THE NORTH PLATTE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE



## "I'M TIRED."

Synopsis-Doctor Strickland, re-tired, is living in Mill Valley, near San Francisco. His family consists of his daugiters, Alix, 21, and Cherry, 18, and Anne, his nice, 24. Their closest triend is Feter Joyce, a tovable sort of recluse. Martin Lloyd, a visiting mining engineer, wins Cherry, marries her and car-ries her off to El Nido, a mine town. Peter realizes that he loves Cherry, Justin Little woos Anne, Cherry comes home for Anne's wedding, Cherry realizes her mar-riage is a failure. Peter tells Cher-ry of his "grand passion." without naming the girl. Martin comes for ry of his "grand passion." without maming the girl. Martin comes for Cherry.

# CHAPTER VIII.

Martin's work was in the Contra-Costa valley, and he and Cherry had a small house in Red Creek, the only town of any size near the mine. Red Creek was in a fruit-farming and dairy region and looked its prettiest on the spring evening when Cherry saw it first.

Her little house was a cottage with a porch running across the front, where windows looked out from the sitting room and the front bedroom. Back of these rooms were a dark litthe bathroom that connected the front bedroom with another smaller bedroom, a little dining room and a kitchen. Martin, man-fashion, had and cried bitterly. merely camped in kitchen and bedroom ) while awaiting his wife; but Cherry buttoned on her crisp little apron on the first morning after her arrival, and knocked, and Cherry let the hig lout attacked the accumulated dishes in of a boy stare at her red eyes unthe sink and the senttered shirts and caring. collars bravely.

and Cherry was enthusiastic about everything. She looked out across her | Martin Lloyd ! She was going straight | dishpan at green fields and the beginning of the farms; she saw the lilacs burst into fragrant plumes on the bare branches of her doorvard tree: spring flushed the whole world with loveliness, and she was young, and healthy, and too busy to be homesick.

The days went on and on, each bringing its round of dishes, beds. sweeping, marketing, folding and unfolding tablecloths, going back and forth between kitchen and dining room. Martin's breakfast was either promptly served and well cooked, in which case Martin was silently satisfied, or it was late and a failure, when he was very articulately disgusted; in either case Cherry was left to clear and wash and plan for another meal in four hours more. She soaked fruit, beat up cake, chopped boxes into kindlings, heated a kettle of water and another kettle of water, dragged sheets from the bed only to replace them, fitled dishes with food only to find them empty and ready to wash again. "I get sick of it !" she told Martin. "Well, Lord !" he exclaimed. "Don't you think everybody does? Don't I get sick of my work? You ought to have the responsibility of it all for a while !" His tone was humorously reproving rather than unkind. But such a speech would fill Cherry's eyes with tears and cause her to go about the house all morning with a heavy heart. She would find herself looking thoughtfully at Martin in these days, studying him as if he were an utter stranger. It bewildered her to feel that he actually was no more than that, after two years of marriage. She not only did not know him, but she had a baffled sense that the very nearness of their union prevented her from seeing him fairly. She knew that she did him injustice in her thoughts. It must be injustice, decided Cherry, For Martin seemed to her less clever, less just, less intelligent, and less generous than the average man of her acquaintance. And yet he did not seem to impress other people in the way he impressed her. He was extraordinarily healthy, and had small sympathy for illness, weakness, for the unfortunate, and the complaining. He whistled over his dressing, read the paper at breakfast, and was gone. At noon he rushed in, always late, devoured his lunch appreciatively, and was gone again. At night he was usually tired, inclined to quarrel about small matters, inclined to disapprove of the new positions of the bedroom furniture, or the way Cherry's hair was dressed. He loved to play poker and was hospitable to a certain extent. He would whistle and joke over the preparations for a rarebit after a game, and would willingly walk five blocks for beer if Cherry had forgotten to get it. On Sunday he liked to see her prettily gowned; now and then they motored with his friends from the mine; more often walked, ate a hearty chicken dinner, and went to a cold supper in the neighborhood, with "Five Hundred" to follow. At ten their hostess would flutter into her kitchen; there would be lemonade and beer and rich layer cake. Then the men would begin to match poker hands, and the women to discuss bables in low tones. Cherry never saw her husband so animated or so interested as when men he had known before chanced to drift into town, mining men from Ne-

known in college. They would discuss personalities, would shout over recollected good times, would slap each other on the back and laugh tirelessly.

She thought him an extremely difficult man to live with, and was angered when her hints to this effect led him to remark that she was the "limit." They had a serious quarrel one day, when he told her that she was the most selfish and spolled woman he had ever known. He called her attention to the other women of the town, busy, contented women, sending children off to school, settling bables down for maps in sunny doorwards. cooking and laughing and hurrying to enough. The camp was in the cool and fro.

"Yes, and look at them !" Cherry sald with ready tears. "Shabby, thin. tired all the time !"

"The trouble with you is." Martin said, departing, "you've been told that you're pretty and sweet all your lifeand you're spoiled ! You are pretty, yes-" he added, more mildly, "But, by George, you sulk so much, and you crah so much, that I'm darned if I see it any more! All I see is trouble! With this he left her. Left her to burst of angry tears, at first, when she dropped her lovely little head on the blue gingham of her apron sleeve | engineer who had recently come to the

The kettle began to sing on the stove, a bee came in and wandered about the hot kitchen; the grocer

Then she went swiftly into the bed-For a few weeks the novelty lasted | room and began to pack and change. She'd show Martin Lloyd-she'd show to Dad-shed take the--take the--She frowned. She had missed the

nine o'clock train; she must wait for the train at half-past two. Wait where? Well, she could only wait here. Very well, she would wait here. She would not get Martin any lunch, and when he raged she would explain.

She finished her packing and put the house in order. Then, in unaccustomed. mid-morning leisure, she sank into a deep rocker and began to read. Quiet and shade and order reigned in the little house.

Steps came bounding up to Cherry's door; her heart began to beat; a knock sounded. She got to her feet, puzzled ; Martin did not knock.

yada or from El Nido, or men he had | the dry orchards, beside the dry road, | the mill. A wave of homesickness dropped circles of hot shadow on the clodded, rough earth. Farms dozed tasted hitter. She hated Alix, hated under shimmering lines of dazzling air and in the village, from ten o'clock until the afternoon began to wane, there was no stir. Flies buzzed and settled on screen doors, the creek shrunk away betwen crumbling rocky banks, the butcher closed his shop and

milk soured in the bottles, The Turners and some other families always camped together in the mountains during this season, and they were off when school closed, in an enviable state of ecstasy and anticipation. Cherry had planned to join them. but an experimental week-end was woods, truly, but it was disorderly, swarming with children, the tents were small and hot, the whole settlement laughed and rioted and surged to and fro in a manenr utterly foreign to her. She returned, to tell Martin that it was "horribly common" and weather the rest of the summer in Red Creek. Martin sympathized. He had never cared particularly for the Turners; was perfectly willing to keep the friendship within bounds.

He sympathized as little with an other friendship she made, some months later, with the wife of a young mine. Pauline Rupyon was a few years older than her husband, a handsome, thin, intense woman, who did everything in an entirely individual way. She took one of the new little bungalows that were being erected in Red Creek "Park," and furnished it richly and inappropriately, and established a tea table and a samovar beside the open fireplace. Cherry began to like better than anything else in the world the hours spent with Pauline.

Pauline read Browning, Francis Thompson and Pater, and introduced Cherry to new worlds of thought. She talked to Cherry of New York, which she loved, and of the men and women she had met there. She sometimes sighed and pushed the bright hair back from Cherry's young and innocent and discontented little face, and said tenderly: "On the stage, my dear-anywhere, anywhere, you would be a furore !" And thinking, in the quiet evenings

-for Martin's work kept him later and later at the mine-Cherry came to see that her marriage had been a great mistake. She had not been ready

swept over the younger sister; life Peter: -above all she hated herself. She wanted to be there, in Mill Valley, free to play and to dream again-A day or two later she told Martin

kindly and steadily that she thought it had all "been a mistake." She told him that she thought the only dignified thing to do was to part. She liked him; she would always wish him well but since the love had gone out of their relationship, surely it was only honest to end it.

"What's the matter?" Martin deunded.

"Nothing special," Cherry assured him, her eves suddenly watering. "Only I'm tired of it all. I'm tired of pretending. I can't argue about it. But know it's the wise thing to do."

"You'd go back to your father. I uppose?" Martin said, yawning.

'Until I could get into something.' herry replied with diginity. A vague thought of the stage flitted through her nind. "Oh !" Martin said politely. "And suppose you think your father would

gree to this delightful arrangement?" e asked. "I know he would !" Cherry anvered eagerly.

"All right-you write and ask him!" dartin agreed good-naturedly. Cherry was surprised at his attitude, but grateful more than surprised.

"Not cross, Mart?" she asked. "Not the least in the world !" he nswered lightly.

"Because I truly believe that we'd oth he happier-" the woman said esitatingly. Martin did not answer. The next day she sat down to write her father. She meditated, with a roubled brow. Her letter was unex pectedly hard to compose. She could not take a bright and simple tone, asking her father to rejoice in her homecoming. Somehow the matter persisted in growing heavy and the words twisted themselves about into ugly and selfish sounds. Cherry was young, but even to her youth the phrases, the "misunderstood" and the "uncongenial," the "friendly parting before any bitterness creeps in," and the "free to decide our lives in some happier and wiser way," rang false. Pauline had been divorced a few years ago, and the only thing Cherry disliked in her friend

was her cold and resentful references to her first huband. No she couldn't be a divorced wom-



Chairman of Congressional Investigating Committee Outlines Needs of Farmers.

# SHOULD BE SELF-SUSTAINING

Must be Comprehensive Enough to Meet the Requirements of the Large Farmer Borrower, but also Small Farmer Borrower,

Washington, D. C .-- Permanent agencies should be established to provide credit, running from six months to three years, for farmers' production and marketing purposes, to fill the gap between short and long-time credit furnished by existing banking systems, Chairman Anderson of the congres sional commission investigating agricultural conditions declared. There is "immediate, imperative and conclusive necessity of setting up permanent machinery," he said.

The proposed credit, the statement continued, must be of such character as to conform to the farmers' turnover and of sufficient flexibility to meet the requirement of different localities and commodities. Mr. Anderson contended that the credit should be extended "for a time sufficient to enable payment to be made out of the earnings of the farm, without frequent renewals, which add to the expense of the borrower in fees and commissions."

Declaring machinery of sufficient scope can be established only through federal legislation, the chairman held that, once established, It should be self-sustaining and should require no government support except possibly for the initial capital required. A system established by such machinery, he continued, must be comprehensive enough to meet the requirements not only of the large farmer borrower, but the small farmer borrower.

On completion of its inquiry the commission, Mr. Anderson predicted, would be able to recommend to congress "a definite concrete plan." which, he added would "complement the credit facilities now offered through the farm loan and the federal reserve system, and would give to the American farmer the most comprehensive and fexible credit system in the world."

# Taxpayers Receive Warning.

Washington, D. C .- Taxpayers were warned by the internal revenue bureau against attempting to reduce their tax payments by the use of "formulae." Certain self-styled "income tax experts," the bureau announces, are advising their clients from 30 to 45 per cent of their excess profits tax, can be saved by the use of "formulae" such as capitalizing all earnings in excess way out! She gave up the attempt at of the average capital employed and a letter and began to annoy Martin setting up this excess amount as good will.



**ASPIRIN** 

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years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicycacid,-Advertisement.

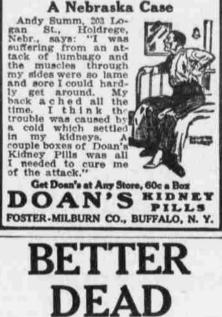
Sympathy is the very soul of life.

The war has made table linen very valuable. The use of Red Cross Ball Blue will add to its wearing qualities. Use it and see. All grocers, 5c .- Advertisement.

Act, or you'll react.

# Why That Bad Back? Is backache keeping you miserable? Are you "all played out," without

Is backache keeping you miserable? Are you "all played out," without strength or vigor for your work? Then find what is causing the trouble and correct it. Likely, it's your kidneys! You have probably been working too hard and neglecting rest and exercise. Your kidneys have slowed up and poi-sons have accumulated. That, then, is the cause of the backache, headaches, dizziness and bladder irregularities. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. Doan's have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor! Ask your neighbor!



It was Joe Robinson, his closest friend at the mine, "Say, listen, Mrs. Lloyd : Mart can't

get home to dinner." said Joe. "He don't feel extra well-he was in the



"He Was in the Engine Room and He Kinder-Fainted."

engine room and he kinder-he kinder-"

"Fainted?" Cherry asked sharply, turning a little pale.

"Well, kinder. Lawson made him lay down," Joe said. "And he's coming home when the wagon comes down, at three o'clock. He says to tell you he's fine!"

"Oh, thank you, Joe !" Cherry said, She shut the door, feeling weak and frightened. She flew to unpack her bag, hung up her hat and coat, darkened the bedroom and turned down the bed; walted anxiously for Mart's return.

She was deeply concerned over the news from Martin. Cherry met his limp form at the front door, and whisked him into a cool bed and put chopped ice on the aching forehead and got him, grateful and penitent, off to sleep.

For a day or two Martin stayed in bed and Cherry spolled and petted him, and was praised and thanked for every step she took. After that they took a little trip into the mountains near by, and Cherry sent Alix postcards that made her sister feel almost a pang of envy.

But then the routine began again, and the fearful heat of midsummer came, too. Red Creek baked in a smother of dusty heat, the trees in

for marriage. She would sit on the back steps, as the evenings grew cooler, and watch the exquisite twilight fade, and the sorrow and beauty of life would wring her heart.

A dream of ease and adoration and beauty came to her. She did not visualize any special place, any special gown or hour or person. But she saw her beauty fittingly environed; she saw cool rooms, darkened against this blazing midsummer giare; heard ice clinking against glass; the footsteps of attentive maids; the sound of cultivated voices, of music and laughter. She had had these dreams before, but they were becoming habitual now. She was so tired-so sick-so bored with her real life; it was becoming increasingly harder and harder for her to live with Martin. She was always in a suppressed state of wanting to break out, to shout at him brazenly : "I don't care if your coffee is weak ! I like it weak ! I don't care if you don't like my hat-I do! Stop talking about yourself !"

Various little mannerisms of his began seriously to annoy her; a rather grave symptom, had Cherry but known It. He danced his big fingers on the handle of the sugar spoon at breakfast, sifting the sugar over his cereal; she had to turn her eyes resolutely away from the sight. He blew his nose, folded his handkerchief, and then brushed his nose with it firmly left and right; she hated the little performance that was never altered. He had a certain mental slowness; would blink at her politely and patiently when she flashed plans or hopes at him: "I don't follow you, my dear!" This made her frantic.

She was twenty, undisciplined and exacting. She had no reserves within herself to which she could turn. Bad things were hopelessly had with Cherry; her despairs were the dark and tearful despairs of girlhood, prematurely transferred to graver matters. Martin was guite right in some of his contentions; girl-like, she was spasmodic and unsystematic in her housekeeping; she had times of being discontented and selfish. She hated economy and the need for careful managing.

In October Alix chanced to write her a long and unusually gossipy letter. Allx had a new gown of black grenadine, and she had sung at an afternoon tea, and had evidently succeeded in her first venture. Also they had had a mountain climb and enclosed were anapshots Peter had taken on the trip.

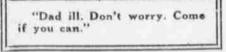
Cherry picked up the little kodak prints; there were four or five of them. She studied them with a pang at her heart. Alix in a loose rough coat. with her hair blowing in the wind and the peaked crest of Tamalpais behind her-Alix busy with lunch boxes -Alix standing on the old bridge by | houses.

an. It was all spoiled, the innocent past and the future: there was no with talk of a visit home again.

"What you want to go for?"

"Oh, just-just-" Cherry's Irrepressible tears angered herself almost as much as they did Martin. "I think they'd like me to!" she faltered. "Go if you want to!" he said, but she knew she could not go on that word.

"That's it." she said at last to her self, in one of her solitary hours. "I'm married and this is marriage. For the rest of my life it'll be Mart and I-Mart and I-in everything! For richer, for poorer; for better, for worsethat's marriage. He doesn't beat me and we have enough money, and perhaps there are a lot of other women worse off than I am. But it's-it's funny."



(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOO MUCH FOR MRS. SMITH

She Couldn't Allow Her Old Friend, Mrs. Brown, to Keep Up Her Bragging Remarks.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith were neighbors, both were fat and both were extremely sensitive about it. Both tried every method they could hear of for losing weight, and, until this summer, both continued to gain. Mrs. Brown went West early in the spring and while there managed in some way to lose nearly thirty pounds. When she came back Mrs. Smith saw her step from the taxi and realized that her neighbor had accomplished what to her seemed unattainable. "Hello, dearie," called Mrs. Brown. "Don't you think my trip has agreed with me? Four months in the West certainly make a difference in one!" Jealousy seized Mrs. Smith. The idea of Mrs. Brown bragging that way just because she weighed a few pounds less!

"You have fallen off marvelously, dear," Mrs. Smith replied. "When you stepped out of the taxi I never would have known you, only for your hat!"

Portland's Famous Houses. In Portland, Me., near the water

front, there stands, side by side, two weather-beaten, neglected houses, One of them is the house in which Longfellow was born; in the other, Thomas B. Reed, "the czar of the house," first is concerned they are just plain officers said no one was injured.

Increase in Fraternal Insurance. Chicago, Ill,-Tremendous gains in insurance business and membership have been made by fraternal organizations during the last year, according to reports made to the National Fraternal Congress of America, in session here Insurance in force with the 88 bodies comprising the congress at the beginning of 1920 amounted to \$5,290,347,067 At the close of 1920 it was \$5,467.846,-829.

#### Use Chloroform on Chickens.

Chicago, III .- Chicken thieves are now using chloroform, it was revealed when Charles Clapham of Libertyville overslept because his rooster failed to crow. An investigation revealed only a few feathers and a strong odor of chloroform. The drug had been used to induce the fowls to yield without resistance.

### Labor Ready to Aid.

Atlantic City, N. J.-Organized labor is ready to consider any invitation from the government to participate in a conference with a view of solving unemplyment, Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, announced at the closing session of the federation's executive council.

#### Drive for Reduced Rents.

Farmers of Tama county, Iowa, are invited to a mass meeting to be held near Tama, for the purpose of forming an organization to obtain lower farm rents, according to a circular issued.

All "farm renters and conscientious land owners" are invited to attend the meeting, according to the circular, which is "for the purpose of putting down farm rents to a lower basis, to be in accord with the prices that farmers are receiving for their grain and produce; also to put a ban on profiteering as the war is over."

Senator Norris Regaining Health. Washington, D. C .- Senator Norris of Nebraska, who collapsed in the senate several weeks ago, is improving rapidly, according to word from the Wisconsin woods where he is recuperating.

## Navy Dirigible Destroyed. Rockaway Point, N. Y .- Fire swept

at the naval air station hangar at the Rockaway Point station here. A saw the light. But as far as Portland small dirigible was destroyed. Naval

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take



The National Remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists, three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation



American clockmakers are swamped by the export demand. It is good to realize that Europe hasn't too much time on its hands.

If the threat of 50-cent gasoline is carried into effect the suffering among the automobile poor is going to be something awful.

The quite common possession of the same recipe indicates that dandellons this year may be selling by the individual dandelion.

"Packed like sardines" is an old. old misstatement for crowded h man beings. Sardines are greased before they are packed.

Salvador is trying to snub the United States. It is as flerce as the ant that angrily warned the elephant to quit its shoving.

А

People who vote enrelessly or not at all in local elections are generally the ones who protest most loudly when the evils of boss politics hurt them.

The ex-kaiser is said to have set by enough securities to enable him to put in the time not spent in cutting wood. in cutting coupons.

Why cannot that Englishman who is predicting an airship that will fly. float and submerge arrange to have it hibernate in winter?

Another reason why it is safer to kiss after dark is, the paternal eyelids droop and the paternal boots are drawn when the nocturnal shadows creep.