# helps you to "helps the corner" turn the corner

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN. PART I.

It was a rainy afternoon, so Joe crown. and Althea were in the attic, cutting She was sitting on the floor in front and chew them."

fashion ladies out of an old Godey's of the trunk, and her wide purple "By the by——" said Althea sudof their splendid pelt! He knew the

this she did not know, were nearly at their wits' end. So the kitchen at home was at sixes and sevens, and Althea, Althea saw that her eyes were the little cooking done there was allooking at her above the little outheld most inedible in result. Mrs. Mack most inedible in result. Mrs. Mack knew it smiled.

And then, while she held up a tiny drawings. After my mother's death my father just put everything away, stuffed his drawings into the trunk, dragged the poor old model in front of it, and forgot it, as well as he came back," said drawings. After my mother's death my father just put everything away, stuffed his drawings into the trunk, dragged the poor old model in front of it, and forgot it, as well as he were sick. People at home, though knots. sorry, and helped by having Althea But just as Althea was about to but it would have taken money to daughter of her own as well as that paper one still in her hand, and the keeper's position at the Tracy lumber square, blundering, noisy little son, sprawling machine, as before, stood in yard and finished out his days there." And as she watched the two together, front of the trunk.

how splendidly they got on, her Althea sat in the largest, most dreams would sweep foolishly forward comfortable chair in what had been over. But now—I know," and she stockings, sweaters, coverings, hang-time was now here.

"I thought then," said Althea, "it to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, over. But now—I know," and she stockings, sweaters, coverings, hang-time was now here. to a time when Joe should no longer Mrs. Mack's room, but was now hers. pointed at her own collection, "it ings, draperies, everything. Every be so square and blundering nor Although there was furnace heat wasn't doll things. If—if I could," package contains directions so simple

a little dimmer than she liked; in dows. the same as always), and though Joe Now, in the old queen's face, so long There's just one thing that makes me cotton or mixed goods. trunk which she had eyed longingly fident, reassuring. through the machine's sprawling Althea turned from the frosted levers. But Joe said the trunk things window to Joe's mother. weren't old-fashioned things you "How was he when you looked in could dress up in, but the machine's last?" things, drawings and models. He had "Sleeping, I think. At least he was seen them once, and some day, when quiet. he was a man, he was to have them "Well," said Althea confidently. "I and the machine and see if he could can be patient. It isn't as if I couldn't character came from an article in tapestry draperies, etc., etc.—will be be beautifully cleaned by the Parker

turned to dreams, the machine was things that it almost kills us to read as unsubstantial as the rest, so as she about. We know how he has fought through study of the divorce statistics, things for His comfort." looked at it through half-closed eyes —his medals would tell us, even if which disclosed that a third, or at "I used to feel much the same way," dear old preacher at home. I sat be-

Lady's Book. That is, Althea cut out skirts made a billowy circle about her denly, then stopped with shy, sidelong boys, and they were especial pets of the ladies. Joe designed animals on until she was like some great inverted look. yellow wrapping paper. These, he flower. The trunk was open, and it "Yes, my dear?" said, would eat the ladies up. But was not just full of drawings and "I wish—that little trunk in the and show her their prize. And—there when the back of Althea's wrist went things. She was taking out the love- attic, the one behind your father's she lay \* \* \* brought down like a to her mouth and her eyes fixed liest little dresses, just right for a model. Are you sure there's nothing partridge! mournfully on him filled and filled, he doll, and holding them up and looking in it but drawing and things like "Poor boys! After these years, I said hastily that it was only a few at them, then folding them up and that?" of the animals who were like that, putting them away again, the way you "You are thinking of your old attic father and mother! Of course, they ghost? O, my dear, don't get the no-knew it was one of their bullets that the ladies. Just let him have his turn pinks! Well, I should think so! There tion that it was anything more than a had killed her, though there was no heasts fought so terribly among them- its point with a tiny black velvet bow. those people do when they want to see the boyhood of them all died then and selves that in a short time good as. As a paper lady she had not been visions is to fast. You'd be wanting there along with her. They only stay-bad alike were nothing but a heap of wearing clove pinks. In a number to get into that trunk, of course, ed long enough to be her pallbearers torn scraps, while the ladies, quite of ways she was not quite like the Children always want to get into shut and be exonerated by everybody. unscathed, still stood along the floor paper lady—only the way of wearing things, and you certainly had been Then they left town. One of them crack. Then Joe said he smelled the her hair, and the gown with its lovely fasting." cookies being taken out of the oven wide skirts. The material had a "And yet," persisted Althea, "did other in the Spanish war. The others Althea was hungry. People at home with tiny flowers and true lovers' the bottom?"

over at her house so much that she speak, Joe had to come storming up finish it, and when she went and he began to feel as if she had a little and then there was no lady except the had me to keep, he just took a book-

Althea so tiny and frail. What a throughout the house, in this room a she said. "I mean, if it were wise—I any woman can put new, rich, fadeless pair they would make if they carried bit of wood-fire also helped to thrust suppose it wouldn't be—I'd ask you to colors into he worn garments or

wouldn't go and couldn't hurt any- of battle; perhaps of desperation. body-she had never quite liked it. Only when the young woman's eyes It stood in front of a little black were upon her-then it was calm, con-

she were a great braid of yellow hair gas. I have sometimes thought that

won't be going out much in this wea- heard it, yet she repeated it. ther, but I'd like to see him in one. "She had gone out into the garden. There's nothing quite like a baby's You know in those days there was a

"it's terribbe the way they get ribbon their game there, honestly supposing ends in their mouths. Bad for them there were no houses near. On that and hard on ribbons. You tie them morning my father heard shots and around the top of her head like a under one ear, not under the chin. went out, as he sometimes did, to But even so, they always get them warn them. He found four lads who

white ground and was all sprigged you ever look into it—clear down to —I don't know. They just dropped

could. He had had great hopes of it, Dye Old Curtains,

particular, the corner where the machine stood, all legs man at Althea's feet—a dowager who and elbows and long fingers. It had been there ever since she made the remained—O, yes, remained—O, y acquaintance of Joe's attic (which was behind the throne of the new queen. thing under the poor old drawings. is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, when we have not been as always) and though Joe Now in the old queen's face on long under the poor old drawings.

in this war more than in other wars think you may be right, and that's the enemy has had power to reach a my not being able to find any of my man's soul. I may be mistaken; yet, own old things before Joe came. I if it is so, such a wound must heal. hunted everywhere. I did want them, I do not believe any such wound, even I felt just as you do now. I wanted of the soul, can touch the real centre. cceans of lovely things for my baby, "So you have the little things all and in my case I really had plenty, airing? How sweet and confident they but I was greedy for more, and there look with the little sleeves spread out! wasn't a sock or a cap or a nightie Wait till the arms get in them and of what I had worn. I concluded she begin to flap and wave! Joe wore must have sent them to the Chicago out everything! I never saw such a fire sufferers. You know a tide of old baby. He scrubbed through his long clothes set toward Chicago in '71, just dresses just as he did later through as our things all went to Belgium. his knickerbockers. It's a shame that That was the year of her death. I he didn't leave anything of his ward- concluded it was that, and let it go. robe for his own baby—but they never "I was only a year old when she think of that!" died," sai'd Mrs. Mack, looking wist-

"I do wish," said Althea, "I could fully at an ill-done crayon portrait. have embroidered some slips. Of "I have no memory of her at all." course, the woolen things are most; She paused, and then repeated the important this weather, but I wanted tragic little story. Althea had heard a frilly cap, too. Poor baby! He it, and she knew that Althea had

face with a frill around it and a bow tongue of the real woods that came down between our garden and the "Well," said 'Mrs. Mack doubtfully, village. Hunters sometimes followed my mother's, too, and he brought

"Why, no; not to the bottom, but "I believe she came back," said

Sweater or Skirt in Diamond Dyes

the fine promise of unear pasy-back the January cold. For it was let me go up and rook.

The far corners of the attic were storm was raging against the win-before. Just back the January of 1918, and a winter "Why, you dear, persistent little before. Just bay Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will to her husband. 'You eat it, dear,' she would say with her half-mischiev-"



brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.

There are the other WRIGLEY friends to choose from, too:



much more a Mary hostess who wanted to be taught would mean to Mrs. Palmer than a Martha hostess who merely placed food in front of her could possibly mean. And if that circumstance were true of her, how much truer it must have been of Christ, who said, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me and to finish

be know that much and he told Although a sense of duty, that grand, he knew that much, and he told Althea women, he said. That tells it all. ous Year of Married Life" which do you suppose He said what He did? big, exalting thing, but a sense of He never could bear even small critics, after long study, have decided Really, He almost scolded Martha, duties, the little niminy-piminy cares But, of course, now that things cruelties, and he has been seeing turned to dreams, the machine was things that it almost kills us to read is the third. They arrived at this things for His course, our columns was from Dr. Patterson, our should thin, dissolve, become invisible. "Yes," said his mother, and her the third year of marriage. After perfectly. For many years Martha were giving for a great preacher from Oh, how levely! She had done it! She voice was calm. She even bent down had dreamed the lady real!

Yes, there she was, a real gream "It is a wound of the spirit, but as mother, and her the third year of marriage. After passing the third year there is every prospect that the couple will live hap
Was a perplexity to me, but at last prospect that the couple will live hap
I've got her straightened out in my face of his daughter at the other end mind. Lovely Mer. Alice Frenches mind. Lovely Mrs. Alice Freeman of the table, and the perfunctory at-But why is the third year the most Palmer helped me to do it. When I tention that she was giving to the dangerous? The experts answer that was a girl at Wellesley she used to guest of honor, Dr. Patterson whispertwo years of romantic life are as a come over sometimes and stay to ed to me, 'She needs the Master's mance may be continued during the frequently become so much interested tracted daughter of mine? But one following years is erroneous, unless in talking to the girls next her that dish is needful, though perhaps the husband and wife are able to talk she would scarcely see when a new Martha spirit could never grasp that Rupture Kills

"'Dish?' I said in astonishment. Bible says, "But one thing is needful," and that it meant the "good part," are laid away—the burial certificate ing-bag. which Mary had chosen."

"He smiled benignly. 'Yes,' he re-

In the Brble.

er. 'Are you sure?"

No Relation. Bill? Wasn't he the chap who was always cold?"

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being marked "Rupture." Why? Be- "If I had some money with me," shecause the unfortunate ones had neg. sighed, "I would double his pay my-The first child, too, often makes a difference. The child, which really RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS a good one, of coruse, but the word the affliction and paying no attention she simply left the room, her head plied, 'that's one interpretation, and lected themselves or had been merely of one of coruse but the word taking care of the sign (swelling) of the sign (swelli used in the original can perfectly well to the cause. What are you doing? buzzing and her heart heavier than a be translated "dish," and don't you are you neglecting yourself by wear. hotel mouse's ought to be. She went think that's a good way to translate ing a truss, appliance, or whatever back to her own chamber, without the "One dish, or its equivalent, and the truss is only a make-shift-a false She slowly took off her gray overpeace and quiet and the chance to prop against a collapsing wall—and garment. Then, seating herself at her enjoy every minute of Miss Potter's cannot be expected act as more table, she re-read her brother's letter. visit!" exclaimed Beth. "Well, Aunt than a mere mechanical support. The She had laughed at it a few minutes Nan, you can tell Dr. Patterson that binding pressure retards blood circu- before. But now-now, as if some that advice sounds good to a poor lation, thus robbing the weakened mysterious hand guided her, she took muscles of that which they need most up a pen and answered:

so very wonderful," said little Sammy, vited to make a test "ight in the side of the wall she could hear the reafter his mother had been telling him privacy of their own home. The gular breathing of the little sub-lieuthe story of their invention. "Teacher PLAPAO method is unquest!onably tenant. How happy she was that he read about one in the Bible the other the most scientific, logical and suress still had his 600 francs! "In the Bible?" exclaimed his moth- world has ever known. ful self-treatment for rupture the So the die was cast. She was go-

us that Esau sold his heirship to his slip or shift out of place, therefore that miracle. Honest! She look I at cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet herself in the mirror. It seemed to -easy to apply-inexpensive. To be her that she already had a different

> CAN'T come down. Send your name slept the sleep of the just " and ten cents, c in or stamps, to-day, to PLAPAO CO., 765 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., for trial Plapa and the E'erhants continue growing for

THE HOTEL MOUSE By G. Bruno-Ruby

Translated by William L. McPherson

A mouse—the word always evokes the image of a lively little creature. sprightly and also young. And, after all, why should a mouse always seem

young? The one of which I speak was not young. She was a big mouse, a mouse who nibbled at other things than crusts of bread.

This mouse was named Lea Vernes, and she made her way at night into hotel rooms to rob travelers. She was forty years old-an age which ought to be that of wisdom, but she had always been idle, horribly idle, and, as every one knows, idleness is the mother of all the vices.

That evening she had arrived at the Terminus Hotel in the city of X-She had taken the only vacant room, a room on the sixth floor (a floor occupied by less prosperous people, which was hardly a good thing for her business), and she was reading with bursts fo laughter a letter which she had just received.

This letter was from her brother, a brave and generous-minded man. He was the only one of the family who had not called her to account, who did not wish to guess what she was doing. who struggled to believe her honest He told ber that he had been appointed chief of a department in the establishment in which he had been working for the last fifteen years, and that he had an excellent situation for

An excellent situation. She laughed again, shrugged her shoulders, took her bunch of keys and her lamp and consulted her watch. One o'clock struck in a neighboring belfry. Putting on a protective over-garment of gray linen-a hotel mouse in heart and soul-she left the room. She was going to lay her hands in a few min utes on as much money as she would probably have to work a year for with her honorable brother. A hotel door is generally not diffi

cult to open. This one made hardly any resistance. Slipping through the opening Lea listened intently. She could hear a man breathing with restful regularity. She closed the door and cut the electric wiring. The room was exactly like her own. She walked straight to the mantel-piece, where men prefer to leave their pocketbooks and their jewelry. But the mantelpiece was bare.

Lea began to be annoyed. The breathing continued, tranquil and regular. The sleeper surely must have an easy conscience. She resumed her search, examining the baggage rack. A bag was there-a simple bag Nearby some clothes were carefully laid over a chair-a uniform and modest linen.

"An officer," Lea said to herself. "Not much to hope for."

She approached the bed (the moment to administer the chloroform had come) and leaned over the sleeper. The officer had blond hair, a boyish face, shaved like an Eton scholar's, and, in his sleep, all the charming abandon of adolescence. Lea drew back a trifle, the chloroform still in

"A little sub-lieutenant," she mur Then she noticed on a smal table

by the bed 600 francs in bank notes, a watch and a time-table. "He arrived here," she thought; "he

came to the first hotel, near the station, and here is his pay." She bent down again over the

sleeper. What confidence, what hardihood, in that clear countenance, and what beautiful honesty, also! She Lea, with her forty years, could have had, if she had not gone wrong, a son of that age, a handsome and charming boy like this one! She recoiled again.

This young man evidently was not rich. She was going to rob him in cold blood, deliver him over, on his arrival at his garrison, to difficulties, 7,000 Annually to humiliations, perhaps to despair! She looked again at the bare room, Seven thousand persons each year the simple wardrobe, the worn travel-

"You are very good. I agree to "I don't think flying machines are every trues sufferer in the land is in She signed her name. On the other

ing to become honest again and it "Oh, yes!" replied Sammy. "She told closely to the body cannot possibly pure face which had accomplished The PLAPAO PAD when adhering was the mere sight of a young and First Scholar - "Who was Nero, sleep. No stra , b. kles or spring. She went to bed, full of a light-heart-Second Scholar — "No. That was ing as nature intended so the ruptur and without booty, the hotel mouse

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## Woman's Sphere

rule enough. The hope that the ro- lunch or dinner. At table she would message, doesn't she, that poor disthemselves into an endless romance. course was set in front of her. Then, fact.' And to this are added practical con- suddenly realizing that her plate was siderations. Thus, for instance, pe- full, she would push it across the table 'Why, Dr. Patterson, I thought the cuniary worries may easily become the causes of divorce, for it makes, of course, a difference whether one

or two persons shall be supported. The first child, too, often makes a husband who does not possess sufficient income cannot always content himself with the wife's great interest in the child, for he realizes that he no longer means everything to his

A New Light on Martha.

"Aunt Nan," said Beth, "I'm beginning to feel very sympathetic toward Martha, the sister of Mary. I just had to run over for a few minutes and talk about it."

Aunt Nan smiled understandingly. "Miss Potter s going to stay with you girls during the conference, isn't she? And you and Nell don't quite agree about the way to entertain her? Perhaps Nell even refuses to cook and dust quite as much as you think is necessary?"

"No-o, not exactly. Nell does what for Five Dollars. Ask your Druggist I ask her to do, though she always or mailed direct from says it isn't necessary to do so many things and sorve so many courses and all that. Howestly, Aunt Nan, sometimes I think that Nell has no sense New Zife Remedy Company of duty toward a distinguished guest. And she quotes the story of Mary and Mactha, and to do I. I've always had Keep Minard's Lipiment in the house.

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> "Dig Potato The tramp

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