INCHES FROM

The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Stinging a Stinger

I rented my house and went south.
Notified gas and water companies.
No bills were to be charged to me.
Gas company courteously changed.
Filed application from tenant.
Water company didn't.
Still sent bills in my name.
I didn't know it.
Tenant paid for a while.
Then she left for parts unknown.
I had a water bill to pay.
Another tenant rented house.
Again I notified water company.
Also tenant and agent.
Still they made no change.
I came back, found tenant gone.
Another bill was to pay.
I blew up manager of water company.
He said I had to pay.
No new application was on file.
I said, "What's that to me?
You were notified twice by mail.
Here are the carbon copies."
He said it made no difference.
My contract was on file.
I had to pay the bill.
If not water would be shut off.
That was all there was to it.
I said that wasn't square.
He called me "arbitrary and queer."
Funny about calling names.
Sometimes they fit the callee.
Oftener they fit the caller.
He called me what he was.
Like the kaiser and the Belgians.
But he held trumps.
Water company was a monopoly.
Had to take theirs or none.
So I paid.
I wanted to scrunch him.
Under my heels, like a snake.
That's what he was, a human reptile.
But I didn't.
I went to the company's president.
He happened to be human.
He didn't like oppression.
Wouldn't stand for it a-tall.
He did some telephoning.
Sent for that manager.
Fired him on the spot.
Gave him some good advice.
The Golden Rule was mentioned.
My check must be refunded.
The manager must pay it.
"Pay—then get out!" He did both.
A new manager came—a white man.
A new rule obtains now:
Courtesy and Square Dealing.
It is a different place.
I hold new ideas about monopolies.
They're not necessarily criminal.
They may even be benevolent.
Corporations can have souls.
Sort of composite-over-souls.
The officials can supply it.

Isn't it odd?
Petty men like to fire others up.
But they hate being fired.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Day Moon

By ALICE PRESTON PHINNEY

Clad in cool white, she sat on a green hill among the daisies and dreamily watched the pale day moon. An artist's portable camp stool and an easel stood beside her and in her hands was a palette, much daubed with green and yellow. The bees droned and all was sleepy and warm.

Then a man's voice quietly chimed in with her mood.

"There's a superstition about that, you know—"

"Yes?" she questioned, without moving; and then, startled, she turned to see a tanned, white flannel-clad young man standing behind her, his keen blue eyes thoughtfully considering the day moon.

"Funny so few ever write about that or paint it," he was saying. "Now I could place it over hazy hills, between columns of marble"—his long fingers tightened on the brush they held—"but that superstition—" He turned to her and she greeted him with a smile. But it was quite different from that intimate, questioning "yes." Oh, it was entirely polite, the smile was, but very cool; for the girl had come back from the white day moon to this queer old world where there are men who have been introduced; and there are others (oh, quite attractive others), who have not.

The artist laughed good-humoredly.

"I didn't come up to talk of moons," he said, "and I apologize for being so informal, but I'm painting this landscape"—his sweeping gesture took in the sunny hills and the gleaming river—"and just as I was getting it my light yellows gave out—that's the main tone—and then I saw your easel and wondered if you, being a painter, too—"

"Of course," she admitted, "light yellows. One couldn't paint without them today. But the oil tubes aren't here yet. If you'll wait—"

She motioned him to be seated.

"It's wonderful to paint," she said, as he complied.

"Isn't it, though? And on a day like this."

She nodded and sniffed the sun-scented air delightedly. "Nature's just baking," she declared; and laughed as she added. "Cooking things always smell good to me."

The artist tapped the ground with his brush. "Nature," he said, "is the one artist who is practical. There are so few like that."

In the valley below was a white church, seeming ridiculously tiny as they looked down from the hill. The wee door swung open and—

"Why, that darling white speck," cried the girl. "It's a bride! And the black speck is the groom, and all the rainbow specks are—"

The artist watched them. "From this distance," he mused, "we can suppose them the ideal couple. Mother Nature is healthy, artistic and practical. We people can all be the first and then we have our choice betwen the other two."

He had often talked on this strain at the club.

"I hope," he added, "that one of those little specks can dream to some purpose and that the other can—boil eggs. They might use the day moon," he suggested.

"Oh!" she remembered, 'the day moon! What was that superstition?"

"An old Hindu thing, I think. Your watching it so intently made me recall it. On the noon of the full of the day moon one should pray to it for his heart's desire. But he won't receive it unless it is worthy and fairly practicable. It's best to sleep with a white cat until the new crescent appears; and there ought to be some one else who wants the same thing. They could vow for the practical."

"How keen you are for the practical." She turned to look at him.

"Well, being an artist, I've had to cook for myself now and then. It makes a man think. I shall never marry an artist, while you, now, if you were to marry, some intensely practical fellow—"

Suddenly he didn't want her to marry any too intensely practical fellow. She'd not be able to talk of day moons with him.

"But maybe you're not an awfully good artist," he suggested, hopefully.

"I don't wonder our grandmothers laugh at us," she declared, rising briskly. "This way of discussing our most personal affairs in an impersonal way with utter strangers is funny."

He chuckled at her dainty decisiveness; and rising, too, "do you know I wish you weren't an artist?"

The girl was shading her eyes and looking off toward the hot, lazy river. A canoe, paddled by a strong, drab-clad woman, glided ashore. The girl smiled.

"Ah! there's Annette," she murmured.

"Annette Fraser, the artist?" he nodded.

The girl's hazel eyes doubtfully appraised the easel and stool. "I hope these are right."

She turned quizzically toward the artist. "Oh, by the way," she said; and there was amusement in her voice and yes, apology.

"You see," she waved her hand toward the canoe, "Annette paints," she paused a moment; "I'm a teacher of cooking."

Quite abruptly she sat down among the daisies and lifted her eyes to the day moon.

"No!" he exclaimed; and quite abruptly he sat down on the green-besmeared palette; but his eyes—well, he had forgotten the day moon.

Next complete novelette—"The Tomboy"

To make salads tastier and more healthful use imported
Pompeian Olive Oil

To Keep Hair Curly, Wavy and Beautiful

Here is how your hair can be curled nicely, easily and harmlessly. Before doing it up, apply a little liquid allmerine with a clean tooth brush. In three hours you will have just the prettiest curls and waves—and they will look and feel so natural you'll never think of doing without allmerine thereafter. You won't be troubled any more with hair stringing around your face—with burnt, uneven ends, nor with that dull, dead appearance. The hair will remain in curl ever so long.

Any druggist can of course supply you with liquid allmerine, and a few ounces will last you a long time. It is neither sticky nor greasy, and is really a delightful thing to use. It is doubly useful because of also serving as a beneficial dressing for the hair.—Adv.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"HOME OF THE BEARS"

By DADDY

CHAPTER III

Like Goldie Locks

Peggy, Billy, Podgie Bear, Pudgie Bear and Toddie Pupkins travel to Bearland. While Billy and the bears go ahead to scout, Peggy stays behind. She sees a little log house hidden in the bushes and creeps through a tunnel to the door. There she finds it is apparently the home of bears.

"THUS it was that Goldie Locks entered the home of the three bears," thought Peggy to herself as she stepped within the door of the little log cabin.

And sure enough, things were much as they were in the storybook tale. There were the three beds, one large, one middle-sized and one tiny. There were, too, three chairs, one large, one middle-sized and one tiny. But there wasn't any porridge to taste, as in the Goldie Locks story. Indeed, the table was bare, and so was the cupboard. No food was in sight anywhere. It was plain the bears had their meals outside, as did Podgie and Pudgie Bear, who preferred to eat their food where they found it.

"I wish they did have porridge," thought Peggy to herself, for she was beginning to feel hungry. "I believe I could eat three bowls right now."

"I wonder if the bears really sit in those chairs," said Peggy to herself. She tried the largest chair, but it was entirely too big for her. Then she tried the middle-sized chair, but her feet were still two inches from the floor. Then she sat down in the tiny chair and it just fit her. That, too, was just as it had been in the Goldie Locks story.

"Perhaps, this is the very house that Goldie Locks visited, and perhaps this is the very chair that she sat in," thought Peggy.

She settled herself more comfortably in the chair, when crack! the legs gave way beneath it, and Peggy tumbled on the floor.

"Oh, oh, and that's the way it happened in the story, too," moaned Peggy, rubbing her head where she had bumped it in her tumble. "I suppose now I should try the beds, and then run away before the bears get back home."

But when Peggy looked at the mattresses that served as beds, she didn't want to try them. They were far too untidy. Peggy herself was so neat that she didn't like the sight of untidy things, and so she set about straightening the beds. She drew them into a row, smoothed out the bumpy spots, and then swept them with a broom she found in a corner. She soon had them looking very orderly.

"Now I must hurry out of here," thought Peggy, and she ran to the door to creep back through the tunnel. But no sooner had she stuck her head into the tunnel than she heard a sniffing and snorting sound in the tunnel itself. It was made by the bears who were coming home.

Peggy jerked her head out of the tunnel and looked about for a place to hide. There was no place except in the house itself, for the bushes were so thick they made a tight wall all around. Peggy darted through the open door and crouched down behind the stove. She was so scared she would have jumped into the stove itself had it been large enough to hold her.

No sooner had she hidden herself than a bear cub came trotting out of the tunnel and into the door. He was a cute little chap and as comical as a Teddy Bear.

"My gracious, I don't have to be afraid of that tiny rascal," thought Peggy, peeking at him from behind the stove.

But behind the cub was a big bear—one as large as Podgie and Pudgie, and a lot wilder looking. And right behind the big bear was a bigger one, much larger than Podgie and Pudgie and a great deal wilder looking. It was just exactly like the Goldie Locks story.

"Goodness me, can it be that I have turned into Goldie Locks?" thought Peggy.

What happened when the bears found some one had been in their home will be told tomorrow.

The Style in Sleeves

A Daily Fashion Talk by Florence Rose

Every new variety of sleeve will be worn by milady of fashion this year. The blouse sleeves will be longer and fuller above the wrist

IT SEEMS as if we had at last come to a stage in fashion changes when we were going to pay serious attention to the cut and fashion of our sleeves. For so many seasons we have worn just straight, plain sleeves, neither very tight nor at all full, puffless and ruffleless and often even cuffless. Certainly the sewing girls in the dressmaking establishments whose special work is the finishing of sleeves have had a simple time of it.

Then a year ago the vogue for very short sleeves came and that seemed to focus thought and attention on sleeves. And now there are any number of interesting sleeve possibilities in the new clothes.

Among the great French dressmakers perhaps half have discarded the very short sleeve in favor of the very long sleeve, while half still retain it. But the fact is that the tendency is to the longer sleeve. However, there is a smartness about the short sleeve that you cannot get away from, and one of the very smartest dressmakers here feels that it would be a mistake to begin at this time to use only the very long sleeves, as American women still like the short sleeve and gain smartness by wearing them.

In the sketch today you will see at the upper left-hand side the way in which one designer is interpreting the very short sleeve. It amounts to a little sleeve cap set beneath the merest suggestion of a sleeve extension at the shoulder.

Below this is the short sleeve with a puff at the elbow—as yet seen only occasionally, but distinctly smart when it appears. The sleeve worn by the young woman in the sketch is perhaps the one that will be the most fashionable blouse sleeve. Here the fullness increases toward the lower arm, but is held in at the wrist by a graceful little cuff.

Picturesque is the three-quarter length sleeve developed in velvet to the right of the figure, that shows a flare cuff faced with white organdie, and further to the right is a full-length sleeve with flaring cuff held in place at the wrist by a buttoned tab of the material.

For the Rusty Stove or Grate

A rusty grate should be rubbed well over with paraffin, left for a day or so, and then brushed over with black lead, mixed to a rather soft paste, and left again for a day. The grate should afterward be polished in the usual way.—Modern Priscella.

The Sugar Saver among cereal foods
Grape-Nuts
No added sweetening needed.
You'll like the appealing flavor of this sugar-saving food.
SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE!

HICKORY
WAIST AND GARTERS
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS
"So much better in every way than any other my children ever have worn"

Unsolicited endorsements like the above are a natural result of the painstaking effort and thoughtful care we have tailored into this superior garment. See this beautiful waist—body made of fine mercerized sateen—you can tell at a glance that it's a better article. Will give better service and comfort. Is most economical for you to buy. All sizes 2 to 14. And, *it fits!*

The body is made of fine mercerized sateen—*wears well and washes wonderfully.* The sensible front breast strap holds the garment in position comfortably and securely; the buttons are genuine unbreakable bone. The patent pin tube attachment prevents the garter pin from breaking or bending.

The famous Hickory Garters for children are supplied with the Hickory Waist, if desired. Hickory Garters are so well known to mothers everywhere they need little comment, if any. They are guaranteed to stand the hardest strain.

You'll find them in the notions, boys' and infants' departments

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MAKERS OF
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Children's HICKORY Garters

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Jaeger Woolware
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100% PURE NATURAL WOOL

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PHILADELPHIA

Sweaters

For crisp fall days Jaeger Sweaters combine utmost in style with the warmth that only Jaeger pure wool and camel's hair can give.

Heavy sweaters for sports and tramping; lighter sweaters for mild days or indoor wear—a variety of colors including autumn shades of fawn, seal and nut brown.

Dr. Jaeger's Co.

WANAMAKER'S WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

Oil-Color Window Shades
Special at $1

In two shades of green, tan, yellow or white, the shades are mounted upon spring rollers and all the small bits of hardware are included, so that $1 fixes a window!

(Central)

Silk Crepe Shirting At $2.25 a Yard

Men and women, both, will want to take advantage of this, for it makes the toppiest shirts and best looking tailored blouses! The crepe is excellent quality, and there are plenty of stripes—black, green, rose, combinations, etc., and satin stripes. 32 inches wide.

(Central)

Special for Men
1000 Pair of Good Shoes
At $5.75 a Pair

Feel the soft, pliant leather; see the thick, serviceable soles, the low, broad heels and the comfortable toes! Good news, indeed, that such shoes can be had for $5.75 a pair.

They are of black or brown leather, with medium toes and good lines. Straight-lace style, all of them, and splendid shoes for everyday business wear.

(Gallery, Market)

Duvetyne Is One of the Fine Materials Used in These New $5 Hats

Very often the crown is of bright jade green, French blue or golden tan duvetyne, and the soft brim is of black velvet. Or the crown may be of coppery panne velvet and the brim of soft brown duvetyne; or a mole gray velvet crown and a roll brim of old blue.

Then, of course, there are scores of velvet hats in black and all the fashionable colors, trimmed with ribbons, with feathers or with bright touches of tinsel.

There are hundreds of delightful hats at this one price—five dollars—all new, all fashionable and all delightfully wearable.

(Market)

There Is a Real Advantage in Buying Your Coat Early in the Season

Besides having a wide range for your selection, you are assured of careful tailoring and painstaking workmanship of the type that is possible when the makers are not so rushed as they are later in the season.

Materials are lovelier and softer than ever, and the colorings vary from soft beaver and mole shades to ruddy browns, from dark to bright blues, and, of course, there are plenty of black coats.

Velour and Bolivia are used in the coats, which range in price from $25 to $69. Many of these coats have fur collars, others are entirely without fur. Fine wraps of Caledonia, crystal Bolivia and Chamonix are handsomely trimmed with mole, beaver, sable squirrel or raccoon and luxuriously lined. $85 to $285.

(Market)

The White-Top Shoes That the Children Like $4.35 a Pair

Gleaming black patent leather vamps and soft white leather tops in button style—oh, how proud the little girl will be when she puts on a pair of these! Any little girl who wears any size from 11½ to 2 may have a pair at this price. And all the other girls will think, "What a lucky little girl I am!"

Women's Comfort Shoes $7 a Pair

Of soft, pliable black kidskin, the shoes are made with flexible, turned soles and low heels. The shoes lace and have plain toes or tips.

Juliets of black kidskin are $4.50 a pair.

(Chestnut)

Pretty Dresses for Young Women at $16, $16.50, $17 to $25

At $16—wool jersey dresses in navy or brown are embroidered in contrasting colors and have sash belts. One is sketched.

At $16.50—navy serge dresses, cut on loose, graceful lines, have box-pleated overskirts, and the bodice of each dress is trimmed with six bands of black silk braid. The style is sketched.

At $17—charmeuse in navy or black makes a charming dress, which is also sketched. It is trimmed with silver and black braid.

Practical Jersey Frocks $16.50, $22.50 to $25

Business women and women who travel realize the serviceability of wool jersey dresses and would not be without them. The new dresses are well tailored, and many of them are finished with braid or silk embroidery.

(Market)

$16 $17 $16.50

New Navy Serge Frocks
For Schoolgirls and Juniors

Nothing seems quite so practical as serge and nothing tailors quite so well. The new navy serge dresses are delightful in their individuality.

A simple little dress of navy blue serge has a pleated frill of taffeta on the collar, and on the belt double rows of apricot and blue stitchery, done in heavy thread. In 6 to 14 year sizes at $10.75.

Another practical frock has a skirt of serge with two pockets and a washable waist of buff color Japanese crepe. $13.50. In 8 to 14 year sizes.

Two Charming Dresses

—either of which would fit and be suitable for a small woman—are of navy serge. One has a pleated skirt and an Eton jacket that is embroidered with bright silk. The other has a pleated skirt also, and is trimmed with leather and with colored stitching. Sizes 15 and 17 years. $28.50.

Velveteen

makes a charming frock for junior girls. It is in black, brown or taupe, simply trimmed with chenille embroidery. $32.50.

Serge Skirts

A pleated skirt in navy blue can be worn attached to a washable white body, or, with a belt, it can be worn separately. It will fit girls of 10 to 16 years. $7.75.

Another skirt, which is kilted on to a belt, is in 29 to 32 inch lengths at $8.75.

(Market)

New Corset Covers
Three Styles at 65c

Of white nainsook, they are trimmed with embroidery or lace.

(Central)

A New Silvertone Skirt at $6.75

It is made on the simple tailored lines that you'll see in the sketch, and can be had in navy, Oxford and Pekin blue. Many women with silvertone coats are asking for just such skirts as this.

Serge and tricotine skirts in navy blue and black are about the most serviceable skirts that women can buy. Some are box pleated, knife pleated or accordion pleated, others are plain and well tailored.

They are in regular and extra sizes, and prices range from $5.75 to $15.

If you have a dark coat and want a contrasting skirt, there is nothing so smart and so fashionable as a plaid. Beautiful colorings and soft materials distinguish them, $10.75 to $35.

(Market)