

"BAYER ASPIRIN" PROVED SAFE

Take without Fear as Told in "Bayer" Package



Does not affect the Heart

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on package or on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin...

- Colds, Headache, Neuritis, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain, Palm, Palm

Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents.

More Egg Money... 3 Months' Trial 10c... Poultry Magazine

Causes and Cures of Childhood Colds

A child too heavily clothed is as much exposed to cold as one under-dressed, warns Dr. Russell L. Cecil of Cornell University medical school.

Other causes of colds often overlooked by parents, he writes in "Children, the Magazine for Parents," are indigestion and constipation, caused by poor diet and lack of exercise.

Hot baths, hot drinks, simple diet and mild laxatives all are effective in treatment, he says, but the essential point, often ignored, is complete rest, allowing the body to use its whole strength in throwing off the infection.

Contentment furnishes constant joy.

Special Offer to Victims of Indigestion

Your Druggist Says Pleasant to Take, Elixir Must Help Poor Distressed Stomachs or Money Gladly Refunded.

You can be so distressed with gas and fullness from poor digestion or dyspepsia that you think your heart is going to stop beating.

Your stomach may be so distended that your breathing is short and gaspy. You are dizzy and pray for quick relief—what's to be done.

Just one tablespoonful of Dare's Mentha Pepsin and speedily the gas disappears, the pressing on the heart ceases and you can breathe deep and naturally.

Oh! What blessed relief; but why not get rid of such attacks altogether? Why have them at all?

Especially when any druggist anywhere guarantees Dare's Mentha Pepsin, a pleasant elixir, to help you or money back.

DEMAND GENUINE EARLY'S HYPO COD

COD LIVER OIL-HYPO PHOSPHITES. A guaranteed remedy to prevent and overcome Coughs, Colds, Bronchial and Lung Affections, Lost Appetite, Dyspepsia, Pains in Stomach, Indigestion, Pimples, Bad Blood, Sallow Complexion, Lost Weight, Strength and similar run-down conditions requiring a reconstructive tonic.

TASTES LIKE RARE OLD WINE. SAMPLE FREE. At your druggist's or by mail.

NOTE: Large size HYPO-COD sells for \$1.00 at drug stores or by mail. The Earle Chemical Co., Wheeling, W. Va. Your Druggist Will Guarantee HYPO-COD to Help the Sick and Weak.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes one size smaller and walk or dance in comfort by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antic Acidic, Healing Powder to shake into your shoes.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE. W. N. U., PITTSBURGH, NO. 20-1927

The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

CHAPTER I

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

Copyright in the United States W. N. U. Service

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 prejudge 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've 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 Eastings 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 [s 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



"Have You Always Hated Me, Loddon?"

had always resented Milman's discriminations when social functions were still a part of his life. It is true that he had dined many times in the Milman house, but his wife had never been asked there. He came to understand in the end that he was asked because Peter Milman found it a less tedious business than going to Loddon's office.

It was this fancied slight to his wife which most angered the lawyer. She was a social climber, and the magic of the Milman name was a tradition in New York. Her husband, ashamed of his obscure origin, had claimed to have been at school with Peter Milman, and Mrs. Loddon felt that, were he to insist, she could be a guest in the envied home.

Loddon hated Milman because, despite his unwise boasting, he knew he had never convinced Milman of his importance.

"Always," he said slowly, at last able to voice his emotions. "Yes, I hated you when my father drove you to school and I couldn't get either inside with you or on the box with him. I've hated you for your friends and the way you've expected me to come when you felt like calling." Loddon laughed sneeringly. "But that's all done with. I'm on top and only pity you now."

"I think I prefer the former emotion," Milman murmured.

"In future," Loddon said majestically, "I shall have too many big things to attend to to have time for you. I'll turn your affairs over to my managing clerk."

"Thank you," Milman said, rising. "I shall not come again. Send in your bill at once. You have been loyal to our interests, and that is why we employed you." Peter Milman passed over the Loddon outburst of hate as though it had not interested him.

Herman Loddon watched him depart with the feeling that his triumph had not been as assured as he could have wished. He had won no look of fear

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 home and lot and retired to some other place 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 experts 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 sealskin. On this table, in 1745, a Peter Milman had lost a thousand pounds on a cut of cards with a blue-blood of South Carolina. Those six chairs, called "banister" backed by their creator, Heppelwhite, 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 unwidened. 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 I 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 candlestick," 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-string bass viol. 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 speared as 'my friend' Hamilton whom I killed."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Song Composed Under Stress of Loneliness

Some persons assert that John Howard Payne wrote his wondrous song, "Home Sweet Home," while in a debtors' prison. Others say he wrote it at a time when he was penniless and homeless, stranded in London. Payne, however, leaves behind him the statement that he was a fairly successful playwright, with a good supply of money and excellent prospects ahead when he wrote the song. He did admit that he was somewhat depressed at the time he penned the words, but he attributes his depression to a dull October day, merry crowds passing his window as he sat and watched them. He was homesick. Being a wanderer, he had strayed far from home, but at times he had memories of the days he spent in happy childhood with a mother he adored in a humble cottage at Easthampton, L. I. The tune he adapted from a song he had heard a peasant girl singing to herself in the

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.

Folly of Fashion "So great was the weight of the elaborately padded garments worn by men in England during the reign of Henry the Eighth," points out Frederick Tisdale in an article in Liberty, "that a bench was built along the house of parliament so the fainting dandies could rest their matted thighs."

Out of Yellowstone park's total area of 3,348 square miles, each American citizen owns an area 30 feet square.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1927, Western Newspaper Union.) Save a little of thy income and thy hideboard 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 food 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 ground 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 one 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 chambray or the undressed kind, in any kind of kid gloves, use four dampened with gasoline, washing and rubbing the soiled spots. Rinse in 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 cloths. A nice dish cloth, soft and large enough, may be made from two small salt sacks sewed together.

Wash white silk gloves in naphtha 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 soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of raisins, one and one-half cupfuls 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.

Lucullus Sauce.—Beat one-half cupful of heavy cream until stiff, add three tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise dressing, two tablespoonfuls each of horseradish (grated), vinegar, one teaspoonful of made mustard, 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.

Nellie Maxwell

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE CHIPMUNKS' FORTS

"I am going to tell you," said Daddy, "a winter-time story, and maybe that will make us feel cooler on such a hot, hot summer night."

"Well, that's an idea," said Nick. "Yes, it's that much any way," said Daddy.

"I think the thought of snow and ice is a quite cool, pleasant one," said Nancy.

"All right, then we're all agreed about the winter story. 'The gray squirrels had built a snow fort—of course this was last winter!'"

"It had all the fortifications of a real fort. It was beautifully banked all the way around, and there was a low, secret tunnel through the snow, by which the squirrels could enter without being seen."

"In the center of the fort there were plenty of fine, round snowballs in readiness for a battle which they hoped would take place any moment, and there were holes in the fort so they could see their enemy."

"Now all they wanted was the enemy. And soon the chipmunks, upon seeing the snow fort of the gray squirrels, determined they would build one also, and so they set to work."

"This was just what the gray squirrels wanted, and they were delighted watching the chipmunks' snow fort being built."

"The gray squirrels tried to watch and see where the chipmunks would build their secret tunnel."

"The chipmunks were very careful not to let the gray squirrels find out. 'When the fort was built the gray



They Set to Work.

squirrels hadn't the faintest idea where the tunnel could be. 'The gray squirrels sent their general, who was a big fat squirrel, over to the chipmunks' fort.'

"He carried a snowball on a stick, which meant a flag of peace until the real battle was declared."

"I've come to see," said the gray squirrel general in a loud, sharp voice, "if you'd like to fight."

"A fat chipmunk, who was their general, looked out of one of the holes and said: 'We'd love to fight!'"

"As the gray squirrel general was about to leave the chipmunk called after him: 'What will we fight about?'"

"Op, we'll fight about land," said the gray squirrel, "if you win you'll own our fort, and if we win we'll own yours."

"The gray squirrel general returned to his fort to say that war was declared, and they were all so glad to hear the good news that they squeaked with delight."

"At three the battle commenced. Such a furious battle as it was! 'The snowballs went back and forth from one fort to the other, and such screaming and excitement you never did hear.'

"For over an hour the battle raged, and as neither side seemed to be getting much ahead they climbed on top of their forts and threw the snowballs from there."

"But neither fort was strong enough to hold so many squirrels and chipmunks, and the forts fell down, and as the snowballs had melted down into nothingness the battle had to be called off."

"But they agreed to have another battle as soon as they had time to rebuild their forts, for they thought snow battles were the greatest fun in the world."

Add Kiddysims Little Marjorie was in an antique shop with her mother. "See the beautiful picture on this bowl," said the kind lady clerk. "Will it come off?" inquired Marjorie.

"Oh, no. It is hand-painted," explained the lady. "Well, sister's face is hand-painted—and it comes off."

Twins With a Spare Bobby was out taking a walk one day when he came across tripelets in a baby carriage, stumping back to his mother, he shouted: "Oh, mother, come quick and see the twins with a spare."

Homesick for the Stork Charles' tiny new sister spent much of her time crying. Standing by her bassinet watching her one morning, he said: "Do you 'spose she has the toothache, or is homesick for the stork?"



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 aching, with dull headaches, dizziness and often a nagging backache.

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. Foster-William Co., Mfg. Chem., Buffalo, N.Y.

Seek Help From Ladybug

To wage war against the greenfly and so protect foodstuffs the British ministry of agriculture has granted money for an experimental station to provide winter homes for ladybugs.

For several years English farmers have been collecting the pretty insects by hand to save them over the winter so that there will be plenty of ladybugs to start an early spring campaign against destructive larvae.

What Every Player Knows

She (at whist)—Isn't it the rule—when in doubt, play trumps? He—The usual rule is when in doubt, ask what trumps are.

Ignorance of the law excuses no man who hasn't a pull.

BABIES LOVE MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. The Infant's and Children's Regulator. Pleasant to give—pleasant to take. Guaranteed purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. It quickly overcomes colic, diarrhoea, flatulency and other like disorders. The open glass and formula appears on every label. At All Druggists.

CANCER FREE BOOK SENT ON REQUEST

Tells cause of cancer and what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper. Address Indianapolis Cancer Hospital, Indianapolis, Ind.

CLEAR YOUR SKIN of disfiguring blotches and irritations. Use Resinol



SALES REPRESENTATIVES wanted for Arrowcraft Electric Home Equipment. Low priced, high quality products in actual demand. Full or part time—give particulars. C. E. RICHARDS, Sales Mgr., Arrowcraft Co., 7 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa.

Bunions Quick relief from pain. Prevent shoe pressure. At all drug and shoe stores. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Put one on—the pain is gone.

Dr. Thomas H. Martin OPTOMETRIST. Formerly of D. T. Reed & Co. Announces Opening New Offices for Examination of Eyes and Fitting Glasses. Suite 206 Professional Bldg. 429 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa. Tel. Atlantic 2746.

A BEDTIME SANDWICH. Duff's Peanut Butter. LOOK FOR THE GINGERBREAD MAN.

Clanc Speaking B

PERCY