

INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

The Rejected Story

Editor was in boarding school. She's a dear, sweet and lovable. All her teachers loved her, but one. She was new, taught literature. She disliked teachers get. She really has genius, is original. Her imagination is vivid. Her ideas are in everything. The class began story-writing. Editor worked nights on hers. Poor, loved children of her brain! The teacher despised them. She'd pick the best to pieces. Then she'd ask the class opinion. They secretly liked the stories. Couldn't say so after the drubbing. They echoed Teacher—little snobs! "Vote against you, Editor. Better put it in the waste basket." Editor wretchedly dropped it in. Her face flamed—so did her heart. So did mine when I heard it. I wanted to read that teacher. But I didn't. I got a copy of that last story.

It was laid in California. She had spent a winter there. Her descriptions were wonderful! "Cahuenga Pass! Hollywood foothills! I closed my eyes and saw them. That beautiful Land of Sunshine! I loved it. The story, too. Exactly as it was I typed it. Not even a comma was disturbed. Then I mailed it to an editor. Sent no letters—only stamps. It should stand on its merits. "Despised and rejected of women!" Editor had smiled, lips quivering. She should see—bless her! In three days came a check! Also praise and requests for more. O the balm in Gilead! That letter went under her pillow. I sent Teacher the published story. Also one to each of the snobs. They promptly adored Elinor. Nothing succeeds like success. Teacher smiled sourly over it. She even slipped into slang: "So you have put one over on me! It's really not half bad." Some day Elinor will be heard from. Isn't it odd? Behold a tale the Teacher rejected! It's the head-story in a magazine.

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICHT

A Postcard to "the Boss"—Ten Years to Reach
FATE frequently plays peculiar pranks, but few that take so whimsical a turn as the one she just played on Frank O'Keefe.
Over ten years ago Frank O'Keefe had a job surveying the Harlem river waterfront, New York city.
One evening he mailed a postcard to his superior, the superintendent of docks, reporting on the day's work.
The other day, after a decade spent in traveling, the postcard arrived at the office of the superintendent of docks, and was duly delivered to—Frank O'Keefe!
Now this is a curious incident—it is a happy fact.
For while the postcard had taken ten years to travel twelve miles, Frank O'Keefe had made much more rapid progress—he had occupied practically every post in the Harbor Engineering Department, and had become "chief"—superintendent of docks!
If you today mailed a postcard to "the boss," and it took ten years to reach—would that postcard finally get to you?
A letter sent to a great many men at the present time, addressed in their official care, would read something like, "To John Smith, clerk."
Ten years from now, some of them will read, "To John Smith, general manager"; "To John Smith, president"; or "To John Smith, superintendent."
Will you be one of them?
There are many men who today are addressed as "president," "manager," "superintendent" and such, who ten years from now will have traveled the other way.
You don't want to be one of them.
Ten years is a long time—time to survey your route, map your chart, and do the work that will secure you the respect, position and possessions that alone make life worth the struggle—and time to dance, gamble, waste and titivate—and book yourself for the ranks of second and third raters.
Where do you mean to be ten years from now?
How have you planned to get there?
And what are you doing to make your plans into realities?
You will be wiser ten years from now—you don't want to be sadder.
You ought to be able—you ought to be established by that time, sure of yourself and your destination.
If you, today, mailed a postcard to "The Boss" and it took ten years or so to reach—would that postcard finally get to you?
Think it over.

Adventures With a Purse

THERE are many ways in which cool weather affects one, this I know. But I am about to discourse on just one. And let me illustrate. If you could leap into the mind of the woman who leaves her home you would see that she is actually cool. I want to go right ahead and get the house all dressed up for winter. I need some new pillow covers for the couch, and let me see—well, now, one way would be to get new shades for the light. I know where you can get soft shades like the petals of a flower that will cover the electric light bulb and reduce the bright light to a mellow glow. You can get them in pale pink or yellow.

Here is something that for the motorist is extremely worth knowing. A certain manufacturer—and without a doubt he must have an automobile, to have realized the need—has perfected a clock. It is so well adjusted that the bumps and bubbly places in the roughest road will not affect its accuracy. Also it comes already to be screwed right into the place in front of the machine where that clock now is that is rusty and silent, and has ceased to be even an ornament. And the dial is black, with illuminated figures, so that the darker the night and the road the easier it will be to tell the time. The price of the clock is \$5. Wouldn't this be a mighty nice Christmas gift for some one?

For names of shops address Woman's Day Editor or phone Walnut or Main 3006.

Your Bedroom

Curtains have never been as much trimmed as they are at present. So if you have some old plain curtains, a little contrasting material used as a trimming will bring them up to date for another season. The trimmings in narrow strips and machine-plaited ribbon puffed or quilted, silk reepled and pleated, all are used as garnishing. Plain bands of silk, too, are used. All of these additions are in delicate colors.

silk tassels. On the window sill is a colored glass bowl filled with Italian flowers made entirely of transparent colored glass beads.

The Question Corner

- Today's Inquiries**
1. What extraordinary circumstances attended the recent wedding of Miss Lois Baker, a graduate of Leland Stanford University?
 2. Give an easy method of making a handle for a plain, square, sewing or knitting bag.
 3. How can the vacuum cleaner help in putting a clean ticking on a feather pillow?
 4. By what bizarre clasp are the bows of a silk sash secured on an evening dress?
 5. If the rubber tires of a carpet sweeper wear thin, causing sweeper to run noisily, what temporary substitute for new tires can be used?
 6. How can a duvetyne dress be made so that it will look well and will not be so expensive?

- Yesterday's Answers**
1. Mrs. Mary Patterson, of Durham, N. C., is believed to be the oldest woman voter in the United States. She is 101.
 2. Cracked ice can be kept from melting quickly if it is placed in a strainer set over a bowl, so that the water will run off as soon as it melts.
 3. Ink stains can be removed from woodwork with a waxed flannel by means of oxalic acid.
 4. A striking bedspread is made of old blue and white cretonne in the center.
 5. Short-stemmed flowers would look well in a polychrome bowl made to look like a piece of bark.
 6. Make an unusual flower to serve as the touch of color on a dark evening gown, by twisting red velvet into petals, making a round yellow center, and attaching a circle of black ostrich tendrils for stamens.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

THE SANDMAN'S CHILDREN
By DADDY

The three children of the Sand-Man favorite Peggy and Billy to go with them on their evening trip to sprinkle sand on the eyes of tired children. They jump into a tunnel, thus making their way out of the Land of Upside-Down.

CHAPTER V Napping the Wind

DOWN through darkness dropped Peggy, Billy and the three children of the Sand-Man. On, on they rushed in the tunnel, which seemed endless. Then out they shot into the open air, traveling at the speed of a bullet. As this speed grew less they began to fall. Before they could fall far, however, they tumbled into something so soft it felt like a feather bed.

They found it wasn't a feather bed, but for the something so soft and warm they could not see what they were riding on. They seemed to be held up only by the air.

"Oh!" murmured Peggy. "We will be taking an awful tumble in a minute. And she had good reason to fear that, for how could a person stay up in the air without a harness or an airplane, or wings?"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" tinkled the three children of the Sand-Man in their merriment. "We are riding on the night wind. As soon as the sky grows dark we will drop closer to the earth and throw our sleepy sand into the eyes of the children of the world. Then we must hurry back to Topsy-Turvy City to meet the Dream Fairies out upon their nightly tasks."

As they said this, the night wind dove stealthily toward the earth.

"Get your sleepy sand ready!" cried Napping to Napping and Drowsy Doze. The three of them put their hands into the bags slung over their shoulders and drew out handfuls of shining, silvery sand. The night wind sank lower until it was just brushing the tops of the tallest trees. Peggy and Billy looked down through the gathering dusk to see what was going to happen but they found that the earth had already grown very dim.

Things You'll Love to Make



This odd sleeve will add a distinctive note to an evening or afternoon frock. Make a flowing sleeve of chiffon to reach to about the wrist. Silt the upper and lower parts up to one inch above the elbow. Draw each point into a flower and tack up as shown. Paris trims many frocks with flowers made of the same fabric as the frock. FLORA.

The night wind gently hummed a lullaby. Below the lights of cities twinkled autumn fires sent curling smoke up to greet them. All the time the children of the Sand-Man kept scattering the sleepy sand.

"Want to help?" called Napping to Peggy and Billy. Of course they did, and they dipped eager hands into Napping's sack. Far out they threw the sleepy sand. The people began to yawn and to stretch, to nod and to doze, and in a few minutes all were fast asleep. My, but that speaker was wexed when he saw his audience going to sleep, but Peggy and Billy only giggled.

"There! That's all!" called Drowsy Doze, emptying out the last bit of sleepy sand from her sack. "Now we must hurry back to Topsy-Turvy City to meet the Night-Mares can take their places. Home, Night Wind!"

And the night wind obediently turned back toward Topsy-Turvy City in the Land of Upside-Down. How Billy saved the Dreams from the Night-Mares will be told in the next chapter.

Making More Money

By Pleasing Children

"Won't you please let me come in and play with one of your dolls?" This request, uttered in a high, childish treble, and backed by the further urge of a very earnest little face, used to be an everyday occurrence at the front door of the cottage occupied by Mrs. M. J. Chase, of Pawtucket, R. I.

That was some thirty years ago. Now these very kiddies have children of their own, but they don't have to summon up their courage to go to Mrs. Chase's front door. They can go to any one of the big toy shops and make their own choice of dolls from the five sizes which this early and insistent demand made it necessary for her to put on the market. Partly for her own children and partly

because she felt the need of doing something to occupy her mind, Mrs. Chase began to work on the idea of a hand-painted and jointed doll. For several years she made these dolls purely for pleasure, giving them away to the children in the neighborhood. Finally, after some five or six years, Mrs. Chase went up to Boston and, while there, went into a toy store to fit some shoes on one of her gift dolls. The clerk who waited on her became enthusiastic about the doll and insisted on calling on a buyer, with the result that—in spite of her protestations that making dolls was her pastime and not her business—Mrs. Chase consented to make up a few as a trial order.

In a few months orders began coming in from all parts of the world. Even India, Australia and Sweden demanded a supply of the soft, cuddly playthings, and Mrs. Chase was literally forced into business on a large scale. She still maintains that the most interesting part

of the whole affair was the way the idea grew almost without any work on her part. "But," as she adds, "it's mighty good to know that I'm still making lots of children happy in all parts of the world." (Tomorrow—Capitalizing Peas)

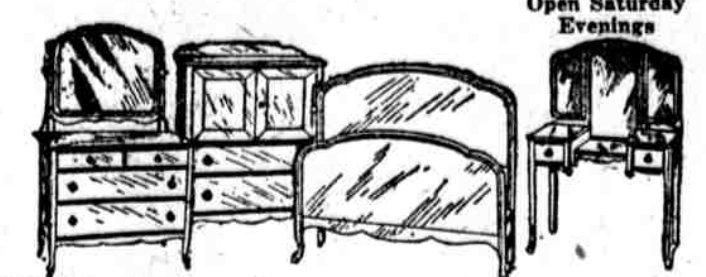
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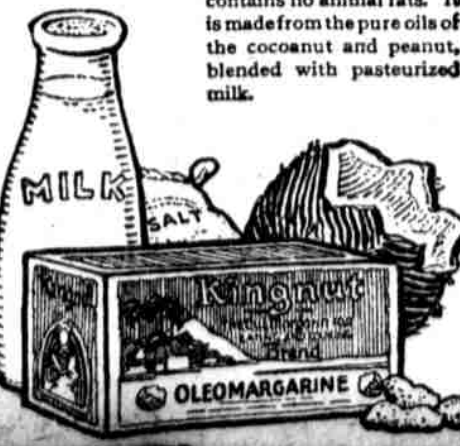
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