

What the Gray House Hid

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

W. N. U. Service
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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 Selenos, a former tenant of the Gray house, calls at his office and warns him that the house is under a curse. Further startling details are impressed upon Adolf 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 Selenos and from Smucker's acquaintance, as some form of practical joke. But they are shocked when they hear that the caretaker whom they have put in charge of the Gray house, a man named Kerr, has been mysteriously murdered.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Oh, Bill, how lovely!" she cried. "I've hated your business because it has kept you away from us so much. Can you really afford it?"
"I'm rolling in money," he said gaily. "I bought acreage and sold by the front foot. I'm a boy again!"
"That's nothing new, Housatonic," she laughed. "Ada Bishop really believes that's your absurd name. You'll be a boy when you die!"
"Darling Dina, don't worry about Smucker and his drunken dream. I'll have it out with old Bill tomorrow and Reggie will have to confess that he failed. It was a fool scheme of theirs, anyway."
"When did you ever know Bill Pelham to do anything really foolish?"
"He acted the part superbly. It fooled me completely."
"I don't mean that exactly. It seems so stupid to imagine that any one could be scared away from a house by vague talk like that. Bill, do verify the names Smucker gave you—Mr. Seymour and the others. Promise me!"
"Probably all names that Reggie thought up on the spur of the moment; but I'll ask the agent I bought the place from, if that will satisfy you."
"A puzzling crime," commented Pelham, when he had heard all that his friend knew.

"I may be next," Hanby said, wondering how long Bill could maintain this air of complete innocence. "Poor Dina a widow, with the chance of marrying a better man!"
"Don't!" said Bill, frowning. "I don't like to hear you make a joke of that sort of thing. If Dina died, could you ever marry again?"
"Good G—d, no! Of course not!" replied Hanby, startled.

"She couldn't either. Bill, old man, don't you know that every now and again in this human family two people are born like Dina and you—two people whom nothing can separate but death? I've watched you with other women—and I've watched her with other men—pretty women, too—and better-looking cusses than you. Tell me, have you ever seen a woman you care a d—n for since you met Dina?"
"No."
"And she's seen no other man. You two are marvels. That family of yours is what it is because of its parents."

"I didn't mean that about Dina marrying," Hanby said, a little shamefacedly. "You know men don't like to seem sentimental. Your friendship has been a great deal to us, Bill, and you are not going to drop out."
"I worship Dina," Bill Pelham said meditatively. "Directly I saw her, twenty years ago, I knew that she was the one woman." He smiled whimsically. "Every Christmas she lets me kiss her under the mistletoe. Once every year! You can bet I shall be with you on Christmas eve, anyway."
Hanby smiled.

"If we lived in some European country, I should have to challenge you to a duel for that and kill you."
"It's the dark, saturnine villain who does the slaying," Bill reminded

him. "I should sneer diabolically, and ask you to name the rib under which you would like my rapier to go." He lighted a cigarette. "Why did you ask me to come?"
"To discuss your Aunt Selina."
"How the devil did you know I had an Aunt Selina? She was a great-granddaughter, a playmate of Martha Washington, if the family history is correct."
"I didn't know it. Look here, Bill—Dina's all upset about some merry spirits who have been trying to frighten me away from Pine Plains. Do you admit coming here and pretending to be Miss Selenos, who hated and despised me above all men, and pinned her faith on dogs?"
"One of us is crazy," replied Bill Pelham. "At the time you say I was in Chicago. I have played practical jokes, and I hope to again, if I live; but I know nothing of this. Tell me all."
Hanby described not only his experience but that of Adolf Smucker. "You can count Reggie out, too," Pelham declared. "He's at the bankers convention in Baltimore. These two people may be fakes, but Reggie and I are innocent. Silly sort of stories to tell!"
"That's what Dina said."
"Is she worried?"
"Just a little. Nothing physical can scare her, but she takes funny psychological excursions. She was reading an English book on 'Haunted Houses' when I left."
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"What do you suggest?"
"I've got a clear day. I'll interview the man you bought the place from, and find out about past tenants. Also, I'll see if there was a Selenos family holding land grants in California. I'll probably drop in after dinner. Where are you off to?" concluded Pelham, as Hanby reached for his hat.

"Fine Plains, Junior is motoring me up. I'll be back by dinner time, with luck. Anyhow, wait for me. I've got to see about another caretaker and arrange for the burial of Kerr. Not a cent was found on him, and it seems that he has no relations. I feel responsible, in a way. Junior seems to think that he's going to be a Sherlock Holmes, to the chagrin and confusion of the Pine Plains police."
"There is no such thing as a meaningless crime," Pelham remarked. "Junior may be of some help."
"I hope so. I want to clear up everything, so that Dina and Celia won't have a chance to feel nervous. Dina has a vague idea that the country is dangerous. She was raised in Cleveland's most select residential district, and has always lived in cities. I'm a wild man from the Housatonic feud country, and the idea of tramps doesn't give me a thrill at all."
"If I know Dina," Bill said thoughtfully, "she'll be less worried about tramps than she will about any reputed curse on the place. Like many of those highly strung women, she's psychically sensitive. If all these tragedies happened there, she's bound to hear of them. You've already had a murder on your front lawn."
"That's not serious," Hanby returned. "Some wandering yegg killed the poor fellow for his savings."
"I wish you hadn't sent that Selenos woman off without getting more particulars from her. You calmly shut all avenues of information."
"Her manner was so infernally insulting, Bill. You know I'm not the sort of man to be told that I must sell the house I've selected as a home after inspecting hundreds of places. The poor old thing was crazy."
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als controlled the workers and enslaved the capitalists! He had been one of those who believed that Lenin was to be the savior of America. Lenin had died, but others would be raised up. Smucker's visions of vengeance were stupendous. They died down a little when he reflected that he must face that sound domestic economist, Mrs. Adolf. He drew his month's unearned salary sulkily.

At eleven o'clock Bill Pelham, summoned by telephone, sauntered into Hanby's office. He was a slight man, above middle height, with dark hair and eyes. His was a tired, lined face—the face of a man to whom success has not come. No man was closer to him than Hanby.

"How's the dog market, Bill?" Hanby asked.

"I don't know; but my business is going to the dogs, if that's what you mean. We can't all guess where the wheel is going to stop. Sorry I couldn't get to your dinner party last night. Dina rang me up and told me that my absence was the only blemish."

"That's a fact, Bill," Hanby looked at him keenly. "You don't relish this country life idea?"
"It's a tragedy to me," Pelham groaned. "Your home is my home. You let me come when I want to and leave when I want to. You ask no vain questions, and my grouches never make you angry. I don't know what the devil I shall do. You've been blessed above all the men I know. Your girls are pretty and popular, and yet they don't go guzzling gin with chauffeurs. Your boy is popular, and yet he keeps clean. I've often thought the Hanby family was sent to show that decency was possible even in this Jazz life we lead. Do I relish your going? Don't make a jest of it!"

"You'll be at the Gray house, too. You can't drop out of our lives, so don't anticipate it. Funny place, the Gray house! I suppose you read that my caretaker was murdered last night?"
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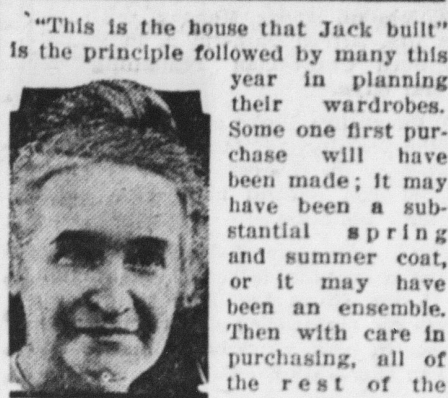
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Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin



"This is the house that Jack built" is the principle followed by many this year in planning their wardrobes. Some one first purchase will have been made; it may have been a substantial spring and summer coat, or it may have been an ensemble. Then with care in purchasing, all of the rest of the wardrobe may be chosen, with no tone-clashing. This does not at all mean, as with the report of so many brides, "all accessories match," but rather, that all accessories should harmonize.

Suppose the tweed of the coat has a green thread in it; it will give that subtle and desired air of "plan" when worn with a green dress; with a gay figured silk which has green as a definite part of its color pattern, or with one of the fluffy organzies if given soft folds of green in the trimming of the gown and jade costume jewelry. Just as an airman can trace the progress of a river through many a winding curve, so this planning in the matter of costume will not be lost on the observers, who will feel a sense of harmony even if they do not analyze just what produces it.

Dame Fashion lately went on a chateaux hunt. Let no Volsteadian be alarmed. It is true that Webster defines this term as a pale green or yellow liquor of complex composition, prepared by the Carthusian monks of Tarragona, Spala, and said to contain balm leaves, orange, peel, hyssop, peppermint and numerous other ingredients. But the point of this story is that the newest fashion decrees are all dotted over with this word "Chateaux" as a color.

"Describe 'Chateaux,' please," begged Dame Fashion of a fabric authority. He agreed at once that the color is much to the fore, and declared that it was "greenish-yellow," or "yellowish-green." One fashion edict has said that combinations of bright blue and chateaux, brown and chateaux, and chateaux with black are the season's most "chic" effects. Meditatively the authority remarked: "Do you know what a lovely look like? Well, that color is what I call 'chateaux.'"

Seeing a young man hurrying in through the door of a theater wearing a felt hat of as bright a scarlet as any proud cockerel's comb gave Dame Fashion another bit of color meditation. Ten years ago this young man would have gained much more attention than at present, when he seemed to be considered just a cheerful matter-of-course object. It would not be hard to bring it down to genuine statistics, how many thousands of black hats are offered this year to both men and women than in similar seasons previous.

Sun-tan is a favorite word, not only for shades of materials, but also for complexions. What will be the effect if strands of clear white or faintly pink pearl beads are put around brown throats? This is a simple matter for those whose only care is to put harmony into style effects. Pretty pearls are supposed to grow in the dark ocean depths—yet miracles will happen where costume adjuncts are concerned. No one's brownie complexion need be put to shame, for she can choose the delightful "sun-tan" pearls to wear around her fashionably tanned neck!

Two-Piece Sports Suit Shows Collarless Coat



A new version of the collarless coat in a two-piece sports suit of soft rose and white tweed shown at the Pageant of the Golden Fleece, recently held in New York city under the auspices of the Wool Institute.

Flour Bag Kitchen Set Makes a Nice Present

What could be a smarter gift to the prospective bride than a strictly modernistic kitchen set? And when it is being given by a club or circle of mutual friends, it is so simple to have each member contribute some one article to make a complete set. A set consists of a pair of curtains, dish towels, a trio of pot cloths, a set of refrigerator bags—one each for parsley, lettuce and celery—a broom cover, an apron and a dust cap. Each article is adorned with a smart, modernistic motif and all are made from transformed flour bags.

If you have the flour bags on hand from flour bought for home baking, and a generously filled scrap bag, the cost will be absolutely nil. If, on the



Kitchen Set is Easily Made From Discarded Flour Bags.

other hand, you have to buy the bags, your baker will let you have them for a few cents apiece, and three one-fourth-yard lengths of fast-colored gingham are the only other expense. The bags are easily ripped, since they are chain stitched. Their stamping is removed by soaking it in kerosene or lard for a few hours and then washing out in warm water.

No patterns are needed except for the aprons and dust cap, and nearly every woman has her favorite apron pattern. The style shown here is particularly good because it is ample and has, instead of tie-ends, a strap across the back which snaps in place.

The refrigerator bags are simple to make. The lettuce bag measures 10 by 13 inches, completed; the celery bag, 7 by 18 inches, and the parsley or radish bag, 7 by 10 inches.

A single bag is long enough to make a curtain for the average kitchen window. If the window is exceptionally high, a band of contrasting material may be put all around or a false hem added at the top for the heading and casing.

Appropriate and Simple Apparel Should Be Worn

Every woman has to make definite decisions in this season of many colors and news fabrics of many weights, says a fashion writer in the Kansas City Star.

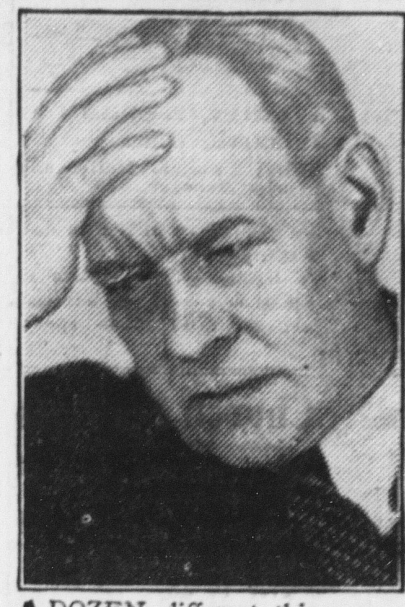
The acceptance of diverse fashions gives great opportunity to the woman who knows how to dress well, which, of course, means appropriately. Color still dominates in silks—the ensemble, the printed dress or the georgette afternoon frock. The quiet tones of tweed suits are often the retreat of the woman who would dress conservatively. Another choice is that classic of the French wardrobe, a black dress cut on simple lines with lingerie collar and cuffs. This type is well represented in the imports in faille, silks and georgettes.

The off-white shade worn with turquoise jewelry is one of the smartest of the evening costumes. The off-white shades are splendid for the woman who will be unbrowned whether she goes in the sun or not. For it is surprising how tenaciously the value of the sun has captivated the imagination of women. To be tanned is to be fashionable and as fine a tan may be gotten from the cosmetic boxes as ever the sun showered on woman-kind. This accounts for the growing popularity of the off-white shades in evening clothes.

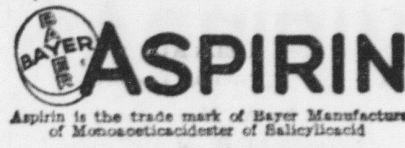
Silp-on gloves are smart in egg-shell and sun-tan hues. The problem of what glove color to select is often a perplexing one. The decision should be governed by the tone of the stockings, shoes and handbag. Sun tan is the watchword of the smart set today.

Polka Dot Silk Dress for Town or Country

An interesting little silk suit, which can be worn in town or country, is made of dark blue silk with a very small polka dot of white. The skirt is plain in back but circular in front, and has a short coat of the silk. Under this coat is worn a blouse of much lighter blue, also covered with white polka dots of the same size as the darker silk.



ADOZEN different things may cause a headache, but there's just one thing you need ever do to get relief. Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for such pain. Keep it at the office. Have it handy in the home. Those subject to frequent or sudden headaches should carry Bayer Aspirin in the pocket-tin. Until you have used it for headaches, colds, neuralgia, etc., you've no idea how Bayer Aspirin can help. It means quick, complete relief to millions of men and women who use it every year. And it does not depress the heart.



GREAT DISCOVERY KILLS RATS AND MICE, BUT NOTHING ELSE

Wanted: Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens
K-R-O (Kills Rats Only) is a new exterminator that can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, under the Comstock process which insures maximum strength. Two cans killed 578 rats at Arkansas State Farm. Hundreds of other testimonials.

Sold on a Money-Back Guarantee.
Toss upon K-R-O (Kills Rats Only), the original Squill exterminator. All druggists 75c, or direct if not yet stocked. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. K-R-O Co., Springfield, O.

For Barbed Wire Cuts Try HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh

All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not soothed.

To Make It Pull
Albert D. Lasker, former head of the shipping board, is a very successful advertising man, and at a luncheon at Chicago he gave some good advice to young copy advertisement writers.

"Write pulling copy," he said, "but in your desire to make it pull don't make it absurd or incredible. Some young writers do."

"Yes, some of the advertisements that are submitted to me recall the lawyer who put a notice on his door: 'Out to lunch. Back in an hour.'"
"He was a struggling young lawyer, and he didn't want to lose any clients who might turn up in his absence; so he added to the notice: 'Been gone 50 minutes already.'"

Capability
The person who is really capable of friendship never lacks friends.—Woman's Home Companion.

IT'S DANGEROUS GROUND

you stand on—with a cough, a cold or gripe, and your blood impoverished. You must do something! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes redder blood—builds health and strength.
Mr. W. B. Pearce, 1320 Stewart St., Richmond, Va., remarked: "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a tonic and blood enricher that I have frequently recommended to people who are down and out physically. I have never known an instance where it has failed to strengthen every part of the body. I have taken it myself at different times and always have been benefited. I feel sure it will help every person who will give it a fair trial."
All druggists. Tablets or fluid.
Send Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c if you desire a trial pkg. of tablets.



Send No Money

DON'T LET WORMS TORTURE CHILDREN

Children who have worms have not a chance of being healthy. Watch for the symptoms. Gritting the teeth, picking the nostrils, disordered stomach.
Rid your child's body of these ruinous parasites. Give him Frey's Vermifuge—America's safe, vegetable worm medicine for 75 years. Buy it today. At all drug stores.

Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms