

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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STORY FROM THE START

From the comfortable financial situation to which he had been born, Peter Milman, an American gentleman of the old school, and last of his family, is practically reduced to penury through the misfortune of a friend, Hans Brewer, whom he had unwisely trusted. Learning of Brewer's suicide, which means the destruction of his last hope, Milman engages a French butler, Achille Luty, who speaks no English, and is to replace Sneed, servant of long standing. By Luty, Milman sends letters to Prof. Fleming Bradley, Floyd Malet and Neeland Barnes, men whom the world has blessed as failures, once of high position.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Beside yourself there will be, I trust, Neeland Barnes, formerly an international polo player and owner of race horses, and Floyd Malet, who, when he seemed about to take his place in the world as a great sculptor, suffered an unfortunate eclipse."

Bradley went to the library and opened the New York directory. Sure enough, Peter Milman was recorded as living on Lower Fifth avenue. The thing, then, was not a foolish practical joke.

Puffing at a big pipe, Fleming Bradley sat on his little balcony and gazed at Manhattan lights. This strange letter had awakened old hopes and ambitions that he had thought for ever dead. Of course, there could be no practical joke which expended a hundred dollars on its fulfillment. Bradley read the letter again. The phrase, "Perhaps at this dinner you may be offered the opportunity," took his fancy strangely. Opportunity! Did any exist for a man who had been disgraced and was now forgotten? Until this letter came Bradley had believed his career finished. He went into his bedroom and disintegrated a suit of full evening dress from its mothball tomb. He had not worn it for a dozen years.

Peter Milman's letter reached Neeland Barnes at a moment when that eminent sportsman was engaged in staving off his most persistent creditor, the landlord Lippy.

Barnes was a tall, finely made man who had run through several fortunes by his love for horses and his inability to judge of their chances in races. After his wife had died, his relatives had shrugged their shoulders and abandoned him. The many schemes for his rehabilitation had failed. He disappeared from fashionable resorts. His only daughter was being brought up in England by rich relations. He had drifted about the world until, at the end of all resources, he had taken a little house on the outskirts of Peekskill.

Here he was engaged in what he explained as an attempt "to stage a comeback." He was trying to become physically fit, and he was succeeding. But mountain hikes and sculling up the noble stream brought no grist to the mill.

"Mr. Barnes, you are a loafer," Lippy cried when the sportsman had announced his inability to pay rent long overdue. This seemed cruelly unjust to a man who had just returned from a twenty-mile walk.

"Some day, if you keep on annoying me," said Neeland Barnes, "I shall kill you."

"You don't have to kill me," Lippy cried shrilly. "You just pay my rent. Sell your swell clothes and get over-alls." He waved Peter Milman's letter. "Get some of your swell friends to lend you money."

Neeland Barnes looked at the letter, puzzled. He did not recognize the writing, but the stationery was reassuring.

"When what you term my swell friends know I am living in a hotel like this, they will advance me the money. I shall not ask them until I have finished my training. I am about to begin. If I hit you, it's your lookout."

Barnes began his shadow-boxing exercises. Dimly Lippy perceived that his debtor was getting nearer and nearer. He went out muttering "Loafer." It was a word which did much to appease him.

Barnes looked no more when his landlord had disappeared. He read the astonishing letter a dozen times and secreted the money-order at once. Alone of the three who had received somewhat similar communications, he knew of Milman and his family. Very distantly they were connected by marriage. Barnes had no idea that the Brewer failure had brought Peter Milman to penury. One sentence he found strangely intriguing: "If, as I believe, you feel yourself unfairly treated by the world that was yours, I may be able to offer you the opportunity to take your place again in society."

better physical trim than he had been for a dozen years. Barnes always saw himself in a heroic light. He hoped the thing would be staged so that his old cronies might see it. They would never believe that he could keep so fit after the scandalous rumors that had been spread about him.

Naturally there would be expense money. It would be a delightful experience to pay Lippy his deferred rent in nickels and cents and watch him scrambling feverishly for the coins among poison ivy. And he would be able to send his daughter a decent present at last. Poor Nita, whom he had not seen for years, brought up by jealous relatives far from his care. The adventure might lead to amazing things.

Presently these brilliant prospects faded. He was conscious that his only home was in Lippy's grotesquely furnished house. Adventures with glorious endings offered themselves only to youth. He sighed a little. Then he smiled. After all, he had the hundred dollars and the prospect of a good dinner.

Floyd Malet, under the name of M. Floyd, was earning a poor living by teaching drawing in Philadelphia private schools. The man who had hoped to see his name associated with Rodin and Meunier was forgotten by all save the few who had seen in him the signs of genius. Malet was a man of middle size, thin and haggard. Once or twice fastidious pupils had complained that he paid too little attention to his personal appearance. Milman's letter came by late mail. At first the sculptor was inclined to think it an advertising scheme of some sort. The Lower Fifth avenue address was thick with left and office buildings. Like Bradley, he went to a library and looked up Milman. The genealogical department gave him ample data.

The stranger's letter held out the promise of temporary relief from an intolerable life. There was money for the trip and enough over to live for many weeks as he had lately learned to live. He packed his grip, thankful he had saved a suit of evening clothes.

There is something vivifying about the air of Manhattan. It had its effect on the three men bound for Peter Milman's house. Bradley held up his head again and Malet lost his droop of depression. Neeland Barnes, walking briskly down the avenue, passed clubs which had dropped him on account of nonpayment of dues and felt himself within measurable distance of re-election. His military mustache and fine carriage made him a marked figure, and he liked the limelight.

As he neared the Milman house he wondered what his fellow guests would be like. In other years no physicists had been numbered among his acquaintances. He was not quite certain what a physicist was. As to sculptors, he had met one in Rome, but he was a marquis. Sculptors were probably all right. He was reassured by remembering that the wife of a former polo pal had her own studio. But he would probably have to dominate the conversation with Peter Milman and talk of old New York society. He must be careful not to mention the Daynes. The runaway wife had been a Dayne.

Wedged in between tall buildings, the Milman house looked squat and unimpressive. Yet Barnes gazed at it with respect. To be able to retain it spelled wealth. Lesser men would have sold at a profit and moved uptown. What this millionaire might want with Neeland Barnes was a delightful mystery. He rapped loudly with the brass knocker.

A few minutes earlier Floyd Malet had stood appalled at the snug ugliness of the building. He did not think with any sympathy of that generation, represented by the bulider, which had distrusted elegance and loved what

was solid and lasting. To the sculptor it seemed the Milman home was modeled on the old Astor house. But he liked the door and the brass knocker, which was a copy of that decorating an Oxford college.

The last to come was Fleming Bradley, whom the subway had delayed. He rather liked the house. It had strength and the air of studied isolation. None could look through its windows to disturb the inmates. It lay fifteen feet back from the sidewalk. Bradley had that imagination without which mathematicians can never be great. Whom and what was he to see behind the tall door?

CHAPTER III

Neeland Barnes disapproved of Achille, who admitted him with lavish gestures. This was not the sort of butler a Milman should employ. He followed him to a library, where he found his host speaking to Floyd Malet. It was as Barnes thought. Sculptors were not quite up to his social standard. This stranger was physically inconspicuous, and his clothes should have been more recently pressed.

Neeland Barnes held out his hand to Peter Milman, as one could to a man of his distinguished ancestry. With a smile which said plainly, "I, at least, belong here."

"It is very kind of you to come," said Peter Milman. He turned to Floyd Malet: "Mr. Malet, this is Mr. Neeland Barnes."

Barnes nodded a little coldly. Curious, he thought, that Peter Milman should have introduced Malet to him. Then Fleming Bradley came in. Although his clothes were of another era, there was an air of power about him. His was a carelessness due less to ignorance than to lack of concern with other people's modes of life and thought. In an age when beards were unpopular he wore one, and little children blessed "Beaver" to him at every street corner.

Peter Milman, so Barnes thought, treated him with extreme respect. It was not until Achille brought in the cocktails that Barnes' frown left him. It was easy to see that of the three Peter Milman considered him the least important. Why, he wondered, did Milman esteem it an honor to have a physicist to dinner? The word recurred many times. This must be some new way of describing a physician. That was it. Physicians were not so bad. One had married a Vanderbilt in America and another a duke of Norfolk's daughter in England. The second cocktail found Neeland Barnes more amiable. He looked keenly at his host, but discovered no trace of nervousness about him, no wildness of eye which might confirm the world's opinion that he was mentally unbalanced. Perfectly dressed, as usual, but no better turned-out than Neeland Barnes.

The dining room was beautifully furnished. "Ha, ha," said Barnes, "good old Chippendale." "Sheraton," the sculptor corrected gently. "Just as you like," Barnes said generally. There were certain bottles in plain view which banished any ill-humor he might have felt. Not for years had he sat down to a really well-chosen and well-cooked dinner. Everything about him spoke of lavish expenditures. To Floyd Malet every thing spoke of exquisite taste. The roof, after years of furnished discomfort, was grateful. He felt cheerful after a decade of gloom.

The bearded Bradley noticed only that he was sitting at a beautiful table and invited to sip excellent vintage wines. What was the reason? He was impatient to know. What opportunity was he to be offered to regain the rank in science that disgrace had bereft him?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One Eye Her Oculist Son Could Not Help

The oculist had a joke the other morning. Every now and then he smiled quietly to himself. "You know," he said finally to the woman, "mothers are wonderful people. They always believe there is nobody quite so clever as their own children."

"Now, my mother, for instance, thinks I know everything about eyes. She doesn't confine her boasting to the neighbors, either. She is just as likely as not to walk up to a nearsighted or cross-eyed passenger in the subway and tell him his eyes need attention and that her son is the best oculist in New York. She says that isn't hunting business for me; it's helping people who don't know enough to look after their sight. But the joke is on her."

"Yesterday she met a man who is distinctly and painfully 'wall-eyed.' You mustn't let your eyes go like

that," she told him immediately the introductions were made. "My son can do anything with eyes. Why don't you go to see him? I'm afraid he can't do anything with this eye, madam," answered the object of her solicitude; "you see, it's a glass eye."—New York Sun.

Boons Gravestones Saved

Daniel Boone's parents died before their son had come into prominence. His father, Squire Boone, died in 1765 and his mother in 1777. They were buried in the Joppa graveyard, near Mocksville, N. C., and two small stones were erected to mark the graves.

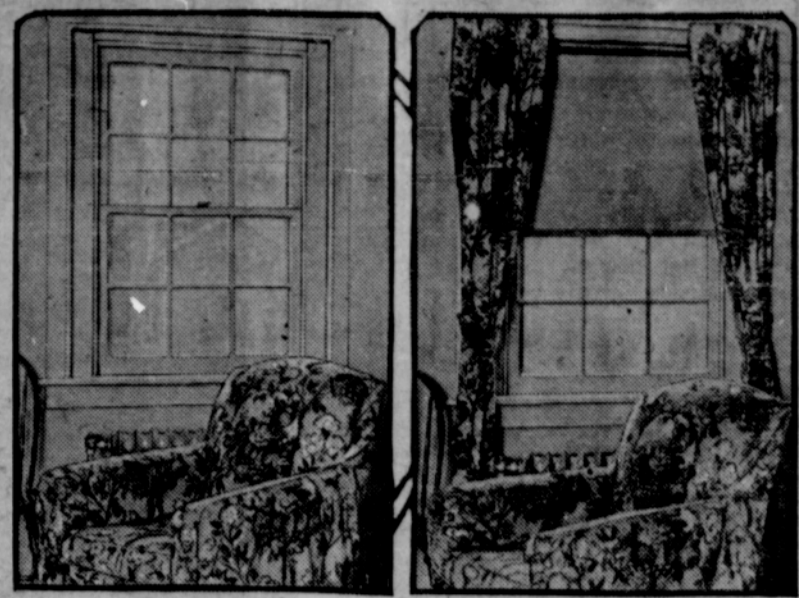
Almost a century passed before the accomplishments of Daniel Boone brought about a historic interest in the graves. Then visitors began to chip off little pieces of the gravestones as souvenirs. Fearing the stones would be destroyed, residents had them taken to a Mocksville bank and placed in safekeeping. They remained until the Boone Trail Highway association had them returned to the graveyard and set into solid concrete beyond the reach of the casual vandal.—Kansas City Times.

Odd Railroad Troubles
Railway accidents caused by animals are not infrequent in some parts of the world. A passenger train in Siam a few years ago was delayed by a tiger on a viaduct. Running over this animal, a freight car, derailed several cars and wrecked the locomotive before it was killed. Insect pests in South Africa have been known to cause railway troubles. One report tells of a train having been delayed for two hours while the right of way was disrupted with millions of "thousand legs." In 1923 there were such swarms of locusts in one district that the right of way had to be sprayed daily for more than a week.

Laborious
Irate Parent—When I was your age I had to work for a living.
Son—Well, gov'nor, there's nothing much harder than working you for a living.

The bark of several species of the eucalyptus tree yields a resin, hence the tree is called the "gum tree."

CURTAINLESS WINDOWS ARE UNATTRACTIVE



Curtains of Cretonne Matching the Chair Cover Retain the Charm of a Room, While a Room Without Curtains Lacks Softness and Charm.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

With a good many housekeepers it is the custom to take down every window curtain in the house at the period of spring cleaning. After they have been laundered the curtains are put away until fall cleaning or some other traditional date permits them to go up again. In the meantime the windows remain bare and unattractive, and rooms lose their charm. They are filled with the unobscured glare of summer sunshine, which, while tempting in the first days of spring, is almost unbearable on hot days in many parts of the country. It helps to fade rugs and other furnishings. When privacy or subdued light is necessary the only course is to pull down the shades and incidentally to shut out most of the fresh air.

Old-Fashioned Idea.
Curtains undoubtedly need cleaning from time to time, but this old-fashioned idea of housekeeping has given way to the more modern idea that it is not necessary to make our homes bare, uncomfortable and ugly in order to have them clean. The bureau of

HAVE STRAWBERRY FLAVOR IN WINTER

Method of Preparing Is Different From Other Fruits.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

You can have delicious strawberry sauce for blanc mange or Spanish cream or sponge cake, or any other dessert you like, next December or January, if you provide for it now, while strawberries are at the height of their season. Or strawberry tarts, not too rich or sweet, as they often are when filled with preserves, or a strawberry shortbread or ice, or a fruit gelatin, predominating in this delectable flavor, or strawberry punch for your parties. The secret is canning a few quarts of strawberries for later use. Canned strawberries will not be so rich or so sweet as jam, and they will more closely approach the flavor of the fresh berries.

The method of preparing the strawberries for canning is a little different from that used for other fruits and berries, most of which are canned directly in added syrup. You want to develop all possible flavor in the strawberries, and also to avoid too watery or over-sweet product. The United States Department of Agriculture gives these directions: Hull and wash the strawberries. To each quart add one cupful of sugar and two tablespoons of water. Boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Let stand overnight in the kettle. Reheat to boiling. Fill hot into hot containers, and process for five minutes in a hot-water bath. This is sometimes called the "hot pack" method, and is strongly recommended for all products canned at home. Since the material to be canned is heated to the boiling point or cooked a short time before being put into the cans or jars, the temperature of the whole jar is raised to the processing point in the shortest possible time. This results in more certain sterilization and a better product because of the shorter cooking.

If you are not familiar with the management of the jars and canner at each stage of the canning process, it is advisable to send to the United States Department of Agriculture for Farmers' Bulletin 1471-F, "Canning Fruits and Vegetables at Home." It will be sent to you free.

Galvanized Iron Vessels

Liquid foods, including buttermilk, milk, elder and other fruit juices, should not be allowed to stand for even a short time in a galvanized iron vessel nor should such a utensil be employed in making preserves, jellies, etc. The zinc which is used in galvanizing the utensil will be dissolved and will give the food an unpleasant taste and may cause sudden and intense illness.

Flies Spread Disease

House flies spread typhoid because the common house fly is essentially a breeder in filth. It breeds in and feeds upon all sorts of animal waste. When it comes in contact with material containing typhoid germs it picks them up on its hairy feet and ingests them, then carries them to the food, which if not cooked afterward may produce typhoid.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Roses need soil that is well drained, for none of them will thrive on soil that is water-soaked.

Put your lamp chimneys in cold water and give them a seasoning bath to prepare them for a long life.

It is best to plant roses in the spring, for, when planted in the fall, they are likely to winter-kill unless they have exceptional care.

home economics suggests that if the curtains used during the winter seem too elaborate or heavy for spring and summer, it would be a good plan to have a second set made of lighter, sheerer materials. These would be in harmony with fresh slip covers and gray-colored decorations. They would serve every necessary purpose of curtains, retain softness and charm in each room, and add to its comfort. Side draperies, valences and unnecessary trimmings should be omitted.

Sun Fades Fabrics.
As the hot summer sun fades many fabrics, these might be made of plain cream or white material or of some guaranteed fast-colored fabric. Draw curtains would be useful. They could be pulled back at night to permit the maximum circulation of air, and yet, when drawn, their texture would allow more air to penetrate into the room than a shade would.

When need for economy makes it impossible to have two sets of curtains, an all-year type of material can be selected that will stand the necessary wear and laundering required by double-duty curtains.

Directions for Making Cream of Tomato Soup

The difficulty usually encountered in making cream of tomato soup, or tomato bisque, as it's often called, is having the soup curdle the last minute. This is due to the effect of the acid tomato on the hot milk. It can be avoided by the proper management of the ingredients, without the use of the soda so often called for, says the United States Department of Agriculture. When soda is added the desirable acid flavor is neutralized and the vitamin content may be affected.

- 1 pint cooked or canned tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons butter or other fat
- 1 teaspoonful onion juice
- 1 tablespoonful flour
- 1 teaspoonful salt
- 1 quart milk
- Spring of parsley, pinch of pepper

Use two saucepans. In one cook the tomatoes slowly with the seasoning for ten minutes, and then rub through a strainer. In the other scald the milk, and thicken it with the flour and butter rubbed to a paste. Reheat the tomatoes in the first saucepan, combine the two pans without further cooking, and serve immediately.

Tomato soup is also very good when made with stock or just water. Use 1 pint of cooked or canned tomatoes, 1 quart of water or meat stock, 4 tablespoons of butter or other fat, 4 tablespoons of flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, a pinch of pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped onion. Cook the onion in half the butter to develop the flavor, but do not fry it. Add the rest of the butter and the flour and mix to a paste. In another pan mix the stock or water, the tomato and seasonings. Heat these to the boiling point and pour slowly on the flour and butter paste, stirring all the time to prevent lumping. Cook for a few minutes, strain and serve.

Chocolate and Cocoa

Chocolate and cocoa are both derived from the seeds of trees growing in tropical countries which differ in genus from those which produce coconuts. Chocolate results from grinding the roasted seeds freed from germ and shell or husk and contains fifty per cent or more of fat. The ground seeds are sometimes subjected to the drastic pressure to obtain the cocoa fat or butter whereby more than one-half is removed. The residue remaining when ground and sifted produces cocoa. Breakfast cocoa contains not less than 22 per cent fat.

Most Delicious Dessert

Spanish cream is one of the most delicious desserts one can make. It is also delicate and easily digested and especially suitable to give to children. As it is necessarily made early in the day to give the gelatin time to set, this dessert is one that the housekeeper will welcome. Many flavors may be used in a Spanish cream, such as chocolate, caramel, butterscotch, almond, orange, vanilla, or different fruit flavors.

Clean Upholstered Furniture

Upholstered furniture may be given a beating indoors if covered with a cloth which has been dipped in water and wrung as dry as possible. Use a flat beater. The damp cloth takes up the dust.

Dip the measuring cup in water before measuring molasses or thick syrup and the syrup will pour more easily.

It pays to put new washers in faucets as soon as they begin to drip; wash basins and sinks will become stained if the dripping continues.

Such things as empty spoons, string, crayons, wrapping paper and blunt-tipped scissors often are as fascinating to children as expensive toys.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1927, Western Newspaper Union.)
All hail to good health! You never can buy it. Though many by using a vegetable diet. Have lived a long life, with nerves steady and quiet. Then listen to wisdom, ye people, and try it.

FEEDING THE FAMILY

Food is not necessarily nutritious in proportion to its cost. Three cucumbers may cost as much as a small roast of meat but no one would admit that they supplied the same nutriment. As protein foods are the most expensive and complex, we need them to keep a well-balanced diet, but they should be served in smaller portions and to make attractive other foods just as necessary in the diet, such as roots, bulbs and vegetables that add bulk to the diet.

Brain workers need easily digested foods, while outdoor workers find the heartier and coarser foods suited better to their needs. It is noticeable that thin delicate girls and women have an antipathy for fat meat or fats of any kind. They are the ones who need it and should be given oil dressings, cream and butter in abundance.

For the first few months of the child, milk is the only diet needed. After three months strained orange juice and tomato juice may be given freely between feedings. This supplies the vitamins which are so essential in the growth of a child. At the age of a year children may be given gruels prepared from cereals with long cooking. Broths from chicken or mutton and a little baked or mashed potato.

Vegetables, to be enjoyed and liked, must be served to the very young in some form suitable, then as they grow older they will need no urging to eat all kinds of wholesome vegetables. From the ages of fourteen to sixteen both sexes need the food of adult life. A boy growing rapidly often needs and eats more than his father. Highly seasoned foods, stimulating foods and condiments should never be given growing children, as such foods act upon the system and may cripple the whole life.

When using butter, cream and milk in foods remember that they are themselves foods. A green vegetable should be served at least once a day in some menu. This may be lettuce, spinach, water cress or beet greens. With fresh carrots grated, adding a bit of chopped celery and onion and salad dressing one has a food combination almost complete; adding a few nuts will make it a meal.

Something to Eat.
If one has the patience to prepare and grate fresh coconut there are many ways that it may be enjoyed in planning the menu. It is wise to sugar it well over the top of the bowl and keep in a cold place—in the ice box is best. It will keep a week or two, providing the family does not like it too often.

When serving custard pie sprinkle a thick coating of the fresh-sugared nut over each pie as it served. For cup custards a tablespoonful on top when served adds both to its appearance and taste.

New Onions.—Take two small bunches of green onions, trim, but leave on most of the green stem. Cook in boiling salted water until tender, then serve in a rich white sauce over buttered toast, cover with buttered bread crumbs and serve.

Broiled Hamburger.—Season the chopped meat with salt, pepper, a pinch of clove and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Make into a large flat cake, not too thick. Lay on a well-greased broiler and broil quickly until both sides are seared, then cook with a reduced heat until well done.

Cream Pie.—To one cupful of milk add one cupful of sugar—two tablespoonsful of flour mixed with some of the cold milk before adding—the beaten yolks of two eggs and a pinch of salt. Cook until thick, flavor with orange or almond, and set aside to cool. Bake a shell and fill with the mixture, cover with a thick layer of sugared coconut, the freshly grated kind, and serve. If the coconut is not available use the whites of the eggs and two tablespoonsful of sugar beaten and placed on top; brown in a moderate oven.

Rochester Soup.—Blanch two-thirds of a cupful of almonds, chop and pound in a mortar, add gradually while pounding four tablespoonsful of water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, then add three cupfuls of chicken stock, one sliced onion, three stalks of celery cut fine. Simmer one hour, rub through a sieve and bind with three tablespoonsful each of butter and four cooked together.

Apple Snow.—Pare and core six good-sized apples, steam in two tablespoonsful of water with a little lemon peel until soft, add one-half cupful of sugar or more to sweeten and the whites of two fresh eggs. Beat well for three-fourths of an hour without stopping; serve in custard cups or sherbet glasses.

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Rock of Chickamauga

George Henry Thomas, a distinguished Union general in the Civil war, was called the Rock of Chickamauga for his brilliant, stubborn defense of the federal position in the battle of Chickamauga, September, 1863.

Missouri Many Neighbors

Missouri and Tennessee have more close neighbors than any other state in the Union, according to Liberty. Each is bounded by eight other states.

Old Medical School

First medical school in America was established at Perkasie, Pa., on May 3, 1765. In 1776 the rights and property of the school were transferred to the University of Pennsylvania by the state legislature.

Immense Masonry Work

The great wall of China easily is the greatest masonry structure in the world. It is said to contain more bricks and stone than there are in all the buildings in Great Britain.

That Youthful Touch

Of course the modern woman dresses to look young. There is no "old" and "young" in clothes today. The same silhouette is used for grandmothers and debutantes. Two generations ago, the woman of forty was frankly middle-aged. She wore blacks and browns, and upon the appearance of her first gray hair she discarded hats for bonnets, which definitely classed her as an elderly lady. Today the woman of forty is a very youthful person—and she looks it!—American Magazine.

For an Emergency

Take a piece of cardboard and copy on it the telephone number of the fire department, family physician, your husband's office or other numbers that you might find necessary to use in an emergency. So often in an emergency, such as sudden illness, a neighbor or some one else to whom the numbers are not familiar may do the telephoning. Hang this above your telephone and see what a convenience it is.

Roman Appellation

Leptis Magna is the old Roman name of the modern Lebda, in Tripolitania, an Italian possession on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. It was so called to distinguish it from a smaller Semitic settlement near the Carthaginian frontier—Leptis Parva. Leptis Magna was the chief city of the ancient Tripolitania, the other two being Cece (the present Tripoli) and Sabrata (the modern Zuagh).

Primitive Fountain Pen

Egypt claims the first inventor of a fountain pen. In a 4,000-year-old tomb there was recently found a section of reed no thicker than an ordinary lead pencil and of about the length of a fountain pen and mounted on a piece of copper. The nib of the pen is cut on the lines of a quill pen. The hollow in the reed is supposed to have held the ink.

Old London Monument

A monument at London was erected to commemorate the great fire of 1666. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, the famous architect, whose masterpiece is St. Paul's cathedral and whose other beautiful but smaller churches are to be found in many parts of older London. The monument stands near the north end of London bridge.

Secret Governing Board

Cabal means a secret cabinet or governing clique whose members are unopposed. Such a clique existed in the reign of Charles II of England, composed of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington and Lauderdale. The initial letters of their names form the word Cabal.

Population Grows Fast

The population of the United States increases at a rate of one person about every twenty seconds.

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