



The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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CHAPTER VI—Continued

Nita was silent for a moment. It was not easy to readjust herself. "What sort of a come-back?" Her father hesitated a moment. "I don't think you'd understand." "Can I help you?" "No, Nita; it isn't work for women." "You mean there's danger in it?" He was afraid to say too much. He dreaded to be entrapped by her seemingly innocent questions. He knew she was mentally much quicker than he. The Fessendons again. "It's not my secret," he returned, "and I ought not to say any more. I can only assure you that Malet and Bradney are splendid fellows, both far superior to me. Very high types. They believe that what we intend to do is the only right and logical thing. You must let it go at that."

"And because there's danger in it you think I'd better keep out of it?" "Exactly," he exclaimed, gratified at this attitude of obedience. "Then it is dangerous," she cried. Barnes saw he had made a damaging admission. She had trapped him. "Daddy, what makes you think I'm afraid of anything that's dangerous?" "Oh, Nita," he said reproachfully, "that's scarcely playing the game to drag information from me which is not mine to give. You are deliberately trying to make me betray my friends."

He had risen to his feet. She could see he was not pleased with her. "Indeed, I'm not," she said earnestly. "Daddy, I came over here because something told me you needed looking after. It isn't that I'm trying to make you betray your friends. I want to be sure that they are being honest with you."

"I have never met squarer men," he answered. "Then I'm on their side, too. My father and his friends, right or wrong." Barnes did not know what to say. But a daughter of his could not be associated with anything irregular. He shook his head. "I cannot accept your assistance," he told her.

"Very well. I shall tell Mr. Milman I am leaving after luncheon tomorrow. I came over here equipped, specially equipped, for a certain sort of position, and I'm going to get it."

"Skilled secretarial workers and stenographers are drugs in the market," he assured her. "I am not going to be a stenographer," she retorted. "I did that to earn money to come here. I shall take the other position, so you won't have to live on a stranger's charity."

"That is a hard thing to say," he answered, flushing; "and it's not altogether true. Mr. Milman sought me out because he thought I was able to help him. I am not living on charity."

"What is it you are trying to do?" she asked. "You must not expect me to tell you. My dear, don't be hasty and leave us yet. Promise me that?" She kissed him good night. "I won't go yet," she said. "I can't lose you as quickly as that."

When she was alone her face took on a worried aspect. She had suffered many things in order to be with him, and she determined to find out what the mystery was that enveloped this strange household. Although she was not yet twenty-two, she had traveled widely and met innumerable people. In Milman and his associates she recognized men of charm and culture who had made her father their firm admirer. And they were all holding back from her any mention of their real venture. In order to deceive her they had clumsily invented and acted a falsehood. It could only be because they were plotting something of an illegal nature.

They had played on her father's emotions and earned his gratitude and co-operation by a few hundred dollars. For so small a thing it had been possible to enlist his sympathy and aid. They had been clever enough to create the illusion that she was welcome when in truth they might be embarrassed by her presence and already planning to get rid of her. She decided she would not be driven out. Her father needed his daughter even if he did not yet know it. The thought that three dangerous men might be plotting some crime for which Neeland Barnes would ultimately bear the blame drove her to action.

Her room was at the rear of the house. Four iron bars protected its windows. Almost five feet below she could see the iron grating which roofed in the Japanese garden. When she leaned down from her open window she could hear, faintly, the sound of voices.

It was about her they were speaking. Barnes had come from her room with the disquieting information that their talk on oil had amused her very much. The news had been a blow.

"Miss Barnes gives me the impression of being a very shrewd young lady," Malet said, "and one not easily deceived. You all know that, when once we start, it will be almost impossible to keep one who is already a little suspicious in ignorance."

"Yes," said Bradney, "I am afraid she cannot stay here."

"Her godmother lives in Philadelphia," said Barnes. "She can't refuse to take her in for a month or two. She said something about earning her living, but I should prefer her to go to Philadelphia."

"I am afraid she would be a source of danger if she remained," Peter Milman agreed. "Also, it would never do to compromise her in an affair which might end disastrously."

"We've been too busy with theories," said Fleming Bradney when the problem of Nita had been settled. "What we are after should be original disassociations of ideas."

"I can't get that very clearly," said Neeland Barnes. "As I see it, all we want from Raxon is a cold million. Half of that goes to Milman and we split the rest."

"Exactly," Bradney returned. "That's the very point. How are we to make him give up a million? I don't know."



"What Sort of a Comeback?"

You don't either. None of us knows. Obviously the thing is to get close to him. Into the house for choice."

"He doesn't know me," Milman declared. "But I cannot be seen, because Loddon, who has told me so much under the influence of my port and the belief that I never stir abroad and know nothing of outside affairs, is a frequent guest. The question is, how do we recognize Barnes?"

"Certain to," Barnes said gloomily. "I haven't altered much since that day I threw him from the pier. What about Malet?"

"Probably not," said the sculptor. "In those days I was twenty pounds heavier, wore a mustache, and had a general air of bien-etre."

"I am the man," Bradney declared. "I doubt if he has ever seen me. We know he talked to Malet for some time. It is I who must contrive to get into his house."

"In what capacity?" Milman asked. "There you have me," the scientist admitted.

"We are safe to start by assuming," Milman cut in, "that Paul Raxon is always cautious. From the outside his house is impregnable."

"You mean," Bradney remarked, "that to get in one would have to be vouched for?"

"Undoubtedly," said Peter Milman. "If someone socially prominent took you there, it might be all right. There was one curiously disquieting thing Loddon told me about Raxon."

"What?" Peter Milman demanded. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

How often you hear dad, or some other grownup speak, with a sort of half-sigh in his voice, of what he would do if he were young again. Time goes quickly when you are young, and you are only too likely to put off things you really should do. Grownups look back to the golden days of their youth as the happiest time of their lives, but there is also something of regret in their backward glance. There are so many things they would like to have done, but didn't. Unfortunately, time gives us just one chance.

Let's plan things now, then, so as to have as few regrets as possible when we look back from a grownup viewpoint. Let's get lots of exercise, so that the grownup person we're going to be is not so many years from now as we may be fit and strong. Let's not get into little habits of shiftlessness that will handicap the future. Instead, let us all work hard and play hard, so that when the person we're going to be looks backward, he'll find his youth an encouragement, and not a matter for regret.—Exchange.

When he has injured a man he expects some retaliation, and takes the precaution of having the injured one watched. We know he dogged Barnes for years. Even now there may be those who know for what purpose we four are gathered here. I am not certain but that Achilles speaks English as well as he does French.

The listeners were startled at the sudden change they saw on their host's face. Where he had been merely thoughtful and slightly worried he was now actively alarmed. He was leaning forward examining something on the table before him. They remembered it was the electric dial, that ingenious device for the protection of his home against invaders.

The face of the dial was divided into six parts. These numbered sections would tell Milman on what part of the roof the intruder was. The three, pressing about him, saw that a red light suddenly illuminated the square marked 1. A hand moved very slowly to the square numbered 6.

"That," Milman whispered, looking relieved, "represents the weight. Six pounds means a large and prowling cat."

They heard a sudden exclamation. The weight went up a hundred and twenty pounds. The square numbered 1 was now in darkness and another was illuminated. They could trace the path of the trespasser. He was creeping near them.

"Achille," Milman whispered. "That would be his weight. The six pounds was when he rested a foot on it before putting his whole weight on the grating."

Peter Milman betrayed no nervousness now. Noiselessly he drew the sawed-off shotgun from its place. Then with a touch of a button all lights in the garden were extinguished. In the darkness the shades rolled back. Against the sky, bright with stars, the watchers could see a figure lying above their heads. Another light was switched on which left the group below still in darkness, but showed pitilessly on the trespasser.

The gun was already at Milman's shoulder when Neeland Barnes made a jump for it and pulled the barrel down.

"My God, Milman!" he cried, white-faced. "It's my girl. It's Nita."

"Ah," said Milman with a curious smile, "so I perceive. A strange position in which to find a guest, is it not?"

"Inexplicable," said Bradney. He cast a suspicious look at Barnes. "I think," Peter Milman went on, "we should like a talk with Miss Barnes."

"I'll fetch her," Barnes said eagerly. He was confused, ashamed, humiliated.

"You will be kind enough to remain here," said Milman. Barnes saw that he was menaced by that most dreadful of weapons at short range, the sawed-off shotgun. He remembered its load of buckshot. "I fear I must remind you that we must insist on an explanation from you, too. To allow you the opportunity of escape would be most unwise." He raised his voice a little, but he did not take his steady gaze from Barnes' face.

"Miss Barnes," he said, "will you be so kind as to come here at once?" The girl's voice trembled as she answered. It seemed to them all there was a trace of defiance in her tone.

"I won't be a minute. It's not very comfortable up here."

The shades were drawn again and the lights switched on more fully. Neeland Barnes looked from one to the other of the men whose faces had been in the shadow. It seemed incredible that they could suspect him of complicity in this eavesdropping. It was plain enough what her errand was.

"Let me explain," he began. Peter Milman stopped him with a gesture. "Wait," he commanded. "We shall hear you when your daughter comes."

Barnes sank heavily into a seat. He felt that Bradney and Malet looked upon him as a traitor.

Nita was wearing a blue silk dressing wrap when she came into the Japanese garden. Her bearing was confident and unafraid. She came quickly to her father's side and put an arm about his bowed shoulders.

"Oh, Nita, Nita," he groaned. "How could you do such a dreadful thing as this?"

Malet, watching her closely, saw that she bent upon the sitting man a look which had something of maternal tenderness in it. It seemed strange to the observers that she stood there as though to defend her father from enemies. Of shame or embarrassment there was no sign.

"So you caught me," she said. "Well, perhaps it is best you did." "Why?" Peter Milman demanded. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Popular Malayan Name
The name "Timar" is said to be almost as common in Malaya as Mary or Jane is here. Translated, it means "tin."

Success makes most men amiable.

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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Lesson for July 31

DAVID AND JONATHAN

LESSON TEXT—I Samuel 18:1-4; 19:1-7.
GOLDEN TEXT—There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Two Good Friends.
JUNIOR TOPIC—David and Jonathan.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Choosing the Right Kind of Friends.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Obligations of Friendship.

The friendship of David and Jonathan has become immortalized in the world's thought. It was unique in that it occurred between two men of rival worldly interests. Jonathan was the crown prince, the heir to the throne. David was heir according to the divine choice and arrangement. Jonathan knew this and magnanimously waived his natural personal rights to the one he knew God had chosen.

1. Friendship Established Between David and Jonathan (I Sam. 18:1-4).
1. Love at Sight (vv. 2).

Following the interview of Saul and David after the victory over Goliath, Jonathan's soul was knit with that of David. He loved him as his own soul. While there was mutual love, this pleasing trait stands out more prominently in Jonathan than in David because it meant great loss to him—the loss of the throne; while it meant immense gain to David, the acquisition of the throne to which he had no natural right.

2. Covenant established (vv. 3, 4).
Following the love covenant between them, Jonathan stripped himself of his court robe and his equipment and gave them to David. This act was a virtual abdication of the throne to David.

3. Jonathan Defended David Against Saul's Frenzy (I Sam. 19:1-7).
David went into the battle with Goliath out of zeal for God and true religion—not for personal glory, but it turned out as always that because he made God first, God honored him.

Upon David's return from victory over the Philistines, according to Oriental custom he was met by a triumphal chorus of women from all the cities of Israel chanting praises to him for his victory over their enemy. They ascribed more praise and honor to David than to Saul. These women seemed to sing as answering chants. The one sang, "Saul has slain his thousands," the other answered, "and David his ten thousands." To hear sung the praises of a shepherd boy surpassing his own was too much for Saul. It aroused murderous envy which had been slumbering in his heart and moved him twice to attempt to kill David. This wickedness was in his heart as a bitter feeling, but this occasion fanned it into a flame, making it a burning passion of evil.

In Saul's third attempt to kill David, Jonathan defended him before his father and evoked from him the oath that David should not be slain. He thus exposed himself to the anger of his infuriated father for David's sake.

4. Jonathan Revealed to David Saul's Murderous Intent (I Sam. 20:30-40).
The beginning of the new moon was celebrated by sacrifices and feasting at which all the members of the family were expected to be present (v. 5). David's excuse for being absent was that he might go home to attend the yearly sacrifice of the entire family. The annual feast was more important than the monthly feast. Matters were now so serious that Jonathan and David renewed the covenant between themselves. In this renewal the terms were broadened beyond the life of Jonathan (vv. 14, 15). Saul's anger was now so fierce that for Jonathan to be found in David's company was most dangerous, so he cleverly planned a sign by which he could make known to David Saul's attitude and purpose. We prove our friendship by warning those who are exposed to danger. David's heart responded by pledging fidelity to Jonathan's seed forever. This pledge was faithfully carried out by David (II Sam. 9:7, 8). Concerning real friendship observe:

1. It should be made while both parties are young, when the hearts are capable of being knit together.

2. Real friends are few. We should be careful in the formation of friendships. For though we should love everybody we can have but few friends. Friendship should be formed for the purpose of helping each other. There can be no real friendship except where merit is on both sides.

3. Real friendship can only be with God-fearing people. Both David and Jonathan recognized their obligation to the Lord.

Satan on Watch
Prayer is the strategical point which Satan watches. If he can succeed in causing us to neglect prayer, he has won; for where communion between God and His people is broken, the true source of life and power is cut off.—Andrew Murray.

The Man at the Top
The man at the top is usually some one who has been in the habit of going to the bottom of things.—The Prospector.

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"Give Him One of Your Cards, Bob!"

Two men in a sedan and a farmer and his boy in a smaller car had stopped on a country road for a short discussion of business in general. The farmer and one of the men from town were old friends. The other was unknown to him.

"Give Mr. Hartley one of your cards, Bob," suggested the farmer's friend. "You ought to do some business with him before long."

Now, if Bob had presented his card to Mr. Hartley, there would be little of interest to us in the transaction. But Bob did not have a card to give him! Whatever your business or profession may be, you can't afford to be without a supply of personal cards. Your business is built by making yourself known favorably to a lot of people. When folks need, or consider, something in your line, you want them to think of you. If they have your card the chances are in your favor.

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