



The Handsome Man by MARGARET TURNBULL

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Returning to London, previously mentioned, after an unusual business trip to South America...

CHAPTER II—With his young daughter, Roberta, MacBeth is living on his estate on an island...

CHAPTER III—MacBeth had never been married. He is so determined to find us infested with wild men shooting pistols...

CHAPTER IV—Roberta tells her father that she is interested in Sir George, while the young man takes an opportunity to make an impression on her...

CHAPTER V—In Philadelphia, a gathering of "business men" of which Navarro is one, discusses the possibility of stealing the payroll...

CHAPTER VI—The girl leaves Sir George to the care of his secretary, when he has to return to his office...

CHAPTER VII—During the day Sir George sees Navarro and is attracted to him...

CHAPTER VIII—Sir George is interested in his secretary, who is a lady of the window behind the door...

CHAPTER IX—Along with the payroll, Sir George is able to prevent the robbery...

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...



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

MacBeth merely raised an expressive eyebrow.

"And in the meantime," finished his assistant, his eyes snapping, "I will walk up the towpath with the money in my pocket and deliver it to Ray Browne on time."

MacBeth whistled and stared at him. "I don't want to expose—"

"You will not be exposing any of your men," Sir George said hastily. "I wouldn't for a moment propose that."

"The river road or the towpath?" "The towpath, of course."

"What I said," and Sir George forgot his customary respectful attitude and unconsciously assumed a dogmatic tone.

MacBeth lay back on his pillows and surveyed the determined young face.

"Mind, I don't agree with you about Roberta," he said emphatically. "She's high-strung and determined, but she's my girl and I know I can trust her."

"That may be, but after all she is young, and she picks her friends rather carelessly to my way of thinking."

MacBeth thought awhile, and then held out his hand. "It's a good business-like, workable scheme, so we'll say it's on and all females barred."

CHAPTER II

The sun shone brightly on the towpath as Sir George crossed the bridge on his way to the bank.

He looked at her tranquilly. He knew that behind the brusque refusal lurked a determination not to accompany him anywhere, ever.

She shook her head. "Be careful of yourself, laddie. Mind thou awful turning at the bridge and don't be reckless."

Roberta laughed.

Sir George regarded her gravely. "What's the joke?" He was always careful of Lady Sandison's dignity and feelings.

Roberta realized this and, despite her prejudice, liked it. She turned quickly to her aunt now.

"You would be surprised," Sir George said levelly, with a glance at his stepmother.

"Keep yourself out of mischief if it's a possible thing, laddie," was all that she said, however.

He was ticked by that eyebrow, however, as he went down the steps to the car.

Sir George went down the river road toward the bank, going over and over in his mind his carefully laid plans.

He parked his car near the bank. It was early and there were few cars about.

The bank manager was ready for Sir George when he entered. The payroll money was on the desk.

"What do you mean?" MacBeth asked.

"What I said," and Sir George forgot his customary respectful attitude and unconsciously assumed a dogmatic tone.

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Roberta flushed, an ugly dull flush, but she looked steadily at her aunt.

"(To be Continued next week.)"

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