

The AMICAGED

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

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PRECEDING EVENTS

Joe Barry, country youth in New York, ekes out a living as caretaker in a poor rooming house and accordion player in Louis Bertolini's restaurant. Lured by the open country, he spends a night in the fields, neglecting his duties. Next day Bertolini discharges him. A frequent visitor to Bertolini's offers him \$10,000 to impersonate a "bootlegger" in trouble. It means a penitentiary sentence for Joe, and he hesitates. The man, "Martin," gives him \$1,000 "on account." Next day Joe deposits \$900 in country banks, giving his name as Joseph Bradley. A circus attracts him. Outside a tent he sees an accordion and is tempted to play it.

CHAPTER II—Continued

He used the bellows softly, surreptitiously, as if he were actually stealing the melody. A truly professional instrument like this had figured in many a dream of Joe Barry's; the music of true steel reeds, the soft action of delicately balanced piano keys, the instant response to pressure; unconsciously his fingers played more swiftly upon the keys and the pull of the bellows grew stronger; the circus faded.

"That's pretty," a voice said. The music ceased. Joe Barry felt the blood streaming into his face; he gulped and hastily replaced the accordion upon the chair.

"I didn't mean to play it," he said sulkily. Dazedly he realized that the girl who faced him, now in street clothing, had been a person of silk and tulle when he last had seen her, winging gracefully about the center ring of the circus upon a dappled gray horse. Then haltingly: "It's yours I guess?"

"It's in my act," she said. A pause followed, awkward yet natural, the mutual dispersing of all else while two young persons took stock of each other. The girl was young, only a year or so more than twenty. She was vibrant and alert; with something more in the blue depths of her eyes than mere beauty. The sun came gliding about the end of the little tent and crept into her hair, weaving a thousand meshes of gold there. She straightened; the clean-lined vivacity of her rounded into evidence even under the handiwork of clothing. Suddenly she said:

"Why don't you play some more?" Joe Barry stammered. "I don't know many things," he fenced and belled himself by reaching eagerly for the gleaming instrument on the chair. "I'm sort of out of practice. You see," he confessed, "I've been working in a place where it doesn't make much difference."

"In a theater?" asked the girl. "No, I was just an entertainer." He laughed. "My job and I parted company, so I thought I'd take a run out of town for a day. I'm glad I did now." Then he quickly fenced. "A fellow doesn't get a chance to meet up with an Iorio every day."

"A what?" asked the girl. "This kind of a professional accordion. Know much about accordions?" "I'm afraid not," the girl confessed and came closer. "You see, Uncle Dan—Mr. Dayton, you know—"

"Oh, he's your uncle?" asked Joe Barry, somewhat awed. "Yes, I'm Sue Dayton." She smiled at the impressed look in his eyes. "My father and Uncle Dan were partners, until Dad died. Uncle Dan really reared me in the ring; Dad always looked after the business end of the show."

"I see." In fact, Joe Barry had paid little attention. Now with quick fingerings, he drew a soft melody from the responsive instrument in his grasp. Then again: "Gee, I oughtn't to be fooling around with this; it's too valuable."

"I wish Blackie Jordan thought so," said the girl.

"He's the fellow who plays for you?" queried Joe.

"You saw the act, did you?" "Yes," Joe was awkwardly silent.

The girl smiled. "Well, go ahead and say it. You didn't like it?"

"Oh, I liked you." "But you didn't like the act? Well," the girlishness of her had faded into a youthful maturity. "I know it isn't what it should be. You see, in the beginning, the idea was fine. There was a young Italian on the show then who could play the accordion. So we decided on dressing Lombardi in a Pierrot costume, the same white silk one that Blackie wears now, and shutting off the rest of the show and having him sing and play in the center of the ring while I rested between turns. We could do that all right; the tent is small enough for a voice to reach all parts of it. Can you sing?" she asked naively.

"Yes, I sing some," Joe Barry confessed. "I used to sing a lot."

"I thought you did. I heard you humming when you first started to play."

"Was it?" He laughed. "I didn't notice."

"I gathered as much. Well, you'd understand what I mean, then. Lombardi had intended to put on a straight clown make-up—not the funny kind,

you know, but just white, with black diamonds on his forehead and cheeks. I was to dress as Pierrette, and he would sing to me. But of course," she added as though Joe Barry knew all about it, "he was hurt just a week before we opened, and I don't suppose he'll ever be able to troupe again. We'd already spent all this money for the best accordion Uncle Dan could buy, so we thought we'd salvage what we could. Of course Blackie only plays a little and he hates it, so he doesn't help much."

"You know, I thought that I kind of felt he hurt things," Joe confessed. "You were so—so pretty and graceful, riding around there and so, oh you know, sort of fresh and sweet looking and everything—"

"Be careful!" Sue Dayton laughed and grasping a guy rope, put her hand against her upraised arm.

"Well—you know, I was just telling you what I was thinking. He didn't seem to take much interest. Then I got to thinking, how pretty that all would be if there were somebody in there who just loved to play. This way, Blackie—is that his name?—is just there. But it seemed to me that he ought to come in, like he'd followed you, and play as he entered the ring. And you would pose and throw kisses to him from upon the horse. Of course, it was kind of silly, I've never seen anything in a circus like that."

"Silly?" The girl had touched his arm. "Don't you know that it isn't silly to think of such things, just because they've never been done?" Suddenly she whirled, and called: "Uncle Dan!" A red-faced man with gray hair and a bulbous nose halted abruptly in his swift course from the pad-room entrance of the big top.

"Well, what is it? What is it, Sue?" he asked. Then he noticed Joe Barry. "Want to see me, young fellow?"

"No, but I do," the girl broke in. "We've just been talking—about my act. He has the most wonderful idea



"Uncle Dan!" A Red-Faced Man With Gray Hair and a Bulbous Nose Halted Abruptly.

for it! And I thought maybe the three of us could talk things over—maybe."

"Looking for a job?" asked Uncle Dan. "Play that thingamajig?"

"Beautifully!" said the girl. "Looking for a job?" asked Uncle Dan again.

Joe Barry stammered. "Well, I don't know—yes, I guess I'd sure like one—"

"Sing?" "Yes, sir."

"Sue here says you've got ideas. Sue's a pretty good judge. Let's have them." Suddenly, he veered. "What's your name?"

A sudden constriction rose in Joe Barry's throat; he strove to cover it with a cough. He felt his features grow cold and suddenly hot.

"Bradley's my name, sir," he said at last.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Old May-Day Custom
In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1754 a custom is alluded to that only of late became obsolete, says "Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities." They took places in the wagon and quitted London early one May morning, and it being the custom in this month for the passengers to give the wagoner at every inn a ribbon to adorn his team, she soon discovered the origin of the proverb, "as fine as a horse;" for, before they got to the end of their journey, the poor beasts were almost blinded by the tawdry party-coloured flowing honours of their heads.

Art Treasure at Palace
The summer palace of the Princess Reuss, at Greiz, in Thuringia, in the foothills of the Saxon Erzgebirge, contains a valuable collection of art works. Of especial interest is the collection of 6,000 copper engravings, including 800 mezzotint engravings after pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Counterparts of these exist only in the British museum.

The collection was made by Princess Elizabeth, daughter of George III of England.—German Tourist Bureau

Beauty Talks

By

MARJORIE DUNCAN

Famous Beauty Expert

About the Coiffure

"TONY, Madame X in there wants her hair pleated," a beauty operator was saying to the hairdressing specialist. "And it will take some tall talking to convince her that she should not have the marcel. You are a wonder if you can sell her the idea of having an individual hair arrangement."

A look of recognition as Tony glanced in the direction of Madame X. He knew her. And he refused to marcel her hair. With an emphatic gesture he added "Me marcel her hair, have it look so hard, so set, make her face look older. Then she will say at the musicale 'Tony, he set my hair today.' No, let George do it!"

It is so surprising to see the majority of women still clinging to the self-same haircut and arrangement they wore a year or two ago, when fashion is so conducive to a change for the better.

Ask any number of Tonys who have studied coiffures as a science and applied it as an art, and they will tell you that waves to look natural should swirl in and out, this way and that. Waves need not be uniform, each the same length or width or depth. Fashion favors individuality and softness.

Uneven wave lengths need not and do not give the hair an unkempt appearance. A coiffure can be different, individual and well-groomed as well. If you go to a hairdresser with definite instructions to follow your present coiffure which you happen to have worn for years, or if you insist on a too-set marcel which gives an obvious and unnatural look to the head and a hard look to the face, don't blame the hairdresser.

On the other hand, if your hairdresser asks you for suggestions or instructions when you come to him with the request for a new and individual cut or arrangement, grab your hat and run. Don't stop to politely say thank you. Don't stop until you have arrived at another establishment which boasts an expert coiffure artist with a fine reputation and a flair for creating individual arrangements, a style of haircomb at once fashionable, flattering, soft, one that will bring out all the loveliness that is YOU and even enhance the beauty of your hair.

Wrinkles Not Fashionable

WITH fashions so eternally youthful, with emphasis continually placed on beauty, wrinkles are definitely taboo. And if there is one skin difficulty that women dread above all others it is wrinkles. Lines may be the result of scowling or similar emotional strain, they may signal "shoes of comfortable proportions necessary"—but to the great army of women wrinkles stand for only one thing and they are ever ready to war against them. For a young girl of twenty feels fully forty the day the first wrinkle is etched under her eyes.

The cause lies within you. For, while it is true that the very dry, delicate and fragile type of skin is prone to line and wrinkle unless compensating nourishment and protection is given to it, it is also true that nervous strain, eye strain, scowling, and emotional tension are all contributing causes of wrinkles. The woman with the very thin, dry, sensitive skin is wise to take the proverbial ounce of prevention. You will find it in a jar of nourishing cream—rich in delicate oils—truly a "preserving cream." When lines have definitely made their way around your eyes, or from nose to mouth, or on the forehead, or on the neck, or around the chin, add before your cream a very soothing and penetrating oil.

"As easy as pie" is an expression I remember children using when they mean "the easiest thing in the world." Precisely that simple are the facial treatments for erasing fine lines and wrinkles. Providing—and thereby lies the real root of the beauty secret—providing you help your beauty treatments along—from within.

Every facial expression sets the face in motion. And overwork can cause more wrinkles in a month than a decade's calendars combined.

Time alone does not do such damage. Why the look of youth in a woman of fifty if the calendar were really cruel? It is in the skin—its tone—its resistance—its ability to stand overworking. And it is in habits of living and thinking. Obey the health rules and you make a fair bid for beauty. Think quiet, peaceful, beautiful thoughts and a calm, smooth exterior you will show the world. I am not advocating a perpetually placid expression. Too inactive—that. But allowing emotions to have free reign and to leave their traces is folly—pictorially speaking. You have only to study your face in a fit of anger; in the depths of self-pity, worry, or the well-known blues. Everything falls. And too oft repeated emotional outbursts leave that old look via traces known as lines and wrinkles—hateful things—the bane of every woman's existence.

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Accounting for Falsehoods

"Most falsehoods," said H. H. the sage of Chinatown, "are due to the fact that someone has been too indolent or too timorous to ascertain the truth."—Washington Star.

New Use for the Gay Kerchief Scarf

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN is a scarf a scarf? It is to guess, for those dashing, flashing printed squares catalogued as the kerchief scarf are playing so many character roles on the stage of fashion, they are losing their identity entirely in the old-style sense of the word.

The idea that a scarf is merely a utilitarian device to be tied about the throat for protection having become obsolete, it is given to the present generation to witness the modern scarf venturing into unexpected realms of make-believe such as, for instance, camouflaging as a smart waistcoat or vest to be worn with a trim and trig jacket suit as shown centered in the picture on the standing figure.

It is the simplest thing in the world to arrange a gay square of silk, linen or cotton print in this manner. No sewing, no seaming, no paper pattern or chart required, just a big bandanna folded once across the bias and tied at the neck by bringing two of the points up around the throat as you see in the picture and knotting them at the back, the other two being below at the waistline. The smart new Irish linen square, which forms the blouse shown, is printed in red and blue stripes, for fashion is going strong for "the red, white and blue" this season. The good-looking black kid oxfords with sandal cutouts, as worn by the young woman posing, bespeak the correct shoe for this type of costume.

Ofttimes a printed bandanna or kerchief grows so ambitious in its performances as to do double duty in that half of it (cut across through the bias fold) forms a deep pointed yoke or bodice which is stitched into the very dress itself at the back, the points brought to the front so as to form

SMARTEST SPORTS SUITS ARE WHITE

The sports suit this season is smart or when it is white, or some light neutral color like beige or gray. Chanel made pale beige wool suits for Biarritz last fall, and jazzed them up to a sportive air with vivid striped jersey blouses. They made a great success, and the spring sports suit is their logical descendant, for it has a blouse or sweater that is usually extremely bright or dark and rich in color.

The white sports suit, made of either wool or cotton, is much more fashionable if it has a blouse or sweater of sapphire blue, orange, or bright red. Some women like emerald green blouses with their white sports suits, but this color is less frequently seen than are the first named shades.

Spring Suits Seen in New Fabrics and Fits

Woolen materials for spring skirts and suits are flatter than last year, some of them loosely woven, hairy and almost transparent, many with wide-wale effect, woven or knitted, many in basket weave. Other woollens are of the novelty jersey order; still others hark back to old hard finished friends, the reps, twills and serges.

Style experts of the Country Home note that the new skirts all have a certain ease and wearability. They fit snugly around the hips, but they don't curve in along the back in that disconcerting fashion so embarrassing to those not so fast as ironing boards. Some have released tucks or pleats that contribute to a good round hem line. But, however they manage their inches, none are tight, exaggeratedly full or difficult to keep pressed.

Coiffures This Spring Flat; Curls Are Taboo

Good hairdressing goes flat this spring. Even curls are slapped flatly. The funny little sausage roll has passed entirely out of the fashionable portraits of those who know what is new and proper for fashionable coiffures.

capulet or cap sleeves as you please to call them. The costume to the right shows just how. As you see, the other half of the printed square is tied around the hips in picturesque gypsy girde fashion, forming somewhat of an overskirt silhouette. A very popular arrangement, since it accents the lines of a good figure. The scarf-dress pictured is bright red with a bizarre white floral patterning.

It is on the beach, however, that the triangle scarf are seen in their most daring and original moods. The pajama outfit on the seated figure tells the story of the latest escapade of the kerchief scarf. This fashion scores one for the sun-bather, who is seeking health and a good brown tan via the rays of the sun. You can buy these triangular-scarf blouses in any sports or neckwear department, or it is an easy matter to make one.

The only requisite is a three-cornered piece of printed or plain fabric. A yard of regular material makes two. A triangle of silk, linen or cotton, down at the center point to a depth of ten or more inches (see diagram sketch). Finish with narrow hem all around. Then take four shallow darts, as per dotted lines, and presto! the blouseette is ready to wear. Tie it after the manner of the one worn by the pajama-clad figure pictured. The coloring is equally attractive when reversed, that is the kerchief blouseette may be a spectacular print in contrast to solid colored pajamas.

Another trick in the wearing of the scarf on the beach by ardent sun-worshippers, one which does away with knotting the two ends at the nape of the neck, is to pin or sew the center point of the triangle to one's necklace at the front.

OF POPULAR MESH

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Here's one of those frocks which no woman who gets about this world in warmish weather can afford to be without. Made in several shades of either maize, blue, orange red, pale green or brown this dress will suit a number of different complexions. Choose your own color accents in the buttons and belt. Paris is putting blue and brown together or else yellow and blue. Patou puts midnight blue with his new serres bina. The fabric itself is a delightful dune de diagonal mesh, sturdy, perfectly washable and altogether about the most practical sort one may ever hope to come across. Tailors smartly, too, which means a lot in these days when the swankiest clothes are of the simpler sports type. The hat worn is quite the newest in the way of brims, being tiny on one side and much wider on the other.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Five minutes of good skin peel off until all defects such as wrinkles, spots, tan and freckles disappear. This is the new Mercolized Wax. Your face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. It removes wrinkles on one course. Mercolized Wax dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At drug store.

Showing General Knox in Diplomatic Light

One thing about the World war: little or nothing has been said about the soldiers going hungry. In this department, at least, the old hardships seemed to have been successfully eliminated. In contrast, one recalls Washington at Valley Forge. The plight of the Continental army became so desperate that Washington finally sent General Knox and Captain Sargent to explain their condition to congress. It will be remembered that General Knox was very generously proportioned and it happened that Captain Sargent was far from wearing tatters. One member of congress noted this and remarked that in spite of the tale of starvation and rags he had seldom noted a gentleman so fat and one so well dressed. "It is true," said General Knox, "for out of respect, the choice was made of the only man who had an extra ounce of flesh and the only one who had a whole suit of clothes."



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Candle-Blowing Test

A candle-blowing test for tuberculosis is filling Turkish school children and their parents with a flurry of fear. Health inspectors line up all the children in a class at an equal distance from a lighted candle which they in turn try to blow out. Those whose puffs are successful are considered safe as to lungs; those who fail to extinguish the flames are catalogued as tubercular suspects, and their parents are warned.

Committee Personnel

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Good Demand for Honey

The bee business isn't much affected by depression, the Department of Agriculture reports. Last year's honey crop was worth about \$10,000,000, and beeswax about \$1,000,000. New methods of preparing and marketing honey have stimulated the market, the department states. Like-wise nickel candy bars containing honey and almonds have had a huge sale and consequently increased the use for honey.

If the joke is easy, it has been made before.

It is impossible to conceal age unless nature takes a notion to do it.



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