

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

It Has Happened Before
By L. W. LANGDALE

"It's the culture, the ideals, the associations, Phillip!" and mother laid a gentle, persuasive hand upon her son's shoulder.

"To think that a boy of mine will go contrary to my wishes—that he will refuse what no sacrifice on my part is too great to give him—that he cannot appreciate the opportunities I would have given so much to have had!" Phillip's father, his brow furrowed, paced up and down the room with nervous strides.

"Your grandfather, dear!"—it was grandmother putting in her gentle ear—"was honor man of his class!"

"And Phil, think of the larks with the boys—the frat dances, the rushes, the football games, why, Phil, you might make the team!" This, of course, was sister Frances' contribution.

But Phillip, tall, good-looking in spite of the scowl which clouded his features, rose moodily and picked up his hat. "Can't see it," he all but growled. "A fellow's a fool to waste four years of his life dawdling over a pile of books when he can be putting in learning a business. And dawdling over a pile of books won't help a man to win out over the other fellow in competition. By, mother, I'm going out."

"He's going calling mother, on intellectual little Dulcie Seymour!" Frances' succinct treble reached Phillip just as Phillip reached the door. Result—one loud slam.

And as Phillip swung down the quiet street, his thoughts were stormy within. Why couldn't a fellow be let alone? College was all right enough—but Heavens! There were so many things he wanted—a motorcycle, a speed boat, things that didn't even exist in his father's day—and to get them, he must get out and earn them. Dad and mother, they were all right, of course—but back numbers, old fashioned.

Look at their attitude as regarded Dulcie, for example. Suppose she wasn't a motorcycle, a speed boat, things that didn't even exist in his father's day—and to get them, he must get out and earn them. Dad and mother, they were all right, of course—but back numbers, old fashioned.

Back in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Curtis had gone into family conference. "I know, of course," Mrs. Curtis was saying, "exactly how Phillip regards us, as a couple of old fogies. He'll recover from it. It isn't really Phillip, it's his age."

"Maybe," conceded her husband, "but by the time he gets over it, the class he should have entered with will have graduated and have sons of their own."

"Yes, that's the one. Well, years and years ago, even before I knew you, he used to come and see me—oh, nothing serious—he was just one of the crowd of young people. But when, very infrequently, we meet, we always stop and chat a moment. Now, that is the sort of man whose opinion might have weight with Phillip. Suppose I explain, and ask him to drop in some evening and talk with Phillip; although, of course, to

Things You'll Love to Make

Clothes-Pin Apron Bag



Haven't you always wished for a handy bag for clothes-pins? Make the one shown. It will serve as an apron as well as bag while hanging up the clothes, and what is more—you will always have your clothes-pins when and where you want them. Take a strip of sixteen one yard long and one-half yard wide. Cut out the parts indicated by shading, and fold into halves on the dotted line. Bind the large curved cut edge. Stitch around the outside edges to form the bag. Sew on the band and strings, and you have a very handy clothes-pin bag.

FLORA.

Phil the whole thing must seem accidental.

Her husband was silent a moment. It's hard for a father to realize that any disinterested outsider can have more influence with his own son than he who has cheerfully labored and planned and gone without for nearly a score of years.

"He sighed. Then, 'Go to it, Helen,' he told her. 'It sounds good, if it will work. And between you and me, Helen, getting Phillip to college might, with the new interests and all, pry him loose from the wayward little Miss Seymour's influence.'"

"Exactly," declared Helen, and the meeting adjourned.

Several nights later, in the Curtis living-room with its softly shaded lights, comfortably deep chairs, and general atmosphere of homey livableness, sat Phillip's father and mother and Professor William S. Crosby, who didn't in the least mind dropping around, renewing old friendships and getting hold of a promising student for the university.

Frances and Phillip were absent at some final class supper affair, Frances going with Phil's chum and Phil, of course, with, as Frances put it, "his Dulcie." But there had been a general agreement to be home early.

Shortly before ten, Phillip appeared, glowing from his brisk walk from Dulcie's home.

"Professor Crosby—this is my son." "Glad to know you, sir." "I'm hoping to be in one of your classes on the hill, this fall. You know I enter the university in September," easily and nonchalantly gave out Phillip.

There was a moment's calm. Then the conversation flowed pleasantly, smoothly, into other channels. But after the guest's departure, Phillip's father waylaid his son en route to the kitchen.

"Phillip, did I understand you to say you expected—"

"To enter college, Dad? Oh, yes."

Next complete novelette— "Among the Thistles" — HUMAN CURIOS

The Girl Who Vanished
It was on Christmas night, 1914, that the world received the first details of the most baffling disappearance which has occurred since the kidnaping of Charlie Ross—the vanishing of Dorothy Arnold. Thirteen days previously Dorothy Harriet Camille Arnold, the daughter of a wealthy perfume importer of New York, left her home at 108 East Seventy-ninth street, apparently for the purpose of making a shopping trip down Fifth avenue. In a store at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street she purchased a pound of candy, and two hours later purchased a book in a store at Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street. At 2:45 a friend stated that she met her on the street and that Miss Arnold announced that she was going for a walk in Central Park. This was the last trace of her ever found.

At the time of her disappearance she was preparing to give a luncheon to some sixty of her Bronx Maw school-mates and a search of her room showed that she had not taken any valuable jewelry with her, nor had she destroyed any of her letters. So far as the members of her family could state, the only money she had with her was about \$15 or \$20, and every sign pointed to the fact that her disappearance was not premeditated.

In spite of the great amount of publicity given to the case and the description of the girl and her clothing which were spread broadcast over two continents, no trace of her has ever been found—and "the case of Dorothy Arnold" has become a synonym for mystery in detective headquarters of a score of cities, for, though hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent, and men like William J. Burns and Sir R. H. Henry, of Scotland Yard, have been employed, the mystery of the missing girl in New York is as insoluble today as it was a decade ago.

Friday—The Wandering Jew

THE PRESSER CHRISTMAS CLUB

Select Your Phonograph Now for delivery at once or later, as you choose. Any style (or price) of the three leading makes

Victrola, Brunswick & Cheney
THE MOST LIBERAL EASY-PAYMENT PLAN EVER OFFERED
EIGHT UNUSUAL ADVANTAGES WITH NO DISADVANTAGES

25—Phonograph Outfits—25
From Which to Select
Large Shipments of Victor Records Just Received
Full particulars of this unusual opportunity will be sent to any address. Send in the coupon today.

THEO. PRESSER CO.
The Home of Music
1710-12 CHESTNUT ST.

The largest stock in America of Educational, Classic and Church Music Publications. All the latest popular and show successes.

Write your name and address below and we will forward you full particulars of the most liberal plan ever offered for the purchase of a Victrola, Brunswick or Cheney Phonograph.

Name.....
Address..... P. D.

SHIPMENTS to PACIFIC COAST
Save Money by Shipping Via Atlantic-Gulf & Pacific Line
Shipments may be hauled to Pier 9 North.
For heavy pieces and goods in open cars secure our routing orders.
S/S "WEST HAVEN" Sails about Nov. 12
S/S "CAPE ROMAIN" Sails about Nov. 25
Chas. Kurz & Co., Inc., Agents
LOMBARD 5104 Drexel Building, Phila. MAIN 1520

You would listen to us then

If we could pile up before your eyes a heap of coal representing the actual waste of power caused by slipping belts — you would listen to us.

The losses through inefficient belt transmission are often disregarded because they are unseen. Have you ever checked through from the power producer to the machine pulley? Perhaps you, too, would discover that you were dropping appreciable profits between the pulleys.

How can the loss be stopped?

By using the right kind of leather belt, of the proper thickness, the correct width, and running at the proper tension. If you have no one qualified to determine these factors, we will gladly send an expert to analyze your belt transmission conditions.

Phone Market 5263, or write
George Yeaman, District Manager
EDW. R. LADEW CO. Inc.,
Third and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADREW LEATHER BELTING
86th Year

These Names Stand High

—in the community of which you are a member, in this proud, fine, old City of Philadelphia. Every man and woman mentioned here is squarely back of the Bureau of Municipal Research.

Trustees, Bureau of Municipal Research

George Burnham, Jr., Chairman
Malcolm Lloyd, Jr., Vice Chairman
Percy H. Clark, Treasurer

Dimmer Beeber	Joseph H. Hagedorn	Charles J. Rhoads
Cyrus H. K. Curtis	Clarence L. Harper	J. Henry Scattergood
Franklin D'Olier	Miss Mary H. Ingham	Miss Florence Sibley
Powell Evans	James Collins Jones	Dr. Martha Tracy
S. E. Fairchild, Jr.	Strickland L. Kneass	Edward R. Wood
Samuel S. Fels	Frank H. Moss	Walter Wood

LAST year these men and women spent \$40,000 in co-operative work with the department heads of the City of Philadelphia for the improvement of both men and methods in the administration of the City's affairs—your affairs; \$40,000, in part their own money and in part the contributions of 2000 other citizens.

The Bureau of Municipal Research was the vehicle through which these high-minded, public-spirited citizens—some of them with great means and some with small—spent this sum to protect your interests as a citizen of the municipality.

No single advertisement can tell you of the scores of ways in which the Bureau of Municipal Research is working to improve the conditions—social, economic and political—under which you and your family live.

But if you will clip the coupon we shall be glad to tell you more about our work in your behalf.

CITIZENS' BUSINESS
BUREAU OF MUNICIPAL RESEARCH
That \$33,000,000 Loan

CITIZENS' COUPON (11)
Bureau of Municipal Research,
805 Franklin Bank Building,
Philadelphia.

I desire to know more about the working of your organization and I am particularly interested in (Check topic of greatest interest to you)—

1. Cleaner streets.	5. A better water supply.
2. More pay for school teachers.	6. Justice for the poor in the city's courts.
3. Making the city's sinking fund work.	7. Constitutional revision.
4. Fair pay and fair play for all employees of the city.	8. Correcting mandamus abuses.

Name.....
Address.....

CITIZENS' BUSINESS is the weekly publication of the Bureau of Municipal Research. Do you read it? Send to the Bureau for a copy today.

BUREAU OF MUNICIPAL RESEARCH
805 Franklin Bank Building
Bell—Spruce 1823
Keystone—Race 2530

This advertisement is paid for by a public-spirited citizen who is a member of the Bureau of Municipal Research