The Handsome Man

MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by **IRWIN MYERS** opyright by Margaret Turnbull. W. N. U. Service.

THE STORY

Returning to London, practically senniless, 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 help less. MacBeth is glad to see his distant and select state. less. 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, oblig-ingly in the modern manner, left it all to her. Juan, who had angelicized 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 cinders 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 goodlooks and his odd, but to 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 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 Drinking was not countenanced at Indian Lodge, and one had to be careful how one did it, if one me 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 cinders. "Is that

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?"

Roberts 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

She took a cigarette from him and. as he lighted it for her, tooked at him a little curiously

"Funny, isn't it?" "What is funny?" He asked it uickly, 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

"Oh, because you're so much older, and Hal said you were frightfully

pophisticated." Navarro smiled, relieved. He had forced Brice to give him that introduc-

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

"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

"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 and was lavish with his caresses-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



'Just Now It's Making You Like Me More Than a Little, Roberta."

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-not a boy, but 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, so thing 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

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 ho neet my father, don't you? I don't like dodging about to avoid father and the crowd."

Navarro frowned. This girl would ipset all plans unless she was kept in and, "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.

He paid the check and they we out into the soft spring dusk, and he put her into her car, kissed her hand and whispered that she was adorable, and then stood lighting a cigarette as the watched her tear along the highway at sixty miles an hour. It was work he told himself, but at least he had gotten somewhere and learned something today.

Lady Sandison, having finished her own tale promptly, had had to listen to her brother's recital of his life and triumphs and then to a dissertation on Roberta, her beauty and talents, and finally to a short resume of Rob's difficulties with her.

Listening, Aggy's lips had closed tightly. She was not one to approve of halfway measures, and was in full sympathy with her brother's determination that things should not go on this way, for the girl's own sake.

"What now, precisely, are you thinking to do?" she finally asked. MacBeth looked at her appealingly. "I am puzzled," he admitted, with the frankness of the truly great. "What would you do?"

"It is not for me to say," retorted Lady Sandison promptly. "I have seen her but the once." "I'm not one for driving a girl to

"No," agreed Aggy. "Come, Aggy, you always had a tremendous lot of sense and I'm in need of a woman's eye as well as my own. Could you be persuaded to run this house for me, Aggy, for

money?" "You know well I'd do it for love." Aggy told him sternly, since love is not a word to be used often and requires cautious use even between relations

"But that would defeat your plans. Use sense, woman. Nobody but you and I need know our arrangement, and would it not be better for you to work for me than for a stranger?"

"It would depend. How much authority would you give me? Things must lie in my own hands, if I'm to make headway and help you."
"Done," said Rob MacBeth. "I paid

my last housekeeper two hundred and fifty dollars a month." "Michty me, Rob! I could not

charge you the like of that!" "It will be a saving if I pay you three hundred," said the crafty Rob, you to take over the entire direction f the house, leaving Roberta with nothing but her own affairs to attend to. She won't like that-"

"Fine, I see your plan, but the pay's far too high. Say two hundred."
"Three hundred or nothing!"

"Have it your own way, but I'm not to be used openly against the lass."
Rob was so busy planning his campaign that he did not notice how her little blue eyes were twinkling. "I'm just going to make Miss High-and-Mighty see where she gets off, if she doesn't behave," he said.

"Have it your own way," agreed Aggy, demurely. "What about Sir Geordie? Can you no help him to a place or use him here?"
Rob MacBeth stared at his sister.

He said nothing for what seemed to her a long time. "I can't ask him to do anything

menial," he announced, puzzled. "You cannot," she declared shortly. "I don't know what he's fitted for." "He's had a lot o' expensive schooling; a lot o' still more expensive soldiering, when he was hardly more than a laddie, and a thin time of it in the wilds of Central America."

"H'mm," said her brother, frowning. mother. "I'm away," announced his sister, "I'm away," announced his sister, rising, "to look over your kitchen and see if I can get together a tea for you, and him and me. You can be thinking."

"Beth and bod are quite justined, Mrs. Roberts assured her two older children. "Those advertisements are unusually attrac-

"I'm very much puzzled," said her

"Don't strain yourself," Lady Sandison told him drily. "There's such things as secretaries in America, are there not? And you lying here helpless far from your office.'

"By George! That's an idea!" Aggy looked at him without speakng, and left for the kitchen. That Rob, after all these years, had accepted her and her problems, including Sir Geordie, without either astonish-It was the girl who hesitated, and her remarkable. It was what she had ment or hesitation, did not seem to expected. Would she not have done the same thing for Rob?

Some twenty odd minutes later she reappeared, carrying a tray on which toast, deliciously browned, jam, cake and tea were invitingly spread forth. and went toward the library. Evidently Sir George had assisted Mac-Beth to get there, for she could hear the two men talking.

Both looked up at her, and Sir that's what we're all trying to do." George sprang to clear a place on the He turned to his father at the head of table and take the tray from her. "You should have called me, Aggy," he said reproachfully

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

× (1.000 to 1.000 to Casual Visitor Seldom Seen in Italian Home

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 in timately acquainted with nobles and politicians and officials and the middle classes and the masses, meeting them n assembles 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 ten at a price and whether he liked it | if ever been invited to cross the thres-

If it is possible to reduce Italy to | hold of an Italian household and to Ive only worked two days this week. mingle intimately with an Italian fami- Even with your help and Eleanor's ly.—From "Europe in Zigzag," by Sisley Huddleston.

Same Term Applied

A golfing husband was entertaining a friend. They were left alone talking for some time after dinner. Then the wife entered the dining room to hear her husband pass some remark about says on the Staith Market announce 'a hole in one."

"My goodness," she said. "Are you are marked. The one turning in the still talking about golf?"

greatest number of marked ads will

"No, dear," said her husband, with

receive a 12-pound turkey at our

The "Scotland of South America" anybody beat a collection like this."

Pategonia is known, covers nearly And nobody did. as Patagonia is known, covers nearly one-third of the area of Argentina.

CHRISTMAS TOYS



KERKEKKEKEN

a Christmas Wreath

Inexpensive Christmas wreaths

may be made of cuttings from

pine trees, barberry and bay-

At any florist's a wire circle can

be bought with bunches of thin

is unusual in its beauty.

berry with pine cones wired on.

wires, making it the easiest of

tasks to build up a wreath that

REFERENCE CONTRACTOR

belated

ones, the one gift for which she had

Three years ago she had been cer-

tain that before Christmas Ned

Traverse would ask her to marry him.

her, for the last few years would have indeed been lonely. But how

she wished that she might go with the

letters which she had just given to the

man for the night air mail, and fly

Feeling around in the storage box

to be sure that she had left nothing,

her hand struck a loose board. Then

"I am sailing for South America in

Altes

a card, had never come.

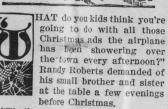
his old club.

Christmas

By Blanche Tanner Dillin

It Is Easy to Make





"That's what I'd like to know," Eleanor, nineteen, chimed in as she folded her napkin.

The twins, Beth and Bob, aged but seven, looked at each other over their plates and then turned towards their

"Beth and Bob are quite justified,"



zine. It is their own idea and that is what every one is striving for nowadays, you know, unique and original Christmas

cards." Mrs. Roberts' brown eyes twinkled. "I'd say they're original all right," Randy grinned. "But go to it, kiddies. At least you're saving expenses, and

the table: "How about the doctor's bill, Dad? Is it reducing enough so that we can manage a turkey for Christmas din-

ner, or shall we regale ourselves on something simpler?" Mr. Roberts smiled wearily: "I don't know, son, you know that incision isn't healing as it should and into new scenes and experiences.

"That's all right Dad, I was just she felt something like a letter. Pryasking. Mother's cooking makes ing it loose she held it up to the everything taste good." He stopped light, and to her astonishment she on the way out to look at the hear of ads piled on various chairs. Suddenly

"I am sailing for South America he picked one up and scrutinized it. "See here, folks. Listen what it

two weeks and shall expect an answer before I leave. No answer will mean 'No' to me." Then she saw it was ment-'Some of these advertisements post-marked three years before. Rushing to the telephone she called the club in the neighboring city and a smile, "we're talking about socks." market the morning of Christmas eve. heard the dear, familiar voice. It might be a belated Christmas letter Babies, the turkey's yours! There can't by several years, but both Ruth and Ned agreed the next day that it was

"Better late than never." (C. 1930, Western Newspaper Union.) (©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

of Shirt Takes Fire Memphis, Tenn.-J. W. Herrington, filling station employee. had a hot couple of minutes here when the tail of his shirt caught fire in some unknown manner.

Man Escapes as Tail

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 Knifes 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.

The couple quarreled five months ago, police said, and Koteley had not spoken a word to his wife since. When he left home without letting her know his destination she followed him to the dance hall.

When she spoke to him and he still maintained silence, according to police, she drew a potato knife and plunged it into his body near the heart. Koteley died on the way to the hospital.

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, twentyeight, 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 clews indicating that the slayer had slept overnight thereamong them, two apples of the Alexander species.

Realizing that no Alexander apples were grown in the vicinity of Trudeau's farm, Jargaille set out in search of the nearest orchard of that species. He found it, nearly thirty miles distant, and, on questioning the own-er, learned that Albert Vincent, a farm hand, had left his employ a few

days before Trudeau's murder. 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 inally overtook and arrested him in Raxon Falls. Vincent now awaits trial at Sherbrooke.

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 HRISTMAS should be a happy time for every one, but in Ruth Kenfield's heart there lead to a pawnshop where he identiwas little cheer. Every one fied his wife's jeweis and other artiseemed to be receiving gifts, cles that the burglar had taken.

she thought, as she sorted On awakening he told his wife of the mail in the little suburhis dream. As he remembered the ban post office. She had re- pawnbroker's face as well as the locaceived a goodly number hertion of the shop, his wife urged him to self even now, the day before Christvisit the place. There he saw the mas. But although there must be man of his dream and the jewelry in many beautiful gifts in the unwrapped | the case.

The police quickly traced the pledger looked for three years, a letter or just of the goods as a burglar who had been several times convicted.

Request for a Light Leads to His Arrest

But Christmas had come and gone and he had not spoken. Then she heard that he had gone to South America. Paris.-Walking along one of the Paris boulevards a youth stopped Rene Dubois, police detective, who hap-Just yesterday she heard that he was again in a neighboring city living at pened to be off duty, and asked him She had been grateful for the work for a light. as postmistress that had been given

It was at night. The detective took out his lighter, held the flame to the other's cigarette. The youth lit up and was about to turn away with a nod of thanks when he felt a tap on his shoulder.

"Come with me," said the detective. "I think I know you." He was a well-known crook, wanted by the police. He is awaiting trial.

Engine's Whistle Blows Boards Off Sidewalk

St. Paul.—A steam whistle on a loconotive passing under a viaduct blew three boards off the sidewalk above as it whistled for a crossing. The matter was reported to police

who decided it should be referred to the commissioner of public works. Before the commissioner could be reached over WPDS, the police radio station, a cruising squad of police, not knowing of the change of authority for replacing the boards, put them back.

Pugilist Pounds Wife

Memphis, Tenn.-Kid Wolfe, lightweight pugilist, didn't confine his fighting to the prize ring, but fre quently practiced his jabs, hooks and punches upon his wife. Mrs. Bentrice Wolfe, she charged in her suit for di-

Garfield Tea

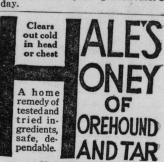


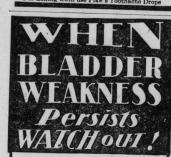
Was Your Grandmother's Remedy ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for e onstipation ments of the sysFINN

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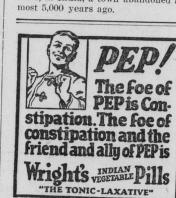
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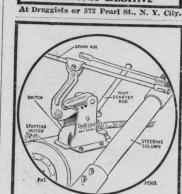
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Georgia,



Ancient Cotton Cloh Fragments of cotton cloth have been found in the ruins of Mohenjo-Daro, in India, a town abandoned al-





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