

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

CHAPTER I

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

It was characteristic of Peter Milman that he should bear the shock of the second of his life's tragedies with no visible symptom of emotion.

The first of these blows had been dealt him twenty-five years before. He had suffered it in this same richly furnished room of his house in Lower Fifth Avenue. Sneed, the butler, who had just handed him the morning papers, had brought him a quarter of a century ago—the letter in which his wife told him she had gone away and would not return.

The second blow swept away his comfortable fortune. At fifty, without near relatives and long estranged from old friends, Peter Milman would be compelled to move from the house in which he had been born—the house where he hoped to die—to mix with the world he had forgotten, among people he had grown to mistrust.

The three morning papers Sneed placed before him, although they varied somewhat in their telling of Hazen Brewer's failure, had substantially the same account of it.

Brewer's liabilities were fifteen million dollars. His assets were given as less than five thousand dollars. Somewhere, sandwiched among these vast debts, was Peter Milman's modest million.

The butler, sensing ill news from the hastily read captions, grew relieved when he saw his employer take out his pocket-scissors and begin to clip such extracts from the papers as interested him. Later these clippings would be arranged systematically with the thousands of others which during long years Milman had gathered. In the library, steel-lined drawers, carefully locked, held the harvest of these gleanings.

At three o'clock Peter Milman came down the stairs and selected a cane. He was dressed as though he were going to pay an afternoon call. He was one of those slight, small-boned men so often seen in the dwindling families of races near extinction. His smartly cut coat, his immaculate silk hat and distinguished cane made him seem, from a rear view, a boyish figure. It was when one saw the pale, lined face, the tired eyes, and the thin supercilious mouth, that one realized this was a man to whom the world has long since seemed empty vanity.

On the whole, Peter Milman presented the appearance of one to whom familiarity would be distasteful and friendship the slow growth of years.

He was on his way to see his lawyer and find out how he stood financially. He felt almost certain that he had fallen with Hazen Brewer. Not for more than twenty years had Peter Milman been so much disturbed. Ruin meant giving up his home. The idea was intolerable.

He entered the private office of Herman Loddon as one assured of his position and certain of his welcome. Assuredly Loddon, who owed so much to the Milmans, would be able to supply him with the information he desired.

The first direct intimation of the difference between a millionaire and a poor man was given him as he entered Loddon's room. Loddon remained seated. Hitherto he had risen clumsily to his feet at sight of his distinguished client and with awkward gestures motioned him to the seat of honor. And his face had been wreathed with smiles. For the first time Peter Milman saw the man Herman Loddon as he really was. Loddon hated him, and had always hated him. There could be no other explanation of his lack of courtesy and the sneering smile with which he greeted his client. For a quarter-century he had worn a disarming smile. Hazen Brewer's failure had swept away the necessity for using it any more. Things, then, were desperate.

Milman's manner was still as loftily courteous as ever.

"I hope you have been able to find out the extent of Mr. Brewer's misfortunes," he said.

"Misfortunes," Loddon cried. "His crimes, you mean."

"I am not asking you to prejudice my friend," Peter Milman said quietly. "I want to know if the morning papers are correct in stating that his entire fortune has disappeared."

"They are," Loddon answered with an appearance of satisfaction, "and as you wouldn't take my advice about your investments, your money has gone too. I tell you, Milman, you're only got what I prophesied a million times."

"Milman! Never before had Herman Loddon presumed so much. Loddon's father had been the Milman coachman at their country place at Hastings years before. When he had been killed in a runaway accident, Peter Milman, the elder, had taken charge of the son's education and had eventually set him up in practice and given him his first case.

"Then nothing is left?" Milman asked.

"Not a cent. You're luckier than Brewer is, because you've got a valuable lot on Fifth Avenue, and there are fifty men waiting to make you an offer for it and put a big building where that museum of yours stands."

Milman said nothing. He allowed Loddon's sneer at his home to pass. Loddon did not know that, when Hazen Brewer incurred the enmity of great financial interests, and was so hardy pressed for money, he had come by night to Milman and begged in utter desperation for a loan. It

was Hazen Brewer who had arranged the mortgage on the Milman home. It was Brewer alone who had profited by the affair. And this mortgage was shortly to fall due, and there was no money to pay it.

Peter Milman could have sold the house and lot and retired to some other place in relative comfort until the end of his life had he been less obstinately desirous of remaining where he had been born.

"You can't stay there, if that's what you are trying to figure out," Loddon said brutally. "The taxes are heavy and you have some outstanding debts. My account, for instance. Sell it and live in Italy is my advice." He yawned rudely.

Peter Milman's question turned his red face a deeper hue.

"Have you always hated me, Loddon?"

The lawyer did not answer immediately. This hate of his was a complex thing, less the result of a deep injury than of a thousand envies. He

or apprehension from the man he hated. Perhaps, after all, there was something about men like Milman different from him. Then the thought of his two millions reassured him and he lumbered to the window and watched his former client cross the road. The great limousine opposite would presently take Herman Loddon to his lavishly appointed apartment, where he would dine largely. He pictured Milman's solitary and dismal meal. There would not be many more for him in the family home on Lower Fifth Avenue. The Patrician age was gone.

Peter Milman reached his home without encountering anyone who knew him. Fashionable New York with her residences and clubs had long passed on her northward way. Those few houses which, like his own, were still owned by their builders' families, were mostly unoccupied save for a few weeks in the year. With these people Milman had now nothing in common. He had rejected their overtures. They spoke of him with pity, almost with contempt. A legend of eccentricity grew up about him and presently gave way to rumors of mental deterioration.

Sneed, who concerned himself greatly with the sudden change in his employer's habits, saw him return with obvious relief. Sneed had read the papers and realized the extent of Hazen Brewer's troubles. He wished he dared ask Mr. Milman if he, too, were badly hit. Peter Milman's face told him nothing. Nor was his customary manner changed.

"I am going over the upper rooms after luncheon," said Milman. "Please see that they are in order."

The upper rooms. It was in these spacious chambers that the old furniture was stored about which expert-raved. The six rooms were arranged as a museum. Milman moved from place to place. Everything had its definite association. He stopped before an Eighteenth century card table covered with sea-ink. On this table in 1745, a Peter Milman had lost a thousand pounds on a cut of card with a blue-blood of South Carolina. Those six chairs, called "banister backed by their creator, Heppel white, had been made to order for a Milman.

There was one room devoted to the Dutch furniture that had come to the Milmans from a marriage with a Van Slyter heiress. Peter Milman bent down to look at a Dutch church stool which a Van Slyter servant had carried to a place of worship two hundred years before. It was black in color, and on one side bore a picture of the Last Judgment and some appropriate verses.

"I don't read Dutch," Milman observed, "but I remembered the translation. Listen, Sneed, it may do you good."

"Certainly, sir," said Sneed respectfully.

"The Judgment of God is now prepared there is still time, leave unwise dom. The pious will be separated from the wicked. God's wisdom encircles the Universe."

"Very true, Mr. Peter, sir," said Sneed. There was a look on his employer's face that he did not understand, something hard and ruthless.

"There are some of the wicked," should very much like to separate from the pious without waiting for post-mortem judgments. I am not sure that such an act would not be a logical way of acquiring merit. I take it, Sneed, that in your essence you are law-abiding."

"Always," said Sneed, with conscious rectitude. "In that respect, Mr. Peter, I'm like you."

"A very admirable frame of mind," said Milman.

Sneed had rarely known him comment on any of the exhibits before. To day it seemed he had a word for everything.

"On this settle with folding candle stick," he observed, "Benjamin Milman fell asleep in the Revolutionary war and was captured by a red-coat major, who gave him liberty owing to his pretty skill on a six-stringed violin. The viol is in the next room. These three mahogany pieces," he said, pausing before a six-legged high case of drawers, "once belonged to the man whom Aaron Burr speaks of as 'my friend Hamilton whom he killed.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sneed had rarely known him comment on any of the exhibits before. To day it seemed he had a word for everything.

fields of Italy while he was visiting that country. After writing the words, he jotted down a semblance of the tune he had heard in Italy and sent the suggestion to the composer, Harry E. Bishop, who produced the air that so admirably fits the words.—Kansas City Star.

fields of Italy while he was visiting that country. After writing the words, he jotted down a semblance of the tune he had heard in Italy and sent the suggestion to the composer, Harry E. Bishop, who produced the air that so admirably fits the words.—Kansas City Star.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers.

The state land department during April paid over to the state treasurer the sum of \$117,692.77.

A school budget of \$54,350 was approved at a meeting of taxpayers at Cottage Grove last week.

The Rainier cannery started operations last Tuesday and it is announced that it will run steadily throughout the season.

Building permits calling for construction worth \$125,800 were issued in La Grande during April, bringing the year's total to \$671,005.

Elmer Watson, 33, was killed instantly when struck by a rigging chain while working at the Brix Logging company, near Holbrook.

Several hundred members of the Order of De Molay were in Salem last week from all parts of the state, attending the annual state convention.

Charles Steed, 65, son of a pioneer Oregon family, died at The Dalles hospital last week from spotted fever, believed to have started from a tick bite.

John C. Veatch of Portland was re-appointed a member of the Oregon state fish commission last week. He has served on the commission since 1924.

Receipts at the Eugene postoffice in April this year gained 14 per cent over those of the same period last year, according to D. E. Loren, postmaster.

Traps from all parts of the northwest were in attendance at Hillsboro to participate in the annual Oregon trappers' championship tournament last week.

The steadily lessening band of Oregon pioneers gathered at the state shrine at Champoux, on the Willamette river in Marion county, in annual commemoration of Founders' day.

More than 300,000 year-old trout were planted by the Oregon state game commission during April, says the monthly report of Matt L. Ryckman, superintendent of hatcheries.

Glen Bowen, 34, Silverton, ex-service man, was killed instantly on the highway a mile west of Silverton when he stepped from behind a parked car into the path of an approaching automobile.

Work was completed last week by Crater national forest employees in the main district near Prospect where 500 acres of burned-over land was planted with 2-year-old Douglas fir trees.

Ralph Russell, 23, was killed instantly near Cushman last week, when a dead tree fell and struck him on the head. He was employed by the Duncan Slough Lumber company as logger.

Carl Greve, Portland, was elected president of the Oregon Jewelers' association, which held its 20th annual convention in Corvallis last week. Portland was chosen as the 1928 convention city.

Mrs. Mabel Steele Endrup of Halfway, Baker county, died from injuries received in an automobile accident when the machine plunged over a 12-foot embankment on the Baker-Cornucopia highway.

Dr. Thurston Laraway, formerly a physician at Vernonia, has been appointed Douglas county health officer, succeeding Dr. Richard Thompson. Miss Helen Atwood of Salem is the new county nurse.

Asland clinched the western Oregon debating championship at Warrenton by winning a unanimous decision over Warrenton. The winner will meet the eastern Oregon championship team for the state title.

After a shutdown of a year and a half the Anderson & Middleton camp at Culp creek will again be in operation within a few days and trainloads of logs will be coming to the company's mill in Cottage Grove.

The Western Fish Lift company, Portland, has been granted permission by the state fish commission to install an automatic fish elevator at the Oregon City falls, the work to be done under the supervision of Hugh C. Mitchell, superintendent of hatcheries. The new elevator is to be installed without cost to the commission and will not interfere with the fish way now in use at the falls.

The Oregon Agricultural college rifle team, which has just finished its season, has turned in a record of victories in 23 matches out of 29 fired. Matches were scheduled with teams all over the United States, which were recorded by telegraph.

Oregon now has 41 accredited high schools, according to the list received, following the recent meeting in Spokane of the Northwest Association of Secondary and High Schools, by E. F. Carleton, chairman of the Oregon commission on accrediting.

A spare stocking is said to be just as important as a spare tire, but there's probably a difference in the mileage.

The fair of young men for going without their hats may yet force check-room attendants into a compromising mood.

If Noah had left out some of the animals that he assembled when rain was predicted, where would we have gotten the names for our fraternal organizations?

Official opening of the Oregon caves has been set for Sunday, May 15. A shovel has been at work all winter widening the caves highway and the state highway department has placed the road in excellent condition.

Approval by the state securities commission of a plan to construct an 18-inch steel siphon across Bear creek was requested by the Talent irrigation district in a letter received at the offices of the state engineer in Salem.

The Reedsport fishermen of the Umpqua river are anticipating one of the most prosperous shad seasons of several years. Approximately 150 fishermen with their boats and nets are awaiting May 10, the opening day.

Organization of the Lumbermen National bank of Bend, succeeding the First National bank which recently closed its doors, was announced in Bend last week. The Shevlin Hixon company subscribed 51 per cent of the \$100,000 capital stock now fully in.

For 61 years Elijah Davidson, 78-year-old pioneer of Josephine county and discoverer of the Oregon caves, has tended his trap line in the mountains surrounding William Creek valley, near Grants Pass. Last week he demonstrated that he still retains his "shooting eye," for he brought down a huge eight foot cougar with one shot.

Work was started last week on the oiling of The Dalles-California highway between Bend and Lava butte, a distance of ten miles. From the butte section, the oiling crews will be moved to the Bend-Sisters highway, where a light coat of oil is to be applied. Oiling of The Dalles-California highway in Jefferson county has been completed.

The first pheasants of the 1927 season were hatched in Pendleton last week at the eastern Oregon state game farm, and 4500 eggs are under hens and will hatch in the next few weeks. An additional 1000 pheasant eggs will be placed under incubation immediately. The hatching of wild turkeys has been successful and it is expected a large number will be released this year.

Returns on the state-wide election being conducted by the school children of the state in the selection of a state bird would indicate that the meadowlark was leading the other entries a merry race. Although in certain sections the bluebird leads, with the varied thrush carrying some of the rural precincts, the popularity of the meadowlark in the more populated sections makes this songster a favorite in the race.

At a board meeting of the Multnomah County Fair association in Gresham last week, the contract for the new fair building was let to Steel & Davis, contractors of Portland, who were the lowest bidders. Their bid was \$12,985. The structure will be a club building for the boys' and girls' club exhibits and domestic science work. It will be 70x100 feet, of concrete and tile construction, with stucco finish and cement floor.

A full month's delay in trout egg-taking operations has been experienced by the hatchery department of the state game commission, according to the report for April just issued by Matt L. Ryckman, superintendent. Heavy snow and ice are held responsible. As yet the ice has not broken up on Diamond lake, the best source for rainbow trout eggs in the state, but preparations are being made to rush the work once the ice is gone.

Lumber shipments and orders continue well above the level of production, according to the report of 72 mills by the West Coast Lumbermen's association, for the week ended April 30. Production during the week totaled 17,977,124 feet of lumber, against 62,455,044 feet produced during the previous week. New business or orders received amounted to 78,695,151 feet, against 78,011,872 feet for the week ending April 23. Shipments of lumber for the week reported on amounted to \$7,369,292 feet, as compared with shipments of \$9,714,250 feet for the previous week.

The state board of higher curricula has approved the addition of three major curricula to the college courses to be offered next year. The board also added 17 new courses, expanded 15 more and discontinued or consolidated 15 others in approving recommended changes in instructional work. Major curricula in agricultural engineering, lumber manufacture, and real estate are the new ones approved by the board, though only the last named required the addition of important new courses. All of these curricula are found in the leading colleges in this country though this is their first introduction into this state.

Berry growers in the vicinity of Canby report that frost early in the season did some damage to the blossoms and that the strawberry crop is likely to be very light this season.

The Eugene Fruit Growers' association, which annually causes many tons of string beans, has announced to the growers that none but beans grown on irrigated land will hereafter be accepted, according to F. E. Price, extension specialist in irrigation and drainage at the Oregon Agricultural college.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)

Save a little of thy income and thy hidebound pocket will soon begin to thrive and thou wilt never cry again with an empty stomach, neither will creditors insult thee, nor want oppress, nor hunger bite, nor nakedness freeze thee. The whole hemisphere will shine brighter, and pleasure spring up in every corner of thy heart.—Benjamin Franklin.

USEFUL HINTS

"A pint is a pound the world around" for a good many of our staples.

The measuring schedule of weights and proportions puzzle us at times and a table of the most-used staples will be helpful:

A pint of granulated sugar equals a pound.

A pint of brown sugar, moist, equals 13 ounces.

A pint of maple sugar equals 17 ounces.

A pint of graham flour equals 8 ounces.

A pint of wheat flour equals 8 ounces.

A pint of corn meal equals 10 ounces.

A pint of soft butter equals 16 ounces or one pound.

A pint of graded bread crumbs equals nine ounces.

A pint of seeded raisins equals 9 ounces.

A pint of dried currants equals 10 ounces.

A pint of dried hominy equals 13 ounces.

The whites of 8 ordinary eggs will fill one cup.

Nine large eggs (hen's eggs) will weigh one pound.

Two level tablespoonfuls of butter equal an ounce.

Eight liquid ounces equal one cup.

Two tablespoonfuls of sale equal an ounce.

Four level tablespoonfuls of flour equal an ounce.

A pint of rice equals 15 ounces.

An ounce of granulated sugar equals two tablespoonfuls.

Three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch equal an ounce.

Three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate equal an ounce.

Four tablespoonfuls of coffee equal an ounce.

Soak mildewed linen in buttermilk; after an hour, sprinkle with salt and lay in the sun. Repeat until the spot is removed.

To clean white chamols or the undressed kind, in fact any kind of kid gloves, use flour dampened with gasoline, washing and rubbing the soiled spots. Put the gloves on the hands and wash just as one does the hands. Rinse in dry clean flour and hang on the line-out of doors to air.

Underwear makes the finest kind of cleaning and dust cloth. A nice dish cloth, soft and large enough, may be made from two small sack sacks sewed together.

Wash white silk gloves in napha soap and water, rinse in bluing water and hang in the shade to dry; they will look like new.

Make aprons from the backs and two fronts of men's shirts. The smaller pieces can be used for pockets and holders.

When opening a can of pineapple for salad, use a slice for cabbage salad.

Everyday Foods.

When the warm days come, leaving one languid, get out for a brisk walk, filling the lungs with good fresh air, cut down on the protein foods, and eat plentifully of fruits and green vegetables. That tired feeling is nature's way of telling us that our blood is clogged with too much waste, which it is unable to dispose of. House cleaning should begin on and in the body. Stop stoking the furnace and clean out the ashes.

Brown Nut Bread.—Take two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of wheat flour, one-half cupful of molasses, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of yeast, one-half cupful of walnut meats, mix well and bake in a moderate oven.

Scalloped Fish.—Pick any leftover cooked fish into bits, carefully removing all bones. Take a pint of milk, add a slice of onion, a sprig of parsley minced fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter and the same of cornstarch mixed with a little cold milk, salt and pepper to taste. Cook all together until smooth and well cooked.

Luullus Sauce.—Beat one-half cupful of heavy cream until stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing, two tablespoonfuls each of horseradish (grated), vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a bit of cayenne.

Tomato Salad.—If the tomatoes are large, cut into thick slices; if small, cut into halves. On each slice or half, heap a teaspoonful each of celery and cucumber; cut into fine pieces; add a bit of minced onion and top with a spoonful of thick mayonnaise. Dash over the top a sprinkling of paprika and serve.

Old Chamber of Commerce

The New York Chamber of Commerce was established on April 5, 1788. The charter was reissued by the legislature of New York in 1783. It is interesting to note that the chamber was organized in the tavern run by Samuel Fraunces.

Courage

There may have been cases where the office sought the man, but we don't believe the latter ever actually hid.—Ohio State Journal.



Slowing Up?

OVERWORK, worry and lack of rest, all put extra burdens on the kidneys. When the kidneys slow up, waste poisons remain in the blood and are apt to make one languid, tired and achy, with dull headaches, dizziness and often a nagging back-ache.

A common warning of imperfect kidney action is scanty or burning secretions. Doan's Pills assist the kidneys in their eliminative work. Are endorsed by users everywhere. Ask your neighbor!

50,000 Users Endorse Doan's!

Mrs. F. E. Watson, 7 High St., Lynn, Mass., says: "The time came when I found myself in bad health. The kidney secretions were scanty and caused me much annoyance. My back ached constantly and I had attacks of dizziness. Doan's Pills were prompt in helping me and I shall never cease to be grateful to them."

DOAN'S PILLS
60c
STIMULANT DIURETIC FOR KIDNEYS
Doan-Milburn Co. Mfg. Chas. Buffalo, N.Y.

BOILS
There's quick, positive, relief in **CARBOIL**
GENEROUS 50¢ BOX
At All Drugstores. Money-back Guarantee.

DON'T EXPERIMENT ON YOUR EYES
MITCHELL EYE SALVE
heals inflamed eyes, granulated lids, stytes, etc. Sure, Safe, Speedy. 25¢ at all druggists. Hall & Ruckel, N.Y.C.

As One Writer Sees the Typical American

A heavy tread in men, with the weight of the body rolling from one leg to the other; a quick, provocative step in women, an over-sureness beaming from face and body. A kind of impersonal appeal—clothes which are good and smart, but which are detached from the person who wears them. I see a hard-faced old matron with a big Paris hat, put on correctly and dutifully, and an antique cashmere shawl thrown into a coat, worn with firmness and decorum, horn-rimmed eye-glasses, self-conscious shoes, and more than all that—the eyes.

American eyes are astoundingly outward-looking. They peer out into the world, seeming to run in advance of the brain behind them. They are often very beautiful in their eagerness and vivacity, but for a European they are almost terrifying; we fathom a touch of insanity in them. Their vigilance is so unrelaxing one feels as if they would never find rest in inward contemplation and never escape the pressure of things by inner seclusion. —O. N. Pilsbry, in the Forum.

Bell-Ans Really-Sure Relief

Thousands of Testimonials From Doctors, Nurses and Dentists Say So.

For correcting over-acidity and quickly relieving belching, gas, sick-headache, heartburn, nausea, biliousness and other digestive disorders, BELL-ANS has been proved of great value for the past thirty years. Not a laxative but a tested Sure Relief for indigestion. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. Send for free samples to: Bell & Co., Inc., Orangeburg, N. Y. —Adv.

Make-up With Airbrush

In some theatrical performances and in the movies, it is often necessary to put a "make-up" on a large portion of the performer's body. In ordinary manner of procedure, this requires considerable time, but the operation has been recently hastened by the use of an airbrush. The coloring matter is practically sprayed over the surface to be covered and much time is saved.

Indian Converts Wealth

In the general movement in India to abandon the centuries-old custom of hoarding gold, says the Dearborn Independent, an Arab recently converted his savings into \$500,000 worth of government securities.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes
one size smaller and walk or dance in comfort by using **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder to shake into your shoes.

BABIES LOVE
MRS. WIGGLES' SYRUP
The Infant's and Child's Regular Remedy. Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It cures colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The only medicine that appears on the **W.A.A.B.** Dispensary.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN
of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use **Resinol**
W. N. U., PORTLAND, NO. 20-1927

ONLY WHEN ON SHORE
seafaring life full of perils? Sailor
—Yes, whenever I get on shore.
Diplomacy
She—I can only be a—
He—Don't say it! It won't do. I have five sisters already and, to tell the truth, they are not favorably disposed towards you. They think a match with you would be the mistake of my life.
She—Oh, indeed! I'll show the cats! We'll be married just as soon as I can get ready.

Cafe Conversation
Friendly German (to waiter)—Wie gehts.
Waiter—One order of wheat cakes.
German—Nein, nein!
Waiter—Nine? Well, you certainly are hungry!—Forbes Magazine.

Protected
"But, Bill, what do you want that stick for when you are going to the unemployed demonstration?"
"So I can defend myself if anyone offers me work."—Finn, Vienna.

How embarrassing to be a reformer.
Intent on making the world as good as yourself, and discover you have made it better.
An Eastern young man is attempting to pay off his debts of \$3,000,000 by writing, which looks like Farthest North in optimism.
Ben Franklin was a great and versatile man. Few can imitate all his qualities. Anybody can at least practice the virtues of thrift and industry be regarded as so important.