

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule By Lillian Paschal Day

A Waiter and a War Tax

I treated my niece to a sundaes. We went to Criller's, the best place. The colored waiters were all busy. One hovered over nearby tables. I noticed an odd circumstance. Three different couples had sundaes. They paid three different prices. At last the waiter came to us. I asked for a price card. "We don't change turn day to day," he replied. "That's queer—others have cards. Who does the changing? You?" He blustered. "Why you come here? This ain't no cheap place!" "Bring two maple nut sundaes," I ordered, ignoring the impudence. Each was about a teaspoonful. "Nuts were stale—couldn't eat them. Price thirty-five cents each. Used to get better for a dime. I gave the waiter a dollar. He fumbled a long time. "Oh, yes, they're a war tax," he said. "How much?" I asked. "Ten cents," he stammered. I knew the symptoms of a wanted. "My change, please!" I ordered. "Impudent waiter! Get no tips!"

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Say It With Music
By J. STUART LANE

Ursula Hastings buried her aching head deeper in the pillows and emitted a muffled groan. When, oh, when would the occupant of the room above her cease his monotonous tramp and go to bed? Two hours she had vainly tried to sleep, knowing that slumber alone would alleviate the nerve-wearing migraine, but the persistent tread over her head had thwarted her efforts.

Never before, being normally possessed of a healthy concentration of mind, had she been annoyed. Only to-night, however, how could she stop it. Suddenly, an unusually splitting truce above her temple forced inspiration and decision upon her. With one hand on her brow, she dragged herself up from her couch-by-day-bed-by-night and over to the piano, which for many hours she had labored beneath the aspiring fingers of her pupil.

Grimly she uncovered the keys. Crash—a chord. Then, determinedly accented, she pounded out:

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," on the end.

"Then she paused. Ah! Utter silence above. Then, plaintively, oh, so plaintively, Ursula's fingers slipped and tumbled in the cradle of the deep.

I lay me down in peace to sleep." Then she rose and crept back to bed. If the person had any brains her hint would have done the business. If not, she packed up her trunk and baggage and sought another apartment.

Morning brought various things—a cessation of the tapping of the other shoe. Also, a mingled emotion of chagrin and remorse for her impulsiveness of the night before. Probably the intruder had the feelings of some poor old soul afflicted with insomnia, although, she remembered the steps were remarkably new for an old man.

However, there was little chance of either one of the discovering the other's identity. And, so comforted, Ursula put on a fetching little hat with perky wings and a trim jacket with white lawn collar and went forth on an errand to the music store.

Now if it weren't for the law of chance not only would a great many authors be out of a job, but many a romance in real life would not have materialized. So let it go that it was chance and not masculine curiosity which caused Bruce Stansh to take the stairs instead of the elevator and linger in the corridor of the floor below and that, at the precise moment of his dalliance, the door of the room beneath his own opened and Ursula stepped forth, a vision to delight the eyes of any one.

Being what she was, Ursula threw never a glance the young man's way, but preceded him into the elevator and then out on to the sidewalk. It was not until she stood at the music store counter that something occurred to her, and the clerk in wondering now why the pretty customer's face was suddenly suffused with blushes. What had that young man in the elevator been whistling? Impossible! But it must have been—

"Some day—some day—some day I shall meet you!"

Intuition flashed in upon her that that good-looking young man in the dark blue serge suit and quiet tie and becoming hat was the man she had been silenced by music, and now he was "talking."

All of which went to prove two things. First, that the young man was acquainted with something more than the popular jazz tunes of the day; and second, that Ursula was one of those truly feminine creatures who can, without glancing at him, size up a man's clothes, good looks and philosophy of life.

Some evenings later Ursula sat at the piano playing idly. She was thinking of the case with which she had put a stop to the overhead promenade, and she was wishing there were some proper way in which she could signify that, if the man got any enjoyment out of it, it really did not ordinarily trouble her. From the fact that he ran a typewriter occasionally, she inferred that he did reporting or writing of some sort or other, and it was quite possible his thoughts flowed more freely while he was on his feet.

Suddenly, noiselessly, the window at her fire escape opened and in stepped

The Question Corner

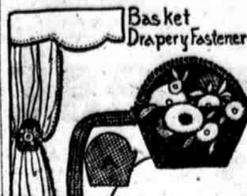
- Today's Inquiries
1. What government position, open to women, is interesting to those who took up occupational therapy during the war?
 2. By what simple method can your latch key be conveniently and permanently attached to your handbag?
 3. In what dainty design is a novel pillow of the round type made?
 4. What substitute can be used by the bride who finds a mahogany dining-room table too expensive at first?
 5. Describe an easily made blouse that is very stylish with a suit.
 6. What will make a mask for the peridot or clown costume which will completely disguise the wearer without the necessity of painting the face?

Yesterday's Answers

1. A hanging bookcase can be painted white and hung in the kitchen for preserves, lids, plates and odds and ends.
2. Taffeta is a popular material for doors and window curtains.
3. When a silk sewing bag wears out in the middle embroder a panel of silk that narrows at the top, and sew it over the worn place.
4. A long narrow mirror is cracked near the top, paste a piece of passe partout just below the crack and fill in the space with a picture either pasted or painted on.
5. Paraffin will mend a leak in a refrigerator wall temporarily.
6. A warm, comfortable rug for a boy's room can be made by dyeing a blanket that has worn thin in some agreeable dark shade, lining it with newspaper and facing it with coarse, strong material.

Things You'll Love to Make

Basket Drapery Fastener



It is a martial measure to the minor caresses of "Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken am I!" Over and over she played it, racking her brains for further pieces from her repertoire.

"In the prison cell I sit," came next, thrummed out impatiently. The burglar would find her possible when he reached the mantel, quickly she changed to "Speed away! Speed away!"

Bruce Stansh stood up suddenly. How oddly Miss Hastings was playing. (Oh, yes, he'd long ago discovered her name.)

"Forsaken"—"In the Prison Cell"—and now the first strains of an old revival hymn he hadn't heard for years. By George, he believed, was she trying to get a message over to him? With a dash he opened his door and made for the stairs.

He reached the room below in time to see a figure rapidly disappearing through the window, and a white and whisker girl rising from the piano stool.

"You frightened him!" she cried, "and before he found my money!"

That night, as Ursula was sinking happily to sleep, the sound of a man's deep voice singing arrested her consciousness. Some on the summer night through the open windows it floated low and tenderly.

"There's a long, long trail—" on up till the end—"the day when I'll be going down that long, long trail with you!"

Whimsically, Ursula smiled to herself.

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!" she hummed softly.

Next complete novelette—"Caleb Fliter in Stumps"

Your Window Shade

Johnny found his window shade pulled down the other day when he went into his room. With an impatient jerk he started to put it up and let some light in. But that one healthy yank did the deed—the light came in, not under but over the shade! With a sickening sound the linen pulled off the pole and fell crumpling all over Johnny's surprised, fringed head, but not much was equal to the task. With skillful fingers she tackled with little tactics and glued with strong glue to the top of the shade. It was firmly in place again on the pole. It isn't hard to fit a rod into its holders on the window frame—and without very much expense of time Johnny's shade was whole and in place again. You can do it, too, next time your Johnny-yanks too hard.

Making More Money

With "Snarks"

BUT what are they?

This, invariably, is the first question a visitor asks upon entering the little studio of Miss Mary Nichols, a woman who is making money by visualizing one of the queerest poems ever written, or, as she phrases it, "by bringing nightmares to life."

"They're snarks," is Miss Nichols's reply, and then she pauses for the next query in order, which seldom fails to be: "But what are snarks?"

"Didn't you ever read Lewis Carroll?" A nod of the head. "Don't you recall his 'Hunting of the Snark'?" A momentary look of concentration, followed by a

Adventures With a Purse

IT IS a very simple matter to find a box holding both powder and rouge, provided one wants a pretty decorative box and is willing to pay the price. But for just plain practical purposes—for carrying in one's bag, for instance, one had much rather have the quality in the rouge and powder, and not to have to pay for the fancy box. Now one shop has a counter of little cardboard boxes that are so very inexpensively gotten up they do not cost very much, yet are attractive. They are little lavender and white striped affairs, holding

Window Shades

Paint, per gallon, 65c
Wall Paper, single roll, 8c
DUDLEY'S, 52 N. 2d St.

One shop has picture frames of wood, with the easel back for table or dresser. The finish will remind you of Ciresasian walnut, only I think it is slightly lighter than Ciresasian. On the inside of the frame next to the picture is a narrow black line. The frame is very effective, and would be nice for a desk or Ciresasian dresser. The price is \$1.

One is frequently hard put to it to know what to buy as a gift for the baby. Now a gift that would be mighty nice for baby and would be appreciated by

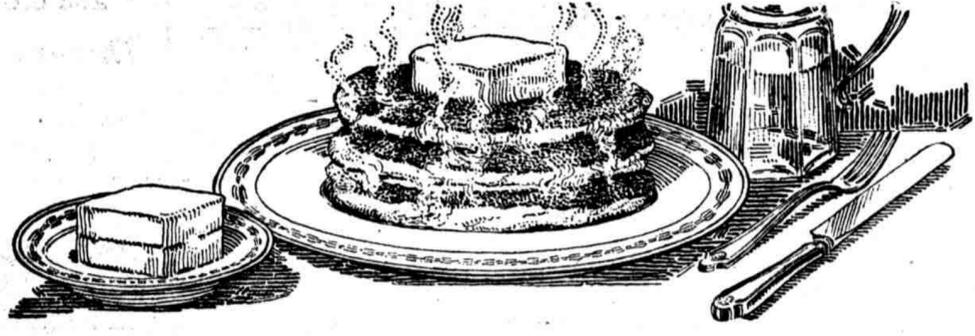
mother as well would be two or three of the little hangers. They are ever so much smaller than grown up's hangers, fitting well the shoulders of baby's coats and dresses. They come in pink or blue, and each has a cunning little laughing head painted on it. Take two or three of these and tie them together with pink or blue ribbon, and you have a very acceptable and pretty gift. They cost 30 cents each.

I do not know what your experience has been, but with me I find that the first place silk underwear begins to go is in the shoulder straps. The thin satin ribbon that comes on most emul-

Kingnut

MARGARIN

for people of taste



To make griddle cakes tender use Kingnut in the batter; to bring out their good flavor spread it on them generously.

A War Lesson and its Sequel

In war-ridden Europe, where fats were not to be had at any price, margarin saved countless thousands of lives.

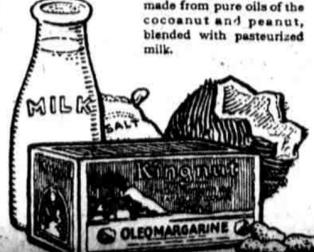
Here at home, millions of patriotic Americans learned the wholesome nourishment of margarin, and have naturally continued a delightful habit.

For once you try Kingnut on toast or griddle cakes, you would never think of giving it up even if it were not such a great economy. It is delicious, pure, and high in calories; fine in texture, and always uniform.

If you could see the spotless kitchens in which Kingnut is made, it would add to your delight in its taste. Pure vegetable oils and pasteurized milk—that is Kingnut.

Order a trial pound of your grocer to-day. Kingnut is made and guaranteed by Kellogg Products, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

For Sale by Leading Dealers
Wholesale Distributors
A. F. BICKLEY & SON
520-22 North Second St.
Philadelphia, Pa.



SMART! DOWN THEY COME!

But Prices Not Tumbling Low Enough to Match these Values

Ladies' & Misses' AUTUMN FROCKS \$22.50 up!

SMART FALL SUITS = \$32.50 =

CREDIT!
Simple, refined WEEKLY TERMS. We manufacture ALL our own Apparel, and offer them on Credit to make buying Easy.

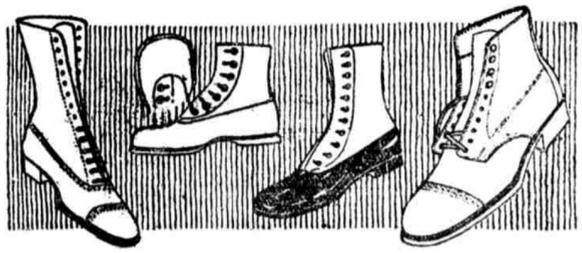
Men's SUITS & O'COATS \$35.95 up! \$39.95 up!

COLLINS STYLE SHOP
736 MARKET STREET
"We'll Trust You to Pay"

Stores Everywhere! Open Saturday Evenings Until 9:30.

There never was such an Opportunity TO SAVE ON SCHOOL SHOES for Boys, Girls and Children

And, bear in mind, every pair is regular Geuting stock, built over the famous "Shoor-Tread" last—Geuting's scientifically constructed last for growing feet.



Little Children's High Shoes	\$3.85
Children's High Shoes	\$4.85
Misses' High Shoes	\$5.85
Boys' High Shoes	\$5.85
Growing Girls' High Shoes	\$7.85

Geuting's (PRONOUNCED GYTING)
The Stores of Famous Shoes

1230 Market (First Floor)
1308 Chestnut (Third Floor)

Every Foot Professionally Fitted—Three Geuting Brothers Supervising