

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule By Lillian Paschal Day

There are some heroes left. I know of one. He'd be surprised at the name. He is the flagman at a crossing. It's at the lower end of our town. Hundreds of machines pass daily. He guards carefully daytimes. But his heroism wasn't there. He has a little greenhouse also Joins his house across the track. His blind daughter lives there. She has been so from birth. she's a grown young lady now Her face is beautiful. Such peace shines from it! Her old father adores her. He has slaved to pay doctors. His hope is to give her sight. It has cost hard-earned hundreds. Last winter he outdid himself. A great specialist treated her. How to get so much money? That bothered night and day. Flowers and flagging den't pay big. So the father tended furnaces. Twelve of them-two churches. He rose at 4, home at midnight His route lay all over town Four miles each trip, twice daily, Houses were widely scattered.

Yet he missed only one day. During all that long winter! And then he froze his feet.

Coffee she brought, and leggings. He let her put them on him. Feet were freezing then. And he naver told her. She kissed him happily, Then felt her way back home They found him and cared for him Next day he tended furnaces again. She never knew about it. We're praying she will be cured

Isn't it odd? We see heroes every day. We don't always recognize them.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE BIRDLAND FAIR By DADDY

> CHAPTER I THE MYSTERY

TUDGE OWL came tapping at Peggy's window very early in the morning. "Good day, Judge Ow!" said Peggy, hopping out of her snug bed and peeking a: him through the window screen. a: him through the window screen.

"Good night!" replied Judge Gwl, and
then Peggy remembered that to him day
was night and night was day. Indeed
it was rather unusual for him to be
abroad at that hour, for the oun was
sending its first bright rays over the
hillops, and Judge Gwl didn't like sunlight, for he couldn't see well in it with
his big eyes. Indeed, in order to get
about he had to wear the dark glasses
Peggy had given him long ago.

"What brings you around so carly?" What brings you around so early?

"Early!" exclaimed Judge Owl. "Why, it is very late. I should have been in bed an hour ago. I only stayed awake because I had a very important question to ask you." "My goodness, what might that ques-tion be?" asked Peggy.

"It might be a lot of things," hooted Judge Owl tarity. Evidently staying up late had the same effect on him it has on many children—it made him cross. "It might be: 'How old are you?' or it might be: 'Will you have an egg for breakfast?' or it might be: 'Have you

The Question Corner

Today's Inquiries What material is warm and com

fortable for coat linings? 2. How can a water ring, left after removing a stain, be taken out? 3. Describe a convenient case that would make a good prize for a bridge club.

4. What is the latest fad in fancy

corsets?
5. How should a young girl's visiting card read? What is "coq de rocho"?

When door curtains have to be sulled open and shut very often. it is best to arrange them on a line with a pulley so that they can be pulled smoothly by a

dainty dressing table can be made by painting a kitchen table, surrounding it with cot-

table, surrounding it with cotton material in a pretty color,
and hauging a mirror painted
the same shade over it.

Make a butterfly costume for Halloween out of a yellow dress,
by adding a huge black tulle
bow in back, which forms
"wings" attached to waist,
wrists, shoulders and the hem
of the skirt. Ween a little valof the skirt. Wear a little yel-

of the skirt. Wear a little yellow cap with two quills.

Silk undergarments can be prevented from yellowing for some time if they are washed in lukewarm soapsuds, wrapped in a bath towel to get almost dry, then pressed with a warm iron. It is not correct to wear a veil with a large hat in the evening unless it is a flowing lace veil, not over the face.

When there is no time to make starch for collars and cuffs that are washed in a hurry, press them under a cloth with a very hot irou when they are almost

hot iron when they are almost dripping wet, to make them stiff enough for one wearing.

Heroism

Often the snow was unbroken. He waded through to his knees. Only five feet tall is he. And he's not strong, although wiry, But he is Grit incarnate. Pluck fired by Love! It has overturned worlds! He faced bliszards, eighteen below. Worst we'd had for years. Trains were late, stalled in snow. He stayed to guard the crossing. Feet and hands grew numb, Still he guarded the gate. The blind girl felt her way over.

studied your lessons for school? or it might he..."

But Peggy stopped him with a merry little sons that she made up as she sang it:

"What a cross old fow!

Is our friend Judge Ow!

When he stays up after seven.

I'll give him a smile

To make life worth while

And he'll grin until eleven."

Peggy smiled at Judge Owl with such a jolly tinkle in her eyes that he couldn't help grinning back.

"Well, you'd be cross, tog if you had."

"Well, you'd be cross, too, if you had stayed up all night making your rounds as Head Watchman of Birdland and then had found something that puzzled you so much you just had to learn all about it before you went to bed."

"What is it that is puzzling you?" asked Perry,
"Whoo! Whoo! Why does a boy who
is locked up in a house say Whoo-oop!
Whoo-oop!" Judge Owl asked, blinking at her.

ing at her.

"Is that a riddle or a joke," laughed Peggy. "Whichever it is, I give it up. Why does a boy who is locked up in a house say "Whoo-cop! Whoo-cop!"?"

"Whoo! It's neither a riddle nor a joke. It is a mystery," hoeted Judge Owl, looking very solemn.

"A mystery! Oh, tell me about it!" orled Peggy eagerly.

"Whoo! I don't know all about it!" grumbled Judge Owl, "That's why I've been chasing it all night—"

"Chasing what?" interrupted Peggy anxieually.

been chasing it all night—"
"Chasing what?" interrupted Peggy anxiously.
"The whoo-cop! whoo-cop!" answered Judge Owl. "When I first heard it. I couldn't make it out. It sounded like an owl with a cold in the head and at other times like a frog with a sore throat. I followed the sound to the verge of Birdland, coming at daylight to a farmhouse just outside the woogs. A man and a woman were getting ready to drive away in an auto, and before they drove away, they locked the house up fight. In that house was the whoo-cop! whoo-cop! I fluttered to the window and who do you think the 'whoo-cop! whoo-cop! was?"

"I hayen't any idea," answered Peggy, awed by Judge Owl's manner.
"Whoo! Whoo! It was a little hoy who was sobbling all alone. He was locked up—a prisoner. I think you'd better come right away and set him free hefore the man and woman get back. Than we can find out why he says 'whoo-cop! whoo-cop' when he lan't an ow!"
"Til go with you this minute," declared Peggy, dressing as fast as she could.

Tomorrow will be told what they find

better come right away and set him free hefore the man and woman get back. Then we can find out why he says whooop! whoo-oop! whoo-oop when he isn't an owl."

"I'll go with you this minute." declared Peggy, dressing as fast as she cauld.

"Tomorrow will be told what they find out about the "whoo-oop" boy.

Tok the whoo word who what they find out about the "whoo-oop" boy.

These are the bold statements in a letter received by City Tax Collector Frank S. Deland, the poll tax bill for \$5 being inclosed.
Collector Deland says he does not consider marriage a sufficient reason to exempt a man from paying his poll tax.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

BALLOONS By ELEANOR T. SPERRY "Balloons! Balloons! Buy the chee

dren a balloon! Coo-on-ney Island gas-balloons! Fifteen cents—two for a quar-ter! Coo-on-ney Island gas balloons!" The strident voice roused Amy Whitcomb, seated in her brother's limousin parked on the outskirts of the fair carrying her back to a day-long past. Strange that the yell of a hawker could affect so swift a transportation, and be tween two much dissimilar places. country fair in all its midday garish name Shelving Rock Hunt the night of the juntor reveis! And it was of Dick

Stiles, the maddest, merriest of them all, playing the balloon man, that the voice reminded her. From recalling how inimitably, with his marvelous gift of mimicry, he had peddled his bobbing wares, Amy's thoughts shifted to the episods which had taken place on the cool, starlit laws at the tag end of the evening. In answer to Dick's plea to marry him, she had told him, oh, so judicially and calm-

ly, "It would be a mistake, Dick. I like too well a serene, evenly ordered existence, while you-why, Dick, one moment you wear yourself out trying to be the greatest writer of the age, the next, you fancy yourself a second P. T. Barnum! It had all been true. Dick was a man

It had all been true. Dick was a man of many talents and with too much money in the offing ever to develop any one of them. But since that night much had happened. Dick's father had lost on the exchange. Dick had gone to work and amy had heard of him since as a promoter of sorts, an agent in a broker's office, a salesman for an export firm. For some time now, she had not heard at all. She wondered—"Ballconns! Coe-co-ney Island gas ballcons! Buy 'em for the checkfren!"

In response to an impulse which she could not have explained, even to herself. Amy bent forward to the chauffeur. It might be an hour before her brother, who had left her with the excuse that he was on the trail of a thoroughbred Jersey calf, irsturned. "Tell my brother I'll be back presently, if he returns first," she directed and, descending from the car, disappeared in the circling crowds.

Her way was temporarily impeded by an absorbed, needt-craning group watching a perspiring boy throw balls at triangular apertures in an endeavor, to "land three straight and win a baby doil!"Then, in an effect to retreat, Amy bumped into somebody and something of curving softness touched her check. Only a balloon—but, as she lifted her head to brush it aside, she looked straight into the startled eyes of Dick—a Dick who first head them slewly reddened.

softness touched har dines. Chily a batloon—but, as she lifted her head to brush it aside, she looked straight into the
startled eyes of Dick—a Dick who first paled, then slowly reddenad.

Wordless, he made a path for her
her through the throng and Amy, like a
nuppet on a string, obediently followed.
It was in back of the orangeade concession that they found shelter. And it was
Amy who spoke first.

"I suppose, of course, Dick, that this
is some sort of a joke." Bhe indicated
with a gesture the bunch of gold and yellow and purple spheres still swaying
from his shoulder.

An expression of relief flitted across
Dick's face.

"You're right, Amy—if I may still call

Diek's face.

"You're right, Amy—if I may still call you by your first name. I'm—er—gathering local color for my next book," he told her confidentially, "and when the old verzer who owns these fell over a tent rope and laid himself up. I saw my chance to do him a good turn and get a little fun out of it myself. Never dreamed I'd run into—into you. I was a balloon man once before—the revels. Do you happen to remember?" He rattled on in an endeavor to case the situation.

Something tugged at Amy's heart. He was the same old Dick. But she did not believe him the successful author his words implied. No, there were lines about his eyes, a thinness of the cheeks, a lock about the clothes—

"Dick." said Amy gently, "tell me all

"Dick." said Amy gently, "tell me all about yourself—the truth. That night you asked me to marry you, I was a cocksure young girl, dreadfully spoiled, I'm sure, by the friumphs, such as they were, of my first senson. Since then, well, I've learned—"

MARRIED; WON'T PAY TAX

Bostonian Returns Bill to Collector

With Terse Comment

Boston, Oct. 18.—"Last year I was working but single, so could pay the tax. This year I am married, so I am unable to pay."

These are the bold statement

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Simplicity

WHY do you number a certain person among your best friends?

Because of his sparkling wit? Because he thinks decoly? Because be talent? Or genius?

It is because he-it may be she-is frank, honest, sympathetic-simple. Which are the books that are loved and live? The most profound? The most crudite? The most pansophical?

The Bible, Rebinson Crusce, Pilgrim's Progress-always the simplest.

Greatness is simplicity.
Great men, great books, great principles, great inventions—all that is great Can a needle be improved upon? Or the pin? Or gravitation? Scriptures? Or Lincoln? Or a mother's love?

You see a woman dressed simply. No frills—no fel-de-rel—no nonsense Could anything be more charming? More feminine? More appealing or Illuring?

You read a speech. You read an article. What impresses you? What drives it under your skin?
Its logic? Its consistency? Its lingual gymnastics? Or its sincerity? Its unaffectedness? Its simplicity?

God is simple. His words are simple. His code is simple. "Honor thy her and thy mother." "Thou shalt not covet anything that is they neight "what could be more simple—what fraught with more meaning? God intended man to be simple—to eat simply, dress simply, speak simply, act simply-live simply.

Every tear that tears a human heart, every habit that blights a life, every ill to which mankind is heir and prey is simply the penalty we pay for violating God's law Simplicity. Almost every one of us staggers beneath a load of artificiality; of tinsel and spangle and keeping up appearances and seeming what we aren't; of pampered

Let's stop it. Let's be natural, sincere, simple! We'll all be better—and better off

unwholesome appetites and unnatural tastes.

cuses, Luna Park carnivals, in the daytime, while he continued to write evenings. And, as such a business involved
a constantly shifting address, Amy's
brother had volunteered to look after his
mall, mostly bulky manifa envelopes
filled with rejected manuscripts. But
Dick had stipulated that the girl who
had refused him in the days of his prosperity was not to know of the victsaitudes through which he had passed.

Into the explanation broke a trans-

Into the explanation broke a transformed Dick, waving the telegram about his head. "Look at that," he cried. "Just look at that," And Amy, her head bent over the yellaw slip, read wonderingly; "You've done a great piece of work. Call at ones to discuss royalties and contract for output of next five years."

The eignature was that of a well-known firm of publishers.

Amy looked up in time to intercept a glance between Dick and her brother—

Things haven't always broken well for her, either. In fact, at the age of sixteen,

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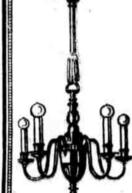
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THAT'S what they call her on Wall street—when they're not alluding to her as "the highest-salaried woman on the street." And she's only twenty-nine years of age, is Mrs. Helen Kenney Holmes.



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which would have fallen to her lot it pervous investors and it she had been able to afford the normal fore those who called up school training.

for some work that brought in more immediate returns.

"It's funny when you look back on it." Holines continues. "Necessity pointed it out to me, for telephone operating is one the biggest tragedy imaginable. I loved children and I wanted to be a teacher, it wasn't possible, however, for me to waste the time' necessary to go to normal school. I had to help support the family. So the teacher's career went by the boards and now." Mrs. Holmes's smile, as she giances around her mands it wasn't going to let it stay at that semile, as she giances around her mands it a point to be extra polite to the special of the support that I knew my business. "Little by little my salary was "Little by little my salary was "Little by little my salary was then to \$15 a week. Finally I was pointed to a position of confidence at the time' necessary to go to normal school. I had to help support the family. So the teacher's career went by the boards and now." Mrs. Holmes's smile, as she giances around her mands and those tween her present fortunes and those tween her present fortunes and those

ASCO ASCO

then go ahead! Worthwhile things are not accomplished in a "hit or miss" fashion. Men who have written their names on history's pages have attained their objectives because they first made sure they were right—then went ahead!

When the grocery stores which were the nucleus of the present American Stores Company were opened, some thirty odd years ago, those proprietors were convinced of the need for groceries where Low Prices and High Quality went hand in hand with Economic Merchandising. They knew they were right, so they went ahead.

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Stocks Full and Complete Fancy Mixed Nuts......1b 28 Calif. Walnuts....lb 80c Calif. Almonds....lb 37c Fancy Fresh Pack Currents ... pkg 25c "Asco" Peanut Butter, glass 121/2c Pure Apple Butter....can 22c

"Asco" Mince Meat ... lb 27c Baker's Coconut.....can 16c Fancy Golden Pumpkin..can & Zay-tek Cake Icing. pkg 20e
"Asco" Pork & Beans. can 12c
Maillard's Chocolate... cake 14c
Assorted Fruit Jams... jar 21c

Fancy Seeded Raisins,pkg 28c Wilbur's Bak. Chocolate, ck 11c Fancy Stuffed Olives, bot 28-35c Fancy Queen Olives, bot 24-33c so Spart Pickles bot 18c Prepared Mustard glass 7c

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Flour 9° pkg: Throc for 25c Just add water, mix batter and in a few minutes you can make the most delightful cakes you over ate. Franklin Golden Syrup can 190

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Asco" Macaroni.....pkg 10c Pure Honey jar 16c

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Fresh Cracker Dust.....lb 13c

... can 10-19c

.lb 16c

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Fresh Soda Crackers, lb 17c Trenton Crackers..lb 18c Graham Crackers..lb 26c Eagle Butters. Spiced Wafers. Animal Nic-Nacs ... lb 32c Unity Jumbles ... lb 32c "Asco" Pretzels, lb pkg 23c

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