

What the Gray House Hid

The Mystery of a Haunted Mansion

by Wyndham Martyn

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CHAPTER X—Continued

“But these other two men?” Burton asked anxiously.

“They will find that they have an opportunity to get away. It's clouding over for rain. I'm willing to match my giant huckleberry hawk against your fighting fuchsia moth that we shall never see Jim or Luigi again!” Jim and Luigi could hardly believe their eyes when they saw the men with automatics had become neglectful. The two miscreants merged into the shadows, and faded from sight by some secret and unknown path.

There remained Appleton and his lady. Their problem was not so simple. Appleton must be held.

When the cell door was unlocked, the lady was voluble and angry. When Appleton's door was flung open, he lay on the floor.

“You've killed him!” she said, and flung herself at his side.

There was no doubt that she loved him. Presently he sat up and smiled at her. His face was white.

“My heart is not strong,” he admitted. “Men with high color often owe it less to good health than to heart trouble. I have had much to worry me today. With your permission, I will get some medicine before we resume our conference.”

Appleton seemed shrunken and feeble. It was the woman who supported him. Slowly they walked ahead of their captors toward the large living room. Appleton was courteous to the last.

“It is your house,” he said, smiling feebly. “After you, gentlemen!”

Burton was the last to enter. When he was well in the room, the door was suddenly shut and locked behind him.

Five men stared at one another helplessly. The sick man had tricked them.

CHAPTER XI

It was ten minutes before they had smashed the door down. Outside there was nothing but darkness and pelting torrents of rain. With flashlights they searched the sanctuary until, about midnight, torn by thorn spikes and drenched to the skin, they had to confess that they were beaten. Appleton and his lady had escaped.

The five made their way to the wire edge of the bird sanctuary and came, exhausted, to the Gray house. Dina, Celia, and Florence Burton were waiting. Their alarm would have been greater had not Hanby left a note, saying that he and Bill and Junior were going on a long hiking trip.

“Here,” said Hanby dramatically, breaking in on them, “are the lost ones! Florence, here is your Tom. Celia, behold the captor of the wild faun. I haven't a moment for explanations,” he added. “Junior and I have to go out again.” He turned to his son. “Get your car around to the front door as soon as you can.”

Hurriedly he picked up the telephone and called the local chief of police, whom he had met in the Red Chapel murder affair.

“Mr. Hanby talking,” he began. “I've just come in. I met a whole train of big trucks passing along south. I wouldn't be surprised if they were running a cargo of booze. I'd look into it, if I were you.”

He hung up the instrument.

“I did that,” he explained to his family, “because I want the seizure made somewhere not on my property. Boyle happens to be one of the tenants whose repairs Appleton has always supervised.”

“What seizure?” Dina cried.

“Bill will have to tell you all about it.”

Hanby picked up the telephone instrument that connected with the garage, the stables, and the gardeners' quarters. The listeners heard him give what seemed an extraordinary order. He instructed the three men in the stables to ride around the bird sanctuary until he ordered them to cease patrolling, and to hold any trespassers who tried to break away from it.

“Bill will explain,” he said. “We'll be back in half an hour.”

It was almost an hour before he came in.

“We've been checking up things,” he said. “No fox for something to eat!” Again he took up the local telephone. This time he instructed a chauffeur to tell the men riding about the bird sanctuary that their task was done.

By this time Dina knew the whole story. She was particularly incensed at the part played by Appleton's companion, the lady with the pleasing voice.

“You don't mean to say those dreadful people have escaped?”

“Impossible!” Pelham cried. “How do you know?”

“Some three hours ago,” Hanby told them, “Doctor Grant was coming from a case, and saw a plump gentleman and a good looking woman at our upper entrance gates. They were soaked through—from the rain, he supposed—and had a reasonable story to tell. Their motor had stalled somewhere, and they were on their way to get gas. Doctor Grant believed it, and took them as far as Stanfordville, where they bought a five gallon can and hired a car to take them back to their machine. The driver was told to go to the nearest railroad station. He did so, and received good pay and the can of gas. They took the ten thirty-five train to New York. I don't have to be a house detective or a Yale sophomore to guess who that drenched couple was.”

“How did they get out of the sanctuary and make the upper road?”

“They went up the stream. We know there's a clear way, because Jim used to float the cases down. While we were losing our flesh and clothes in that d—d thicket, they were wading in three feet of water to safety. Another thing—while they delayed us, the crowd at Boyle's made its getaway. Such a night as this—foggy, rainy, and moonless—was a godsend to them. The tracks were plain enough in Boyle's yard when we got there, but the rain has washed all marks from the paved roads.”

“Then it won't be easy to trace them?” the professor hazarded.

“It won't be hard to trace forty ten-ton trucks making a convoy for Manhattan. They can't make more than twenty-five miles an hour, at the outside. They'll get them, and they'll get Appleton, too.”

Here the telephone rang sharply. It was the local chief of police. He was angry and disappointed. He informed Hanby that, with his own men and prohibition enforcement officials, he had overtaken a head up, and searched a fleet of big trucks proceeding southward. They were laden only with building material, which had been carefully examined. In every instance they were driven by men whose alibis were genuine.

“Wow!” said Hanby, hanging up. “That was a hot one! It certainly proves that the amateur detective business is not as simple as it seems. What Appl. on or Jim did was to alter the destination of the booze ships. Instead of going toward Manhattan, they went into hiding.”

Dina sensed deep depression in him. Her husband was a man who always played to win.

“Never mind!” she said, putting her arm about his shoulders, affectionately. “I'm proud of you all. You've given a husband back to Florence, and but for you I might have lost my son-in-law.” She smiled at Leslie and Celia. “You've cleared up the great mystery!”

“Something is lost in every victory,” Pelham reminded him.

Again the telephone disturbed them. Hanby, answering, raised his right hand, enjoining silence and attention. “Long distance,” he whispered. “Listen, all of you!”

They crowded about the instrument. A distant central informed some one as yet unknown that here was his party.

“This is M. Hanby speaking,” said the man at the instrument.

There floated out into the room the very clear articulation of Mr. Appleton.

“We wish to thank you,” said Appleton, “for our opportunity to escape. Everything turned out as we desired. Jim reports the perfect success of his operations. Mrs. Appleton and I are now in New York. She was very much attracted by your personality. We both feel that we owe a great deal to you. Fortunately we can repay.”

Hanby's face turned red. It infuriated him to have Appleton jeering at him over the long distance. He was commencing to tell Mr. Appleton what he thought of him when Dina tapped him on the arm.

“Listen!” she commanded.

“I am not lying when I say we can repay,” Mr. Appleton remarked, when Hanby's recriminations were cut short. “Oh, dear me, no! As you will not see any of us again, I bequeath to you the contents of your own cellar. Even the law cannot take it away from you!”

[THE END]

“Jocko” Something of a Freak of Nature

A putty nose and a tail a yard long are among the attractions possessed by a monkey newly placed in the famous London zoo. It comes from the African Gold coast. These monkeys have weak circulations in their tails, for the blood has to be pumped so far by the heart. A touch of cold weather, and the tail wilts like a dahlia in a frost. After stormy blasts in the bay of Elicay the average length of the decoration when the creature reaches this country is from six inches to a foot. Even if the tail is still all there, it has been blighted and fades away in the zoo.

Many putty-nosed monkeys eat their cold-stored tails. They are quite given to this habit until the zoo uses a certain red ointment, which spoils the flavor.

The new putty-nose was brought to England in wonderful condition by the donor, a Mr. Woodward, who is a laboratory expert at the Medical Research Institute at Sekondi, where the yellow fever scourge is tickled.—London Times.

Cleans Eyeglasses

If a drop or two of ammonia is placed on a clean cloth and the cloth rubbed over eyeglasses they will shine.

Velvet Is Shown for Fall, Winter

Variety of Colors Featured for New Seasons by the Paris Makers.

The important fabric for the coming season is velvet, so important that one of the largest silk manufacturers of Lyons is showing it in over 200 tones, says a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York World.

Bianchini is also offering panne, a material which to the lay mind is velvet but technically is not velvet. The surface thread is long, heavily pressed and the surface brilliant. It is featured in black, also with colored and tinsel figures on a brilliant background. There is a return of tinsel patterns, sometimes on panne, and again on a delightful mixture of velvet traceries on a tulle foundation with tinsel figures. These tinsel patterns are unlike the old lames and deserve a new name, tinsel.

This house is presenting much brocaded taffetas and moires, and these have been largely ordered by certain



Wrap of Dull Gray Velvet Trimmed with Platinum Fox.

Paris couturieres, we shall certainly see in the coming winter a new version of the “style” evening frock.

The winter silks and velvets show many green tones, a blue more brilliant than navy blue and a lavender blue, and many light brown shades that blend well together, also many red tones.

Turbans of velvet, which look precisely like the colorful head-dress of a gypsy, are chosen by smart young things to wear with sports coats of matching velveteen.

Blonde and Red Fox in Autumn Fashion Picture

A huge pile of gorgeous red fox from Alaska recently arrived at a metropolitan furrier's place indicates that this beautifully colored fur will again be prominent in the mode, observes a fashion writer in the Cleveland News.

Numerous light-colored ensembles seen at fashionable luncheon places consisted of a cloth coat trimmed with either blonde or red fox and a dress of the same color as the coat.

Jade green was chosen for a coat trimmed with red fox, as one instance of this favoritism for the fur, and the coat was worn with a jade green felt skullcap. Another smartly garbed maid appeared in bright blue coat with trimming of blonde fox. This same tint of fox was stunning when used with a very light green cloth coat, the hat of this costume matching the fur rather than the shade of green.

Spun Silk May Afford Year Round Material

A new kind of silk, called “spun silk,” is being put forward which may simplify the problem of wearing silks the year round. It has been tested by a research committee of the Silk association and found to behave unusually well in laundering, retaining both its color and its shape without requiring especially expert care. It is now to be seen with gay printed designs, in dainty pastels or woven as rough shantungs, pongees or soft pliques.

The spun silk weaves, while soft and pliable, have a certain ruggedness of surface, it is explained, and hold their lines and subdued lustre.

Capelets Are Liked as Covering for Bare Arms

The capelet is a becoming style. Especially becoming when, very often, one longs for a bit of covering for bare arms.

The frock with a capelet, of course, is sleeveless—but the cape covers the bare arms, in a most alluring and attractive fashion.

Sometimes the cape goes all across the back and meets at the center front. Sometimes it is in the back only. Sometimes it goes over each arm, but not across back or front.

ON REARING CHILDREN from CRIB TO COLLEGE

Compiled by the Editors of “CHILDREN, THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE”

Vacations by motor for the whole family are becoming more and more popular. They have a fascinating flavor of out-of-door adventure about them, and camping never fails to appeal to grown-ups and children alike. This may also be an inexpensive way to take a holiday. If there are small children in the party, motor camping is rather strenuous work for their elders, but it has its compensations in the children's frequent expressions of delight over sights on the way and the novel manner of living. The hard phases of the experience may be almost entirely eliminated if proper preparations have been made beforehand and if adults will adapt their plans to meet the needs of the children.

What is education? It is the absorption of facts concerning how things work. It is the observation of cause and effect. It is the experience of meeting unusual circumstances and mastering them. Take a youngster who lives on a farm and see how his experience—his everyday life—measures up to these definitions. In the early spring he sees his father get out the machinery, the plows, the planters, the drills, nowadays the tractor as well. When the frost has left the soil he sees the plows rip it up, leave it black and gleaming, fertile and rich-smelling in the April sunlight. He sees it harrowed and smoothed, sees the corn and the wheat sown in its warm, black loam. He sees the first shoots and watches the blades grow into lush stems. He sees the reapers go into the fields. He sees the life cycle of the grain from which his bread is made. This is just one example of all that the country boy sees and learns. The city boy's education seems superficial in comparison.

The infant mortality curve of ten to twenty years ago started high, deaths being frequent during the first month after birth—then stepped down quite rapidly to a level that was still far from low through the remainder of the first year and the second year; after this it settled gradually to a fairly low level. Deaths in the summer months were mostly from diarrheal diseases, though all our present-day causes were intensively active also (except the automobile). It is a different story now. The mortality curve starts fairly high at birth, and shortly after, though lower than in former days, then it gradually drops, and keeps dropping in a fairly smooth curve to school age and automobile-accident time.

One of the best means of amusing your youngster is a fly-swatter—the kind with a wooden handle and a light-weight rubber swatter which flops delightfully when waved in the air and makes a joyous “smack” on the floor.

An aluminum dishpan, smoothly finished, but not enameled, holds the baby's collection of toys at night and serves as a drum in the day, while a shoe-bag fastened on the side of his kiddie-coop makes a welcome receptacle for toys, both the pan and the bag teaching him the lesson of taking objects out of something and putting them back.

Detachable Cape With Plaited Skirt Outfit



This is regarded as a charming outfit for fall. It consists of a tan tweed dress with a plaited skirt and features a detachable cape.

Ribbon Choker Collars Among Paris Novelties

Little doll collars of metal ribbon with jeweled fastenings are shown among recent Paris novelties. They are not meant for dowagers but are suggested as accessories with suits and ensembles, particularly with satin costumes.

Another new neck ornament is a double row of beads with a heavy tassel of the beads fastening at the side. There is a short silver or gold chain connecting the tassel and loose end of the beads.

ARTIE

His Adventures in Love, Life and the Pursuit of Happiness
By GEORGE ADE

Artie Tells the Stranger What Is What and Why

AS ARTIE came in he saw a stranger seated near Miller's desk. The stranger was rather well dressed, although his garments were not of the latest cut. He had a good tan color in his face, and for that and some other reasons which he could not have explained to himself, Artie knew that the stranger was merely a visitor to Chicago.

“Oh, Artie,” said Miller, “I want you to meet my cousin, Walter Miller. He lives in my old town. Walter, this is Mr. Blanchard, Artie Blanchard.”

“He was just speaking about you,” said the cousin, with an amiable but rather embarrassed smile.

“Did he get me the worst of it?” inquired Artie. “I s'pose he did. He's on to the story of my past life.”

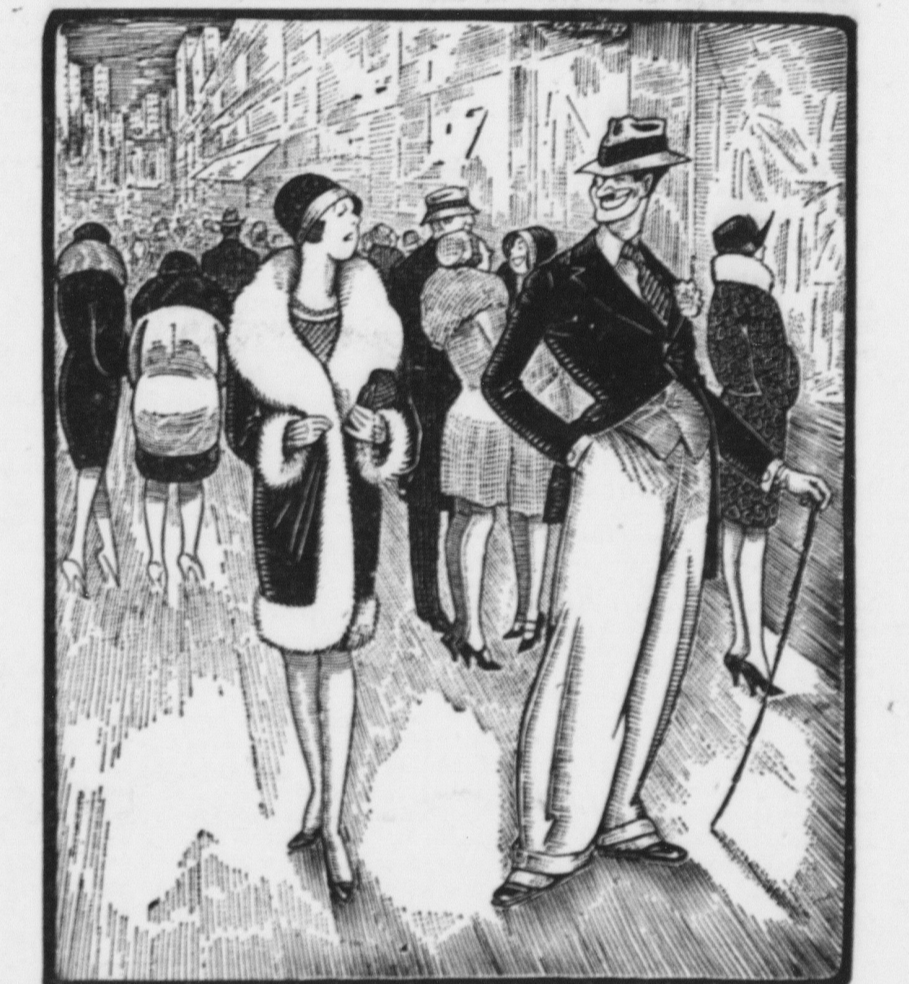
“No,” said Miller, “I was just telling him that if he wanted to know anything about Chicago you were the man that could tell him.”

“Well, that's a good send-off. What are you doing? Passin' me off as one o' the sights o' the town? I s'pose you told him that every visitor to Chicago ought to see Lincoln park, the

“Sure you do. I ain't roasting no man 'cause he's from the country. You go along the Drive and see all o' them swell joints where the fat boys with rosy complexions hang out. Well, them boys all come in from the country, but they had sense enough to saw wood and plant a little coin when it begin to come easy. I'm tellin' you the worst suckers you'll find is some o' these city people that know it all to begin with. You can make book that them boys'll be workin' on bum salaries when they're gray-headed, an' what's more, they'll be working for some Reub that come into town wearin' hand-me-downs.”

“Well, I suppose folks out in the country do give the city people too much credit for being smart,” said the visitor.

“Oh, we've got 'em smart enough, all right, all right, but I'm tellin' you about the cheap ones. You're a stranger here and you see some guy goin' along State street puttin' on a horrible front, tryin' to kill women right and left, and you say, ‘Hully gee, I wonder who that case o' swell is, young Marshall Field or one o' the McCormicks?’ Well, say, it's a ten to one shot that all that that fellow's got in the world he's got right with him, and at that it ain't no cinch he's wearin' underclothes. You don't know—mebbe that guy can't spell through the first reader. An old farmer with one o' them bunches on his chin could buy him up and a hundred more like him. Well, he's just the kind of a counterfeit that'd go out in the country and play himself off as the real boy because he lives in the city. Now, don't you fool yourself for a minute,



“You See Some Guy Puttin' on a Horrible Front.”

stockyards, the skyscrapers and Artie Blanchard, and then buy a box o' candy for the loved ones at home.”

“No, but I told him you were just as good as a guide-book.”

“Better. I can put him next to things that ain't in the guide-books. Come over here next to the window where there's a draft, Mr. Miller. You might as well take the air freely. That's the only thing in Chicago that you'll get for nothin'.”

“I believe you're about right,” remarked the cousin, as he moved over to a place near the window. “Coming up the street this morning I wanted a glass of water, and I finally had to go and buy it.”

“Is this the first time you've been up against the town?”

“No, I was here a week the time of the circus, but I didn't get into this part of town much.”

“Well, what do you think of it as far as you've got? Warm town, eh?”

“Yes, indeed; wonderful. I always feel rather lost when I get in the crowds.”

“I s'pose it is that way for a day or two, but you'd soon get used to it.”

“I don't believe I would. There are too many people here. I'm afraid I'd never get along in Chicago.”

“You want to get over that in a hurry. Of course there's an awful push in the streets here any day, and I s'pose when you first get in you kind o' feel that you're up against a lot o' wise city mugs and that they must be purty fly because they live right here in town. I've had people tell me that's the way they felt at first, but it didn't take 'em long to find out there's just as many pin-heads on State street as you'll find anywhere out in the woods.”

“Oh, I suppose a man would learn about the city in a little while?”

“Cert. It ain't where a man's born or where he was raised that puts him in any class. It's whether he's got anything under his hat. I see too many o' these boys kind o' jump in from the country and make a lot o' city boys look like rabbits. But if he comes enterin' into town to be a dead-game sport and set a pace for all the boys, w'y, he don't last. It's a small town, but it's too big for any one boy to come in from the country and scare it. Them sporty boys don't last. They get in with a lot o' cheap skates and chase around at nights and think they're the real thing, and then in a couple o' moons they go back home and leave all their stuff in heck. They think they're fly, but they ain't.”

“I know some that have done that very thing.”

Mr. Miller. Take my tip. We've got just as many suckers up here as you've got down your way.”

“I think you're right about that,” said Miller, who had been listening.

“You know it. Take them mashes along State street. Can you beat 'em anywhere? Then a little farther south you'll see them stranded boys, goin' around on their uppers and livin' on frosted chocolates. They'd sooner stand around in town and starve to death than get out somewhere and make a stand for the coin. Any one o' them vags thinks he's too good to go out in the country or to some little town and live decent.”

“It's tough down that way. I walked up through there this morning,” said the visiting Miller.

“You can get any kind of a game you want down there, but you're safe if you don't go huntin' for trouble. Any man that keeps hot-footin' right along and says nothin' to nobody is all right. Of course, when one of these new boys comes in and hunts up a speak-aw and says he's got money to burn, there's always some handy man right there to give him a match. When that kind of a mark comes in they get out the bottle o' knockout drops and get ready to do business. A man like you, Mr. Miller, won't have no trouble here. And for goodness sake, don't think you're up against anything great when you're minglin' with Chicago people. When you come to know the town it's as common as plowed ground. I know a good show I'll take you to tonight.”

(© by George Ade.)

Odd Structure Built by California Woman

What is probably America's queerest house stands in the Santa Clara valley, California. Spread out like a whole village, it has 144 rooms, no 12 on the same level, connected by miles of rambling passageways and corridors. The house was built by a woman of unlimited wealth who believed, so the story goes, that as long as she kept adding to it, she would not die. So, for 38 years, carpenters were kept busy increasing the size.

Its interior suggests a setting for a mystery thriller. There are entrances walled up behind, closed doors opening upon blank walls, trap doors and weird steps of only two and half inch tread, and balconies over stairs with no entrance to them, says Popular Science Monthly. Some of the rooms contain elaborate gold plate and silver fixtures and stained glass windows valued at \$5,000 apiece.