



INCHES FROM The Golden-Plated Rule

By Lillian Paschal Day

Parlor Bolshevism

Mrs. Led is a widow of leisure. Says she's a progressive idealist. I think she's a rank Bolshevist. But hear her at a studio tea:

"To the workers belong the works. Labor has come into its own. It's the dignified equal of brains. So-called brain workers are inferior. What would they do without hands? They'd find how helpless they are. The manual laborer's just as smart. Education is only superficial. Directors of big business are dubs. Workers ought to own it—a soviet. Their work makes the money. And what's money after all? It's— But here I interrupted. Couldn't stand the stuff any longer. "Which is the more valuable— Your head or your hands? Which one makes or mars you? Can a hand do without direction? Brains move the world. Brains is only the lever they use. It's the quality of your brain. That's what counts." She bridled. "A plumber's as good as a professor. You intellectual aristocrats! You depend absolutely on these: Your grocer, your milkman. Your— I stopped her. "That proves nothing. They depend on me, too. I can teach my hands, if I need to. Because I've that kind of brain."

Edison's worth a thousand plumbers. What is your product? I ask men. Does it benefit many or few? Is it the best that is in you? Is it infused with conscience? Ask your soviet workers that!"

She was unconvinced.

Parrotlike, she repeated her rote: "To the workers belong the works." I wanted to shake sense into her. But I didn't. Her cook did. Mrs. Led went home for dinner. The door was locked and barred. A window above opened. Cook put her tousled head out. Mrs. Led's bouffant cap was on it. She wore the lady's evening gown. Jewels decked red hands and neck. She folded arms on the window sill. Her pose was one of elegant ease. "Gwan now! Git to work!" she said. "I'm the boss here now. I've tuk over the works. Been runnin' it, so it's mine. I agree wid all ver talk. To the worker belongs the works!" Mrs. Led exploded: "How dare you? This is outrageous! It's MY house! My money paid for it. Yours, indeed! You ignorant Bolshevist! I'll have you arrested!" She did, too. Cook went. Mrs. Led is silent as to soviet. Isn't it odd? Bolshevists divide others' property. They want to hang on to their own.

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

Harold and the Vamp

By ELEANOR T. SPERRY

IT WAS unthinkable—perfectly unthinkable! Harold's elder brother, a nice, well-meaning young man smooth-faced and spectacled, paced the confines of the narrow apartment which he shared with his brother, and dwelt on the unthinkable of it.

The information had come to him indirectly but bearing none the less the stamp of authenticity that brother Harold was in the clutches of Adora Erigan, a magazine cover illustrator of more or less fame, pronounced Bohemian views, and bobbed hair. That Harold should be in any way involved with such a person was all the more reprehensible considering that he was virtually engaged to a perfectly proper little girl back home as all proper little girls seem to be in fiction.

Harold—and a vamp! The combination was absurd to any one who knew Harold, mildly studious, quietly reserved. He was really not the stuff of which a vamp's admirers are made.

But something must be done about it before Harold's future—and that of the back-home Mary Ellen—was jeopardized. Suddenly Albert paused. Eureka! He would head the vamp in her studio and beg off Harold, appealing to that latent sense of goodness he possessed to believe even the worst of us possess. Sinking down in his chair, he was soon lost in a vision of that interview a he foresaw it.

"Miss Briggs," he heard himself saying, gently, firmly, "my brother has led a most exemplary life, utterly removed from studios, sanatoriums and cigarettes. Are you willing to let his downfall rest on your conscience?"

And if the vampish Adora did possess that latent spark of humanity, she would not resist his appeal.

A day or so later Albert, feeling decidedly out of his environment, searched along a softly carpeted hall for the door which should open up for him the studio of Adora. Finding it, he knocked diffidently, then again more boldly. Surely a man with a well-rehearsed speech on his lips should feel no embarrassment at his errand.

Then the door opened slowly. A slim, boyish figure stood on the threshold.

stressed simply in a trim dark skirt and white blouse. Beyond, Albert caught a glimpse of plain, bare walls, an easel, a little tea table.

Then he became aware that the person before him was asking his errand. "I am—Harold's brother," he said with a smile. "Then, as her expression remained blank, "Harold Appleby, you know, I am Albert Appleby."

Quite perceptibly the little person relaxed. "Oh," she said, "Mr. Appleby, I'm so glad you've come!" Turning, she led the way within, and Albert, pondering the import of her words, followed at her sensible heels (which should have been French on a vamp).

Albert presently found himself seated in a comfortable chair, drawn up to a daintily curtained window, displaying in its sill a pot of Wandering Jew.

But he was there with a purpose.

"I want to talk with you about my brother," he said promptly. "Harold has been my charge ever since the death of our parents."

"Yes," murmured Adora, sympathetically, as she mechanically made tea. She was thinking what a pity it was that Harold was not a more prominent figure in the world. He simply came out on the streets, dressed in a simple, unassuming way, and she, who was usually a very hard worker, and my powerful charms will prove that it can best be made one more wish," he said, "Make my studio, is forever inviting himself to affairs where artists perform who bore him to death because he can't appreciate them. He wasn't endowed by nature or fashion for education for this sort of existence, believe me. You'll pardon my being frank, but while he was a very good employer husband for some woman who wants her husband home at 6 o'clock with the supper all ready, he is an unmitigated nuisance to me!"

She paused for breath and passed the lemon to Albert, who took three sips in his confusion. The wind had been taken out of his sails and he was becalmed on a sea of shaggin.

A few minutes later Albert took a chastened departure. Adora watched him thoughtfully from her window.

When Albert reached home a yellow envelope beneath his door caught his attention. Opened it revealed that which left him stunned.

"Dear Albert:

"Mary Ellen and I eloped this noon. "HAROLD."

Slowly Albert went over to the telephone stand and hunted through the book. Satisfied, he took down the receiver and called the number he had found.

"Hello—Miss Briggs? Yes, this is Albert Appleby—Yes, Albert. My brother Harold is married—eloped, in fact. No, I couldn't have imagined it of him, either. I thought you would be interested—and—and—I say, Miss Briggs, may I call again?"

Judging by his expression as he hung up the receiver, Adora's answer must have satisfied him. But could he have guessed in that person's slender little studio he would have been a bit puzzled.

For Adora, hanging up her receiver, looked thoughtfully over the mantel where a yellow fold of paper protruded from behind a picture frame. Then she walked over, took down the telegram, and tore it to bits.

"If I had told him this afternoon about his brother's marriage," she said whimsically to herself, "what a tremendous amount of satisfaction and a whopping good time I should have missed!"

Next Complete Novelle—You Never Can Tell

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

The Wonderful Charm

By DADDY

CHAPTER V The Two Houses

LADY LOVELY was frightened by Prince Frowning's anger when he found she wasn't hungry for the rich feast brought by his powerful charms. He had been so sure that the dinner provided by his charms would win her hand that, in his disappointment, he let his temper run away with him. And as usually happens when a person lets his temper run away with him, he showed many of the mean things that were inside of him.

Prince Frowning didn't kick the littlest bit because Billy had kicked starting and he stopped it. He stopped it by grabbing Prince Frowning's leg. This upset Prince Frowning and he went sprawling in the dirt. And, of course, that made Prince Frowning angrier than ever.

At last, however, Prince Frowning cooled down enough to demand that Lady Lovely go on with the tea between himself and Prince Smiling to see which should win her heart and hand. "Make one more wish," he said, "Make it a very, very hard wish, and my powerful charms will prove that it can best be made one more wish," he said, "Make my studio, is forever inviting himself to affairs where artists perform who bore him to death because he can't appreciate them. He wasn't endowed by nature or fashion for education for this sort of existence, believe me. You'll pardon my being frank, but while he was a very good employer husband for some woman who wants her husband home at 6 o'clock with the supper all ready, he is an unmitigated nuisance to me!"

She paused for breath and passed the lemon to Albert, who took three sips in his confusion. The wind had been taken out of his sails and he was becalmed on a sea of shaggin.

A few minutes later Albert took a chastened departure. Adora watched him thoughtfully from her window.

When Albert reached home a yellow envelope beneath his door caught his attention. Opened it revealed that which left him stunned.

"Dear Albert:

"Mary Ellen and I eloped this noon. "HAROLD."

Slowly Albert went over to the telephone stand and hunted through the book. Satisfied, he took down the receiver and called the number he had found.

"Hello—Miss Briggs? Yes, this is Albert Appleby—Yes, Albert. My brother Harold is married—eloped, in fact. No, I couldn't have imagined it of him, either. I thought you would be interested—and—and—I say, Miss Briggs, may I call again?"

Judging by his expression as he hung up the receiver, Adora's answer must have satisfied him. But could he have guessed in that person's slender little studio he would have been a bit puzzled.

For Adora, hanging up her receiver, looked thoughtfully over the mantel where a yellow fold of paper protruded from behind a picture frame. Then she walked over, took down the telegram, and tore it to bits.

"If I had told him this afternoon about his brother's marriage," she said whimsically to herself, "what a tremendous amount of satisfaction and a whopping good time I should have missed!"

spoke Prince Smiling. "It is tiny—only a cottage—but it is a home of love, happiness, peace and contentment."

"I would see these two homes," said Lady Lovely. "Take me to them, and that which seems best to me shall I choose for my own, giving my heart and my hand to him who wins my choice."

"Come with me first," urged Prince Frowning. "When you have seen the splendid house built by my charms, you will not want to waste time seeing this chap's ugly little cottage." Saying this Prince Frowning took from his belt the purse which held his powerful charm, and waved the purse in the air.

Instantly there appeared at the edge of the woods a handsome automobile, new and rich enough for a king. Prince Smiling, Peggy and Billy gasped with surprise and admiration as they saw it. And while they were looking wonderfully at it, Prince Frowning put his arm around Lady Lovely and before she could object, he whisked her into the automobile and slammed the door. The driver let in the clutch, and away glided the automobile, smoothly but so swiftly that in a jiffy it was out of sight over the nearest hill.

"After her," cried Prince Smiling. "She must see my cottage of love ere she makes her choice."

So they mounted Balty Sam and set off at a gallop in pursuit of Prince Frowning and Lady Lovely. How the test came out will be told in the next chapter.

Fire Starts in Paper Bales

Fire of undetermined origin which started among several bales of paper at the Wyoming Metal Co., 311 North Eleventh street, last night, caused slight damage. The blaze was quickly extinguished. Clouds of smoke were seen issuing from the building for some time before the flames broke out.

SPOILS HIS WEDDING PARTY

Patrolman Nabs Man Carrying Three Gallons of Whisky for Celebration

A man who was carrying three gallons of whisky in a suitcase near Sixth and Master streets after 2 o'clock this morning, was placed under arrest by Patrolman Walsh, of the Front and Master streets station.

At a hearing this morning before Magistrate Yates, at the Front and Master streets station, he gave his name as Mick Franko, of Tilton street above Clearfield. When questioned by Walsh, he said that he had bought the whisky for use at his wedding, which is to take place in a few days. It was turned over to the federal prohibition agents; charged with illegal transportation of liquor without a permit.

Manufacturer's Outlet Sale

Mammoth Sale

Leather Goods, Bags, Suit Cases, Trunks, etc.

Cowhide Bag
Fine quality, \$12 value, 18-inch bag, \$5.00 special

Cowhide Suit Case
Best quality cowhide, strong straps, regu. \$9.95 in \$12.50 value

Our prices are actual wholesale. Due to retailers' cancellations we are forced to sell direct to the public. Come in and see the big value.

\$35 Wardrobe Trunk, \$26.25.
Manicure Sets, French Ivory, 21 pieces; \$12 value, \$4.85.
Boudoir Lamps, genuine Mahogany finish, \$1.98.
Candlesticks, Mahogany finish, 75c.

Smoking Stands, Mahogany finish, \$2.50.
Telephone Table and Chair, Mahogany finish; \$14 value, \$8.25.
Sewing Tables, Lamps, Shades, Novelties, Brief Cases, Puttees, etc., below actual wholesale cost.

25 & 27 So. 8th St.

LANE

SALE OF ANTIQUES

at prices that make them a profitable investment. Ideal gifts.

WE offer antiques of exceptional merit, worth more now than you will pay for them, and certain to increase in value. Their beauty, mellow charm and rarity will make them rank above all other treasured possessions.

If you want to purchase pieces that will be absolutely unique and reflect the taste of a connoisseur, choose from our collection. It is well worth a trip to New York.

We have the largest stock in the city of fine French commodes, petit commodes, tables, sets of needlework chairs, sofas, crystal lustres and wall brackets. Also unusually fine English furniture, including examples of early oak and Queen Anne walnut furniture, sets of Windsor chairs, needlework love seats, wing chairs and sofas.

554 Madison Avenue, New York
CORNER OF 55TH STREET
Branch: 406 Madison Avenue, between 47th and 48th Streets

Ivins

Bakers of good biscuits in Philadelphia since 1866, have taken over the Dr. Von's Company, and are now baking the famous

Dr. Von's Health Biscuit For Constipation

with the same regard for strict purity and improved methods that has made Ivins famous in Philadelphia. Dr. Von's Biscuit has been regularly promoted a normal, healthy action of the bowels—contains no drugs. He is carried at grocery and drug stores or in small tins at \$1.00, \$1.50 in Household Caddies. Try them today.

Kingnut

MARGARIN

for people of taste

Kingnut is delicious served with rolls, bread, biscuits, and muffins.

Just Taste It!

All it takes is a taste of Kingnut for you to know how delightful its flavor really is.

Kingnut is a pure, wholesome food made from vegetable oils blended with pasteurized milk. This appetizing combination is as nutritious as it is easily digested. It is a fuel food, so necessary for giving heat and energy.

Serve it on your table every day. Use it in all your cooking. It makes tender cakes, rich cream sauces, flaky pie crust. Results are dependable, for Kingnut is uniform in quality and smooth in texture.

Try a pound of Kingnut and see what a delicious food it is. And it means a real saving on your grocery bill.

Kingnut is made and guaranteed by Kellogg Products, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

For Sale by Leading Dealers

Wholesale Distributors
A. F. BICKLEY & SON
520-22 North Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Market 3318 Main 4225

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table

CREAM OF WHEAT

A Dainty Breakfast
A Delightful Luncheon
A Delicious Dessert

For the past two years, owing to difficulty in securing wheat of the high grade necessary in producing Cream of Wheat, also in securing railroad transportation, we have found it impossible, at all times, to fill our orders as promptly as we would like to. We are happy to say, however, that we are now in position to fill all orders promptly.