INCHES FROM

The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Ending a News Story

Part of this was in the paper.
The finish is mine—a scoop.
Mrs. Upstott was motoring.
Her entourage was quite perfect.
French chauffeur looked like an Ad.
Rools-Ross was the peak of luxury.
Lady herself was Fashion's mirror.
Fastiduousness was her god.
She preened herself on it.
Jars of any sort upset her.
So she was guarded from jars.
Husband paid so much per guard.
A child darted from the curb.
He was after his ball.
Chauffeur jammed down his brake.
No use; the boy was run over.
Driver was blameless but horrified.
He picked up the little fellow.
"Mon Dieu! Alive!" he exclaimed.
"Will you take him, Madame?
It is that we may yet save him!
Ze hospital—" he stopped amazed.
She put up a white-gloved hand.
"Couldn't think of it, Jacques!
"He—it would soil my gown!
Give him to some one else. Hurry!
Drive on, now—I dislike crowds."
She shut the limousine door.
Jacques stared incredulously.
He looked at the gasping child.
"Taxi!" he shouted.
He left her machine stalled.
The hospital doctor shook his head.
"A few minutes earlier," he said.
"We might have saved his life."
Jacques dashed out of the hospital.
His face was white and set.
Madame was still in her car.
She had drawn all the shades.
Vulgar staring crowds annoyed her.
He took his place at the wheel.
Icy was her rebuke, but unheard.
He drew up before a butcher shop.
"Where are you going?" No reply.
He returned, carrying something.
He threw the Thing into her lap.
It was the carcass of a pig.
She stormed. Her gown was ruined.
Also her temper. His eyes blazed.
"Pig of a woman!" he scorned her.
"Murderess! I nevaire work for you!"
He strode away. She wept.
She SAW herself as she was.
Later she adopted an orphan boy.
Hard on the boy, I'll say.
But it made a woman of her.

Isn't it odd?
Gowns are some women's gods.
They offer up human sacrifice.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Molly's Bit of Real Life

By RUSSELL CLAYTON

MOLLY LANG, who had ushered at the Empire Picture Palace for three years, was thinking of changing her occupation.

"Believe me, Charley," she confided to the ticket taker one evening, "at first I thought I'd never get tired of seeing all the movies I wanted. But I'm sick of it. Lovely heroines and such sweet heroes always matching up. Bah! Makes me tired—so different from real life!"

"I got a job for you," retorted Charley. "Make a home for the two of us!"

"If it's marrying you're thinking about, nothing doing!" cried Molly, stifling a yawn with a slim hand of a delicate pinkness and well-kept finger nails. Suddenly she grabbed his arm. "Get on to that couple going out! Isn't he a peach—and hasn't she got the eyes! They've been coming here regular now, two nights a week, going on two years. I expect any day to see her with a plain gold band and an 'I've-got-him-now' look on her face."

Charley followed her indicating finger. "Yes—some couple," he commented.

So habitually had Molly come to watch for the pair that when they failed to appear on the Monday evening following her conversation with Charley, she was genuinely concerned—then tried to comfort herself by deciding they were married and off on a honeymoon.

A few nights later, however, as Molly leaned against the theatre rail and wished some excitement would come into her life, she saw that which made her all but gasp. The girl with the eyes had entered with a perfectly strange young man!

Excitedly, she reported to the phlegmatic Charley, who calmly wanted to know what else she could expect—such fickle creatures as girls were, anyhow!

But so interested had Molly become in the fortunes of the two that she begrudged her supper hour and extracted a promise from her amused fellow ushers to "keep an eye peeled for either one of that nice couple."

Sometimes the girl came in alone—sometimes the man. Sometimes each brought a companion—she a man; he, a girl. Molly told herself it was all wrong, after two years of steady going together, and fancied she detected a grim hardness about the mouth of the man and unhappiness in the girl's soft eyes. Yet—what could she do about it?

Then, one evening during the filming of a widely advertised picture portraying a popular star in an impassioned story of sad misunderstanding and ultimate thrilling reconciliation, Molly saw the girl slip in at the very beginning of the performance. Wondering if she had been drawn by the title, "Love's Reconciliation," she ushered her to a seat, then returned to take up her stand by the aisle and to reflect with what ease lovers and their loves can be reunited in Screenland.

Suddenly, she started. There at the door, handing his ticket to the unaroused Charley, was the man. Molly's brain acted with speed. Quickly she tiptoed down the aisle, then turned back disappointed. There was no vacant seat beside the girl. No doubt the man was already seated—but no, he was standing against the partition which backed the seats, watching the picture.

Molly fairly flew over to Charley. "Look here, old boy, do something for me. There's nobody coming in now, and if they do, I'll tend to 'em. That girl is in the eleventh row next to the end—tell the person on the end you've got a better seat for him, and see that you find one and show him to it! Don't stop to talk about it!" Before he knew it, Charley was obeying Molly's behest.

Molly herself sauntered over to the man. "Let me show you a seat, sir," she said sedately. "Got just one good one left."

In surprise, he looked at her. And Molly told herself that, judging by the looks of him, it was certainly time somebody took a hand. "I'm afraid it will be gone," she cut short his hesitation.

"All right, lead me to it," he replied with half a smile.

And presently Molly showed him to the seat beside the girl, and although she longed to linger beside them, be it said to her credit that she did not.

"They're together for the first time in months!" she reported to Charley, "and, oh, don't you remember the wonderful scene that's coming where he says, 'Whatever our mistakes, dear one, aren't we happier together than apart?' and she says, 'Forgive me, dearest, even as I forgive you!'?"

"It seems to me," said the unimpressionable Charley meaningly, "that anybody who takes so much interest in other people's love affairs would be interested in their own!"

But Molly held up a warning finger. "Sh!" she whispered. "It's beginning now. Doesn't she look wonderful in that ermine dressing gown and isn't he glorious—so tender!"

Together they leaned over the partition and watched, and certainly to at least two pairs of eyes in the theatre that scene got over as the producer intended it should, helped out by the rippling accompaniment of a Nevin love song on the player piano.

When it was over and a magical pencil had traced "The End. Specially produced by Filmcraft," Molly turned to Charley with softened eyes. "I—I won't make fun of your loving me any more. I—I love you, too!"

There was only time for a "You wonderful girl!" from the unemotional Charley. Then more people came in, meeting the outward flow.

Molly, in her capitulation to Charley, had forgotten the man and the girl. Suddenly she felt a touch on her arm and looked up into the sparkling, happy eyes of the girl, who was holding tight to the arm of the man, from whom all severity of expression had utterly vanished.

"Thank you!" said the girl, gently, and was swept on with the crowd.

Molly, drawing a deep sigh, looked after them. "The movies is great," she exclaimed, "but give me real life!"

Next Complete Novelette
"The Slater-Ashley Affair."

NAVY BLUE AND GRAY IN A SLIPOVER

By CORINNE LOWE

The season has slipped, not one, but hundreds, over on us. These comfortable, simple slipover models—their name is legion. For the afternoon frock crepe de chine is very much in evidence at all the smart shops and very frequently it combines, as is the case with the model illustrated today, two tones of the supple, exquisite fabric.

The upper section of navy blue in this frock adds a regiment of large soft tucks of gray crepe de chine for its skirt and repeats this theme on the bell-shaped sleeves. The collar also is of gray crepe de chine and the girdle of blue is picoted. And, by the way, both tucks and plaits are as active in the winter campaign of dress as they were all this summer.

Making More Money

Four Sisters Who Failed

Some years ago the Misses Celie, Mary, Lydia and Minnie Bigler came to Waynesboro, Pa., from a farm in Illinois, determined to make a success in one of the lines in which women, from time immemorial, have found to their liking—a dressmaking establishment. The business dragged its way along without any conspicuous achievement until a combination of the economical era which marked the early days of the war and the illness of the oldest sister precipitated the crash.

"My other two sisters," as Miss Mary Bigler explains, "felt unequal to the demands of building up the business again, particularly when this was coupled with the care of an invalid sister. More profitable work of some kind had to be found in order to meet the necessities of the family.

"The thought of making candy as a commercial enterprise came to me as a sort of inspiration. Some years before we had run across a splendid formula for chocolate creams and I felt that, by further experimentation and a study of candymaking as an art, we could produce something which would command a sale on any market.

"At first we sold our product directly from the 'factory'—our kitchen. Then we made arrangements with a number of stores to handle the candies and the venture proved so profitable that we begun to think of real expansion. Now it appears to be only a matter of capacity, for every one seems to be enthusiastic about Bigler candies and the orders are coming in faster than we can fill them. We have long ago paid off all our debts and the future looks far rosier than in the days when we were trying to make both ends meet with the aid of a needle and thread."

Tomorrow — Transplanting Home Atmosphere

Two Minutes of Optimism

By HERMAN J. STICH

"Find Livingstone"

Not so many years ago David Livingstone went to Africa to discover the source of the Nile and to help suppress African slavery.

For several years after he plunged into the jungle nothing was heard from him. Then disquieting tales reached the world.

Rumor said that he had lost his way—he was being thwarted by the hostility of slave dealers—that he was suffering privation from want of supplies—he was being tortured by native cannibals.

One bright morning when the world's interest and excitement ran high, James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, sent a message to a reporter named Stanley.

This was the message:

"Find Livingstone."

Speedily organizing his expedition, Stanley hewed his way through interminable wilds and wastes.

Enfeebled by fevers and smallpox, he fought not alone treachery, cannibalism and ambushed murder, but, worse still, innocent-looking deadly swamps and all the other snares of a jealous, avenging nature, seemingly forbidding trespass of her pristine fastnesses.

But he found Livingstone!

And in this doing of what he was told to do, because he had it to do, Stanley has become the patron saint of every doer in every land from the uppermost to the nethermost extremities of the earth.

His memory will last to the end of time, for he was of that rare genus homo, who when told to do a thing did not discover that his health was poor, did not wonder why they picked on him, did not query whether George was crippled, did not find that he had appointments for the next ten years, did not think he wanted to think it over, did not put any one of the thousand foolish posers somebody else might have propounded—but went to work and found Livingstone.

David Livingstone is dead now, but, like Garcia, there are other "Livingstones."

And not a day passes but you are told to "find" one.

It is hardly likely you will be asked to go to Africa.

In all probability your "Livingstone" will consist in looking through the back files for some strayed letter.

Or attending to a detailed order.

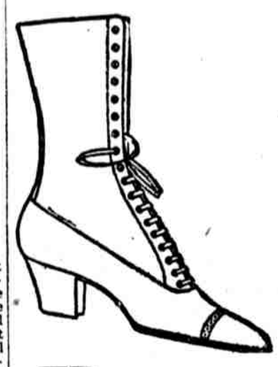
Or "selling" a cranky customer.

Or filling the breach when some one's sick.

Or any one of the hundred and more things a busy man likes taken off his hands by a subordinate with common sense and tempered initiative, who is trying to earn as well as make so much per.

And if you've got the goods—
If you have in your blood the success corpusele—
And you would grow, become, and taste life's better things—
You won't ask questions.
You won't quibble, duck or dodge out of the way.
You won't stop en route to figure out the boss' profits—
But—
You'll do what you are told to do.
You'll get what you are sent to get.
And just because you have it to do—
You'll FIND LIVINGSTONE."

Good Shoes Are An Economy



Tan and Black Calfskin Boots 12.50

A smart walking boot—with welted soles and 1⅝ inch leather heels.

Hanan Standard Dependable Hosiery

Hanan & Son
1318 Chestnut Street

For Heating Small Rooms

"USALYTE" BLUE FLAME GAS HEATER
Fits any gas fixture. No adjustments. Guaranteed odorless and free from carbon. Will last a lifetime. Little gas—lots of heat. $1.25

THREE-BURNER
GAS RANGE
For cottages and apartments.
Compact—Latest improvements.

$23.25 Enamel Pan and Panel. | $20 Plain finish.

We have all the popular brands of Gas Heaters—Humphrey Radiantfire, Welsbach Thrift Gas Heater, Wolff Pressed Steel Gas Radiator, Reznor Metal Portable Heater, etc.

H. C. McMurtrie Co.
Gas Stoves 1319 Arch Street Gas Ranges

Prices Reduced
Gas Ranges, Refrigerators and Kitchen Cabinets

No. 731 "Reliable" Full 18-inch oven Enameled. Regular price $48. Special Price $39.50. Connected free to existing outlet.

No. 219. "Triangle" Refrigerator. Porcelain interior. Reg. price $48.50. Special. $39.50.

As our contribution to the present movement to reduce the cost of living, especially on the necessities, we have revised downward, the prices on nearly all styles of

Gas Ranges, Refrigerators Kitchen Cabinets

This sale represents a general clean-up of our present stock, and when replenished, prices will likely be higher again.

Combination boiler and gas water heater, No. 30 size, regular price, $50.00; Special, $39.50. 30-gallon boiler, regular price, $24.00; Special, $15.95.

This clearance sale can last only as long as present stock continues. Therefore we advise early selection.

Many other attractive offerings in addition to those here enumerated.

No. 518 "Triangle" Full 16-inch oven, 4 burners on top; Enameled pan and panel. Regular Price $39.50. Special Price $35.50. Connected free to existing outlet.

No. 018. "Triangle." Enamel lined. Reg price $33.50. Special price. $29.75

Headquarters for Gas and Oil Heaters. Prices from $3 up.

This is your opportunity to select a useful Christmas Gift at a Saving.

Three CENTRAL Stores
N. E. Cor. 13th & Arch Sts. 1026 Arch St
PHILADELPHIA GAS RANGE CO.
WEST PHILA. 263 So. 52d St.
This Store open Mon., Fri. and Sat. Evenings

WOOLENS, SILKS, DRESS GOODS
ENTIRE STOCK REDUCED! BARGAINS ALL OVER THE STORE!

Benefit by this great unloading sale caused by unseasonable weather. We positively must clear our shelves regardless of profit. Come in Tomorrow, Thursday or Friday.

36 in. Washable Satin, white only, $1.75 value..... 79c
54 in. Heavy-weight Surf Cloth, $2.25 value..... $1.39
40 in. Duplan's Charmeuse, heavy weight. All colors. We give them away..... 2.65
45 in. Silk Face and Twill Back Imported Velvet. Best colors 3.35
28 in. Silk Velveteen, $3.50 value, dark green only..... 1.35
54 to 56 in. All-Wool Serge, $4.50 value..... 2.48
36 in. Wool Gabardine, Burgundy only..... 75c
56 in. All-Chiffon Broadcloth, $6.50 value, all colors..... $3.50

GOODS EXCHANGED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

NEW ENGLAND WOOLEN CO.
Open Evenings Till 9 o'Clock, Except Fridays, 8:30 o'Clock
721 SOUTH FOURTH ST.

WANAMAKER'S | DOWN STAIRS STORE | WANAMAKER'S

Wanamaker's Down Stairs Store

Special Low Prices on Women's Fashionable Winter Suits

$39 $39 $37.50

Silvertone Suits, $25
Mostly in dark blue and brown, these suits have sealene fur collars or are trimmed with buttons and braid. One of the models is sketched.

Silvertone and Velour Suits, $37.50 and $39
Some have fur collars and some are trimmed with fur about the lower edges of the coats. Others are quite handsomely embroidered with braid. The jackets are lined with silk and are well tailored about the shoulders. In navy blue and brown, principally. One suit at $37.50 and two at $39 are sketched.

Sample Suits, $55
Fine velours, duvets de laine, goldtone and illama cloth are used in these beautiful suits, of which we have but one, two or three of a kind. They are braided, embroidered or trimmed with nutria, Australian opossum or sealene furs. One is sketched.

$55 $25 $18

Beautiful Suits at $75
Many of our handsomest suits have had their prices revised downward. They are of duvet de laine, illama cloth and kindred fine fabrics, beautifully embroidered or trimmed with fur. All have been higher in price.

(Market)

Jersey Sports Suits, $18 to $39
Blue, brown, reindeer, mahogany, Oxford and green are some of the pretty heather colorings among these smart and jaunty suits. They are real all-weather suits, generously pocketed, with skirts wide enough for comfortable walking. A suit at $18 is sketched.

1000 Pretty Blouses Reduced to $2.90 and $3.90
—Average Half Price

All of these blouses are from our own good stocks and are in pretty, wearable styles that women need now with Winter suits. There are all sizes in each group, though not in every style.

At $2.90
Striped crepe de chine blouses in tailored styles.
Fine batiste or dimity blouses with pin-tucking, laces or insertions.

At $3.90
Delightful Georgette blouses in light and dark colorings are trimmed with creamy lace in imitation Venise patterns. Some are in slip-over style.
Hand-made blouses of sheer batiste are tucked, hemstitched and embroidered by hand.

(Market)

Furs for Little Girls and Their Older Sisters

Perfect little sets of white coney for teeny-weeny girls and sets of kit fox for schoolgirls are both here and many in between for girls of all ages.
White coney sets are $5.50 to $17.
White Thibet sets are $15 to $27.
Kit coney sets are $5.50 to $10.
Natural coney sets are $6.25 to $9.25.
Natural opossum sets are $20 to $25.
Nutria sets are $22.50 to $25.
Squirrel sets are $16.50 and $50.
Natural kit fox sets, junior size, are $25 to $50.
There are separate muffs, too, for the little girls who have fur collars on their coats and want muffs to match. They range from white coney muffs at $3.50 to natural opossum muffs at $13.50.

Little Animal Boas
are in quite an assortment—natural opossum, kolinsky, fitch, mink, squirrel and stone marten, some of one skin and others of two. $15 to $100.

(Central)

Duvetyne Handbags in the Lovely Fur Shades Are $3.50 to $6
And what a collection between these two prices!
They are of beautifully soft duvetyne in browns, grays and tans, made in the prettiest shapes—softly shirred or gathered onto metal or self-covered frames, some finished with tassels.
The linings are particulary pretty, most of them of changeable silks, and the bags are all fitted with little inside purses and mirrors.

(Chestnut)

Tan Calfskin Oxfords
Are the Smartest Street Footwear for Women

Special at $6.85 a Pair

There is a saving of $2.75 on every pair of these fine Oxford ties, and they're just the kind that women want, with full outside wing tips, sturdy welted soles and Cuban heels.

Dark Tan Lace Shoes at $5.40 a Pair
A Saving of $2.60 a Pair
They are good-looking shoes with imitation wing tips and medium heels.

(Chestnut)

Men's All-Wool Overcoats of Sound Value
$34.50 to $43.50
That's something to tie to, these days, sound Wanamaker value! Wanamaker "all-wool" doesn't mean all-wool commercially speaking—it means absolutely all wool, not a thread of cotton in the material.
Big, warm overcoats are in various dark shades and mixtures, well tailored with a nicety of fit about the shoulders. Especially good value are the long ulsters at $38.50.

Real Savings on These All-Wool Suits at $35
Cheviots and cassimeres, Winter weight, well tailored, all sizes and there is a saving of $14 to $19 on a suit.

(Gallery, Market)

An Outpost for Men's Gloves
Has Been Opened in the Gallery Store for Men
where anything from a sturdy work glove to a fine dress glove may be had. It's convenient to the Subway and to the Market Street entrances and is an all-round good place to shop.
Among other things you will find here:
Gray fleeced fabric gloves are 65c; a heavier quality, 85c.
Knitted wool gloves in gray and oxford are $1.25; Scotch wool gloves are $1.50, and leather-bound Scotch wool gloves are $2.
Gray suede gloves are $3 and $3.50; silk-lined gray suede gloves are $3.75.
Capeskin gloves are $2.75 to $4.50; with knit wool linings they are $5.50 for one-clasp style and $6 for strap-wrist style.
Mocha gloves are $4.50.
And the heavy work gloves go from 25c to $1.75 for a coltskin gauntlet.

(Gallery, Market)

Men's Good Tan Shoes, $6.75 a Pair, Are Special
They are brogue style, with full wing tips and sturdy soles.
Boys' Brogue Shoes, $6.90 a Pair
(Sizes 2½ to 5½)
Of heavy tan leather, they have full wing tips.
Tan and black school shoes, Blucher cut, are $4.90 a pair; sizes 1 to 5½.

(Gallery, Market)

Men's Cloth Hats at $2.25
They are in various shades of brown, green, gray and dark blue—mixtures, diagonals and heathers.

(Gallery, Market)

Two Groups of Women's Handsome Wraps and Coats at Reduced Prices
50 Extra-Size Coats at $59
(Sizes 44 to 52)
Beautiful Winter coats, in belted or semi-fitted models, are of velour and wooldyne in dark brown, reindeer, taupe and navy. All are lined throughout with silk and have cape or shawl collars of fur.

30 One-of-a-kind Coats,
Fortuna, Evora, Caledonia, Silk Bolivia, Chamoislyne, Wooldyne
These are our finest coats and wraps; they are luxuriously lined and have deep collars or collars and cuffs of beaver, natural squirrel or Australian opossum. Many are handsomely embroidered. Now reduced to $139 and $149.

(Market)