

What the Gray House Hid

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

W. N. U. Service
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By Wyndham Martyn

CHAPTER X—Continued

"This is certainly rubbing it into the house detective," Pelham grinned. "What next, Junior? Do I salute you hereafter?"

"We begin our investigation at day-break," Junior continued. "If any people are there, we shall have a better chance to surprise and overpower them."

"Does Dina know?" Pelham asked. "No. This is one of the few times I've had a secret from her. She would worry. You know, old man, there may be danger. You're a deputy. It will be up to you to arrest them. That's why we are taking you along. Junior wanted to do the stunt alone. Observe his sullen face. He thinks we are going to steal his stuff."

"That cheers me," Pelham said. "I'm ready." He put a large hunting-knife in his pocket, and some cord. "No trained house detective ever ventures on a man-hunting expedition without a small ax. Junior, forget the difference in our rank, and get me one."

When the boy had gone, he turned to Hanby. "Hi, old top," he laughed. "I've been d—d gloomy the last few days, but I honestly believe you've bit on something good."

"I don't know about good," said the other slowly. "If the sanctuary holds the key to the mystery, I don't imagine we shall see poor Burton alive again. You see, he blundered right into the thick of things. If I'm right he ran into the bunch that killed Red Kerr. I think that note was a forgery."

The long, creeper-clad front of the Gray house faced the south.

The distance from the extreme boundary of the building and the wire that inclosed the thicket was not more than fifty feet.

When dawn came slowly down the skies, it found Hanby cutting methodically at the wire fence. When the others had passed in, he twisted the cut ends together, so that no passer-by would notice that an entrance had been made.

Permitting impetuous youth to bear the brunt of the opposition offered by the undergrowth, the expedition pushed its way forward. Ahead of them they heard the brook, and were eager to come to it.

The three soon stood in an area lighted from above by the early light filtering through a screen of leaves. There was a chlorotic, eerie quality about this illumination. The stream flowed to them out of the darkness, and a few yards below it disappeared into a black channel.

"Can we work upstream?" Hanby asked.

Junior made an examination. "It seems impossible. This place has been cleared out for some special reason—probably because the brook makes that sharp turn, and they had to smooth it out."

"Exactly, Sherlock," his father glibbed. "Even I see that; but why?" Junior, in answer, clutched the other's arm. He pointed upstream to the tunnel from which the water poured in unvarying volume.

"What's that?" he demanded. Peering into the shadows, the others could see that the stream carried a burden—a large dark mass that came steadily toward them. Sometimes it was completely immersed, and then it seemed to lift itself from the water, as if it were a huge animal swimming.

"G—d!" cried Hanby. "It's a man's body." The thing was now almost at his feet. He nerved himself to stoop down for a closer inspection. "It may be poor old Tom Burton!"

Shuddering a little, he turned the corpse over so that its face could be seen. The sightless eyes of Adolf Smucker stared up at him.

Death had not been kind to that mean and evil face. Smucker had come to the end in agony and fear, and those emotions were graven on the face at which the three stared. His neck, in life thin and bony, was now black and swollen. On his narrow forehead was a purple bruise, stretching to the roots of the sparse hair.

Instinctively Hilton Hanby released his hold, and the stream again took up its burden.

"Thank God it wasn't Tom!" Pelham whispered.

"Perhaps, if we wait long enough, he'll come by," Hanby said gloomily.

He was depressed to think that he had allowed Junior to come with him. There was no doubt now that danger lay ahead of them. He knew he could not expect his son calmly to leave his father and his friend to face it alone; and if anything should happen whereby not all of them returned, what would Dina do?

Why had they murdered Smucker? And what was Smucker doing here? "Well," he said aloud, answering his own question, "speculation is silly and time-wasting. We've got to follow the stream. We can't do it down here, but the channel is easily seen from the outside."

The three made their silent way along the narrow path, each with the conviction that at the end of it some-

thing of a vaguely dangerous character would be found.

Pelham cautioned his companions to proceed more carefully.

"D—n it," he said crossly, "why walk upright? For all you know, some one's looking along rifle sights at you this very moment. Crouch, man, crouch!"

"It's too early for anyone to be about yet," Hanby said. "At that, I think your advice is good."

Suddenly he stopped and picked up a fountain pen. On a silver band around it were the initials "T. B."

"It's Tom's!" he whispered. "That letter was a forgery, after all. He's somewhere here. God save him from Smucker's fate!"

Hanby put the pen in his pocket and pushed on.

"Appleton lied," he said a minute later. "Look—the lake wasn't filled in, after all!"

The path led them suddenly, with a right-angled turn and a quick descent, to the stream level again. It ran through a hollow a hundred yards in length. The place was a natural amphitheater. Coarse-meshed wire had been stretched from side to side, and was so densely overgrown that the hollow, as observed from the roof of the Gray house, seemed but a natural part of the five acres that had been a lake.

The three shrank into the bushes at the edge.

"Who did it?" Junior whispered. "Why was it done?" Pelham answered.

"We've got to cross this, if we're to find out," Hanby said.

He led the way, keeping to the edge of the leafy wall of this natural tent. He stopped them with a gesture. The odor that floated toward them was unmistakable.

"Coffee!" they whispered in unison. Hanby went on even more warily than before. When he stopped, the



With a Roar of Anger, He Sprang at the Crouching Lad and Had Him by the Throat.

two behind saw the reason. He was looking down a narrow tunnel piercing the solid earth, shored up with timbers, as mine passages are protected from the caving in of rocks or earth. It was from this passage that the coffee odor came. No light was to be seen at its end.

Hanby measured fifty paces before he stopped. Apparently he had run into solid ground. Then he saw that the passage bent sharply to the left; and when he turned his eyes, he could see light coming from a doorway. It was not daylight, but came from some artificial source.

The doorway amazed them. It was cut in a solid stone wall—masonry of the same sort as that of the Gray house.

"Dad!" Junior whispered excitedly. "This is our house—I'm certain!"

The three intruders passed through the entrance. It seemed odd that it had no door. The light which enabled them to dispense with the flashlight came from a low-powered electric bulb in the masonry ceiling of a large chamber. The insufficient illumination showed the room to be almost ten feet in height, and filled with piles of lumber.

Working Principle of Explosive Engine Old

The basic idea of the explosive engine was conceived long before the appearance of steam. In 1680 Huygens described an explosion motor which was to be operated by discharging a quantity of powder to drive the air out of a cylinder and raise the piston. To that point, his engine relied on a force somewhat similar to the working principle of those today, but the useful work was to be done by the piston being forced down by the pressure of the atmosphere against it, thus lifting a weight or doing some other task. There is no record that this engine ever was operated. The steam engine of 1705 functioned on

Now for the first time they heard voices. They drew back into an unlighted chamber, of whose dimensions they could not judge. Here they waited, having for the moment no set plan of action. Junior's guess seemed to be a correct one. For some reason which might soon be discovered, the owner of the Gray house was allowed to use only one-third of his cellar space. Unknowns occupied the rest, and had piled lumber in it. More than that—unknowns made their homes here and breakfasted here.

When the distant voices ceased, Hanby turned on the flashlight and looked about him. They had strayed into a storeroom. On shelves were potatoes, onions, carrots, pears, and apples. The floor was of concrete, and an electric light bulb was the source of illumination.

"I bet I'm paying for their juice!" Hanby whispered.

He stopped suddenly. At last he heard footsteps. The three took what cover they could in the corners.

Luigi entered, and switched on the light. It was Junior whom he first saw. With a roar of anger, he sprang at the crouching lad and had him by the throat.

Hanby remembered those dreadful bruises on Smucker's neck. He raised the heavy cane and brought it down on the stranger's head with all his strength.

"Thanks, dad!" said Junior, making an effort at superb calm.

Bill Pelham, with a yachtman's skill, ruffled up Luigi with knots that the ruffian could not break when he came to. The whole thing had occupied only a few seconds, and had made little sound. Luigi's cry of rage, apparently, had brought no one to investigate his cause. They left him to lie in a corner, covered with sackcloth. The odds were growing more favorable.

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Hanby was amazed to see Bill Pelham stop before another narrow door and slip a key into the lock. He had not noticed that his friend had taken a bundle of keys from the man he was binding.

Pelham worked quietly. The oldest lock made no sound. Darkness was on either side of the door. As it swung open, the three, listening intently, heard a sound as of a man sighing.

"Celia! Celia!" sighed the unseen "Les!" Junior whispered, and turned his flashlight on his friend.

Pelham shut the door and looked about for the inevitable electric light. Leslie Baron blinked at them in amazement. For weeks—or so it seemed—he had looked only into the cruel face of a jailer; and now he saw Celia's father, Celia's brother, and Bill Pelham. His face was blood-stained, and there was a deep cut over one eye, but he sprang to his feet readily enough. They could see that he was practically unhurt.

While the bird sanctuary was being violated, Mr. Appleton drank his early coffee and took his cereal and fruit in his customary unhurried way; but ill humor sat on his forehead, and the eyes peering through his thick lenses no longer looked childlike and bland.

Three people were in the room with him—the woman who had a dozen years ago supplanted his wife, Jim Delaney, and Luigi Bartoli. Jim had been a bully all his life, a man who had innumerable times proved the futility of the axiom that every bully is a coward. By his side stood the big Sicilian, gesticulating wildly, and voluble beyond words.

"You murdered a man unnecessarily," said Appleton coldly.

Stripped of the exuberant verbiage interspersed with parenthetical remarks in his native tongue, Luigi's story was this:

He had gone into the little room that was Smucker's cell, there to sleep off some strong wine, and to escape from the observant eye of John Delaney. While slumbering, he had suddenly awakened to find that Smucker had stolen his knife and was about to slit his wrist. He had done what he did to save his own life. In moments of vinous rage he did not properly estimate his own strength. He had been horrified to find Smucker lifeless, but Luigi contended that not a jury in the land would convict him of murder.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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about the same plan, that is, steam was used to lift the weight of the piston, and after this was done, the atmospheric pressure was relied upon for the real work. After Huygens, almost 100 years passed before inventors caught the vision of rotary motion from their engines. His idea simply involved a piston and a cylinder.

Supreme Victory

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.—John Tillotson.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

Dame Fashion took a meditative sniff first at the



Grace J. Austin.

back of her right hand and then at the back of her left hand. She was not doing it dramatically like Lady Macbeth, but was registering much pleasure in the doing. The reason was that a pretty girl had put a dab of "perfume to wear when playing golf" on the right hand, and "perfume to wear playing golf" on the left hand. As Dame Fashion, in her own ordinary self, can play neither, of course, she had no bias, and could be an unprejudiced judge of what she liked. And she at once chose the "golf" fragrance; more decided,—more "peppy," in short.

They were both perfumes that had been distilled in the mysterious and secret vats of France, and the pretty girl went on to give an excellent resume of a recent French visitor's remarks about women and perfume. It brought out that when a French woman is preparing for a social function she chooses her perfume before she decides which gown she will wear, and harmonizes her appearance to the effect of her perfume! The French people seem to think Americans have a lot to learn about perfumes, but they are studying. Any shop which has perfume upon its list chooses one of its most gracious and charming women to live up to the beauty of the perfume counter surroundings, and because women are sure to congregate there.

All this talk about the French reminds one of a statement made lately by one of the leading men designers of Paris, who declares, "American women take dress much more seriously than do Europeans, not exceeding the Parisienne." But if he means this for a compliment, he goes right ahead to dilute it by declaring that Americans have less initiative in dress. Well, whatever they have or do not have, they "get there all the same," as the college song about the mosquito used to say.

As for this "serious" business, Dame Fashion would hesitate quite awhile before subscribing to it. New clothes are one of the happiest businesses in the world—while, on the other hand, what is more comfortable than an "old dud" that will almost run your day for you, because it is so used to your ways? A very wise woman, many years ago, told Dame Fashion, "Never let yourself be cheated out of any pleasure or opportunity because you may think you have not the precise clothes for it." When you buy it down, nothing but presentation at the English court has really a prescribed dress—and even there, if you get your three feathers in your hair and a train, you will pass.

Dame Fashion felt like saying a good "amen" to a pretty bride-elect who said that her going-away gown was to be a white sports dress. For, if there is one sort of gown that is absolutely and positively sure to be becoming to members of the feminine world, it is the white sports frock. Some of the meekest and proprest of jackets for sports wear, when taken off, reveal a "sun-tan" back that might seem a bit extreme even to a grand opera singer about to give a concert. It was surely no such back as that which the modest as well as pretty bride with whom Dame Fashion spoke had chosen. She was even going to take off a bit of the "bride" look, for travel, by wearing a navy blue hat and other navy-shaded accessories.

Transparent Velvet for Cool Summer Evenings

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)



Showing a charming cape-wrap of orchid transparent velvet for cool summer evenings. The material is also smart in black, white and all pastel shades.

White Crepe de Chine Dress, Plaited Skirt



Here is a lovely white crepe de chine dress with a plaited skirt. A colorful red and white scarf adds a bright touch to the outfit. It is designed for late summer wear.

Flashes of Fashion of Interest to the Women

Linon dresses in apple green, butchers' blue and rose were supplemented by jackets of flowered linen at the Molyneux midseason opening. Shorts are the latest bathing suit fad, and suits are cut to the waistline at the back.

At the opening of the Paris races, plaid felt and plaid straw hats were evidenced.

Sunback frocks, for sports wear, are also advocated.

Paris approves the capucine shades, coral pink, red and yellow for summer evening frocks.

Sleeveless frocks have cape yokes extending over the shoulder and other devices to make the sleeveless dress acceptable for street wear.

Old ivory and egg-shell satins are used for bridal dresses.

Transparent velvet evening coats are being worn by smart women.

Silk blazers are among the sports wear novelties.

Black, and black and white were much in evidence at the opening of the Paris races. Brown was also important.

Lace Accessories Are Provided for Summer

Consistent with the vogue for lace gowns of evening and afternoon formality, is the fancy for accessories of lace. Among these is the long scarf to match an evening gown. Long and narrow, the lace scarf passes around the neck in front and falls straight to the floor at either side of the back.

Chanel finds further use for exquisite lace by making fans of it to match evening dresses. A pink lace fan and a black one were shown in the summer collections. Chanel also employs lace edging to finish the tops and hems of slips designed to be worn under sheer frocks of chiffon and net.

Black Is Popular for Summer Evening Gowns

Black seems becoming to more women than nearly any of the light shades. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that black is an outstanding favorite for evening dresses. Lace and tulle are extensively used in the construction and decoration of these frocks. Frequently they have very low neck lines and long tight sleeves of black lace. To balance these, some of the newest are accompanied by pantalettes of black lace which reach to the ankle and fit tightly. Still other pantalettes come just below the knee, where they are fastened with a tight band.

Frock Material Lines Coat, Hat Brims, Bags

When buying the beautifully printed materials for summer, one cannot go wrong in choosing the flower designs which are both colorful and dainty. But one can easily go wrong by not buying enough. The reason is that the coats worn when the winds blow chill with these costumes are nearly always lined with the same material as that composing the dress. This lining vogue may extend even to the under brims of the hats and the flaps of the envelope bags of black patent leather.

Shirting Material Is Used for Wash Frock

No doubt you have wondered why some clever blouse designer did not think of using the soft shirting materials which have proved so popular for simple wash frocks. If you have, you will be glad to know that you can now get these light, cool shirtings made up into exquisitely tailored new blouses which are perfect for the current suit mode.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(©, 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)
Why in the world do you want to carry things that annoy and harass and hurry? Stop them and drop them, a new day is here. Squeeze a laugh from it instead of a tear. —Kaufmann.

PREPARE FOR WINTER

There are so many delicious fruits that make most alluring preserves, preserves and relishes, that it is necessary, if we have a supply for the fruit closet, to be ready for each fruit as it comes. Look up the old reliable and well-liked recipes and nothing will be missed.

Each year we like to try some recommended concoction, so a card index helps to keep them where we can find them quickly.

Andover Conserve.—Put in a large preserve kettle eight pounds of hard pears, two lemons, one orange and one-fourth pound of preserved ginger, all put through the meat grinder. Add eight pounds of sugar, set over moderate heat until the sugar is melted and the juices flow, then cook, stirring occasionally until thick and clear. Now, with the addition of pectin from the bottle, the long cooking is eliminated and the amount of fruit to can greatly increased.

Fruit Conserve.—Take three pounds each of pears, plums, and apples. Stone the plums and boil the stones in two cupsful of water forty minutes. Peel core and chop the fruit; add one lemon and one orange (both chopped), six pounds of sugar and the strained juice from the stones. Cook, stirring until thick. Here, too, the pectin may be added and save long cooking.

Harlequin Pickle.—Take ten large green and ten red peppers and twelve onions. Chop the peppers coarsely, pour boiling water over them and let stand ten minutes; drain, cover again with boiling water and drain after standing five minutes. Drain and add the onions chopped, two cupsful of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one quart of vinegar. Bring to a boil and cook fifteen minutes, then can in jars.

Meriton Pickle.—Slice five dozen unpeeled green cucumbers about four inches long. Sprinkle with salt in layers and let stand overnight. Drain off the brine, add one and one-half dozen small onions sliced thinly. To five cupsful of vinegar add one large cupful of the best olive oil, three teaspoonfuls of celery salt, one-half teaspoonful of white mustard seed and beat vigorously; pour over the cucumbers and onions and put into jars and seal. Keep in a cool place.

Thirst Quenchers.

How to make lemonade is something on which most people think they need no instruction. However, if one will use a sugar syrup to sweeten the drink it will seem richer and most tasty. If one has not the syrup

ready, dissolve the sugar in water before adding to the lemonade. Try this and see if it doesn't make an improvement over the ordinary way. Take the juice of half a dozen lemons, a cupful of sugar and six cupfuls of water. Put the sugar and water together and when the sugar is well dissolved add the lemon juice. Serve at once well chilled.

Give the young children fruit drinks during vacation time when they are hot and tired from their play. The fruit used in the drink furnishes much that is beneficial in lime, and other minerals and salts. The drink takes the place of the water lost by perspiration. The sugar used as sweetener gives zest to the fruits and it, of itself, is a highly concentrated form of human energy. It helps provide vim, vigor and vitality to make rosy, bright-eyed children the happy little beings they are.

The bottled drinks of pop and such kinds are not wholesome for children, and should be given them very sparingly or not at all. Iced drinks of any kind should not be served, but the drink may be cool and just as refreshing. A straw or two added to the glass will make even a cold drink of milk taste better.

Orangeade.—Boil together one-half cupful of sugar and two and one-half cupfuls of water with the rind of an orange, for five minutes. Chill, add two cupfuls of orange juice, three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and serve.

Ginger Ale Punch.—Pour one cupful of hot tea infusion over one cupful of sugar, add three-fourths of a cupful of orange juice, one-third cupful of lemon juice. One pint each of ginger ale and mineral or ice water. Serve with a few slices of orange and tea cookies.

Fried Cheese Toast.—Arrange sandwiches with a thin slice of cheese as filling between buttered slices of bread. Beat two eggs, add three-fourths of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt; dip the sandwiches into this mixture and brown in butter on both sides, in a hot frying pan. Serve with jelly.

Nellie Maxwell