

SISTERS

By
**KATHLEEN
NORRIS**

MARTIN AND CHERRY.

Synopsis—Doctor Strickland, re- tired, is living with his family at Mill Valley, just out of San Francisco. Anne, the doctor's niece, is twenty-four. Alix, the doctor's daughter, is twenty-one. Cherry, the other daughter, is eighteen. Their closest friend is Peter Joyce, an old-fashioned sort of fellow. He is secretly in love with beautiful Cherry. Martin Lloyd, a visiting mining engineer, pays court to Cherry and wins her promise to marry him. While the family are speculating about Cherry and Mar- tin, the doctor realizes his love for Cherry. Martin and Cherry of course are eager for an early wed- ding.

(CHAPTER III—Continued.)

"Lord, don't ask me!" Peter said, gruffly. "I think she's too young to marry anyone—but the mischief's done now!"

"I think I'll talk to her," her father decided. "Anything is better than having her make a mistake. I think she'll listen to me!" And a day or two later he called her into the study. It was a quiet autumn morning, foggy yet warm, with a dewy, woolly sweet- ness in the air.

"Before we decide this thing finally," the doctor said, smiling into her bright face, "before Martin writes her people that it's settled, I want to ask you to do something. It's something you won't like to do, my little girl. I want you to wait a while—wait a year!"

It was said. He watched the bright- ness fade from her glowing face. She lowered her eyes. The line of her mouth grew firm.

"Wait until you're twenty, dear. That's young enough. I only ask you to take a little time—to be sure, dear!"

Silence. She shrugged faintly, blinked the downcast eyes as if tears stung them.

"Can't take your old father's word for it?" Dr. Strickland asked.

"It isn't that, Dad!" she protested eagerly and affectionately. "I'll wait—I have waited! I'll wait until Christmas, or April, if you say so! But it won't make any difference; nothing will. I love him and he loves me, and we always will."

"You don't know," Cherry went on, with suddenly watering eyes, "you don't know what this summer of separa- tion has meant to us both! If we must wait longer, why, we will, of course, but it will mean that I am just living along somehow—oh, I won't cry!" She interrupted, smiling with wet lashes. "I'll try to bear it decently! But sometimes I feel as if I couldn't bear it—"

A rush of tears choked her. She groped for a handkerchief and felt, as she had felt so many times, her father's handkerchief pressed into her hand. The doctor sighed. There was nothing more to be said.

So he gave Cherry a wedding check that made her dance with joy, and there was no more seriousness. There were gowns, dinners, theater parties and presents; every day brought its own excitement.

Cherry had never been in a hotel of this sort before. It seemed to her cheap and horrible; she did not want to stay in this room, and Martin, tip- ping the boy and asking for ice-water, seemed somehow a part of this new strangeness and crudeness. She began to be afraid that he would think she was silly, presently, if she said her prayers as usual.

In the morning Martin hired a phaeton and they drove out to the mine. Cherry had had a good breakfast and was wearing a new gown; they stepped another phaeton on the long, pleasant drive and Martin said to the fat man in it:

"Mr. Bates, I want to make you ac- quainted with my wife!"

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Lloyd!" said the fat man, pleasantly. Martin told Cherry, when they passed him, that that was the superintendent of the mine, and seemed pleased at the encounter. Presently Martin put his arm about her and the hay horse daw- dled along at his own sweet will, while Cherry's deep voice told his wife over and over again how adorable and beau- tiful she was and how he loved her.

Cherry returned happily, and for a moment while the old house of pride and ambition was being—she was mar- ried—and a few days that feel- ing of being loved and instead it was a feeling of being loved also than

She was confusedly kissed, passed from hand to hand, was conscious with a sort of strange aching at her heart that she was not only far from being the usual heart-broken thing in fact, well, but was actually far from feeling that. She laughed at Alix's last someone, promised to write—wouldn't say good-by—would see them all soon—was coming, Martin—and so a last kiss for getting Dad and good-by and so many thanks and thanks to them all!

She was gone. With her the uncer- tain autumn sunshine vanished and a shadow fell on the forest. The moun- tain above the valley was blotted out with fog. The brown house seemed dark and empty when the last guests had lotted away and the last exterior had gathered up his possessions and had gone.

The doctor had changed his un- wanted wedding fancy for his shabby old smoking jacket, but Peter still looked unaccountably well dressed. Alix stepped down to sit between them and her father's arm went about her. She struggled against him in an unusual mood of tenderness and quiet.

"Be nice to me!" she said, whim- sically. "I'm lonely!"

"H'm!" her father said, significant- ly, tightening his arm. Peter moved up on the other side and locked his own arm in her free one. And so they sat, silent, depressed, their shoulders touching, their somber eyes fixed upon the shadowy depths of the forest into which an October fog was softly and noiselessly creeping.

CHAPTER IV.

Meanwhile the hot train sped on, and the drab autumn country flew by the windows, and still the bride sat wrapped in her dream, smiling, mus- ing, rousing herself to notice the scenery.

When Martin asked her if she liked to be a married woman, traveling with her husband, she smiled and said that it seemed "funny." For the most part she was silent, pleased and interested, but not quite her usual unconcerned self. After dinner they had a long, murmured talk; she began to droop sleepily now, although even this long day had not paled her cheeks or vis- ibly tired her.

At ten they stumbled out, cramped and overheated, and smitten on tired foreheads with a rush of icy mountain air.

"Is this the place?" yawned Cher- ry, clinging to his arm.

"This is the place, Baby Girl; El Nido, and not much of a place!" her husband told her. "That's the Hotel McKinley, over there where the lights are! We stay there tonight and drive out to the mine tomorrow. I'll man- age the bags, but don't you stumble!"

She was wide-awake now, looking alertly about her at the dark streets of the little town. Mud squelched be- neath their feet, planks tilted. Beside Martin, Cherry entered the bright, cheerful lobby of a cheap hotel where men were smoking and spitting. She was beside him at the desk and saw him write on the register, "J. M. Lloyd and wife." The clerk pushed a key across the counter; Martin guided her to a rattling elevator.

She had a fleeting thought of home; of Dad reading before the fire, of the little brown room upstairs, with Alix, slender in her thin nightgown, yawning over her prayers. A rush of reluctance—of strangeness—of something like terror stung her. She fought the homesickness down resolutely; every- thing would seem brighter tomorrow, when the morning and the sunshine came again.

There was a brown and red car- pet in the oblong of the room, and a brown bureau, and a wide iron bed with a limp spread, and a peeling brown washstand with a pitcher and basin. The boy lighted a flare of elec- tric lights which made the chocolate and gold wallpaper look like one pat- tern in the light and another in the shadow. A man laughed in the ad- joining room; the voice seemed very near.

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By midwinter Cherry had settled down to the business of life, buying bacon and lard and sugar and matches at the store of the mine, cooking and cleaning, sweeping, and making beds. She still kissed Martin good-by every morning and met him with an affec- tionate rush at the door when he came home, and they played Five Hundred evening after evening after dinner, quarreling for points and laughing at each other, while rain sluiced down on the porch. But sometimes she won- dered how it had all come about, won- dered what had become of the violent emotions that had picked her out of the valley home and established her here, in this strange place, with this man she had never seen a year ago.

These emotions little was left. She still liked Martin, she told her- self, and she still told him that she loved him. But she knew she did not love him, and in such an association as theirs there can be no liking. Her thoughts rarely rested on him; she was either thinking of the prizes that were waiting, the fireworks that were running low, the towels that a wet breeze was blowing on the line; or she was far away, drifting in vague realms where feelings entirely strange to this bare little mining camp and this hungry, busy, commonplace man, held sway.

The first time that she quarreled with Martin she cried for an entire day, with the old childish feeling that somehow her crying mattered, some- how her abandonment would help to straighten affairs. The cause of the quarrel was a trifle; her father had sent her a Christmas check and she immediately sent to a San Francisco shop for a clock that had taken her fancy months before.

Martin, who had chanced to be pressed for money, although she did not know it, was thunderstruck upon discovering that she had actually dis- posed of fifty dollars so lightly. For several days a shadow hung over their intercourse, and when the clock came, as large as a banjo, gilded and quaint, he broke her heart afresh by pretend- ing not to admire it.

But on Christmas eve he de- layed at the mine and Cherry, smitten suddenly with the bitterness of having their first Christmas spoiled in this way, sat up for him, huddled in her silk wrapper by the air-tight stove. She was awakened by feeling herself lowered tenderly into bed and raised warm arms to clasp his neck and they kissed each other.

The next day they laughed at the clock together, and after that peace reigned for several weeks. But it was inevitable that another quarrel should come and then another; Cherry was young and undisciplined, perhaps not more so, a than other girls of her age, but self-centered and unreason- able. She had to learn self-control and she hated to control herself. She had to economize when poverty pos- sessed neither picturesque nor in- terest. They were always several weeks behind in the payment of do- mestic bills, and these recurring re- minders of money stringency mad- dened Cherry. Sometimes she summed it up, with angry tears, reminding him that she was still wearing her trousseau dresses, and had no maid, and never went anywhere—

But she developed steadily. As she grew skilful in managing her little house, she also grew in the art of managing her husband and herself. She became clever at avoiding causes of disagreement; she listened, nodded, agreed, with a boiling heart, and had the satisfaction of having Martin's viewpoint veer the next day, or the next hour, to meet her own secret conviction. Martin seemed satisfied, and all their little world accepted her as a matter of course. But under it all Cherry knew that something young and irresponsible and confident in her had been killed. She never liked to think of the valley, of the fogs and the aisles, of Alix and the dogs and the dreamy evenings by the fire. And especially she did not like to think of that eighteenth birthday, and herself thrilling and ecstatic because the strange young man from Mrs. North's had stared at her, in her sticky apron, with so new and disturbing a smile in his eyes.

CHAPTER V.

So winter passed at the mine and at the brown house under the shoul- der of Tamalpais. Alix still kept her bedroom windows open, but the rain tore in, and Anne protested at the en- suing stains on the pantry ceiling.

Cherry's wedding, once satisfactor- ily over, was a cause of great satisfac- tion to her sister and cousin. They had stepped back duly, to give her the center of the stage; they had ad- mired and congratulated; had helped her in all hearty generosity. And now that she was gone they enjoyed their own lives again and cast over hers the glamor that novelty and distance never fail to give. Cherry, married and keeping house and managing affairs, was an object of romantic interest. The girls surmised that Cherry must be making friends; that everyone must admire her; that Martin would be rich some day, without doubt.

Cherry wrote regularly, now and then assuring them that she was the same old Cherry. She described her tiny house right at the mine, and the long sheds of the plant, and the bare big build- ing that was the men's boarding house, and ducks, she wrote; she and Martin had driven three hundred miles in the superintendent's car; she was pre- paring for a card party.

"Think of little old Cherry going on week-end trips with three men!" Alix would say proudly. "Think

of Cherry giving a party!" Anne per- haps would make no comment, but she often felt a pang of envy. Cherry seemed to have everything.

Suddenly, without warning, there was a newcomer in the circle, a sleek-headed brown-haired little man known as Justin Little.

He had been introduced at some party to Anne and Alix; he called; he was presently taking Anne to a lecture. Anne now began to laugh at him and say that he was "too ridi- culous," but she did not allow any one else to say so. On the contrary, she told Alix at various times that his mother had been one of the old Mary- land Percies, and his great-grandfather was mentioned in a book by Mr. Wal- ter Scott, and that one had to respect the man, even if one didn't choose to marry him.

"Marry him!" Alix had echoed in simple amazement. Marry him—what was all this sudden change in the household when a man could no longer appear than some girl began to talk of marriage? Stupefied, Alix watched the affair progress.

"I don't imagine it's serious," her father said on an April walk. Peter, tramping beside them, was interested but silent.

"My dear father," the girl protested. "Have you listened to them? They've been contending for weeks that they

were just remarkably good friends—that's why she calls him Freddy!"

"Ah—I see!" the doctor said mildly, as Peter's wild laugh burst forth.

"But now," Alix pursued, "she's told him that as she cannot be what he wishes, they had better not meet!"

"Poor Anne!" the old doctor com- mented.

"Poor nothing! She's having the time of her life," her cousin said un- feelingly. "She told me today that she was afraid that she had checked one of the most brilliant careers at the bar."

Then Cherry . . . was cry- ing in the arms of Alix.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SIMILARITY IN ANCIENT ART

Seems Proof That at Some Time China Had Cultural Communica- tion With Europe.

More than 2,000 years ago China had cultural communication with Europe, and this communication was by way of Siberia. In an interesting paper to the Journal of the Royal Anthro- pological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, Professor Seligman has shown a cultural communication in the so-called bird-chariots which in Europe are of late bronze age (about 1300 B. C.).

In China there are certain bronze vessels known in Chinese as "dove chariot vases" of the Han dynasty (B. C. 206-220 A. D.). An example of one of these vessels is illustrated in the Japanese manual Shin-Sho Sei and is supposed to represent a dove sup- ported on either side with a wheel, while in the downward-curved tail is also a small wheel; the vase's mouth is in the bird's back. These vessels are supposed to have been used in ritual ceremonies.

In Europe the bird-chariot is some- what different, being mounted on four wheels, while the mouth of the ves- sel, also in the bird's back, is covered usually with a movable lid in the form of a smaller bird. Other small birds are also sometimes added in various parts, as in one example just in front on the axle of the front wheels.

Hints From Gladstone.

Gladstone was once asked to give some suggestions for platform aspir- ants and it is said that it was atten- tion to these rules which in no small degree accounted for Gladstone's own power in "swaying audiences":

1. Study plainness of language, always preferring the simpler word.
2. Shortness of sentences. 3. Distinctness of articulation. 4. Test and question your own arguments beforehand, not waiting for critics or opponent.
5. Seek a thorough digestion of and familiarity with your subject, and rely mainly on those to prompt the proper words.
6. Remember that if you are to sway an audience, you must, be- sides thinking out your matter, watch it all along.

God Never Changes.

We talk of a "cloudy sky," but in reality there is no such thing. The sky is always blue, the sun is always shining. The clouds are not the sky any more than the curtain is the window. So God is always the same. He never changes. Clouds may sweep between us and Him and obscure our vision, but He is where He always is, waiting to be gracious and ready to stretch forth a helping hand.—Canadian Churchman.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

Sunday School Lesson

By REV. F. E. FITZGERALD, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 11

PAUL WRITES TO A FRIEND.

LESSON TEXT—Philemon. GOLDEN TEXT—Whoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant.—Matt. 23:12. REFERENCE MATERIAL—Deut. 16:18; 1 Cor. 12:26; Col. 3:22; Jas. 2:24. PRIMARY TOPIC—The Story of a Run- away Slave. JUNIOR TOPIC—Paul's Kindness to a Runaway Slave. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Paul Preaching for a Slave. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Social Teachings of the Letter to Philemon.

This is a private letter. Philemon was a member of the church at Colosse. Onesimus, his slave, wronged him, perhaps stole from him, and fled to Rome. There he came under Paul's influence and was converted. Paul sent Onesimus back to Philemon with this letter. This is one of the most tender and beautiful letters ever written, and the first anti-slavery petition ever penned.

I. The Salutation (vv. 1-3). His aim was to touch Philemon's heart, so refers to himself as a pris- oner, and links Philemon to himself as a fellow-laborer in the Gospel of truth. He makes mention of Apphia, Philemon's wife, and Archippus, the son, who had already enlisted as a fol- low-soldier.

II. Philemon's Reputation (vv. 4-7). Paul paid a fine tribute to Phile- mon, reminding him that he never prayed without bearing him up before God. This is a fine example of tact on the part of the minister.

1. His faith and love toward the Lord and all saints (v. 5). It was his hope and desire that this faith might bear fruit in Christ Jesus.

2. His ministry to the saints (v. 7). Philemon was generous in his help to the poor saints.

III. Paul's Request (vv. 8-16). He requested Philemon to receive back Onesimus, the runaway slave, as a brother in Christ.

1. He beseeches instead of com- mands (vv. 8-10). Though conscious of his right to enjoin, he pleads as the prisoner of Jesus Christ for love's sake.

2. He makes his plea on the grounds of grace (vv. 11-14). He admitted that Onesimus had been un- profitable—had forfeited all "claim upon Philemon, and that on grounds of justice his plea might well be re- jected, and yet Onesimus was begot- ten in his bonds (v. 10)—was in a real sense a part of his own suffering na- ture (v. 12)—he ventured to suggest that he should be accepted. Though Onesimus hitherto had been unprof- itable to his master, now was profit- able to both Paul and Philemon. Paul would gladly have retained him as a personal attendant, but sought first his friend's permission.

3. Paul desired that Onesimus be received back not as a slave, but as a brother in Christ (vv. 15, 16). Here is the real fugitive slave law. Paul never attacked slavery, though it was contrary to Christianity, and therefore hateful to him, but emphasized prin- ciples which destroyed it. The estab- lishment of Christianity changes the whole face of human society. The wise thing to do is to get men and women regenerated and thus trans- form society instead of seeking change by revolution.

In Paul's request you can hear the pleadings of Christ for us sinners. All men have broken loose—gone astray—and have become unprofitable. We are reconciled to God through the in- terceding of Christ. He has made us profitable. We have been begotten in His bonds—through His passion, ag- ony of heart, we shall be changed.

III. The Basis Upon Which Onesimus is to Be Received (vv. 17-21). The debt of guilty Onesimus is to be put to the account of Paul, and the merit of Paul is to be put to the ac- count of Onesimus. This is a fine il- lustration of the atonement of Christ. Whatever wrongs we have committed—debt incurred—all our shortcomings are debited to Him. Jesus Christ, on behalf of the whole universe, has said to God: "Put that to my account; I will repay." Onesimus was taken back, not as a runaway slave, but a beloved brother in Christ.

IV. Paul Requests Lodging (vv. 22-25). He expected a speedy release from imprisonment, and purposed to sojourn with Philemon. In all probability this was realized. What a welcome he must have received! Jesus Christ is saying to every one of His redeemed ones: "Prepare me a lodging."

Understanding Christianity.

A man may say he does not un- derstand over half of Christianity. What are you doing with the half you do believe? Never mind the half you don't understand, but take the half you have got and say you do believe and try to work that out in your life. The astonishing thing is that as you try to work it out you will find your faith growing and richer and getting richer and richer and fuller and fuller; and you will go on from faith to faith, just because you have used what God gives you.—Rt. Rev. Charles Fiske, D. D.

Cookie Hermits

Three eggs, a scant cupful of but- ter, one and a half cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of chopped raisins, one-half cupful currants, small piece of citron chopped fine, small piece of orange, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Cream but- ter and sugar; add well-beaten eggs, spices, a cupful or more of sugar, then the fruit, and one teaspoonful of

Time and Temper Saver.

When stitching thin silks, net, sheer lawns, etc., on a sewing machine, time, temper and nerves may be saved by laying several strips of newspaper un- der the part to be stitched. After the stitching is done the paper may be removed.

Suitable For Presents

Ever Welcome Gifts Christmas Decorations



If a Christmas were to come and go without leaving with us penur- tious, pin-holders, graters and other pretty trinkets made of ribbon, it would be remembered with something of disappointment. A heart-shaped pin cushion, a small bag for holding pins and a pair of ribbon-covered graters represent a few of many ribbon novelties for the holidays.

For the Hostess



Gifts that every woman who enter- tains will delight in are pictured here and they will be all the more appre- ciated because they are made by their donor. A set of numbers for card tables is attractive and easy to make. They are cut from white cardboard and have gummied figures in black placed on one side. On this black and white background graceful sprays of gay flowers are painted and the cards are supported by small wire holders.

Bits of Splendor



Plain wide satin ribbon and narrow fancy ribbons, with handsome metal- lic mounts, are used to make these elegant shopping bags. Ribbons in the richest qualities and most bril- liant patterns are chosen for them and they are lined with gay and equally good silks. Besides being bits of the splendor dear to women these bags have the additional value that belongs to a gift made by its donor.

Gay Bungalow Caps



Here is something new in breakfast caps. It is made of gay cretonne and is buttoned up the back so that it may be easily washed and ironed. It is bound with a plain color in chambray and has a narrow band of this mate- rial about it. The brim portion may be turned up or down and is shown here turned up at one side and down on the other.

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One of the easiest ways for hang- ing up the house at holiday time is to make lamp, candle and other light shades or lanterns of creton- ne tissue paper and insert the small lantern pictured here. The black or gold paper pasted over the cretonne is folded along the center and into narrow strips and pasted into the rings. Under this a light, rose-colored crepe paper is pasted and the green paper is pasted and stand out. Silver tinsel may be used from the wire handle at each end.

Gifts for Gay Hours



Christmas never brought more re- membrances to fair women than its picturesque hair ornaments for the gay hours which this season pre- sents. There are many of them made of ribbon, beads, flowers or other ornament. The sparkling piece pic- tured is merely a flit of ribbon that encircles the head and supports a small pansy flower at the top with a few sparkling ribbons scattered on its leaves.

Bib and Tray Cloth



Balloons, in bright colors, and an angular elephant decorate the ample bib and tray cloth to match, made of oilcloth, as pictured above. They will afford the youngest member of the family much joy and his mother much peace of mind at the dinner table. Therefore the donor of this gift will be twice blessed and long remem- bered. The mottled oilcloth is cream colored and the bib is bound at the neck with white tape which is extend- ed into ties.

Fairy Powder Puff



Little celluloid kewpies which may be bought everywhere have been used in many ingenious ways for Chris- mas gifts. Here is one dressed up like a fairy bride with ruffles of chiffon bound with narrow satin ribbon for a skirt and her head adorned with a braid wreath and veil. She stands in a small bag stuffed with cotton and gathered about her feet and it has a cloth powder puff sewed to it that rests in a glass bowl.