

The Three Hortons

By FANNIE HURST

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(WNU Service)

NIMBLE-footed, nimble-witted, were the Three Hortons, and their long bookings on wide vaudeville circuits testified to it. The Three Hortons were a cheering part of any bill and almost invariably second only in importance to a headliner like Friganza, Brice or San Francisco.

There were Beatty Horton, whose patter was as nimble as his soft-shoe dancing, Alicia Horton, who could outpattern but not outdance her spouse, and, from the age of seven on, Winstead Horton, who could find himself in a bridge from maternal to paternal shoulders, and sing in a choir-soprano that had captivated his audiences from the days he had toddled on stage with lifted hands balancing unsure feet.

All that was changed now. Winstead was grown, his father Beatty had developed a gouty tendency and had been obliged to cut out the soft-shoe work, and Alicia, while she still made up to something of the old dazling blondness and was adorably cute in her flip line of patter, was nevertheless subject to the relentless eye of her audience to the extent that they simply did not want the "young stuff" from her any longer. Alicia, in rather severe togs and a slight comedy make-up, was getting around that, these days, by doing the young matron sort of thing, and to a point making her audience like it. But the fact of the matter was that by the time he was eighteen, and his parents were in their forties, Winstead, single-handed, was carrying the act.

And carrying it brilliantly. A flying contortionist, voice for comic, character and solo singing, a baffling ventriloquist and a soft-shoe dancer who seldom failed to get his six recalls, the Three Horton act practically rested on his slim young shoulders. Not that anything of the kind was ever admitted in the confines of the Horton family, however achingly Beatty or Alicia might long since have realized it to themselves. Regularly, the Three Hortons held confab for the refurbishing of their act; periodically rehearsals were called, changes inserted, songs revamped and costumes freshened for each and every one of the three of them, with emphasis on the requirements of each. Beatty's audiences wanted his sure-fire bombardment of patter; Alicia wanted her blond and graceful; Winstead wanted him the flying, dancing, comic, vocal young devil.

The Three Hortons. Up to the bitter end, until Beatty's patter began to crack in his throat, and Alicia's ankles to twist and turn as she danced, there was no out-and-out admission on the part of the older Hortons that they were finished.

The situation racked Winstead and tore at the very vitals of him. They were such a gallant pair in his eyes; the duds, rakish, old Beatty who would limp to the wings from his dressing room, with his face made up into a grin and the darts of pain through his ankles like fire; the pranksish dear-beyond-the-telling, Alicia, whose role in life was to pamper everyone except herself, from her husband and son down to the most obscure performer on the bill. To see them slowly disintegrate, to see a merciless public grow cold to them, to behold the hurt in the eyes of his father and the bewilderment on the face of Alicia was pathos beyond the telling.

Not but what they gloried in the rising success of their son, and stood back with their faces perspiring and their hearts hurting from exertion and something else, for him to take the honors for the act, but there came the time when there was simply no easing the fact, for the two of them, that they were finished. Managers were clamoring for Winstead, and for years had been tolerating the presence of the older pair for the simple reason that he would not book without them.

But the time had come when it was apparent even to Winstead himself that there was imposition in any longer asking for bookings for the older pair. Beatty was winded almost before he reached stage, Alicia, poor dear, no longer had the stamina.

Strangely, this realization dawned, nearly simultaneously, upon the three of them, sparing Winstead the almost unbearable pain of telling them, their hour had struck.

"We're finished, Beatty," Alicia announced to her husband one evening, as they sat around trying wholeheartedly to discuss plans for a next season's act. "What's the use beating around the bush? They don't want us. We're dead weight around Winstead's neck. Let's face the music."

It was with a sense of what seemed positive relief that Beatty capitulated. Actually, his old face seemed for the first time to allow itself to fall into the luxury of wrinkles.

"I guess you're right, Alicia. We're done."

There was not any money scare. Winstead, of course would see to that, and besides the Hortons, Beatty and Alicia, simple-living, simple-minded folk, had but by their little penny.

It was fear of Winstead, that lay in their hearts. This boy, never out of his parents' tracks, suddenly alone on the road! Fear of Winstead had

squatted on their old chests, both of them, ever since the shadow of this day of their retirement had begun to cast itself across the circuit. He was such a child, Winstead was. A helpless, conching genius-like fellow. No good at money, for instance. Had to have it handed to him every morning. So much for taxicab. So much for lunches and little luxuries. So much for tips. No good at watching himself against colds, to which he was subject. It took all his mother could do to keep after him effectively with muffers, rubbers and precaution about drafts. No good at eating well. His father was forever giving him the second helpings of food without his even knowing it, stacking his plate when his attention was diverted and then insisting that he eat.

"But I have eaten, father. Didn't you slip some more potatoes on my plate?"

"Nonsense. Eat, I say!"
Imagine a boy like that, a helpless, off-in-the-clouds fellow who had never had to think much for himself about the creature phases of life, off suddenly by himself on a circuit. It hurt the heart of Alicia so that she cried most of her nights. It threw such a dread into Beatty that his efforts to pretend to Alicia that all was well were pathetic to her almost beyond endurance.

Well, it had to be faced and the sooner the better. The Hortons purchased for themselves the inevitable chicken farm in New Jersey, that haven of all good retired vaudevillians, and Winstead, bewildered and a little frightened with his released, began rehearsing a new act with a young girl with the stage name of "Yvette," whose singing and dancing had attracted the admiration of the Three Hortons.

It was a whirlwind turn of fast, amusing young-blood talk, really exquisite and highly diverting soft-shoe and toe-dancing, and some pretty duet singing that marked them for almost instantaneous success.

After a tryout in Newark, Winstead and Yvette were booked over a forty-week cycle and the pair of the older Hortons settled down to what gallant resignation they could muster.

And muster they did, except it actually did seem that with the letting down of the strain and excitement of their life-time of years on the circuit, Beatty and Alicia were destined to fall apart like the proverbial one-hoss shay. Bad health set in for both almost the month after retirement. An old pair were nearing the final turn in their road.

It was quiet and peaceful and even beautiful in a way. Sweet, come right down to it, growing old out of a youth that had been so long and tumultuous and vigorous. It was Winstead that brought dread to the heart—Winstead, who had been so babied.

His first visit home after the forty weeks brought peace to the heart on that score. He and Yvette had come back to the farm to be married. She is a tumultuous little thing. Dances like a whirl and can fling herself in a horizontal bridge from the neck of Winstead and start whirling.

She is young, vivacious, beautiful and a whirlwind for making Winstead toe the mark. Rubbers! Let him try to venture out on a damp day without them. Appetite! Let him try to skip that glass of fresh cream with his lunch. Money! Yvette holds the purse strings and does out to him as if he were a child.

There is nothing left for Alicia and Beatty to dread about the twilight.

Dogs With Titles

The amazing history of Pekingese has been told by Mrs. A. C. Dixie who spent a long time in China. A thousand years ago these small bundles of trouble were worshiped as symbols of Buddha, and invested with the highest titles an emperor could devise. They were created princes and dukes. They were granted gigantic revenues. They were honored with literary degrees. To steal one was to run a certain risk of enjoying that death known as "Death by ten thousand slices." To-day the Pekingese is guarded with something of the same stringency, but in Tibet and not in his native birthplace. China last held her on him when the Summer palace in Peking was sacked in 1900, and an English general brought a "sleeve dog" home in his hat as a gift to Queen Victoria.

Britain's Red Tape

The sleepy little village of Upper Tean, between Uttroter and Stoke-on-Trent, is where the government obtains its red tape. Officialdom ties itself up with tape from Upper Tean. It also uses the same tape to tie up the parcels of restrictions which go to make Britain what it is. Old women with kindly faces turn out tape by the mile. It falls in cascades from the looms and, on the floor, great piles of red tape may be seen. There is enough tape to trip up the nation when handled with the cunning dexterity of Whitehall.—Montreal Herald.

Dying Request Denied

Though England has produced great painters, oddly enough the only one commemorated in Westminster abbey is Sir Godfrey Kneller, portrait artist from the time of Charles II to George I. Still queerer, Kneller's dying words were: "By G—d, I will not be buried in Westminster." To make absolutely certain he designed his own monument and paid \$15,000 for the stone and work and chose a spot in Twickenham churchyard. But due to a dispute of his widow with Pope over the rights to this plot, Kneller was buried in the abbey in spite of himself.

Latest Frocks of Lacy Open Mesh

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FASHIONLAND is enjoying the thrill of a new enthusiasm. It's for open lacy mesh effects, if you please. Seeking shoes, hosiery, gloves, dress goods, sports frocks, evening and afternoon gowns, wraps, suits, sweaters, or a blouse, millinery, handbags, or "what have you" in shops, you will be reminded every day in every way that open mesh effects are "it."

Some of the woolen materials are woven so open and lacy one has a feeling they surely are knitted or crocheted. Often these "meshy" weaves are made up with touches of hand crochet to finish them off. At any rate, if madam or mademoiselle aspires to follow in the footsteps of fashion, an openwork knitted or mesh-fabric gown on the order of the up-to-the-moment models pictured is inevitable for midseason and spring.

The good-looking spectator sports dress which you see to the left in the illustration is of bright orange woolen in a knitted patterning which looks very much like allover lace. Its smart tailored handling adds "class." The coat repeats the white accent which occurs in the yoke of the dress, a whole fox skin forming the collar. The swanky shoes enter into the color scheme most beautifully. Observe that they are very smart open-shank sandals made of exquisite orange-toned kid. According to the style program a big vogue is in promise for dainty footwear of finest kid in very lovely coloring.

Black, tangerine and white are cleverly combined in the early spring street costume shown to the right. The open square-mesh material is in tangerine. Its many-gored skirt which slenderizes at the hipline and flares at the hemline is one of the outstanding features of the model. The surprise yoke of white mesh is also voguish.

VELVET IS SMART FOR SPRING WEAR

Many velvets are popping up here and there in the shops. One of the most effective suits for formal wear combines a white velvet jacket with a black satin skirt. The velvet of the jacket is the new dull-surface variety, and very smart.

Short velvet evening wraps are to take the fashion trenches by storm this spring. They are being shown in every conceivable color, from black and white, through the pastels, to the bright jewel tones.

A black velvet coat for spring wear has barrel sleeves starting to flare at the elbow, and gathered into a tight cuff of white ermine. A standing white ermine collar is finished by a black velvet bow, like a Windsor tie.

Spring Suit Must Have Jacket to Be Success

You must have a jacket with your new spring frock if it is to be a grand success. Of course, the jacket is sometimes a long coat, especially when it comes to the ensembles that are so liked just now. But it is jackets and nothing but in the evening, when the younger set, almost to a girl, steps out wearing some sort of jacket, however brief, with her frock.

Mostly the jackets are of the same material as the frock, and what they lack in length they make up in chic. But to put back to the frock with its coat, that does not match in color or material and yet manages to show that it is the soul-mate of the accompanying frock.

Plaid Gingham

Another southern fashion that will bear watching is the shirt made just like a man's, of brilliant plaided gingham. These are worn with trousers or with sports skirts and have a chic all their own.

The kid opera pumps, knitted turban, and abbreviated fur jacket are in black. A chain motif in gray beige to match the hose trims the shoes. Waist-depth jackets of every type of flat fur or of velvet, corduroy or velveteen are outstanding in the new modes.

It is not only for the dress entire that mesh fabrics are scoring a triumph, but for the making of the suit-blouse these loose-woven effects are the rage. In this connection mention should also be made of the latest blouse as per Schiaparelli and other Paris dressmakers, which is hand-crocheted of coarse mercerized crochet cotton and worn with the new spring suits.

Another use of French square-mesh hand crochet or of the materials which simulate these effects is that of making of them the deep yokes and sleeves such as top fashionable frocks this season, in contrast or of like color.

So popular has the theme of openwork novelties become, some of the shops are displaying accessory sets that include gloves, scarf and bag, all of matching mesh material, either in black, white or bright colors.

Likewise, latest footwear plays up to the flair for open mesh in that ultra chic shoes made of suva cloth (open mesh that looks like lace) are shown at all leading booteries.

Not only are the now-so-voguish mesh and lace-effect fabrics sponsored in street colors and in vivid shades, but they are apropos to spring and summer in a series of delicate colorings designated by stylists as "water lily shades." These include such delectable tones and tints as pink petal, water lily green and other as fascinating colors.

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HIGH WAISTLINE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The built-up waistline is important this season. This smart black and white check wool suit achieves the desired silhouette via a skirt which is brought up high over the blouse. The lining and the blouse are a vivid green crepe. Even when there is a belt, the newer skirts are made to look as if they extend above the normal waistline by means of tabs and various other clever devices.

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 squinting, they may be a sign 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, squinting, 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, 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 inane—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.

(© 1932, Bell Syndicate.)—WNU Service.

Accounting for Falsehoods

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

Ugly Pimples

Nature's warning—help nature clear your complexion and paint red roses in your pale, hollow cheeks. Truly wonderful results follow thorough colon cleansing. Take **NATURE'S REMEDY**—to regulate and strengthen your eliminative organs. Then watch the transformation. Try **NR** instead of mere laxatives. Only 25c. The All-Vegetable Laxative

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Make the test tonight

TUMS for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. The candy-like antacid, 100c.

Unusual Request

One of the strangest requests ever made in a will is contained in that of Miss Rosalie Bicknell Babcock, aged seventy, of Lingfield, Surrey, England, who died last July, leaving £47,793. Miss Babcock directed her executors to have the oil painting of her late father burned before her funeral and that no one should be allowed to copy it.

Nails Mend Broken Bones

Connecting the ends of fractured bones with metal nails was demonstrated recently by Dr. Lorenz Boehler at Vienna, Austria. Doctor Boehler exhibited X-ray pictures of the method and presented a number of patients. One was a woman over eighty years old, who is now able to walk normally.



RESTFUL SLEEP for FRETFUL, FEVERISH CHILD

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When your child tosses and cries out in his sleep, it means he is not comfortable. Very often the trouble is that poisonous waste matter is not being carried off as it should be. Bowels need help—mild, gentle help—but effective. Just the kind Castoria gives. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation made specially for children's ailments. It contains no harsh, harmful drugs, no narcotics. Don't let your child's rest—and your own—be interrupted. A prompt dose of Castoria will urge stubborn little bowels to act. Then relaxed comfort and restful sleep! Genuine Castoria always has the name:

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Attributes of Pride

One thing pride has, which no other vice that I know of has: it is an enemy to itself, and a proud man cannot endure to see pride in another.—Feltham.

A city crowd is uniform which tends to make it interesting, but a country crowd—there's where you see individuality.

Many a man has acquired a reputation for honesty by concealing the truth about his actions.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved this Quick Way

If stabbing pains shoot across your back and cripple you, rub on good old St. Jacobs Oil. Relief comes before you can count 601... Relief without burning or blistering. This famous oil simply draws out inflammation and pain. It is soothing, healing. For the aches and pains of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Neuralgia or Backache there's nothing so quick or sure to bring relief. Get a small bottle of St. Jacobs Oil from your druggist.

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