

WINS A FAT MAN IN RAFFLE

As Nobody Loves Skelly Miss Flanagan Finally Concludes She Will Marry Him—He Is Willing.

Philadelphia.—If Catharine N. Flanagan, demure and pretty, makes up her mind she wants to marry Thomas Skelly, who is six feet tall and weighs 280 pounds, all she has to do is to say the word.

She held the lucky ticket in a drawing, decided the other night at the fair of the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Skelly was the prize, and his identity, which has been a baffling mystery for the week, during which the fair had been in progress, was disclosed simultaneously with the announcement that he belongs to Miss Flanagan if she wants him.

Skelly mounted a chair upon the porch of the parish house about 11:30 o'clock and made his bow to the two thousand interested spectators, while an impromptu escort brought Miss Flanagan forth from her place of seclusion at the ice cream booth. Skelly said briefly that he had entered the affair in the spirit of fun, but since he had seen the winner, whose identity was, until then, likewise a secret, he was willing and anxious to relinquish his bachelor life. Miss Flanagan blushed prettily and said she did not think she wanted to marry Skelly.

The next afternoon, however, Miss Flanagan said she had changed her mind and, as "nobody loves a fat man," she would marry Mr. Skelly.

TALKING CANARY WINS \$500

New Yorkers Lose Wager When Philadelphian Boasts of Remarkable Attainments of Bird.

Atlantic City.—A wager of \$500 changed hands in the Hotel Fredonia when a canary bird owned by Mrs. Peter Kearney of Philadelphia, who is spending the summer at that hotel, repeated after her in parrot fashion a number of phrases. Included among the visitors at the hotel are two bird fanciers from New York and J. A. Clark of Philadelphia, who had heard the bird on several occasions, the New Yorkers of the remarkable attainments of the canary.

When one of them scoffed at the idea and offered to wager \$500 that the apparent talking of the bird was nothing more than clever ventriloquism on the part of the owner, a test was arranged and, in addition to the hotel guests, a number of newspaper men were invited. The canary, which answers to the name of "Pete," sang for a time and then, in response to the coaching of Mrs. Kearney, repeated in a shrill tone, "Pretty little birdie," "Pretty little Pete," so clear that the bird fanciers were convinced and paid over their wager to Clark.

PARCEL POST BY AEROPLANE

Package Dropped on Deck of Outward Bound Liner Olympic—First Instance of Kind.

New York.—The first piece of merchandise ever delivered at sea by aeroplane fell on the upper deck of the giant White Star liner Olympic the other day as she steamed through the Narrows outward bound on her maiden eastward passage. W. Atlee Burpee of Philadelphia had contracted for delivery of the package before sailing, with a department store, which in turn engaged Thomas Sopwith, the English aviator, who recently took up Henry W. Taft, the president's brother, for a skyride.

With Richard R. Sinclair, secretary of the Aero club, holding the package, Sopwith rose from the aviation grounds at Garden City and timed his flight to meet the liner in the Narrows.

While Sopwith controlled the aeroplane Sinclair dropped the package at the given signal. No word came from on board of whether it had landed or not, but to those on nearby craft and to the aviators it seemed certain that it had fallen true.

DOG WON'T QUIT HIS MASTER

Little Animal Pleads So Earnestly That He Is Taken Along and Snuggles on Patient's Cot.

New York.—Doctors and nurses at Bellevue hospital are much interested in a little black dog called Jim that was brought to the institution with his master, John Miller, who received injuries from a fall caused by a banana peel.

When the Bellevue ambulance responded to a call at First avenue and Twelfth street, Dr. Biram found Miller lying on the sidewalk with several severe gashes in his head. Beside him sat a little black dog that looked solicitously into Miller's face. When the doctor took Miller to the hospital the dog followed the men bearing the stretcher to the step of the ambulance and begged to be taken along.

Dr. Biram was at first inclined to leave the dog behind, but the little animal set up such a wail that he took the animal beside its master in the ambulance. There the dog licked the hand of the unconscious man.

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