

# The Recluse of Fifth Avenue

by WYNDHAM MARTYN

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## CHAPTER XII—Continued

"It was," Malet said. "He was a broken-down steeplechaser which had been brought out to Mexico City by an English mining magnate."  
"What happened to him?"  
"He ran until he dropped dead," Malet returned. "I'm not a horseman. I had no idea how far or fast a horse could run."  
"That's the thoroughbred strain," Barnes said. He passed into a discussion on feats of thoroughbred horses and dogs. It was a hobby with him.  
"Is there a thoroughbred strain in men, too?" Malet asked.  
"You bet there is," Barnes said promptly. "Put the thoroughbred to the test, and, whether he be man, horse, or hound, he'll respond."  
"Barnes," Malet began, when the subject was exhausted, "haven't you yet found out that Nita is in love with young McKimber?"

"Impertinent puppy," Barnes stormed. "If I'd been in your place instead of being cast for a 4-2 dunky, this would never have happened. I'm not sure but you couldn't have stopped it if you'd tried."  
"Stopped it?" Malet returned. "You talk like a fool. I could just as easily have stretched out a hand and dammed the Colorado river in flood. Robin McKimber's been a better man than you have. What have you done all your days but loaf until you were so scared of the sight of Ijinsky you took those long hikes which put you in condition? Don't scowl at me. I know you could lick me easily, but that won't make you worthy of your daughter, will it?"

Barnes listened to the story that had been told Milman and Bradley.  
"What's the good of telling me this?" Barnes said. "Do you suppose I want to go back to Peekskill?"  
"You won't have to. You are six hundred dollars to the good; your wardrobe is enlarged, and you've Nita. Milman admits that what we have done leaves us less clean than we were."  
"It won't hurt me," said Barnes. "You wouldn't notice it on my hide."  
"I'm not approaching you from that angle," Malet said craftily. "I'm reminding you that you are winning success at Nita's expense. I'm not in the least doubtful about you. With Bradley and Milman there was a much greater chance of defeat."  
"What the devil are you counting on?" Barnes demanded.  
"Malet put his arm on the bigger man's shoulder.  
"On the thoroughbred strain in you, I'm relying on the fact that when the test comes the thoroughbreds respond."

He watched Barnes, who sat silent for almost five minutes. Barnes did not break the silence until he had torn up the copious notes he had made concerning the ranch in California, over which he knew now he would never ride.  
"I'll do what the others want me to," he said.  
Malet knocked again at Bradley's door.  
"Barnes has come through," he said, smiling. "I know you despise men given over to sport and athletics, but when it comes to a showdown they have the right kind of heart. God protect me from a world governed by intellect. Good night."

Next morning Malet went into Milman's room before breakfast.  
"Before you say anything," he began. "I may as well tell you that Barnes is on my side, and Bradley ready to do what you say."  
"I thought they would be," said Milman. "I have not slept, and I tried in vain to convince myself you were wrong. I give in. I have had a great deal of figuring to do to meet the changed conditions. Tell me, how would you like to live just outside Florence?"  
"You ask me, a sculptor, how I should like to live there, near the Bargello and the Uffizi?"  
"I did not tell you, I think, of my villa there. It lies on the hills to the west of the city and overlooks the gardens of the Villa Palmieri. It has about twenty rooms, and was well furnished. The gardens are productive and charming. Years ago I gave it to a distant cousin. She died recently, and it comes to me again. I find, after settling my affairs, there is enough for us all to live comfortably in Italy, where the exchange rate favors us very much."  
"I don't understand you," stammered Malet. Was this indication that Peter Milman had deliberately thrown away this New York home?  
"I sent Sneed to Nita's room with a request that she would give me five minutes after you left last night. You were quite right. I shall always remember you were the first one of us to do the right thing. I could never live in this house happily knowing that to do so was the price of her unhappiness. I am growing older, but I do not think I am growing bitter. It is sometimes better not to succeed. Perhaps our reward may be that we

have got out of our ruts. We were all plodding along deep furrows, seeing nothing ahead. I had almost forgotten the villa outside Florence until I saw it mentioned in Lodon's bill. We shall live very comfortably in a house built on a meadow that Dante once owned. My cousin, poor lady, essayed to model in clay, and there is an excellent studio. For Barnes there will be a change—and Chianti. Bradley shall write a book or do what he chooses. I am not to be left alone. I have come, after years of isolation, to depend on you." He broke off abruptly as Nita came in.  
"Well, my dears," she said, "what plot have I interrupted? I came to see why the coffee was getting cold downstairs."  
"We are on our way to Florence," said Malet.

## CHAPTER XIII

Floyd Malet's movements for the next few days were rapid and successful. He found himself for the first time in the city of Rochester. The McKimbers had a big place in its most fashionable residence section, a city block of it where most were contented with a hundred-foot frontage.  
Robin McKimber on his way from the works to his home was passed swiftly by a man of middle size whose carriage seemed familiar. The stranger did not observe the scrutiny. Robin felt he was not deceived; the bogus viscount had shorn off his mustache and imperial. He had now a brisker way of walking. Actually, Robin noted, the impostor whistled gaily.

Floyd Malet felt a harsh grip on his arm. He was spun around to stare



A French Manservant Admitted Him.

into the cold face of young McKimber.

"Well," said McKimber, "how is your friend, the duchess of Green-Cheese?"

"Much better," said Malet, undisturbed. "She can now sit up and drink in the view."

"D—n it!" Robin exploded. "Don't shake hands with me."

"I came to your fair city for no other purpose. I want to see your father at once."

"My father isn't well," said Robin. "He doesn't see strangers."

"He will see me," said Floyd Malet airily, because I bring him back his youth, his reputation, and his future. By this time they had come to the car which Robin had parked by the curb. "If this is your automobile, let us lose no time."

"Look here," said Robin, "you deliberately lied to me about Miss Brown's address. I cabled to England and Lady Horsham had never heard of Miss Agatha Brown."

"I didn't give you her aunt's address," said Malet. "I referred you to a duchess traveling in Tuscany."

"Her aunt?" Robin cried.

"The countess of Horsham is the aunt of the lady we will call for the moment Miss Agatha Brown. She spoke truly in not having heard of such a person."

"I've got to know more about this," Robin exclaimed.

"You will not while you grip my arm like that. I have come to see your father. Until I do see him I shall not say any more."

Ten minutes later Malet was in McKimber's private room. The man who was now working as Raxon dictated showed very markedly his depression.

"I think I'd better see you alone," Malet suggested.

"Why?" said McKimber slowly. "My son is my full partner in everything."

"Even in your St. Louis affairs?"

"I don't know what you have to do with St. Louis, but he knows everything that happened to me there."

"This simplifies matters very much," said Malet. "Now, gentlemen, if you will listen carefully, you will hear a most entrancing story, the first essay in serious crime of men hitherto un-

distinguished in the crook's Who's Who."

When the recital had ended a new McKimber stared into Malet's eyes. It seemed that he had shed years. In place of depression was hope and a returning health.

McKimber senior had an iron grip. "Young man," he said to Malet, and subtly flattered him, "never yet has anyone done me a good turn and lost by it. This goes for you and the others." He turned to his son and commanded him to get three numbers on the long-distance wire. "I'm interested in Peter Milman's association with Brewer. Maybe I can get some thing back out of the wreck. But don't tell him that yet. When can I see him and the rest?"

"We thought if you could be at Milman's place three nights hence we would arrange to have Raxon there. Bradley and I have staged rather a pretty little scene. Of course, Raxon won't expect to see you or anyone but Milman."

"Can I come?" Robin McKimber asked anxiously.

"I think it might be arranged," Malet smiled. He could say no more, because McKimber bombarded him with questions and made innumerable notes. He was a shrewd and hard-headed man. Malet took the midnight train back to New York feeling he had made a friend. Robin's changed attitude was amusing. He listened with the greatest deference to Malet's remarks and thrust something into his hands as he boarded the train.

"Thank you," Malet said, "but I don't deserve a tip."

"It's a letter for her," Robin flushed a little.

On Thursday evening, which was for ever afterward memorable in the lives of Peter Milman's guests, Paul Raxon walked down Fifth Avenue wondering for what purpose he had been asked to confer with the recluse. Over the telephone Milman had said it was a matter of urgent import and had to do with his political ambitions. Ordinarily Raxon would have suspected danger, but not where Peter Milman was concerned.

The Milmans had been a great family intermarried with that angle which wielded immense financial power. Their prestige was undoubted in New York. Perhaps Peter Milman, brooding over his misfortunes, had some scheme to utilize the influence of his kin. The message was given in such a way as to enlist Raxon's lively interest. It was impossible to think of a visit to this austere mansion as in any sense perilous.

A French manservant admitted him. The financier was shown into a splendid drawing room. The brilliant group which Malet had done many years before took Raxon's eye immediately, although he was ignorant of the sculptor's name. He was examining the group closely when Peter Milman entered. Raxon looked at him intently. He saw a slim man of late middle age wearing the correct garb for the evening. There was a coldness about Peter Milman's manner that was not reassuring. It was almost as if the presence of Raxon were an offense. Milman looked toward the sculptured group.

"I see you are interested in that," "I am," Raxon responded. "Who did it?"

"One who should have been our greatest sculptor but for an unjust accusation which ruined him." Milman saw Raxon's eyes narrow. "Floyd Malet."

"Malet?" Raxon repeated slowly, as if searching his memory. "Oh yes, I think I call his case to mind. Wasn't he mixed up in a studio orgy where a woman was killed, or died under mysterious circumstances?"

"Something of the sort," Milman answered. He pointed to a seat. "Please sit down, Mr. Raxon."

"I'm wondering what you can possibly have to say to me."

Peter Milman smiled.

"I'm quite sure you are. It has to do with your political future mainly. It seems you wish to go to the senate from this state. My grandfather was a senator for many years, and I still retain an interest in politics."

"You didn't ask me to call just to hear that," Raxon said bluntly.

"There is more to come, much more."

The door opened and Fleming Bradley came in. He had been compelled to shave off his few days' growth of beard. Raxon looked up at him, frowning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Preparation Time**  
If we are indeed here to perfect and complete our own natures, and grow larger, stronger, and more sympathetic against some noble career in the future, we had best bestir ourselves to the utmost while we have the time. To equip a dull, respectable person with wings would be but to make a parody of an angel.

**When Old Age Arrives**  
Old age does not begin till our regrets outweigh our hopes.—Boston Herald.

## "Selective" Methods of Registration at Colleges Unfair Practice

By FATHER JOHN P. McNICHOLS, President University of Detroit.

YOU do not need psychological intelligence, social, and financial tests, which some colleges are employing to determine whether a boy or girl is fit to attend college. A sincere desire to attend a university is in most cases the best test of fitness.

The boy and his parents should be allowed to determine whether he shall go to college, for they know better than psychological experts or blue book readers what motives impel him.

The community, the family, and the college graduate benefit too much by a boy's graduation from college to put down hard and fast rules that will bar him. This is not progress in education. It is a barrier to education.

After all, every college has regulations and rules, fundamental to the very existence of colleges as institutions of higher learning, which prohibit a certain amount of our youth from attending college. To register, a boy must be a graduate of high school with marks above a certain level.

But, if his father is not in the social register, if the boy must work his way through college, and if he cannot count 100 in one minute, is he to be barred? Is ambition to be thwarted? Lincoln's life is the answer. And history is filled with examples.

Furthermore, the undesirable student eliminates himself from college. If he cannot keep up with his work, and fails, he is soon on his way back home. But the point is, that he has had his chance.

And that is what he should be given if he wants it. The American college owes it to humanity to keep its doors open to all who can fulfill the basic requirements. That leaves it up to the youth himself to win or lose a college degree.

## Too Many Lawyers in the Legislative Bodies of the United States

By JOHN H. WALKER, President Illinois Federation of Labor.

A lawyer is the only man in the country who has the legal right to be an accessory after the fact to the commission of every crime in the calendar.

As members of legislative bodies they can and do accept retainers from concerns and individuals seeking enactment or annulment of legislation and they exercise their prerogatives and powers, as members of the legislature and as officers of the assembly, while acting in the capacity of private lobbyists for the corporations which have hired them to lobby for and against legislation, in their selfish interests.

We should not, however, discriminate against lawyers who may be not only well-informed and capable, but also honest and dependable. That type of lawyer should be supported by the workers generally, because his special training makes him more able to render intelligent service in legal matters than is the man who has not had that training, but we should, with every influence at our command, try to prevent the corporation controlled lawyer from being elected or appointed to any judicial or other public office.

## Education of Future Citizens Most Effective Curb on Communism

By GEORGE CARDINAL MUNDELEIN.

He who looks into the future cannot but see that the great battle that is going to be waged between Christianity and atheism, between Christian and anti-Christian, between progress and decadence and civilization, will take place on the battlefield of education.

This question is constantly arising. You see a cloud of communism rising in the East. You are afraid of it. The danger is real. Those in charge of it are intelligent men. They know how warfare should be waged and they have the men and the money. They are accumulating wealth and curtailing their exports, so they can as much as possible depend on their own resources.

I tell you, if we are going to take religion out of the hearts of the child how will they, when they grow up, with all their power and wealth, resist this wave when it comes nearer? Consequently when this question comes up you are not the only ones interested; your fellow-citizens are just as much interested, although they do not realize it.

## Placing Stress on Creeds Unlikely Method of Promoting Church Unity

By REV. DR. W. L. SULLIVAN, Unitarian, St. Louis.

To arrive at unity through theological opinion is a hope foredoomed. It cannot be done. It was theological opinions that created the diversity. But suppose the earnest men of the recent inter-church conference held at Lausanne, Switzerland, had looked elsewhere. Suppose they said: "Life comes first; creeds are only a stumbling effort to analyze it. Therefore, let our foundation be the reproducing of the life and spiritual experience of the Founder of Christianity. His faith and trust; the principles which He lived; the heroism with which He died—these we know. Let us live them and spread them; and as long as men strive after this we accept them as the Master's disciples. Their differences in reading history are inevitable. Their union in spiritual endeavor after Christ's example is the one necessity and the basis of the one fraternity." They might have stirred us with a great hope and brought us together in a divine cause.

## New Law Enforcement Issue Squared Up to the Citizenship of America

By CARRINGTON T. MARSHALL, Chief Justice Ohio Supreme Court.

The exercise of more care in the selection of public officials, the combatting of organized crime with organized righteousness, and the formulation of a sound public opinion are the three essentials in bringing about better enforcement of existing laws, notably the prohibition statutes.

All laws can be enforced, but the answer to the question of whether they will be enforced lies with the people.

It would be a matter of grave concern that the president of the largest university in the nation has declared the law to be inefficacious and unenforceable, and immoral, except for the fact that practically every president of every other university in the nation has repudiated that thought and denounced the proposed nullification of this or any other law.

## GIRL VICTIM OF JEWEL THIEVES PLAYS DETECTIVE

Helps to Capture Men Who Tricked Her Out of Valuables.

New York.—After being chloroformed and after losing \$1,600 in money and jewelry in a Martinique hotel room, Miss Cordie Harvey, twenty-five-year-old Charleston (W. Va.) society girl, has a new respect for the wickedness of strange young men in a great city.

In jail, after confessing to the robbery, two handsome city slickers, who Miss Harvey never dreamed were waiters, have a new respect for the resourcefulness of little out-of-town girls. Subjunctively, twenty-two, and Paul Jeffries, twenty-three, hadn't the slightest idea the polite little girl would go out with detectives and search for them.

How It All Began.  
It all began when Miss Harvey asked a strange young man to direct her to the post office. Miss Harvey was wearing expensive jewelry and the young man spent several minutes describing methods of getting



Chloroformed and Robbed.

to the city hall post office from the Hotel Martinique. The girl had just come to New York for a vacation. A few days later the man identified as Jeffries accosted her in the hotel. "Don't you remember me?" he asked.

"No," Miss Harvey replied. She brushed by and went to her room. A few days later Miss Harvey was dining when Jeffries arose from a nearby table and invited her to go to a theater. She refused. Recently Miss Harvey was standing on the mezzanine of the Martinique when Jeffries entered and waved to her. She ignored the salutation, but he joined her a moment later.

**Finds No Woman in Room.**  
The police said Kelley, although unaccompanied by a woman, had hired a room at the hotel, registering as "Mr. and Mrs. Bentley." Jeffries described this Mrs. Bentley as a charming woman whose companionship Miss Harvey would find agreeable, and Miss Harvey went up to her room. There was no Mrs. Bentley in the room and Miss Harvey had scarcely reassured herself by the sight of women's garments on the bed before she was chloroformed and stripped of the following:  
One platinum ring set with 18 small diamonds and four sapphires, value \$1,125; one platinum ring, \$250; one white gold ring set with chip diamonds, \$100; one wrist watch, \$50; one string of pearls, \$50; cash, \$20.

Miss Harvey saw more of Broadway in company with detectives for several days than she ever had before. Then they saw Kelley. He was equipped with her watch and several pawn tickets. Later they got Jeffries.

## Flies 30 Miles Hanging to Tail of Mail Plane

New Brunswick, N. J.—Hanging to the tail of an airplane 3,000 feet above ground held no terrors for Vincent Taylor, seventeen years old, of Hackensack, until a shooting star narrowly missed connections with the plane and himself, the youth said recently in describing his flight.

Taylor was an involuntary passenger on an air-mail plane piloted by L. Pouton D'Arce from Terboro airport to Hadley field, a distance of 30 miles. While attempting to help shove the plane into the wind as it was taking off he became entangled in the struts of the tail skid and was unable to free himself or to attract the attention of the pilot.

## Style Not Liked

New York.—One form of caveman styling is disapproved by Miss Mary Carolyn Davies—the action of Henry Harrison in sending word to the papers that he and she were to be married.

## Current Wit and Humor



### HARD TO CHOOSE

Once there was a woman who had three suitors. She didn't know which one to marry. One was a grocer, one a doctor, and one a preacher. If she married the grocer, she could get her groceries for nothing. If she married the doctor, she could be well for nothing. If she married the preacher she could be good for nothing.—Progressive Grocer.

### MAKING SURE



"The cook says she is going to leave."  
"Nothing will change her mind?"  
"Nothing."  
"All right. Then I'll go down to the kitchen and discharge her."

### Hymn of Hate

A guy I hate  
Is Johnny Nash,  
Quotes: "He who steals  
My purse steals trash."

### A Variation

Mr. Billyuns—So you are giving my wife painting lessons? What sort of a pupil is she?  
Artist—I find her very apt to say the least.  
Mr. Billyuns—That's queer! I always find her very apt to say the most.

### It Should, but—

Father was having a round of golf with a friend and little Joan came along with mother to look on.  
After watching her daddy on the green for some time, Joan asked:  
"Mustn't the ball go into that little hole, mummy?"—Boston Post.

### Catty

"My husband," she said, "always wants me to look my best, no matter what it costs."  
"Well," her friend replied, "one can hardly blame him for feeling as he does."—Boston Transcript.

### Following Precedent

"Why is it a man always has to wait for a woman?"  
"Did not Adam have to wait until Eve was made up?"

### ANY GOOSE CAN DO THAT



Speaker (emphatically)—"You can't produce eggs without hens!" Boy in Audience—"Aw, any goose knows how to do that!"

### Good By, Jack

He wagged on a pony  
That takes a dusty track;  
But the rain came down in torrents—  
'Twas good-by to his Jack.

### Save the Pieces

"What a pretty name your maid has!" remarked the visitor.  
"Oh, that isn't her real name," was the reply; "we call her 'Dawn' because she's always breaking!"—Congregationalist.

### A Traitor

Interviewer—What do you think of the voter who casts his vote for the one he thinks is the best man?  
Politician—He's a traitor to our party!—Vancouver Province.

### Worse Than Pining

"Is the rich young widow pining for her husband?"  
"Not exactly, but from the way she is making his money fly, it might be said that she is wasting away."—Boston Transcript.

### Question

Wife—Did you miss me while I was away?  
Hubby—Yes, I'd often feel homesick. But I'd look at your photograph and I wouldn't feel homesick any more.