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We Are All Incurrable
Who does not understand children? And who can manage them? Men and women and children are always engaged in battle, and cannot manage each other.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.



Makes Life Sweeter

Next time a coated tongue, fetid breath, or acrid skin gives evidence of sour stomach—try Phillips Milk of Magnesia!
Get acquainted with this perfect anti-acid that helps the system keep sound and sweet. That every stomach needs at times. Take it whenever a hearty meal brings any discomfort.
Phillips Milk of Magnesia has won medical endorsement. And convinced millions of men and women they didn't have "indigestion." Don't diet, and don't suffer; just remember Phillips Pleasant to take, and always effective.
The name Phillips is important; it identifies the genuine product. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. registered trade mark of the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Wrong to Stifle Opinion
We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion; and even if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.—John Stuart Mill.

Help is Offered
and is freely given to every nervous, delicate woman, by Dr. Pierce.

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., for confidential medical advice. No charge for this service. Obtain Dr. Pierce's Prescription now, in liquid or tablets, from your druggist or send 10c to Dr. Pierce at above address, for trial package of tablets. One woman writes: "I was so weak and my back so bad that I could hardly stay up during the day. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and filled a bottle, in tablet form. I began to feel better right away and before it was all used I was doing all of my housework, tending my garden and canning. I used two bottles and just felt fine, and when my baby came I got along so well that my doctor was delighted."—Mrs. O. H. LOUCKS, Harrison, Va.
Have you ever tried Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for the stomach and bowels? All dealers, 60 Pellets, 30c.

What the Gray House Hid

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

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By Wyndham Martyn

THE STORY

Hilton Hanby, prosperous New York merchant, has purchased a country place—the Gray house, near Pine Plains. Miss Seleno, a former tenant of the Gray house, calls at his office and warns him that the house is under a curse. Further alarming details are impressed upon Adelf Smucker, Hanby's secretary, by a man who claims to have been chauffeur for Sir Stanford Seymour, former occupant of the place. The Hanbys laugh off the warnings they have received both from Miss Seleno and from Smucker's acquaintance, as some form of practical joke.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Who are you, to butt in like that?" she demanded finally.

Hanby came into the room, and she backed out.

"Forgot all about you, Smucker," Hanby admitted. "It was a birthday party. What is it?"

"I wish to see Mrs. Hanby, too," Smucker returned. "It's a matter of life and death."

Hanby saw that the fellow had been drinking, and that the unaccustomed stimulant had let down some of Smucker's barriers of restraint. He had always known that his employee disapproved of him, but he was unprepared for the hate that glared from the red-rimmed eyes. It came as something of a shock.

"Mrs. Hanby is busy," he said. "Also I don't propose to inflict any business troubles on her. I may say that you behaved in very questionable taste in shouting what you did just now. It's none of your d-d business whether I have a few people in to dinner, is it?"

"A matter of life and death," Smucker went on. "I am wasting my time, alarming my own wife, and spending car fare, all for your benefit, and you insult me. I might have expected it!"

"It's nothing to do with office business, then?"

"A matter of life and death," Mrs. Hanby must hear it, too."

Hanby paused a moment.

"All right! I'll send for her."

Dina Hanby had long ago known that in Smucker her husband employed a disaffected and unpleasant sort of man. She bowed coldly to the intruder, who found in her fresh fuel for his wrath. He saw a lovely woman of forty, who looked no more than thirty. He hated her for that. Mrs. Smucker was not dowered with beauty. He saw a splendidly dressed woman who held herself regally. He considered that at forty a woman should be plump, and not concerned about dress or complexion. First of all she should be a good cook.

Mrs. Hanby outraged his sense of feminine proportion. She was slender and graceful. Once, in the office, when the light had been poor, he had mistaken her for Celia.

"I am the death's head at the feast," he said pompously. "You have been imagining yourself the mistress of a great mansion. It is a house of death and disaster!"

"Oh, Hill!" she cried. "What does he mean?"

What the red-faced man had told him an hour or so earlier, Smucker now went into an intensely dramatic narrative. Mrs. Hanby, listening eagerly, learned that the house in which she and her children were to live had, since its erection more than a hundred years before, been the tomb of all young people who inhabited it. There was a superstitious strain in her, and Smucker could see that she grew uneasy. It irritated him to see Hanby immune from fear.

"Is this true?" she asked her husband.

It relieved her to see him wholly unaffected by the dread that gripped her. She did not understand why he was concerned mainly with getting an accurate description of Mr. Seymour's chauffeur.

"Smucker, it's kind of you to take the trouble to come here," said Hanby, at last; "but you've been the victim of a practical joker. I've had one already, and this is the second."

"You think I'm lying?" Smucker cried angrily.

"No—I think you were used merely as a tool."

"And this is your gratitude!" Bitterness was in Smucker's voice. "It is only what I might have expected!" Smucker would have been wise to note the unusual look of sternness which passed across his employer's face.

"I will have a taxi called to take you to the subway. It is raining. I'm obliged to you for coming Smucker. You didn't know you were the victim of a man trying to play a joke on me."

While Hanby went to the telephone in a booth outside, Smucker turned on Mrs. Hanby. He reveled in her uneasiness. It gave him, the bringer of it, a gratifying sense of superiority.

"Dance, drink, revel, and oppress while you may!" he said. "The time

is coming when we Intellectuals will reign!" He looked through the window, which showed the Hudson.

"What do you see there?"

"The river, I suppose," said Mrs. Hanby, puzzled.

"It will be a river of blood some day, from Albany to the sea. It will be reddened with the blood of corrupt politicians, of the officer caste trained at West Point to enslave us. It will be red with the blood of New York capitalists. His blood, your husband's blood—"

Dina Hanby looked at him with flashing eyes. Why did this vindictive



"Be Quiet," She Said, "You Disgust Me!"

little creature hate a man who had kept him on year after year simply through pity?

"Be quiet," she said, "you disgust me!"

She turned from him, and met her husband coming in.

"The taxi's coming," he said. "Let me know tomorrow to what expense you've been put. Good night!"

When Smucker had gone, Dina put her hands on her husband's shoulders.

"Dear," she said, "you've always been very good to me. You've given me everything that I wanted and much more than I deserved. I want to ask a favor."

"It is granted," he replied; "even unto the half of my lands and forests, my lakes and lordly manor houses, and the small change I have in my pocket."

"Get rid of that man the first thing tomorrow. He is evil, and hates you."

"All right, Salome," said Hanby. "His head will be on a charger for you any time you care to call for it after ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

As she went back to her guests, she asked him why he laughed at Smucker's story.

"Because Reggie Brophy and Bill Pelham have put up a joke on me. Reggie is mad as a hornet because this cuts out our Wednesday and Sunday foursome. Pelham said he'd prevent me from going there by hook or crook. If that wasn't Reggie feeding old Smucker with that haunted house stuff, I'll drink the lake dry!"

"It might be Reggie," she admitted. "It would be just like him. What about Bill Pelham?"

"Bill is Selina, the patron saint of l'ekes and toy Poms. Listen to the story of Miss Seleno, who hates and despises men, particularly me. Bill is about the best actor in our crowd, and he made up pretty well—well enough to fool me for a time."

"But would they do it?" she asked. "It will be a long wet drink for me if I'm wrong," he laughed.

"Wanted on the long distance, sir," said Mary Stonn.

"Ask Junior to go," said his father. "I want to tell the rest about Reggie and Bill," he explained to his wife.

Before he could commence his recital, Junior, usually impassive to the point of irritation, burst in.

"It's from the police at Pine Plains," he cried. "Dad, your care-

taker at the Gray house has been murdered!"

Hilton Hanby came back to his guests after ten minutes at the telephone.

"A very unfortunate thing," he told them. "A man named Kerr, whom I engaged through my lawyers only yesterday, has been killed. I must go up tomorrow and see about it."

"I'll go with you, dad," Junior said promptly. "Tell us the details."

"There are none. Kerr was an unmarried man of good character, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, who had been living at Kingston. I wanted a caretaker, because we shan't be living there for a time, and I've been warned that thieves make a specialty of new plumbing fixtures if there's nobody to guard them."

"But you haven't had time to put any in," said Dina.

"That's the mysterious part of it—there's nothing to steal. Kerr moved a bed and a few household belongings into a ground-floor room, and they have not been disturbed."

"Was he killed inside the house?" Celia demanded.

"No—outside. His body was found in the lake."

Hanby shot a quick look at his wife as he said this. From the little frown she gave he saw that the memory of what Smucker had said lingered with her and assumed a new importance at this tragedy.

"Was he drowned?" Dina asked.

"No—his head was battered in with the handle of a pick. Why they threw him in the lake I can't imagine. "They did it to conceal the body," suggested Junior. "The weights probably slipped off and the corpse came to the surface again."

"Lakes are always dragged," Hanby replied. "It seems a silly, meaningless crime."

"There's always motivation, if you know where to look for it," Junior answered wisely. "On the whole, it's rather fortunate that I'm going up with you tomorrow."

"The police will be delighted," his father said.

Hanby was annoyed to think that this crime had intruded itself on his birthday. It was a bad beginning for his ownership of the Gray house.

"The police?" sneered Junior. "What do the police know of the psychology of crime?"

"Pity them, don't chide them," Celia mocked. "Poor policemen, they haven't been to Mercersburg and New Haven."

"There's probably a whole lot more in this than you think," Junior went on, unshaken. "On the face of it, it's a crazy, motiveless crime. We may run into all sorts of amazing things—wheels within wheels. Kerr may not have been a caretaker. He may have been sent there to spy on us."

"Then who killed him?" Hanby snapped. He could see that Dina was disturbed more than he liked.

"That we shall find out," replied Junior. "When first you spoke of the Gray house, I thought there was something mysterious about it. Why did it stand empty so long? Haunted, probably. Oh, these things happen! In your generation they scoffed, but we are wiser. In my psychology class—"

"Tell me about it tomorrow," interrupted his father. "Come on, people—let's dance! This is my birthday. Away with gloom!"

He seized Dina, and they began elaborate improvisations on a foxtrot motif.

"You don't think there's anything in it, do you?" Dina asked him. "I mean, anything to do with what that awful little man was saying?"

"Of course not," he answered. "We shall find at the inquest that some roving tramp killed Kerr to steal his savings."

"Tramps!" she said. She was city bred, and distrusted remote places. "There are always tramps, aren't there?"

"They won't worry us. We shall have a house filled with people, and there'll be gardeners and workers. Also—this is my great surprise—I'm taking a year off from business. I can afford it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Community Building

Home Ownership Puts Stamp on Character

The man who owns his home provides an entirely different environment for his children than he who rents. There is a normal, wholesome atmosphere whose beneficial influence will last through life. Children reared in their own homes have the supreme advantage of a domestic sentiment which is one of the most valuable and cherished of virtues.

Home ownership stamps an individual as a man of character. His employers realize that he has an aim in life, and, because of his integrity, he is taken into their confidence and is often entrusted to invest their money, since he knew how to invest his own. Perhaps the best certificate of respect, the best guarantee of self reliance and character, is a title to one's own home.

The home owner is a vital factor in any community because his home represents an investment in it. He is a direct taxpayer. Hence he takes an active interest in local government and in all civic affairs. In relation to this advantage an authority on home ownership, said: "I cannot agree with people who are predicting that the world is in a fearful state because things are not done in the old-fashioned way. No land is doomed when the people own their home. Their interest in their country will never wane and that nation is permanent and safe."

Profitable Uses for Vacant Store Windows

Vacant stores on the street frontage of office buildings somehow seem always to look conspicuously barren and unfinished in spite of the use of concealing paint on their windows. They are about the first thing that a prospective tenant sees as he approaches a building. And certainly they do their building no good from a rental standpoint.

Yet the finding of a desirable and profitable tenant sometimes requires a considerable period of time. One expedient to eliminate these unsightly, empty windows is their use as display space for retail merchants or manufacturers. There seems to be an increasing interest in this practice.

Where merchants are crowded for display space they can generally be shown the possibilities of using window space without renting an additional store. And, in most cases, even a small income from vacant stores, with the added value of improved appearance, is well worth the building owner's consideration.—Detroit News.

Defining Traffic Lanes

The system of marking the center of the roadway with a stripe of color has been found so beneficial to traffic in general in the state of California it is now being widely employed not only at intersections, on blind curves and on narrow bridges, as was the practice in the past, but also on winding roads in mountainous country and on four-lane trunk highways. By plainly indicating the several traffic lanes on these wide, level roads, it is possible to keep the slower-moving vehicles in the outer lanes, leaving the inner ones for high-speed cars. By the use of the marking many collisions are avoided. Three hundred miles of the state highway have been thus marked and the work is being rapidly extended. In the first white paint was used, but this has given way to one of bright orange.

Placing Shrubbery

In growing shrubs and trees to get the best results they should be allowed to grow naturally, unless they are to be shaped to conform to a set pattern; and it is important to place them in their new location in the same position relative to the sunlight to which they have been accustomed. They will usually incline a trifle toward the sun. Set them so this inclination need not be changed, as it will take energy to change it. In the open, plants will incline slightly toward the south; but in sheltered and partly shaded places they will bend in the direction from which the sun shines upon them.

Boost! Don't Knock!

One of the worst liabilities a town can have is the chronic knocker, and every town has him. He is prolific in condemnation, in criticism, in derogatory proclamation, but seldom offers anything of constructive value to assist or cure conditions which he says exist. It should be the duty of every citizen of Fort Payne and community to labor earnestly, intensively, patriotically, to boost and make this an even better community.—DeKalb County (Ore.) Herald.

Discounting Fire Danger.

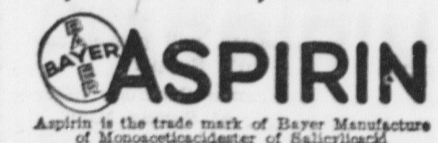
Under an ordinance passed 12 years ago, the city of Macon, Ga., should soon be non-combustible. The city building inspector is to enforce a law that every shingle or combustible roof must be replaced.

Shrubbery on Highways

Women's clubs and other organizations are fostering the planting of trees and shrubbery along roads and highways.



IT'S folly to suffer long from neuritis, neuralgia, or headaches when relief is swift and sure, with Bayer Aspirin. For 28 years the medical profession has recommended it. It does not affect the heart. Take it for colds, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago. Gargle it for a sore throat or tonsillitis. Proven directions for its many uses, in every package. All drug stores have genuine Bayer Aspirin which is readily identified by the name on the box and the Bayer cross on every tablet.



Beautiful Skin
—soft, smooth, clear, "pink and white"—the matchless complexion of youth. Sulphur purifies, clears and refreshes the skin. For beautifying the face and arms use
Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Contains 25% Pure Sulphur. At Druggists.

Identified!
Desk Sergeant—Two men and a girl held you up, eh? Kin you describe 'em?
Victim—Well, the girl had a run in her stocking just above the right knee.—Life.



DR. CALDWELL'S THREE RULES

Dr. Caldwell watched the results of constipation for 47 years, and believed that no matter how careful people are of their health, diet and exercise, constipation will occur from time to time. Of next importance, then, is how to treat it when it comes. Dr. Caldwell always was in favor of getting as close to nature as possible, hence his remedy for constipation is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the most delicate system and is not habit forming.
The Doctor never did approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for human beings to put into their system. Use Syrup Pepsin for yourself and members of the family in constipation, biliousness, sour and crummy stomach, bad breath, no appetite, headaches, and to break up fevers and colds. Get a bottle today, at any drugstore and observe these three rules of health: Keep the head cool, the feet warm, the bowels open. For a free trial bottle, just write "Syrup Pepsin," Dept. BB, Monticello, Illinois.

WORMS—A CHILD'S GREATEST ENEMY

Look for these symptoms in your child—gritting the teeth, picking the nostrils, disordered stomach. These signs may mean worms. And worms left in the body mean broken health.
Don't delay one hour. Frey's Vermifuge rids a child of worms quickly. For 75 years it has been America's safe, vegetable worm medicine. At all druggists!

Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms

Robust Health depends upon proper food assimilation. Keep the digestive processes active with **Wright's Vegetable Pills** "THE IONIC LAXATIVE"
45 Druggists or 773 Fourth St., N. Y. City.