

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, "Aggy." He did not approve of her marriage to his father, but her explanation satisfies 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 longs 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.

CHAPTER III—Continued

It was Roberta who had selected Indian Lodge and had used her father's name when she telephoned and arranged for luncheon. Juan had, obligingly in the modern manner, left it all to her. Juan, who had angelized his first name, and was known as "Jack" Navarro, was a slim, clever, dark young man of what is commonly called the Latin-American type. His eyes, looking like dead black clinders or live coals, according to his mood, were always capable of keeping his thoughts from Roberta.

He was regarding her now with extreme impatience and not a little contempt, though this Roberta could not see. She saw only his obvious good looks and his odd, but her, charming manners. Jack was "so different." It was to come here and meet Jack that she had quarreled with her father. She saw herself as a daring and sophisticated young woman, hampered by an old-fashioned parent with ridiculous ideas of what his daughter should and should not do.

To Jack Navarro, with a cosmopolitan upbringing and a sophisticated outlook on women and life, Roberta was a rather troublesome child. But he had orders to keep her amused and interested and he was doing this, with an ease that bored him. They had reached and finished the dessert stage, and Jack had produced, with a flourish, the expected and inevitable silver flask. Roberta, though her pulses quickened at this sign that she was regarded as an experienced woman, shook her head.

"Can't," she declared. "No use asking me, Jack. In the first place I don't like it, and in the second place I've given my father my solemn promise I won't touch it until I am twenty-one." Jack shrugged his shoulders, helped himself and slid his flask back into his pocket. Drinking was not countenanced at Indian Lodge, and one had to be careful how one did it, if one wanted to come again. It was a convenient place to meet this girl and Jack knew there was need of caution until he got what he wanted. Sometimes he doubted if he would succeed with her. She was to him so essentially stupid, so unused to, or slow to grasp meanings of looks or words in the game they were playing. These North American girls were so often educated in everything else but sex.

Still he had been told that to intrigue this girl was his share of the business on hand, so he lifted his eyes and gave her a long look and a slow smile. "Any hurry?" he asked. The girl looked at him doubtfully. "Well, I don't feel exactly comfortable leaving father alone so long. I should have gone back when I saw those servants going to the island. He can't move, you know, without help."

"Jack's eyes were enders. 'Is that so? Permanent?'" Roberta shook her head. "Oh, no. The doctor says he will be all right in a little while. It's just that his rheumatism is rather severe, just now." Navarro looked at her narrowly. "How soon will you be able to meet me again? Tomorrow night?"

Roberta shook her head. "I don't believe so. It isn't easy to get away at night. Day after tomorrow, I might, but tomorrow I'll be busy with the new servants. I won't have time for anything else."

She took a cigarette from him and, as he lighted it for her, looked at him a little curiously. "Funny, isn't it?" "What is funny?" He asked it quickly, and with the foreigners' sensitiveness to the American's strange idea of what is "funny."

"That we should see so much of each other in this way. When Hal Brice introduced us at the Princeton football game, I never expected to see you again."

"Why?" "Oh, because you're so much older, and Hal said you were frightfully sophisticated."

Navarro smiled, relieved. He had forced Brice to give him that introduction at a price and whether he liked it

or not. One never knew what an American like Brice might say. They knew at once so much and so little. But Brice had fortunately held his tongue.

"He is a nice boy, that Hal Brice, and he plays a good game, but he is too young—just a boy—to play my game."

"What is your game?" Roberta asked it with something of her father's directness.

"Just now it's making you like me more than a little, Roberta," he said softly, and put his hand gently over hers.

Roberta looked at him now flushing, a little puzzled. It was part of this man's fascination that he spoke sparingly—in private. It confused the girl, made it hard for her to judge him coolly, as she did the boys of her own set and age. She did not even know whether she liked it or not, whether she really liked Jack, but she could not run away, and she came back again, and again, still undecided.

"I do like you, Jack, only—"

"Only what?"

"Well—I like other people, too."

"Better," answered the honest Roberta, with a smile that robbed her speech of all brusqueness. "You see I've known them longer."

"The first time I saw you," Jack said it so softly and with such apparent calmness that Roberta wondered at him, and at herself, "I loved you so

well that no one I had known before counted. There has been only you in all the universe since our meeting, Roberta."

Roberta drew a long breath. It was marvelous and so tremendously grown up to listen to a man—a boy, but a full-grown man—saying such things to her! Why, Jack must be all of twenty-five! And her father treated her like a child! But though Roberta was dazzled she was not blinded, nor carried off her feet, yet. She was conscious of a great disappointment with herself, that his words did not raise more tumult in her breast. It must be because she had grown older and more used to things, that she could listen to such speeches and feel, though her breath came faster, and she liked it, that she was not greatly moved.

"Will you not come tomorrow?" Jack asked her again. "I ask you to." There was something behind the voice, something hard and insistent, something mocking, something that said that she was only a woman and must do what he asked. It was the first touch of the iron hand of his will behind the velvet glove of the foreign manners that so charmed her.

"No!" Roberta said it almost angrily. "I cannot come tomorrow. I will come Wednesday."

There was silence, a silence that spoke of displeasure on Navarro's part. Then he said: "No, I cannot come Wednesday, but I will come Thursday."

It was the girl who hesitated, and then made up her mind. "All right, Thursday, then. Where?"

"Here." Why waste words on an obstinate girl?

"No," Roberta said quickly, "I think you ought to come to the house and meet my father, don't you? I don't like dodging about to avoid father and the crowd."

Navarro frowned. This girl would upset all plans unless she was kept in hand. "I'll come for you. I'll wait for you on the river road."

"All right," Roberta agreed slowly. "Come to the house if you like."

"No, the road," Jack replied.

Casual Visitor Seldom Seen in Italian Home

If it is possible to reduce Italy to a number of cities, it is further possible to reduce those cities to a number of families. I have never lived long in Italy, but all my Italian friends—and I have had many—and all my non-Italian friends who have lived long in Italy, agree that family life is more jealously guarded from outside influences than that of any other European country. One can stay for a score of years in Rome and be intimately acquainted with nobles and politicians and officials and the middle classes and the masses, meeting them in assemblies and in clubs and getting on the most confidential relations with them; and still, at the end of a score of years, realize that one has rarely ever been invited to cross the thresh-

old of an Italian household and to mingle intimately with an Italian family.—From "Europe in Zigzag," by Sissy Huddleston.

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CHRISTMAS TOYS



An Airplane Turkey

by Florence Harris Wells

It Is Easy to Make a Christmas Wreath

Inexpensive Christmas wreaths may be made of cuttings from pine trees, barberry and bayberry with pine cones wired on. At any florist's a wire circle can be bought with bunches of thin wires, making it the easiest of tasks to build up a wreath that is unusual in its beauty.

A Belated Christmas

By Blanche Tanner Dillin

Business Man's Dream Lands Burglar in Jail

Berlin.—A Berlin business man brooded over the burglary of his house to such an extent that he could not keep the matter from his mind even in his sleep. He dreamed that he was led to a pawnshop where he identified his wife's jewels and other articles that the burglar had taken.

Request for a Light Leads to His Arrest

Paris.—Walking along one of the Paris boulevards a youth stopped Rene Dubois, police detective, who happened to be off duty, and asked him for a light.

Engine's Whistle Blows Boards Off Sidewalk

St. Paul.—A steam whistle on a locomotive passing under a viaduct blew three boards off the sidewalk above as it whistled for a crossing.

Pugilist Pounds Wife

Memphis, Tenn.—Kid Wolfe, lightweight pugilist, didn't confine his fighting to the prize ring, but frequently practiced his fists, hooks and punches upon his wife, Mrs. Beatrice Wolfe, she charged in her suit for divorce.

Man Escapes as Tail of Shirt Takes Fire

Memphis, Tenn.—J. W. Herington, filling station employee, had a hot couple of minutes here when the tail of his shirt caught fire in some unknown manner. The station manager pulled the garment from his back before he suffered from anything more than fright.

HUSBAND IS MUM; WIFE KILLS HIM

Follows Silent One to Dance and Knives Him.

New York.—Unable to stand the continued silence of her husband, who had not spoken to her for five months, Mrs. Nellie Koteley of Yonkers stabbed him to death, police will seek to prove. Mrs. Koteley, forty-seven, was arrested on a charge of homicide. The stabbing of her husband, fifty-eight, took place in a dance hall a few doors from their home.

Apples Point Solution of Mysterious Murder

Richmond, Quebec.—A mystery, which the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle might have chronicled under the title of "The Adventure of the Alexander Apples," has culminated in the arrest of Albert Vincent, twenty-eight, on a charge of murdering Edmond Trudeau, fifty-nine, farmer. Detective Sergeant Jargaille of the Quebec provincial police followed a 500-mile trail before he finally ran his quarry to earth.

Trudeau was beaten to death with an ax in the cellar of his home. In the barn were clues indicating that the slayer had slept overnight there—among them, two apples of the Alexander species.

Armed with a description of Vincent, Jargaille set out once more, and by persistent questioning traced the fugitive from village to village, and farmhouse to farmhouse, until he finally overtook and arrested him in Raxon Falls. Vincent now awaits trial at Sherbrooke.

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Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.

HALES' OREONEY OF OREHOUND AND TAR

Clears out cold in head or chest

A home remedy of tested and tried ingredients, safe, dependable.

WHEN BLADDER WEAKNESS PERSISTS WATCH OUT!

RESTLESS nights, interrupted work, need no longer distress you. Get back to your normal healthy and sound condition by using PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES. Don't let this trouble weaken and fatigue you,—when you can obtain the relief of these soothing capsules which have given thousands of you relief in less than 80 days. Get them right now, for your risk serious ailments if you let your ailments go unheeded.

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Ancient Cotton Cloth

PEP!

The foe of constipation. The foe of constipation and the friend and ally of PEP is Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills

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The trouble proof, non-kick Automatic Starter for models A and AA FORDS.

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AT THE FOREMOST DESERT RESORT of the West—marvelous climate—warm sunny days—clear starlit nights—day invigorating air—splendid roads—gorgeous mountain scenes—finest hotels—the ideal winter home.

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