

The Vanishing Men

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

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WHD Service

(Continued From Last Week)

He promptly thrust a glance at the letter and looked up with that satanic chin and upslanting eyes turned toward the ceiling. He read on.

"Therefore I assent to your plan as you stated it. Always yours, Brena Selcoss."

They were married one evening at eight o'clock in the same room in which he had first seen her. Mrs. Wilkie was glad to have her "home" as she called it the center of an unscheduled social event which would start all the tongues when it was in the News the next morning. This was the nearest she could come to the adventure of a duchess and she was willing to have the flurry in her life. It would be she who would give out the interviews and explain grandly over the telephone. They—the two—would be on their way to that fairy world of money and travel and airs and graces which had opened its arms to this faded young beauty. The girl would leave all her old life and its



"You Are as White as Linen," She Said, Trembling.

worn dresses and cheap shoes behind—all but one thing perhaps, and that would be the picture of the Acropolis in its battered frame. The fortune that had befallen Brena had been the very reality of all of Mrs. Wilkie's lifelong dreams, but she considered that for herself, there would be certain crumbs fallen from the table. She caught her breath: she had almost lost it when she learned from Parmalee that he was giving the bride a check for one hundred thousand dollars.

Not fifteen minutes had elapsed after the marriage before there came into the lives of the two a new element. They had been white to the station and were strolling up and down an esplanade as if he were dictating to a young secretary the last memoranda of a deal in cotton.

Little by little his conversation fell away; he muttered a few last absent-minded words and it was gone altogether. He walked on; she kept pace with him. He walked on in silence.

Not until she heard a strange whiffling noise as a sudden sucking in of breath of one who has fainted did she turn.

"You are as white as linen," she said, trembling.

He wet his lips and looked at her almost snarling.

"What is this fate that follows you?" he asked.

"Fate?"

"Something."

"Why, what do you feel?" she asked in a frightened whisper.

"I feel fear," he said, his upper lip quivering, "a horrible, unaccountable terror."

CHAPTER VIII

The extraordinary transition in Compton Parmalee began with his marriage.

Apparently an inexplicable fear had seized him within a few minutes; inexplicable fear little by little took possession of his life and made him a source of the contagion of unreasoning dread.

There was a six-month period after the departure of the strange bride from Dallas wherein, whatever emotions of apprehension he may have felt, a struggle was made to conceal them and to fulfill his bargain to give Brena Selcoss the variety, content and luxury that he had said should be hers. He, who never had more than touched her hand with his own cold, refined fingers, sometimes burst forth with all the zealous energy he had put into his speculations and with all the assurance in his own mystic powers of foresight which had made him a great gambler.

"You are a speculation now!" he would claim. "I have bought a future in you!"

Brena would stare back at him, her great dark eyes questioning and full of doubt.

"You think I have done badly? No, it was my one great inspiration. You have the body and the health of one among thousands. You are so beautiful with the beauty of eternal things that even I who will not touch your cheek can feel the same thrill of pleasure that one may feel gazing upon a Praxiteles."

She had said, "Not Philias, then?"

"Yes, Philias—a work of Philias! Because there is not only your carved limbs and neck and hands but something sublime as well. Beneath your warm and velvety surface like the texture of flower petals there is a wonderful mind, and a spirit which has come down through eternities with immortal life."

"You are an eloquent man," the young girl had said, with a quick upon her lips suggestive of her mother. "Your tongue is as silvery as those of my Irish ancestors."

"Do you think I shall regret that I have played a part in your growth?" he had asked, with one of his short laughs. "I shall not be more to you than I am now. How can I use you, eh? How could I use my money? I deluded myself once. I thought I wanted it for myself. But you? I do not want you for myself. I only want your capacity as a woman to be filled to the brim!"

He lived two lives; not at the same time, but alternately. The one was in her; the other in himself. When he could put his own life into hers he forgot his own. He became that being whose warmth and light she had seen beneath the cold steel shell of an unrelenting fighter and plunger, whose singleness of purpose and will had found dynamic concentration in his spare body and had expressed themselves in a mask of cruelty and craft upon a face otherwise esthetic and sensitive. At these times his countenance wore that abnormal youth of feature which was his most marked personal characteristic. It was only upon rare occasions that he was twisted up as if in a cramp of anxiety; as if some distant but menacing forecast had pointed a finger at him from afar. For a moment he forgot her; for a moment he had been immersed in his self.

For more than half a year, in Budapest, in Petrograd, in London, this one of the two lives of Compton Parmalee was dominant. Something of the youth and the calm of Brena's eyes, looking out upon a world which opened all its doors to her expectant inquiry, was reflected in his own.

By manipulation of acquaintance and, when necessary, by lavish expenditure, he procured her entry into rare social circumstances. In that first year Brena, considered by all strangers to be several years older than she, in fact, was, and of whom no one would have believed it if it had been told them that she had been plucked out of that kitchen garden of Wilkie's boarding house, the Porto Rican shop, the movies, and a sordid sickly-brown provincialism, had dined with foreign ambassadors, hunted with Lady Tremayn Nash, been courted over, through and under her disgust, by a cousin of the ex-king of the Portuguese, occupied a villa in the Italian lakes and voyaged in a luxurious yacht around the Baltic in midsummer with the family of Stockholm's largest banker. With the credit of admiration that her natural poise, her beauty, her talent as a linguist, her mother's wit and her father's love of learning had brought her everywhere, she was not dazzled in the slightest degree.

When Parmalee, in Berlin, said to her forgivingly exulting, "Thus we work our miracle! In November you were taking in the Portuguese, in March you were in Harvey street, in March you were thirty thousand dollars' worth of emeralds to contrast with that crown of red-gold hair at a ball in the Chateau de Fontenay," she said:

"The leap is no great one. There is a half's breadth of difference between the frauds of this world and the pretenses of that. I rather think I am the same Brena."

"But growing!" said he, as a horticulturist would speak.

"Yes, growing," said Brena with a sigh.

Other men, sensing subconsciously her ungiven and unused affections, brought all their sophistication to their aid in making love to her. She combined the classic beauty of the Greek goddess with the elusive shimmering charm of her Irish blood; dozens of men in various capitals noting it, as Peter DeWolfe marked it down later, gave amusement to the Dallas broker and annoyance to her. She said that she might have been thrilled by these idolatries were it not for the fact that they always came either from these whose attentions to women were quite general and successive or from those whose imagination could conceive only a very plain driveway from the thoroughfare of formal society to the sequestered dwelling place of a woman's heart.

"You are rather tired," Parmalee said to her once.

"At first my breath was taken away as if I were an aviator up alone for the first time. But now the flight is rather monotonous. It is as if it were done only for spectators. It has no destination."

He thrust a glance at her and looked up at the ceiling of the railway carriage, reflecting. As usual, he understood.

"You rather want to produce something?"

She nodded. "But I do not want to appear ungrateful," she added, speaking as one might speak to an impresario rather than as one speaks to a husband.

"Not at all," said he, hitting out squarely with his pungent frankness. "That's all right. I've been stupid. You are too big to be satisfied with this low-neck nonsense. It is not enough to be the wearer of a gleaming skin in the magnificence of authorized exposure. You want—"

He stopped.

"What do I want?"

"Either love, man, children or else labor, output, self-assertion, a product, a separate personality standing on its two legs alone."

Brena said, "I have an idea that no woman quite knows whether she wants both or can have both or can choose or stick to either. Whatever happens there is always the haunting desire for more of the other thing."

"I know," said he, looking at her with brimming eyes. "It is the tragedy of big women."

Not only because of his words, but equally because of the self-effacement, the sympathy that he at moments could cast down from some calm eminence which his spirit had learned to climb, Brena always remembered this moment as that which marked the best in him, as that which justified the bargain she had made to salvage that better part.

(To be continued next week)

The Beaverton boys put up a stiff fight at Hillsboro last Friday night although they were beaten. Among the spectators were those who stated confidently that had the boys been given the opportunity to practice in a full-sized, honest-to-goodness gymnasium that the score would have been inversely stated. The claim was made that the boys outplayed the Hillsboro bunch in every stage of the game, but lacking the customary walls and with baskets hung out in what seemed to them the middle of the floor, they were badly handicapped.

With the road and bridge program towering toward twenty million dollars, it looks as though Portland figured on doing everything possible to knock the Tunnel project in the head.

Early plowing and clean cultivation of fallow hold moisture in the feeding root zone, reports the Oregon experiment station. They also favor the work of nitrifying bacteria and the formation of available plant foods.

FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM HELPS BUSINESS

Exports of food stuffs from the United States fell from two and a half billion dollars in 1919 to eight hundred millions in 1923, and the difficulties of European buyers in making satisfactory payment for American farm products was one of the large factors in the drop in the prices of farm products. But now the recent action of Great Britain in declaring that it will again redeem its paper money in gold means that British buyers of American products can pay for them with money which is accepted the world over at its face value in gold. With the return of Great Britain to the gold standard, a majority of the countries of Europe have paper currencies equal to gold.

How Reserve Banks Have Helped

American bankers have assisted in the British return to the gold standard by giving a \$100,000,000 credit to the British government. But more important than this was the action of the Federal Reserve Banks in granting the Bank of England material co-operation. They placed \$200,000,000 gold at the disposal of the Bank of England for two years, to be used by it, if necessary, in maintaining the gold standard. The readiness of the Reserve Banks thus to co-operate was an important influence in the willingness of the British to take this all important step.

This action of the Reserve Banks was a most constructive step in aid of American farmers and producers who will benefit greatly by the removal of this element of uncertainty from their export transactions. If all the sins of omission and commission charged against the Federal Reserve System by banker, business man, live stock man or political blatherskite in the last five years were true, and practically none of them are, the service rendered commerce and industry by the System in connection with the restoration of the gold standard in so large a part of the world would far outweigh any mistakes that those in charge of the System may have made.

No banker, business man or farmer should permit any self-serving declaration by favor seeking demagogue to swerve him from a determination to see that the System is maintained for the future welfare of the country.

Fundamentally conditions are very sound and we are doing a very large volume of business, no little part of which is due to the equalizing and stabilizing effect exercised by the Federal Reserve System on the credits of the country. Throughout all the stress of the last five years there have been no times of either stringency or plethora of bank credit. Rates have run along on a rather level keel and in no judgment have had much to do with the stable volume of business which we have enjoyed, and which is quite contrary to the old experience of the aftermath of panics. With a credit structure such as only the Federal Reserve System can guarantee, I feel we need have no apprehension but on the contrary sound optimism for the future.

NOTICE

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

To the Master of Oregon Tunnel District Number One.

Notice

To Oregon Tunnel District Number One, and All Freeholders, Legal Voters and Assessment Payors Within Said District:

You and each of you will please take notice that D. A. Pattullo, Charles R. Frasier and Otto Erickson, as the Board of Directors of Oregon Tunnel District Number One, have filed in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, a petition praying that said Circuit Court make a judicial examination of the regularity and legality of all proceedings had in connection with the organization of said tunnel district and its board of directors and that, upon such examination, enter a decree establishing and confirming the regularity and legality of said proceedings, and further praying that said Court make an order directing the publication of this notice and fixing a time within which all persons interested and desiring to appear and contest the validity of said proceedings shall make an appearance.

That, by order of the Honorable George R. Bagley, a judge of the above entitled court, made and entered on the 2nd day of January, 1936, this notice is published in "The Beaverton Review" a newspaper published at Beaverton, in Washington County, Oregon, for three successive weeks, on the 8th, 15th and 22nd day of January, 1936, and all persons interested and desiring to appear and contest the validity of said proceedings are in said order directed and hereby notified to appear and contest the same on or before the 2nd day of February, 1936.

D. A. Pattullo,
Charles R. Frasier,
Otto Erickson,
Joseph, Hancy & Littlefield and John C. Veatch, Attorneys,
511 Corbett Building, Portland, Oregon.

Adv c 6-5

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Catarrah is a Local disease greatly influenced by Constitutional conditions. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE consists of an Ointment which gives Quick Relief by local application, and the Internal Medicine, a Tonic, which acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surface and assists in ridding your System of Catarrah.

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Harmonizing Planting

No grounds are too small that planting will not greatly enhance the desirability of the home. Too much cannot be said on harmonizing the planting with the adjoining property. This is particularly true of the parkways, where uniform trees through the entire block are necessary, and ordinances generally protect the larger suburbs, but are overlooked in the smaller ones, and in the city it is not enforced consistently. Nature will express herself around the home soon and out-door living rooms can now be realized with bloom and fragrance in just a few short weeks so that back yards and front yards should be no more and in their places a new attitude.

Playgrounds in 700 Cities

Since 1885 more than 700 American cities have established public playgrounds and recreation centers for children. The first was in Boston and was called a "sand garden." The idea was imported from Germany and is being copied the world over.

Worth of Paving

Nothing is better for a town than well-paved streets. No town has arrived until it is paved. With paving, it may become a city. Without paving, it must remain a burg. The same applies to a county. A county with paved roads is a county well advanced in civilization.—Dallas News.

Garden a Beautifier

First thing that anybody can do to beautify a little town is to plant a flower garden—a big one.

The crumbly soil much in Oregon is not always of value for trapping moisture, says the O. A. C. experiment station, but is generally effective for holding moisture already in the soil.

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his gall stones, ulcers of stomach, tonsils, or adenoids.

He has to his credit wonderful results in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, blood, skin, nerves, heart, kidney, bed wetting, bladder, catarrh, weak lungs, rheumatism, sciatica, leg ulcers and rectal ailments.

Below are the names of a few of his many satisfied patients in Oregon.

Rose J. Anlin, Carson, Wash. nerve trouble, Mrs. Otto Will, Jefferson, varicose ulcer, leg.

M. P. Christianson, Albany, bladder trouble.

Mrs. M. A. Ewan, Coquille, stomach trouble.

Robert Zigmanski, Scio, stomach and heart trouble.

John Roth, Albany, adenoids and tonsils.

Mrs. M. L. Olsen, Portland, appendicitis.

Remember the above date, that consultation on this trip will be free and that his treatment is different.

Married women must be accompanied by their husbands. Address: 214 Broadway Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

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Beaverton Review, \$1.50 per yr

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