

What the Gray House Hid

THE STORY

Hilton Hanby has purchased a country place—the Gray house, near Pine Plains, Miss Selenos, a former tenant, warns him that the house is under a curse. Further alarming 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. But they are shocked when they hear that the caretaker 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, urges Pelham to dissuade Hanby from occupying the Gray house. Pelham becomes a member of the household. A phone call from a man who declares he is an old acquaintance of Hanby's, urges him to preserve a part of the grounds as a bird sanctuary. The Hanbys take possession of the Gray house. A stranger introducing himself as Frederick Appleton, calls at the Gray house and is welcomed because of his interest in bird life. Hanby engages Appleton as his agent. The Selenos mystery is explained. Smucker, out of a job after the loss of his position with Hanby, becomes embittered against him as the author of his misfortunes, and plans revenge.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

He turned away and made for the bird sanctuary. The wire netting about it he climbed nimbly, and then unheeding thorns and brambles, he crept like the hunted thing he was to its black center. Suddenly he stepped into nothingness. He felt himself falling. Then came a blow, and he was no more aware of time and space.

When Tim Hanby, intent on adding a white owl to his collection, had carefully aimed his twenty-two at the creature as it sat on an elm branch, he had not been prepared for the extraordinary intervention that saved its life. As his finger pressed the trigger, there came a bloodcurdling scream, and some large animal had sprung from the base of the tree. Tim felt that it was no disgrace to flee immediately.

Hanby had not been near his office for two months. An hour's dictation cleared up his correspondence, and he went to the Hardware club for luncheon.

"Hello, Douglas!" he said, stopping at the table where an elderly, gray-haired man was sitting. "I called you up this morning, but you were busy."

"Glad to see you," Douglas replied heartily. "I've missed you. What's it like to be a landed proprietor?"

"The best life in the world," Hanby declared. "but a damned sight more to do than I thought. Why did you recommend me to buy those farms?"

"A sound investment. They'll be wanted for a country club some day. How are your improvements coming along?"

"They are finished, thanks to your admirable Appleton. Douglas, how could you let a jewel of a man like that go?"

There was a curious smile on the heavily lined face of the real estate man.

"So Appleton has been up there again, has he?" inquired Douglas.

"Again? What do you mean?"

"The Gray house holds some singular fascination for him—that's what I mean. You ask why I let him go. You call him a jewel. I did that for more than thirty years."

"And yet you refused to raise his pay, and stuck some jackanapes over him. I thought you were a better business man than that."

"Tell me just what he said," Douglas returned.

He listened to Hanby in silence.

"Now hear me," he resumed. "I fired Appleton. I didn't refuse to raise his pay, and I put nobody over him."

"You fired Appleton? Douglas, you must have been crazy! What for?"

"Obviously because he was drunk and impertinent."

"Appleton? Why, he never drinks!"

"Another reason was because he had deliberately misled me as to his family life. Yet a third was because he had manipulated accounts. I don't mean that he took money from me. I mean that he had robbed Peter to pay Paul. I mean specifically that for years he had been charging other clients for the money he used to effect repairs on the Gray house."

"On my house?"

Douglas nodded.

"For years he has been interested in your house—for the last ten years, anyway. Another thing—Southard called me up a month or so ago, to ask why I allowed a man like you, with a lovely family, to buy a house where people died from bad drains. For the last few years Appleton has kept clients from buying that house. You ask why, I can't explain. Ask Appleton. I did, and was told to go to h—l."

"The Appleton I mean is a man of sixty, plump, smiling, and married to an invalid to whom he is devoted. He calls himself Darby and his wife Joan."

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

—By—
Wyndham Martyn

W. N. U. Service
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were dead, so that he could marry the younger woman he runs around with."

Hanby put his hands to his head. "This is too much!" he murmured. "Remember, I had him in my house for a month."

"I had him for more than thirty years. Up to the time he met this musical comedy person—she must be forty now—he was a good husband. Now he takes the woman out to dance halls. He has money saved but he's spending it. I have never been so utterly deceived in any one. His wife, who is religious, thinks he's possessed of a devil, and maybe she's right. She says he has any amount of money. I had his books examined, and he hasn't embezzled one cent. All he has done is to divert money from other houses to the upkeep and repair of the one you're in. You've no kick coming. He saved you money. What was he doing for you?"

Hanby explained. He told Douglas what his improvements had been, their cost, and the time in which they were executed. The real-estate man made calculations on the back of a menu card. Fortunately Hanby had exact particulars as to dimensions.

"Here's another puzzle!" said Douglas. "To complete the work in that time he must have worked many more men than you paid for. I know prices and labor scales in New York state. It amounts to this—he went up to you to get the very job you pressed on him. Why? Search me. Hanby—search me! Another thing—he must have paid for extra workmen out of his own pocket, so that he could get the work done by a certain time. Again you may search me!"

Hanby frowned.

"He may have wanted the workmen off the premises for some purpose of his own."

"What purpose?" Douglas asked.

"How should I know? By the way, did you ever deny permission to a former tenant, a Miss Selenos, to go back and dig something up from the garden?"

"I denied her right to do some excavation. Appleton told me she was a maniac who wanted to bomb the place. I turned it over to him. Anything in what he said?"

Hanby told him of the affair of Miss Selenos and her pets.

"I don't mind admitting that Appleton has destroyed a lot of my faith in mankind," Douglas said presently. "He was the one man I would have wagered my soul on as being square and white."

"Ever see the woman?"

"That was how it all came out. I ran out of gas near Mineola, and had to go to a very third-rate roadhouse. There was Appleton, in a neat tuxedo, doing fancy steps with a good looking ex-actress. I looked at him very hard. I couldn't believe it was he." Douglas laughed a little. "He had the d-d insolence to say that if I annoyed his lady friend by making baby eyes at her, he'd knock my block off. Next morning he didn't try to make excuses. He had a hang-over, and he told me much of what he had concealed since 1890 or thereabouts. It appeared that he had always hated me and envied me my good luck." Douglas grew almost irritable. "No more about Appleton, or I'll change my table!"

Hanby did not get back to the Gray house until late. He said a few words to the younger people and then asked Dina and Bill to come to the library.

"I've had a great day," he announced. "Incidentally I have discovered that my judgment of character is no better, let's say, than Bill's."

"And me a house detective!" Bill cried. "Your reason totters!"

"We've all been deceived but Les," "Les?" cried Dina. "Oh, Bill, you're joking! That boy?"

"Dina, light of my life," said Hanby. "If there is a more thoroughgoing old hellion than Mr. Frederick Darby Pickwick Appleton, let me learn his dishonored name. I've seen his Joan this afternoon, and I know what I'm talking about. Listen! I'll begin with what Douglas told me and then come to my interview with that poor crippled old woman."

Great Queen of Song Attempted Too Much

The failure of many artists who remain unknown comes from the fact that they do not know in what direction their power lies. The failures of great artists nearly always come from their lack of knowledge of their own limitations. Few can, indeed, go on for long years with a record like that of Madame Adolina Patti, of whom it is said that she had but one real failure in her artistic life. She was over fifty years old and had been a leading opera singer for over thirty years when, attracted by the opportunities which the role of Carmen gives, she undertook to sing it at Covent Garden, London. With her voice still beautiful, her stage technique at its strongest and her im-

"It seems impossible!" commented Dina, at the end of her husband's narrative.

"I begin to suspect myself," Bill murmured. "Appleton!"

"It took me that way when I first heard it, but it cannot be doubted. He came here to get the opportunity to be in and near this house, and to see what was going on. He has always been coming and going. I've heard something that may bear on it a little. I got it from Mrs. Appleton. Her brother was a very rich man, but he speculated and died in poverty. There were a few years when it looked as if she was going to be his heiress; and Appleton was going to use the legacy to buy the Gray house and make it a fashionable roadhouse. He said there was a fortune in it. Fishing, golf, swimming—everything that was needed for a residential hotel. Perhaps 'roadhouse' isn't just what he meant, but that was Mrs. Appleton's term."

"But if her brother died in poverty, where would he get the money to buy this place?" Bill asked.

"I don't know. I admit that it doesn't solve the question why he should still be interested in it. There is no solution, as far as I see, and yet we know that something is going on here, or something is planned to go on, and that we stand in the way and they want to remove us. I wonder if we ought to consult the police?"

"And get all kinds of notoriety! Oh, Bill, don't think of it! Nothing has happened—not even a tramp."

"D—n it," said Hanby. "I'm a simple type. If I like people, I trust them absolutely. I go the limit for them, and they can have everything I've got. This gives me pause—what ever that means." He put his hand on his wife's arm. "Come and dance with me, Deline, ere I challenge Bill to mortal combat!"

"Not a care in the world!" said Celia, a little later, watching her parents and talking intermittently to Les.

"Why should they have?" he answered. "Come to that, why should you have any cares?"

"Life bores me," the girl yawned. "I talked like that in the beginning of my sophomore year. It used to make quite a hit. You've forgotten to ask what is life. I always did that."

"Les," she snapped, "I hate you! Your appreciations are nebulous."

"That's a new one, I admit," he said. "I'll use it."

"To others girls?"

"Why not? If you won't have me I must try my luck somewhere else."

"You have an attenuated soul substance, Les."

"Feed it with affection. It will expand."

"The main trouble with you is that you couldn't surprise me in any way. I know all your mental reactions. You never jump off the road. I could surprise you, Les, and I've a good mind to." Celia paused. "Perhaps I ought to tell you the whole romantic affair."

Leslie Barron looked at her, frowning. The word "romantic" spelled danger.

"Let the clutch in," he commanded. "You are not the only man here," she said. "Last night, when you were playing pool with Bill, I went out to the swimming pool. It was midnight. I went out to pick some asphodel."

"What's that?"

"A romantic blossom to be found in most gardens of verse. Les, I met a most adorable, godlike man. He looked at me like a wild faun and then disappeared in a cloud of stardust."

There was something harder and more resolute about Leslie than Celia had ever seen before. She had an uneasy impression that there were depths in his nature as yet unplumbed by her; but she would not tell him so.

"Don't be rough," she said, and took her hand away from his. "Don't scowl at me so."

"Godlike strangers who disappear in star dust interest me," he said slowly. "I'd like to break his d—a neck!"

"But you couldn't," she answered. "He is much more splendid than you are."

"You admit talking to him?"

The young man's tone annoyed Celia.

"I admit nothing."

"I accuse you of talking to him," persisted Les, whose voice was husky.

"Of course, if you listened," she said airily. "Why should I deny it?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The SANDMAN STORY

YOUNG HEIFER'S VISIT

IT WAS late in the summer and the young heifer had wandered off for adventures.

The young heifer thought she was quite big enough for that. She was no longer a baby calf. She was almost a full-grown cow.

Ah yes, she was big now and she was strong and she was wise and she knew how to take care of herself. And adventures would be such fun!

To wander and then to wander some more would be very, very delightful. It was a good old world, so full of interests, so much to see, so much to discover.

Now the young heifer belonged to a farmer who owned a good many animals. He was very fond of all of his animals. He had cows and he had sheep and he had pigs and he had hens and roosters. Oh, there were



The Heifer Wandered and Wandered and Felt Very Tired.

plenty of animals on the farm, and there were horses, too, and dogs and cats. It was, in short, a splendid farm.

It was far, far away from where people lived though, and even the farms which were nearest to his farm were not near any large place. No, in this section there were not many towns and those towns which there were had in them but few people. It was very, very far north.

It was becoming chilly. But the heifer wandered and wandered and before long she felt very tired and very lonely. Ah yes, adventures were all very well but when it became chilly and night came along it was nice to have a nice lot of friends and relatives and members of the family about. And the heifer began to feel quite sad. In the distance she heard sounds—sounds which were familiar to her, talk which she understood.

SAWS

By Viola Brothers Shore

FOR THE GOOSE—
EVERY time you feel jealousy you're weakening your own position. And every time you show it, you're strengthenin' somebody else's.

Maybe the reason women are so crazy to marry the men that deceive them is outa revenge.

The way to be happiest in marriage ain't always to do what'll make you the most happy; or him the most happy; but what'll make the both of you the least unhappy.

The reason women stand for so much from bad men and impose on good ones is because it's much easier for a woman to be generous than just.

FOR THE GANDER—
Every place where you got a latches ain't home. But no place is home where you ain't got a latches.

It's better to be the best member of a poor family than the worst member of a good one.

But it's better to be the dumbest in a smart family than the smartest in a dumb one, because then at least you ain't bored to death.

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Eleanor Boardman



"She Goes to War"—meaning Eleanor Boardman does—has been brought to the films. Miss Boardman will be remembered as the star of "The Crowd," which her husband, King Vidor, directed. The picture shows Miss Boardman as she appears in the war feature.

For Meditation

By LEONARD A. BARRETT

BY COMMON consent camping ranks first among the sports especially to lovers of the out-of-doors. On almost every road one travels he can see, secluded among trees in the woods, groups of white or brown-colored tents. An organization of Boy Scouts has come from a week-end hike; or, a number of friends have chosen this method of recreation, thus finding relaxation from the heat and strain of a week's work in the crowded city. Perhaps the tents may indicate to an interested spectator that a group of business men, intent on a brief vacation, have selected a time for their favorite sport—fishing in the crystal clearness of cooling waters. Or, the tents may be the property of a number of campers who, having said farewell to the congested centers of population, have chosen this method of spending the summer months in preference to seaside resorts or foreign travel.

During the last few years summer camping has received serious consideration from benevolent minded persons who have made it possible for many of the dependent classes, especially children, to receive the benefits of a few weeks' spent in the out of doors. Summer camping has become thoroughly organized to such an extent that every child receive not only the physical benefit of a few weeks of camp life, but at the same time are taught many of the arts like nature study, basket weaving, dramatics, etc.

Camp Institutes, however, require not only financial support but also trained leadership and instruction. While the former may be furnished by liberally minded citizens, the latter are provided through the services of many of the most gifted and talented young people from our colleges and universities. These splendid young people give about two months of their summer vacations to this work, receiving as their chief reward the rare privilege of having had a share in the work of making possible a few weeks of real pleasure to underprivileged children as well as the opportunity of instilling into their minds thoughts which may effect their future character and life. Summer camping is making a definite contribution to a better citizenship and should receive most hearty support.

SMILES

GABBY GERTIE



"A girl who jumps at conclusions is always startled when the boy friend gives a hoop."

Why We Do What We Do

By M. K. THOMSON, Ph. D.

WHEN I use the word "book" you know what I mean. Yet, it does not have quite the same meaning to all. To the small child a book means something with leaves in it that makes an agreeable noise when he pulls and tears. Later he learns that a book has colored pictures of all kinds of funny looking animals. By and by it dawns on him that some books have queer characters under each animal that tell what to call the outlandish creature. It is a moo-moo, a ba-ba, or a how-wow.

When a child is ready for school he learns that books are to be read and studied. There are large books and small books, thick books with no pictures. Perhaps some day he works in a book store or a library. That is still another approach. His experience with books increases his interest in them. It may be that he writes a book himself. This gives him a peculiar relation to the name book, which is not unlike the father and son relationship. Perhaps he owns a private library and goes in for collecting rare and valuable books. By this time he has become a connoisseur in books, a book lover.

This is merely an illustration of how our concept grows with experience. The same principle holds regarding all the objects to which we give names. Hence the difference in our taste and comprehension. We do not like the same things because our experiences are different. We dislike certain objects for the same reason.

We have concepts in order to think and talk intelligently. A concept is made up of memory images of things we once experienced through one or more sense organs. The meaning of any concept is determined by the richness of our experience regarding that particular situation or thing.

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Gone Wrong
"Jones!" said the schoolmaster sternly. "You have again been caught in the act of flagrant disobedience. Your example to others is most injurious. In short, sir, you are going to the devil. Come with me!"—
Yorkshire Post.