TRUT & TRAINER CONTRACTOR PETERSON AND and success the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1920

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A Bit o' Fluff By NOBA LYNCH

HAD you chanced on that nook unexad rubbed your eyes convinced that you ne in on the second act of "A o' Fluff." The setting was the the canopy of blue, blue sky read over the grass-green. flower totted carpet, the stile and the gnarled old tree, even to the tiny red-haired star in her blue and yellow ruffles, whon titles declared gave the piece its name At her feet gazing up at her, just as you and I watched them so often during the last six months, reclined the young he ding man, Terry West. Had you sen all this you would have held your weath, waiting for the first notes of that rquisite love song which any one, who ras any one at all, whistled or sung or You would have listened in

played, for would have intened in valo. Though the setting was the same, the lines were different. Moreover, there was a tiny pucker between Doree's arched brows, almost a petulant twist to the lovely little mouth. Terry was peaking easily, swiftly. to the lovely fittle fittle. speaking easily, swiftly. "Dorec." he finished. "It's a chance for "borec." he finished. "It's a chance for all the tawdriness. It's a chance for a little the tawdriness. It's a chance for a little he broke off. "You are going to try it with me." he said and waited. "Fipling tighity a small brown twig. "Fipling tighity as mall brown twig. "Tipling tighity as small brown twig. "Tipling tighity as small brown twig. "Tipling tighity as the brown twig. "To chan because of her, but always stayed on because of her. Suddenly she comtry, a home with her. Suddenly she badded quite a bit to her weekly stipend. "Terry, boy." she glanced at his lithe stendences from the corner of her eye. "bo cha do."

"Why?" The monosyllable was almost "Why?" The monosyllable brown twig

"Why" The monosynable was an impersonal. The little brown twig mapped in two. A pause. Doree was finding it hard to speak. Finally gazing straight ahead, ahe said: "Jere Canty's wife is getting her divorce so " she shrugged. Then, "Why did Rose Hargood give you my address " inpatiently. Her mood

Then, "Why did Rose Hargood give you my address..." impatiently. Her mood changed abruptly. "Terry, boy, I-you know how I like you-but im silk made." Her voice dropped lower. "I am so tired of cot-ton, gray, ugly cotton, which cramps youth and beauty and lowe..." "Jere Canty can give you silk," he broke in harshly. "and you will give up love for a scrap of silk," he marveled. She sprang lightly to her feet. Bal-ancing on her toes, she caught his shoulders between small white fingers. "Think as well as you can of Doree when you are 'way out West'," she whispered. The wide blue eyes, the fragrant red

whisperd. The wide blue eyes, the fragrant red mouth were very near. He was tempted to kiss that mouth 'til the white lids closed over the wide blue eyes. Instead, he thrust her roughly away and turn-ing, went down the road. Doree watco-ed him out of sight. A tiny tear coursed down her cheek. She brushed it away. Fluff has no depth. Walking hack to the house, she found herself wishing that Rose Hargood had not gone to the city; she feit in need of a confidant. Small thus change the opurse of our

she feit in need of a conditant. Small things change the course of our lives; but for that trip to the city Doree would not have been talking to Jere Canty's wife in the little sitting room of the cottage, two hours later. Curi-osity was her predominating emotion; a curiosity hidden under her most grown-up manner. Jere Canty, oil millionaire war night man about fown, with a hower night, man about town, with a boyshness his gray hair and rugged phy-ique could not altogether disguise, and his apple dumpling of a woman with er work-worn hands 'and her dowdy er work-worn othes, his wife. "Mothery, thou

othery, though," she thought wist-"I'd like to tell her about Terry

seemed the kind to come home to. Would Terry write to her? He could not have gone unless he walked; there was no frain until 9. A cold feeling was closing over her heart. "What would Marthe Caniy do if Doree should climb into that



Wouldn't you love to have a "sash-scarf"? Buy three and one-half or four yards of tulle that harmonizes in color with your new evening frock. The a few soft loops at the back of the girdle; leave two long flowing ends. After the dance throw the sash ends over your shoulders and you have the sweetest scarf to protect you from the cool eve-ning air. FLORA.



times, tended

Human Curios

hended. The convict, a man by the name of Hedgspeth, informed the warden of the prison that Holmes had outlined the whole plan to him the previous summer. offering him \$500 for the name of a lawyer "who wasn't too conscientious" Holmes had stated that he had evolved a scheme by which he could swindle a life insurance company—but he had neg-lected to pay Hedgspeth the \$500 he had promised.

Isave two long flowing ends. After the dance throw the sash ends over your shoulders and you have the sweetest scarf to protect you from the cool eve-ning alr. Summer Awnings Painted awning cloths are rapidly gaining favor on account of their smart appearance. cleanliness and durability. A finer, stronger fabric is used for paint fills the nores of the cloth, thus protecting if from the elements and pre-that is washed clean by every rain-storm. The smaller cost of the printed fabrics is therefore offset by the longer service rendered by nainted awnings. July-August Good Housekeeping.







WANAMAKER'S

him? She did not, she could not ;

all her love belonged to Terry, whom she had sent away. Somehow she found herself in Marthe's lap sobbing out the tale of Terry and the silk that would have to be cotton. Marthe's arms held her comforturate comfortingly, understan sudden the shower ceased. Sh ler feet.

ne left the room. She was back in ten inutes, a turban of crushed violets ulled down on her curis, a fuzzy yet-w coat and an overnight bag in her ms. "Tell Jere you helped me find "e," she whispered as she held up her 'e to be kissed. She thrust She thrust a s hand. "Ta into Marthe's le and she'll dress you for you honeymoon, "By," she chirped ter of skirts, the sound of t Doree had gone.

otor; Dorce had gone. Later, upon her return from the city hose Hargood found an empty house d a tiny note: "I'm going with Terry if I catch the ain. Close up this place and send me y clothes, like a duck. DOREE.

S .- How long have you known Canty?

femorrow's Complete Novelette-The House With the Green Door







The administration of Oakland Sensible Six retail sales and service in this city henceforward will be in charge of the Oakland Motor Car Company, 918 North Broad street.

This step is taken in the interest of present and prospective Oakland Sensible Six owners and to assure them of a uniform policy of attention and service behind every Oakland car that is sold.

The advantages to the public of placing this department of our business under our direct supervision are so obvious as not to need detailed mention.

It is the intention of this organization to extend to every Oakland user such prompt, courteous and competent attention as will merit his unreserved approval.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY 918 North Broad Street Philadelphia, Pa. Poplar 407.