

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

CHAPTER IX

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

Very ungraciously Mrs. Raxon permitted Agatha Brown to be absent for a night. Very badly to the Raxon girls learned of it. Robin would be theirs for a few hours. After cramping continental pensions and small hotels, their present lavish life rather went to their heads.

mental agility and you won't reconceive yourself to new conditions. In the past you have been of great use to the organization. Today you are merely amusing."

"That demonstrates it perfectly," he said. "When you lose a point or hear a disagreeable truth you want to hit a man. Elemental stuff. We are here to discuss political conditions in this state. I think that is how you put it."

"You want me to back down and leave the field to you. I refuse. If the party thinks I've the better chance, they'll knife you in a minute. It isn't possible, surely, that you believe gratitude has anything to do with practical politics?"

McKimber did not answer immediately. He was conscious that he had allowed personal antagonism to color his conversation. He adopted the confidential tone which had often won success for him.

"Raxon," he began, "I'm putting my cards on the table."

"Save yourself the trouble," Raxon replied. "I can see them just as well when you hold them in your hands. All you need to understand is that I have a better chance than you to go to Washington."

"If we two fight each other, Westfield goes," McKimber said earnestly. "We need a senator at Washington."

"That's why I intend to go, as you may as well tell your friends. I've been working much longer than you can guess for this very end."

"Don't you realize you will be denounced as a traitor to your cause?"

"If the cause means so much to you, throw your influence my way. If you did that, Westfield wouldn't have a chance."

"You're d—d well right," McKimber shouted. "The man I endorse would get in even if you were he. I'll tell you just this, Raxon. From now on I'm going to devote myself to showing you up for the crooked ward politician you are. My God! To think you expect me to work for you!"

think they gauged your rottenness correctly." "I take good care to keep that from them." "But you're giving it away to me, a confessed rival."

Raxon laughed. The spectacle of this tall, portly man, whose career had been so successful, amused him.

"The trouble with you, McKimber," he said, "is that you don't understand you are a corpse. Politically, you are dead and buried. You are not a rival. Don't flatter yourself to that extent."

"I tell you," McKimber thundered, "all the world shall know what has passed between us."

"If you don't lower your voice, all the world will hear. You're not a broadcasting station. Sit down. I sent for you because there's a lot I have to say which you wouldn't care to miss."

Reluctantly, McKimber sank back in his chair. He was enraptured by a certain and unwelcome uneasiness. The man facing him seemed so secure, so unconcerned, so sure of ultimate triumph.

"The first thing to tell you," Raxon began, "is I am going to Washington. You will quit in my favor and lend me all your great influence. Naturally you must have an excuse which seems a true one. I have it all ready prepared. You are too heavy even for your height, and the pouches under your eyes are unhealthy signs. You had better drop out, because your specialist tells you there is heart and kidney trouble. I shall refer to the fact in my speeches with great regret."

McKimber spoke with deliberation. "They told me you were dangerous, and I know you are a traitor to your party, but not until this moment did I believe you were absolutely crazy. They call your sort of madness megalomania."

"I've met all sorts of knaves and fools in politics, but you're the worst yet."

"What a senator you would have made!" Raxon commented. "Do you suppose I should have talked like this if I had not been certain you were harmless, a rattle with his poison sacs extracted? My success has come mainly because I understand human motivation. I'm going to show you how it is that when you leave here it will be to start a Raxon boom in your own city. Sit down, McKimber."

John McKimber, who prided himself upon taking orders from none, dropped again into his seat. It seemed to him he was talking to a Raxon he had not until now understood. He found himself noticing what a cruel mouth the other had, and how in those brown eyes were little flecks of red.

There was undisguised amazement in the bigger man's voice. "Attack you? What for?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Improved Uniform International Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. H. FLETCHER, D.D., Dean, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

Lesson for September 11

SOLOMON DEDICATES THE TEMPLE

LESSON TEXT—I Kings, chapter 8. GOLDEN TEXT—I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.

The first task of Solomon after his coronation was the building of the temple, a privilege which was denied to his father, David. In his preparation for this task he secured wood from King Hiram of Tyre, stones for the foundations from the Phoenicians, skilled workmen also from King Hiram.

I. Bringing Up the Ark (vv. 1-11). The ark of the covenant was typical of Jesus Christ. God dwells among men through Jesus Christ (John 1:14). The ark was God's holy dwelling place.

II. Solomon's Address to the People (vv. 12-21). He points out to the people that God had chosen David to be king, yet for certain reasons He would not allow him to build the temple, promising that his son should do the work.

III. Solomon's Dedicatory Prayer (vv. 22-53). The ark having now been placed in the most holy place, and the address to the people being ended, the king pours out his soul to God in prayer.

IV. Solomon Blesses the People (vv. 54-61). On the strength of the covenant promises, he invokes His presence always with them to keep them faithful, and exhorts the people to have their hearts perfect before God, walking in His commandments and statutes.

V. Solomon and the People Offer Sacrifices of Thanksgiving (vv. 62-65). Ideals Like Stars. Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands; but, like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you choose them as your guides, and, following them, you reach your destiny.—Exchange.

Charming Human Beings. It is always good to know, if only in passing, charming human beings. It refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.—George Elliot.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

W. A. Heylman Wm. W. Smith ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

DR. W. W. RHODES OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

DR. CHAS. P. JOHNSON DENTIST

S. E. WOOSTER Real Estate, Loans, Insurance

C. D., D. C. and E. C. Latourette ATTORNEYS

O. D. EBY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Dr. M. M. Martindale Chiropactor of Oregon City

DR. FRED A. PERKINS OPTOMETRIST "Perfect Fitting Glasses"

Walter W. Gilbert, M. D. Physician and Surgeon

GATES FUNERAL HOME Gresham 2471

If you want what you want when you want it—in the printing line— WE HAVE IT!

Advertisers will find this paper an excellent medium in which to display their bargains and make their wants known



CUTS MORE SLICES TO THE LOAF

An ideal slice-size for toasting, sandwiches and children's between meal snacks. ECONOMICAL FOR LARGE FAMILIES

Sold at Your Favorite Grocery and Restaurant in Estacada and Vicinity.

HOLSUM LONG LOAF



"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.

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

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.



He Said He Never Went to Moving Pictures.

McKimber struggled into a little less violent mood. He might yet be able to divert the Raxon ambition to some less lofty height.

"I take that back," he said. "I recognize that you deserve some reward for what you've done in the past, but I'm entitled to the nomination. It is my just reward I want."

"Don't you see the justice of it? I want in my old age the opportunity of serving my country."

"And I," Paul Raxon sneered, "want in my early middle age the opportunity of serving myself. Why drag your country in? Do you think I'm a political idealist just because bad architecture offends me?"

McKimber rose to his feet. He knew he had lost, and he wanted to go before he forgot the slender, sneering man who was his host.

"Your mistake," Raxon said, "was that you did not ask his wife. The women know me, McKimber. My 'Better Architecture League' are springing up everywhere. There's a flourishing one in Wayne county. The larger cities, such as Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse and Utica, are taking the thing up admirably.

Houses of Worship Found in Odd Places

The miners in the Myndd Newydd coal mines in Wales have no call to shave, shine their boots, or don Sunday garb when they go to worship. They have a chapel all their own at the bottom of the shaft, so that when they descend the pit they can have a short service before going to their working places.

Rough timbers form the pillars and beams of this chapel, and a coal trolley serves as a pulpit. The miners sit on rough wooden benches and the oldest among them acts as pastor.

A chapel, more finished in appearance, the St. Anthony, exists in the salt mines of Wleiczka, Austria. It has an altar, crucifix, and life-size figures of the saints, apparently in black marble, but really made of salt.

On the Way

The road to heaven is filled with folks going lickety split the other way.—Niagara Falls Review