

# The Handsome Man

by Margaret Turnbull

## THE STORY

Returning to London, practically penniless, after an unsuccessful business trip, Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse, "Aggy." He did not approve of her marriage to his father, but her explanation satisfies him. Little as 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 longs for city life. MacBeth is a victim of arthritis and almost helpless. Roberta meets Sir Sandison and Sir George and mistakes them for expected servants.

## CHAPTER III—Continued

He remembered now that Roberta had aptly observed that they would have to get along somehow until the new servants came from the city, and it was possible they might not arrive at the island until tomorrow. The unpleasantness of this morning had been with a statement from Roberta that in this place it was impossible to get or keep a decent staff of servants. It was too far from everywhere. The servants brought from the city would get put up with their remoteness, and as for temporary help, which was all one could get in this place, it was beyond speech.

Robert, the millionaire, groaned, and turned to watch the car cross the bridge and make its way toward the house. It came to a standstill just beneath him, and he saw Joe lift out two or three traveling bags and then turn to speak to the first of his passengers who alighted. This was a tall young man with golden brown hair, which gleamed in the sunlight as he took off his hat and looked about with interest. He turned to help out a middle-aged woman with a round and well-filled figure. Bob MacBeth looked at her idly.

Must be the cook-housekeeper and the butler Roberta expected, but she had not told him they were Scots. Robert MacBeth prided himself on his ability, gained from years of handling immigrant labor, of unerringly recognizing nationality, even city or district, at a glance. The woman was talking to Joe Ligor, who evidently did not quite understand her. He saw the young man gently touch her arm, as though to bid her be quiet, and himself address Joe. Robert saw that Joe nodded and grinned with pleasure, climbed back into the front seat and composed himself to wait. The man and the woman came toward the door. They rang several times, but there was no response.

He raised himself painfully in his chair, rapped loudly with his cane and called out: "This way!" They turned and came toward him. There was no doubt the dumpy little woman was a Scot. Robert MacBeth, so long a resident of this country that he had ceased to think of himself as anything but an American, felt a warm feeling of kinship, strong as only kinship Scots and possibly the equally kinship Jews can feel at the sight of another of their race in a strange land.

She was typical, this little woman. A good-looking woman at that! But what clothes! He found himself eager to hear her speak. He knew beforehand she would have a glorious burr, and maybe something of a dialect. It was music to his ears. After all these years of Americanization, Robert MacBeth still thrilled to bapsies, or the burr in a Scot's voice.

He glanced at the man to whom she was talking, and whistled, low. Selson had seen such a handsome man. The fellow was striking, both as to his height, the clear-cut beauty of his features and his fine head with its brown hair, gleaming gold in the sunlight. Under his broad brows his brown eyes, large and finely formed, looked out with a curious directness. Oh, this man will never do! Robert said to himself decidedly. Have all the maids neglecting their work to look at him!

The woman came forward with a quick, decided step. She planted herself softly on her feet as she walked, as though each small plump foot was a flatiron. Robert had an odd feeling of liking for her. There was nothing servile in the way this woman walked toward and looked at him. She was directly opposite him now.

"Pardon me, but I am unable to rise, owing to a bad attack of rheumatism. Won't you sit?"

She did not move, but kept looking at him oddly and finally said:

"Rob, do you ye know me? I'm Aggy!"

He stared at her, speechless. His eyes searched her face for traces of the young and blooming sister he had left, so many years ago, in Scotland. It couldn't be Aggy! Yet, when he looked again, this might be Aggy—an Aggy that the years had stunted and thickened and rounded out a little too much, and put gray in the great mass of red hair which Sister Aggy used to have.

"Aggy!" He said it aloud. "Is it you? I cannot rise."

Aggy, if this was Aggy—this strange woman—came nearer him and took his hand in hers.

It will be a surprise to you, I doubt, Rob, after so many years.

## Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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after my refusing your kind offer so decided-like; but I'm Aggy." Robert, his eyes still on her said softly: "Aggy!" Then he smiled. "It's like you, coming this way without warning." He laughed. "Why, I thought you were the new cook or the housekeeper."

Aggy smiled. It was a slow and reluctant smile, but it was pleasant. "So, did your lady-daughter, who passed us on the road here. She told you driver that you were at home and would see us."

"You didn't tell her—" "Guid Sakes! No! I didn't tell her anything about who I was." She looked at him again. "Rob, is it no convenient? You need not stand on ceremony with me."

All the old protective feeling that he, as elder brother, used to feel for "wee Aggy" came over Rob MacBeth. He forgot the years they had lost—somewhere, somehow. He forgot that this was a middle-aged, strange woman.



But She Had Not Told Him They Were Scots.

an, almost as old now as the mother they had lost so many years ago. He forgot that he was a middle-aged man with a grown daughter and a million or two. He saw himself once more a strong young man leaving Scotland, while a red-haired girl clung to him and cried: "Oh, Rob, I cannot let you go! What'll I do without ye?"

He reached out his hand and said: "Aggy, I'm glad to see you. Did I not tell you that? Except for Roberta, there's nobody left but you and me."

The little woman stooped over, smoothed his hair and kissed him.

"Dear Rob," she murmured. "He indicated a chair beside him and she sat down."

"What brought you, Aggy," he asked her, reverting unconsciously to the almost appalling directness of the true Scot, "and who's that?" He indicated Sir George, who was standing at the edge of the terrace and looking out toward the river.

"That's Sir George," said his sister quietly.

"What!" roared Bob MacBeth.

"Sir George Sandison," explained Aggy, with a self-conscious smile that just escaped being a smirk.

"I might have known it," said Rob MacBeth slowly. "I might have remembered those good looks. He's the same handsome devil that his father was before him. By the way, what's his name? Is he Steenie? Drunk himself to death?"

"Yes," said Aggy solemnly, "just that."

"Well," and her brother gave her a puzzled look, "what's Sir George doing here?"

"I invited him," answered Aggy, demurely. "Have you room or shall I send him back to the town for the night?"

Her brother gave her a quick look. "What's it mean?"

"Nothing," said Aggy stubbornly. "It's but natural."

## Famous Statuary Hall Senator Morrill's Idea

Justin Smith Morrill suggested the plan of putting statues in the Capitol of prominent men from each state. The National Statuary hall, semicircular in shape and designed by Latrobe, after a Greek theater, is one of the most beautiful rooms of the Capitol. On the north side it has a colonnade of Potomac marble with white capitals, and a screen of similar columns on the south side supports a noble arch. The domed ceiling, decorated after that of the Roman Pantheon, springs 57 feet to a cupola by which the room is lighted. Above the door leading from the rotunda is Franzoni's historical clock. This room was the hall of representatives, and was the forum of debates by Webster, Clay, Adams, Calhoun and others whose names are indelibly associated with the history of congress. In 1864 at the suggestion of Senator Morrill of

"Good G—d!" exclaimed her brother, "is anything wrong with him? Are you still his nurse?" Aggy looked at him scornfully and yet a little proudly. "I am not, and have not been for many a year. I'm his stepmother."

"What!" roared the owner of the island, who had been thinking how best he could in a modest way introduce to his poor, but proud, sister the great story of his success, his millions.

"Yes," said his sister, with a matter-of-fact calmness that deceived her brother, and then proceeded to spike all his guns by her declaration: "I'm Lady Sandison, of Sandisbrae."

She kept her eyes away from her brother, until she thought he had digested this and then added: "I'm traveling, with my stepson, Sir George. We thought we'd just drop in and see you on our way."

The master of the island stared back at his sister. There was a considerable pause during which Robert thought hard before he asked: "How did you manage it, Aggy?"

Lady Sandison looked at him with quiet dignity.

"It's a long story, but it'll be told in time, Rob. Are we invited to be the night, or am I to tell the taxi-man to wait?"

"Here, Joe," called MacBeth, "put the bags in the hall. Open the door yourself. There are no servants in the house. Get the trunks up from the station tonight."

"Sure-a, alla right," Joe responded blithely, and carried the bags toward the door.

Lady Sandison waved her hand, and summoned her stepson imperatively. He started toward them.

"Is he no beautiful?" asked Aggy proudly.

MacBeth groaned. "Handsome as a handsome does," he countered.

"Aye," agreed Lady Sandison, "in the same way that beauty is only skin deep, and Guid kens that's deep enough. Sir George, this is my brother, Rob."

"How are you, Mr. MacBeth?" Sir George asked quickly. "Can I do anything," he continued as Rob MacBeth shifted uneasily in his chair and groaned with pain at even that slight movement.

"Sir George, you're welcome to my house and everything in it," MacBeth paused, thinking with a little awe of the changes time brings. The last time he had seen this man was as a tiny boy, in Aggy's arms. With a start he continued cordially.

"I'm unable to do the honors. My daughter is out and there are no servants, temporarily. Will you go in and make yourself at home? You will find plenty to smoke and drink in the library. My sister has something to say to me before I ask you to help me in."

"Thanks," Sir George said, hesitating a little. "Frightfully good of you, I'm sure. I'll leave you to talk over things, but remember I'm within call if you need a strong arm." He nodded to Aggy and went toward the doorway, inwardly amused and puzzled at this country that could make a millionaire of Rob MacBeth and yet leave that millionaire alone and deserted on his island. But he knew he was going to like MacBeth. He was as fine and simple in his way as good old Aggy.

Rob MacBeth gave a long sigh, as Sir George disappeared. "Out with it, Aggy," he said quietly, turning on his sister. "I remember you of old. You never made a trip all the way from Sandisbrae to this island, without wanting something. What is it?"

"It's this way, Rob," began his sister. "As Aggy laid frankly before him the urgent reasons for her visit, Robert MacBeth's daughter sat in the cabin at Indian Lodge some ten miles way. The Lodge was an old Pennsylvania stone house on the highway between New York and Philadelphia, lately restored and operated as an inn.

Roberta MacBeth had often dined here with her father when servants had fallen them at home, for the Lodge was famous throughout the county for its food, but this was her first visit without him. Indeed, so short a time was it since Roberta had left school that this was the first time she had ever dined quite alone with a young man. She was determined, however, to keep that fact to herself. (TO BE CONTINUED)

then the Tin Soldier stuck his head out of the top of the sack. "Swing your whip this way, Santa," he called. "I'll catch it and you can pull us over the edge."

Santa swung his long whip and the soldier stood up very straight to catch it. Once, twice, three times he tried and missed, but next time, just as the water was seeping through the sack, he caught it.

"Oh, I want more than ever to be left with you, captain," whispered Dolly Dimple, as she snuggled close to the Tin Soldier.

On and on they went. At times it seemed they must be flying through the air, but all at once they stopped.

"The coaster with the shiny runners," called Santa. "A little boy lives in this farm house and he especially wants a sled."

"There was more room after the coaster had gone and the stops came more and more often as they drew near to a big city. One by one the toys were going and still Dolly Dimple clung to the arm of the Tin Soldier.

They were in the city now and suddenly the sleigh stopped before a plain frame house.

"There's no chimney big enough for me here," said Santa as he shouldered the sack of toys and started for the door.

On the back of a worn tapestry chair was one thin little stopper. Santa put his hand inside, pulled out a note and began to read. The Tin Soldier could hear the words though they fell in whispers from Santa's lips, and his heart almost stopped beating.

"Dear Santa Claus: Please can I have a soldier with a red coat? I can play fort with him. That's all, Santa, and thanks, Santa. Dear, your friend, Jimmie."

Santa stopped and felt around in his bag; only one soldier left.

"I wanted to leave you two together," he said, as his hand touched Dolly Dimple and the soldier. "What am I to do now?" He looked at the note again.

There was a rustling in the sack and the Tin Soldier stood up. Then he straightened his shoulders and threw back his head.

"I'll go, Santa, I'm ready."

"Thanks, captain, you're a brave man," said Santa as he stooped to lift him up.

Gently he was placed away down in the toe of the stocking while candles and nuts came thundering down beside him.

For a few moments there was dead silence all about him, then came the creaking of the floor and a soft closing of the outside door. Straining his ears he caught the last faint tinkle of the sleigh bells as Santa and Dolly Dimple sped away into the night.

How very still it was then and oh, how dark. The Tin Soldier shivered in spite of himself. Somewhere in the house a clock was ticking; tick, tick, tick, how slow and tired it sounded. If only it would go a little faster. Maybe in the daylight he wouldn't be so lonely. Where was Dolly Dimple. Would he ever, ever see her again?

Pretty soon he could make out the shapes of the nuts and candles around him. Then suddenly he heard the creak, creak of footsteps somewhere in the house.

Nearer and nearer they came. The chair moved, then a little hand came creeping down into the stocking, and then quick as a flash the Tin Soldier was whisked up into the light.

"Oh! Oh! a Tin Soldier!" gasped a little boy, and the Tin Soldier knew it must be Jimmie.

"Look, Mamma, look what Santa brought!" Jimmie whispered loudly while he gently shook his mother's arm. "A soldier! I'm going to take him with me to Auntie's today."

And that is how it happened.

Eagerly he ran on ahead of his parents that night and was first at the door of his auntie's house.

"Jessie, Jessie, see what Santa gave me," he called breathlessly the minute he was inside the door.

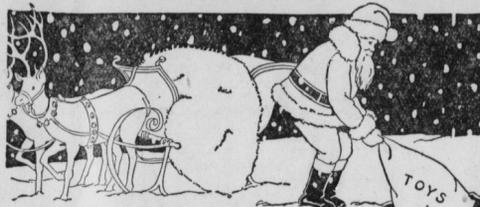
His little cousin came running to meet him. "Oh, Jimmie, just what you wanted, a Tin Soldier! But wait till you see what he left me!"

She hurried out of the room and came running back with something held tightly in her arms. The Tin Soldier's heart almost stopped beating.

There was Dolly Dimple, sure enough, smiling her dimpled smile at him from little Jessie's arms.

"Santa found out that Jessie and I were cousins, that's why he left me here," Dolly Dimple whispered in the ear of the Tin Soldier some time later.

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## The TIN SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS

by J. RAE TOOKE

IT WAS the day before Christmas. In Santa Claus' workshop all was noise and bustle. The Tin Soldier was standing very straight. He looked towards Dolly Dimple and a look of loneliness came into his face.

"You don't happen to know of a place where they want a doll and a tin soldier, too, do you, Santa?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm-m-m, let me see," Santa stroked his long white whiskers thoughtfully. His eye traveled slowly down the list of names before him.

"I haven't come to any yet, but I'll see what I can do. You two have always been great friends, haven't you? You were made by the same little brownie, perhaps that is the reason."

Dolly Dimple skipped over and threw her arms about the bright, red shoulders of the soldier.

"Let's hope for the best, captain. I think we can trust Santa."

Christmas eve came clear and frosty. At last all was ready; the toys in the sack were tucked away in the back of the sleigh, and with a mighty leap into the air, the reindeer started.

Cheerily rang the bells as the sleigh bounded over the ice. In the sack the toys were chattering gaily.

"I hope I will go to some one who will keep my pink silk dress clean," said Beauty, the proud, unbreakable doll.

"Well, nobody can hurt me very much," piped Peter, the rabbit, patting his stuffed sides.

The Tin Soldier said nothing. He could feel Dolly Dimple's little hand in his and he was hoping for the best.

Suddenly crack, crack! went the ice beneath them. Then bump! and out of the sleigh bounced the sack of toys.

"We're in the water!" shouted Jack Tar, the dancing sailor.

And sure enough, there they were, floating about in the cold water.

Santa jumped from the sleigh which luckily had landed on firm ice. Just

Dolly Threw Her Arms About the Shoulders of Tin Soldier.

then the Tin Soldier stuck his head out of the top of the sack. "Swing your whip this way, Santa," he called. "I'll catch it and you can pull us over the edge."

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## GIRL WRITES STORY OF LIFE, TURNS ON GAS

Most Romantic Suicide in Annals of Washington Police.

Washington.—A suicide which police term as being "the most romantic in the history of the homicide squad" was discovered recently when Miss Draper Gill, twenty-six years old, a saleswoman, employed in the book department of a local department store, was found dying in the attic bedroom of an old residence near Sixteenth and K Street Northwest. A gas jet on the wall was opened wide.

Books were scattered about the room and several "intellectual" magazines were on the floor and on a little table in the room. On the table, neatly written, was a story which police say the girl wrote as an autobiographical sketch. It was titled "Thirteen Cigarettes."

The story opened with a description of the little room in which the body was found, speaking of the "discolored, once white walls, the plaster chipped and cracked, with a few nail holes about all." Like this little chamber, the room in the story was on the fourth and top floor of the house.

Devoid of Romance. The character, named Carol, was twenty-six, and her life had been entirely devoid of anything suggesting romance. Bills and debts were nightmares and horrid, every day things with which she was constantly being worried, until there seemed to be no romance left in the world for anyone.

"Just the other day," the story ran, "she had read a story entitled 'Something Will Happen,' but nothing had happened, and in desperation she laid out 13 cigarettes with a hazy idea of

doing something to rid the world of herself and herself of the world when her last stub had been committed to the ash tray," and as the story ran, so were the 13 stubs found when members of the homicide squad arrived to investigate and examine the room and its contents.

Near the middle of the story there was a single sentence paragraphed by itself: "There are eight cigarettes left." Further on there was another, "Now there are three."

It Was the End. Nearing the end of the probable biography was another sentence, potent and suggestive of desperate action: "There are no cigarettes left. The ashes of 13 are lying in a crumpled up heap in the ash tray."

It was the end. Evidently the girl, carrying out the story to the last minute detail, tidied things about the room, arranged her hair, straightened the manuscript on the little table by the side of the bed, and reached up for the gas jet, opening it wide.

Heads of the department where the girl was employed stated that she had only been employed for about a week this year and that she had been reported ill for at least two days of that week.

Little was known about her personally, except that she seemed to have few friends, to be of a retiring disposition, and to have a good knowledge of current literature. She was employed at the store for a longer period last year, but had left their employ when she was out of town for some time.

Miss Gill left no note specifically explaining her act, only the story. Police located an uncle, William H. Gill of Cherrystone, Va., and efforts are being made to get in touch with a brother who is in the coast guard service on the New England coast. He was referred to in the story she left, but only as "brother."

Eating Caterpillars Sends Small Boy to Doctor

Silverton, Ore.—Mrs. Pansy Newport's small boy was hungry. A caterpillar attracted. He ate it. When his mouth swelled Mother Newport took him to a doctor who removed many hairs from the tender skin.

Takes Wife for Burglar

Forest City, Fla.—Mistaking his wife for a burglar, Ora M. Parker of this place shot her to death.

He heard a noise in the house and investigated. Seeing some one moving in the semi-darkness, he fired. The woman fell with a scream.

Don't bother to "make this simple test"



BUT if you must convince yourself, try some ordinary tobacco in an old pipe. Note result in chalk on the bottom of your left shoe.

Then try some ordinary tobacco in your favorite pipe. Note on other shoe. Finally, try some Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco in any good pipe. You won't have to note it anywhere, for you'll notice with the very first puff how much cooler and milder it is. It stays so, right down to the last puff in the bowl—rich, mellow and fragrant. Your regular tobacco isn't Sir Walter, of course. Try a tin—today.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(Here's the tip) Some smokers believe that oil on the bowl of a pipe keeps it bright and shiny. Temporary, the bowl is bright, but it soon gets dull again. A little rub with a soft cloth will do wonders, especially if the pipe is warm.

Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe," Brownie, Williams, Dept. 18 Corporation, Louisville, Ky.