

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, American gentleman of the old school, and so on and so forth, in practically unbroken continuity through the life of a friend, Hasen...

CHAPTER II—Continued

“Pretend yourself there will be, I mean Neeland Barnes, formerly an international polo player and owner of game 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.

Putting 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.

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 Lippsky.

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.

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.”

better physical trim than he had been for a dozen years. Barnes always said himself in heroic light. He hoped the thing would be staged so that his old cronies might see it.

Naturally there would be expense money. It would be a delightful experience to pay Lippsky his deferred rent in nickels and cents and watch him scrambling feverishly for the coins among poison ivy.

Presently these brilliant prospects faded. He was conscious that his only home was in Lippsky's grotesquely furnished house. Adventures with glorious endings offered themselves only to youth.

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 him in the signs of genius.

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.

As he heard the Milman house he wondered what his fellow guests would be like. In other years no physician had been numbered among his acquaintances. He was not quite certain what a physician was.

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Barnes began his shadow-boxing exercises. Dingly Lippsky perceived that his debtor was getting nearer and nearer. He went out muttering “Loafers.”

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Neeland Barnes longed above all things for the comfortable life that had once been his. He had never permitted himself to become shabby.

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.

CHAPTER III

Neeland Barnes disapproved of Achille, who admitted him with lavish gestures. This was not the sort of butler a Milman should employ.

Neeland Barnes held out his hand to Peter Milman, as one could to a man of his distinguished ancestry.

Barnes nodded a little coldly. Carl, as 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.

Peter Milman, so Barnes thought, treated him with extreme respect. It was not until Achille brought in the cocktails that Barnes' frown left him.

The dining room was beautifully furnished. “Hi, ha,” said Barnes, “good old Chippendale!”

“Just as you like,” Barnes said gently. There were certain bottles in plain view which banished any ill-humor he might have felt.

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that, she told him immediately the introductions were made. “My son can do anything with eyes. Why don't you go to see him?”

Boone Gravestones Saved Daniel Boone's parents died before their son had come into prominence.

Almost a century passed before the accomplishments of Daniel Boone brought about a historic interest in the graves.

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

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1927 Western Newspaper Union)

If God made woman beautiful He made her so to be looked at—to give pleasure to the eyes which rest upon her—and she has no business to dress herself as if she were a hitching post or to transform that which should give delight to those among whom she moves into a ludicrous caricature of a woman's form.—J. G. Holland.

EATING TOO MUCH?

Those who live in the open, doing hard work, create a need for food. Because of their active life, the appetite demands sustaining food and the body is able to take care of it.

It is far safer, more comfortable and enjoyable to restrict one's appetite for such foods before constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia and kindred ills become settled, than to overcome them after the harm is done.

It is a safe rule to follow, that the one who does office or indoor work, with little exercise, should eat half as much as the outdoor worker.

Protein is the one food principle which we need and cannot do without, as it repairs waste and builds muscle.

The sedentary worker should keep in mind that he needs proteins but they should be of a kind that is readily digested and converted into body-proteins.

With an apple or orange daily, fresh fruit of other kinds in season, one will avoid auto-intoxication or irritating bacteria in the digestive tract.

With all attention to diet, it alone cannot maintain health; exercise and fresh air are essential. This is possible if one has to do it with dumb-bells and before an open window.

Orange Salad.—Peel two oranges, removing all the white pith and seeds. Arrange the sections on tender, crisp lettuce on individual salad plates.

Banana Cream.—Beat the whites of two eggs slightly and one fourth cupful of powdered sugar and gradually three-fourths of a cupful of hot cream.

Gold Cake.—Take one cupful each of cake flour and sugar, six eggs whites and five yolks, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt.

Simple desserts like custards, prune whip, rice cream, when not enriched with nuts, fresh fruits, dried, stewed fruits and simple bread puddings are all good for the children.

Asparagus Salad.—Take cooked stalks of asparagus, three or four to a ring of red pepper or a slice of tomato, cut out, slip the stalks through the ring and arrange on a salad plate.

With Ocean's Bed Sheets “According to a naturalist,” says a London paper, “there is a fish that washes its young.”

Common but Costly Aluminum, which forms a part of all clay soils, is the commonest metal, points out an answered question in Liberty.



The Doughboys Who Never Came Home: American Cemetery at Suresnes, Outside Paris, Where 1,497 Soldiers of the A. E. F. Lie Buried. Always Decorated on Memorial Day.

Fields of Honor in Fair France

Crosses Row on Row Mark Graves of Our Boys in Honored Rest.

Ten years after the declaration of war by the United States against Germany in the year 1917 there remain in Europe few traces of the American Expeditionary forces which proved the deciding factors in the conflict.

For the most part, the battlefields have grown up with weeds, or have been restored to cultivation by the plow.

This monument question is no simple one, as anyone who ever visited the battlefield at Gettysburg, Pa., will bear witness.

Six Mark Battlefields. Six of the American cemeteries are on the battlefields, on ground taken from the enemy by the power of American arms, on ground restored to France and to Belgium by our derring-do sword.



Beautiful spot in Arlington National cemetery, forever dedicated to the heroic dead.

Thinning Ranks of Men in Blue and Gray

Fifty years ago there were a million surviving veterans of the Civil War. Today armies have shrunk into regiments, regiments to platoons. Then there was scarcely a village in the land without its post of the G. A. R.

“The women of Columbus, Mississippi, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.”

That was the beginning. That has been the culmination. After 57 years Memorial day should be as national, as void of sectionalism or of partisanship, as Independence day itself.

“Let no vandalism or avarice or neglect, no ravings of time, testify to the present or coming generations that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free and undivided republic.”

Monuments in France In the American Pro-Catholic church, in Paris, is a battle memorial cloister, one of the first ever built, the central point of which is a stone carrying, greatly admired, representing Columbia sheathing her sword.

