

INCHES FROM

The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Stolen Scenarios

I wrote a movie scenario. The Footage Film editor read it. He kept it three months. Then he turned it down. But would I try again? I had great ability. I had great success. Good stories were scarce. Prices ran into the thousands. I took it to the Star Studio. They kept it three months. Then they turned it down. Same old taffy was handed out. But they had just bought a story. Curiously, it had a similar plot. Often happens, you know. There are no really new plots. The Film editor wrote it. I took another to Star first. Same thing happened, taffy, etc. I took it to Footage Film Co. Same thing happened. They'd just bought one like it. Editor of Star Film wrote it. I said I'd sue for plagiarism. They said, "Go ahead—prove it." Each was a thousand ahead. Why worry? I couldn't prove it. I knew I wouldn't sue. Lawsuits are pie for lawyers. They're dough for judges. They're indignation for litigants. They're break purses and hearts. Blind Justice is music to her. Clanking coin is music to her. So I got a job as reader. It was in a play broker's office. It was the biggest in the business.

He liked my scenarios. I worked nights over them. I combined them in a play. The broker sold it for me. Advance royalties were \$5000. Two MRS. came in one day. They were from my editor enemies. My stolen stories, of course. They were now being filmed. Stage rights were for sale. Price, \$5000 each. I kept them three months. My play opened on Broadway. It was a pinch-bitter, S. R. O. I returned both MRS. Sorry they wouldn't do. But would they try again? They had ability. (At stealing.) Good plays were scarce. Prices ran into the thousands. I sent tickets for my own play. They saw it together. They called me awful names. There was bluster about suing. I smiled provokingly: "My stories were stolen by you. Then you sold them to each other. I can prove it now. I have your selection slips—dated. I hired your filing clerks. One is now my secretary. The other is at our switchboard. What are you going to do about it?" They gasped their teeth and went.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

My Own People

By ELIZABETH V. McNAUGHT There were many things that dark-eyed Rebecca had no real worry of in her squalid little home—many things that were not at all conducive to the happiness of a twenty-year-old visionary such as she happened to be. There was Grandma Schwartz, comfortably situated with no real worry of an impoverished old age, yet forever lamenting her growing feebleness and its attendant loss of usefulness; and Grandma Schwartz, continually railing against the present generation; and last, Rebecca's father, moody and silent, constantly worrying that a likewise unwise world, just then whispering prohibition, might bring it to an issue. And he in the liquor business!

POSTUM doesn't let you down Many coffee drinkers who have tried the change to Postum feel better; and know There's a Reason

peaches all winter The only way to have this luscious fruit a year round is by preserving quantities of peaches now. Sugar is too important in your preserving to order just "sugar"—order Franklin Granulated which comes from the refinery to you untouched by hands and packed safe from flies and ants. SAVE THE FRUIT CROP The Franklin Sugar Refining Company "A Franklin Cane Sugar for every use" Granulated, Dainty Lumps, Powdered, Confectioners, Brown, Golden Syrup.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES LAND OF SURPRISES By DADDY

CHAPTER II The Magic House Peggy's eyes grew big in dismay as she looked at the River of the Brave, through which she must pass to reach the strange land where surprises were to befall her. The river rushed down from the mountain, swept mightily across a rocky bed, and fell into a waterfall to the broad lake below. It was too deep to wade, and no swimmer could make his way through the powerful current. He would be swept over the brink of the waterfall before he could possibly gain the other side. Beyond it lay the land of surprising things, looking wondrously fair and mysterious and wonderful. Peggy was to get over there to see what surprising things would happen; but how could she pass that raging river? "Those who are brave will not stay on this side. Those who are brave will find a way to that side."

"Safe, safe you would be if tied to a tree." Peggy thought he was mocking her. Of course she would be safe tied to a tree; but if tied to a tree she couldn't pass the river into the land of surprising things. Billy, however, seemed to catch quickly at the Little Wizard's suggestion. "That's the right idea," cried Billy's voice. "If you could throw a rope over the top of that stump on the other side of the river, you could hold tight to the other end and the current would swing you across."

PARADISE SPRING WATER UNEQUALED IN PURITY AS SHOWN BY GOVERNMENT REPORTS A simple dinner detail that compliments your guest

SEE IT AT BYBERRY FAIR HUFFMAN FARM SPECIAL Fidelity Motors, Inc. 4830-32-34 Market St.

for her mind's eye many futures visioned themselves mistily, many modes of life, many friends. And, impulsively, without a moment's notice she reached her great decision. Amid the tears and pines and dire, yet bewildered predictions of her near ones she passed into the gray stone walls of the county hospital to emerge four years later a positive little soft-voiced Rebecca, spotless in white linen, bearing so much dignity, yet inducing as sweetly. Not even her father dared to challenge her when she sprinkled her queer smelling disinfectant about the house nor yet when she calmly disagreed with many of their life-long traditions. Slowly, yet patiently she worked for the change. And slowly it came.

"Oh, God of Abraham," she prayed humbly, "take me to your bosom." Great drops of perspiration stood out on her forehead and it was quite a few minutes before she became conscious of a cool hand soothing her brow. Slowly, she neared up, seeking for a little comfort in the kind eyes above her bed, but they were elsewhere. "I shouldn't have left her," Rebecca was saying, "the heat is so depressing today."

The Blum Store The Store of Personal Service 1310 Chestnut Street Autumn Fashions An Advance Sale of SUITS A Very Unusual Event That Offers Direct Savings on Distinctive Apparel for Autumn

More and Lovelier \$5 Hats are coming to the Down Stairs Store every day. There is wonderful choosing at this price. (Market)

WANAMAKER'S DOWN STAIRS STORE WANAMAKER'S Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store Is Bright With Autumn Merchandise

Silk Specials Peau de Cygne, \$2 Crepe de Chine, \$1.85 And a First Showing of Autumn Velvets Middies and Skirts for School Girls

New French Slip-on Gloves, Special at \$3.85 Little Girls' New Tub Frocks \$1.50 to \$2.35 Delightful New Coats With Glossy Fur Collars, \$32.50, \$37.50 and \$38

Gingham, 45c a Yard Percalé, 35c a Yard 36 Inches Wide

Satin Frocks That Women Are Sure to Like \$20 to \$42.50 Lovely Black Net Flouncings, Special at \$3.50 a Yard

This Great Shoe Store for Children Is Well Stocked to Meet the Schooldtime Needs And For Little Girls Wearing Sizes 7 to 2