

the Handsome Man

by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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CHAPTER VII—Continued

"August can't make you nearly as comfortable as I can," Sir George answered confidently and proceeded to do it. Never, Robert MacBeth admitted, had he been made so comfortable.

"My word, you have gentle hands for a big fellow," he exclaimed, looking up with gratitude at the tall form that bent over him to straighten a pillow.

"Plenty of practice," Robert MacBeth checked himself when he started to say "Where?" He remembered that this tall, slim young man before him had been through a dreadful novitiate during the great war. "Why," he asked after a moment, as Sir George moved to ring for the waiter, "why do you so determinedly avoid rich girls? Seriously isn't that what you came here for—to make a rich marriage?"

Sir George drew himself erect and turned quickly and savagely. Then, as though the sight of the other man's helplessness checked his natural resentment, stiffened. "That what you think, too?"

"Isn't it true? Or at least partly true?" Robert MacBeth questioned, taking advantage of his infirmity. "Wouldn't it help you put Sandshere in order and yourself on your feet?"

The young man's face darkened. "Oh, undoubtedly! But I'm not going to put Sandshere in order at that price, nor am I sure that it would not take me off my feet."

He paused. "If you will believe me, sir, I would like very much to have it finally understood that I came out here for a job and nothing else. I'd like to put myself on my own feet." He looked up again. "No matter what dear old Aggy says, that's the truth and," he hesitated, "and I'd be obliged if you would bring yourself to believe it, and to tell Miss Roberta that you do believe it."

"Why, particularly Roberta?" MacBeth asked dryly.

"Because," the young man's face paled, "possibly if she was assured of this by you, she might change her attitude."

"Which is?"

"Which is one that I have not been accustomed to," Sir George said simply, "and one which is not pleasant for a self-respecting man. If it will help matters out," he continued, still with the same quiet simplicity, "you can assure Miss Roberta that if she had the wealth of India belted around her waist, I wouldn't look the road she walked on, much less want to marry her." His tone was heated.

Roberta's father surveyed him with gathering rage. "Set your mind at rest," he declared grimly. "There's no danger of her ever looking your road. I have that from her own lips."

"Good! Then if you will take the trouble to tell her I never dreamed of lifting my eyes to her, or to your pocketbook, you may make it easier for her to treat me as a harmless young man, her father's diligent secretary and no spy."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Robert MacBeth, and receiving no answer, at once, said even more anxiously, "What do you mean by 'spy'?"

"That I'm not one. Yet Miss MacBeth treats me as though I were continually spying upon her."

"What reason has Roberta to fear that?" her determined father asked again.

"I plead ignorance," declared his secretary, inwardly cursing himself for having even hinted at it. "I don't know the reason for her suspicion. I only know that it is so, and she makes me feel it."

The waiter entered with the supper and arranged it on the library table. MacBeth settled himself on his pillows and, as he picked up his spoon regarding the young man with amusement. "Funny way to spend an hour at a party. I appreciate it, of course, but it makes me wonder."

"There's no cause to wonder." The younger man's tone was so weary—so disillusioned—that it startled MacBeth. "I don't give two pence for parties, sir. Haven't for years. Never really at home, really enjoying myself. That's why I would rather eat with you, sir. Somehow," he added, "despite the fact that you are older, and my boss, I have always had a feeling that you like me—for myself."

"You are not far off," MacBeth told him. "I liked you from the first. I'm going to sit here day by day, doing nothing, and watching you bring home the bacon."

Sir George stared at him in amazement. "I mean watching you do the work that I ought to do."

"Oh—odd expression that! I thought it meant a little marketing on my part for the household, and I was just a trifle bothered. I never did market, but of course that's no reason why I shouldn't begin."

"Atta boy! Reach me a cigarette. Don't you like the boys here?" MacBeth asked as the younger man rose to get the cigarettes.

"Oh, immensely! Only they seem very young to me," said Sir George, as he discovered that the matches

were not with the cigarettes, but on a stand near the window, and moved to get them.

Robert MacBeth opened his lips to tell him that Ray Browne and others had been in France during the war and were fully as old if not older than Sir George, when he remembered that the boys who went over from here, though they fought and suffered as bravely as any there, had at least come home to a land of settled peace and plenty, which had not been Sir George's case. He was about to put something of this in words, when to his amazement the cigarettes were dashed on the desk and Sir George, with a quick low exclamation went plunging through the window and along the terrace, in rapid pursuit of some one or something.

CHAPTER VIII

Some one had been listening at the window. Though he flung himself so headlong into the pursuit that he was still carrying in his hand a box of matches and the single cigarette which he had taken out of the box for MacBeth, Sir George was not in time to see his quarry round the corner. He



"Has Sir George Been Scaring You With His Imaginary Men-Behind-Window-Curtains?"

flung the matches and cigarette from him, and leaped over the edge of the terrace and went toward the little landing place, where he could see a man getting into one of the canoes.

He had every reason to believe that in a moment he would have him in his grasp when Roberta MacBeth rose suddenly, it seemed to him out of the earth, though it was really only from behind the shrubbery near the landing place, and blocked his way. He flung out his hand, to keep from falling himself or knocking her down, and grasped her shoulders. He spun her out of the way, disregarding her gasp of "What's wrong?"

But the delay had been sufficient. There was no sign of the man he had been pursuing, and when he reached the water's edge there was no one there. Mechanically he began searching for some hiding place among the boats, when Roberta joined him. She was alone and breathless, and both facts made Sir George suspicious.

"What happened?" she asked him abruptly.

He answered her with equal abruptness. "You have just prevented my capturing some one who was watching, or listening, under your father's window."

She gave him a quick startled look, and then raising her voice a little higher, whether with intent or astonishment he could not be quite sure. "What things you imagine. How could he have come this way without my seeing him?"

Sir George did not answer. He went down to the water's edge and then started toward the bridge which lay in shadow. Instantly this provoking girl was in front of him again.

"I asked you—"

In the heat of his anger at her persistence he answered her as he

would not have done if he had stopped to think for a moment. "Some friend of yours, evidently, since you are so anxious to screen him."

She stepped back as though he had struck her.

"Do you mean—" she began. "I don't mean anything," he answered, avoiding her. "I would like to continue my search alone. Go back to your guests, or go back to your father, and explain to him why you blocked my way."

He had twisted from her now. If she had wished to stop him she could not. He ran, with the quick swiftness which his long legs made possible, across the little bridge and up the road that led to the highway. The road behind and before him was quite empty. He waited a moment, his senses alert, for any movement in the brush but there was none. Not a sound, so far as he could hear. He went slowly back to meet, as he crossed the bridge, various riotous greetings and questions as to where and when he had lost his girl. He replied to them in the same jesting tone, relieved that he had not been seen running along the terrace, and that no one had been alarmed.

Robert MacBeth gave him a quick inquiring look. He answered it with a little warning frown.

Lady Sandison went toward the door with some of Robert's guests, saying in a low voice to her stepson, as she passed him: "Dance with Roberta, laddie. She's missed you."

"I can't flatter myself so much as to believe that, Aggy. I advise you—as they say over here—to 'lay off us.' You can't drive us together."

"Dear me, dear!" said Lady Sandison and hurried after her guests.

MacBeth looked up at Sir George as the others left the room.

"Well?"

"I couldn't catch him."

"Who?"

"The man who was listening at the window."

"You're crazy!"

"I chased him along the terrace and down to the water's edge and then—"

"Well?"

"Then I lost him."

"Why?"

"Because a girl got between us. I had to avoid knocking her down. The fellow got away."

"Who was the girl?"

"Rather not tell, sir."

"Then you think she knew something?"

"I could not say."

Robert MacBeth gazed at him puzzled. "What would he want under my window?"

"Again I don't know, sir. But there are a lot of your men here tonight. They—I mean the gang after your payroll—may have thought you would discuss some of your plans. Some one was there—and he was listening."

Robert MacBeth leaned back to study the facts again. While he did so the band played a riotous fox trot. "If you're worried about the payroll," MacBeth, who had been smoking and thinking, suddenly said aloud, "the spy went empty away. Nothing said to anyone tonight about our plans."

"Good! Then we'll sleep on it. I have a scheme which I would like to tell you about tomorrow."

A voice from the door made them look up. "Tired, Dad?" Roberta asked. She glanced quickly at the two men. "Has Sir George been scaring you with his imaginary men-behind-window-curtains? He's so determined to find us infested with wild men shooting pistols that he sees bandits everywhere. Better send him to Mexico, Father, and let his dreams come true."

"Who told you about it?" MacBeth looked on one to the other.

"Oh, Sir George, of course," Roberta laughed. "I met him when he was hot on his wild goose chase."

MacBeth stared. "Did you? He didn't tell me that. What were you doing when you stopped him?"

"Nothing," said Roberta, and bit her lip. What a fool she was! Sir George would be certain to fasten all his silly suspicions upon Jack! How easy it would have been to have said she was looking at the water or waiting for her dance partner.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Changes Have Made Men Subservient to Women

All fights for freedom, that succeed, go too far, and become in turn the infliction of a tyranny. Like Napoleon or a Soviet. And like the freedom of women.

Perhaps the greatest revolution of modern times is the emancipation of women, and perhaps the deepest fight for 2,000 years and more has been the fight for women's independence, or freedom, call it what you will. The fight was deeply bitter; and it seems to me, it is won. D. H. Lawrence writes, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

It is even going beyond, and becoming a tyranny of woman, of the individual woman in the house, and of the feminine ideas and ideals in the world. Say what we will, the world is swayed by feminine emotion today, and the triumph of the pro-

ductive and domestic activities of man over all his previous military or adventurous or flaunting activities is a triumph of the woman in the home.

The male is subservient to the female need, and outwardly, man is submissive to the demands of woman.

Wide If Not Widest

New Orleans claims one of the world's widest streets, for its Florida walk covers 438 feet between property lines.

Splitting Cobblestones

To split cobblestones for masonry work requires an experienced stone cutter. A pitching tool and hammer are used.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

THE MARKETS

Portland
Wheat — Big Bend bluestem, 70c; soft white, western white, 66c; hard winter, northern spring, western red, 63c.

Hay—Buying price, f. o. b. Portland: Alfalfa, \$17.50@18; valley timothy, \$17.50; eastern Oregon timothy, \$19@20; clover, 14; oat hay, \$14; oats and vetch, \$13.50@14.

Butterfat—22@25c.
Eggs—Ranch, 14@22c.
Cattle—Steers, good, \$8.75@9.25.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$9.25@9.50.
Lamb—Good to choice, \$5.50@6.75.

Seattle
Wheat—Soft white, western white, 66c; northern spring, hard winter, western red, 64c; bluestem, 68c.
Eggs—Ranch, 12@24c.
Butterfat—29c.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7.50@8.50.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$9.15@9.25.
Lamb—Choice, \$5.50@6.75.

Spokane
Cattle—Steers, good, \$7.50@8.25.
Hogs—Good to choice, \$8.85.
Lamb—Medium to good, \$5@6.

A toy balloon crossed the storm-swept Cascades in midwinter from Salem to a field near Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gibson observed the 53d anniversary of their wedding at their home in Cove recently.

The Hopper Women's auxiliary of the Oregon State Wool Growers' association was organized recently.

The first fire of 1931 in Klamath county destroyed the box factory of the Cascade Box company at Klamath Falls.

Penitentiary officials discovered a knife blade concealed in a slice of bread being sent to the cell of one of the prisoners.

A. J. Bier of Corvallis was elected president of the Oregon State Fox Breeders' association at its annual meeting at Salem.

Thirteen hundred and fifty cars of potatoes have been shipped from Klamath county this year. This was two-thirds of the 1930 crop.

The fire loss in Eugene during 1930 was \$34,045, according to a report issued by W. E. Nussbaum, fire chief. The 1929 loss was \$60,000.

Postal receipts at Medford during 1930 showed an increase of \$953,678, or slightly over 10 per cent, Postmaster W. J. Warner announces.

A total of 1,346,521 letters were canceled as to stamps by the Bend post-office during 1930. This number is 45,991 greater than the total for 1929.

Mrs. Jack Johnson, member of the first white family to settle in what is now Wallowa county, died at the family home on the Imnaha recently.

Ashland is spending about \$150 per day, employing about 35 men, to relieve the unemployment situation. Sixty men who have registered are being worked in shifts.

Bids for the construction of about 125 miles of highway and several culverts and bridges will be opened by the state highway commission at a meeting in Portland soon.

Registration at the University of Oregon for this year will soon reach the 3300 mark, a new high level for the winter term, it is announced by Earl M. Pallett, registrar.

Oregon is entitled to \$3,107,000 of federal roads funds without any present expenditure by the state, according to announcement by Secretary Hyde of the department of agriculture.

Condemnation proceedings will be launched within the next 60 days in which the city of Salem will attempt to take over the local plant of the Oregon-Washington Water Service company.

All mills on Coos bay were humming busily again after a shutdown before Christmas. More than 500 men went back to work in the Coos Bay Lumber company plant and logging operations.

Non-resident motor vehicle registrations in Oregon for 1930 will show a decrease of approximately 10,000 from the 1929 figures. For the first 11 months of 1930, 90,179 such registrations were made. In 1929, there were 103,003.

Eugene's fire loss in 1930 was \$34,045, of which \$24,977.79 was recovered by insurance, according to W. E. Nussbaum, fire chief. During the year the department answered 226 calls. This year's loss was fourth highest since 1924.

Fifty-five ranches and farms around Redmond were given names in 1930. Farmers believe that giving their places names is good advertising. Signs are being put up and the names are being registered with the county court.

The Dalles-Wasco county chamber of commerce has rescinded its endorsement of the Unatilla rapids project, made five years ago. It conflicts with projects proposed in the vicinity of The Dalles.

Building permits at Roseburg issued during 1930 represented a total expenditure of \$67,785, an increase of 65 per cent over 1929 but considerably behind the year 1928, when the construction was begun.

Astoria is making a third attempt to obtain an appropriation for building an armory. An appropriation was voted by the legislature in 1927 and vetoed by the governor. A 1929 attempt also failed.

W. C. White, formerly superintendent of the Jordan valley irrigation project, has been named manager of the Warm Springs irrigation district, with headquarters at Vale, succeeding Ted Hon, resigned.

The Dayton city officials have adopted an ordinance charging \$1 a month, or \$12 a year, for all trucks delivering wholesale merchandise, which includes oil, bread, etc. Farmers' trucks will not be affected by the new ruling.

Emergency employment at The Dalles is now in full swing, with the city water commission starting a crew of a score of men to work on the pipe replacement project, on which between \$12,000 and \$15,000 is to be expended.

Within 30 days the Siskiyou national forest service will have under construction a new scenic highway between Grants Pass and Yreka. The road will be 12½ miles long and will follow a mountain ridge at an altitude of 4500 feet.

Inheritance taxes collected by the state of Oregon during 1930 totaled \$1,165,294.12, according to State Treasurer Kay. The amount sets a new record for the inheritance tax department, topping the 1929 collections by approximately \$5600.

Walter Stephen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dent of Lakeview, would like to establish his claim as the first baby born in the state in 1931. He was the recipient of many gifts offered by local merchants for the first baby to be born in Lake county in the New Year.

The eastern Oregon state hospital for the insane at Pendleton on January 1 had a balance of \$37,577.23 unexpended from its appropriation by the 1929 legislature, the largest unexpended balance of all of the state institutions. The money reverts to the state general fund.

Monroe held an indignation meeting recently to protest against a new proposed highway, which would pass below Monroe, leaving the town flat. The object of the new cut is to eliminate a sharp curve over the Long Tom river. The citizens are up in arms over the proposed change.

Improvement work has been started on the West Linn-Willamette road and a crew of men will be engaged for about four weeks in widening the thoroughfare. The West Linn city council has decided to use hand labor instead of machinery on all improvement projects to relieve the unemployment situation.

At a recent meeting of Champcope Lodge No. 27, A. F. and A. M., at Canby, Byron J. Grim of Aurora was presented a 50-year membership jewel. Mr. Grim has been a member of Champcope lodge for 58 consecutive years. Mr. Grim is the only member having received this honor in the history of Champcope lodge.

Formation of a turkey pool between January 8 and 20 is planned by the Oregon Turkey Growers. Less than half of the turkeys included in the organization have been shipped. The growers sold 19 carloads for the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's markets, making a total of about 35,000 turkeys. It is expected to market in excess of 80,000.

Statistics of mineral production in Oregon in 1930, issued by the United States bureau of mines, show total value of \$309,100, a decrease of \$176,300 from the preceding year. The decrease was general but largest in copper. Gold production aggregated \$285,500, decreasing \$68,000. Most of the output came from placer mines.

Oregon granite from Ashland or Limestone from Yaquina can be used in the postoffice at Corvallis and Klamath Falls, according to information received by Representative Hawley. Contractors are authorized to use either or both Oregon products, substituting them for Indiana limestone. The ruling will satisfy demands for using local material and also will encourage Oregon industry.

Representatives of the county court of Harney and Lake counties, the Burns chamber of commerce and the Lake county chamber of commerce held a joint meeting at Lakeview and selected James Donegan of Burns to represent both counties before the highway commission and the department of the interior. He will press the request that the funds now available by virtue of the Oddie-Celton law be used in the construction of a highway connecting the central Oregon and Fremont highways.

Italian Peasants Cling to Unsanitary Homes

A tradition of centuries' standing is handicapping Italian engineers in their work of reconstructing the buildings destroyed by the recent earthquake in the region east of Naples. Dozens of new homes have already been constructed to replace the loosely built old dwellings destroyed by the quake recently. They are pleasant structures with several rooms, far more comfortable in every way than the buildings which they replace, and one would naturally expect the peasants to acclaim the work and to struggle for the handsome new homes. On the contrary, many peasants have utterly refused to live in them, one of the objections being that farm animals, which generally live in the same buildings as their owners in the hilltop communities, are not furnished accommodations in the new structures. In many other ways they are too "new-fangled" for the medieval-minded people who inhabit the region. Eventually, however, simply because they have no other habitations, the people are expected to retreat from their stubborn position, and to accept the magnanimity of the government with thanks.

The Shakers anticipated by many years the modern vogue of finishing furniture "in the natural," although they often washed a thin coating of yellow ochre or venetian red over the wood. Their construction was solid and workmanlike and featured expert pegging and doweling. Their woods for the most part were native Kentucky timber such as plain and curly maple, pine, birch, chestnut, and occasionally walnut. Not infrequently the chairs, beds and chests had wooden casters.

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Shaker Furniture Had Its Distinctive Charm

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