

### WHAT DR. CALDWELL **LEARNED IN 47** YEARS PRACTICE

A physician 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 consti-pation, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a mild vegetable compound. It can not harm the system and is not

habit forming. Syrup Pepsin is pleasant-tasting, and youngsters love it.

Dr. Caldwell did not approve of drastic physics and purges. He did not believe they were good for anybody's system. In a practice of 47 years he never saw any reason for their use when Syrup Pepsin will empty the bowels just

as promptly.

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Q of and 50% of earnings. We have no salesmen. Bank references. THE PEXEL CO. Food Products 119 N. 4th St., Camden, N. J.

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ach is another.

Immediately give him Frey's Vermifuge. It has been the safe, vegetable worm medicine for 75 years. Don't wait! Buy Frey's Vermifuge at your druggist's today.

### Frey's Vermifuge Expels Worms

Strong-minded people may pray for guidance, but they think out a way



# When Food

Lots of folks who think they have 'indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid ike Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon

restores digestion to normal. Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda-which is but temporary relief at best-Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least dis comfort, try-



# What the Gray House Hid 30 Days' Free Trial

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, warns him that the house is under a curse. Further alarmdetails are impressed upon Adolf Smucker, Hanby's secre-tary, by a man who claims to have been chauffeur for Sir Stanford Seymour, former occupant of the place. The Harbys laugh off the warnings, 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. Hanby consults his friend Pelham. The family starts for the new home, Appleton, a clerk of Douglas and Smith, the agents from whom Hanby bought the Gray house, explains to Pelham, that a dangerous pond near the house, in which several children have been drowned, has since been filled in, but he urges Pelham to dissuade Hanby from occupying the Gray house. Hanby and Junior learn that the caretaker was known to the police as "Red Chapin" and had a bad record.

### CHAPTER III—Continued

--6---It was his first opportunity to see a man with a price on his hend. Death had revealed with marked emphasis the unsocial qualities with which Red Chapin had been dowered. What he had tried during life to hide was now plain for all the world to see-the loose mouth, the short cranium, the thrust-forward jaw. Junior shuddered a little.

"What do you suppose he wanted the job of looking after an empty house

"It's my belief he was hiding," said the policeman from Kingston. "I've checked up on him pretty well. He kept himself to himself in Kingston. He received no callers or mail. His landlady says he was suspicious of strangers. Red was always one to frequent pool rooms and places like that; but this trip he kept away from them.

Why? He knew they was after him." "Who?" Junior asked eagerly, forgetting that be was listening open eyed to a policeman ignorant of psychology.

"The man that bumped him off. We shan't probably ever know who. We've got Red, and somebody else'll pick up his pals when their time comes."

The policeman pointed to the dead man's big, roughened hand. "That's the hand that squeezed the life out of a Salt Lake City detective. Strangled him in a telephone booth, h did, and not a soul near by heard it, That's the hand that shot half a dozen men. Look at that face, Mr. Hanby, and, when you see another like it,

"I will," Junior said quickly. He envied the professional his poise at a moment like this. So occupied was he with this intimate touch of crime that he did not notice until the car slowed down to pass Amenia that he had again missed the Gray house.

"Wow!" he said, a mile or so further on, "you missed that truck by little less than an inch!"

"You exaggerate," replied his father. "It wasn't half an inch. I'm in a hurry to get home. Bill Pelham may have news."

They did not speak again for some time. Then Hanby surprised his son by asking questions concerning Leslie Barron, the youth to whom Celia gave a good deal of her time.

"Les is a peach," said Junior warmly. "If I were he, I wouldn't stand the way Cella behaves. One day she's sugar and the next vinegar."

"I've seen that," Hanby returned. "Thats' not unusual. I did not mean that. Is he courageous? Would he be a useful man in a tight place?"

"You ought to have seen the scrap he put up against a strong-armed waiter that tried to put him out of a roadhouse last April! The waiter was an old heavyweight pugilist, and he certainly could punish. Les knew he was outwelghed and outclassed, and he had a chance to duck; but he isn't that sort of a mother's boy. He was out for twenty minutes."

"That's interesting," his father commented. "I didn't think the languid Les had a fight in him; but you don't expect me to approve of a rowdy boy being thrown out of a questionable roadhouse, 1 hope?"

"It wasn't a questionable place," Junior retorted. "You've taken mother there. Les isn't rowdy-he's just fas tidious. He complained of a big fly in his coffee. That roused the waiter to fury, and he said that Les could drink it or not, but he had to pay." Junior wondered why his father should ask about Leslie's gameness.

Mr. Hanby was in an unusually thoughtful mood. "You're pretty husky," he said pres-

ently. "What do you weigh?" "A hundred and seventy stripped," Junior told him.

"My weight to a hair. Les isn't so much, is be?" "He and Bill weigh a hundred and fifty-five stripped. Why? Going to promote some boxing exhibitions?"

"Nothing like that." "What's on your mind, dad?" "Sherlock Lupin, it would take more than your admitted skill to find out. because I don't know myself. I apologize for it. For the first time, the Gray house gave me a shiver as I passed it. This murder was the cause. don't revel in crime. I hate it. I like people to be happy and harmonious. Something inside me leads me

The Mystery of a **Haunted Mansion** 

 $-B_{\mathcal{V}}-$ Wyndham Martyn

W. N. U. Service Copyright by Wyndham Martyn

almost invariably to dependable people. I wouldn't have picked this fellow Red Chapin to have watched a dog pound, if he was half as bad as you say. I took that man Smucker over with the business, the d-d, dirty anarchist! I caught myself calculating my forces if anything unpleasant happened up at the Gray house. Bill Pelham would tackle a tion singlehanded. He's been proved. I won dered a little about Leslie."

"Dad, you don't really think there's anything wrong with that new place?"



'I'm Not Going to Be Frightened Out of It by Any Rude Old Woman."

nquired Junior, his eyes sparkling at the thought.

"I'll have to disappoint you by say. ng no. It was just a passing fit of depression. It has gone."

"I'll be gone, too, if you don't cut the speed down," his son cautioned. "Slow down! There's a motor cop to

### **CHAPTER IV**

Bill Pelham was walting for them, "Won't take me ten minutes to get into clean clothes," said Hanby. "I've got strange news, Dina."

"So has Bill," she retorted. "Mine is of a tragic nature." \* "You've nothing on me," said Bill 'I'm in the wholesale tragedy busi-

Dina, Pelham, and Hanby discussed the matter in the library. Hanhy listened to what Appleton had told his

friend. "Then Smucker wasn't lying," he remarked. "Appleton corroborates his story. It means that some one wants to prevent us living there. What could

the reason possibly be?" "I give it up," said Pelham. "Do you think the police have the right

dope on the Chapin murder?" "What else could it be?" "That these same people who want to keep you out started to terrorize you by murdering him. It may be that he was an innocent victim. Of course. we know that he was wanted by the law, and that in a sense his removal is a blessing to society, but all the

honest watchman for the time being." "Dina," said Hanby presently, again conscious of his wife's unusual depression, "if you are scared at the prospect of going up there, I'll open nego tintions with Miss Selenos, who purticularly loathes and despises me What about it?"

same he may have intended to be an

"Think twice before you answer." Bill Pelbam warned her.

"I haven't even seen the place yet." she said, smiling. "I'm not going to be frightened out of it by any rude old woman. Hil, I believe she's at the bottom of all this mystery. I'm not going to rob my Housatonic of his manor!" "Housatonic?" Bill queried. "What's

"Hil's real name. At college you called him Tony."

"It's a new one on me," said Bill. "Blame your Aunt Selina for it," Hanby declared. "She got me going with her California rivers. I tell you that old hag has a face like the Furies. She may be mad and vindictive, but

there's something on her mind more than a passing whim. I don't know but Dina's right. She said I should meet disaster, ruin, and even death There's some mystery about my pleasure house in Dutchess county."

"Nothing will keep me away from !! now," Dina asserted. "We shall have four able-bodied men in the place al: the summer."

"Four?" her husband demanded. You are not counting fourteen-year old Tim as an able-bodied male, are you?"

"There will be you, Junior, Leslie. and Bill." "Me?" Pelham cried.

"Of course! On your own confession, you've nothing to do until you: company is reorganized in the fall. Danger calls, and we need you. I've already picked out your suite."

"Dina, you are taking great chances. Even dull-witted Hil, the last to scen: the danger, knows that I'm in love

with you." "That makes you so much the safer You shall work, believe me. I'm crazy to have some stately old-world gardens. You shall be my man with the hoe.'

"I sign on here and now," said Bill 'Where are you going?"

"I promised to tell Tim about the inquest. My children have the modern interest in crime. Don't go! I shan't be very long."

Pelham looked at Hanby almost wist "Hil, was that a joke on me or a

genuine invitation?" "Don't you want to come?"

"Except for the reason that your family is my family, that I shall live rent free and make enough out of you at pool to spend an affluent winter

"That's settled, then," said Hanby 'Honestly, Bill, I shall be glad to have a man like you, with nerve and cour

age, around the house." "That sounds as if you anticipated

trouble." "Oddly enough, I do. I must be get ting old, but driving back today I be gan to make excuses for not living in the Gray house. Subconsciously, I was actuated by fear. Most people patron ize their subconscious mind nowadays but it's the subconscious mind that gives you the real danger signals. I'm going up there, but I'm not going up there with the idea that every prospect is as pleasing as it looks. I'm or

"If that's so, I demand a salary as well as free board and entertainment Make it five dollars a day, and replace all clothes stained with gore in the exercise of my duty with ones of equaor greater value. The trouble with you is that after piking along ou thirty thousand a year and a mere duplex apartment, you've got twice that amount and a thirty-room man sion. It has gone to your poor weak head. You are paying too much atten

tion to poor Aunt Selina." "You didn't see or hear her," Han

by reminded him. "She's merely a crank. One morn ing, thirty long years ago, in the bosky dells that are now yours, she met a rustic swain and pursued him with love. Wisely he jumped into the lake and was drowned. It is a sacred spot to her."

"What about the Seymour chauf

feur?" "An ignorant, good-hearted, generous man, fond of children. His simple, untutored mind believes that evil mirits dwell there because his boss' children ventured on an unsafe bridge and were drowned. Probably he has a dozen kids himself. As to Red Chapin, he took refuge there and was killed by his pals whom he had double-

crossed. Ferfectly plain, as I see it. "Maybe," Hanby said slowly, "it is merely annoyance that the house bought for Dina should be mixed up in this tragic business." He spoke at most irritably. "I hate gloom and tenrs and death. When I first saw the Gray bouse, I said, 'Here is a place where people have been happy.' Pretty rotten picker, eh, Bill?"

"Your family will take the curse of anything," said the other. "Dina will have us all dancing as happily as ever Junior will bring his crowd, and Cellwill import hers. I miss my guess i: the result won't be a very interesting mixture. Dance on!" he concluded dramatically. "Cutside your win dows your faithful house detective will be watching-the simple-minded sleuth whose meager pay is five dollars a day and extras. During the day I shall be hoe man in chief to Dina. At dusk I am the house detective. I'll get a deputy's badge, in case I have to make

There was a knock on the door, and Mary Sloan entered. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

one of the originators of the art of

From this quaint origin the candy

industry has progressed to such an

extent that it is now one of the

world's leading industries. Its produc-

tion involves labor in all parts of the

world and employs every means of

transportation known to man.-Ex-

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### Orientals in America Cling to Old Customs

tom in China and one that still holds

good among many of the Chinese here.

They may adopt American clothes and

some American practices, but mentally

they continue as true orientals. Some-

times the Chinese girl, influenced by

American ways, chooses her own hus

band and sometimes she runs away

with a man belonging to another tong

than that of her father, thereby pro-

voking trouble between the rival so-

cieties. Usually the bride has nothing

to say about her wedding and may

not look upon her intended until the

night when the feast has been spread

and the wedding music is heard.

The other evening in a stroll along the Bowery with a detective acquaintance we heard the strains of Chinese stringed instruments and turned into Mott street in time to witness the arrival of a bride for her wedding ceremony at the home of her merchant fiance, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger. The bride, we were inyears earlier. formed by a dapper young Chinese, was a "sing-song girl," whose wedding had been arranged by her father. The "sing-song girls" are those who have difficulty in finding a husband and whose fathers, for a monetary consideration, dispose of them to a Chinese seeking a wife. It is an ancient cus-

And so Paris and the world became acquainted with Robert Fulton. Napoleon had said of Paul Jones that if he had lived France would have had an admiral. But had he only been able to give closer considton put before him-that of transporting troops by steam across the British channel, accompanied by submarine torpedo boats, which he had already brought to a state of considerable efficiency-there might have been no St. Helena.-Richard Le Galtienne in Har-

### Seismograph in Place of the Priests of Pelee

Tidal waves used to be things that just happened. They swooped down unexpectedly, destroyed life and left the shores strewn with the wrecks of ships. Nowadays tidal waves are not so much to be feared, for men have learned to read the advance signs of nature. The warning sent out from Kllauea volcano observatory in Hawall several hours in advance of a possible tidal wave gave people more than ample time to make themselves snug and moor their ships fast.

Luckily, if the earthquake 2,200 miles away did cause a wave, it was not serious in Hawaii. And Pelee, looking down from the place where exiled goddesses abide, if, there be such a place, must have been pleased that what science predicted did not amount to much. For Pelee was the goddess who dwelt in the eternal fires

of Kilauea until the missionaries chased her out. Her ancient priests, too, uttered their prophecies of tidal waves. The difference is that the men who now make the predictions, depend upon the seismograph. Pelee's priests' relied on the wrath of Pelee against people who did not behave to sult them.

### Ample Provision for Education of Sailors

Dr. Frank Crane, writer, after an Inspection of one of the dreadnaughts of the United States navy, said: "I recently had a very illuminating visit aboard the battleship Tennessee. It was illuminating because I found it not only a fighting machine, but a schbolhouse. In this age of modern efficient methods it is only natural that a wise government provide means to insure the highest type of personnel. Why not? A battleship is perhaps the most perfect laboratory in the world. All its machinery must be the best of its kind and to maintain the high standard the United States navy has set, it is necessary that the personnel be highly trained. Education proved to be a deciding factor and to further their policy, the Navy department has provided enlisted men with a correspondence course system that is perhaps the most completely organized project of its kind in use. It is comprised of 126 courses, prepared by the leading universities of America. A program of personal supervision by naval academy graduates and competent instructors insures a thorough knowledge of the subject undertaken."

## Have Saved Napoleon

Robert Fulton Might

Although the trip of Fulton's Clermont from New York to Albany in 1807 marked the beginning of the first regular steamboat service, it was not, as many believe, the first practical demonstration of the steamboat. The American inventor propelled an earlier boat on the river Seine in Paris four

No good American can look upon the Seine without thinking of that August 9, 1803, when its banks were black with spectators watching the young American dreamer making the first trip ever made in a steamboat. For four hours the strange craft puffed and belched along the stream.

per's Magazine.

### Bishop's Pot of Oil

Stilled the Tempest The familiar saying, "oil on troubled waters," appears to have had its origin in an incident related in Bede's Ecclesiastical History, written in Lat-

in more than 1,200 years ago. A priest called Utta was sent to fetch Eanflede, King Edwin's daughter, who was to be married to King Oswina. He was to go by land, but return by water. Before his departure, Utta visited Bishop Agan, who was permitted to work miracles, and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The bishop blessed him and predicting for his return a great tempest, gave him a pot of oil, saying, "Remember that you cast into the sea this pot of oil that I give you, and anon, the winds being laid comfortable, fair weather shall ensue on the sea, which shall send you again with as pleasant a passage as you have wished."

According to Bede, the storm arose as predicted and was quieted as if by magic when Utta cast the oil into the sea .- Detroit News.

### Hebrides Island Has Unique Police Record

"No police case within living memory!" This is the proud record of Eigg, one of the most delightful little islands to be found in the inner Hebrides, says the Weekly Scotsman. It has been rendered famous by Hugh Miller on account of its curious geographical formation, and several historians have invested it with a halo of romance owing to its tragic associations in what is now the remote past.

Twice it was the scene of dastardly massacres, but today it enjoys an immunity from exciting incidents that is continuous and complete. So at least says the chief constable for Ivernessshire, the county to which the island belongs.

Despite the serenity of its social atmosphere, and although no representative of the police force is stationed within its limits, yet Eigg is assessed for police rates and has to pay for the upkeep of a strong staff of uniformed men for which it has no use, and which might be disbanded for any harm that would eventuate to its inhabitants. The people are beginning to fret at these exactions, from which they receive no benefit, and also at the heavy burden of road rates, which go to maintain "fine highways elsewhere," It is an old grievance, this matter of rates, which in out-of-theway places are often very uneven in their incidence.

### Candy Industry Goes Back to Hippocrates

Physicians among the ancient Greeks | only as the father of medicine but as and Romans utilized the bee's honey in preparing their medicines. In fact, the manufacture of candy traces its origin back to the days of Hippocrates, father of medicine, who lived in the Fifth century B. C. In those days doctors' remedies for human ills consisted of doses of bitter herbs. In order to tickle the palate of his rich patients, Hippocrates smeared a little honey on the edge of the cup containing the potion, and later on coated his pills with similar substances, thus comforting his patients and, no doubt, also increasing his fees. Little did Hippocrates think that he

was destined to go down to fame, not

candy-making.

Certain Recipe A man can make himself an un comfortable bedfellow by doing things that go against his grain .- American Magazine.