

The Vanishing Men

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.

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(Continued From Last Week)

"Why should any one follow you?" she inquired scornfully. "You tell me that you understand why I am followed sometimes on my way home from the studio, but I cannot offer the same explanation for you. Come, Compton, let's be sensible."

He was not amused.

"Then report it to the police," she said.

"The police?"

"Yes."

"What a suggestion!"

She heard no more, however, of his morbid suspicion; no one was following him she was convinced. And yet the unknown terror, of which he would

now say nothing, infected her so that the cloth of each day had woven into it some threads of fear, in a crazy, senseless, indistinct pattern.

A crisis came on one of those warm evenings which descend suddenly upon the chill of the winter and left of an impatient, hasty, headlong spring, which has crept up through the open country and comes at dusk to the gates of the cities. Some musical performance, long since forgotten by Brenna, took the pair out until nearly eleven and Parmalee wanted to walk home through the moonlight. A sleepy elevator man took them up in a chaste,

while and gold car to their apartment door.

"Good-night," said Brenna. "Good-night, Compton. You seemed to-night more like yourself."

He laughed and waved to her as she went down the corridor to her chambers. She switched on the wall lights of her dressing room, bedroom and bath, and undressed leisurely before the long mirror, looking about her as her memory took her back to the hot room under the roof at Mrs. Wilkie's with its yellow varnished woodwork and its plaster walls, stained a hideous orange, its little red ants that no eradicator ever eradicated and the screams of the baby coming out of a window in the next house. Nothing in the luxurious quarters she now occupied could remind one of Mrs. Wilkie's unless it were the picture of the Acropolis that had belonged to Brenna's father, still in its battered frame and hanging above her bed. And yet she stopped braiding her red-brown hair as one of those strange calls of wistful longing for the past, even for the tragic of the said past, that comes to all of us, came to her.

No one would credit her with remembering some few years after—and the exact contents of her thoughts at this moment, even if not a fact that she thought itself had been interrupted and therefore engraved by those quick successive pistol shots.

They came and went as revolver cracks do behind heavy closed doors with a muffled thudding; she knew what they were. They were followed by a little crash as of a vase falling.

Her first thought was that Parmalee had killed himself. Perhaps if her mind had been less active she would have screamed, dived upon the door and rushed out, expecting the horrors of a suicide; she remembered, however, that there had been three shots, more than the number usually fired by one who seeks destruction. Brenna concluded that whatever the menace her husband had feared, it now had proved its reality. She has said since that, for the moment, she at least believed, and even in her startled breathing she formed the words, "It is some fault of mine."

The turning out of her own lights disclosed the fact that the corridor beyond the crack under her own door was dark also. From it came no sound, except for the distant purr of the elevator taking up some yawning after-theater homecomers. Brenna could only hear her own heart.

Without the dangerous background of light behind her, she opened the door cautiously and the moon's rays on the carpet beneath her feet went forward across the carpet in the corridor like sliding fingers.

"Stand back, Brenna. Don't get between me and him. He's at the end of the hall." It was the voice of her husband. "Look out. I'm going to turn on the lights!"

A sudden rush of illumination filled the corridor.

"You are a fool!" said Brenna.

"You have shot the glass out of this picture," she pointed to the large photographic print of "The Man With the Glove" that had been the one wedding present sent after them from Dallas by a Jewish cotton broker, once one of Parmalee's bitter rivals. It had been the subject of Brenna's comment that the donor gave it in celebration of Parmalee's retirement from business rather than of his marriage, and she, disliking pictures on general principles, had hung it where it would be seen the least.

"I thought it was him," said Parmalee, coming forward with the revolver still in his hand.

"Him?" asked Brenna. "Who, then?"

"Why, a burglar," he said, still quivering with excitement.

"You saw only your own moving reflection on the glass mixed into this figure which you've decorated with three bullet holes," she said.

A knocking and ringing had begun at the elevator door of the apartment. "Anything wrong, sir?" asked a voice outside.

"No, no," Parmalee answered, feeling his way back till he could lean against the wall.

"Very good, sir."

Brenna, who probably appeared more like a Grecian goddess than ever in the white drapery of her night attire, walked to Parmalee with deliberation and took the revolver from his hand.

"Where did this come from?" she asked.

"I bought it."

"When?"

"A month ago."

"A month ago? Why?"

"I don't know. There are always intruders."

"Compton, you are a sick man," she said. "You are a sick and unbalanced man. You are living a miserable life. You are making me live one. There is nothing worse than fear. It is more horrible than the thing it dreads."

"I've often thought that—yes, I have," he said. "I've often thought I'd be driven to find out."

"Then me," she commanded.

He shut tight his thin lips.

She came closer and put her hands upon his shoulders as if she were a mother about to give a child a good shaking.

"The city is bad for you, Compton," she said. "You are quivering yourself to pieces over some absurd apprehension. We must go outside somewhere—a house, a garden—quiet."

He appeared as if he were about to fall apart. He almost blubbered. He said, "Thank God you've said that, Brenna. We must go where I can escape, if there is a chance to escape. You're right. It's got my nerve."

"What?"

"Yes, what?" he whimpered. "That's it. But we must go—where you said. (To be continued next week)"

Before marriage—Where do we eat?

One year after—When do we eat?

Five years later—How do we eat?

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BEAVERTON REVIEW

POULTRY

SUGGESTIONS ON EGG INCUBATION

Incubation is the natural process through which the egg must pass to produce the chick. Our object, when hatching large numbers of chicks, is to substitute for the natural method of hatching with hens. The incubator has solved the problem. It has grown from the mere hatching boxes to machines that are capable of producing a large percentage of strong, healthy chicks. Some hatching boxes are still on the market; the medium to high priced incubators are the ones to purchase. The initial price is of small consideration when compared with good, livable chicks.

The hen prepares the egg. Her own generally receives it in good condition. What she does to the egg before it is actually placed in the incubator, greatly influences its hatchability. The fresher the eggs, the larger the percentage of hatch will be and the stronger the chicks.

The proper care of hatching eggs will increase the hatch. They should be turned daily if kept longer than five days. The best temperature is from 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Germ development starts at 68 degrees, so care should be taken to see that the eggs do not reach that point.

More eggs are ruined by becoming too warm before they are set than by chilling. When an egg is kept in a room where the temperature is to 80 degrees, germ development starts. There is not enough heat to continue incubation; consequently many embryos die then or during the first few days in the incubator. Under such conditions, the eggs will show clear or nearly clear when candled on the eighth day.

When selecting an incubator, be governed to a large extent by the machines that are giving the best results in the community, not only for number of chicks hatched but for the condition of the chicks as well.

There are two general types of smaller incubators—the hot-water and the hot-air. The greatest problem with hot-water machines in general is proper ventilation; moisture is the greatest problem in the hot-air machine. The water in the water-heated incubator does not influence moisture in the egg chamber. Lack of moisture means that there has been too great an amount of evaporation. In the water-heated machines the air does not circulate so freely. With slower moving air, there will be less evaporation. The fact that many of the smaller hot water incubators have very little ventilation, makes it necessary to air and cool the eggs daily.

The hot-air incubators are quite different. The heat is furnished by the air so it is necessary that the air be in more rapid motion. This causes greater ventilation and evaporation, hence moisture usually must be added.

In operating the incubator follow directions. Most incubator companies give very complete directions regarding the operation and control of their machines.

Uniformity of temperature is a great controlling factor. An incubator run at a uniform temperature of 102 degrees will do better than one varying from 101 to 105 degrees. Gradual variation is not detrimental.

Too high temperature lowers the vigor of the chicks. In some machines, it is considered best to start at 101 degrees, increase to 102 degrees the second week, and only allow the standard of 103 degrees to be reached a few days before the hatch. Above everything, the eggs should not get too hot—Noel Hall, Extension Specialist, Missouri state poultry experiment station, Mountain Grove.

Sanitary Poultry House Is Necessary for Eggs

Chickens will not give adequate returns in eggs or growth when kept under insanitary conditions.

The construction of the poultry house should receive first attention. Sufficient air space, lighting, and ventilation should be provided, and the entire house cleaned at frequent intervals.

While these precautions cannot be depended upon to control mites and lice, they aid the poultryman in determining when these pests are present. Furthermore, the fowls are kept in vigorous condition, which in itself aids in controlling pests. Dirty and insanitary houses provide ideal breeding conditions for insects and germs which are detrimental to poultry. Diseased fowls, or those with malformed bills or feet, fall ready prey to lice, mites, and other insect pests, and should be removed as soon as discovered.

Proper Feed for Pullets

It is a mistake to let the pullets forage for themselves. Grain alone will not supply the necessary feed for building the framework and the body of the birds which are to become a part of the future laying flock. A mash containing a liberal supply of protein and minerals is needed. If the pullets are on good range they will not consume so much mash of this sort as they would without range, but it should be constantly before them.

(From the Beaverton Hummer)

Mrs. Dewhurst—David, spell bird-cage.

David T.—B-i-r-d-c-a-g-e.

Mrs. Dewhurst—That's right but what's the hyphen for between the words?

David—Well, that's for the bird to sit on.

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MAKING FARM RECORDS TALK

By D. H. OTIS
Agricultural Director,
American Bankers Association.

Any one who has driven an automobile in a new country knows the value of a good road map.

Farm accounts, properly kept, are a reliable road map to aid the farmer in directing the business management of his farm.

In farming communities where records have been kept in a considerable number it is not uncommon to find differences in net income of \$1,000 per farm between the average and the poorer farms of the community. It is also frequently found that there is a difference of over \$1,000 between the average farm and a few of the better farms of the community. These differences of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per farm in the net income are of vital concern to any farm in any community.

Where to Get the Facts

Farm records and inventories will reveal the reasons for these differences. The various colleges of agriculture and the United States Department of Agriculture have a collection of records and farm management surveys from which they find it possible to construct standards or guides showing actual attainments under good systems of management. Figures of this kind are available to county agents, and farmers who desire to use them. It is also possible to organize farm accounting groups in a community and with the help of the College of Agriculture to develop community standards showing what the average and what the better farms are doing. These standards or examples of what the more successful farms are doing, when handled in such a way as not to divulge the identity of the owners, are a wonderful help in pointing out to the less successful farmers the weak spots in the business management of their farms.

How to Use the Facts

The farmer who keeps a careful record of the factors relating to the business management of his farm is in position to compare his farm with the average and with the best in the volume of business, as number of acres, total receipts, and total expenses. He can check on his diversity of income by comparing his income from sale of cows, sale of livestock, livestock products and sales from miscellaneous sources. His quality of business can be studied by comparing such items as income per acre or income per cow, etc.

By such a process the farmer is in position to make his records talk to him and point out the weak and the strong features in his farm operation. There is no tax that we pay today that compares with the tax we pay for our ignorance. This is true on the farm as elsewhere. Farm records, including inventories from which it is easy to form financial statements, will do wonders in reducing the tax of ignorance and placing farm business on a business basis and inspire confidence in the farmer, himself and with all those with whom he deals.

BANKERS HELP

Over two hundred bankers in Iowa recently made an arrangement to attend the Iowa State University for a two-day period and study farming and farm problems. The bankers will sit as students under the professors in the agricultural department, and will dig right down to the bottom of the many subjects which are of mutual concern to themselves and the farmers. This action on the part of the bankers of Iowa shows a real spirit of interest and a determined intention to understand.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County.

In the matter of the estate of Jonas J. Bickel, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Inez B. Rogers, was on the 25th day of September, 1925, duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, Administratrix of the estate of Jonas J. Bickel, deceased, and that Letters of Administration were issued to her as such by said Court. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified with proper vouchers attached, according to law, within six months from the date of this notice, at her residence 3 miles Northwest from Beaverton, Oregon.

Dated and first published on this 15th day of January, 1926. Date of the last publication, February 12th, 1926.

Inez B. Rogers, Administratrix.

M. H. Kendall, Attorney for said estate.

His post office address, McMinnville, Oregon. Adv c7-11

"The Sentinel," a newspaper printed at Coquille, will build a two-story concrete office this year.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament and Estate of Charlotte Sittig, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, duly appointed administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Charlotte Sittig, deceased, and has duly qualified as such administratrix.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, with proper vouchers, at my residence at Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

Beaverton Review, \$1.50 per yr

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1 Ton Truck . . . \$550

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Bernard & Stipe

At Stipe's Garage

Beaverton

Oregon

Dated and first published, February 5, 1926.

Last publication March 5, 1926.

Ida A. Henderson, Administratrix with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Charlotte Sittig, Deceased.

C. W. Noyes, with residence and address at Beaverton, Oregon.

M. B. Bump, with residence and address at Hillsboro, Oregon.

Attorneys for the Estate.

Adv c 10-14

W. I. NOYES

Plumbing Heating

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