

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

A Question of Liberty

ly neighbor Smith is in \$1000. He has just won a lawsuit, The judge meted out poetic justice. Also the prosy kind. This was both. vacant lot was next to Smith. speculator bought it. Said he would build to sell Smith remarked about high wages.
"Don't worry me!" laughed the man.
"I just soak the buyer more. d two hundred for higher wages. hundred more for high freight. That makes \$1500 velvet for me.' His wink was a leer. ith disliked him but kept still. He came home one evening. Excavators had dug up to his hedge. He hunted up the builder. "Look at your deed!" he said. "This is restricted property. Rule is twenty feet between houses, You must build farther from me." The fellow blustered and swore.

"I'll build where I please!

"But how'd you like it?

It's my property! I'm my boss! No restrictions can hold me!

Suppose I did that to you? Ever hear of the Golden Rule?"

The builder haw-hawed. "That's a good un! Ho! ho! Golden Rule's 'Nothin' but gold!" That's mine! It's a free country.' Smith quoted: "My liberty ends. Line is where a brother's begins." "Well, I ain't over your line. Mind yer own business!" So Smith minded his own business. He let Mr. Builder build ahead. What he did was plenty, too. Roof overhang was four feet wide. It extended over Smith's line. Rain dripped from it on his garden. House sold at an exorbitant price. Then Smith sued for \$5000 damages. Sale was held up pending suit. Smith told the story in court. The judge decided in his favor. Gave the usual cut on damage sum. He gave the builder further orders. He was to move his house! Restrictions were lawful contracts. It cost \$900 to do the moving.
The papers got it. Folks laughed. Builder preferred jail to ridicule. He moved to another town. Isn't it odd? Liberty may become laxity. It's only a question of boundaries.

She dropped into a couch-hammock out on the flower-boxed yeranda and tapped the floor with a white-slippered foe impatiently. Big crops ripening for Jack and no cans: Suddenly, her foot craised to tatoo. Suppose he made catsup! But no, that was what other canners were doing everywhere, making catsup in bottles because of the shortage of cans. Catsup would be a drug on the market.

Again Barbara looked thoughtful, For moment she sat very still. Then, Again Barbara looked thoughtful. For a moment she sat very still. Then, "There's just a chance!" she cried aloud, and hatless, coatless, ran down the path and through the gate. And, presently, breathless, she brought up at a tiny white house half hidden beneath vines of clematis. Snift! snift! Aunt Harriet was preserving. It was no onen, Without knocking, she opened the door and went in.

Brown eyes snapping, hands clenched. Barbara Mason faced her father, who watched her amusedly as he lay come fortably back in one offsits deep-padded library chairs.

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Brown eyes snapping hand sclenched. Barbara halted him in the very doorway with a protesting land, you can't can the tomatoes—that's out of last so take something factory, too—even if it is g l'itle smaller than yours!"

"So well do I know the details of Jack's business, my dear," her father forted, "that I feel quite safe in promising you what you say yes' to him when he comes to you."

"So well do I know the details of Jack's business, my dear," her father torted, "that I feel quite safe in promising you what you say yes' to him when he comes charted the market and turn It into something.

A look of conserrant on event into the pulled in the point of the promising you what you ask. You see, my dear, he won't be able to take up his around her raign founties for him on the promising you what you ask is great deal more and that's listent to the cultivation of their arcan deany cans, Jack" she asked.

"All right, Barbie. All right in the way and the stand of great deal less to personall-ties, walked down the attreet through the waited any cans, Jack" she asked.

"All right, Barbie. All right in the well asked in the promising will be a promised to the can be allowed to have a complete the collection to the cultivation of their arcan deany cans. Jack" she asked.

"All right, Barbie. All right it is a little any any soul like. All right. Barbie. All right it is a way any come of failure!"

"But, Father," Barbara halted him in the very doorway with a protesting had the state of the control of the c

able to stay around these parts, will he?
And why can't he take up those contracts? He hasn't the cans! There's a shortage on! I had considerable difficulty—considerable difficulty—considerable difficulty—considerable difficulty—in buying up all I needed—and a few extra thousand—for myself!"

"Father!" Barbara's tone was horrified. "Did you buy up more cans than you needed, to prevent Jack from getting his?"

"Exactly," acknowledged her father." I don't alm to do business with gloves on—and one canning factory's enough in this town."

The girl turned away dismayed. Affectionate and indulgent parent that he was, she knew her father well enough to realize that he never mixell h's business with domestic affairs and that he would undoubtedly relegate to the domain of the former the elimination of a successful competitor, even though that competitor be aspirant for his daughter's hand.

She dropped into a couch-hammock out on the flower-boxed verands and tapped the floor with a white-slippered foe impatiently. B'g crops ripening for Jack and no cans: Suddenly, her foot caused to tatoo. Suppose he made catsup! But no, that was what other can, ners were doing everywhere, making catsup hottles because of the shortage of cans. Catsup would be a drug on the

Next Complete Novelette

Embarrassing Moments

A Lesson in French

My felend and I were returning home from a New York school where french was the language of the house. On the train, feeling pleasantly superior, we snoke French entirely and took no pains to lower our voices.

Both of us, from the height of our sixteen years, were vastly amused at the appearance of a woman who sat in front of us, and began to discuss her. We wondered if her hair was her own, speculated as to the origin of her hat, and were enjoying ourselves immensely when she arose majestically, leveled us to the earth with a single look, and said in excellent French: "I would suggest that the young ladies pay a great deal more attention to the cultivation of their accents and a great deal less to personali."

The buildings had their foundations where the sky should be while their chimneys pointed downward. The streets were laid out in bewildering circles, squares and figure eights. The people, hurrying and sucreying in every direction, raced about with their feet clinging to the walks as a fly clings to the ceiling, to the walks as a fly clings to the cilinging to the walks as a fly clings to the cilinging to the walks as a fly clings to the cilinging to the walks as a fly clings to the cilinging to the walks as a fly clings to the cilings.

Even the sunlight was turned around, for it shone up out of the streets instead of down upon them. The effect was almost blinding to the eyes, particularly because of the bright colors of the houses. Bright orange, vivid pink, and faming scarlet seemed to abound, but here and there were touches of shamrock green and deep sky blue.

"Oh, that hurts my eyes," cried Peggy. went in.

Some time later Barbara emerged and her eyes were sparking. Smiling, she turned and waved her hand to a smiling aunt in the window. Then she walked down the box-bordered path almost as sedately as if she did not see fame, fortune, and a flance in the very immediate future.

That evening, quite by accident as usual, Barbara met Jack in the postofice. The worried expression which had lifted for a moment as he saw her, settled again gloomily as side by side they

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE SANDMAN'S CHILDREN By DADDY

Peggy and Billy meet Nodding, son of the Eand-Man, in the valley of Sleepy Sund. He shrinks them to midget size, then the three sink through the sand into a strange city.

CHAPTER IV

Topsy-Turvy City "OH!" GASPED Peggy at the dazz-ling scene that opened before them as they sank through the magic "Oh!" breathed Billy in a wondering tone.
There, stretching far in the brilliant light, was a city—but what a strange

"Welcome to the Topsy-Turvy city in the Land of Upside-Down!" tinkled Nodding, son of the Sand-Man. The marvelous part about the city was that it was like its name. There were houses and churches and large buildings. There were thy men, women, and children. But everything was topsytury and upside down, dwellings and people alike.

"Oh, that hurts my eyes," cried Peggy, shielding her eyes with her hands and

looking down. And then she gave a cry of wonder, for what do you think she had seen? That she and Billy and Noddy were standing on the sky. Below them was a fleecy white cloud and beyond was the flaming glory of the sunset.

"I'm all mixed up," cried Peggy, "Are we standing on our heads or are the people in this city? Are we walking upside down or are they?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha." laughed Nodding. "You are in the land of Upside-Down, where you and every one and everything are topsy-turvy and all mixed up. But don't worry! Here comes my brother Napping and sister Drowsy Dose to greet us." Nodding pointed to a twisty walk along which were running a boy and a girl, their heads hanging down toward the children. As the two got to a point above the children—or below them, Peggy wasn't quite sure which it was, Napping and Drowsy Doze turned sudden handsprings and landed right side up on the cloud beside Peggy and Billy.

"Goody, you're here just in time,"

was, Napping and landed right side up on the cloud beside Peggy and Billy. To cried Drowsy Doze, who was dressed in shining silver. "We're just starting on our evening trip to scatter sand in children's eyes so they can go to sleep. Hurry! The night wind is waiting:"

Without giving Peggy or Billy a chance to speak, she selved Peggy by the hand and went skipping from cloud to cloud. Nodding and Napping, who it was plain to be seen were twins, followed with Billy between them.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Drowsy Doze, pointing upward at what seemed to be a tunnel. Around this tunnel the sand gatherers were grouped, each busy emptying his sack of sand into it.

"Do as we do!" cried Nodding and Napping. Reaching up into the air they turned handsprings which landed them twong side up beside the tunnel. Drowsy Doze followed them and close behind are acrobats. They, too, landed wrong side up, but now they vere surprised to find that what had seemed wrong side up, but now went into the ground. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding and Napping, jumping into the tunnel where they quickly vanished from sight. "Come on!" cried Nodding an

Things You'll Love to Make



What could be more appropriate as a sewing apron than this one with its "catch-all basket pocket?" Make a plain apron and then cut out and applique a basket, leaving the top open. Stitch with embroidery silk the handle and straw effect. You will find the pocket very convenient for holding your thread, thimble, scissors, and small pieces of sewing. This makes a dainty Christmas gift.

real filet, is, according to Dorothea, of three inches wide. And the pric One dollar and a half a yard. You w be surprised when you see it, that it is not at least \$2. Just think, a yard and a half would make a collar and cuff set, and where could you buy a filet collar and cuff set for the price that lace would

Whenever I think of headache cologne I think of mother. She wouldn't, under any circumstances, he without her trusty bottle of that soothing, delightful liquid. I can remember how on hot summer afternoons she would take a luxurious nap with the headache cologne rubbed on her forehead and temples. That's how I first became acquainted with it, and now I, too, would not be without it. Let me fell you about it. It has a nice refreshing fragrance, not exactly a perfume. And its effect? Oh, I can hardly describe it! You rub it on your head and for a minute you feel nothing. And then you are conscious of a cross between a cooling sensation and a burning one—a most delightful and unusual combination, I can assure you. And by the time the soothing sensation has worn off you have plumb forgot all about your headache. A generous-sized bottle of it can ache. A generous-sized bottle of it can be bought for \$1.

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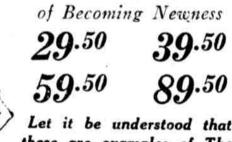
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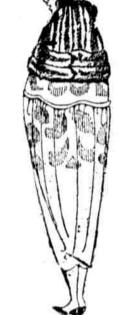
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