

## NOT THE KILLING TYPE

By R. H. WILKINSON

"THE Jigger didn't kill himself," said Deputy Baldy Rickey. "No, sir, he didn't kill himself. He was murdered!"

Baldy's face was flushed, and there was a gleam of triumph in his eyes. His attitude was that of a man, who, through his own shrewdness, had made a discovery that fully substantiated a previously presented theoretical deduction.

There were three men in the single-room cabin: Baldy, the deputy, and Sheriff Sol Rock, the recipient of Baldy's remarks, and also his superior.

The third man was dead. He lay sprawled across a table in the center of the room.

There was a six-shooter on the floor beside him.

An ugly wound lay open in his temple, and about the wound there was a black smudge.

"According to this," said Sol, indicating a sheet of paper which he had been reading, and completely ignoring Baldy's startling announcement, "according to this, the Jigger's name is Alfred Darwin. He's a prospector in hard luck. In fact, he's been up against it for some time, and decided, upon reaching this cabin last night and carefully considering what a failure his life has been, and his declining years, to end it all with the last cartridge in his six-shooter."

Sol stared down at the limp form.

"Well, Baldy, Mr. Darwin sure done a good job. He plugged himself proper." Baldy was livid with indignation and rage.

"Plugged himself, you idiot! Himself! Why, ain't I just got through telling you he didn't plug himself! It wasn't suicide. It was murder!"

Sol looked at the little deputy mildly, and grinned.

"Cool your whiskers, son, and get a load off your chest. How come you think it was murder?"

Baldy's eyes snapped.

He was a little man, easily aroused, albeit a good law officer and loyal to his trust and to Sol.

"Listen, you big hulk, it's danged near time you give me some credit for brains. Right up to the present moment I been letting you do all the deducting an' figurin' out and mental strain, while I been sittin' back waitin' for something to happen requiring gun play or rope work or long night rides after a hard day's work. A 'yes' man, by gingo. Well, right here is where I start being a deductor and a figurer outter. I got as much brains as you, an' by gingo if I prove it, you gotta promote me, feller."

Sol's grin widened.

"You sound pretty sure of yourself, runt. An' I'm listenin'. Why, ain't this a suicide?"

Baldy puffed out his chest a little, swaggered a little and gestured rather grandly.

"Because," he said, "this Jigger was shot in the right temple. Well, he's left handed. And a left-handed guy couldn't shoot himself in the right temple."

"Hummm," said Sol. "Left-handed, eh? How do you know?"

Baldy's eyes gleamed.

"How do I know? Because I'm a deductor, that's how I know. I went through the Jigger's pockets an' I found a bunch of keys and a handful of change an' a couple of other things in his left-hand trousers' pocket. That's how I know! A Jigger who's right-handed carries things like that in his right-hand trousers' pocket!"

Sol contemplated this.

It was, when you analyzed it, rather slim evidence, but nevertheless not to be ignored.

It was true that a man who carried the things he was most likely to use frequently, in his right-hand trousers' pocket, was usually right-handed.

Yet at the same time Sol knew it wouldn't be wise to let Baldy know he admitted this, even to himself.

The little deputy would probably burst a blood vessel.

Sol said: "So what?"

The trace of anxiety in Baldy's eyes provoked by the thought that Sol might doubt the importance of his deduction, instantly vanished.

"So plenty," he said.

"Who was it discovered this Jigger lying here? Who was it rode into town with the news an' then lit out for Paris unknown? It was Lem Bulfinch, wasn't it? A Jigger with whom you an' me is well acquainted. Sure. And what is it we know about this Lem Bulfinch that is different from other Jiggers? What is it, feller?"

"He's left-handed," Sol admitted.

"Ha! Now you're getting it, feller. Lem's left-handed. So what? So he happens along here yesterday, finds this Jigger has made a strike, invites himself inside for a snack to eat—and bang! The Jigger's dead. Lem's got the dough. He writes a note, leaves it on the table here, an' then rides to town with his cock and bull story!"

"Sounds reasonable enough," Sol confessed.

"Except for the fact that Lem ain't the kind of Jigger would kill a man for a pot of gold or two pots of gold. You know that, an' so do I."

"Brainstorm," Baldy said promptly. "Lem had a brainstorm when he seen that gold. Even the best of guys have 'em sometimes. An' if he ain't guilty, why did he race off for parts unknown?"

Sol laughed at this.

"Any place that Lem might have gone in this country is 'parts unknown,' feller. Why shouldn't he go some place, if he wanted to? It ain't any of our business."

Baldy sighed and shook his head.

He was pretty proud of his deducting, yet he sensed that if he kept on with it Sol might confuse him with a lot of foolish questions.

Sol had a way of considering facts and people's reputations and dispositions that was sometimes annoying.

Psychology, he called it; a word that Baldy had only a vague knowledge as to its meaning.

So Baldy went outside to smoke a cigarette and let Sol go over the situation alone.

Usually when Sol went over things alone he was pretty successful about reasoning out an explanation to a possible mystery.

Baldy had hardly got seated—had not, in fact, located his papers and tobacco—when he heard hoofbeats coming up the canyon.

A horseman hove in sight, and even at that distance the deputy recognized Lem Bulfinch.

Lem's arrival was a little disturbing. Baldy wasn't ready to accuse the man to his face; nor did he care about having Sol see that his, Baldy's, theory was blown to pieces by observing that Lem wasn't riding to "parts unknown."

And so, in order to prevent causing any embarrassment to himself and Sol—also Lem, Baldy galloped down the canyon and waylaid Mr. Bulfinch 100 yards from the cabin.

"Hello, Baldy," said Lem.

"Was ridin' past an' I thought I'd inquire about the Jigger who shot himself. Anything I can do?"

"Nope."

Baldy shook his head determinedly.

"Nope, you best ride right along, Lem. Sol's making an investigation now; posted me outside to shoo off any curious folks who might come snoopin' around."

Lem looked at the little deputy and shrugged.

"O. K. Didn't intend to butt in. I'll be lopin' along."

"Best thing," Baldy agreed.

"No hard feelin's, Lem. Orders is orders. See you later."

Baldy waited until Mr. Bulfinch was out of sight, and turned back toward the cabin, feeling vastly relieved.

Now he could still maintain that Lem was a good suspect and not have to admit to Sol that his theory was entirely askew.

Sol came to the door as the deputy approached the cabin.

His face was grave. "I guess we'll have to call it suicide, after all, feller. That was a good theory of yours, but Lem Bulfinch ain't the killing type."

"No?" said Baldy scornfully.

"So you ain't even going to question him, eh? Well, it's your responsibility. But just tell me, how you figured that guy shot himself in the right temple. He was left-handed. I proved that by findin' the stuff in his pocket."

Sol grinned.

"You found the stuff in his pocket, feller, but you didn't prove he was left-handed. A guy might carry stuff in his left pocket—if there was a hole in his right pocket!"

Baldy began to sweat.

So that was it!

Sol had out-deducted him once more. He turned to glance up the trail, found that Lem had not decided to return, and was relieved on that point.

He looked at Sol again and found Sol still grinning. He wondered why and kept wondering, because he didn't know that Sol had watched his meeting with Lem, through one of the cabin windows.

### English Sparrow Looked Upon as Unwelcome Pest

English sparrows are looked upon today as degraded, troublesome pests, like mice, or roaches, or flies. Yet it is only a little over eighty years since they were imported in cages from England, and were given places of honor in the public parks of New York and Boston. The first English sparrows to enter America were brought about 1850, and were liberated in Central park, New York City, where special birdhouses had been prepared for them.

At first, says a writer in the Missouri Farmer, these birds were welcomed as the "pets" of the city. Other cities followed the example. It was erroneously believed that they would destroy the great armies of canker worms which were devouring the leaves of the trees at that time. But the wayward little sparrows did not live up to expectations, and took to eating seeds, fruit, and grain—leaving the canker worms to continue their destruction.

When the truth was learned, it was too late to deport them to their native country. They had multiplied rapidly and had spread throughout the whole countryside of the Atlantic region. Every house and barn soon became a nesting place for them. In a short time they had overspread the entire North American continent.

### Hay Truck Sleeping House

Hay trucks making regular trips between Imperial Valley and Los Angeles do not stop for such a luxury as sleep for the drivers, but continue for 24 hours per day, says the Los Angeles Times. A truck and trailer piled sky high with baled hay has no place for a sleeping man on top. Some have tried this precarious perch to their sorrow. The latest is a "dog house" built over the cab of the truck in which the relief men get in several hours of sound sleep while the truck is making rapid progress with its load. By changing off, the men get their rest while the truck piles up the miles.

## BEAUTY TALKS

By

MARJORIE DUNCAN

### BEAUTIFYING THE LIPS

MAKE-UP is a subtle art—and only the accomplished artist turns a truly enhanced face to the world. If rouge must be blended carefully, if powder must be patted gently, then even greater care must be employed in the heightening of the beauty of the lips and eyes via make-up. For lip paste or lip rouge can help to bring out the color of the lips, can make the mouth look more expressive, smaller or larger (as you would wish it to be.) All that—you can do—you yourself can be the magician—if you choose the right shade of lip paste or lip stick and apply properly—artfully.

Your lip rouge should harmonize perfectly with your cheek rouge and with your own color.

In rouging the lips, begin at the center and work out to the corners. If the mouth is very small, rouge to the very corners, otherwise allow the color to fade away toward the corners. Part the lips somewhat and carry the blending process to the inside of the lip too. This will avoid the sharply defined line where lips meet. You see that so often. If it is necessary for you to use an indelible lipstick or paste, there are perfectly harmless ones on the market. The color will last until washed or creamed off. And any drying effect may be offset by the nightly use of your skin-foam.

Many young girls make the mistake of using too much lipstick. This gives the mouth and the face a very hard expression. In the theater, or ladies' rest rooms of colleges I have seen them—they grease their entire lip line, piling lipstick on top of lipstick. And then they wonder why the lipstick separates and comes off. Grease cannot stay on top of grease. Here again the old beauty maxim of a little is enough applies. Just a little and remember one stroke on the upper lip from the center toward one corner, and one stroke to the other corner. Then a steady stroke on the lower lip. Then subtle blending with the finger tips, until the grease disappears. And—you have a lasting make-up, I assure you.

There are several little make-up tricks every woman should know—and knowing them you can make your mouth look smaller and fuller. Give your lips color and character.

### HIGHLIGHT THE EYES

EYE make-up is gaining more and more favor.

There are eye-shadows in cream and compact form, cream eyelash growers, mascaras in cake and liquid form—in a word, the beauty world is full of a number of things you can use to highlight your eyes.

The most popular of all of these seem to be the eye-shadow and the mascara. In spite of the fact that more and more women are learning to use the eye-shadow, the number is still very small. Many of the people who do use eye-shadow, use it to excess. And those around them, seeing the effect, blame it on the eye-shadow and therefore avoid it. As a matter of fact, eye-shadow can make the eyes look larger, brighter and more beautiful.

To apply eye-shadow successfully, take just a dab of it on your index or middle finger and apply on the upper lid, near the lash line, beginning at the inner corner, near the bridge of the nose and working out so that most of the color appears near the center of the lids, over the pupils of the eyes, and practically no shadow is left at the outer corner.

Very lightly and carefully used, eye-shadow not only creates those fascinating shadows that make the eyes look deeper and more mysterious, but it also gives the lids a dewy, youthful look. It comes in various shades—brown for dark eyes, blue for blue or gray eyes, green for greenish blue or hazel eyes—especially fascinating for auburn-haired people.

Mascara comes in various shades too, but light and dark brown is becoming to most types—particularly to fair people. Use the black only if you are very dark—a real brunette. Moisten your eye-brow brush, rub over the mascara compact cake and brush the upper lashes upward and under—brush every little lash, clear out to the last one at the outer corner. Allow the mascara to dry. Then using a dry brush go over the lashes lightly once more. Use the mascara most sparingly on the lower lashes, brushing downward and under.

Now the brows. Brush them the wrong way first to stimulate the circulation and give them a silky quality. Then brush every little hair in place. Use a pencil or the mascara to darken them. And pluck any stray hairs—just the wild ones.

How many women, I wonder, are as intent on keeping their eyes as young as their chin line. Do you, when your eyes feel strained or tired, call it a day and stop reading or sewing—or whatever it is you are doing? If on are doing close work in an office or home do you raise your eyes every once in a while and stare way into the distance for a few minutes? That is an excellent way to rest the eyes, you know.

## Fashion Declares in Favor of Gold

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WELL, anyway, fashion is coming out strong for the gold standard no matter what the rest of the world may be doing about it. Enthusiasm for gold is that keen in style circles that not only are accessories of golden metal being shown in countless numbers but for state occasions milady goes arrayed in shimmering gold from the crown of her exquisitely coiffed head to the sole of her daintily sandalled feet.

If you are dressing up for afternoon tea or an afternoon reception or a musicale or whatever the happy event quite the most modish thing you can do is to enliven your best black frock with a dash of gold here and there.

If there is one place more than another where the gold fever is spreading it is throughout neckwear departments. The most wonderful discoveries in the way of gold findings come to light there. You will see, for instance, perfectly fascinating gold lame tissue-like weaves (in silver, too, if you prefer) fashioned into softly draped collar and cuff ensembles which set off even the plainest of frocks to perfection. You are supposed to wear these adorable fantasies with your crepe or velvet or light woolen afternoon gowns just like the young woman seated below to the right in the picture is wearing hers. Her draped collar is held in place with a rhinestone clip.

You can also get sets on this order which include detachable scarfs and bib effects and other equally fascinating accents which are spangled with scintillating sequins. There is nothing smarter for after five o'clock dress-up occasions than sequins. You can get the most charming little handbags worked solidly with sequins in gold or silver to match the handings which outline the neck and sleeves or yoke effects of so many of the new velvet dresses.

Among the scores of intriguing articles of adornment brought out this season there are perhaps none more attractive than the new metal-mesh accessories. They include stunning belts, capelets, whimsical evening jackets, and even hats are made of this metal mesh which is almost as light as a feather. Just to give you an idea of these decorative fancies we are picturing at the top to the right in this group a foursome consisting of a cunning little hat, a deep cape collar with cavalier cuffs and a supple wide belt to match. You can buy these flattering items single or en suite in any specialty or department store.

It is not only that accessories and jewelry have so enthusiastically subscribed to the gold code, for bright metals have worked their way into the very warp and woof of this season's materials and into knitted effects as well. The handsome afternoon dress, which is posed below to the left on the standing figure, is made of gold-studded crepe. The fold around the neck line and the fine pleating which trims it is of gold tissue. The buttons are gold.

The hat and the veil continue the gold theme.

Metal cloth is also a first choice for high-style evening gowns. The young woman seated on the divan in the picture wears a lovely creation which is fashioned of shimmering, glimmering crinkled gold lame. The very simplicity with which this gown is styled accents its elegance. The hood drapery across the shoulders of the little jacket interprets a new detail which is being featured throughout the mode. The gown itself is cut extremely décolleté at the back with a high cut effect across the front. The little cap of gold net is enhanced with an applique of slender gold leaves.

### FORMAL WRAPS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Fashion is more enthusiastic than ever about rich velvet for formal wraps. There is no set rule as to how long or how short a smart evening wrap shall be. Pateau creates the stunning little waist-depth jacket here pictured of velvet in a deep violet shade. The voluminous sleeves are arranged so as to give a cape effect at the back. The other coat shown is full length. For this handsome mode Worth uses a superb novelty velvet in the new golden yellow, trimming it with silver fox. A choice diamond buckle fastens the gold metal belt.

### CHARMING VELVETS GIVE COLOR TOUCH

The wool scarf has rivals in the new velveteens and corduroys, which come in the brightest of lacquer reds, billiard greens and sapphire blues, and which look very smart with rugged tweeds, and wools of the town and country types. Velvets and velveteens are printed in bold stripes and polka dots to give that colorful touch which today's sports costume demands.

Bright gloves, at first thought to be a mere whimsy of the Paris openings, are actually being seen where smart women gather. An all-black costume gains a new sophistication by the addition of a pair of bright red suede slip-on gloves. Bright green gloves are worn with dark brown, and vivid blue with gray.

### Various Blue Shades Are Popular for Sports Wear

Rivaling the dark rich tones which are so smart for formal costumes are the various shades of blue which continue to be exceedingly popular for sports. Navies, gray blues, soft medium shades and purple tones are all being shown in tweed and knitted outfits for casual wear.

Blue is a color which many women find becoming. Formerly limited to spring and summer wear, it is now at all-year-round favorite.

A typical sports ensemble is made of roughish diagonal woolen which suggests a hand-loomed fabric. The short jacket is double-breasted with notched lapels. The skirt has stitched-down pleats in the front.

Over this is worn a loose raglan coat of the tweed, in three-quarter length. The sleeves of the coat are slightly full, fitted in at the wrist with inverted tucks. A wide shawl collar of beaver lends richness and warmth, and there is a luxurious pillow muff to match.

## A Few Little Smiles

MORE PROFITABLE

Jones rushed up to his friend in the street. "Lend me \$10!" he said desperately. "I've come away and left my purse at home in my other trousers pocket."

"Here's \$10," said his friend. "But, I say, old man, that was rather careless of you. Suppose your wife searches your pockets and finds the purse?"

As Jones pocketed the money he said, with a smile: "She'll be disappointed. There's only 50 cents in it."—Stray Stories.

CURTAIN!

"You say you have played Hamlet?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Well, I've played it as long as an hour and a half once or twice."

Had One Good Point

Mrs. Nuwedd was paying her mother a visit.

"Oh, mother," she said, as soon as they met, "I'm so wretched. I've just discovered that Jack married me for my money."

Mother raised her eyebrows inquiringly.

"There, there, my dear," she replied, "don't worry about that. You at least have the comfort of knowing he's not such a fool as he looks."

No Place for Pride

"A man called me handsome yesterday," said a rather elderly woman to her minister. "Do you think it is sinful for me to feel a little proud of the compliment?"

"Not at all, ma'am," replied the minister. "It's the man who is the sinner, not you."

Not Much Chance

Angler—Is this public water—that is, free for sportsmen?

Yokel—Oh, aye.

Angler—Then it won't be a crime if I land a fish?

Yokel—No, it'll be a bloomin' miracle.

His Comeback

Wife—John, I gave you this letter to mail a month ago and I just found it in your plain coat pocket!

Husband—I remember! I took off the coat at the time to have you sew a button on it and it isn't sewed on yet!

Coincidence

Judge—Officer, this man says he was not intoxicated, but was suffering from vertigo.

Officer—Perhaps he was, your honor, but everybody else was suffering from the funny songs he was singing.

AS TIME FLITS

Caller—Your husband has changed so that I didn't recognize him.

Mrs. D.—It isn't that, I've changed husbands.

Traffic Hazard

The children had been very attentive when the teacher told them about the animals. "Now," she said, "name some things that are very dangerous to get near to, and have horns."

Little Mary—I know, Miss Teacher. "Well?"

"Motor cars, miss."

Preparedness

"I want a license to carry arms."

"You have been threatened?"

"No, I am getting married tomorrow."

Irony

"I'm going to leave, mum."

"Why, Ellen! I'm very sorry; you're such a hard-working girl."

"That's just it, mum. I ain't got enough to keep me occupied. Three or four hours every night I've to fool away me time sleeping."—Pearson's Weekly.

English Humor

"Dear, I believe I've got scintica."

"I can't see what fun you find in getting those foreign stations."—Tit-Bits Magazine.