INCHES FROM

The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

A Joyless Joy Ride

Our suburban trolley is skipstop.
It makes three extra blocks for me.
Pesky bother, but must be borne.
One conductor is the limit.
He always carries me past.
That means six blocks more to walk.
He knows where I get off.
I signal from front of open car.
Rear seats I leave to smokers.
He's away back—pays no attention.
Sometimes I ring the bell myself.
Such "sass" as he gives me!
"Don't you dare touch that bell!
That's for conductors only.
Why'n't yet let me know'n time?"
Expostulations are vain.
All I get is, "Too bad about you!"
Once he growled, "S'matter wid ye?
Are ye drunk? Can't ye talk?"
I'd been signaling ten blocks!
Once I said I'd report him.
"Do!" he jeered. "See that sign?"
It read: "More Men Needed.
We Want to Operate More Cars."
Report? No, men were too scarce.
I asked him how he'd like it?
A half-mile walk in the rain!
"Aw, beat it!" he scorned me.
"Walkin's good fer reducin'."

This was mean. I'm fa—er—plump.
I wanted to hit him.
But I didn't.
I took him joy(?)riding in my car.
Found out when he went off duty.
Wore coat, thick veil and goggles.
My mother wouldn't have known me.
It threatened rain. I overtook him.
"Like a lift?" I smiled sweetly.
Sure he would, and climbed in.
Miles out of town I drove.
The thunderstorm broke.
I asked him to put on the chains.
He got out. I stepped on the gas.
Took off my veil and goggles.
"Beat it!" I called back.
"Walking's good for reducing!"
He stumbled trying to catch up.
"S'matter, drunk?" I rubbed it in.
"Too bad about you!
How do you like it?
Conductors need the Golden Rule!"
I left him wet and walking.
But he watches my signals now.
And he's very polite to ladies.
He even helps the — plump ones.

Isn't it odd?
Conductors like to make you walk.
They hate walking themselves.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

No Business Ability

By RUSSELL B. CLAYTON

"I'M sorry to put it so badly, Westchester," and Leila's father tapped the ash from his cigar, "but I always regard you literary chaps with suspicion. Have you ever shown any aptitude for business which would show that in an emergency you could provide for Leila otherwise than by your pen?"

"No, Mr. Ashton," returned Paul Westchester frankly, "I can't say that I have. But that doesn't signify that I couldn't, you know! Besides, my financial prospects are really very bright. Last month my sales aggregated—"

"I know!" the older man lifted an arresting hand. "But I have an eye to the future. There will always be a demand for business men, but who can tell about you—well, never mind. Unless you can demonstrate to my satisfaction that you possess business ability, I shall forbid your marriage to Leila. Believe me, it's nothing personal—merely my practice to make sure a proposition is financially sound before backing it. Good-day."

Paul found Leila eagerly waiting for him. "What did he say, dear?" she wanted to know.

"He won't consider me at all," reported Paul gloomily, "unless I prove that I can go out and sell mops and dishpans—or words to that effect."

Leila overlooked the sarcasm aimed at her father, who had made his money in hardware. "Well, let's not worry about it now," she comforted. "Maybe father will change his mind. He often does. For example, he's going to sell the car we bought such a little while ago—says he's sick of the color. Between you and me, he knows a man who wants to buy it and Dad can never resist a chance to sell anything, or buy it either if he wants it! Will you ride with me this afternoon, considering the car may be sold any day?"

"Certainly, dear," agreed Paul who was wondering if his uncle would take him into the shoe business.

That afternoon, as they threaded the traffic, Paul recalled the conversation. "You say your father knows somebody who wants to buy the car?" he asked casually.

Leila nodded. "Yes—a man by the name of Wheaton, out in Westville." Suddenly the girl's eyes danced. "Paul! Here's your chance. Buy this car from father, fix it up somehow—new tires all round—and sell it again. That would be a business for you, rebuilding used cars, and you might as well begin on him!"

Now, if Paul hadn't felt reasonably sure that he could sell the car to Mr. Wheaton, of Westville, he would probably never have fallen in with Leila's plan. But as it was, he didn't stand to lose much and he might make something. If he did, it would be the sort of deal that Mr. Ashton himself would think showed considerable perspicacity.

Accordingly, the following morning Paul telephoned that gentleman. Mr. Ashton, sufficiently surprised when he heard the voice of his daughter's rejected suitor on the other end of his private wire, was still more amazed when he learned that he wished to purchase his automobile.

How easily consoled young men were! Forbid them to marry your daughter and they bought a car, presumably with the money saved up for the expenses of wedding trips and house furnishings. But he was ready to sell the car.

That night, Paul, having handed over a check for $1200, received in turn a virtually new roadster. As he drove away, his courage almost forsook him. For Leila's father's surmises had been right. That $1200 represented a large proportion of the savings accumulated for purposes of marrying Leila. Well, he'd done it now. No use worrying. The next step involved Mr. Wheaton, of Westville.

Hardly was he out of sight of the Ashton residence when he drew up at the curb and entered a drug store. Five minutes later he emerged from a telephone booth. Mr. Wheaton, of Westville, had just purchased the newest model Triplex and was no longer in the market.

Paul gritted his teeth with as much melodramatic determination as one of his own heroes. By George, he would sell that car to somebody! Driving down to a garage where he had frequently hired cars, Paul left directions to have his new acquisition thoroughly overhauled, retired, fitted with a different style top, and repainted—a warm maroon with an orange stripe. Then he went home and wrote a clever little thing on the virtues of being content with little.

It was quite a car when finished, and had an undoubtedly expensive air, much more so, in fact, than originally.

"Keep it here," he told the garage man, "and sell it for me at the best figure you can get, but keep my name out of the transaction. Then he went home and telephoned to Leila what a wonderful car he had seen in Hurlburt's garage.

Three days later Paul received word that his car was sold.

"Yep—sold her yesterday—$2000," the garage man told Paul when he arrived well-nigh breathless.

$2000! Deducting the expenses of fixing it up and the agent's commission he had made a cool $500 profit in two weeks' time! Joyfully congratulating himself that he had seen the last of the car, he hastened to Leila's. He found her on the steps, apparently just descended from the waiting automobile drawn up at the curb. That automobile! Dark maroon with an orange stripe—

"Leila, when did your father buy that car?"

"Yesterday," smiled Leila, "after you telephoned. I told him there was a car at Hurlburt's I was simply wild about and—well, you see! He doesn't know who owned it yet."

"Leila, you—you darling!" cried Paul. Then, together, they went in to tell her father just how much it had cost him to misjudge the business qualifications of his future son-in-law.

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Next complete novelette—
"Old Home Week and Sam"

SHORT CAPES WORN WITH SATIN SKIRTS

The short cape is in vogue now, and makes a very pretty costume with a satin or wool skirt. This one is of navy blue tricotine, with shoulder and armholes outlined in yellow wool and black beads

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"THE MUD TRAP"
By DADDY

Peggy, Billy, Podgie Bear, Pudgie Bear and Toddie Pupkins visit Bearland in search of the relatives of the bears. Podgie and Pudgie find their sister Sukie, but frighten her and her mate and cub away because they are dressed in rompers and masks. They follow the bears to a cave, where the three fall asleep.

CHAPTER III

Toddie Pupkins is Chased

BILLY'S plan to trap the big bear in the mud was all ready to be worked when Billy happened to think of a danger he had overlooked—the bear might sink into the bog and be smothered.

Billy didn't want the big bear to be hurt. He simply wanted him held fast so that he wouldn't start a fight before he could be told that Podgie Bear and Pudgie Bear were not foes but were really his brothers-in-law, being the brothers of Sukie, the big bear's mate.

"I know what to do," cried Peggy, when Billy told her of this hitch in his plans. "Throw your lasso around the bear's neck and hold his head above the mud."

That seemed sensible to Billy, and he pulled the lasso from beneath the wizard robe he was wearing and prepared to throw it.

Toddie Pupkins was eager to do his part, which was to make the big bear chase him to the mud trap. Toddie was so excited he could scarcely wait for Billy to give him the word to begin.

"Woof! Woof! Woof!" cried Toddie in his puppy bark, each "woof" being louder than the one before. "Woof! Woof! Woof!" he went on, growing more and more excited.

"Ready!" whispered Billy. At that Toddie began to bark as though he were a whole pack of dogs instead of just one puppy.

"Woof! Woof! Woof! Yip-yip-yip-yi-yi-yi!" He made so much noise that Peggy, Podgie Bear, Pudgie Bear and Billy scarcely had time to hide themselves in the bushes before growls of alarm arose from within the cave. The big bear, Sister Sukie and the little bear had jumped out of their sleep in a terrible fright.

"It's the queer hunters that walk like animals and dress like humans," snarled father bear.

"Their hunting hound has followed us to our lair," snarled Sister Sukie.

"Oh, will we be shot and killed?" wailed the little bear.

The big bear poked his head part way out of the cave. There was Toddie Pupkins, jumping up and down and making a terrific racket.

"Come out of that cave, you bear!" barked Toddie, defiantly. "Come out here and fight me!"

The big bear looked all around, seeking to catch a glimpse of the queer hunters. But he saw only Toddie Pupkins.

"Ugh! The hunting hound has found us, but the hunters are not yet here," he grunted. "I'll smash that hunting hound and without him to guide them perhaps the queer hunters will not be able to find us."

Saying this the big bear rushed from the cave, straight at Toddie Pupkins.

"Ki-yi! Ki-yi! Ki-yi!" yelped Toddie Pupkins, so much surprised by the swift rush that he could scarcely dodge the mighty blow the bear aimed at him. Back rushed the bear, and again Toddie Pupkins dodged him, scooting down the hill, his stubby legs flying like the spokes of an automobile wheel.

The beast followed at his heels. Toddie could feel the hot breath of the big beast on the back of his head. Look, the bog was just ahead, with a path of leaves strewn across the soft mud. Out on the leaves darted Toddie Pupkins, skimming over them like a little fat bird.

After him jumped the bear, grabbing with cruel claws. The claws just scratched Toddie Pupkins's tail when, kersplump! kersplosh! the big bear plumped into the mud trap.

Up reared the bear, trying to pull himself out of the quivering mire. Swish! Billy's lasso settled over the bear's neck and shoulders; and as the bear sank, Billy tied the end of the rope to the branch of a tree so he could not go out of sight.

Tomorrow will be told how Sukie Bear meets her brothers.

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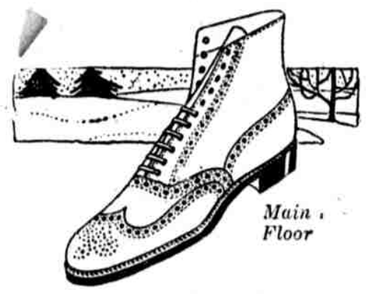

Main Floor

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The Newest Two-toned Shoes of striking interest to men who follow the Fashion's tendencies! Distinctive and dressy. And as well-wearing as they are good-looking. In tan or black calf with buck tops, either lace or button. Remarkable at $9.50.

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Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

People Are Saying Nice Things About the Hats in the Down Stairs Store

and so fast are they buying them that we are kept busy finding new ones to take the place of the hats that are sold. Tomorrow there will be several hundred

Beautiful New Hats at $6 and $8

Panne velvets, hatters' plush and a great variety of plain velvets, used alone or in combination with duvetyne, make most of these pretty things. Some have little wreaths of velvet flowers or garlands of flowers cut out of colored leather. Gay feather fantasies in geranium pink, Ming blue or cactus green trim others.

One of the most remarkable of these hats is the largest one sketched. It is of panne velvet and the brim is entirely covered with ostrich tips; in navy blue, brown or in henna with blue feathers. $6.

(Market)

Active Young Women Like Elastic Girdles

For slender young women and girls these comfortable girdles serve the purpose of corsets and yet allow perfect freedom of movement. For golf, horse-back riding and all such out-door sports they are exactly right. In white or pink plain materials or broches, these girdles have insets of elastic webbing through their entire depth. $2.50 to $7.50.

Lily of France Corsets, $4

In this group of fine corsets are fittings for figures of all types from the slender to the heavy. They are of flesh or white coutils or striped poplins, cut and boned on the lines that have made Lily of France corsets so popular. You will like the fine points of finish, too.

(Central)

Gymnasium Bloomers for Girls and Young Women

These bloomers are roomy and generous of cut and have insets of elastic across the back of the waistbands for perfect fit and comfort. In 14 to 20 year sizes they are in the following black materials:

—sateen at $3;
—cotton poplin at $3.50;
—mixed serge at $5.50;
—all-wool serge at $7.50.

(Central)

New Cretonnes and Crashes at a Third Less

Both of them are printed in patterns suitable for the living room, dining room or bedrooms.

Cretonnes have a shadowy effect, resembling the fine warp prints, and show some beautiful color combinations. 36 inches wide at 50c a yard.

London crash, a heavier cotton material, is suitable for either draperies or upholstery. It is 30 inches wide at 65c a yard.

417 Pair of Net Curtains—Reduced a Third

In a great variety of novelty patterns, these curtains are mostly in white, though there are some in ecru. Their new prices range from $2 to $9 a pair.

(Central)

Autumn Is the Great Veil Season

and veils really seem prettier now than at any other time of year.

New "made veils," which means veils that are finished off at the ends, are in filet and octagon meshes with all sorts of pretty patterns finding their lacy ways across them. In black, taupe, brown or navy or in black with a white design, these are 75c to $2.50.

Squares, to be draped upon the hat, are $3, $4 and $5.

French dotted veils are 75c.

(Central)

Practical School Clothes That Aren't Afraid of Tubbing

In the long run, they make the best kind of everyday clothes for little girls.

Plaid gingham dresses are made in such pretty ways this season. A little surplice dress is scalloped about the lower edge of the bodice. Another, in the great big plaids that little girls like, has a double collar—blue chambray over white poplin.

Ginghams in sizes for girls of 6 to 14 are $3 to $8.75.

Dark Blue Middies

These are of sturdy cotton with white braid trimming the collars, cuffs and pocket-tops. On the sleeve is an embroidered emblem and there are stars in the corners of the collar. A red silk lacer fastens the front. 14 to 18 year sizes at $3.

White Middies, Special at $1.45

Of white linene, these have Copenhagen blue collars and cuffs which are trimmed with white braid. 14 to 18 year sizes. Some of these are mussed.

(Market)

It's Great Fun Choosing Among the New Autumn Frocks

Here is a navy blue tricotine embroidered with the tiniest of gold beads and you know that it would be wonderfully becoming. There is another one with inch-square ornaments of wood banded with silk, that seems to have just the new touch you are looking for.

Or, perhaps, that deep brown Morocco crepe has just the right tone to harmonize with your hair?

So it goes—each delightful frock has some particular point that charms you.

Best of all, these dresses are quite moderate in price.

Satin dresses start as low as $12 and there is a group of fine model dresses of charmeuse, tricotine, mignonette, Georgette crepe and crepe de chine at $25 to $55.

Serge dresses begin at $10 for simple little frocks of navy blue and go to $25.

Wool jersey frocks in a number of becoming browns, tans and blue are $16.50, $19.25, $22.50 and $25.

(Market)

Young Women Wear Heavy Oxfords the Year Round

In cold weather there is nothing smarter with a sports suit than well-cut Oxfords with wool stockings or with spats.

The Oxford that is sketched at the left is in full black or dark tan leather with a wing tip and the fashionable perforations. The soles are welted and the heels are of medium height. $9.60 a pair.

The other Oxford shown in the sketch is built with a well rounded toe and a low, broad heel. It is in dull black leather at $9.35 a pair and in dark brown at $9.90.

(Chestnut)

Flannelet Weather Brings Women's Nightgowns at $2

They are in pink-and-white or blue-and-white stripes and are made with high necks and long sleeves.

In extra sizes they are $3.

Flannelet Petticoats, $1

These, also, are in blue or pink stripes.

(Central)

Hundreds of Interesting New Coats Are Marked Less Than $50

No need to pay a great deal of money for a Winter coat this year! Plenty of pretty ones of good materials, fashionably correct, can be had in the Down Stairs Coat Store for

$20, $22.50, $25, $29, $33.50 to $50

These are of silvertone, tinseltone, velour, bolivia and novelty coatings and a great many of them have soft, warm collars of sealene fur. The coats from $29 upward are lined with silk.

Two excellent coats are sketched. The one on the left is of silvertone, fully lined with figured silk and finished with a shawl collar of sealene. It can be had in taupe or navy blue at $37.50.

The other coat is a splendid model that will appeal particularly to young women who like coats cut on English lines. This has raglan shoulders and an inverted box pleat down the back. The collar is strictly tailored and the coat is lined through the body with peau de cygne. Of soft polo cloth in brown, taupe or tan, this coat is $48.50.

(Market)