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Contains 33% Pure Sulphur

Skin eruptions, excessive perspiration, insect bites, relieved at once by this refreshing, beautifying toilet and bath soap. Best for Soft, Clear Skin

Robland's Styptic Cotton, Etc.

Silent

Gypsy Smith, the evangelist, never used a knife nor a fork until he was seventeen years old, and according to his own story, spent his youth peddling clothes pegs and singing in bar-rooms to the accompaniment of his father's fiddle.

Gypsy preached his first sermon to his father's turnip field and later in life frequently referred to the turnips as the most attentive audience he ever had.

Automobile Puzzle

"Have we plenty of gas now before we start?"

"The indicator says one-half—but I don't know whether that means half full or half empty."

To Cool a Burn

Use Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Might Be Tom

Mistress—Who was the man who visited you last night?
 Maid—My brother, ma'am.
 Mistress—What is his name?
 Maid—Er—I think it is Harry.—Dor Lustige Sachse, Leipzig.

Lots of worry and trouble is brought on by advice which is supposed to prevent it.



"Before My Baby Came"

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound puts new life into me and makes my work in the store and in the house easier. I took several bottles before my baby came and am always singing its praises to my friends. I recommend it for girls and women of all ages. It makes me feel like life is worth living, my nerves are better and I have gained pep and feel well and strong."—Mrs. A. R. Smith, 803 S. Lansing Street, St. Johns, Michigan.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 30-1928

What the Gray House Hid

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

by Wyndham Martyn

W. N. U. Service
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CHAPTER IX—Continued

She turned her head to where her husband was walking with Professor Burton, whose son was trying to impress Celia with the idea that a college boy, at twenty, stands on an intellectual eminence not easily comprehensible to others. Professor Burton held a chair in philosophy, but it was with living things that his leisure was occupied. Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Hanby were cousins.

"No," said the professor, "I've long ago given up the coleoptera in favor of something more fascinating. I started by way of the reptiles, and came logically to the birds."

"Logically?" said Hanby. "I don't see that, but then I'm ignorant in these matters. If you're interested in birds, you've come to the right spot. Tom, I've got about the best bird sanctuary in the state."

On his way to it Hanby poured into Professor Burton's ears some of the wisdom that had come to him over the wire from the unknown millionaire ornithologist. Hanby's memory was good, and he forgot nothing.

"You flatter me," said the other, when he finished. "You have quoted almost verbatim from my article published in the May number of Popular Natural History."

"So that's where he got it from!" Hanby commented, a trifle ruffled. "I thought the old faker was giving me something from his own published dope."

Hanby related the incident. Professor Burton shook his head.

"You must have made a mistake in the name. Remember, Hil, this is my pet hobby, and I know every writer on our birds. I'm president of my State Ornithological association, and corresponding member of a score of others. I'm in touch with every ornithologist in this country, but I have never heard of your millionaire. He is neither a contributor to the literature of the subject nor a donor of funds for bird conservation. Some of your friends have been playing a joke on you."

Half an hour later the professor had changed his clothes to klink and puttees. He was armed with sketch books, notebooks, and a costly camera. He declined any aid. He even resented it. Every now and then it could be seen that he despised the amateur ornithologist. His luncheon had been put up for him, and he promised to be in time to dress for dinner.

He was glad, as he fought his way along, that he was armed with leather gauntlets and stout clothes. Nature had placed about this little sanctuary a seemingly impenetrable barrier.

He had begun to despair of reaching the distant mound when he saw that this solid hedge came to an end. He stepped from it to a path worn by the foot of man—a path three feet across, bearing the impress of recent treading.

Professor Burton set out to follow the path to its end. Presently it brought him to a stream, sunk at least ten feet below the surrounding ground. It was this stream, he supposed, which had been diverted in order that the twenty-acre lake half a mile away might be fed.

He resumed his silent walk along the path. The acrid smell of a cigar smote his nose. He knew the noisome long and narrow cigars which only native Indians enjoy. Then the odor was wafted from him, and he found his path dropping toward the stream level.

The professor stopped. He had suddenly encountered a stranger.

It would be difficult to say which of the two seemed the more amazed. The professor looked upon a small but well-proportioned man dressed with conservative elegance. The stranger's face was florid, and his mild blue eyes were accentuated in size by reason of strong lenses.

Mr. Appleton, for his part, thought he had run across an inquiring scout master laden with all the impedimenta that his position demanded. Burton was tall and slight, and suggested erudition.

"How did you get here," Mr. Appleton began, "and by whose leave have you trespassed thus?"

"I am kin by marriage to Mr. Hanby," said the professor. "He gave me permission. Your status, sir, is not so clear."

"In order to make my position clear," he said frankly, "I must term myself a sanitation expert. Mr. Hanby has heard that former tenants of the Gray house have suffered from sewer-gas poisoning. He does not wish to alarm his family and visitors. I am, therefore, making a sort of secret investigation. Much water settles here, as the luxuriant foliage shows. I have been com-

missioned to determine upon the healthfulness of this spot, and to make what recommendations I see fit.

"Before doing so, I should like you to come with me and see more. You cannot possibly judge from here."

Professor Burton followed the other along a winding pathway, until he was in the thicket's very center. When his guide paused on the edge of an opening, the professor exclaimed upon the oddity of a lake, filled in, as he had supposed, being open instead.

"It was only partially filled in," Mr. Appleton told him. "When I took charge of the work, I had my own views—very interesting views, too," he added, chuckling. "Oh, dear me, yes! They amuse me even now. You can settle a moot point for me." He looked over the edge of the opening, gazing intently at some low bushes whose roots were in the moist earth. "What is that?" Appleton asked. "Look at it and tell me."

Professor Burton moved toward the edge and peered down.

"Is this one of the things that amuse you?" he demanded.

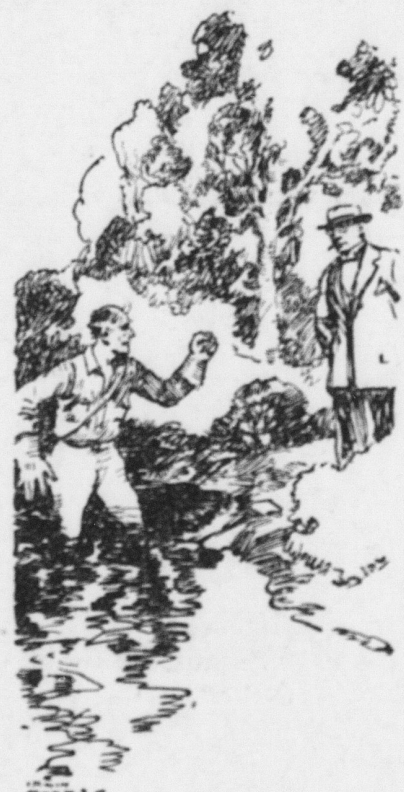
"Yes," said Mr. Appleton, smiling. With that he gave the other a push. The professor, with warring arms, sought to recover his balance, but failed. He went up to his knees in mud. His precious camera had parted company from him. The spectacle of the amiable gentleman with the florid face, who smiled down at him angered him. He shook a muddy fist.

"You shall pay for this outrage!" he shouted.

"Perhaps," said Appleton cryptically, "but not just yet."

Mr. Appleton gave another of his excellent owl imitations. In a few moments Luigi Bartoli joined him.

"In order that he might not escape," Appleton explained, "I had to push him down there. He enjoyed



"You Shall Pay for This Outrage!" He Shouted.

It less than I. Your task, Luigi, is to get him out and put him with the man who came first."

Adolf Smucker had proved a tractable prisoner. In reality he lacked the courage to do anything that might bring him punishment. He realized that he was the prisoner of three men who had powers of life and death over him. Of Appleton he saw almost nothing.

James Delaney, the second in command, knew Smucker's sort, and despised him. Luigi was his jailer. He enjoyed incendiary talk. The day could not come too quickly which would permit of looting, unattended with death penalties.

By this time Smucker was so much the prey of delusions that he had almost forgotten his home and family. He brooded upon the chaotic day when, by the alchemy of strange events, he should be high among those whose mission it was to destroy Luigi, who cringed to capital in the guise of Appleton, would be an early victim.

Adolf Smucker looked up, that afternoon, to find his cell invaded by a stranger—not such a man as the previous young capitalist in evening dress, but a worker clad in muddy khaki, stained and torn.

Professor Burton wondered at the heartiness of his welcome. After he had been an hour in Smucker's company, he spoke incisively.

"Your mania," he said, "is termed dementia praecox. Our word 'preconscious' comes from the common root.

It means that your intellect is unable to assimilate the ideas you crowd into it. Be kind enough to leave me in silence. I find such twaddle as yours extremely tedious."

Inflamed at this, Smucker attacked the professor. He was rescued by Luigi. The professor was bigger, stronger, and in a rather evil temper. Luigi dragged him to another small stone room and shut the door.

"What the devil?" said Leslie Barron, rudely awakened.

"I am not the devil," snapped the professor, "but I feel like him. I have been brutally beaten. A Caliban from southern Italy has promised to twist my head from my neck. I am in no mood for the ordinary social amenities."

"Another nut!" sighed Leslie. "Tell me, if you've any decency left, whereabouts I am."

"You are in what my cousin Hil-ton Hanby terms a bird sanctuary. You, I take it, are one of the birds. I presume that I am another."

"I was blackjacked by that infernal Appleton. I had an idea that I'd been put in an automobile and taken miles away."

Leslie recounted the misadventures he had suffered.

"Never mind!" said the other. "You will be rescued when they get me out."

"Cheery little optimist, aren't you?" Leslie retorted. "That man Appleton is the devil. He'll arrange it so that you won't be looked for."

"Impossible!" said the professor.

Leslie Barron was right. Appleton, who had a skill with the pen that might have earned him a great name among forgers, was at that very moment looking at Professor Burton's notes and forging a letter. He called to mind the professor's way of speaking. This is what Mrs. Burton read:

Have sustained injury to corner of right eye through a thorn spike. Inadvisable to trust to local physician. Have accepted offer of passing motorist to go to a specialist. Do not worry. Will telephone you from the city.

"Tom is always nervous about his eyesight," Mrs. Burton declared. "It is just like him to rush to see a specialist. Oh, why was I out?"

"You couldn't have done anything if you had been here," her cousin said, comforting her. "We shall have a telephone call before long."

But nothing was heard from Professor Burton.

CHAPTER X

At one o'clock in the morning Bill Pelham heard a rap on his door. Hil-ton Hanby entered. Behind him was Junior. They were both dressed as if for hiking.

"Am I asleep at the switch?" Bill cried, rubbing his eyes. "What is it?"

"Florence Burton is going to see the Pine Plains police tomorrow," Hanby answered. "I can't blame her. You know what that means. Every movement of Tom's will be traced. I suppose I shall have to tell everything I know, from Miss Seelen down to this last disappearance. Dina says she thinks Tom has been murdered."

"You don't mean to say you've got some explanation?" inquired Pelham with incredulity in his voice.

"I mean just that. If you'll get up and put some such kit as this on, I'll tell you."

"Shoot!" Pelham urged. "I'll be ready in three minutes."

"The last I saw of Tom Burton was when he walked toward that bird sanctuary—those acres that I've guarded so carefully. I don't deny he might have run a spike in his eye. It may be that he's in a nursing home, and we shall have a wire from him in the morning. I've been thinking about that sanctuary a whole lot. It doesn't owe its conservation to any idea of mine. I should never have thought of it but for that talk over the telephone with a man who deliberately stirred his name so that I shouldn't get it straight. Another thing—this man pretended to be a writer on bird subjects, and yet he quoted in extenso from an article that Tom Burton wrote. The man was a liar, but he gained his end. I did not have the thicket removed. He evidently wanted it kept as it was, and I obediently fell into the trap."

Hanby's manner was impressive. "Bill, there's something wrong about that bird sanctuary."

"I believe you're right," agreed Pelham, much impressed. "Who could have done it?"

"Dad thinks," Junior broke in, "that we ought to see what that bird sanctuary really contains." He took an automatic pistol from his pocket, and handed it to Pelham. "Dad and I have one each."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wedding "Gifts" Once Held Legal Obligation

By a wedding custom common in the British Isles until the early part of the Nineteenth century, the couple sent out invitations in which presents were solicited from those who accepted the bidding. More strange, these solicited gifts were regarded in the light of debts to be paid back by the couple. On the eve of the wedding the groom received at his house presents of money, cheese, butter and cattle from his friends, and the bride received similar gifts at her house from her friends. An account of each gift and the giver was kept in writing by the clerk of the wedding and the presents then became debts, which in some cases were transferable or assignable to other persons. In other words these wedding gift-debts were repayable upon demand at any time, and upon refusal, recoverable at law.

It was in Scotland, however, where a wedding became a real business event. At their "penny weddings" of the last century the expense of the marriage was defrayed not by the couple or their friends, but by the guests all of whom paid something—or stayed away.—Detroit News.

Air's Temperature

The temperature of the air at a given place depends not only on the sunshine it is then getting but also on its own recent history. Wind from the south on a cloudy day may be as warm as wind from the north on a sunny day. This is particularly true when it is often happens, these winds have come a long way. Furthermore, when it is warm, humid air feels warmer than dry air at the same temperature.—Washington Star

Community Building

Factories Near Farms

Check Drift to Cities

Agricultural people benefit from the employment opportunities afforded by nearby industrial development, W. M. Jardine writes, in the Saturday Evening Post. Many farm families include more individuals than can find continuous employment in farm work. This is demonstrated by the steady exodus of farm population from the farms. Industrial expansion in small towns takes surplus labor from the farm without necessarily removing it from the farm home.

This fact may have important consequences. When young farm people must leave a community in order to find a satisfactory occupation, they may be lost to it forever. When they can live at home and work in a nearby town, they at least retain a connection with agriculture.

Modern conditions make it more certain that we shall have a sufficient number of farmers than that we shall have farmers of the highest type. Unfortunately, it is too often the best of our young people who abandon agriculture for city life.

Industrial development in rural communities has a tendency to reduce the loss of this valuable human material. It gives farm families a choice of occupations and means of increasing their earnings without disrupting home life.

No Grade Crossings

Coming Ideal Highway

Visions of an ideal thoroughfare are seen in the bill for the incorporation of a company which proposes to construct an express toll highway between Boston and New York. On this highway there would be no crossings at grade with other roads or with railroads or street railways. What joy for the motorist! Not that he could speed recklessly along for miles after miles, but that he could go gliding on and on without fear of intersecting traffic of any kind.

Highways intersecting at grade, narrow and curving highways, seemed adequate enough in the days of the horse and wagon. But the motor car has changed all that. Thus the motor car is not an unmixed blessing, as far as costs are concerned. Much of the money which is made or saved as a result of the advantages of automobile transportation must be spent to provide suitable highways for the cars to travel on. And despite the tremendous advances in highway construction, the people have been rather slow in perceiving that the old highway system is itself as out of date as the buckboard or the Concord.—Terre Haute Tribune.

Beautifying Roads

We hail the effort of the Vermont Chamber of Commerce to make a national campaign of its own program to beautify Vermont roads. Some states have already begun: California has planted trees along 600 miles of highways; Massachusetts, pioneer in this and in so many other campaigns, has set out nearly 60,000 trees along its state highways, and last year Indiana planted 10,000 evergreens and Michigan 40,000 along their highways. Connecticut takes the trouble to plant rambling roses, woodbine and honeysuckle vines over the newly graded slopes beside its roads; New Jersey has a program of replacing, two for one, all trees cut down when widening highways. And the Westchester Park commission leads them all in knowing how to make a new parkway look like an old turnpike.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Highway Signs Opposed

A recent survey by the bureau of roads of the Department of Agriculture shows that in Nevada county laws governing advertising signs and billboards are designed not only to afford safety for tourists, but also to preserve the scenic beauty of highways. Permits are not granted for billboards which destroy natural beauty or shut off views of curves, grades or intersections. Although a majority of the states have specific rules as to the placing of billboards at a certain distance from curves, Nevada is the only state which restricts the placing of billboards where they will mar the view of adjacent landscapes.

Beautifying New Orleans

South Claiborne avenue, one of New Orleans' new and most beautiful thoroughfares, is to be planted for a distance of several miles with live oaks as tributes to local heroes who gave their lives in the World war. Each oak will represent an individual whose name has been obtained from the adjutant-general's office.

Blooms at the Roadside

Massachusetts has for seven years been displacing weeds at the edges of her 60-foot new highways with blossoming shrubs and native wild flowers.

Backbone of Nation

No country has ever lived long when its cities and towns have grown and its country has faded.—David Lloyd George.



MOST people depend on Bayer Aspirin to make short work of headaches, but did you know it's just as effective in the worse pains from neuralgia or neuritis? Rheumatic pains, too. Don't suffer when Bayer Aspirin can bring complete comfort without delay, and without harm; it does not affect the heart. In every package of genuine Bayer Aspirin are proven directions with which everyone should be familiar, for they can spare much needless suffering.



They've All Got It
 Mayor Walker, of New York, was defending a statesman with a swelled head.

"It's no wonder his head is swelled," said the mayor. "Look how wise and successful he is. All great men have swelled heads. Look at Alexander."

"Parmenio, one of his generals, attempted to give Alexander advice after the victory of Issus."

"These peace offers, sirs, are superb," Parmenio said. "I would accept them if I were Alexander."

"But Alexander gave a scolding laugh and answered:

"Yes, so would I, if I were Parmenio."

Folks like to move from one flat to another until they find it doesn't do any good.

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