

INCHES FROM
The Golden-Plated Rule
By Lillian Paschal Day

Whispering Campaigns

I know a woman crusader. A real one, not a crank. Once she helped in a crusade. It was against gambling dens. In hotels they hid, thick as rats. She stumbled into one by accident. Went to call on a friend. She got off at the wrong door. The place was a "club" so called. For racing-chart, poker, drinks. Roulette, faro, and everything. She backed out, horrified. She told the district attorney. He acted queer, she thought. She supposed he'd enforce the law. Strange things began to happen. Passing friends didn't see her. But strange, leering men did. They shadowed her. Came anonymous lying letters. Her mail was tampered with. Whispers floated wild tales. No one could trace their source. It almost made her ill. "I was fighting an inviolable host. Where to turn for help?" Some one suggested the grand jury. Political investigations were on. She told the foreman her story. "A whispering campaign," he said. "Such as was tried on Harding. War propaganda taught devil ways. Men learned to capitalize gossip. It's worse than poison. Writing down why me?" she asked, puzzled. "I have done no wrong."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES
The Wonderful Charm
By DADDY

CHAPTER III
The Runaway Horse

PRINCE FROWNING didn't like it a bit. Smiling's little wild daisy instead of the beautiful hothouse roses and carnations brought by his own powerful charm. But Prince Smiling, Toddie Pupkins and Bally Sam, for they had helped him find the daisy in Lady Lovely's garden, and the little wild daisy. "Wish for something you'd like very much, and I'll show you that my charm can bring you greater happiness than any one else can give you."

Lady Lovely thought very hard over this offer, while Prince Smiling, Peggy and Billy watched her anxiously. What would she wish for? A diamond ring? A party frock? A fur coat? They knew such things were near to the heart of a woman. If Prince Frowning could give them to her with his charm, perhaps he could win her hand. But no, Lady Lovely did not wish for a diamond, a party frock, nor a fur coat. "I'm hungry," she whispered with a smile. "I wish I had something good to eat."

Prince Smiling's face lighted up, as he heard her wish. "I'll get you something to eat," he cried. "I couldn't give you a diamond ring, nor a party frock, nor a fur coat, but with my warm heart and my willing hands I surely can get you something to eat."

Prince Smiling mounted Bally Sam's back and Peggy and Billy climbed up behind him. "Away they went to find something for Lady Lovely to eat."

"Hi! hi! My powerful charm will fetch you better things to eat than you've ever heard of," boasted Prince Frowning to Lady Lovely. He jumped into his waiting taxicab which started up with a roar and a rush, going so fast it soon passed Bally Sam and left him far behind.

Presently, as Bally Sam galloped around a bend in the road, a loud clatter and banging was heard ahead, and over a hill came dashing a runaway team of horses dragging a runaway farm wagon behind them. The

and Billy held tight, too, and so they avoided the runaway stopping there just before they came to the dangerous bend.

"Oh, thank you!" cried the farmer's wife. "You have saved my life."

Then she told them she was driving home the load of wood because her husband was ill and she had to keep the house warm for him and her little babies.

"And why did your horses run away?" asked Peggy wonderingly, for now the two steeds seemed very gentle, though they trembled with fear.

"They ran away because they were scared by a taxi going at breakneck speed, which nearly crowded them off the road," said the farmer's wife. "In the taxi was a scowling youth, who wouldn't let the driver stop to help us, but urged him to even greater speed. Alas, alas! He has done great harm, for my wood is scattered all along the road and my sick husband will get chilled to death."

When the farmer's wife spoke of the scowling youth in the taxi, the others knew he meant Prince Frowning, who was in a reckless hurry to use his charm to get Lady Lovely something to eat.

Prince Smiling was in a hurry, too, but he didn't jump on. Instead, he began to pick up the scattered wood. "We'll help you get your wood home before your husband can get cold," he said, "for our hearts are warm and our hands are willing to do any good."

How Prince Smiling's kind deed was rewarded will be told in the next chapter.

Things You'll Love to Make
Muff Hanger



The best way to keep a muff in shape and in good condition is to have a muff hanger. Cover a child's round wooden pencil box (A) with pretty flowered ribbon (B) Join a hanger of ribbon to each end of the box with a number of loops. When the muff is to be hung away open the box as shown in B. Pass the top through one end of the muff and the bottom part through the other end, and close the box inside of the muff. It is then ready to hang up out of harm's way. This makes a nice Christmas or "showers" gift.

FLORA

THE DAILY NOVELETTE
Trifling With Andy's Mail
By WILLIAM B. COWLES

ANDREW SIEMPER did not quite live up to his name in the uptown office of the Interurban Street Railway Co., but he approached dangerously near it. From his lofty window spread an entrancing panorama up and down the Hudson across to the Jersey shore, and the view, linked with Andy's proneness to dream, reacted to the disadvantage of the company.

Violet Jackson often paused in her work of filing an unending influx of letters and reports to gaze in exasperation at the unconscious Andy. Particularly was this the case whenever she saw Mr. Hanniman, the auditor, also regarding him. For Violet nursed a secret fear, amounting almost to a hunch, that some fine day Andrew would wake up with a dull thud, never see him any more.

All of which was a compliment to Andrew. For Violet was the one best man, the trimmest bet in the office. She had the knack of how to wear the clothes, and she had the makings of the most downright sensible little wife a man could wish for.

Now Andy had given Violet no reason to think that he regarded her from a matrimonial viewpoint beyond walking occasionally with her after work to her subway station, a block or so away, and certainly in that there was no ground for a breach of promise suit.

But one short winter afternoon Andy found Violet quiet patiently waiting for him, making an attractive little picture in trim brown suit and some sort of a furry hat. As they swung away together

she began without preliminary, "Andy, Mr. Hanniman gave you the once-over for fair this afternoon. Then he went into the inner office and spent some time with the boss. A few hours later Bert Hayes got the traveling auditor's job."

She paused to watch Andy put two and two together.

But whatever mental arithmetic went on in the man's mind, his words were faintly, "You're my little guardian angel, aren't you, Violet?" he teased.

A surprising flush suffused Violet's pretty face, but "No, it's bit of it," she returned. "Only I'm curious as to why you show so little 'pop.'"

Andy turned serious. He didn't want such a peach as Violet to think otherwise than well of him, particularly as of late he had come to perceive how altogether desirable she was. "I'm not talking much about it," he said, "but I'm interested in another line of work."

Violet looked up quickly, swift as a flash. "It's 'em cartons," continued Andrew. "I do 'em nights—and daytimes I get to thinking of ideas."

"Any success?" asked Violet.

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tures or else her interest in his career touched a responsive chord. Suddenly Andy paused and in the comparative shadows of an L structure seized her hand in his.

"If I make good—one way or another," he demanded, "will you—there any chance for me?"

Violet wanted to cry out an unequivocal "Yes," but for the good of the man she loved, she coolly held herself in check. "Every chance in the world—if you make good," she promised.

Andy's marked improvement in the matter of concentration for the next few weeks Violet could not help but attribute to the understanding between them. But she also felt that a valuable ally was a sheaf of rejected cartoons which Andy had doggedly taken from her and thrust into the outer darkness of his overcoat pocket.

Encouragement just now, thought Violet, along those lines would have been had for him.

Then came the morning when rumor pressed the office that Bert Hayes had turned down his job. All that day and the next Violet waited in suspense her heart doing overtime whenever the boss' door opened.

The summons to that inner office came unexpectedly to Andrew just before lunch. Violet was sorting the noon mail and had come upon an envelope for Andy, thin and long, and possessing an unmistakably check-like aroma. At that moment Mr. Hanniman beckoned to Andrew. "Mr. Lickford wants you," he said.

Violet paused in the act of handing Andy his letter. That letter! It was probably a first acceptance of his drawing. If it was, and she gave it to him now, he would at least see its contents and whatever the interview in the office was about Andrew would approach it in a

case. That, she knew, was Andy! Nonchalantly she slipped the letter back into the basket and turned away.

An hour later, at a lunch of celebration, Violet heard the details of the interview. Yes, Andy had been offered and had accepted the job of traveling auditor. His work had improved marvellously. Then, with a wave of his hand, Andy dismissed business. "When will you marry me, darling?" he asked.

For answer, Violet drew from her bag his envelope. "When you open this," she said, "you may not want to take on your new job."

Wonderingly, Andy slipped it open. "Good Lord, after all these years—a refund on an express company overcharge, \$1.49. Nope, my other job still holds. But—the salary's enough to marry on, isn't it, dear?"

And this time, quite unconditionally, Violet whispered, "Yes!"

HUMAN CURIOS
No. 28—The Child Chess Marvel

Amazed at his age and baffled by his dexterity, all Europe is wondering at the skill of Stanislaw, a Polish boy, only eight years old, who is acclaimed as a greater chess player than even Capablanca.

Born at Lodz, Raschewski was taught by his father to place chess at the age of five years. Fifteen days after his first lesson he astonished his father, one of the best players in Warsaw, by beating him and soon established a reputation as one of the leading chess exponents in Poland. Only recently he went to Germany and issued challenges to 100 of the best players there, ninety-two of whom accepted his invitation. The boy figured takes too long if he played each game separately, so he took them on in batches of ten at a time—defeating all but one of them.

At Amsterdam and Antwerp he played eighty games without being beaten and at Brussels he evidenced his prodigious memory by twice playing twenty games at the same time, losing only two of the forty contests. The day

after his arrival in Paris Samuël played the forty best players in Paris in two simultaneous games of twenty each and won every game. Now he has challenged Capablanca, the match to take place in London.

Friday—The Girl Who Saved King Albert

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