

INCHES FROM
The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Mrs. Zazzali

There was a piece in the paper. It made me feel good all day. Like a movie that rewards virtue. Only there was no vilyun. Merely an Italian peanut vender. She was Mrs. Zazzali. She kept a fruit and peanut stand. Thirty-seven years she was there. Business hours, 5 a. m. to midnight. She died leaving \$185,000! Forty tenements were hers. Tax officials verified it. She raised the rent but once. Then it was only a dollar. And that during seven years! Never once did she call for rent. She'd wait till tenants brought it. No waiving scales had she. She COUNTED out the peanuts. Fruit was sold the same way. But she was no miser. Children living near her loved her. Especially those under ten. For glad she had nickels and dimes. Even a Bolshevik would be glad. A woman like that deserves it. What a wonderful life! How filled brimful with living! Thirty-seven years! Forty houses! Nearly one for every year!

And nineteen hours a day! What pluck, patience, perseverance! Such fun she must have had. She served thousands of persons. Those houses represented savings. Pennies and nickels and dimes. What tons of bananas she handled. How many millions of peanuts! Dizzy totals they'd be. Yet to some she was lowly. Only a Dago peanut vender. Her smiling service went unnoted. Little they knew of her wealth. Maybe some of them snubbed her. Not a whit cared she. She could have had limousines. Gens and gowns were in her reach. She could have retired. Then she could live on her income. These were common aims to her. She had more valuable things: Work she loved—service. Housing for needy tenants. Health, sound sleep, honest record. Clear conscience, kind heart. The love of little children. Three score such years and ten. No wonder she passed on. Earth had given her all it could. She's busy and happy elsewhere. Isn't it odd? We know things of great value. Yet we chase baubles and bubbles.

A GRAY WRAP FOR FALL WEAR



Gray plush forms this interesting coat, and the cross bars on the long shawl collar are of black fur. The hat worn with it is of black panne velvet with a soft brim that turns back becomingly from the face.

I could not give a better piece of advice to the woman who is making her selections for autumn now than this: Buy the thing that is distinctive, the thing that appeals to you and is becoming. The actual mode for autumn and winter is still in the making. Designers and dressmakers have produced many models, but which of the many will survive no one can say. That is for the women themselves to decide. Take coats, for instance; one producer comes out with the statement that we are through with the coat that has the wrappy effect in front—the back may be loose and wrappy but the front must fit snugly. Then comes another who insists that the smart coat of the winter is to have a straight-line, form clinging back—belled only in front. And there are also the coats already well favored that show a straight-line front with a very decided blouse in the back, a blouse that is extended well below the waist line in back.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Tomboy

By MINNIE M. TOWNSEND

Across the length of a scrubby field, John Blake, tired school teacher and confirmed bachelor, watched a dirty baseball go winging on its way from the home plate of the serry village grounds straight out over the field to the main street. No—he held his breath in consternation—straight into the cellar window of the cottage belonging to the town's one constable. Under the ordinary circumstances Blake would have called the guilty person to task, as the field was a part of the school property. But this was a different case—a girl—and apparently a newcomer to the village. He had never seen a girl handle a bat in such a fearless, businesslike way. Wavering as to the proper course for him to pursue, he watched her hurry across the field, to his curiosity and the ire of the constable's wife. She bravely mounted the cottage steps and rang the bell. The lady, who was subject to neuralgia and was having an off day, glared in anger. "Humph! My man just fixed that winder last week. If you must play ball near folks' houses why can't you go easy. The idea of hitting' clear across the field!" The girl on the steps below smiled wistfully. "I'm sorry, madam, you see I was home again, and she added, with a touch of pride, "and these don't happen very often."

the new teacher of the fourth grade; and when he entered that room and encountered a trim slip of a young lady with dancing brown eyes, old-fashioned curling hair and a not-to-be-doubted resemblance to the pink-skirted tomboy, he just naturally froze up. After the current of greetings had somewhat laid down the law until the light died out of the young teacher's eyes and she looked scared and a little bewildered. "And, finally," he said in tones which bent the principal of schools in a town like Serry, and finally, Miss Crane, there has been considerable criticism about the pupils' sports out on the back field, balls smashing windows, etc. It would be well to remind your class about being careful at all times." Little figure watched the determined shoulders of the principal as he left the room. After school closed that day Miss Crane, fourth grade teacher, entered the principal's office and waited humbly until that official finished reading a letter. Then she carefully drew a crisp, new dollar bill from her pocket and held it out. "I—I want to return the money, Mr. Blake, with thanks. I did not realize that playing baseball was such a crime, as I have always played with my brothers, but I'm sorry, especially about the window. Also I think, sir, that I had better make another home run—a final one. My resignation—" That was all, but a dejected look crossed his horn-rimmed glasses and scanned the face above him, but there was no trace of mischievousness in the brown eyes, only a dull hurt at this sudden culmination of her first attempt at teaching. He tried to vision the fourth grade room without the girl in the carriage, and he could not seem to place another teacher there. "I shook his head emphatically. "I can't go this way, Miss Crane. Please reconsider." She shook her head. "I must. I never could work under such an antagonistic feeling, Mr. Blake."

Next complete novelette—"In the Subway"

WANAMAKER'S | WANAMAKER'S
In Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

Two Special Groups of Men's Medium-Weight All-Wool Suits at \$20 and \$30

Just such suits as men like for business wear—conservative patterns in brown, green or gray mixed chevrons. All of the suits are soundly made and are marked at little more than the usual wholesale prices for such qualities. Coats are single-breasted with two or three buttons, semi-conservative as to style. There are fittings in all regular sizes.

Odd trousers of all-wool suitings are \$7.75 a pair. (Gallery, Market)

Over 1600 New Autumn Suits for Women

(With Special Groups at Great Savings) Suits are delightful this year. Lines are long and graceful, materials are better than those of several seasons, colors are lovely and the fur collars are soft and deep.



Wool Jersey Suits at \$22.50

The model sketched is in blue or green heather mixtures and has inverted pleats down the back.

Other wool jersey suits in tones of French blue, army blue, brown or green are in various sports models at \$25 to \$32.

Young Women's Suits of velour, in brown, reindeer or navy, are trimmed with nearsoral or nutria collars.

Well-tailored tricot suits are without fur. \$43.50, \$45, \$62.50 and \$65.

At \$47.50 Silvertone or velour suits, in Pekin, brown or navy, have fur-trimmed pockets and large fur collars.

Handsome Suits of all the fine materials, such as duvet de laine, lama cloth, veldyne, tricotine and velour, have collars of beaver, mole, Australian opossum or squirrel. \$67.50 to \$165.

(Market)

Men's Shoes Like These Are Mighty Rare at \$5.75

The leathers are sturdy and strong, the lines of the shoes are good, the last is sensible and comfortable. Real business shoes, these, which will give service and satisfaction for a long time. In black or dark brown. (Gallery, Market)

Cozy Sweaters for Little Folks

Little children need such sweaters right now to wear over their wash clothes while they are playing outdoors. The sweaters are of soft wool, cozy and comfortable.

At \$5.75 there are silverpaw sweaters, one buttoned model that is particularly pretty in buff with a brown collar and brown cuffs and four little patch pockets.

Other buttoned and belted sweaters, in tan, brown or Copenhagen, are \$6.25. For children of 2 to 6. (Central)

Children's Stockings 35c, or 3 Pair for \$1

Black ribbed stockings of mercerized cotton are strongly knit and will give good service. They are "seconds," but the imperfections are scarcely noticeable. Yes, mothers, they're just right for school! (Central)

Perhaps You Want a Coat Without Fur

Many women with furs of their own want coats that have no fur trimming. Plenty of such coats are here in the Downstairs Store at prices which range from \$35 to \$89.

There are coats of Bolivia, lama cloth, tinseltone, suede velour and Caledonia in black, pine-needle brown, beaver, Nankin blue, Delft, rose-taupe and navy. All are made in simple, wearable lines in models which you will not tire of. They are softly lined with silk and have small or large collars.

Women and young women will find coats appropriate to their types and years in this interesting gathering. (Market)

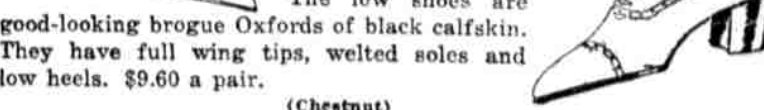
Dainty Vesting of Accordion-Pleated Georgette

It is of white or black Georgette crepe in small accordion pleats and is finished with a narrow hemstitched band at the top. 12 inches deep. \$5.75 a yard—it takes very little for a vest. (Central)

Women's High or Low Footwear

Both New and Both Smart The high shoes are of tan leather in lace style, with straight tips, welted soles and high Cuban heels. \$9.90 a pair.

The low shoes are good-looking brogue Oxfords of black calfskin. They have full wing tips, welted soles and low heels. \$9.60 a pair. (Chestnut)



Women's and Young Women's Gym Suits and Bloomers Reduced

These are of navy blue serge and poplin, some part wool and others cotton. They are now marked \$3.75 and \$4.

White galatea skirts, plain or pleated, to wear with middie blouses, are in short lengths suitable for school-girls. At \$1. (Market)

Nightgowns at \$1.25

There are two styles. One is of pink crepe batiste and the other is of white muslin trimmed with embroidery.

Envelope Chemises at \$1.50

Trimmed back and front with pretty lace, the chemises are of soft white nainsook.

New Bloomers

At 65c—pink bloomers of a crepe-like material.

At 85c—pink crepe-batiste bloomers with ruffles at the knees.

At \$1.50—pink or white crepe bloomers, cut generously full. (Central)

The Practical Optimist Keeps an Umbrella at Hand

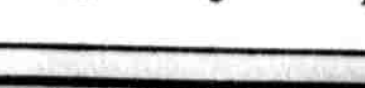
Some new umbrellas of a fine grade of American taffeta (cotton) are made over strong paragon frames. The handles for women are of plain or carved mission wood with wrist cords, and those for men are in crook style. \$3.50. (Central)

Everything a Boy Needs—in the Juvenile Shop

- Shoes, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Collars, Overcoats, Belts, Suits, Sweaters, Ties, Pajamas, Hosiery, Blouses, Raincoats, Hats and caps

All together, so that there's no need of running around from place to place—this point will find favor with the boys! What the parents and guardians of the boys will appreciate (and they are proving that they do, already) is that clothing that will really give service can be bought in this Juvenile Shop in the Down Stairs Store at moderate prices and at a minimum of trouble.

It's a most satisfactory place to outfit the schoolboy! (Gallery, Market)



HICKORY GARTERS "FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S SAKE"

are especially popular with mothers who are more careful than ever regarding their expenditures. HICKORY Garters are in high-favor because they cost no more than ordinary kinds but do wear longer and give better service.

Stockings held the HICKORY way—Are stockings held to surely stay

Chicago A. STEIN & COMPANY New York

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PARIS GARTERS

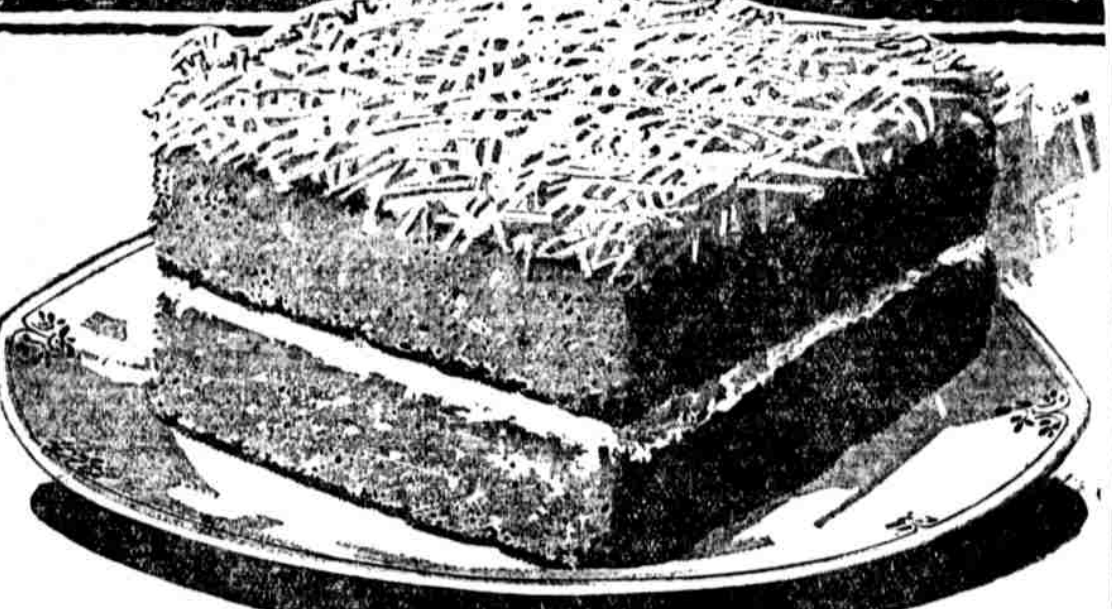
Things You'll Love to Make

Pebbles Hold Flowers



Any pretty, deep bowl can easily be turned into a flower holder for small flowers. Fill the chosen bowl with large and small pebbles. Four in the water and stick the stems of the flowers in between the pebbles. In this way the flowers can be arranged as prettily as you wish. FLOREA

Copyright, 1920, by Florence Ross



Ivins Coconut Layer Sponge Cake

A new cake creation that has gladdened the hearts of Philadelphia hostesses!

DELICIOUS enough for the most elaborate tea or dinner! So wholesome and economical that it can be served regularly at the family meals!

Made from tested eggs, high-grade flour, and pure milk. Frosting of pure shredded coconut, in extra-thick layers. Baked to a turn by the skilled Ivins Baker.

When you serve this wonderful cake, be sure to use a very sharp knife to cut it. Slice with a sawing motion, and wipe the knife clean after each cut.

Cocoanut Layer Sponge Cake is light, wholesome and tasty—the ideal cake for any occasion. And think of the ease of buying Ivins' as compared to the trouble of baking your own cake in a hot kitchen. Your grocer sells Ivins'.

FOR weddings, birthday parties and special occasions, the Ivins Baker makes wonderfully decorated and delicious cakes, in any size and dainty design. Order through your grocer.



J. S. IVINS' SON, Inc. "Baker of Good Biscuits in Philadelphia Since 1846."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES "HOME OF THE BEARS"

By DADDY

While Billy and Podge and Pudge Bear go scouting in Bearland, Peggy stays behind to await their report. She sees a tiny bear in the woods. She goes into it, and finds it is like the house in the story of Goldilocks and the bears. She leaves that bear's den there, and when they come home she hides behind the stove.

CHAPTER IV. The Bears Come Home

WAG-UGH! Who has been in our home?" grunted the big bear, as he glared around the inside of the little log house.

"Gracious! This truly is like the story of Goldilocks and the bears," thought Peggy, crouching down lower than ever behind the stove.

"And some one has been sitting on my big chair," grunted the big bear.

"And some one has been sitting on my smaller chair," grunted the middle-sized bear.

"And some one has smashed my chair flat," wailed the tiny bear.

"Some one has been fussing with my bed," Wau-ugh! grunted the big bear.

"And some one has been fussing with my bed," Wau-ugh! grunted the middle-sized bear.

"And some one has been fussing with my bed and got all the nice humps and bumps out of it," wailed the tiny bear.

"Who has been here?" growled the big bear.

"Perhaps it is the hunter who owns this place," grunted the middle-sized bear.

"No, he lives here only in the winter during deer hunting season," growled the big bear.

"But I smell the trail of a human," squealed the little bear, sniffing excitedly at the floor.

Peggy watched the little bear with alarm. He had his nose down to her tracks, and she knew that would in the end lead straight to her. Sure enough he ran to the door as she had done when seeking to escape, and then he came sniffing back straight for the stove.

Peggy looked wildly about for a refuge. She might make a dash for the door, but the bears would be sure to catch her in the tunnel. She couldn't stay where she was, for the little bear would find her in a moment. There was no closet in which she could shut herself; no window through which she could jump.

Her eyes, sweeping around the room, at last glanced upward. There they saw a hole in the ceiling, leading to a loft above. Reaching up to this hole was a ladder nailed to the wall. If she could only get up that ladder she might be safe.

But there didn't seem much chance of Peggy's getting to the ladder. The bears would grab her before she could get out of reach.

All of this flashed through Peggy's head while the tiny bear was sniffing his way across the house to the stove. Then Peggy saw that she had to do something desperate and do it at once. "Wau-ugh! Here she is!" squealed the tiny bear, catching sight of her feet under the stove.

"Wau-ugh! Here she is!" growled the middle-sized bear, looking around the side of the stove.

"Wau-ugh! Here she is!" growled the big bear, glaring down at Peggy over the top of the stove.

Just at that moment, when Peggy seemed caught, she thought of a way to escape from the trap she was in. She gave the stove a sudden shove, and

For fishing trips—Kraft Cheese in Tins

ONE of the articles of food you should never omit from your pack when you go fishing is a good supply of Kraft Cheese in Tins.

Kraft Cheese in Tins keeps anywhere in any climate. It is delicious and there is nothing nicer for that snack you carry in your pocket when you go seeking the far pools where the big fellows bask. It will also give you a delightful change of the camp menu.

Kraft Cheese in Tins is wasteful food, every speck of it being edible and delicious. It is the most highly concentrated food you can take with you that will not spoil.

All grocers can supply Kraft Cheese in Tins. Comes in 1/4, 1/2 and 1 pound sizes.

