INCHES FROM

The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

A Cure for Theft

I know a tencent store manager.
He is a wonder with employes.
Has sympathy and understanding.
He gets into their very souls.
Lets 'em have parties at his home.
His wife treats them like her own.
They're one big family together.
So this thing that happened hurt.
He caught his forelady stealing.
She'd ring the cash register short.
He's a regular deputy sheriff.
Power to arrest, badge and all.
Has to—so many shoplifters.
They average eight a week.
But one of his "family"—whew!
He waited for her that evening.
His voice was sad, yet stern.
"Miss Blank, what have you done?
Come clean, girl!" And she did.
Such is the power of the man.
She didn't weep nor protest.
Never even attempted evasion.
Just told how it happened.
She'd been doing it only a week.
Things were high, she needed the money.
It amounted to fifteen dollars.
He took her to police headquarters.
They went in the back way.
It was dark, no one saw.
In a little side room they talked.
She didn't beg nor whimper.
Just sat paralyzed with dread.
He told her a story about himself.
How he was made an honest man.
He ended, "Will you pay this back?"
She caught her breath.
"You mean I'm to have a chance?"
He nodded. She couldn't believe it.
"You won't put me in jail?
Will I keep my job?"
"Just that," he replied.
"I will lend you the money.
You may pay me a dollar a week."
"Nobody's to know?" she whispered.
"I won't be disgraced?"
"No. I'm staking a lot on you.
It's up to you to make good."
Then she broke down.
She raised a tear-drenched face.
"I'll die before I fail you!"
It took her fifteen weeks to pay.
Then he gave it all back to her.
Took it out of his own pay.
The slate was wiped clean.
She would die for him and his.
His wife is the only one who knows.
They still invite her to the house.
I'll say they're good golden rulers.
The story he told of his boyrood?
Another boy got him to steal.
I'll tell you about it tomorrow.

Isn't it odd?
The upright can help the stumbling.
But they don't always do it.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

CRAFTY MR. CROW

By DADDY

Parades in the Air

help Judge Owl, who wants to be elected Head Watchman. Caw-caw Crow is running against Judge Owl. Peggy gets the birds to promise to vote for the judge.

CHAPTER III

STRUNG across the sky was a wavy black line. At first glance it looked like a pencil mark in the air. Then, as Peggy looked again, she saw it was a living line—a line made up of hundreds and thousands of crows.

The crows were not flying as crows usually fly, all in bunches and groups, but they were in single file, like a parade. As they flew they sang a song that stilled the chatter of the birds who were gathered in their council hall to vote for Judge Owl for head watchman of Birdland. This was the song of the crows.

"Caw-caw Crow! Here we go,
In a row, Johnny Crow,
Jimmy Crow, every crow,
To vote, oh, for Caw-caw Crow!
For Caw-caw Crow!"

Judge Owl looked up through his dark glasses at the string of crows and gave a hoot of dismay.

"Whoo! Whoo! See all the votes of Caw-caw Crow. There are more votes there than among all the other birds."

"Caw-caw Crow! Ho, ho, ho!
Judge Owl no! No, no, no!
Caw-caw Crow! Caw-caw Crow!"

The parade swept past Birdland and around a great circle. There were so many crows the line seemed endless.

"Whoo! Whoo! I guess I'm beaten," groaned Judge Owl.

"No, No!" cried Peggy, pointing to another black line sweeping toward them from the western sky. "Here come more birds. There are just as many of them as there are of the crows. Perhaps they are votes for you."

But no, the new votes were not for Judge Owl. As the second parade drew near Peggy and Billy could see that it was made up of hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of blackbirds. And the blackbirds, like the crows, were singing a song:

"We all want Caw-caw Crow!
We all want Caw-caw Crow for watchman.
We'll vote for Caw-caw Crow!
We'll vote for Caw-caw Crow for watchman!"

Judge Owl groaned. "There are votes enough there to elect a president," he said.

But Billy gave a glad shout. "Here come birds that are not crows nor blackbirds. They will surely vote for Judge Owl against Caw-caw Crow!" He pointed to the east from which was coming a line just as long as the blackbird line, and longer than the crow line, but it was a thinner line, showing that it was made up of many, many small birds.

Swiftly the long thin line raced through the sky and as it came nearer and nearer, the hopes of Peggy, Billy and Judge Owl rose higher and higher. Then suddenly the hopes burst, just as a soap bubble does when it is blown too hard. The hopes burst because the birds were not regular Birdland birds—they were English sparrows. And the English sparrows, led by Perky Sparrow, were chirping a song:

"Cheep! Cheep! Vote in a heap
For Caw-caw Crow!
Cheep! Cheep! Vote in a heap
For Caw-caw Crow!"

Again Judge Owl groaned. "That finishes my chances for being elected Head-watchman of Birdland. There are too many votes against me."

Peggy and Billy were filled with dismay, but they did not lose courage.

"We will get votes, too," cried Peggy. "Fly, fly swiftest of all my birds, General Swallow, Mrs. Purple Swallow, Homer Pigeon, Carrie Pigeon! Fly to the east, fly to the west, fly to the north, fly to the south! Bring here all the birds you can find to vote for Judge Owl for Head Watchman of Birdland."

Away flew the messengers and what happened then will be told tomorrow.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

A DOUBLE RUNAWAY

By HAZEL GRAY WOOD

Mrs. George Hartley relaxed comfortably on the lazy-seat of the Waterwing and, while drawing a certain subconscious pleasure from the attractive scenery through which they were running, bestowed most of her attention upon the three young people chatting gaily in wicker chairs in front of her.

Whenever young Bob Whitford turned toward her daughter Eleanor, Mrs. Hartley beamed. When, as seemed more often the case, he responded to some gay sally of Eleanor's cousin, Madeline, she frowned—inwardly. Yet she had amiably seconded Madeline's proposal to spend a week at the Hartley camp on Upper Twin Lake at the same time that Whitford was to be a guest—which, considering that Bob was a desirable catch and Eleanor was only passing fair, was peculiar.

Eleanor served as a foil for the sparkling Madeline. Eleanor glowed where Madeline gleamed; smiled where Madeline laughed; could pass unnoticed in a party of which Madeline was the life. Madeline attracted all men, while Eleanor could boast only one suitor and not even her mother knew about him.

The speedy Waterwing was three hours away from the landing when the engine exploded violently in the carburetor a couple of times and stopped dead. The resulting silence was like a blow.

Every one looked to Jim, the Hartley's handy man, who ran the boat, and he, after a moment's examination, announced "No gas."

"How careless!" ejaculated Mrs. Hartley.

"Any chance of a boat passing?" asked Bob.

"Lord, no," exclaimed Jim. "Our camp's the only one up past here. Looks like I got a long hike back to the landing."

"When will you get back?" demanded Mrs Hartley.

Jim cast weatherwise eyes westward. "Looks like rain," he remarked casually. "Likely enough I'll make it by tomorrow noon, though."

"Tomorrow noon!" cried three voices. Eleanor said nothing, but looked at Jim as if puzzled.

"Sure," Jim defended his estimate. "No trail or nothing. Come ashore with me," he invited Whitford, "and tell 'em what the going's like."

Working the boat ashore, Jim and Whitford made her fast to a tree. Then Bob walked a few hundred yards back through the underbrush along the river bank with Jim, finding the going all that the latter had inferred. Finally Jim suggested that Bob had better be turning back before he got lost.

"What!" laughed Bob, "with the river for a guide?"

"I'm the one that's responsible," the guide asserted himself. "I don't want you should go no further."

"Very well," acquiesced Bob good naturedly, and sat down on a fallen pine. For a few minutes after Jim's departure he considered the peculiarity of his guide's thus-far-and-no-further attitude. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he undressed, plunged into the water and swam downstream to a point where he could see beyond the bend of the river. His suspicions were justified. A half-mile away Jim was speeding toward the landing in a small skiff with an outboard motor.

"What the hades!" remarked Bob, and swam back to his clothes.

"Returning to the Waterwing, he reported simply. "Jim's right. The going is rotten." But he threw a quick glance at Mrs. Hartley, knitting placidly.

"There's plenty of food in the boat," said that lady. "We'll just have to make a picnic of it until Jim gets back." And from her, the others took their cue for the time being.

But as night came on, they grew silent, especially the vivacious Madeline True, the watermelon spray hoods assured them of shelter if the rain which Jim had predicted materialized. But there were midges and mosquitoes and, annoyingly insistent, an off-key chorus of frogs. For once, Madeline was not the life of the party, and it was Eleanor's suggestion that they all "turn in even if there wasn't room to turn over," which made the hit of the evening.

The women had the cockpit with its cushions, while Bob made shift with the steersman's cubby-hole forward. Somewhere around 2 a. m. a staccato drumming on the hoods stretched khaki canvas announced the arrival of the rain.

Came morning, damp, dismal. Somewhere the rain had leaked in and soaked the bread, so that breakfast was not all it might have been.

And Bob, who, thinking over the affair from start to finish in the still watches of the night, had heartily condemned his hostess for deliberately planning a situation wherein her daughter would shine in comparison with her daughter's possible rival, was forced to concede a grudging admiration of her perspicacity.

For cousin Madeline had lost her vivacity. More than that, she was grumpy—and mussed. Her hair, lacking its usual nightly attentions, clung in sticky, uncurling wisps to her head, while Eleanor, gamely succumbing to circumstances, had braided her abundant locks into a girlish pigtail down her back.

And it was Eleanor who, taking pity on Bob's apparent boredom, routed out some fishhooks from the tool box and improvised a line by unraveling some emergency steering gear.

They tried it first from the boat; then, growing careless of the drizzle, ventured to the bank. They didn't have much luck—fishing. But Jim, shooting around the point in the outboard, grinned broadly as he saw his employer's daughter reclining comfortably in Bob's arms. Fortunately, he couldn't overhear their conversation.

"That villain Jim put one over on us," Bob was saying. "Your mother was in it, too."

"Mother!" exploded Eleanor. "It's just for things like this, mother's arranging my affairs, that when I became engaged to you a month ago I wouldn't tell a soul. For once I was bound to do something on my own hook. As for this episode—I wondered what was up when I saw mother having a long talk with Jim before we left camp. And now, when she discovers that she has endured all this needlessly—"

"Never mind, darling!" interrupted Bob. "It's worth it all for the kiss I'm going to take this very minute!"

Whereupon Jim, like a gentleman, closed his eyes.

Next complete novelette—
"Stuart's Compensation"

Things You'll Love to Make

What can be prettier or more appropriate to mark each guest's place at the Halloween or Thanksgiving party table than this combination book-mark dinner card? Trace the pumpkin face on stiff paper. (Bristol board.) Make the lower card part as long as you desire; not too long to prevent it from fitting the glass upon which it is to be placed. Cut on the dotted lines around the tie. Color the eyes, nose and mouth in black; the face in pumpkin yellow; the tie red, blue or green. Write the guest's name on the lower part. Place the card on the edge of the glass. These cards not only serve their purpose at the party, but will be taken home and used as a book-mark.

FLORA.

WANAMAKER'S | DOWN STAIRS STORE | WANAMAKER'S

Let Every Household Anticipate the Needs of Winter in This Sale of Our Entire Stock of Beddings and Table Damasks at a Reduction of 25 Per Cent

In Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

Many households have been making old things do double service, while prices have been high on things they really need. Now prices are coming down and they are coming down when they will do the most good, right at the beginning of Winter.

We don't know of a better thing for the households of Philadelphia than a sale like this.

Here are thousands of dollars' worth of seasonable merchandise of Wanamaker standard grades, taken from our own stocks and shelves and lowered in price exactly one-fourth.

This will bring to your home the things you need for Winter comfort—warm blankets, soft, thick comfortables, fresh sheets and spreads and a great deal of sturdy cotton damask, towels and so on, all at a saving of one-fourth.

A list of the new prices follows:

Double-Bed Blankets

White wool-mixed blankets, $6.75 to $10.50.
Wool-mixed plaids, $7.50.
White, gray and tan cotton blankets, $3.75 to $5.65.
All-wool plaid blankets, $11.25 to $18.75.

Single-Bed Blankets

White wool-mixed blankets, $6.35 and $7.50.
White all-wool blankets, $15.
White wool-mixed crib blankets, $2.25 and $2.65.

Wool Comforts

Wool-filled comforts covered with figured sateens and silks, $7.50 to $17.

Cotton Comforts

Covered with pretty figured materials at $2.10 to $7.50.

Crib comforts, cotton filled, $2.65 and $3.
Jacquard blankets in block and figured designs are $4.90 to $9.35.
Indian blankets are $6.35.

Sheets and Pillow Cases

Seamless sheets, 81x90 inches, $1.70 to $2.25.
Other sizes are priced accordingly.
Pillow cases are 25c to 50c each.
Embroidered and scalloped pillow cases, 45x36 inches, nicely boxed, are $1.85 a pair.

For the Table

Cotton table damask, 75c to $1.90 a yard.
Cotton table cloths, $3.75 to $4.50.
All-linen table cloths, 70x70 inches, $5.50.
Bleached cotton napkins, $2.75 to $5.50 a dozen.
Hemmed cotton napkins, 18x18 inches, 19c each.

All-linen 13-piece luncheon sets, scalloped and embroidered, $4.50 to $5.50.
Lace-trimmed cotton centerpieces, 65c to $3.
13-piece all-white cotton luncheon sets, 85c.
Lace-trimmed cotton bureau scarfs, $1 to $3.
All-linen bureau scarfs, scalloped and embroidered, $1.85 to $2.60.

Bed Spreads

Crochet bed spreads, $1.50 to $4.50.
Satin-finish bed spreads, $4.50 to $7.50.
Dimity bed spreads, $2.65, $2.85 and $3.
Dimity bed sets, $4.50, $4.90 and $5.65.
Satin-finish bed sets, $5.65, $10.90 and $11.25.

Towels

Turkish towels, 20c to 85c each.
All-linen dish towels, hemmed, 35c to 45c each.
Cotton huck towels (some are part linen), 11c to 45c each.

(Central)

A Fur Stole Is Such a Convenient Form of Warmth

With its help a suit, a dress or a light coat can often be worn comfortably on days when Autumn's chill is in the air.

Stoles of seal-dyed coney are $50, $100 and $110.

Stoles of nutria are $125 and $150.

Handsome stoles of fitch are $100.

Little animal boas are in great variety, ranging in price from a natural opossum boa of one skin at $15 to a stone marten boa of two skins at $100. In between, there are stoles of mink, kolinsky and fitch, one skin each or two skins. Also, natural racoon boas at $28.50.

(Central)

New Tub Silk Blouses
4 Models at $4.90

The silk is good quality and the styles are the simple ones which are the most satisfactory for long service. Women know how well white habutai tubs and wears. Among these blouses you will find a long roll collar or a two-in-one collar with a finely tucked front; a box-pleated style with a two-in-one collar; and a square-neck style with a vest.

Pin-Striped Crepe de Chine Blouses, $5.90

They are in semi-tailored style with collar which can be worn high or low.

(Market)

The Sale of Rag Rugs

There is quite a bit of romance in the story of these rugs and, of course, the background was laid many years ago when America was young. But romance of today is not lacking in the mill where these were made. It is situated in a little valley among the hills of Pennsylvania and the rugs are made on hand looms and some of them in the neighborhood homes.

The quality of the rags and the warp used are exceptional and, therefore, the rugs are unusually strong and sturdy.

The greatest variety is between $1.50 and $23.

Hit-or-miss Colonial rag rugs.
Gingham rag rugs in light and dark colors.
Plain-color rag rugs with fancy borders.
Extra-heavy rag rugs.
Mixed rugs in pastel shades.

There are sizes and colors for the hall, the bedroom, the living room, the kitchen, the inclosed porch and the bathroom.

(Chestnut)

For Women and Young Women There Are
New and Delightful Autumn Frocks
—Many at Special Prices

The prices are moderate and there is a pleasantly varied collection of frocks for business, street, afternoon or evening wear. The most fashionable materials are

Serge — Wool Jersey — Charmeuse — Tricotine — Cabardine — Mignonette

At $15

Navy blue fine twill serge frocks are attractively beaded or braided.

At $16.50

Two wool jersey frocks in brown, navy or reindeer take embroidery for their adornment.

And lustrous charmeuse frocks with the sleeves, skirts and bodices embroidered with blue silk and tiny black beads are pretty.

$21.75 to $25

for smart tricotine, serge or gabardine frocks embroidered with wool, with leather or beads for trimming.

A navy blue frock embroidered with silk is $25.

Silk mignonette frocks for afternoon wear are handsomely embroidered with bronze or black beads, $39.

Lovely Dance and Evening Frocks
One-third Less Than Regular

of chiffons, taffetas, crepes and the like are in delightful colorings at $16.50, $35, $39, $50 to $72.

(Market)

Scrim Curtains at $1.75 a Pair

Each curtain is 34 inches wide, which makes a pair 68 inches wide and 2¼ yards long. The curtains are of white or ecru scrim with hemstitched borders and little lace edging.

(Central)

Plenty of Pretty Velvet Hats at $3.85

Yes, at $3.85—think of it—nice velvets, some panne, in black, purple, a lovely Copenhagen or lighter blue, taupe, navy and brown!

The smaller shapes with brims that roll softly upward are particularly becoming. Tucking or shirring is used on the brims of a few models, while other hats have large-headed pins or, again brims faced with beaver-cloth to make them interesting.

(Market)

A Most Important Sale of Seasonable Weights in

Hosiery and Underwear
For Women, Children and Men

These are exactly the sort of things needed right now and their new prices make possible savings of 25 to 50 per cent. Every article is from our own stocks and of Wanamaker quality.

For Women

25c, for bodice top vests of ribbed white cotton, extra size.

25c, for combinations of white cotton, made with V necks, narrow shoulder straps and lace trimmed knees. In size 36 only.

$1 a garment for ribbed merino vests with high necks and short sleeves or Dutch necks and elbow sleeves. Or for ankle-length tights of the same quality. Regular and extra sizes.

$1.50 for ribbed white cotton combination suits in ankle length with either high necks and short sleeves or Dutch necks and elbow sleeves.

35c, three pair for $1, for mercerized black cotton hose with mock seams. First quality.

85c for "seconds" of full fashioned silk stockings with mercerized cotton tops and soles; in black, white and cordovan.

$1.10 for full fashioned silk hose in black or cordovan; mercerized tops and soles.

$1.65 for a heavier quality of full fashioned silk hose with lisle tops, soles and toes. In black, white, navy, cordovan and Russian calf.

(Central)

For Children

$1.25 for girls' combination suits of fine ribbed merino in a medium weight. They are in ankle length and have high necks and long sleeves. Sizes 2 to 12 years. (Central.)

25c a pair for boys' school hose of fine ribbed black cotton, plain or mercerized. Most of these are first quality, though there are some "seconds" of high grade stockings among them. Sizes 7½ to 9½. (In the Juvenile Shop, Gallery, Market.)

For Men

$1.50 for athletic union suits of white or colored cotton or of woven stripe white madras.

20c for mercerized cotton half hose in light or medium weight; in black or cordovan. "Seconds."

25c for cashmere half hose in medium and heavy weights in black or Oxford. "Seconds."

30c for mercerized cotton half hose in black or navy; reinforced feet. First quality.

40c for black and cordovan silk half hose with cotton tops and feet. "Seconds."

75c for first quality seamless half hose with reinforced feet; black, navy, cordovan and gray. These have cotton tops and soles.

(Gallery, Market)

50 Fine Sample Coats at $21.75 for Girls of 10 to 14

Lustrous velour in navy, brown, reindeer, tan and Pekin and navy serge, goldtone or silvertone are the materials. They are in the season's good styles with blouse backs, box-pleated or novel effects, all nicely lined and warmly interlined.

This is certainly the time to get the girl a Winter coat!

(Market)

AMERICAN STORES CO.

ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO ASCO

Why Pay Forty, Forty-five or Fifty Cents Per Pound

for Coffee, when you can buy "Asco" Blend, "the best ever poured from a coffee pot, for

"Asco" Blend Coffee lb 29c

"The first cup convinces"

The thousands and thousands of coffee enthusiasts, who "swear" by Asco Blend, were agreeably surprised at our recent reduction of 6c per lb. in price.

This was merely another actual proof of what our Producer-to-Consumer-Plan can do, is doing, every day in the year, to cut down your table costs.

"Asco" Blend is, now more than ever, the best coffee at any price."

"Asco" Stores conveniently located all over Philadelphia and in the principal cities and towns throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland.

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