

INCHES FROM
The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day



The Plated Rule Lays Off

The ocean was rough on Labor Day. Crowds bugged the shore tight. So tight I couldn't dive through. So I ducked outside the ropes. I hate it inside them anyway. Human Mulligatawny there. Then I turned on my back. Floated, hands under head. Feet crossed, eyes closed—oh bliss! Neptune's big cradle rocked me. His great orchestra lulled me. Bassoon, drum, violin I picked out. Had just caught the leit-motif. Hummed it under the roar. Was having the loveliest visions. A rude voice broke the harmony. Like a discordant jangle of keys. I opened one eye—"twas the guard. He yelled savagely: "YOU out there! Come in out of that! GOT NO SENSE?" I unpeeled quick, mad as hops. My beautiful dream-net-to-music! It was shattered to nightmare bits. I trod water and freed my mind. "How DARE you speak to me so? I'm no infant—can't you see? I'm swimming all my life. Have saved THREE drowning folks! Can't you be courteous?" I scolded. All the time I was planning. What wouldn't I do to him? He should apologize, or

A mere life guard to— Beyond the last rope he plunged. A woman was drowning. He must have felt her scream. I hadn't even heard it. Was too busy with indignation. The way he saved her! Wonderful! Gently, firmly, he silenced her. He encouraged her to help herself. On his broad shoulders he took her. Then he single-handedly! Strong, steady, secure deliverer! First aid he gave methodically. She sat up. He went back. Sat stolidly on his tower. Watched the sea with hawk's eyes. I was dreadfully ashamed of—ME. "Say, you're all right," I said. "That was stunning work! You must have done lots of it. How many this season?" "Hundred an' forty-odd," he growled. I felt like a piker—only THREE. "Sorry I bothered you," I faltered. "S'all ri'—guess I WIZ rough. But the foolhardy ones get my goat. An' you was floatin' out to sea." "I won't again," I promised meekly. Later I sat down and laughed. We had BOTH apologized. Isn't it odd? We plan to reform folks. Sometimes they reform US.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

The Lure That Succeeded

By HAZEL GRAY WOOD

"Oh, girls!" Jessie Eberle clasped her hands and gazed ecstatically toward the typewriter. "Did you ever see such shoulders and such clothes and such a walk?" "Well, he's certainly a godsend," sighed Claire Winthrop. "Heaven! Won't he be popular! The only unattached male at a summer hotel! Here where I go up to my room and fish out my finestest silk sweater and latest thing in sport skirts!" "Sitting her action to her words, Claire skipped lightly in from the hotel veranda and vanished up the stairs. "Claire has the right idea," nodded Jessie. "And that's what I tell Helen—that a man will fall for clothes any day and that she will stay an old maid as long as she persists in wearing the duds she does. By the way, does anybody know the new guest's name?" "He's on the register as J. V. Cortlandt, of New York," Marie Preston added her quota to the fund of information. "You don't suppose he's one of the Cortlandts?" "There was a moment's silence as the possibilities of such being the case presented themselves to the minds of the four girls. Then, "I've an idea!" cried Jessie. "I move that we set our caps for this Mr. J. V. Cortlandt, and whichever one of us lands him for the most dances at the hop Saturday night shall be set up to a feed by the rest of us at the White Horse Inn!" "Helen, too?" Elinor Blair wanted to know. "Well, we'll tell her, of course," said Jessie. "but she won't give a hang." "Jessie was right," Helen didn't.

Next complete novelette

"When the Ice Went Out"

By Florence Rose

"You're welcome to your Mr. Cortlandt, girls!" she delivered him up gaily. "I didn't come up here to see any more men. I get enough of them at home. Miss Perry, kindly take this dictation at once!" Miss Perry, how long since there were two c's in recommendation? No thanks, I'm after that which isn't to be found within hearing of the click of the typewriter—swims and hikes and fishing. So long, every-body! And looking comfortably trig but far from fashionable in short-sleeved flannel blouse, khaki skirt with huge pockets, and low-heeled shoes, she swung away, canoe paddle over her shoulder. As for Mr. Cortlandt himself, whose arrival had set agog five of the six girls spending an economically saved-for two weeks at the Assembly Point House, he was not in the least aware of the commotion his well-set-up person caused as he strolled casually down the gangplank of the little steamer on her afternoon call. The morning after his arrival he rose early, chose his canoe from the craft drawn up on the foote, and paddled out into the sunrise-tinted water. With the knowledge of the old-timer, he was aware of a certain pool at the mouth of an incoming stream where bass lay lazily to and fro. "By George," he was saying to himself. "If that old fellow is still here, I'll get him this year. Dobson, crawfish, frogs, minnows—I've got the best bass bait there is!" But from now on days at Assembly Point took on a new interest, for Cortlandt, fisherman that he was, had a theory that bass bit best at sunrise and sundown, and was not averse to spending the hours between, which were just so much waste time anyway, playing the cavalier to the crowd of merry girls at the hotel. Helen he met but once

PATENT LEATHER TRIMS FALL FROCK



coming upon her suddenly as she fanned herself on the side veranda steps, flushed and warm and a bit scratched on the arms after a day's bawling on the mountain side. He was with Jessie at the time, who introduced him—Jessie cool and chic in dainty organdie and smart pumps. And it was Jessie that night who crowed triumphantly to the other girls. "I told him about the hop and he promised to come! I'll be Maryland chicken for me at the White Horse Inn!" But Saturday morning, as John Cortlandt paddled to his favorite haunt, his thoughts dwelt not on bass. Inwardly, he was miserable. "That's what comes of trying to be agreeable," he lamented. "I've let myself in for a dance in the summer. Plague take all women!" At that moment the bow of his canoe rounded a wooded point. "Supper! Who the devil was fishing in his pool? Yet, with the instincts of a true angler, he drew near quietly. Suddenly, the occupant of the other canoe leaped forward. "A girl—and she's bracing herself for a pull on the line! She's caught—his heart sank. Intuition told him it was no doubtless the old fellow he had been after for two years. Then admiration for his broad shoulders and his trim figure came in. Before the hunters came I spent many a cold winter cozily snoozing there." Billy looked the hill over carefully. "That will be a fine place for us to hide now," he said. "The hunters will never dream of looking for you so close to their camp." They climbed the hill without any one seeing them, finding a place where they could look down upon the camp. "Yum! I smell something good cooking!" whispered Peggy sniffing the air. "Yum! Yum!" sniffed the bears, and they licked their chops. "Some one is frying bacon," whispered Billy. Sure enough, as they peered down at the camp they saw the fat negro cook busily getting supper at a stove at the rear of the camp. And as he cooked he sang loudly to himself. "Swing low, Sweet Chariot, for I am swine away! Swing low, swing low, Sweet Chariot!" My, but the frying bacon did have a hungry smell. It made the bears fairly water at their mouths. They had been driven from their usual feeding grounds by the hunters and so they hadn't much to eat of late. Billy was giddy for the bears. It seemed a shame that the hunters should force them to go hungry. "Swing low, swing low, Sweet Chariot!" sang the fat negro cook, and then he looked up from his work to peer anxiously toward the woods. "Golly me, if dem hunters den come home mighty quick dis supper will get all cold an' spoiled, sure as my name am Rastus!" he said. "It would be an awful waste to have that supper spoiled," chuckled Billy, as an idea popped into his head. "I think we'd better eat it ourselves. The hunters have driven the bears away from the bears' usual supper, so it would only serve them right to have the bears eat the hunters' supper." Billy whispered his plan to Father Bear, who was the suggest of all the bears. Father Bear nodded and walked out from behind the rocks, standing where the fat cook could see him. Billy threw his voice so it seemed to come from Father Bear's mouth. At the same time Father Bear moved his jaws as if he were talking. "Hello, Rastus, you fat rascal, have you your supper ready?" That is what Father Bear seemed to be saying. Rastus jumped around as he heard the voice, and his eyes nearly popped out of his head as he saw the big bear standing there, seeming to talk to him. "Golly Christmas, a bear!" yelled Rastus. "I hope you have plenty of bacon, Rastus, for if you haven't I'm afraid I'll have to slice up your own fat haunches and fry 'em in grease." So Father Bear appeared to say. The fat cook's eyes bugged out even more. "Oh, oh, oh! It's a spook bear! It talks, an' it knows mah name, an' it's going to fry me in grease." "Oh, oh, I sure am a gone colored man now," Rastus shook until Peggy and Billy could bear his teeth chatter. "I've brought some friends to dine with me, so you'd better set the table. Father Bear seemed to say, and at that twelve other bears popped out from behind the rocks. The astonished cook took one look at them, gave a howl of fright, and fled wildly into the woods.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE HUNTED HUNTERS

By DADDY

The Scared Cook Peggy, Billy and Toddie Pughins go to Bearland with Fodgie and Pudgie Bear to visit the Bear family. The bears are moving away in fear of hunters, but on advice of Peggy and Billy they decide to try to scare the hunters out of Bearland.

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That is just what the bears wanted; in less than a minute they were swarming over the camp. They didn't wait for the table to be set; they pitched right into the bacon, and all the other good things and cleaned up in a hurry. And they didn't clean them up a minute too soon, for as the last piece of bacon was gobbled by Cutty, the excited voices in the woods gave notice the hunters were coming home. The bears fled back to the rocky hill and what happened will be told in the next chapter.

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