

# The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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## CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Because I want to take him away from here. I came to America to look after him—he had been horribly neglected—and I find him entangled in some network of crime. I made him admit it was something with danger in it. At dinner you all tried to deceive me, and you would have succeeded if I hadn't happened to know something about oil. You want him because of his courage, and because he is strong and a good shot and boxes well. He isn't clever and scheming as you are, and I won't have him made use of."

"Nita, Nita," groaned her father, "you've got everything wrong."

"I think I have misjudged your father," Milman said. "I am very glad to find what you did was not at his suggestion. I think there is much for you to explain. You are a guest under my roof, and there are certain laws of courtesy and consideration not less binding on you than me. You have chosen to break them. You have spled upon us. You have not behaved as I should have expected a gentleman of your family to do. Why?"

"I've told you," she cried. "I know you are trying to make my father help you in something desperate, and I don't choose to have him run risks for other men."

"You are absolutely wrong," the miserable Barnes asserted.

"Prove it," she retorted. "You are silent. You dare not tell me the truth. I knew you wouldn't, so I climbed out of the window to listen to what you were talking about. I'm not going to make any silly fuss by telling the police. All I want is to take my father away. I'm going to make a success of him."

"He is free to go," said Peter Milman wearily. He looked at Malet and Bradney. "So are you. I suppose I did lure you here under false pretenses. In the beginning it seemed so simple."

Nita looked about her in amazement. She did not understand why it seemed they had forgotten her. Even her father turned from her to Peter Milman.

"I shall go only when you have no further use for me," said Bradney.

"When I have done what I promised I'll go. Not before." This from Malet.

"There were no false pretenses in it," Neeland Barnes cried. "I came willingly, and I'll be damned if I go."

"What does it all mean?" the girl whispered. There was no doubting the friendship, almost the affection, with which the other men regarded Mr. Milman. There was a sterner air about her father when he faced her than she had ever seen before.

"Nita," he said, "with one exception, all the hurts I've received, all the bad hurts that is, have been from pals who thought they were acting for my good. You've been dangerously near doing that tonight. You've got everything twisted. You have made me appear in a very poor light among men I respect."

There were tears dimming her violet eyes when she looked at him.

"Oh, daddy," she murmured, "I only wanted to help you. When you came to my room I said, 'My father and his friends, right or wrong.' I meant it."

"You did not know what you were profiting," Milman declared. "Do you mean that if you found your father engaged in doing something the world thought wrong you would take his part?"

"If I thought he was justified, I would."

"Is it fair to involve her?" Bradney broke in.

"Certainly not," Malet decided.

"Perhaps you are right," Milman sighed. "I only know that you might have been a great figure in the world of art, and Mr. Bradney would famous as a scientist, and I myself with a fortune and a home, but for the malevolence of one man."

"Did that man injure my father?" she demanded.

"But for this man your father would not have been warned off the turf. But for him the clubs that he had to resign from would have welcomed him."

"Wait, wait," she begged. "I want to think." Naturally it was of her father she thought. She had always defended him against her aunt, but she had never been able to dismiss the accusations as worthless. She had fought because she loved him; not because she believed in him. And now to learn that, after all, his past was not disgraceful, filled her with hope and courage. She was ashamed of herself that she had ever doubted him. There was no sacrifice he demanded of her she would not fulfill gladly.

"Will you tell me all about it?" she pleaded. "No, daddy, not you. You always wander into the bypaths of narrative. Let Mr. Milman tell me."

Very concisely he laid before her what he had told the other men of Paul Raxon and his way of life. As she listened she saw clearly that it was to the malignity of one man that three lives had been ruined and a fourth brought to a penniless old age. She listened attentively to the futile

plans they had elaborated and rejected. Perhaps to her fresher and more alert mind these plans seemed commonplace, and doomed to failure. But she knew it was not to commonplace men she listened.

"Now, Mr. Bradney," she commanded, "tell me your story."

When he had finished she said: "Of course it was Mr. Milman who was the unknown giver of that hundred thousand dollars."

Peter Milman turned red. But he could not deny it.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Bradney asked, with reproach in his voice.

"I did not want to influence you. I wanted you to decide for yourself."

She listened to Malet's story and her father's.

"I shall be a great help to you," she said cheerfully when she was in possession of what facts they could give her. "A woman's brains are always useful. You see, she so often jumps to the right conclusions when you men are floundering along in doubt."

"We haven't one idea worth discussing," Malet admitted.

"I noticed that," she laughed. "I think I see exactly how it can be done."

"Nita," cried her father. He thought she was making a jest of it.

"I mean it, daddy," she said earnestly. "Fellow-conspirators all, listen."

## CHAPTER VII

Paul Raxon knew very well that his sudden success would make enemies for him among the established powers in Wall Street. But he also knew that he was not to be brought low by any



"What Does It All Mean?" the Girl Whispered.

combination against him so long as he kept his head and resisted speculation.

For the moment he was content to rest and allow financial writers to wonder what his next move would be. He had purchased a home built for large entertainments and determined to become known as one of America's great hosts. And with this he would erect a reputation for those domestic virtues which count so much when electioneering. Raxon smiled grimly when he reflected this meant he should be on good terms with his wife. Mrs. Raxon, unaware of his ambitions, was amazed at finding him so reasonably human.

She was not unaware of her own limitations. The idea that she must with a bound become a famous hostess was disquieting. The years had not dealt so kindly with her as with Paul.

"I have here," he said one morning, "a list of people with whom I want to establish social relations. At present I don't know a quarter of them except by name."

"Why fill the house with strangers?" she asked.

"Because I want something from every name on this list. We've got to entertain so well that they talk about us. This social racket with me is a

means to an end. I'm playing a game, and if you play it with me you can be a great Washington hostess."

"I don't know anything about being a great hostess," she grumbled.

"You've got to learn. I'm counting on you and the girls to be an asset to me."

Mrs. Raxon was afraid of him. She knew he would not forgive her if she failed, and yet was conscious that she lacked ability for the part she was to play. He came of a better family than she. He was never at a loss conversationally. It was wise, she thought, to point out her limitations now.

"I don't expect you to catch onto this social end yet. You can hire a well-bred woman to teach you. When you've learnt all she can teach, fire her and get another. It's a good system. I've used it a lot. Don't expect to consult me. I shall be too busy. I've got to remodel this place so it doesn't look so much like a summer hotel. I'm a little doubtful of the furniture. All Bellington knew was to put his faith in upholsterers. I'm going to make a nine-hole golf course, a polo ground and a swimming pool."

"Oh, but Paul," she cried, "I shall have to ask you when I don't know."

"Ask me as little as you can," he snapped. "It will cost you money to run this place like a well-oiled machine, but I'm not limiting you. Hire anyone you want to help you."

She looked again through the list of names. Among them were those of whose doings she had read in the social columns for years. Some were equally prominent in politics and finance. The name McKimber headed the list.

"Make the most you can, without overdoing it, of the McKimbers," he commanded. "I want the world to think McKimber and I are bosom friends. Cultivate his wife. She's fat, too, so you can talk calories together. Young Robin McKimber is more or less a society type and will be glad to find a polo field here when he comes."

"I wish I understood you better," she said a trifle wistfully. She had not been the only woman to say that.

"I'm glad you don't," he said cryptically; "that prevents your giving me away. I'm one of those men whose peculiar joy it is to play a lone hand. If you share secrets, they are only fifty per cent your own."

She was vastly relieved that she had confessed her ineptitudes. She could go the more cheerfully about her tasks now. She wondered why the McKimbers were so important in Paul's eyes. Other names exceeded them far in the social scale as she apprehended it. That he had been chairman of the national committee of her husband's party meant nothing to Mrs. Raxon. Her thoughts turned to Robin, the polo-playing heir to great riches. Well, her own Gertrude was good looking and a great heiress. She felt a spirit of gratitude toward her husband which had long been a stranger to her. Most men hated their wives embarking on deliberate attempts to capture society.

The idea of hiring the well-bred woman came back to her when she felt her butler's sneer. How that man seemed to dislike her. How superior he seemed and how aware of her social deficiencies. Yet she lacked the courage to dismiss him. She opened her mouth as though to frame a sentence which would annihilate him and reduce him to the ranks of one looking for work, when her courage failed. Distinctly there was something to be said for the well-bred woman. Such a one would know how to deal with butlers like this.

"A Miss Brown to see you, madam," said the butler. From his tones it seemed Miss Brown was only less distasteful than his employer. He presented a card on a silver tray. Under Miss Brown's name was pencilled, "I am calling at the suggestion of Mrs. Hamilton Buxton."

Although Mrs. Raxon had not been in her native land for some years, she knew Mrs. Buxton's name very well as a distinguished member of the smart hunting set. Also Mrs. Buxton's name was among those to be cultivated. She would see Miss Agatha Brown.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Small Tribe Resists Domination of Russia

Though technically a part of the old Roman empire under the rule of the czars, the Russians in reality never conquered Svanetia, which has been occupied by an isolated mountain tribe occupying a small area in the heart of the Caucasus mountains. The Svanetian state, supposed to have been founded nearly 4,000 years ago, has been a republic ever since, making it the oldest republic in the world. In 1921, when the Communists extended their power along the Black sea, they decided to attempt to conquer Svanetia. The Svans sent a delegation down to warn the troops that it would be vain for them to try to break through the mountain barrier. The Russian captain refused to take heed.

He went through southern Svanetia without trouble. With his battalion of 400 men marching single file along the trail he came to the almost pathless route on the cliffs overhanging the River Ingur, and there was trapped. Forty Svans, grouped on the opposite bank of the river, shot down the 400 Russian troops. Later, however, the Russians entered Svanetia by using machine guns, but it was an empty victory for them, because the Svans never have yielded to outside dictation.—Asia Magazine.

**Appetite of Kangaroo**  
One kangaroo will eat as much grass daily as six sheep.

## Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago) (© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

### Lesson for August 7

DAVID SPARES SAUL

LESSON TEXT—1 Sam. chap. 24. GOLDEN TEXT—Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. PRIMARY TOPIC—David's Kindness to His Enemy. JUNIOR TOPIC—David Shows Mercy. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How to Treat Those Who Wrong Us. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Overcoming Evil With Good.

I. Saul in Pursuit of David (vv. 1-3). Ever since David took his departure from Jonathan (ch. 20), when that crowning act of friendship was shown, Saul had been hunting him as a wild animal. He now pursues him with 3,000 chosen men. David flees from place to place and is in hiding as an outlaw. Sometimes he is in the enemy's country doing disreputable things. This is the period of his schooling, which fitted him to be the future eminent king. It was a bitter period in his life, but God sent him to this school and adapted the instruction to his needs. David could never have been the broad man that he was had he not been prepared in this crucible of bitter experience. He learned many lessons, among which may be mentioned:

1. His own weakness. It was necessary that he be humbled under the sense of his infirmities. Before any one is fit to be raised to a position of prominence he must be made to know his limitations and weaknesses. Unless a man has learned this lesson, sudden elevation to power will utterly ruin him.
2. His dependence upon God. David's many miraculous escapes caused him to realize that the Lord had redeemed him out of his adversity.
3. He learned the country and people over which he was to rule. By knowing the grievous afflictions which Saul had heaped upon the people, he could sympathize and remove them.
4. He learned the magnanimity of self-control. This a man must know before he can be a true king. He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city (Prov. 16:32).

II. Saul in David's Hands (vv. 4-20). 1. David sends out spies (v. 4). This he did to find out whether Saul was come in very deed.

2. David in Saul's camp (vv. 5-11). He took with him Abishai and went in the night to where Saul was sleeping. Abishai asked to be allowed to kill Saul, but David forbade him because Saul was the Lord's anointed.

3. David takes Saul's spear and cruse of water (vv. 12, 13). Once before at Engedi (chap. 24) David spared Saul's life. Now again he was at his mercy. This David did that he might show tangible evidence to the king that he had no evil intent.

4. David taunts Abner, the king's bodyguard (vv. 14-16). He calls to Abner and taunts him for his listlessness—his failure to watch over the Lord's anointed, the evidence of which is the cruse and spear in his hands.

5. David reasons with Saul (vv. 17-20). David reasoned with Saul, showing that he had nothing but good intentions toward the king. He asked that he would show what wrong he had done, or what evil intent was in his heart. If the Lord was directing Saul he was willing to appease His wrath with an offering. If Saul was only hunting him because wicked men were urging him, a curse should be pronounced upon them. David is very humble and begs Saul to relent, for surely if he had any wicked purpose he would not have saved his life twice when the Lord had placed Saul wholly at his mercy. David recognized the fact that the Lord had delivered Saul into his hands not to kill, but to save. He did not kill, neither did he allow his servants to kill.

III. Saul's Confession (vv. 21-25). 1. He confessed that he had sinned. The sad feature about his confession is that it lacked conviction, for he went right on sinning.

2. He confessed that he had played the fool and erred exceedingly. We see about us daily many using such expressions, but still they go on repeating their sins. David shows his magnanimity of spirit, however, in delivering the cruse and spear to Saul's servant. He knew that Saul's confession was not genuine, so he was afraid to go near. He still appeals to Saul's kindness to him, and they part never to meet again.

**Praying**  
"It is better to do a little with prayer and in the Spirit than to be busy with many things in your own strength."

**Spiritual Love**  
All real spiritual love is but a portion of Christ's love which yearns in all who are united to Him.—Alford.

**An Important Duty**  
You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.—Charles Buxton.

**Beware of Low Aim**  
Not failure, but low aim is crime.—Lowell.

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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!

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