

INCHES FROM

The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Elbows and Appetites

Mrs. Bennett's a 'food psychologist. She has a big boarding house. It's the only one in our town. Our suburb is mostly homes. We all dine sometime at the Maples. Each window frames a lovely view. Flowers decorate the tables. Nappery is Spotless-Town clean. Food like mother never could cook. People come even from the city. She takes only about fifty. Could have fifty more, but won't. She's a widow with a daughter. Extra money wouldn't hurt. "More tables?" No, I haven't room. I looked at her curiously. "How many turned away today?" "Thirty, I think," she smiled. "Well, I insisted, 'Why? You could push this table over. There's room here for one—' "You forget," she interrupted. "Appetite waits on elbows. 'Elbows?' I was mystified. "What have they to do with it?" "A great deal," she replied. "People often don't know why. Food is clean, but tastes horrid. Flowers and view are all there. Yet something is wrong.

They are not happy. It's because of their elbows. They're being knocked all the time. Chairs are too close together. They try to avoid other elbows. Even when they keep them down. But manners can be carried too far. You have to use your elbows. Or you couldn't feed yourself. Eating is a strain. Saliva stops. Nervous tension brings indigestion. They go away. Never come back. Restaurant waiters why. Hires a more expensive orchestra. Scolds the chef and the waiters. It's his fault. He forgets elbows. That's psychology plus physiology. Or else it's the Golden Rule. Now I know how I'd feel. Having my elbows hit every minute. It would drive me wild. Couldn't eat the best ever cooked. And I don't spread elbows, either. I never have any kickers. Because every one is comfortable. They relax and enjoy their meals. Isn't it odd? There are thousands who feed folks. Wonder how many ever think of THAT?

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BILLY'S QUEER KNIGHTS

By DADDY

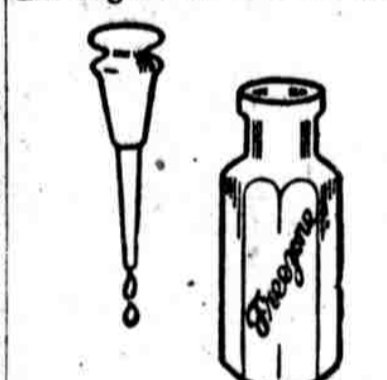
While Billy is playing football, Peggy sings a queer song that seems to cause his team to go to pieces. Then Peggy sings another song which brings her closest friends to take the places of Billy's players on the football eleven.

CHAPTER IV "Happy-Hop Scores"

"RAH-RAH-RAH!" for Billy's Queer Knights! shouted the boys and girls on the east side of the football field. "Rah-rah-rah!" for Tommy Tubbs' Fat Warriors! shouted the boys and girls on the west side. "Billy will win! Rah-rah-rah!" for Billy! shouted the east side crowd. "Tommy Tubbs will win! Rah-rah-rah!" for Tommy Tubbs! shouted the west side crowd. Billy, looking over his Queer Knights, didn't know which side was right. Podgie and Pudgie Bear and Bally Sam looked like football giants who could beat any other eleven, but Peggy, Toddie Pupkins, Hoppy-Hop, Johnny Bull, Billy Goat, Blue Heron and General Croaker looked like what the crowd had called them—a team of girls, babies and dwarfs. Tommy Tubbs was as much puzzled as Billy. His Fat Warriors were so much larger than eight of Billy's Queer Knights that it seemed they could mow the little chaps down as a lawn mower cuts grass. But the three big Queer Knights—Podgie, Pudgie and Bally Sam—were so very, very big that Tommy and his Fat Warriors were not a bit anxious to play against them. Had they known that the big players were two bears and a mule instead of the

"CORNS"

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Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Freesone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freesone for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

"Some of my players are tiny and some of my players are big, but not one of my players is over twelve years old. That was true for Bally Sam, the oldest of the animals, who was only seven years old, while Toddie Pupkins, the youngest, was seven months old. Young animals grow faster than young children. The referee blew his whistle and the game began. And, my, what a game it was! Billy's Queer Knights were eager, brave and strong, but not one, except Billy himself, knew a thing about how to play football. Podgie and Pudgie barged when they tackled the other players; Bally Sam kicked so much the referee threatened to put him off the field; Billy Goat butted; Johnny Bull snarled and snapped; Hoppy-Hop and General Croaker hopped wildly about; Toddie Pupkins ran, here, there, and everywhere, barking as loud as he could, while Blue Heron stood on one leg and calmly watched the others struggle. Tommy Tubbs' Fat Warriors didn't know how to play the game, and they began to use all the tricks they knew. Again and again they gained on the Knights until they had the ball close to Billy's goal. Around the end went Tommy Tubbs with the ball. Billy Goat tried to stop him by butting, but butted Podgie instead. Podgie tried to hug Tommy but found himself hugging Podgie. Bally Sam grew excited and kicked both the bears in a minute. Billy's Queer Knights were all struggling among themselves, and there was Tommy Tubbs headed for the goal and no one in the way to stop him. "Run, Tommy, run!" shouted the crowd, and Tommy ran as fast as any fat boy could run. The goal was just ahead and Tommy in his mind saw himself a hero, making the first touchdown of the game. But Tommy never got to the goal. He felt something seize him by the back of the breeches, something that pinched him until he yelled. At the same time something else seized him by the leg, something that nipped like a pair of pliers. The first something was Johnny Bull, who had gripped Tommy with his bulldog jaws. The second something was Toddie Pupkins, whose puppy teeth were as sharp as needles. "Ouch!" yelled Tommy, and down he went on his stomach. Away flew the ball out of his grasp. Hoppy-Hop, the rabbit, grabbed it in a flash. He turned toward the other end of the field, and before the Fat Warriors knew what was happening, he was scurrying across the goal line. The first touchdown had been made by Billy's side, and it had been made by swift-running Hoppy-Hop. More about this queer game will be told tomorrow.

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WANAMAKER'S DOWN STAIRS STORE WANAMAKER'S

Beginning Tomorrow Morning The Best Sale of Women's Shoes That Philadelphia Has Known This Season

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

20,500 Pair of High Shoes, Pumps and Oxfords, From Our Own Stocks, Are Marked at Reductions Which Range From 25 to 50 Per Cent

What a time to buy shoes!

Thousands of pairs of the very shoes you need in Winter—sturdy, durable walking shoes with welted soles and low and medium heels—are marked at savings of \$1.80 to \$4.20 on a pair.

Then there are the fashionable brogue Oxfords, which so many women wear all Winter long, with spats or wool stockings, and many kinds of pumps and high shoes with French heels—all reduced 25 to 50 per cent.

Every pair of shoes is perfect in every way—fresh and new and from our own good stocks. No war accumulations nor special groupings of undesirable merchandise, but splendid shoes, genuinely sound and in perfect condition. At their original prices no better shoes were obtainable for the money.

7000 Pair at \$6.85

- Black kidskin lace shoes with welted soles, straight tips and low, medium or Cuban heels
Black kidskin lace shoes with indicated wing tips and medium heels.
Black kidskin lace shoes in wide-toe shapes with low heels.
Tan calfskin lace shoes with welted soles, straight tips and medium or Cuban heels.
Tan calfskin lace shoes with welted soles, indicated wing tips or outside wing tips and medium heels.
Tan calfskin lace shoes with fawn or brown cloth tops, medium heels and welted soles.
Black calfskin lace shoes with straight tips, welted soles and medium or Cuban heels.
Black calfskin lace shoes with indicated or outside wing tips and welted soles.
Brogue Oxfords of tan or black calfskin with outside wing tips, welted soles and low heels.
Oxfords of black kidskin with straight tips and medium heels or wide toes and low heels.

12,000 Pair at \$5.40

- Tan leather lace shoes with welted soles, low heels and straight or wing tips.
Tan leather lace shoes with wide toes, welted soles and low heels.
Tan leather lace shoes with indicated wing tips or outside wing tips and medium heels.
Black kidskin comfort shoes with turned soles, low heels and wide toes.
Brogue Oxfords of black or tan calfskin are made with outside wing tips, welted soles and medium or Cuban heels.
Tongue pumps of black kidskin or patent leather have turned soles and high, covered heels.
Plain pumps are of black calfskin, patent leather, field-mouse or brown kidskin with turned soles and high, covered heels.
Black patent leather one-eyelet tie pumps have high, covered heels and turned soles.
Plain patent leather pumps have turned soles and baby French heels.
Brown kidskin pumps, with cross-straps over the ankle, have turned soles and baby French heels.
Black suede pumps, with one strap, have turned soles and high, covered heels.

1500 Pair at \$3.65

- Black dull leather or patent leather lace shoes with low heels or high, covered heels.
Button or lace shoes of black kidskin have low heels.

In each group and in nearly every style there are all sizes from 2 1/2 to 8 and all widths from AA to D, with a particularly large quantity in the popular sizes from 4 1/2 to 6 1/2. Some black kidskin shoes can even be had in sizes 2 1/2 to 9 and as wide as EE.

NOTE: In the groups at \$3.65 and \$5.40 there are several thousand pairs of shoes suitable for school girls.

All of these shoes will be found in the Shoe Store, Chestnut Street Section, and on the Center Aisle.



Here's a cookie that captures "Snap and Spice"



WHAT will you have for the Hallowe'en "eats"? Your friend, the Ivens Baker, suggests SPICED WAFERS with the cider, apples and everything else.

Little folks and big folks like these well-browned and tempting cakes. Selected spices from far-off India and Java give a wonderful new flavor to

Ivens Spiced Wafers

—a flavor that you'll find in no other cookie you can buy or bake.

There's a real "art" to baking cakes and crackers. And Philadelphians all agree that the Ivens Baker is a master of that art, especially in the way he brings out to the full the natural flavors of the ingredients used in his cookies and cakes. Let SPICED WAFERS show you. At grocers!

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