

Revolution



on our Main Street

GIVE a thought to Main Street as you scan today's headlines!

All the world's excitement isn't in Europe.

For, in our own town . . . and towns like it clear across the country . . . there's a daily revolution going on. Changes in dress styles and food prices . . . the rise of a hat crown . . . new kinds of furniture . . . bargains in cars, hardware, furniture . . . these matters vitally affect our daily living . . . And the news is ably and fully covered in advertisements. Here, in concise, meaty form home town dealers in world's goods tell you what's new, what's good . . . and how to make your dollars S-T-R-E-T-C-H.

Smart people who like to be up-to-the-minute in living and local news, follow the advertisements as closely as headlines. They know what's doing in Europe and America and right at home . . . but they also know where money buys most!

Mrs. Wilkinson's Way Out

By CORONA REMINGTON
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MRS. WILKINSON was a cheerful soul in spite of her affliction, and was by no means disheartened when the agent for the little house she rented told her that she would have to get out or pay in advance, now that her husband was dead.

"Law, now, Mr. Dobbs," she smiled as she took her crutches from under her arms and dropped into a chair. "It would be just as easy for me to pay in advance as it would for me to pay in six months, far's that concerned, 'cause I can't do either. I haven't got a thing in this world except some bills for poor Jim's last sick spell, an' his lodge is goin' to pay them, Lord bless 'em."

"Well, you know, Mrs. Wilkinson, it isn't my house, or I'd say stay where you are, but an agent has to carry out the wishes of his clients."

"Oh, I'm not blamin' you at all. Fact is, I'm not blamin' anybody. That's all right. I'll look around and try to think up somethin' I can do. If you could give me a week—"

"Why, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, what could you do, crippled as you are?" He was plainly shocked.

"That's what I got to think out," she said calmly. "An' I reckon I'm not on charity yet."

The agent ignored her words and raising his hat walked out the front door of the shabby little four-room house.

"Lord, that vine out there's like a child to me. Won't nobody love it the way I do, an' my canna bed an' all the work I done inside this house. Me an' Jim put that wallpaper on—every bit of it." Her eyes swept the familiar walls at a glance. She felt a warm tear rolling down her cheek.

"Myra Wilson, you're gittin' plumb sorry for yourself," she said it with vehemence of one addressing another person, a habit she had formed through nearly 40 years of days spent alone. "Now, the Lord is the home He meant you to have, so get to work and find a way o' keepin' it."

Children playing in the street stopped and called a friendly greeting to her. Strangers passed and looking up and seeing her sitting there apparently so calm, smiled unobtrusively. She was such a pleasant sort of person.

A young couple, evidently from the country, strolled by looking long at the waving wisteria blooms and then at Mrs. Wilkinson and the neat little house. She watched them out of sight and wondered who they were. About five minutes later they came down the street again and this time they stopped, and coming up her steps asked politely for a glass of water. Mrs. Wilkinson liked them at once.

"You'll have to step in the kitchen and get it yourself, honey. I'm a cripple an' I can't get up to move. Glasses in the kitchen cabinet, up in the right hand corner. Ain't been in town long, have you?" she asked when they came out again.

"No," said the girl; "we—we're—we slipped off an' got married last Tuesday, an' Will's got a job at the foundry, an' I'm goin' to work at the ten-cent store. If we could only find a place to stay where we wouldn't have to pay too much . . . Boardin's so high," she ended sadly.

It was then that an idea popped full-fledged into Mrs. Wilkinson's head.

"Why couldn't you let me keep house for you an' you stay here?" she asked excitedly. "I wouldn't charge you nothin' 'cept the house rent an' what I'd eat. The rent's only \$12 a month."

"I think it would be wonderful," said the girl, "but we'd have to pay you something."

"Lan' now, child, hush. We'll start thataway anyhow, an' when your husband gits a raise we can talk about somethin' else. Just step right into the bedroom to the left and lay off your things an' then we can see about gettin' supper. I expect! Will'll have to go get some steak an' butter. I got everything else! an' a cherry pie already baked."

The girl joyfully threw her arms around the older woman's neck.

"Mother Wilson," she said softly, "I been so lonesome since I left home with nothin' but strangers everywhere, an' now I know I'm goin' to be happy."

Largest Army Establishment
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