

## THE OLD DOCTOR'S WIFE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

UP IN the old doctor's library, kept with loving care just as he left it when he went on the long journey ten years before, crouched an old woman, with gentle but haggard face. More than one friend of the old doctor's wife had begged her to spend the day with them, thinking to save her some of the anguish of the sale. But the old woman was positive in her refusal. She must stay at home, she said, to see that no harm came to any of the treasures and to bid them good-by and to know into whose care they were going.

"Going—going!" called the auctioneer. "Why, gentlemen, it's ridiculous! That desk is worth \$40, if it's worth a cent. Offer something in reason."

"Five dollars," said a voice in the doorway.

"Five dollars and ten cents," rasped a harsh voice quickly.

The old woman shivered. She had heard that rasping voice many times during the day, from one room to another, and now it had come to the doctor's loved library, where she was crouching. Giles Cady in his very young days had entered her husband's employ as office boy, then had studied medicine with him and finally been taken into partnership. In those days Doctor Brooks had been considered very well-to-do, and Giles Cady had nothing. Giles Cady was now well-to-do, and it was he who was closing out the doctor's wife under a mortgage for some money the doctor had borrowed.

"Going—going," repeated the auctioneer: "going—"

"Six dollars," from the doorway.

"Six-ten," rasped Giles.

A quick step came up the stairs and along the hall into the library and its owner glanced around. Then he walked straight to the old doctor's wife.

"I reached town only an hour ago, Mrs. Brooks," he said in a low voice, "and just heard. I came straight here. I'm sorry. Isn't there something I can do?"

"Not a thing, Harry," smiled the old woman, the tenderness returning to her eyes. "Just your coming has made me feel better. The doctor loved his young people, as he called them, and you were one of his favorites."

"He saved my life when I had that fever," said the young man in a troubled voice. "He sat up with me at least half a dozen nights in succession. I wish I could—"

"Going—going—going," singsonged the auctioneer. "Why, gentlemen!"

"Six-fifty," from the doorway.

"Six-sixty," snapped Giles.

"Twenty-five dollars," called the young man sharply.

All in the room turned quickly. The auctioneer smiled. Giles glared.

"Twenty-five-ten," he yelled.

"Thirty," Giles stamped across the room.

"What do you mean, sir—what do you mean?" he spluttered.

"Why, that I may get the desk, of course. What did you mean by bidding against the others? You wanted the desk, too, of course. It's really a very valuable article. I believe the doctor was your benefactor, though, so naturally you want it."

Giles half opened his mouth, as though to make some angry retort. But the room was watching and he forced a sickly smile to his face and turned away.

"Thirty-ten," he muttered.

"Thirty-five."

"Thirty-five-ten."

The young man looked at his companion with an amused smile, in which was wonder at the manner of his competitor's bidding. Giles' reputation did not lean that way.

"Forty."

"Forty-ten."

"Forty-five."

"Forty-five-ten."

The room's amusement had changed to amazement. What did it mean? There evidently was something behind it all, for Giles was not a man to throw away even a cent.

"Fifty."

"Please, Harry," whispered Mrs. Brooks. "You've goaded him far enough. The desk is invaluable to me, but couldn't be to Giles. I don't understand."

Harry nodded, and when the savage "Fifty-ten" came, remained silent.

At the "Gone to Giles Cady," the new owner sprang forward and began to open drawer after drawer in his evident anxiety, seemingly forgetful of the onlookers. The old doctor's wife watched him curiously.

"Nothing there, Giles," she called, "except in the third drawer from the right, which has several of the doctor's letters. I meant to have taken them out, but neglected it. You may hand them to me now, as they are of no use to you."

"I bought the desk, which means everything about it," Giles retorted ungraciously.

He pulled out the third drawer and took from it several letters, which he examined carefully, opening and shaking them out and looking into the envelopes. Then he tossed them contemptuously to the old woman.

"Take 'em if you want 'em," he rasped. "They're no good."

He was beginning to recover his composure now that the desk seemed

to be empty. And, besides, he was becoming conscious of the curious and even suspicious glances of those around. He laughed constrainedly.

"Just looking to see if the drawers pull in and out easy," he muttered.

"I'm sorry you can't find what you are looking for, Giles," spoke up the woman quietly. "I remember now that you came here right after my husband's death and insisted on searching the desk for some papers that belonged to you. I refused, because I haven't trusted you for a good many years. But I looked the desk through and there was nothing in it belonging to you. Several times since then you have tried to get into the room and once when you thought I was away. But, unfortunately, I happened to be sleeping in this very chair and awakened in time to frighten you off."

"I thought some of my papers were here and as you wouldn't give 'em up I meant to get 'em," rasped Giles doggedly. "The doctor must have burnt 'em when he destroyed a lot of his bills before he died. He always was a shiftless old fool that way."

"Stop!"

Giles quailed under the scorn of her voice.

"I don't want you to allude to my husband in any way, Giles," she went on. He made you—or, I mean, he tried to, and failed—and, in some way I do not understand, all the misfortunes have come through you, directly or indirectly. After the sale is over I suppose this house will belong to you and the instant it is legally so I shall go out and I hope we shall not see each other again."

"With all my heart," grinned Giles, maliciously, "and I wish I had my money back so you could take this old box along."

The young man had been watching him keenly, with a curious light coming to his eyes.

"You don't want the desk?" he asked, with an appearance of carelessness.

"No, I don't," shortly. "I'd give a whole dollar to back out. I was just excited."

"All right," said the young man looking toward the auctioneer. "I'll go the fifty and ten and take the desk. Now I want you to hold the auction a few minutes. I may be mistaken, but I believe there is something behind this. I have a friend who has a desk exactly like this, and he showed me a number of secret drawers about it. I have an idea this desk has the same secret receptacles."

He stepped toward the desk and at the same moment Giles Cady sprang forward.

"Don't you touch that desk," he threatened. "It's mine, and—"

"Hold this fellow back, some of you, for a few minutes," the young man requested.

The auctioneer stepped in front of Giles. "Better stand quiet a little while," he advised. "I'm working for you. I know, but you've been acting sort of funny, and folks won't stand too much, specially as everybody likes the old doctor's wife. Now you can go ahead," to the young man.

The young man slipped a hand in under one of the larger drawers and touched a spring somewhere, and instantly from that seemed solid wood a little drawer shot out. Giles saw it and his beady eyes began to blink with something that might have been apprehension.

In the drawer were several letters. The young man glanced at the outside of the envelopes and his eyes grew tender. He carried them to the old woman.

"They are yours," he said in a low voice, "written to the doctor before your marriage, I think."

He went back to the desk and again slipped his hand in behind somewhere, and another tiny drawer slid out filled with papers. The young man glanced over them rapidly and passed one to the auctioneer. Giles made a grab for it, but was pushed back by one of the strong hands of the auctioneer, while the other held up the paper. As he read it the auctioneer's lips pursed themselves into a whistle, and he strode to one of the windows, which was open. People below were carrying out some of the things they had purchased.

"Hi, there!" yelled the auctioneer, loudly. "Put everything back in its place. The whole auction's off." Then he went back into the room.

"W—what's the matter?" blustered the rasping voice of Giles, trembling in spite of his efforts at bravado.

"What right have you to call my auction off?"

The auctioneer only granted contemptuously.

"Just this right, Giles," said the young man, sternly. "That paper I gave the auctioneer is your receipt and cancellation of the mortgage in full, so this house and all its contents belong to Mrs. Brooks. Besides all this, I have several papers here, receipts and other things which involve you pretty seriously. I should judge. Now, I know Mrs. Brooks wouldn't want to prosecute anybody, but I shall take this into my own hands, as the doctor's friend. However, I will compromise with her gentleness by giving you just twenty-four hours to make restitution of everything. You know what it all is without my explaining. Now go!"

Giles slunk from the room. The young man went to the old doctor's wife and took her hand.

"I am glad," he said, "more than I can tell at the way things are coming out."

"And I am glad, too," she returned, her eyes shining, "not so much for myself, for I shall be going to the doctor pretty soon. But he would rather have it this way."

## Youthful Note in New Sheer Velvet

### Black Is Favorite for Both Formal and Informal Appearances.

There is a possibility that youth will be stressed even in a season where the formal note is used to denote all that is chic. Simplicity in the costumes, while not always the dominant note, is one that is not being neglected for the person who wears and looks best in the frock of youthful charm and simplicity.

Black velvet happens to be one of the season's favorite fabrics. It appears in many costumes for both formal and informal appearances. There are dresses of black velvet that spell almost severe outlines and the simplest of details in the matter of trimming. And there are, too, costumes of black velvet that may be seen for the most formal of parties. Rhinestones, laces and appliques do their utmost to make effective the formal frock of black velvet.

The youthful note that is so very smartly inspired in many of the new frocks obtains its charm through simplicity of line and of trimming. There is an absence of panels, side fullnesses and points and rather a stressing of the slender silhouette.

Virginia Lee Corbin, the moving picture actress, a type demanding



Frock Buttons Down Front and Around the Collar.

simplicity in all her clothes, has selected a frock of charming lines in the new sheer velvet. Its buttons down the front and around the collar and cuffs are its only trimming. The black is particularly effective to the very blonde prettiness of Miss Corbin in the picture "No Place to Go." Miss Corbin wears this costume as well as several others indicating the new mode in winter clothes.

## Flashes of Fashion of Interest to All Women

Chartreuse and yellow greens, as well as aquamarine shades, are among the interesting new color developments.

Vionnet has scored with English wool coats and dresses.

Black taffeta dance and dinner dresses often are draped to one side and ornamented with a huge choux of silk.

Badger and natural lynx, racoon and furs in soft or creamy tans and browns are much in evidence on coats.

While a certain amount of gray fur is used, it is brown fur that is important.

Marten, sable, fox, and other animal scarfs are joined and used for elongated collars, or worn as separate neck pieces.

Suede shoes, especially browns, have been revived and are worn with fur coats and with stockings blending with brown fur.

Feather flowers have burst into mass popularity.

Turbans again. Also a revival of cuff bands for evening wear.

## Cloth Made Moth-Proof by Many Manufacturers

Clothes moths really do have a hard time chewing up woolen cloth and other fabrics of animal origin that have been impregnated with one of the various moth-proofing solutions now in wide use according to Dr. E. A. Back of the bureau of entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is misleading, however, to offer an absolute guarantee of protection, he states, and the common method of merely spraying the fabrics confers but little protection. The only way to do the job thoroughly is to wet the cloth while it is in the whole piece, and many manufacturers have installed special machinery for this purpose.

## Unpressed Plaits

An egg-plant purple velvet dress has a surplice bodice and irregular panels to the skirt which leaves its deep plaits unpressed to simulate gathers.

## Old-Fashioned Muff Is Sponsored by Actress



Dolores Costello, charming "movie" star now making "Glorious Betsy," is sponsoring the comeback of the good old-fashioned muff. With a velours suit with a large ermine collar, the muff of velvet and ermine makes an attractive accessory which is practical as well as smart.

## Thin Design and Weave Important in Stockings

Stockings no longer are selected with attention only to color and weight, but now must be considered as well for thin design and weave. They have responded to the trend of all fashions toward lively embellishment, with the result that they have to be chosen more carefully than ever to suit the rest of the costume.

In hosiery for evening wear at the moment, the open-work meshes are much in demand, especially those that show an almost infinitesimal dot in the center of each tiny web, and have in addition a very slender and graceful clock extending well up on the leg. Another sheer stocking is made with a lace knee design, which, though it is produced in weaving the silk, looks more like an insertion of real chantilly lace, when especially made in black.

The short skirt, no doubt, has inspired the idea for another style, in which a fancy banding is brought out in a jacquard design just below the knee. Some of these designs are two or more inches wide and terminate in an open work pattern covering the knee joint. In another design of this style, in the composition of which the shoes seem to have had a say, there are deep ankle insertions worked out in oblongs. One side of these is bordered by very narrow cloaks, which end in a small replica of the original motif.

For those who prefer their stockings without tracery, there are very sheer designs in gossamer weaves, with and without cloaks. Cloaks, by the way, are a trifle wider.

## Paris Adopts Wooly, Gay Togs for Winter Sports

Fuzzy and bright are words to reckon with in picking a winter sports costume. Paris insists on one or both elements in the togs for skiing, tobogganing, skating, curling, mountain climbing and all the other "ings" of the snow countries.

Long knickers which tuck into gaiters are the universal choice for snow sports. Paris shows them in fleecy navy blues, dark browns and dark greens with fleecy-lined jackets in bright checks, plaids or stripes, to match. Under the jacket is a pull-over sweater.

Aviation helmets are advocated for winter sports wear by some outfitters and are shown in a variety of colored leathers.

## Cardigan Sweater Has Grown Into Real Coat

The cardigan sweater has graduated. It is now a coat. More than one house is making spring coats exactly like cardigans, elongated to dress length, fashioned of the woolens, and lined with finely printed silks to accompany matching silk dresses.

The actual line of the cardigan remains unchanged. It is like the plain, collarless sweater which for the last few seasons has been made of jerseys, silks and other fabrics to match the dress with which it is worn.

The plain band which takes the place of a collar extends to the hem of the coat, and is sometimes without buttons or buttonholes.

## Silk Patches

Perfectly good new silk is cut up and made into the loveliest patch work comforters. Silk of all different colors, patched as neatly and primly as your great grandmother might have done it, the patches are then stitched together and then made up with a light puffing of down or cotton, so that the result is soft and attractive.

## A Wife's Transformation

The Story of the Comeback of a Woman Gone to Seed  
By Mary Culbertson Miller

### INSTALLMENT XI

#### Right Walking.

WALKING is being made fashionable to some extent by our golfers. But that was not the reason it intrigued Helen Crane for she had no acquaintance with a mashie. That, and taking up her dancing again were among the million things she intended to do in that new life that she had lifted the corners of the veil to peep into.

Fatigue was felt by Helen because she didn't know how to walk—she was throwing her body out of poise. A person's walk may be as individual as his face. Many times you've heard yourself say, "I recognized her by her walk." That, of course, might be a tribute or just the reverse.

"Right walking is beneficial," said the rhythm instructor, engaged by Miss Whyte for her special client.

"No other exertion is as invigorating and restorative for taut nerves. Besides, the harmonious play of muscles infuses a grace and litheness that has a mental effect as well as physical.

"The blood is awakened from its sluggish sleep and courses actively through the smallest veins, strengthening your body, giving health to your nerves and causing you to sleep soundly and restfully. I should advise you to select some interesting stretch and forget that you have a purpose in walking, Mrs. Crane—lose yourself in the fun of watching people around you. One should walk three or four miles a day for the sake of both body and nerves."

"I try to walk three miles a day since I've begun this course." An approving nod to that.

Preliminaries to Right Walking.

"I think first we'll try a little limbering up, Mrs. Crane. Your joints are probably a little stiff. Now then—raise one foot at a time from the floor and shake it gently from the knee. Stretch it around and around extending the toes until every joint and muscle comes into play." Watch in hand, "Rest a moment, and we'll try it again." Twenty minutes later,

"I think that will do. Now—we'll take a free firm stride, balancing the upper part of the body, alternately upon each hip—without rolling the hips.

"All right! Now, give a slight impetus forward from the ball of the foot. In this way the weight of the body is not felt. Your leg should be held straight but not stiff, there being a slight give at the knee; and the foot and heel should touch the ground almost together. Naturally the shoulders will have a slight movement, but avoid the awkward shoulder motion—churning, that you so often see. Avoid any affectation—there is so much of it these days. The arms may sway with the natural motion of the body, but be careful not to swing them as if they were pendulums.

"Please step on a crack of the floor, Mrs. Crane. Imagine this to be the stem of a fern. Nature has given the leaves perfect spacing. Concentrate on that. Now place your feet beside it in the relation of the leaves and the stalk. The heel the point of attachment, and the rest of the foot deviating slightly from the straight line. Let's practice up and down the room slowly and then quickly. Remember that in your walks," she said.

"You are doing splendidly. Now, we'll shift the weight of the body to the right foot and take a little two-step on the ball of the foot. Now shift the weight of the body to the left, and do the same thing with that foot. Please continue to shift the body from one foot to the other and take little two-steps for lightness and balance."

After a prescribed period the instructor, crossing to her desk, said: "Come over here and sit down, if you please. I want to talk with you for a few minutes. We have a schedule to arrange and we must fit these walks in with your other exercises. We can't have you doing too much."

Care of the Feet After Walks.

"Tell me about your feet—do they give you any trouble at all?" inquired the instructor.

"I have corns."

"If they are in an advanced stage I would advise you to visit a chiropodist. Home treatments in such cases are seldom satisfactory. In two or three treatments these specialists will evict these disturbers of the peace and guarantee that there will be no replacement.

"The more the feet are bathed and rubbed, the better their condition and the shapelier, and the less their tendency to enlarge. Special attention should be given them two or three times a week. Callouses should be gently scraped with a pumice stone, and then protected by a perforated plaster. The nails should be cut straight across. The slightest break in the skin caused by paring a nail too closely should be immediately bathed in an antiseptic lotion so as to prevent any infections."

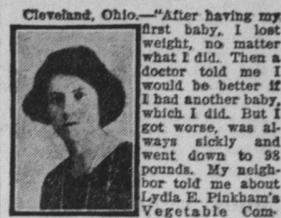
"I'm ready to drop when I return from any walks," Helen smiled.

"It's rather a good thing to do, to rub the soles with a slice of cut lemon after you've given them a warm bath. Then throw yourself on the bed, face down, and rest your feet, soles up. The warm baths are always refreshing."

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## SHE WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE

Down to 98 Pounds—Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Cleveland, Ohio.—"After having my first baby, I lost weight, no matter what I did. Then a doctor told me I would be better if I had another baby, which I did. But I got worse, was always sickly and went down to 98 pounds. My neighbor told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it helped her very much, so I tried it. After taking four bottles, I weigh 116 pounds. It has just done wonders for me and I can do my housework now without one bit of trouble."—Mrs. M. RIZENBERG, 1904 Nelson Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

If some good fairy should appear, and offer to grant your heart's desire, what would you choose? Wealth? Happiness?

Health! That's the best gift. Health is riches that gold cannot buy and surely health is cause enough for happiness.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound may be the good fairy who offers you better health.

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Liquid or Tablets. All Dealers

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Boschee's Syrup

has been relieving coughs due to colds for sixty-one years.

Soothes the Throat

loosens the phlegm, promotes expectoration, gives a good night's rest free from coughing. 20c and 50c bottles. Buy it at your drug store. G. G. Green, Inc., Woodbury, N. J.

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"Pricing things."

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Severe Head Colds and Sinus Trouble

THE MOST ANNOYING OF ALL AILMENTS

Any stuffy nose from a cold that does not clear up in a few days produces Sinus trouble. Some sinuses are large cavities in the nose, others are small (like honeycombs), and when a cold gets into them it causes pain, or pressure in the eye balls, over eyes, in temples, and back of head, fullness in ear, and mucus dripping in throat. This leads to a tickling cough, sore throat, head noises, and catarrhal discharges, due to improper drainage. To clear this up use CAMPHOROLE, and inhale according to directions.

CAMPHOROLE opens up the nose, and gets into the sinuses, killing the germs that multiply by millions in those stuffy cavities, reduces the inflamed swollen mucous membranes, and gives good drainage for the discharge. This is what every specialist tries to obtain in order to get results. It is impossible for germs to live in the antiseptic vapors produced by CAMPHOROLE. Keep a jar handy and use at the first sign of a cold.

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