

# 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 listened, 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 time 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 Folks 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 education along scientific lines by 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.

## Coinage in Northern Nigeria.

Shells still take the place of metal coinage in northern Nigeria. Lately a movement was set on foot to introduce a proper coinage, 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 coins.

## WHERE DISTINGUISHED MEN PLAY GOLF



NEW CHEVY CHASE CLUB HOUSE

WASHINGTON.—The new club house of the Chevy Chase club is the gathering place these summer days of many prominent persons from all parts of the world, drawn there by the excellent golf course. President Taft plays golf there, and so do numerous ambassadors, ministers and diplomatic attaches, members of the cabinet and government officials of lesser importance.

## 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 period. 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 imbedded during the recent crustal changes.

"The nature of the surroundings and other geologic conditions accompanying the discovery are of utmost significance to the people of this age, since they aid science to deduce much interesting data relative to the geological status of this locality not heretofore established."

The log was found by laborers employed in a rock cut on the Spokane International railway. The mass was split and backed 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 "unmuzzled" 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 loved a fat man," she would marry Mr. Skelly.

## TALKING CANARY WINS \$500

New Yorkers Lose Wager When Philadelphia 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, told 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 wall that he took the animal beside its master in the ambulance. There the dog licked the hand of the unconscious man.

The rules of Bellevue strictly prohibit dogs within the grounds, but when Miller was taken into the reception room the dog refused to be left behind. When the dog's master regained consciousness his first request was for the dog. Little Jim, hearing his name, responded by jumping upon the cot, and snuggling beside the patient.

Miller said he lived at 527 First avenue. When told that the dog would have to be taken away he told Jim to ask permission to stay. Jim walked on his hind legs over to Dr. Rutledge and pleaded to stay with his master. The doctor gave orders that the dog should be given the best of care and that he was to see his master every day.

## QUEER CURE FOR CIGARETTES

Dr. Quackenbush of New York "Suggests" Nausea to Pupils and Smoking Makes Them Very Ill.

New York.—There is an alarming increase of the cigarette habit among the boys and girls of the New York public schools said Dr. John D. Quackenbush the other day. Parents have brought their children to this specialist in therapeutic autosuggestion to effect a cure by that method.

"I have never had so many cases as in the last three or four months," he said. "Recently I have treated a little eleven-year-old boy and I have also had several little girls, who were slaves to the habit. I cannot think of a more menacing evil than this, and I am doing everything in my power to stop it."

"One boy who had acquired the habit from seeing his father smoke had been smoking 50 cigarettes a day. The little boy had a horror of nausea. It was this that helped me in my suggestions."

"I put him to sleep and then impressed upon him the fact he would become violently ill if he ever put a cigarette between his lips. When he awakened from the hypnotic sleep he apparently had recovered from the habit."

"A month later he tried to smoke a cigarette, but no sooner had he touched it to his lips than he was taken with violent nausea, and, flinging the weed from him, rushed home."

## GET WHEAT BISCUITS QUICK

From Field to Table in Just Half an Hour Is Record Made by Farmer Near Beloit, Kan.

Beloit, Kan.—Biscuits ready to eat made from wheat that was standing in the field just thirty minutes before is the record made by W. S. Gable, a farmer living two miles from here. The header was driven into the wheat field at 3:14 o'clock. One minute later the wheat in the straw was at the separator. A quantity was threshed, loaded into the farmer's automobile and at 3:23 was at the mill.

Six minutes saw the wheat come out as flour and a minute later the automobile delivered flour at a downtown bakery. Fourteen minutes later, at 3:44 o'clock, the biscuits were removed from the oven, baked and ready to eat.

## The Onlooker

### THE THINGS THAT KILL



(Colonel Krag, inventor of the Krag-Jorgensen army gun, has submitted a new automatic army pistol and a new improved army rifle to the ordnance board.)

It will send a bolt of the bluest steel through a dozen men in line. It will rip them through as a saw would do to a dozen planks of pine; We can greet a foe at five miles away with a sudden blast of death That shall speed as swift as the lightning's flash and as silent as a breath—

For 'tis thus we work to the higher goal and 'tis thus we dream and plan Of the day to come when the world shall thrill with the brotherhood of man.

There are haunting flags, there are rolling drums, there are shrilling bugle calls.

There are blaring bands and the gleam of swords on the sturdy fortress walls; There are mighty ships on the mighty deep and the lure of lands afar. And the pungent scent of powder smoke and the spick tang of tar.

But the measure now of a nation's might, of a nation's forceful will, Is the battle line it may fling out and the men that it may kill.

There are children sick in the city slums, there are folk that want for bread, There are folk that toll through the day and night that they may be poorly fed;

There are houses dark where no laughter is, where there is no lit of song— There are unknown souls who are laboring to remove this grievous wrong. But the folks who go ever tirelessly to relieve the sick and poor,

They are never named, they are never cheered, for they make the things that cure.

And we preach and pray of the coming day when all men shall be as one, But we plan our faith to the mine and shell and the distance-melting gun. Shall our eyes be closed to the shaming truth that there is no peace of strife.

That we have no pride when we render death to that of giving life? Oh, the flag of health in a wan child's cheek gives the heart a grander thrill

Than the belching smoke and the blighting stroke of the roaring things that kill!

Helpful Hints.

Mrs. J. B. Giltitt of East Wind, Ind., asks: "What is the best way to use the remnant of a cold corned beef stew that has been warmed up twice?"

A very nice way to use it is to put it in a square box such as baking powder comes to the grocery in. Pack the box full of salt and place in a dry place for four or five hours. Garnish with lettuce-leaves and put it on the back platform of a limited train.

"A young man whom I met six years ago at a party told me he would like to call some evening, but has not yet called. Do you think he is sincere?"—Millicent.

To this we can only reply that still waters run deep and deep channels have the slowest current.

"What should be done for hair when it falls out?"—C. F.

It should be swept up.

Appreciated It.

Once there was a Dairyman who believed in Encouraging his Stock.

So One Time he Showed the Cow a bill that he had Made out for his Easiest Customer.

"See," he said, "this Account has only been running Six Weeks, and yet behold how great it is."

"All that?" inquired the Cow.

"Yes. Of course, you know, all is not Milk that Curdles."

"No," laughed the Cow, comprehending. "You have Chalked it up for the Customer, haven't you?"

Didn't Show Them.

"He wears his heart on his sleeve," asserts the fair damsel who is telling about the shallow youth.

"Yes. I saw that long ago. That isn't what puzzles me about him," replies the more practical maiden.

"What else about him interests you?"

"I can't discover where he keeps his brains."

The Pert Thing.

"There goes that Miss Sizer! Horrid, impudent young thing! I heard that she said you and I didn't have waist lines—that we had horizons."

WILBUR D. NESBIT.