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Wanted—A representative in every county. Young men retired or small farmers. Earn as much as \$5 to \$50 a day; exclusive territory. Our products are sold on a money-back guarantee. Write for particulars, Oliver ARCO, Box 33, Greencastle, Pa.

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BUSINESS PLACES FOR SALE Located in good Penn. cities and investigated by our appraisers for quick sale. ELECTRIC FIXTURE SUPPLY STORE does large outside wiring. Box 150, Receipts \$27,000 yr. Price \$4,500. File 1347. FINDERBARK KNITTING Receipts \$25,000 yr.; entire outfit sold in advance through agents. Rent \$15. Profit \$7,500 yr. Price complete \$19,000, hurry! File 1351.

PRINTING PLANT—PITTSBURGH Est. 1906. Right up to the minute. Rent \$150; actual inventory \$10,000, will sacrifice. Price \$20,000. File 216. MUSIC STORE WITH PROPERTY Est. 25 yrs.; sales \$42,000 yr.; exclusive agency. Front building. Rent \$15. Stewart Warner's story bldg. Includes 8 living rooms. Real money. Price \$15,000. File 2139. THE APPLE-COLE COMPANY 1002 Transportation Bldg., Detroit, Mich. W. N. U., PITTSBURGH, No. 22-1927.

First Gatherings of Colonists in America There were three congresses held in America before the first Continental congress of 1774. The first of these met at New York on May 1, 1690, in response to a call issued by the General Court of Massachusetts—"the first call for a general congress in America." The purpose was for assisting each other for the safety of the whole land." Seven colonies were invited, of which four attended the congress. The congress of 1754 met at Albany on June 19, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with the Indians, and also to form a plan of union among the colonies. The "Albany plan," sometimes called "Franklin's plan," was submitted to the assemblies of the several colonies through their governors, and to the king through the agency of the lords of trade, but failed of adoption both in the colonies and in England. The congress of 1765, better known as the "Stamp Act Congress," was held in New York city, opening on October 7, 1765.

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Clothespin King Now 102 Valentine Smith, a gypsy, famous throughout the midlands of Ireland for his skill in making clothespins, recently celebrated his one-hundred-second birthday. Living in a wigwam near Cosely, he retains all his faculties and says he is "good for some years yet." He has never smoked. His cooking is done by a daughter, aged seventy.

Named by Raleigh Surinam is perhaps better known as Dutch Guiana. It was discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1595. He gave the name El Dorado to the territory.

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The Recluse of Fifth Avenue by WYNDHAM MARTYN

STORY FROM THE START From the comfortable financial situation to which he had been born, Peter Milman, American gentleman of the old school, and last of his family, is practically reduced to penury through the mysterious death of his wife, Mrs. Milman, who he had unwisely treated. Learning of her 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 Nealand Barnes, men whom the world has classed 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.

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. 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 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 Lippyky. 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," Lippyky 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," Lippyky cried shrilly. "You just pay my rent. Sell your swell clothes and get over. He waved Peter Milman's letter to him. "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 hovel 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 look-out." Barnes began his shadow-boxing exercises. Dimly Lippyky 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 boxed 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."

recognize him. He clung to the idea that when once he ceased to shave and wear clean linen the descent to hell would have begun. He rolled a cigarette and indulged in pleasing reveries. Good dinners were not given idly nor were hundred-dollar bills expended for nothing. Peter Milman wanted him to do something. Well, Neeland Barnes was his man. Perhaps after all these years the man who had run away with Mrs. Milman was back in America. Perhaps Peter Milman desired him to be chastised publicly. He would find Neeland Barnes devoid of fear and in better physical trim than he had been for a dozen years. Barnes always said 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 Lippyky 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 Lippyky'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 the 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 moustache 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 physicist 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 Deynes. The runaway wife had been 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 de-

lightful mystery. He rapped loudly with the brass knocker. A few minutes earlier Floyd Malet had stood appalled at the smug 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 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 hissed "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 unfit. 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 everything spoke of exquisite taste. The relief, after years of furnished dissonance, was grateful. He felt cheerful after a decade of gloom. The bearded Bradley noticed only that he was sitting at a bountiful 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 crossed 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 hurting 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 one.'"—New York Sun.

Aztec Religious Belief The Aztecs believed in special gods, who brought diseases and in other gods who knew healing secrets. The bark of several species of the eucalyptus tree yields a resin, hence the tree is called the "gum tree."

The American Legion

FROM PRIVATE TO SURGEON-GENERAL

One of the five national vice commanders of the American Legion this year is a doctor of medicine who enlisted in the National Guard of his state as a private in the medical corps, was commissioned the first year and in a short time arose to the position of chief surgeon of the state and a member of the governor's staff as surgeon-general. He is Dr. John G. Towne, a graduate of Baltimore university and a leader in the medical profession. Both Mrs. Towne and their daughter Elizabeth are much interested in Legion affairs. Mrs. Towne helped form the Bourque unit of the American Legion auxiliary, has served as its president, was the first president of the state auxiliary and has served as national committeewoman from Maine for a number of years. Elizabeth was the youngest member enrolled as a charter member of the Bourque unit. Doctor Towne enlisted in the medical corps of the Second Maine regiment in March 1908, and was promoted in rapid order to the position of surgeon-general on the governor's staff. When the regiment was called out April 13, 1917, a little more than a week after the United States declared war, Major Towne went into the service and when Gen. Clarence



Dr. John G. Towne.

R. Edwards arrived in Boston to take command of the Northeastern department, he summoned Major Towne to headquarters and made him director of the hospitals of the Twenty-sixth division, then in process of formation. He was sent to France in advance of the division and established hospitals in the training area around Neuf Chateau. When the division arrived they found splendid hospital facilities already established and these were used by many other outfits which served in that area. During the winter he was placed on detached service at the British field school on the Western front. He served there for three months and later was sent to the first army training school at Longres. He was near Cambrai when the Germans wiped out the British force there, being in the town for two hours before the Germans broke through and practically every man that he was associated with was either killed or captured. Major Towne was returned to the division in time for service on the Soissons front and again on the Toul front, supervising the moving of hospitals from one sector to the other. After he had established hospitals on the Chateau Thierry front he received orders which made him commander of camp hospital No. 29 about forty-two miles from Bordeaux and there he stayed for ten months, leaving the hospital after the armistice to be attending surgeon at Bordeaux. He received his promotion as Lieutenant colonel May 2, 1919, for his efficient work in the base section area. Upon his return to this country Colonel Towne went into the reserves. He became the first commander of the George N. Bourque post No. 5, serving two years. Among other Legion positions he has held, is that of state commander in 1923.

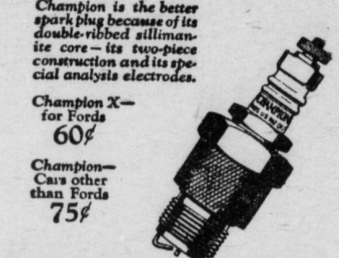
Presents Land to Post The El Monte (Calif) post of the American Legion has been presented title to a half-acre of land near the city by Francis Marlon Guess in honor of his brother Sergt. John Guess, who was killed in France in 1918. The land, which is beautifully wooded, will be used as a building site for a Legion clubhouse and for a boy scout camping ground. It will be called Camp John Guess.

Ohio Woman Post Commander Mrs. Maude Ramsey, who served as a nurse during the World war and received a citation from the French government for bravery under fire, has been elected commander of Willard Stour Post of The American Legion at Kenton, Ohio. Mrs. Ramsey is believed to be the first woman in Ohio to command a Legion post.



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