

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Janet's Burglar
By DADDY

This week Jack and Janet have an exciting adventure with a burglar, who comes in the night, and whom they capture.

JACK and Janet were whispering together before burying their heads in the pillows and going to sleep.

They were talking about burglars—those bold robbers who break into folk's houses at night to steal.

"What would you do?" asked Janet of Jack.

"If a burglar broke into this house tonight?"

"I'd catch him," said Jack promptly. "I'd catch him and have the police put him in jail."

"Oh, how would you catch him?" asked Janet, eagerly.

"I'd scare him with my popgun," replied Jack. "He would think it a real gun and not dare to move while I would call the police on the telephone."

"What would you do if he didn't believe Jack could fool a real, live burglar with his popgun?"

"I wouldn't catch a burglar that way," she said.

"How would you catch him then?" demanded Jack.

"I would be nice to him," said Janet. "I would make him sorry for being a burglar, and when he would promise to be good I would let him go back to his wife and babies."

Jack just snorted at that and turned over to go to sleep. Janet thought over it for a little while, then she, too, began to snore.

Suddenly, Janet sat up in bed. What was that noise downstairs?

Yes, there was some one moving about. And who would be moving about at that hour of the night except a burglar?

Janet slipped out of bed to see. She was afraid. Why should she be? She believed what her mother had once said, "That there was more good than bad in every person," and that meant burglars, too.

"What is it?" whispered Jack. He, too, had heard that shuffling noise in the dining room.

"A burglar!" whispered Janet. "I'm an going to catch him!" Downstairs crept Janet, and close after her crept Jack. He had waited only long enough to get his popgun.

Sure enough, a light was flashing on and off in the dining room. Jack and Janet crept up to the door. There was a man, a strange man, opening the door and going to the silver.

"Sh-sh-sh!" warned a rough voice. "Keep quiet! What do you want here?"

Jack pointed his popgun at the burglar.

"We want to catch you, Mr. Burglar. Put your hands up."

The burglar started to raise his hands. Then Jack got so excited he pulled the trigger of his popgun. Pop! said the gun.

At that the hands of the burglar stopped going up. The burglar began to laugh. "Only a popgun," he said, and he pulled from his own pocket a real pistol. Before he could do anything with it Janet spoke up:

"Please, Mr. Burglar, don't be hurt by me. We are not going to hurt you. We are just going to make you good."

That made the burglar look at her in astonishment. Then he laughed more—

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

An Awakening
By WILL T. AMES

THERE are women who, having hung over the image of a man in their hearts, never again take it down. A whole literature has been built upon this theory, a thousand songs have extolled its truth. What the world knows less well, or pretends not to know, is that fidelity to a love secretly enshrined is not the attribute of a single sex. John Wade, in twelve years' time, had not been without the consciousness of Jessica Brandt—and if ever there was an average man John Wade was he.

John was edging on toward forty. He had played out the years of his youth and early manhood as one at which lay down the cards of a hand which, as the saying is, plays itself. He had worked and been moderately rewarded. He had loafed, wholly, and was sound in health. He had many friends—and some had gone and some had stayed. He had always mingled—and mingled now—with his fellow creatures; and he had his roseate moods and his gray ones, his full, interesting days and his less satisfying ones, like everybody. Moreover, he had felt his pulses quicken in the presence of more than one lovely girl or brilliant woman. And he had never seen Jessica Brandt in all those dozen years. But she abode with him, and all the action in his film of life was superimposed upon the dim radiance of her presence. For John to have perceived himself in his said days and had not any affections left to go on, a never saw any one so terrifically in love as was one with Jessica Brandt. I fancy that finished him?

"Jessica Brandt? Of Haredale-on-Hudson?"

"Yes. She spent one summer here with relatives when John was twenty-six. They had a tremendous affair—but it ended completely when she went away."

"She was in college with me," said Ann reflectively, adding after a little, "She was very beautiful—I think the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

For a while after that Ann studied John with the clever analytical faculty that was beginning to get her work noticed. When she made up her mind about him she ceased to study him—or to think about him unduly. She had her work, and the power of self-discipline. But they were famous friends.

John's work had to do with automobiles and took him to the big motor show in New York. That was where Jessica Brandt lived—in a great house just off Fifth avenue, in the 70s. John had been in New York scores of times and had always been looking about, but he had never seen her. He had never hoped to more than see her, where it had been a final farewell when the girl, in passionate tears, told him there was no way out of the marriage that her ambitious, desperately financing mother had arranged with the son of a millionaire. But just to see her—with those wonderfully eloquent violet eyes like none others anywhere! Even today, as he explained the peculiar virtues of the Aircraft Six, he was looking about.

And then he was looking squarely into

Washington Official



Harris & Ewing
COLONEL CHARLES KELLER
Of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., who has been appointed Engineer Commissioner of the District of Columbia by President Harding.

He was born in New York and graduated from West Point in 1890.

laughed Mrs. Perdue. "I wouldn't—really. It wouldn't sell. It's just that he was such a susceptible boy that he expended himself in his said days and had no affections left to go on. I never saw any one so terrifically in love as was one with Jessica Brandt. I fancy that finished him?"

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For the merest fraction of a second. Because the violet eyes looked so squarely into his, indicated in that brief space recognition, haughty resentment of his temerity, cold, intolerant nobility; then passed him by. "Come," she said to the man at her side.

She was gone. And all the fantastic, beautiful structure of John's idealism came crashing to the ground in a whirlwind of revelation. "Just one of thousands!" he breathed. "Vain and arrogant and hard as flint. It's all there—in her eyes!"

And so it was that John Wade came home his own man for the first time in twelve years. And because a golden folly had turned to ice in his heart and because today was no longer blurred by the shadowy outlines of a long ago, he welcomed as never before the warm, sound friendship of Ann Perdue, and saw as never before the sterling loveliness of her.

It was a matter of weeks. Then he said to her: "Ann, you are clever and wise. Tell me, is the heart of a man worth having to a woman, after his best years have been wasted on a phantom?"

She looked up at him, frankly, bravely. "Is the phantom laid?" she asked in turn.

"Then let me answer your question, John. Yes. And not in spite of the phantom but because of it. Don't you suppose I know, John? And don't you suppose the dear, blind faithfulness of your love was the very thing that has made you seem all these years just the finest, truest being in all the world—at you are? You see, John, I knew her; and I knew how wondrously you must have colored her—and the pity of it! But I wouldn't have destroyed your dream for all the world. And then, dear, when you came back from the city, it was so plain that you had seen her, and your dream was dead, I had no choice but to let you go on. I never saw any one so terrifically in love as was one with Jessica Brandt. I fancy that finished him?"

"Thank God, then," said John fervently, "for the night that has made the dawn so beautiful!"

108 Degrees in California
Los Angeles, Sept. 26.—(By A. P.)—Unusual temperatures for this season were recorded in Southern California yesterday. San Bernardino, with 108 degrees, had the warmest day for this season in thirty years. Los Angeles had a temperature of 96, the warmest September day since 1913.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

By Lee Pape

This afternoon in school while Miss Kitz was looking over our class passed around hanks of paper to vote which was the prettiest girl, Mary Watkins and Lorett Mincer being the 2 prettiest out of all of them, but nobody knowing which one was the prettiest out of those 2, and this morning I was wawking to school somebody came running up back of me. Being Mary Watkins, saying, My goodness Benny but you wawk fast, w dont you wait for a peetin?

Me thinking, G, she thinks Im all right.

And her and me kapp on wawking along and she sed, Are you going to vote in the bewty contest this afturnoon, Benny?

Who, me? I ges so. I dont know, I sed, and she sed, Did that Lorett Mincer ask you to vote for her? It would be just like her to ask you, I never saw such a brazen face thing in my life and anybody thinks she's leavifill I dont admire their taist, I wouldnt think of dreeming of asking you to vote for me but if you vote for that Lorett Mincer Ill never speak to you agen.

Wy, wats the matter, I didnt say I was going to vote for her, I sed, and while I was wawking home for lunch I saw Lorett Mincer looking as if she was farsee glad to see me, saying, Hello Benny, wats your hurry? And she wawked along with me a while like somebody not thinking of anything special, and then she sed, O by the way, I saw Mary Watkins wawking to school with you, I saw her run after you, she certeny is a bold thing and I wouldnt be a bit surprised if she asked you to vote for her this afturnoon, is that wat she asked you?

She didnt axilly ask me, I sed, and Lorett Mincer sed, Well I dont consider myself bewtifill because I wouldnt be so conected no matter wat my private opinion is persinnally, and the last thing Id ask anybody would be to vote for me, but I think Mary Watkins is a perfect frite and if you delibrately insult my by voting for her Ill never speak to you agen if I live to be 200.

Well gosh, G, wats the matter, did I say I was going to vote for her? I sed, Being the reason I didnt go to school this afturnoon.

Gwan-to-Bed Stories

By J. P. McEVoy

The Three Billiard Balls and the Soul
Once upon a time, dear children, there were three billiard balls named Reddy and Whitley and Spotty. They lived and played on a big green table and were very happy together for a long time. (Johnny, get off the piano.)

Nothing worried Reddy and Whitley and Spotty. Being solid ivory, there were few things they could understand and still fewer they could remember. They went through life dashing around the table, bouncing off the cushions and frolicking sportively all day and most of the night, until Alfred, the attendant, put them to bed in a little box that just held the three of them snugly.

They might have lived like this in great contentment, if it hadn't been that one day Spotty, who was a brunette girl billiard ball, caught Whitley, the blonde girl billiard ball, kissing Reddy in one of the corners. Of course, they had often kissed before. She, too, had kissed Reddy and Whitley as well, but they were little fleeting, friendly kisses in passing. But this was different. Whitley and Reddy were soul-kissing, that's what they were, and poor little Spotty's ivory head ached. (Dorothy, you can't stuff the baby up the chimney. It isn't done.)

What to do, what to do! Poor Spotty was helpless, for she couldn't move until she got her cue. (I know that's a terrible pun, dear children, but if you don't like it you can go to bed.) Meanwhile, Reddy and Whitley were kissing with great avidity and transience, not to speak of calistif content. But just as Spotty felt

PURSE FOR MISSIONARY

Bethany Sunday School Will Send \$200 to Friend

Two hundred dollars was raised yesterday at the Bethany Sunday School, Twenty-second and Baldwin streets, to be sent to Miss Gould, of Bethany, who is a missionary in China.

Steel engraved portraits of John Wanamaker were distributed at the morning session, and in the afternoon Mr. Wanamaker attended the service and spoke of the Jubilee Y. M. C. A. convention in London in 1894, which he attended. A large picture was exhibited showing the delegates to this convention, several thousand in number, grouped on the east terrace of Windsor Castle.

Well, children, they kept this up for a long time until the cueists finally said they were through and went away. And then Alfred, the attendant, came

and put the three billiard balls into their little box. And guess who was smuggled up against Alfred? Guess your head off. But meanwhile you'd better gwan to bed. I've seen about enough of you kids for one day.

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Woman's Shop
Market at Sixth



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From our years of experience, we have perfected a process for cleaning blankets that is unequalled. Blankets cleaned by this famous process are more than clean—they are absolutely antiseptic. More than this—they return their original length, width and softness; we return them to you fluffy and unshrunk, ready to spread straight and smooth on your bed.

We are busy answering postal and phone messages to call for the blankets which are being got ready for winter use. Shall we call for yours?

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200
Jersey Silk Petticoats
at
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To acquaint you with a specific instance of the values that exist in the Harris Shop, we have selected for introductory purposes one of our many values, that of silk petticoats. They are trimmed with flounces of contrasting shades of navy, black, brown, mohawk, fawn and cherry.

Thresher Bros.
The Specialty Silk Store
1322 Chestnut Street
Business Hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Opening

of the new and greatly enlarged velvet section on our third floor, thereby relieving the congestion of our rapidly growing silk business on the fourth floor of the Thresher Building, which we are sure our patrons and friends will greatly appreciate, as well as being able to now match almost any tint made in the all-silk, wide costume velvets, duvetynes and velveteens, down to the narrowest, inexpensive, but rich, millinery velvets. Coupled with this important event, will be an unusual display of the very newest and most fashionable weaves and tints in silks from every silk mart of the world, to which welcome access is gained by our three rapidly growing Specialty silk stores, Philadelphia, Boston and Cleveland. We most cordially welcome you to this unusual display. Below we quote a few of the many unusual values offered at this opening.

Silks
36-Inch Imported Japanese Silk in a full line of colors, including white and black, the correct material for lamp shades, linings, etc. Special in this Opening, yard..... **95c**
36-Inch Black Satin, extra heavy and fine in quality, suitable for dresses, coat linings, etc. Special in this Opening, yard..... **\$2.25**
40-Inch Black Charmeuse, soft and lustrous, suitable for waists, dresses, etc. Special in this Opening, yard..... **\$1.65**
40-Inch Crepes de Chine, in a full line of colors, street and evening shades, also white and black, extra heavy and a good wearing quality. Special in this Opening, yard..... **\$2.95**
36-Inch Costume Velveteens, twill back and fast pile, an exceptionally good wearing material, street shades only, plenty of navy, brown and black. Opening Special, yard..... **\$2.65**
40-Inch All-Silk Costume Velvets in the wanted color combinations, plenty of navy and black, suitable for coats, dresses, etc. Opening Special, yard..... **\$4.95**
36- and 39-Inch Imported All-Silk Duvetyne, the correct material for coats, suits, millinery, etc. in a full line of street and evening shades. Opening Special, yard..... **\$4.95**

Broadcloths
54-Inch Imported Chiffon Broadcloths, made from the best Australian wool, guaranteed sponged and shrunken, suitable for coats, suits, dresses, etc., a quality that must be seen to be appreciated. Opening Special, yard..... **\$3.95**

Blouses
Striped Tub Silk Blouses, of crepes de chine and moon-wear crepe, excellent tailored models, very attractive color combinations. Opening Special..... **\$5.95**
Georgette Crepe Blouses, trimmed with real Fillet and dainty Val laces, especially designed for the new sleeveless dresses, also tucked-in models. Opening Special..... **\$7.95**

Petticoats
All-Silk Chiffon Taffeta Petticoats, made from a good quality of taffeta, new straight models. Opening Special..... **\$2.75**
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