

The Handsome Man

by Margaret Turnbull

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers

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THE STORY

Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip, Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Auntie." He did not approve of her marriage to his father, but her explanation satisfied him. Little is left of the 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 long for city life. MacBeth is a victim of arthritis and almost helpless. MacBeth is glad to see his sister and asks the two to stay. Roberta is keeping a date with Jack Navarro, about whom she knows little. MacBeth arranges for his sister to take charge of the household and George to act as secretary. Roberta does not approve of the arrangement. She tells her father she is not interested in George, while the young man takes an air of indifference to her.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Quite a watchdog," observed Roberta scornfully, but she swung to her feet and went to the doorway and looked out. Yes, it was Jack. What was he doing here? She had written him that she could not meet him until next Monday.

"Want to send him a message? It can be done."

"No," said Roberta, feeling instantly that he thought she was afraid her father might see her and ask questions. "I can manage my own affairs, thanks."

"Absolutely," agreed Sir George and moved away.

To her astonishment he went through the doorway and toward the house. Roberta was so amazed that she could not make even the faintest move to stop him. She was annoyed. She was quite unused to such treatment. Here was she, the only girl he knew, apparently, this side of the Atlantic, any way the only girl he knew in this place, and instead of improving the shining hour, he came to her and delivered his message as casually as though they were two schoolboys and then walked off and left her!

Roberta walked slowly toward the beach and the bridge. Jack had seen her now. He moved toward her. He looked worried. Was he afraid of her father? Why hadn't he come directly to the island and asked for her, like any other boy she knew? The sunlight struck across his face, and showed her lines she had never seen before. Why, he was much older than she had thought. He was not a boy, he was a man.

Jack stood his ground near a tall sycamore and a thicket of sumac which screened him. He beckoned to her eagerly. Why couldn't he meet her in the open?

Robert MacBeth was frowning when Sir George joined him. He looked up quickly as the younger man came toward him.

"Wouldn't you like to try a bit of exercise?" Sir George asked. "Suppose you take my arm."

"Maybe I'd better," MacBeth agreed reluctantly, "though I'm dashed unwilling to stir. Well, once around, if you're bent for exercise."

"Once around it is," Sir George told him encouragingly. "We'll have you dandling in no time."

It would give the girl a chance, Sir George thought to himself, his eyes seeking the path to the bridge. Yes, there she went. It might be the wisest course would be to warn the father, but he could not bring himself to do it. The girl was plucky. She had not asked him to keep quiet or anything of that kind. He could either keep his mouth shut, or go to blazes for all of her. Well, he would keep his mouth shut.

Slowly and painfully, leaning heavily on the strong young arm that supported him, Robert MacBeth made his way along the terrace. When they reached his chaise longue again, he relaxed gratefully as the younger man helped him to a comfortable position, and arranged his pillows.

There was a short silence. Sir George lit a cigarette and leaned against the wicker chair he intended to slide into in a moment. He could not see the girl now, and the car had disappeared.

Robert MacBeth had taken up a letter he had laid down just before his promenade. He handed it to his secretary.

"What do you think of that?" It was a typewritten letter addressed to "Robt MacBeth" and said:

"Dear Sir: Do you know the man your daughter is meeting at different resorts on the Lincoln highway? Many facts in your life are known to the writer of this, which you would not like to find public property. If you want to know all the writer knows send letters to the P. O. Box given below and wait for telegram appointing meeting place. All will be told you." It was unsigned, merely the number of the post office box, 6111, in a small Pennsylvania city, being given.

Sir George handed it back. "I'd throw it in the fire."

Robert MacBeth grasped the letter firmly. "That's where you would be wrong. Such letters should be kept and used to trap the writer or writers. I'll send it to a detective agency. It

isn't scandal I'm afraid of. I've never done anything to be blackmailed for and neither has Roberta."

"Then why should you bother?"

MacBeth turned an honestly worried face to the younger man. "I'm pretty sure that the writer of this letter has some connection with the difficulty I've been having with my payroll, but I can't convince the police."

"Payroll?" Sir George looked at him in astonishment. "Do you mean the payroll for your employees in the city?"

Robert MacBeth shook his head. "Not the office. A much blagier thing. The money for the men on the construction job. You will likely laugh at the idea that this has anything to do with it, but though I've tried to, somehow I can't succeed in laughing very hard. I have a feeling these letters have some connection with a gang of men who mean to have a try for that payroll again, if they can't get at me and my money this way." He shook the letter.

"But surely you've taken precautions? Why not pay the men by check?"

Robert MacBeth made a wholly contemptuous gesture with his hand, which still held the letter. "Use your head. I can't pay laborers by check. Lots of the foreigners don't know what to do with checks. No, we've got to make and keep things safe ourselves."

He looked at Sir George, and, leaning toward him and in a low tone, said: "It's all right in New York. I can get protection, armored cars if need be, but I've a hunch there's trouble brewing for me and I've got a great many thousands of dollars to pay out on the big piece of construction work being done up the river. It's how to get the money there safely that is puzzling me now."

He paused a moment and said quietly: "I don't mind telling you that I have the sum deposited in the nearest local bank. I'm going to send some one down to collect it from the bank later and that some one may be you."

He looked at Sir George questioningly. "Yes, of course, but when and how?"

"That's what I want you to tell me. I'd like you to go down with Roberta today and look over the lay of the land."

"Can't your man take me?" Sir George asked. "Might find out more that way."

"I don't want the servants to know or suspect anything about it, nor the people in the village. In fact, I don't want anybody to know anything about it, except possibly Roberta."

"Must she know? Why drag a girl into this?"

"Roberta won't be dragged in," her father promised him. "But I want her to take you down the river to the bank and up the river to show you where the money is to be taken."

"By motor?"

"Yes."

"But you surely wouldn't let the girl drive if there was likelihood of danger."

"No, but you could drive yourself, once you knew the way."

"Oh, yes."

"Well, go with her to the village and to the bank, where she will cash a check and introduce you to the cashier. Then tomorrow she'll take you up the river."

"Have you told her this?"

"At yet. Why?"

"It's barely possible she may have made arrangements of her own."

"She'll change that if I ask her," her father said easily.

"Ah—"

Sir George was not aware himself of how much he put in that "Ah." It was sufficient to make Robert MacBeth turn his head quickly and survey the young man. Having turned it he saw that the young man's eyes were fixed on a spot of blue. MacBeth was presently able to observe that this was a car on the high road over on the mainland and that opposite that car was a dim blur that had a bronze color. He remembered the color of the dress his daughter had been wearing that morning and turned his head so that the younger man might not see his face. Sir George continued to

watch the bronze blur until it took shape and outline and began to look like Roberta MacBeth. Then he started, aware that the silence had been long.

"You were saying?"

"That I'll tell Roberta what I want as soon as she crosses the river. Or will you meet her and tell her I want to see her? And take yourself off for a time."

"Absolutely."

Sir George sauntered toward the river and met the flushed and exultant looking girl.

"Spying?"

His look was enough to make her feel ashamed of herself.

"Oh, I say," she said. "That was unfair and I didn't really mean it."

Sir George did not stop. "It doesn't matter," he said stiffly. "Your father is waiting to see you."

The girl angrily kicked a rock off the towpath into the canal. "Well, if you want to be hateful, be hateful."

He turned. "If you would only get it into your extraordinarily pretty little head," he told her not unkindly, "that I'm here because I have to earn my living and your father has been good enough to give me a post—that's that. As for you and your friends, at the risk of being thought rude, I tell you that I don't give a tinker's d—n whom you meet or where you meet him, and that's all of that."

There had been a quickly drawn breath and then silence and he had walked on over the canal bridge to the highway, feeling completely ashamed of himself. Why had he lost his temper? His remorse gaining on him, he was about to turn once more when the sound of flying footsteps came to him. He turned to confront an angry and flame-cheeked girl, who told him vehemently: "You've just got to know this. You don't hate me one degree less or more than I hate you."

"Well, since we know it's mutual," said Sir George evenly, "suppose we go on hating each other as much as we like in private, and keep a friendly smile to face the world." He smiled at her now.

"Oh, you're hateful!" the girl cried. "Just when I meant to be decent to you for father's sake, you make it impossible. I promise you I'll do anything I can to speed your return to bonnie Scotland."

"Ah," returned the homesick Sir George, his heart in his voice, "if you only could."

The girl looked at him speechless a moment and yet she did not go. He wondered why, but almost before he had done wondering he suddenly saw the answer to his question. The blue car was some little way ahead of him, on the tree-shaded cross road to the highway, and its owner was struggling frantically to start it.

That was why she thought he was spying; that was why she would not, if she could help it, leave him alone.

He continued to walk toward the car and to speak so that the man, whoever he was, might hear. "Surely you don't want to annoy your father and have him question you, do you? As for the blue car and its owner," he continued, "it is hardly my affair."

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The man at the car jerked his head up and nodded to the girl and then quickly turned his back and bustled himself with the car again.

Sir George waited for a moment. Surely any decent sort would be likely to come over and speak—make it easy for the girl to introduce him. The man, however, after that one look hurried back to work at the car, his face resolutely turned from Sir George.

The girl, looking first at one and then at the other, slowly turned and went toward her father's house.

Sir George walked away past the car. What sort of cheap and awful person that little devil had elected as hero of her secret romance, he now had a pretty fair idea. The man's face, though good-looking in its way, was an open book to Sir George.

Sir George wondered why the fellow had been so anxious as to try to hide his face, so anxious to avoid any speech with him. He stopped dead in the middle of the road for a moment as the solution occurred to him. It must have been that he was afraid, since he had seen Sir George first, of recognition. Then the fellow must be some one whom he himself would recognize. He walked on thoughtfully. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Salt Important Part in Rites of Sacrifice

The first accredited mention of salt appears in the first books of Moses, where it is referred to as an essential part in many of the sacrifices of the Jews. The most familiar Bible reference to salt is in Genesis ix, 26, in which Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of that valuable commodity—probably to the great enjoyment of the goats, sheep and cattle of that district.

The next most familiar Bible reference to salt is in Matthew v, 13—"If the salt has lost his savor, where with shall it be salted?" Other references in the New Testament are Mark ix, 49-50, and Colossians iv, 6.

Homer, 800 years before Christ, speaks of salt in the Greek sacrificial rites; no sacrifice was complete without it. Herodotus, who was born in 484 B. C., says the Egyptians ate salted food, including raw fish that

was first steeped in brine and then sun-dried. They must have been exactly like the Gloucester salt fish of today, or the Provincetown scull-jaws. The Egyptians also ate raw duck and quail, salted in similar fashion.—Boston Globe.

Childish Speech

Elizabeth Cleveland says that the child begins to use single words at from ten months to a year old. At twenty-three months he should be using simple phrases. By the time he is three he has a large vocabulary (500 to 1,500 words), and can converse well enough for his own practical purposes.

Needs to Pause

Sometimes a 3-minute caw is a guy who needs that much time to think of a snappy comeback.—Des Moines Tribune Capital.

DISTINCTIVE EVENING GOWNS; TUNICS COPY RUSSIAN STYLE

AN EVENING gown is known by its décolletage. Intriguing décolletage necklines such as distinguish this season's most formal modes remind us that again after so long an intermission we are living in an era of picturesque and romantic fashion.

No need to seek romance in the reading of books, when we are living it, seeing it, breathing it in the very atmosphere of the world of fashion today. Do your dreams of the picturesque in dress carry you to scenes in the Middle Ages or the first or second empire or to the Victorian age? Are you recalling the naive charm of

off-the-shoulder necklines, such as is shown at the top of the panel of sketches, their feature.

In the Russian Style. We have with us a new entrant in the winter style pageant—the Russian-inspired tunic. Enthusiasm for this venture in smartness knows no bounds. All the way through the dress and blouse program, from sports to the ultra formal, we find fashion expressed in terms of the tunic.

It is the fabric of which it is made which tunes the tunic to environment. If the tunic is styled of some one or other of the chic new woolsens or per-



Charming Evening Gowns.

the fall-off-the-shoulder décolletage as told in pictures of sweet Jennie Lind? Behold in the present season's fashions your dreams made realities. History is repeating itself in the picturesque décolletage necklines which are adding such a glamorous beauty to the evening scene.

The little décolletage sketches as they appear in the panel to the right in the illustration might have been reproduced from fashion pages of yore, but such is not the case. They picture modes of the immediate moment as they are glimpsed at opera, at the dance and other of festive and formal functions such as make up the winter social program.

Many of the most stunning evening gowns are made up absolutely without decoration, the costume relying

happily on the color of the dress, or possibly satin either black or a deep warm tone, and if it is simply made with perhaps a wee bit of embroidery, then does it declare its voguishness for wear during the practical hours of the day.

As it interprets the formal mode, the tunic becomes a theme of untold luxury. No weave is too sumptuous for its styling. Richly colorful metal brocades, jewel-starred materials, exquisite lace, elaborately embroidered textiles, shimmering, sheer velvets in tones and tints delectable, of such are tunics de luxe fashioned.

From Cossack turban to richly embroidered tunic one senses the Russian influence in the costume pictured. This charming tunic is made of lovely transparent velvet. Fancy may picture



A Russian-Inspired Tunic.

entirely on elegance of fabric and beauty of neckline to give it enchantment. It is the way of fashionists to choose velvet as being most effective for the dress which makes trimming conspicuous by its absence, which accounts for the fact that the distinguished looking gown in the picture is of exquisitely sheer black transparent velvet. The outstanding feature of this elegant model is its décolletage which answers the call of the present evening mode for the very low cut.

The younger set are coming out in the prettiest gowns imagination can picture which make the adorable fail-

it for you in the color you like best—white, if you favor the smart black-and-white note (the skirt is black velvet) or perhaps you will yield to the lure of a pastel tint, preferably a delicate blue, for turquoise used with black stands out as a leading combination.

The gay embroidery interwoven with gleaming metal threads and the graceful cord-and-tassel girdle are decorative touches such as carry the picturesque note as we associate it with fashions of the Far East.

CHERIE NICHOLAS.
(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

"He that hath never warred with misery Nor ever tugged with danger or distress Hath had no occasion nor no field to try The strength and forces of his worthiness."

FOR A BRIDE'S LUNCHEON

For the occasion either before or after the nuptials, there is nothing which the hostess can afford which will be too much trouble. For the beginning of the following cocktail will be most dainty.

Cupid's Cocktail. —Boil together one-third of a cupful of sugar with one cupful of water, or better—canned fruit juice—for two minutes, then add four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and cool. Chill one cupful each of seeded white grapes, red cherries, diced pears, and pineapple. Mix all the chilled ingredients together and serve in glass cups placed on pink hearts on serving plates.

Chicken Croquettes. —Make one cupful of thick white sauce, using chicken stock with milk or cream. Take two cupfuls of minced chicken, one-half teaspoonful each of salt, celery salt and onion salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Mix all the ingredients, cool, then form into small croquettes, cone or cylinder shaped. Roll in beaten egg to which two tablespoonfuls of water have been added, then in crumbs and set away to chill. Fry in hot fat and serve with mushroom sauce.

Heart Cakes.—Make a cake batter, baking it in a shallow pan. Take one-half cupful of shortening, one cupful of sugar well creamed, flavoring to taste, two-thirds of a cupful of milk and two cupfuls of pastry flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix well and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. Cut when cool into heart shapes and cover the entire cake with pink frosting.

To make the frosting use four tablespoonfuls of hot cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one and two-thirds cupfuls of confectioner's sugar. Mix the cream, butter, salt and flavoring, add a little red coloring and the sugar a little at a time, beating well. Arrange each cake on a paper doily and insert darts of gold paper.

Fault and Misfortune. George Ade once remarked that you couldn't blame a man for having club feet, but that side whiskers were his own fault.—American Magazine.

Human Nourishment. The amount of food and drink consumed by the average man each year weighs about a ton.

Custom of Challenge. by Gauntlet Kept Up. Tossing gauntlets to the ground in challenge was not nearly so common in the old days as some novelists would have us think. In the first days of chain armor, there were no gauntlets at all. The hand was protected by a mitten attached to the sleeve. When gauntlets did begin to appear, in the days of the Fourth and Fifth crusades, they were cumbersome things which were strapped to the wrist so firmly that issuing a challenge by means of them would be more of a job than a hot-headed knight would care to undertake.

It was not until plate armor had reached its full glory that the gauntlet became symbolic of challenge. And it has rarely been anything else but a symbol. Even today, there is a personage in England—the king's champion—whose duty it is to cast a glove in Westminster abbey during the coronation ceremonies attendant upon the coronation of a king, and to cry loudly his willingness to fight any man who denies the new king's title.—Popular Biography.

Unfortunate Sea Lions. The sea lion could hold his own against his natural enemies, but his real troubles began when man discovered that he was insulated with several inches of oil-bearing blubber and that his hide made good leather. Nearly 200 years ago the slaughter began on the west coast, says Nature Magazine.

Thousands of sea lions died for the enrichment of the oil hunters, until by the beginning of this century only a remnant of the vast herds which once roared and fought on their offshore rookeries is left to carry on the species.

Beware of Closed Garage. Carbon monoxide is a colorless, odorless and tasteless gas, these properties making it all the more dangerous. A very small percentage of this gas in the air when inhaled is said to be sufficient to cause death within a few minutes, under certain conditions, as when a car is left running in a closed garage.

Roundhouse Solarium. Constructed like a roundhouse so that it catches the sun's rays from all angles, a combined solarium and fresh-air pavilion has been built for a tuberculosis sanitarium in Hungary. The center is glass enclosed for protection from the elements. The building is two stories high with porches for patients on each floor.

Wise Indeed. She is a wise young widow who never lets an admirer know how wise she is.—Detroit News.

that sluggish feeling

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Noted English Writer Won't "Play" Typewriter

When I was in London in 1928 John Galsworthy showed me the manuscripts of nearly all his books. He cannot dictate and cannot play the typewriter; thus they are all in pen and ink, and their commercial value must be prodigious.

Prof. Carlton Wells of the University of Michigan calls my attention to an article in a review, quoting the Manchester Guardian, as follows: "They are worth a small fortune and they are certain to appreciate greatly in years to come. No other English writer, with the possible exception of Shaw, has such a vogue abroad, and almost every month sees an advance in the prices of his first editions."

"Galsworthy is one of the few modern authors who write everything in their own hand. He once told me that he found it impossible to think with a typewriter in front of him, and he raised his eyes in mock horror when I mentioned the dictaphone."

"In his study at Hampstead all his manuscripts are carefully preserved in a row of red morocco boxes shaped like book covers. Those he has presented to the British Museum are to be seen in the Grenville room."—William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine.

Farm Woman Benefited. After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lickdale, Pa.—"Before I was married, my mother and sister and I did all the farming work on a 64-acre farm for eleven years. I married a farmer and now in addition to my household work and the care of my children I help him with the outside work on our farm. After my last child was born, I began to suffer as many women do. Finally our family doctor told me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did and now I am a new woman and I know that good health is better than riches."—Mrs. CLYDE L. SHEPHERD, R. #1, Lickdale, Pa.

Giant Thermometer. In Visalia, Calif., where the mercury frequently flirts with the century mark, Harry Hunsucker, theater manager, claims to have the world's largest thermometer. It is twenty-six feet in height with tubing three inches in diameter. The thermometer, mounted above the marquee of the theater on the outside, is used to display to potential patrons the temperature inside the ice-cooled theater.

Stolen sweets are best.—Clibber.

PILES

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