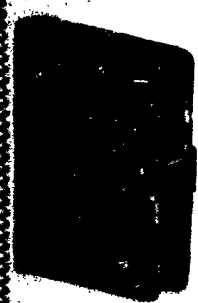


FRANK J. STUPP, 37 CLINTON AVENUE NORTH



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**MYSTERY OF A LABORATORY**

When I was a young woman I was a seamstress in the family of Doctor ... who was one of the most prominent and ablest doctors in Philadelphia; his home was a three story house in Walnut street below Tenth and was built as were most of the houses at that time with a back stairway which practically cut the house in two. On the second floor was a large bathroom and adjoining this the doctor had a smaller room fitted up as a laboratory. There were three rooms on the upper floor, one mine, the other two occupied by the cook and housemaid.  
Like most young girls I was intensely afraid of the laboratory, and usually ran past it, holding my breath and keeping my eyes shut tight; the older women had told me tales of the gruesome contents of the bottles and jars on the shelves, of the skeleton of a man hanged in Moynessing, of skulls of notorious criminals and the thousand and one things that only mean horror to a young girl. Only once did I look into this chamber of horrors, and that was on a clear winter's afternoon, when I had run upstairs for something forgotten. But all I saw then was a detached bath tub which stood near a door on the opposite side of the room. This door, I learned, opened on a narrow staircase which ran down the opposite wall of the house into the yard.  
When I reached my room at night I was usually too tired to worry much about what might be going on in the room below me. One night in the winter I was even more than usually tired. I locked my door as usual, fastened my one window, which looked into the yard, turned out the gas and got into bed. I had not slept long when I heard some one call, "Mary! oh, Mary!" In such a troubled voice that I thought it must be the cook or housemaid taken suddenly ill. I jumped out of bed and answered, "Yes, I'm coming!" "What's wanted?" I opened my door and looked into the hall, but could see no one; nobody was about on my floor.  
I decided I had been dreaming, went into my room again, fastened my door and got into bed, determined to go to sleep at once. I lay with my face toward the wall when some insistent and irresistible force compelled me to turn toward my door. A light was always burning in each hall of the house and there was sufficient coming through the window over my door for me to see clearly all the familiar objects in my

room. As I looked I saw distinctly a woman standing as though she had just come through the door, though I knew it was locked. She had on a white bod gown, quite short (for I could see her white stockings and black cloth low shoes), a black petticoat and a little gray shawl across her shoulders. Her hair was white and her face was the most pitiful I had ever seen. It was pallid and wasted as though with a long sickness, and as I looked at her she wrung her poor, thin hands and said, "Mary, oh, Mary, don't let them!" and that was all.  
I jumped from my bed again, lighted the gas and turned to see what she wanted me to do, but she was gone. My door was fastened, so was my window and there was no other way to get in or out of my room. I again went into the hall, but it was silent and empty.  
There was no more sleep for me that night, and I determined to leave my place. Next morning I went down stairs about five o'clock, and as I passed I noticed that the door of the laboratory was open. Impelled by the same force which drew my eyes toward my door the night before, I went to the tub and looked in. And there lay the woman I had seen in my room. Save that her eyes were shut she was as I had seen her, dressed in the short white gown, the white stockings and the low cut cloth shoes with the same pitiful white face framed in white hair. I ran screaming from the room, and the cook had to call the doctor to attend me, for I went into a violent fit of hysteria.  
I left my place that day, but I have always wondered who that poor soul was. The cook said she had died of a rare disease and her body had been brought to the doctor's house for dissection. Was she dead when they brought her there and placed her in the tub and did her soul have a tenderness for the body that had cradled it so long and have a horror of its being dissected? Why had she come to me a stranger? I have never found an answer to any of these questions.  
Ice is Sacred.  
Ice is regarded with a superstitious reverence in Italy, France and England. Certain waters are not allowed to be melted or used for anything but the precious product of the water hands it out in the form of ice. Recently the London ... been clamoring for the ... some enterprising American with an ice plant. Most of the London editors are Americans or have been in America, and their palates yearn for long, cold things with a yeasty British beer.

**WOMEN OVERDO IT**

WE ARE BECOMING A PEOPLE OF HARD-HIDDEN FAULTS.  
One of the Chief Dangers of the Age—Too Many Theories of Life—The Food Faddist at Fault.  
By Roxanna Queen.  
"That poor child was washed into heaven," said a witty woman when hearing of the death of a friend's young daughter. The mother was a believer in cleanliness and little Susanne was the victim.  
"The youngster was always put in the tub morning, noon, and night, and many is the day I've known her to have four or five baths. She was a peaky little thing, sick half the time, but the doctors could not make her mother realize that keeping the pores open did not mean an orgy of bathing."  
The chief danger of the age is overdoing. We have so many theories of life that often we are worse off than without any. An overdose of anything is like an overcooked steak; the best is lost.  
Few of us realize the distinction between a good thing and a too good thing, which is one cause that we are becoming a people of hard-ridden fads.  
The woman who is too fat is told to reduce. Now, reducing is all right, but rapid flesh shedding is a disease breeder. To reduce in moderation is well; to live for reducing is a virtue overdone.  
Perhaps our fat friend is told to exercise. Does she go in for a brisk walk twice a day and gentle calisthenics morning and evening? Not she. She walks until she is ready to drop with fatigue, and bends, turns and twists like an aspiring contortionist until she loses her good looks and good health along with her flesh.  
If dieting is the order she draws no line between starving and profligate eating; wrinkles and dyspepsia follow.  
A lengthened waistline usually means a belt dropped almost to her knees in front and a figure that is a caricature in its shortness of legs.  
The food faddist is in special need of learning that well done is not overdone. Who has not been persuaded with friends who, being told that the hot water cure is the last thing in cure-alls, treat themselves like the tank of a locomotive, or who sneer at beef-eaters when they become ill with vegetarianism.  
It is well to bring up children carefully, it is overdoing to bring them up so carefully that their young lives are made miserable by

rules and regulations, and they are robbed of childhood's heritage of romping.  
The successes in life are not always the boys and girls whose parents have advanced ideas in child-training. Perfection forced into too close range has a way of getting distorted.  
A mother with ultra views of decorum was horrified to see her 15-year-old daughter smoke a cigarette and dance a skirt dance for the amusement of her friends the first time she went unchaperoned. The girl explained that was like a dervish running amuck from an overdose of goodness.  
The sanitariums are full because women do not seem able to learn that to work is well, to overwork is nervous prostration.  
Tell an indiscriminating woman that the polite hostess is never tentative to her guests, and that is the house where the guest feels like shrieking "For heaven's sake give me a minute alone!" There's nothing more tiresome than overdone hospitality.  
The crank is usually the person who overrides a good idea.  
To make pleasant remarks means popularity; to always make pleasant remarks is sycophancy or insincerity.  
Solid reading is good; never to read anything in lighter vein is to have a brain with as few high lights as a silhouette.  
To learn that well done is not overdone is the surest safeguard against life's excesses. Moderation may not be exciting, but it wears well.  
Queens Who Smoke.  
Somehow it seems unimaginable that Queen Alexandra or the German Empress or the Queen of Rumania should have taken to the "cigarette habit," to which most of the younger consorts of European rulers confess. Yet Carmen Sylva is on a list of "Queens who smoke" which has just been published, and explains that she has never yet put a poetic thought into writing without that best of nerve soothers, the cigarette, between her lips. The Dowager Empress of Russia, Queen Amelia of Portugal and the Dowager Queen of Spain are also among the smokers, and of the younger generation, the Empress of Russia, who had never smoked a cigarette before her marriage, is now probably the one whose daily allowance of cigarettes is the largest. But, then, "ladies' cigarettes" in Russia are of the mildest kind—almost as mild as chocolate limitations.  
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