SISTERS By KATHLEEN NORRIS Author of "Josselyn's Wife" (Copyright, 1919, by Kathleen Norris)

"She didn't go into town to lunch with any one?" he asked.
"No!" Alix said, scornfully. "She always lunches with us! You don't deserve her, to talk so about her, Martin!" she said.
"Well. I'm not anybody's fool, you know!" he assured her. "All right, I'll take your say-so for it." He yawned. "Trouble with Cherry is, she hasn't enough to do!" he finished, saplently.
"I'm a poor person with whom to discuss Cherry!" Alix hinted, with an unsmiling nod for good-night.
And she loked at Cherry's corn-colored head, ten minutes later, with a thrill of maternal protectiveness. Cherry was avidently asleep, buried deep under the blue army blankets. But Alix did not get to sleep that night.
She did not even undress. For it was while sitting on the side of her bed, ready to begin the process, that through her excited and indignant and whirling thoughts the first suspicion shot like a touch of fiame.
"How dares Martin—how dares he!" her thoughts had run. And then suddenly she had said: "Why, she has seen no one but Peter"—the has seen no one but Peter!
"Til tell Peter all this when Martin has sone." Alix decided. "He'll he furi-

"Till tell Peter all this when Martin has gone," Alix decided. "He'll be furious—he adorse Cherry—he'll be furious—he thinks that there is no one like

The words she had said came back to her, and she said them again, half-aloud, with a look of pain and almost of fear suddenly coming into her eyes.

"Peter address Cherry—"

And then she knew. Even while the slok suspicion formed itself, vague and menacing and horrible, in her heart, she knew the truth of it. And though for hours she was to weigh it and measure it, to remember and question and compare all the days and hours that she and Peter and Cherry had been together; from the moment the thought was born she knew that it was to be with her as an accepted fact for all time to come.

For a few seconds Ally feet ill devel For a few seconds Alix felt ill, dazed.

For a few seconds Alix feit ill, dazed, and shocked almost beyond enduring. She sat immovable, her eyes fixed, her body held rigid, as a body might be in the second before it fell after a bullet had cleanly pierced the heart.

Then she put her hand to her throat, and looked with a sort of terror at the slient figure of Cherry. Nobody must know—that was Alix's first clear thought. She was breathing hard, her breast rising and falling painfully, and the blood in her temples began to pound; her mouth was dry.

With a blind instinct for solitude she went quickly and silently from the sleep.

With a blind instinct for solitude she went quickly and silently from the sleeping borch, and into the warm sitting from the lamps were all extinguished, but the fire was still burning, low and pink, where the hearts of the logs had fallen apart to show the flame.

For a few minutes Alix stood, with one foot on the chain that linked the old brass firedogs, her elbow on the mantel, and her cheek resting against her arm.

er arm.

"No," she whispered, almost audibly, no—it can't be that! It can't be Cherry nd Peter—Oh, my God! Oh, my God, t has been that, all the time, that, all he time—and I never knew it—I never ireamed (t)."

nahogany table.

Nothing moved, nothing stirred. Everything in the little mountain cabin was at rest except the woman who stood, with aching heart and feverish mind, resting her arm on the level of the low mantel, and staring with desolate eyes into the fading heart of the fire.

"It's Peter and Cherry! They have some to care for each other—they have some to care for each other," she said to herself, her thoughts rushing and tumbling in mad confusion as she tested and tried the new fear. "It must be so. But it can't be so!" Alix interrupted

THE STARTS THE STORY

THE STARTS THE STARTS

began to creep back. With choking bitterness it was upon her again, and she got to her feet and went on.

"What am I thinking about—it's absurd! Can't people like each other, in this world, just because they happen to be married! Peter would be the first to laugh at me. And is it fair to Cherry even to think that she would—

"Oh, but it's true!" the honester impulse interrupted, mercilessly. "It is true. Whether it's right or wrong, or senable or absurd, they do love each other; that's what has changed them both."

puise interrupted, mercilessly, "It is true. Whether it's right or wrong, or senable or absurd, they do love each other; that's what has changed them both."

And she began to remember a hundred—a thousand—trifies, that made it all hideously clear. Words, glances, moods subtler than ether, came back to her. Cherry's confusion of late, when the question of her return to Martin was raised, her indifference to her inheritance, her restless talk during one hour of immediate departure, and during the next of an apparently termless visit; all these were significant now.

"I am desperately unhappy!" Cherry had said. And immediately after that. Alix recalled wretchedly, had come a brief and apparently almiess talk about Alix's rights, and her eagerness to share them with her sister.

Cherry had been in misery, of course. Alix knew her too well not to know with what suffering she would admit that the one desire of her heart was for something to which Alix had the higher, if not the stronger, claim.

"Poor Cherry!" the older sister said aloud, standing still for a moment, and pressing both hands over her hot eyes. "Poor little old Cherry—life hasn't been very kind to her! She and Peter must he so sorry and ashamed about this! And dad would be so sorry; of all things he wanted most that Cherry should be happy! Perhaps." thought Alix, "he realized that she was that sort of a nature, she must love and be loved, or she cannot live! But way did he let her marry Martin, and why wasn't he here to keep me from marrying Peter? What a mess—mess—mess we've made of it all!"

As she used the term, she realized that the charty had used it to this same and that the charty had used the charty and the had a mess—mess we've made of it all!"

a mess—mess we've made of it all!"

As she used the term, she realized that Cherry had used it, too, this same evening, and fresh conviction was added to the great weight of conviction in her heart.

"She was thinking of that." Alfx told herself, "and it has been in Peter's mind all these weeks. Oh, Peter—Peter—Peter!" she moaned, writhing as the cry escaped her. "Why couldn't it have been me? Why couldn't you have loved me that way? I know I am not so pretty as Cherry," Alix went on, resuming her restless walk, "and I know that those things don't seem to mean as much to me as to most women! But, Peter," she said softly, aloud, "no wife ever loved a man more than I love you, my dear!" She remembered some of his half-laughing, half-fretful reproaches, when he had told her that she loved him much as she loved Buck, and that in these respects, she was no more than a healthy child. "I may be a child," said Alix, feeling that a dry flame was consuming her heart, "but a child can love! My dear—my dear—

"I wish I could cry," she said, suddent had in discharged sitting on a log

the start, all the time, that, all the time, that, all the time—and I never knew it—I never dreamed it!"

The end of a log blazed up with a sudden bright flame, and in the light it cast about the quiet room Alix glanced nervously behind her. Silence and shadow held the place; the bedroom doors were shut. The fugitive red warmth picked out the backs of books—Alix knew them all, had browsed over those shabby rows during a hundred winter nights—touched the green shaded lamps, and the roses that were dropping their petals from the crystal bowl, and the polished legs of the old backgany table.

Nothing moved, nothing stirred. Sverything in the little mountain cabin was at rest except the woman who stood, with aching heart and feverish mind, resting her arm on the level of the low mantel, and staring with desolate eyes into the fading heart of the fre.

It's Peter and Cherry! They have some to care for each other—they have some to care for each other—they have some to care for each other, she said to herself, her thoughts rushing and tumbling in mad confusion as she tested and tried the new fear. "It must be so." Alix interrupted the time and in some way we must get out of this insome way we must get out of this and is some way we must get out of this insome way we must get out of the low insome way we must get out of this insome

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

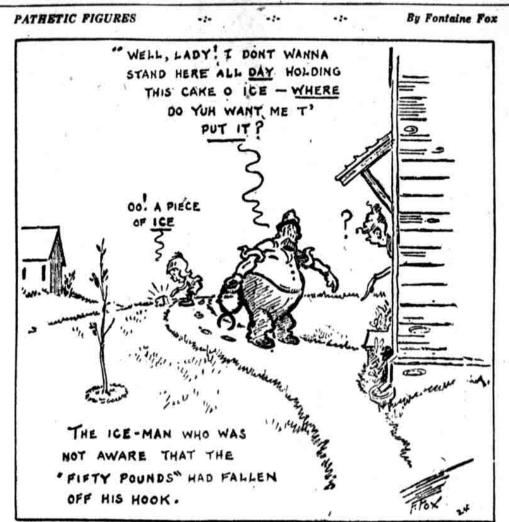
THE GUMPS-They Entertain for Mother OF COURSE I'VE JUST FINISHED READING MY MENTAL REACTION TO FREUD WAS TREMENDOUS HAVE YOU READ THE YOU'VE READ ARGONAUTS OF FAITH? JURGEN - I THINK HE'S WONDERFUL - CAN'T YOU ROMEO THINK PSYCHOANALYSIS IS SO READ JUST DELIGHT IN THE WAY HE AND JULIET FASCINATING ANYWAY - STILL ROMEO HANDLES HIS CHARACTER DELINEATION? CABELL IS STIMULATING - BUT NOT NEARLY SO ESOTERIC AS IBANEZ-CLOUGH'S EROTIC POETRY SIDNEY

By C. A. Voight PETEY-It's a Tough Life .:. -:-. . •:• -:-- NOT FOR ME--AW, SAY, LISTEN-- FR-ER--YES- LETS - OH, ISH'T HOW GO AGAIN TO. I GET SICK BE GOOD SPORTS THIS GLORIOUS WHENEVER YOU ABOUT HITRING -WELL-AND TRY IT-WE. MUSKOW. MABEL - I'M WANT TO-ER GOING FOR A - HORRORS WONT GO OUT FAR-ENJOYING IT SO TURN BACK -I'M SURE HONEST-HOBODY SAIL'TO CAN'T STAND EVER GETS SICKOUT MORROW THE WATER ON THIS BAY -- AW =173 Too - OH, ALL C.WON.1 ROUGH BIGHT THEN BUT- YOU TURN BACK THE MINUTE WE SAY THE WORD-



The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says it isn't the heat that makes us suffer, it's the humility.



By DWIG SCHOOL DAYS DONT CRY BECK! THAT DONT MOUNT KNOW WHERE THERE'S A NEST CHUCK FULL O' EGGS AN' I'LL GO STEAL'EM AN' I KNOW WHERE'S A BOTTLE LIKE THAT AN' I CAM FILL IT WITH VINEEAR OUT O' AUSTIN'S BARREL CAUSE I KNOW HOW TO GIT INTO THEIR CELLAR YOU WAIT HERE AN' HE DE BACK MIMMITS -THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID

By Sidney Smith

...

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-Why Bother a Girl With Business Details on a Vacation?



