

## 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 last of his family, is practically reduced to penury through the misfortune of a friend unwisely trusted. Learning of Brewer's suicide, which means the destruction of his last hope, Milman engages a French butler, Achille Lutry, who speaks no English, and to replace Sneed, servant of long standing. By Lutry, Milman sends letters to Prof. Fleming Bradley, Floyd Malet and Neeland Barnes, men once of high position. In response, the three call on him at his home. Each relates the circumstances that wrecked their careers. Milman convinces them that their misfortunes were all due to one man, Paul Raxon. He explains how, chiefly through his belief in Floyd Malet as a great sculptor and the victim of malevolent circumstances, he had subscribed to a press-clipping bureau and kept a detective on Raxon's track, learning much to Raxon's discredit, though nothing by which he could be reached legally. Himself impoverished through Raxon's financial crookedness, Milman proposes an association of the four men—an association outside the law—which shall pull down Raxon and force him to disgorge his ill-gotten financial gains. Following Milman's disclosures, his three guests, after a consultation, practically decide to join him in the fight against Paul Raxon.

### CHAPTER V—Continued

"Not that I ever heard of. The Milmans have always been shrewd, conservative men. Poor old Peter's the last of 'em, and the best. It may be there's something crazy in wanting to live down here, and yet, when I see what a beautiful home he's got and think of my shack at Peekskill, I understand why he wants to fight to keep it."

Burnes nodded a genial good night to his visitors. He did not understand why they hung back. Already he was visioning the future. He would buy a great ranch in California. And there, with splendid horses to ride, he would pass the rest of his days. And, of course, he would have his daughter.

When the three men in evening dress were summoned to breakfast in the Japanese garden, they found their host similarly clad. Whether he had not been to bed, or whether he had dressed thus to make their own garb less singular, they did not know. They knew only that they found him free from embarrassment and as courteously considerate as he had been at dinner. Not during the meal was anything said about his proposition. Milman talked freely of his garden and the rare plants in it.

A little dial at his side attracted Bradley's notice. He saw that a wire was attached to it leading to the north wall.

"A little burglar device of my own," Milman explained. "By it I am enabled to detect the presence of anything on the iron screen which shuts this place in. For example, if I find the dial indicates five pounds in weight, and that the object is moving, I can tell almost certainly it is a wandering cat. If a hundred and sixty pounds, I can be sure of a burglar looking for an opening. Cats are frequent visitors. In the score of years this garden has existed I have had no more than seven burglars."

"What happens to them?" Barnes asked. "How do you get them?"

"I extinguish the lights here and the shades are drawn back. By illuminating the marked area, I see the intruder and have him at my mercy. I keep a loaded shotgun handy, and there is seldom any difficulty in the matter. Only one ever got through. The alarm must have been out of order, for he sawed his way in during dinner and broke his neck on a stone known, very amusingly, as 'the Stone of the Respectful Visitor.' I am very well protected here. I have had time to elaborate certain devices which make me feel perfectly safe. The police assure me that my cellar is the attraction. It is stored with what was laid down many years ago and the law allows me to keep."

Watching the speaker carefully, Bradley had come to the conclusion that his host was wholly sane: "I've made up my mind," he said, when Achille had gone.

"Well?" said Milman. He felt if Bradley failed that Malet would be dissuaded. "Well?"

"I'm with you."

"I thought you would be when you had had time to reflect that what is unlawful is not always inequitable. I am very grateful. And you, Mr. Malet?"

"Count me in."

"I don't think Mr. Milman has any doubts about me," Neeland Barnes remarked.

Peter Milman smiled a little. He rather liked this big man. "I had no doubts about you. Now that we are agreed, let us discuss the thing."

"First of all," Bradley said, "what are your plans?"

"I have no plans," Milman returned. "I see that you look disappointed. Evidently you expected me to have the whole thing cut and dried. That, gentlemen, seems unreasonable. What object should I have in inviting you here if I were able to accomplish the thing alone? I approach the problem with an open mind. My contribution toward it will be to entertain you for three months. If at the end of that time we are not successful, this house will no longer be my home. We shall have failed, and if we are still at large there will be five hundred dollars each for you. All expenses will be borne by me. I hope you are not dismayed by my news. I do not think you will be. You have not been chosen idly."

In Professor Bradley we have a great intellect fit to expend itself on our common problem. In Mr. Malet we have the quick mind and vivid imagination of the artist. Mr. Neeland Barnes brings to us physical prowess and an extensive knowledge of the underworld and its ways. My contribution seems small by comparison.

"First," said Fleming Bradley, "let us collate all documents that bear on the subject. I assume you have data concerning Paul Raxon, Mr. Milman?"

"I have a great deal," said his host. "I know details of his personal and business life that he cannot possibly suspect."

"But how," Bradley asked, "if you rarely go out and never receive visi-



The Alarm Must Have Been Out of Order.

tors, can you get at this information, which must most surely be very difficult of access?"

"In the beginning, by design. I was determined to find out what forces had pulled you and Malet down. Later, by accident. I spoke not long ago of my cellar. My father laid down a great deal of port in 1871, when I was born. It is a wine I do not greatly care for. A lawyer named Loddon, who has acted for me for some years, is also Raxon's confidential attorney. His name never appears publicly in Raxon's affairs. He is engaged mainly in keeping his client clear of the effects of earlier indiscretions. Loddon had dined with me many times, and this port induces amazing loquacity in him. If I have doubted his assertions, he has boasted the more loudly. These dinners became at last a most interesting part of my life. I drew him on deliberately, never permitting him to see my keenness. Milman smiled. "For every bottle of my port Loddon drank, he repaid me a hundred-fold. It was when Loddon learned that Malet had made 'The Settlers' that he told me in so many words that his client was responsible. I will not weary you with details. I have a careful record of every conversation. It soothed his ego to talk, and he believed me harmless. Yes, gentlemen, I know a great deal about Paul Raxon."

"And you think he'll be easy to defeat?" Bradley asked.

"No more dangerous man lives in all New York," Peter Milman said gravely. "That is why I have been so careful in selecting my companions."

Although Paul Raxon had always professed a great belief in his own

ability supplement to history; 2,500 of them, comprising dramas, romances and fables, have been preserved. The language used, Langue d'Oc, now spoken only by a few French shepherds and back country folk, is incontestably the richest and most harmonious that ever graced the literature of a people.—Mentor Magazine.

French Housemaid's Title

The French housemaid is called a "bonne a tout faire," meaning literally, good for doing everything.

Conversation is a game of circles.—Emerson.

Forgiveness is better than revenge.—Pittacus.

CHAPTER VI

Literature Owes Much to Early Troubadours

The troubadour was a knight and a poet. A restless knight, eternally on the go, with a musical instrument slung over his shoulder and a sword at his side. Early each spring he sallied forth, whelm and fancy directing his stretches from northern Spain to Provence in southern France, and Italy. Provence, carpeted with wild flowers, where thousands of tiny rivulets wind like silver laces, where the birds sing sweetly and skies are ever smiling.

To the troubadour we are indebted for a vast deal of our knowledge of the thought and customs of the time. His songs, the first lyrical poetry written in medieval Europe, form a valu-

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## PARASOL TO MATCH COSTUME; FANCY NECKWEAR AND CUFFS

"STOP, look, listen!" Have you ordered a parasol to match that new sports frock or coat or blouse? Also, to be truly chic, that lovely afternoon costume must needs be accompanied with a matching parasol. Smart women at European fashion resorts are carrying parasols at afternoon, sports and beach events and the vogue is finding ready acceptance in our "ain country." Indeed the parasol vogue is waxing so "fast and furious" that the aid of parasol manufacturers is being enlisted by the dressmaker at home and abroad in order to successfully cater to this latest whim of fashion for the ensemble.

The novelty of this enthusiasm for parasols is in the fact that, contrary

direct evidences of an existing lace era is the increasing favor shown for dainty lace neckwear or other exquisitely feminine touches of lace which appear on the afternoon frock of crepe, satin or cloth.

Lace novelties which distinguish recent daytime styles include a varied list of vestees, also long and short plastrons, "modestys" of tucked net and lace, guimpes, jabots, cape-collars, also cuff-and-collar sets of every description—and it is said that the vogue is only just at its beginning.

Vestees or plastrons to be worn on top of the dress are the "last word" in lace accessories. Some are short and square, others describe long triangle shapes, others are semi-circular. They



A FETCHING ENSEMBLE

to being confined to dressy elaborate models, the vogue has especially to do with the parasol as a sportswear accessory. So closely are parasols related to costumes, the same print that appears in the dress or coat will be repeated in the parasol. To see how charmingly the mode's plan of parasol to match the sports coat works out, study this fetching ensemble in the picture.

It is the joy of the younger girls to top their bright print-silk frocks with a parasol of the identical material—and there's no lack of color in the picture, either. A print silk in which scarlet predominates with black, has

all have either rounded or triangle backs. The fact of their being detachable makes them very acceptable together with their flaring or gauntlet cuffs which usually accompany them and which are a distinguishing style feature of these modern lace sets. Venise, alencon and even metal-thread laces, combined with georgette or satin are selected mediums for these models.

The illustration to the left gives an excellent idea of the daytime frock enhanced with deep lace and georgette cuffs matched to an elaborate plastron. This model of black kitten's ear crepe is ideal for smart af-



Its parasol of the same fabric. The hat with this costume is a broad-brim bright red transparent straw, banded with matching velvet.

Considering this sudden trend toward matching parasols, it might be well to instruct one's dressmaker to buy an extra yard or so of material, with a view to having a parasol covered to match. Not but what these ensembles can be bought ready-to-wear, for the better shops are making a fine display of parasols related to the costume.

For formal occasion very dressy parasols are made of shirred chiffon, also there are sunshades of all-over lace designed in black, in white, and in pastel shades. Ribbon, too, does gauge used, Langue d'Oc, now spoken only by a few French shepherds and back country folk, is incontestably the richest and most harmonious that ever graced the literature of a people.—Mentor Magazine.

Not only does the fabric of the parasol present unlimited novelty, but there is amusing variety in handles, some of which show grotesque carved figures.

All fastidious is yielding to the magic sway of lace. This inward movement is confirmed by the mode in its every phase from evening costume to daytime frock. One of the

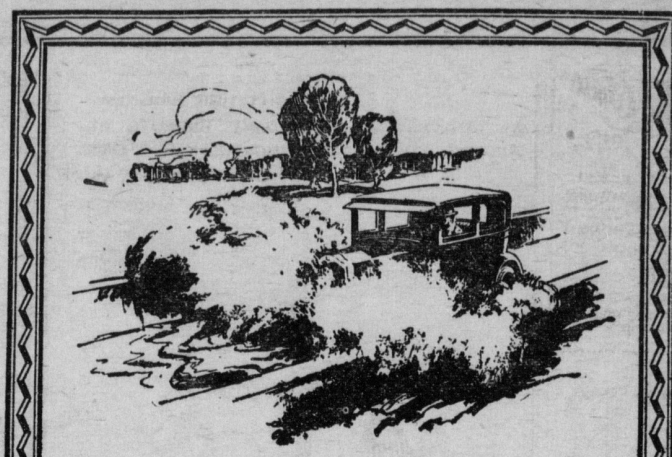
LACE NECKWEAR AND CUFFS

ternoon wear and it is of very latest fashioning because of the presence of lace at its wrists and neckline.

A popular member in the season's neckwear collection is the lace cape-collars. The model in the picture happens to be of silver-thread lace, which classes it as an evening-wear item. However, neckwear sections are showing cape-collars of all sorts of lace from modest price to "costly as the purse can buy." It is said also of lace fishnet that they will be worn quite a little this summer. The surprise front opening now so fashionable calls for a vestee of lace patterned after the one shown in the panel in the picture.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

(© 1927, by Western Newspaper Union)



## A BATH TUB that tests automobiles

S-P-L-A-S-H through the bath tub goes the General Motors car. Out onto the slippery road it dashes. On go the brakes!

What is the reason for such torture of an innocent automobile?

The answer is that the engineers at the General Motors Proving Ground take nothing for granted. They want to know what happens when a car ploughs through water. They insist: too on measuring, with special machines which they have built, just how quickly the car can be stopped and just how much pressure of the foot is required to stop it.

Altogether General Motors has 136 different tests by which cars are proved as they never have been proved before; nothing is left in doubt. All of which means that you are buying doubly assured safety, reliability and comfort when you choose a General Motors car.

# GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET / PONTIAC / OLDSMOBILE  
OAKLAND / BUICK / LASALLE / CADILLAC  
GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS  
YELLOW CABS & COACHES  
FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator  
DELCO-LIGHT Electric Plants

### Belong There

An old lady was out riding with her son and his wife. Presently they came to a group of buildings surrounded by a high stone wall. "What is that, son?" she asked, pointing to the buildings. "That is the state insane asylum, mother," explained the son. Next they came to a golf course, adjoining the asylum, which was well populated with the Sunday crowd. "Oh, isn't that nice of them to let the poor crazy people out into the pasture!" exclaimed the old lady. "But they do act queer, don't they?"

### Nora Knows

Jones—Nora, can you tell me of my wife's whereabouts?  
Nora—They're all on the washline, sor.

### Both Johns Honored

When Mr. and Mrs. James Calamussi of Bristol, Conn. welcomed their first baby, the father decided that the child should be named John, after the father's older brother, who had been very kind to the family. In two years another boy arrived and Mrs. Calamussi said it was her turn. She, too, had a brother John, who had been a boon to her family. So the second boy also was named John.

### New York at Boiling Point

New York city has transformed rush into crush. It has tunneled under itself and built over itself, it has bridged and burrowed and bussed until it is a city of entrances and exits. But so far it hasn't been able to find room enough for its feet.—Woman's Home Companion.

## CHILDREN CRY FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA



MOTHER—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, especially prepared for Infants in Arms and Children all ages.



## Charming Reflection is obtained by using CUTICURA SOAP

Daily, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required. It keeps the pores active, the skin clear and free from irritations and the scalp in a healthy hair-growing condition.

**The Corn Strip**  
JUST FROSHAM  
"NICE STRINGS FISH, EH?"  
"BUY I JUST AS YOU COME OUT OF THE FISH SHOP?"  
"OH, I'D CAUGH SO MANY I WOULD TRYING TO GET SOME."

**FINNEY**

**GEORGE**

**THE FEAT**  
I CAME IN RENTING A TODAY, FEAT

**T Clance**

**PERCY L**

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