N THE fabric hat, more than any other,

there is every opportunity to achieve indi-

viduality. For this very reason, if for no other,

the hat fashioned of cleverly manipulated ma-

too, the call of the mode is for the ensemble

costume, and the reaction of this is that more

create for them headwear "to match" or at

least to show some relation in matter of color.

In the little softly draped turbans and berets

so often made of the self-same material of the

frock, coat or blouse with which it is to be

worn, unlimited opportunity is given to the

designer to create headwear which

shall not only sound a harmonious

note in the costume ensemble, but it

will be made to accomplish that which

is even more to be coveted-tune to

the type of the individual in matter

The hats pictured make individual-

ity their feature. They are just such

types, being snug-fitting, as cuddle

down into luxuriously furred coats

Admirably tuned to the black-and-

white costume, which is so widely ex-

ploited this winter, is the extremely

smart wrapped turban . shown cen-

tered to the right in this picture. This

with white velvet was worn with a

black velvet suit, the blouse being of

To the left-center in the group Prin-

nen who have come to this country

cess Rospigliosi, one of the titled

to create models which are suited to

the temperamental needs of the

American woman, is shown wearing a

velvet beret designed and executed in

her own studio, from her own original

sketch. A tiny velvet bow is its only

The first model at the top is a two-

tone velvet beret and scarf, in brown

decoration.

model which interworks black velvet

design and fabric.

of "lines" and detail.

with becoming grace.

women are calling upon their milliners to

terial is a general favorite this season. Then,

Lavish Use of Lace New Trend

SOME LATE HATS

so designers are recapturing all the

enchantment of lace, and with con-

summate art are releasing it via ap-

parel so beguiling as to cause the

whole style world to yield to its lure.

to the conclusion that by using dis-

cretion in its handling lace can be

brought into the daytime picture with

as assured good taste as into the eve-

ning scene of utmost formality, great-

ly increases its vogue. In selecting a

dress for afternoon wear, one that car-

ries just the right degree of formality,

a frock that makes you look your

prettiest and most alluringly feminine,

there's no wiser choice than lace.

The fact that designers have come

Small Hats and Berets Popular;

The Handsome Man by Margaret Turnbull

Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

Copyright by Margaret Turnbull. W. N. U. Service.

THE STORY

Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip, Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmonther, his old nurse, "Aggy." He did not approve of her marriage to his father, but her explanation satisfies him. Little is left of the estate, and Lady Sandison proposes that they go to the United estate, and Lady Sandison proposes that they go to the United States to visit her brother, Robert MacBeth, wealthy contractor. Sir George agrees, MacBeth lives on an island estate with his daughter, Roberta, who longs for city life. MacBeth is a victim of arthritis and almost help less. MacBeth is glad to see his sister and asks the two to stay. Roberta is keeping a date with Jack Navarro, about whom she Jack Navarro, about whom she knows little. MacBeth arranges for his sister to take charge of the household and George to act as secretary.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"You're a wonder, Aggy," declared her brother, looking at the toast. "I've been offering Sir George the post of secretary, private secretary, a sort of liaison officer between me, in my crip-pled state here, and my New York office. I have a secretary there, but want him at the office. I need a man who can go to the city and get

things done for me and at the same time take a look outside at the various jobs, and come here and give me an idea as to whether my plans are being carried out or not.'

Lady Sandison looked at him and nodded approval. "You have done well to take Sir George here. Have a bit of toast, Rob, and let me put jam on it. It will set you up. And to think you two have planned it out all yourselves, without any help!" She looked at them both admiringly.

Sir George returned the look warily He knew his Aggy of old, but her brother smiled broadly. It was warming to him to find how much he liked Aggy again. Despite her handicapspoverty, her lack of family-had she not contrived to marry a baronet! Robert MacBeth might think that titles meant nothing to him, but Aggy's title and Sir George's presence in his house were a source of pride.

"While we're sipping our tea," said Lady Sandison, comfortably aware that Sir George was admiring her, "you'll maybe be able to tell me, Rob, where Sir Geordie will bide, and how late does your daughter generally stay out when there's dinner to get and none to get it?"

Robert MacBeth looked worried. "She ought to be home. We quarreled. of course, this morning, but I hardly thought she'd leave me alone so long."

"Something by-ordinar's detained her," declared Aggy. Ever since she had glimpsed Roberta this morning, she had had her mind made up about that young lady, but she was not telling Roberta's father. "Don't put yourself out, Rob. She's no run away. She'll be home soon."

"Oh, do you think so, Aggy? You're a great comfort," then he turned to Sir George. "I'd like you to stay here, great surprise." Sir George, if it suits you. It will be best for me, and there's plenty of smoothly watching his daughter, "and whole clar room.

Sir George, looking like an embarrassed Apollo, thanked him. He was thinking rapidly that never had his luck been greater than now that Aggy had taken the helm.

"Afore your daughter gets back," resumed Aggy, watching first one then the other, but evidently satisfied in her own mind that they were all getting along nicely, "are we to use our titles here, or put them by, as you might say, until we go home again?"

Robert MacBeth looked puzzled. He had forgotten that Roberta knew nothing about this aunt, except that she was a poor and obstinate Scotch who foolishly refused the money he had offered. How would she take this new element he was introducing into his home? Would Roberta see her aunt's real worth or only her odd ways and clothes and queer modes of expression?
"If I could only keep it from her,"
muttered Robert MacBeth, "I might

try it as an experiment." "I wouldn't," declared Sir George

quickly. "It's hardly fair. If we're to be in the house, she should know all about us, I think, sir." "It would be a grand lesson to her

if we kept it from her," declared her Aunt Aggy. "Roberta isn't that kind," retorted

her father indignantly. "She's not a snob. She's just a naughty child." Sir George put up his hand for silence and rose, but before he could speak the door was flung open.

"Hello, Dad!" Roberta called. "What's happened? No lights in the garage. No sign of Willy. No one in the kitchen. Where are the maids?" "They went away with Willy, as

your back was turned," her father told her. "Didn't you expect it?" "I did not." The flippant Roberta's eyes rested for just a moment on the conspicuously handsome young man the opening of the garret, in 1853, are who happened to be standing near her father's chair. She bent over her father and said in a voice that though one of the party, recorded that "The their trunks in feeding themselves low, reached Sir George: "What's ashes of the last fire were in the and require considerable time before Phoebus Apollo, or is it Adonis, doing grate, the last bit of coal was in the

Then before her father could prevent her, she turned to Sir George. "It isn't, of course, included in the regular duties of a butler but still in an emergency-if you would put my

car in the garage for me-" Lady Sandison took a quick step forward, but Sir George was before her.

"Delighted to be of use," he said, and crossed the room toward the door. "Glad you take pleasure in your work," Roberta called in low velvety voice that played havoc with most men, halting him as he reached the door. "In this place you will find it includes a little of everything, outdoors and indoors, but we pay well. Have you arranged the terms, Father?"
"My dear," said Robert MacBeth



'Did You Bring the Braw Lad Over to Marry American Dollars, Aunty?"

would have on the girl, "this gentleman is my private secretary and his salary will hardly interest you."
"Private secretary!" repeated Rob-

erta, the blood mounting to her cheeks. She looked at the receding back of the man whom she had so cavalierly set to work. "Well, I can apologize later, if necessary."

She looked from the tray to Lady "Is that the best you Sandison. can do?" Quickly Robert MacBeth spoke, with

an appealing look at Aggy. "This is my sister, your Aunt Aggy, and she has kindly consented to help us out. Since you so strongly object to the difficulties of housekeeping, I've installed her as housekeeper."

had been free all her life from the encumbrance of relatives, stared at this aunt who had come from across the seas unbidden, unannounced.

"How do you do, my dear?" said Sandison, and she stepped forward.

Roberta drew back a little, her eyes sparkling angrily. She gave her father, who had outwitted her in the first move of their difficult game, a quick glance before she could control her voice sufficiently to say, pleasantly: "How do you do, Aunt? This is a

"To me, too," Robert MacBeth said a very welcome surprise to both of us, Aggy."

"We'll talk about that later," declared his sister, regarding her niece with great friendliness. "If you'll step into the kitchen with me, my dear, we'll maybe can get some kind of meal together, and tomorrow there'll be a cook and maids here. Your father said you expected them tomorrow.

"I-I'd rather help the secretary find his way about the garage," said Roberta airily, and turned to go.

The plump capable hand of Lady Sandison fell lightly, but compellingly on her niece's shoulder. "No need. Sir George can always find his way about."

"Sir George! Sir George-who?" "Sir George Alan Edward Sandison," said her aunt smoothly, as she blocked her niece's way of escape, and gently steered her kitchenward. "Is it not wonderful that your father should draw into his service such a grand oung man?"

Roberta looked at her warily. "What's your last name?" she asked. "Sandison."

"He doesn't look a bit like you, Aunt-Aunt Aggy."

"Indeed, no! How could he? I'm only his stepmother. He's the living image of my late husband, Sir Stephen Sandison of Sandisbrae." The title lost nothing from Lady Sandison's announcement.

Her niece stood spellbound in the loorway looking at her. This dumpy little woman, whom she had thought must be cook-housekeeper, who was indeed the housekeeper now by her father's authority, what did she mean by reeling off titles like that? "Who are you?"

"Your father's sister," said Aggy with quiet composure, "and also Lady Sandison."

Roberta looked from her aunt to her father. Her father nodded. Without a word Roberta took the tray and went out of the room

"I've taken the first trick," declared Robert MacBeth, sinking back among

Aggy looked at him, closed her lips, nodded, and went towards the kitchen. As the door between the kitchen and the hall closed, Roberta turned questioningly to her aunt. Lady quietly, wondering what effect this Sandison smiled at her.

"Rob's my brother and your father so we'll no quarrel, but we'll not be tyrannized over neither."

"Let's get this straight," Roberta said. "Are you on my side or father's?" "Both, and if you'll follow my advice you'll give in to him. Humor him and he's yours, and surely Rob's very easy to humor. You made a mistake in managing him today. You told him what you were going to do before you did it."

Roberta turned on her angrily. She was not to be so easily managed. "If you take my place here, you take my place without any aid of mine." Her aunt surveyed her calmly. "It's war is it?"

Roberta nodded. "Well the sooner that's understood the better. We'll just get the supper. Show me where the potatoes are, Roberta, and keep a civil tongue in your head. You're playing right into

Rob's hands and mine." Roberta considered herself a match for any woman. She fired her first

"Did you bring the braw lad over to narry American dollars, Aunty?" She asked it in her most honeyed tone 'And did you have me in your mind

Slowly her aunt counted potatoes and began to wash them at the sink. "I thought I was taking a risk bringing my bonnie lad over here, but I said to myself, at least Roberta would have her head screwed on, and would know enough to stand aside and give him his chance at some fine, rich girl. I gave you credit for the wit to see that though American dollars might be handy for Sandisbrae, almost any other girl would have a better chance than the daughter of Rob Your father was a joiner and builder on the estate, and his father before him."

Roberta looked at her speechless, so angry that she dared not open her

"Aunt-Aunt Aggy!" Roberta, who "Aye, the money might better come from pills or pork or groceries. The gentry would swallow it and a stranger in Sandisbrae easier than they would Rob's daughter."

"Leave me out of it," Roberta flamed. "Don't you think for a moment, I'll—" "So far from it," her aunt declared

vigorously, "that I'm just fair upset to see that you share the fatal weakness of the MacBeth family." "What's that?" snapped Roberta,

noting with surprise the professional manner in which Lady Sandison pared the potatoes. "They're jist slaves to beauty, the

her aunt solemnly, "and you're as had

as the rest. Watch what you're doing, lass! You're haggling that loaf something awful." "This isn't Scotland where there's hard scrabbling to get bread-and a man," Roberta told her with scorn. "Why there are heaps of good-looking

men over here. Your Little Beauty isn't in danger.' "So you say," said her aunt. "Time will tell. It's as well, Roberta, not to boast until you've tried out your

"Fudge! I'm not reduced to poor Scots my father has to find jobs for." She disregarded the sudden warning look her aunt gave her, and continued. emphasizing her point with the bread knife. "He's good-looking enough to make some girls lose their heads but I'm my father's daughter to this extent that the man who tries to make an impression on me will have to have something more than an angel face, big eyes, pretty hair and stand six

"Six feet three." From the doorway Sir George gravely corrected her. "Your sentiments are mine, Miss MacBeth. Let's stick to them." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mementoes of Famous Scotchman in Museum

ician, inventor and civil engigeer, was born at Greenock, Scotland, in 1736, and died in Birmingham, England in 1819. It is not generally known that are in the Science museum at South Kensington. The garret was used by and was shut up for thirty years after his death. Various descriptions of which lies a bunch of withered grapes." given in a pamphlet issued by the Samuel Smiles, who was scuttle. . . Many objects lay do.

James Watt, the famous mechan- | about or in the drawers, indicating the pursuits which had been interrupted by death. . . . On the shelves are minerals and chemicals in pots and jars, on which the dust the contents of his garret workshop of nearly half a century has settled. The moist substances have long since dried up, the putty has been turned Watt in his house in Birmingham, to stone and the paste to dust. On the shelf we came across a dish in

Unable to Use Trunks Baby elephants are unable to use learning to use them as their parents small dots-smart for debutante or college girl to be worn with tweeds. Another interesting turban type is pictured to the right. This is of brown velvet and is molded to the head in almost sculptural lines, contrasted by the one-side drape which

departs from the conventional. The shirted turban is in keeping with the romantic fashions which have found their way into the modern picture. This model of black velvet is known as the Juliet cap. A naturalcolored ostrich comes softly over the face, following the contour of the hair-

Frocks of Lovely Lace. of the significant fashion trends of the times is the continued lavish use of lace both for daycostume designers are yielding so wholeheartedly to the persuasion of lovely lace is only another link in

A BEGUILING FROCK women so covet for their most becom ing frocks. The short sleeves answer to the call of semiformal modes such as tune in so successfully not only to afternoon affairs, but stand ever ready to solve the "what-to-wear" problem during the after-five-o'clock dine-and-dance events.

The ravishing lace fashions which are on the formal evening program baffle description. Not only are their colorings most delectable but they are adorablly styled always with the thought in mind to accent all of romance and the picturesque that fancy suggests. Designers, in creating the ultra-formal gown of lace, are espe cially featuring unique and fascinating necklines. Flowing draperies, capes of exquisite grace which veil the shoultime and for evening modes. That ders, and very low-cut decolletage play an artful role in lace styling.

CHERIE NICHOLAS. (C). 1930 Western Newspaper Union.)

<u>*</u> Her Henna Rinse

Was a Washout Los Angeles, Calif.-All sorts of things happened after Ardys Crawford got a henna rinse.

Her hair turned gray, changed to purple, became white and finally dropped out, the movie actress charged in a \$29,685 damage suit filed in Superior court against Morris Poland and Barnett Rosenthal, proprietors of a Hollywood beauty shop. . .

BOLT RUINS HOME: SPARES OCCUPANTS

Interior Wrecked; Women and Canary Unhurt.

Mays Landing, N. J .- A single bolt of lightning, playing freakishly about the home of Mrs. Minnie Wielandt of Richland, near here, at 1 a. m., wrecked the interior of the house in a few seconds, leaving more than \$2,000 damage in its wake, but hurting no one.

The bolt struck the roof with great roar, awakening Mrs. Wielandt and her three grown daughters, Minnie, Helen and Margaret, who were asleep on the second floor. A wall of one of the bedrooms of the five-room bungalow was ignited, but this fire was soon put out.

A survey of the house revealed many strange sights. Two lightning rods or the house showed no sign of having received the powerful electric charge. The south wall of the house was moved about an inch on the foundation. Half a dozen windows were smashed and clapboards were torn from the walls. Window boxes were thrown to the ground.

A radio was reduced to kindling the chain of evidence that styles have wood after being thrown halfway gone alluringly feminine this season. across the living room. A metal bird From the beginning of fashion hiscage was unfastened from its brass tory, the most romantic chapters, stand and left a mass of twisted wire those which have portrayed woman on the floor, with the canary alive at her loveliest, have been written and unharmed inside. with lace as their central theme. And

Helen's wrist watch, on a bureau three feet from her bed, was stopped at 1 a. m. and the works ruined. The glass doors of a china closet were smashed and chinaware broken and strewn about the dining room. Chairs in the kitchen were upset.

A pipeles heater in the cellar was damaged and the motor of an electric pump was burned out. Across the lawn about the house the lightning ripped a furrow a yard wide and thirty feet long.

Guard Goes for Coffee; Bandits Get the Roll

Chicago.-It wasn't that Christ Naturally, black is always first in Zacharias had a hard job. mind, and if it is made up as seduc-In fact, all he had to do was sit tively as the charming frock pictured, in the back room of a grocery store it is sure to prove flattering. This effective model plays up the smartat 300 East Twenty-fourth street and

shoot bandits.

Daniel Damis, who owns the groness of simplicity when achieved through subtle styling. It has that cery, had hired Zacharias because he and seige, hand-embroidered with airy, fairy, filmy way about it which (Mr. Damis) had just gotten sick and tired of being robbed.

He had been robbed twice since Monday, and six times since the first of the year.

So he decided to rebel against the holdup trust. Zacharias thought rather highly of his job, after he got it a few days ago, but one morning about 8:30 he decided to go out for coffee. He went out.

In walked two negro bandits. They produced guns. Mr. Damis thought of Zacharias, and used picturesque language in a low tone as the bandits relieved him of \$50. Then Zacharias appeared at the

Mr. Damis looked hopeful, but he did not know that Zach's gun was in

Zacharias did know this, however, so he turned and started for Clovis, N. M., at a record-breaking pace. The bandits departed in a more leisurely

New York Man Slays Son,

Mistaking Him for Deer Paul Smiths, N. Y.—Mistaking his son, Thomas P. Ford, fifteen years old, for a deer, P. J. Fork, Albany automobile dealer, shot and killed the youth while hunting in the Adiron-

dacks 15 miles from here. According to state troopers, the elder Ford had instructed his son to watch a deer runway. The boy, however, shifted his position and sat on a log. His father, unaware of this, noticed a movement near the log and fired. The bullet struck the youth in the back and killed him instantly.

Writing Wife's Address

Fatigues This Husband East Chicago, Ind .- John Simakin sent his wife money to pay her fare to America, but she refused to make the trip, he complained in a divorce suit.

"Twice each month for 17 years I sent her money. Now I'm tired of writing her address," he said. The wife's address was "Saratovska Gubarnia-Kamishinski, Uesd Oelo, Werchana-Dobrinka, United States of Soviet Russia."

Steals for Exercise Paris.-A Parisian thief entered a bakery, seized a handful of rolls, ranaway, and was chased and caught by

the proprietor of the store. On being summoned before a magistrate, he admitted the theft, but put forward a novel defense, "I do it for exercise. I am a sprinter."

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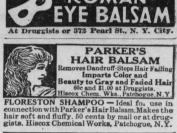
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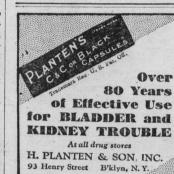


Death Answered His Wish "I would rather have died myself than to have lost my good friend,' said Jacob Michaels, seventy-two, attending the funeral of Judge David Lourie, New York city. Before the service was over, Michaels' son, Henry, sitting with him, saw his father lurch forward suddenly. Death was instantaneous. Michaels had been an interpreter in Judge Lourie's court, a place he had held 30 years. He was driven from Russia as a boy

and was a self-made man, learning to

speak five languages fluently. So Big Pretty Coed-I want a track suit can wear around the gymnasium. Clerk (absently)-Certainly, madm, what size is your gymnasium?-

Railroad Men's Magazine. Important Stenographers If an army of young people suddenly forgot shorthand, there would be a paralysis of business.-American Magazine.



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