

# The House of Whispers

By William Johnston

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

## "THE LITTLE PEOPLE."

Synopsis.—Spalding Nelson receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston. On the way he meets Barbara Bradford and renders her a service. She lives in the same apartment building as the Gastons. They go there together. Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and ask Nelson to live in their apartments. He accepts. The Gastons tell him of mysterious noises about the apartment—"whispers" and noises that have scared them. Going to the apartment a few days later Nelson again meets Barbara, his accidental acquaintance. Nelson meets the building superintendent, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a necklace of magnificent pearls. Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiarities about the case. He decides to conduct an investigation himself. That night Barbara signals from the window of her apartment, which is opposite his, and they arrange a meeting for next day. In the morning he finds a note in his room, asking him why he had not informed the police of the loss of the jewels. Barbara tells Nelson her sister Claire had some years before made a run-away marriage with an adventurer, from whom she was soon parted, and the marriage had been annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and someone knowing of her escapade has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment and is attempting to blackmail the Bradfords. Nelson and Barbara exchange confidences about the "whispers," mysterious notes and other queer doings, which are much alike in both apartments.

## CHAPTER V—Continued.

I wondered which had been his bedroom. It was hardly likely that he had occupied the room in which I slept. As I debated the matter I heard someone moving about my room and went to investigate. It was Mrs. Burke, making up my bed. She would know which room my great-uncle had been accustomed to occupy.

As I entered the bedroom for the purpose of cross-questioning her, my first impression—and philosophers tell us that the first is most likely to be the correct one—was of a simple-minded, kindly old Irish woman of the utmost honesty. I was certain just by looking at her that there wasn't a crooked hair in her head, even if she had had the intelligence necessary for crimes beyond the ordinary.

"It's Mr. Nelson I'm seeing at last," she exclaimed with satisfaction. "I was wondering when I would be laying eyes on ye."

"Yes," said I, "I am Mr. Nelson, Mr. Gaston's great-nephew."

"Sure and I'd have known ye anywhere. It's as like ye are as two peas, barring the old gentleman's white hairs."

Her statement rather startled me, for while I never had regarded myself as an Adonis, on the other hand I never had supposed I looked anything like old Rufus.

"Was this my great-uncle's bedroom when he was here?" I asked, trying to make my inquiry seem casual.

"It was and it wasn't," Mrs. Burke replied. "He gets queer notions, the old gentleman does. In the last few weeks he's slept in every room in the house."

"What made him do that?"

"It's not for me to be saying," devoutly she crossed herself. "Some-



"Sometimes I Do Be Thinking the House Is Haunted."

times I do be thinking the house is haunted. The old man was all the time mumbling about—"

She hesitated and looked furtively about.

"About whispers," I suggested. Instead of replying to my question she shot another one at me.

"And have ye been hearing them, too?"

I laughed, trying to put a note of merriment into my tones.

"I don't believe in things like that," the old woman nodded her head sagely.

"It ain't believing in them things that makes ye hear them. Either ye hear them or ye don't. The old man heard them."

"How do you know?"

"Didn't I hear him asking meself about it? He heard them, many times."

"How about the others—the servants—did they hear them, too?"

"They may have that. Niggers is

always hearing things anyhow. It's what the white folk hear that counts."

"How about the other apartments in the house? Do the people in them hear whispers?"

"Never that I've heard tell of, but how should I know? This is the only place in the house that I work."

"Did Mrs. Gaston ever speak to you about it?"

"She did and she did not. She never in so many words asked me if I heard them. All she says to me was, 'Nora, if ever you see or hear anything strange or unusual here, you're to let me know at once.' And I says, 'Yis, Mrs. Gaston, I will.'"

"And have you ever seen or heard anything?"

The old woman bustled herself with making up the bed for a moment before she answered me.

"I'm not saying I've seen anything," she began, "but there's things I could be telling if I was minded to open my lips."

"If you know anything," I said, "you must tell me. Mr. Gaston put me here to find out what was wrong."

"There's no doubt there's wrong here."

"What makes you say that? What have you seen? What do you know?"

"It's neither what I've seen nor what I know," she nodded mysteriously. "It's what I've been hearing myself."

"For heaven's sake, woman," I cried, losing patience, "what is it you've heard?"

"I've heard them walking," she announced with an air of triumph.

"You've heard who walking?"

"The little people, of course. Who else would it be doing it?"

"Oh, bosh!" I exclaimed. I was well enough acquainted with the superstitions of the Irish to understand who she meant by "the little people." It's the habit of the old crones from the Emerald Isle to attribute anything they cannot understand to fairies.

"You may laugh," she retorted indignantly, "but I heard them, I tell ye."

"Where did you hear them, these footsteps?"

"Coming right out of the wall, here in this room, and in the kitchen, beyond."

"It was probably somebody in another apartment you heard."

"It was not. The floors do be deadened like, and it's nothing at all I can hear. It was somebody walking soft-like right there in the wall at me back."

"Well," I announced, "if there is anything like that going on, I am going to stay here until I hear it. I want to make sure no one can come into the apartment but myself, so I am going to ask you to give me your key. I'll be home here all the morning, so I can let you in when you ring."

"It's me key you're wanting, is it?" She produced it from a pocket of her gown and handed it over, first unknitting it from a corner of her kerchief where she had tied it for safe keeping.

"And indeed if it's meself you're not trusting with a key after Mrs. Gaston letting me have it for these ten years back, it's your own bed you can be making. I'll not be coming near the place again."

In fine indignation she flounced out of the place. To tell the truth I was not sorry that she had announced her decision not to return. While my impression of her was that she was a simple-minded old woman of uttermost honesty, I was just as well satisfied that no one but myself should have entry to the apartment until I had finished my investigations and had made further progress in solving the mysteries that were so rapidly developing.

Left once more to myself, I sat down at my great-uncle's desk and made out a list of questions that must be answered:

1. Where was Rufus Gaston? Had the old gentleman really gone away or was he in hiding in the building?
2. Who had removed the Gaston pearls from the wall safe? It must be someone who knew the combination.
3. Who had written the note I found on the floor of my bedroom? How and when had it been placed on the floor there?
4. Who were the persons who were trying to blackmail the family next door?
5. How had the anonymous notes been delivered on the floor of Barbara Bradford's room? (Evidently the writer was the same as in my case.)
6. Was there anything in the past relations of Mr. Bradford and my great-uncle that would cause my great-uncle to plot against the Bradford family?
7. How were the mysterious sounds heard both by my great-uncle, by Barbara Bradford, and by myself to be accounted for?
8. How were the mysterious footsteps heard by Mrs. Burke to be explained? Were they merely the imaginings of a superstitious old woman?

The relations between Mr. Bradford and Rufus Gaston puzzled me. Miss Bradford's recollection of her father's remark about my great-uncle certainly indicated that he held no high opinion of him. My great-uncle's actions throughout had been peculiar. He suddenly sending for me and insisting on my coming here to live, his insistence on leaving his wife's jewels in my care, and on entrusting me with the combination of the safe, all now took on a sinister aspect. It certainly was peculiar that he had gone off without leaving me any address where he could be reached.

Then, too, there was my own unexpected and unwarranted discharge at my place of business. I was positive in some way it was connected with my having come to this place to live. Had my great-uncle himself brought it about for the purpose of discrediting me? Was it the work of the blackmailers to get square with me for having accidentally butted in on the meeting they had arranged with Miss Bradford?

The scrag-faced man! Who was he? I was certain that he was in some way involved. It might have been he who had caused me to lose my job. Certainly the malevolent glance he had given me in the restaurant that night showed that he would have wrought me harm if he could. The next time I laid eyes on him I was determined to trail him with bulldog tenacity until I ascertained his identity and where he lived. I felt sure that the trail of the mystery would lead to his door.

I decided not to leave the apartment all day. I had laid in a plentiful supply of food the day before so there was no necessity for my going out. There was plenty of work for me to do. I must try to devise some way of examining the safe door and the jewel box that remained for evidence of fingerprints, and I must inspect the building both from within and without to see if I could learn how the notes were delivered.

From one of the toilet tables I obtained some fine powder and opening the wall safe again I took out the jewel box and carefully dusted it over with the powder. I hoped that the powder would reveal markings of hands on the box, but either I was too inexperienced or my method was wrong, for I succeeded in obtaining



I Gazed at It Horror-Stricken.

no sort of result, beyond finding out what my own fingerprints looked like on a sheet of paper prepared with some home-made lamplack. After an hour or two of experimentation I gave it up as a bad job, and turned to the study of methods by which the notes might have been delivered.

The Gaston apartment was on the sixth floor of the building, which was surrounded by ordinary three and four-story dwelling houses. It must have been someone in the building, if not in the apartment itself. It would be quite possible for someone on the floor above to have projected the notes through my window and that of Miss Bradford by attaching them to the end of a long stick. I made up my mind to ascertain who occupied the apartments above.

The mystery of the whispers did not seem to be of such easy solution. While I had been inclined at first to regard my own experience as a dream, the coincidence of Miss Bradford and my great-uncle having had the same illusion convinced me that it was some claptrap devised by the plotters for preying on the fears of their intended victims.

Eagerly I waited for the coming of evening and from half-past seven on I sat by my window waiting for Barbara's signal. It was nearly nine o'clock before I heard the three taps that had so startled me the evening before. Quickly I thrust my head out of the window and was rewarded by seeing hers appear at the same moment.

"We must not talk long," she warned me. "Someone might see us. Have you learned anything new?"

"Yes," I whispered. "In my uncle's diary I found several entries about the whispers."

"How strange!" she exclaimed. "Where is Mr. Gaston?"

"I don't know."

"That's funny."

"It's more than that. It is decidedly odd that he left no word where he could be reached."

"I don't blame him," she almost sobbed. "I wish we could all get away off somewhere, away from it all."

"Don't worry. Everything we find out will help discover the plotters. Tell me from what part of your room did the sounds come?"

"Always from the same place, up in the corner, near the ceiling."

"I thought so," I answered. "That's where they came from in my room. That shows it is just some mechanical trick they are using in the hope of terrifying us. Do you know who lives on the floor above?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. Do you suspect them?"

"I suspect everybody until this mystery is solved," I replied almost sagely.

"Not so loud, they may hear you. Have you learned anything else?"

"No, nothing. I questioned old Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Gaston's landlady. She knew nothing, although she insisted that she had often heard footsteps when there was no one in the apartment. Of course it is only her imagination."

"I'm not so sure," Miss Bradford whispered. "I've heard them, too. They seemed to come right out of the wall."

"Why," I exclaimed in amazement, "that's just how she described them."

"Often, too, when I got up in the morning I have a strange feeling that there must have been someone in my room while I was asleep."

"How strange!" I muttered, more to

myself than to her. "I wonder if it could be anyone walking in their sleep."

"You mean"—she hesitated—"my sister?"

"I don't mean anyone," I hastened to say. "I was only thinking aloud, wondering if it could be a possible explanation. I have heard of innocent persons doing all sorts of things under hypnotic influence."

"I've read of that, too," she said soberly. "I wonder—"

She left the sentence unfinished, but I felt that the same thought had flashed into her mind as into mine. Was it possible that the unscrupulous Frenchman who had wronged her sister years ago had in some way recently gained an interview with her and had gotten her once more into his power? Could it be that under the spell of another's mind Claire Bradford herself had taken away the papers concerning the annulment of her marriage and was placing the notes in the blackmail plot?

"Look here," I said determinedly, "we've got to see each other somewhere tomorrow and talk this over. Where can we meet?"

"I'm afraid I can't manage it tomorrow. I'm busy with my mother and sister all day long. Tuesday, perhaps. But we mustn't talk here longer."

"Good night," I called softly but her head had been already withdrawn, so quickly that I hardly knew whether she heard me. As I was about ready for bed I recalled that I had spent most of the money I had in my pockets, so I visited the bookcase where I had secreted my board and taking out a twenty-dollar bill, wrapped it about the three one-dollar bills I had left and put the roll in my trousers pocket.

The next morning, as I was dressing, I happened to draw forth my money. I gazed at it horror-stricken.

I distinctly recalled having wrapped the twenty-dollar bill about the three smaller bills. Now one of the dollar bills was on the outside.

There before me was indisputable evidence that someone had been in my room while I slept, someone had gone through my pockets and had examined my money. Someone had put the dollar bill on the outside of the roll.

Who had done it? How had they got into the room?

Enter Gorman, the detective.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PATRON SAINT OF HATTERS

Why St. Clement Has Long Been Accorded Recognition by Makers of Head Coverings.

St. Clement is known as the patron saint of hatters, because of his discovery for the making of a compact fabric out of wool without pressure or weaving. The story goes that this devout priest, while on a journey, became footsore and tired, and, removing his sandals, sought rest by the roadside.

St. Clement was soon disturbed by the bleating of lambs. Looking up, he beheld a fox that had just seized one of the helpless young sheep. He cleared a hedge just in time to destroy the fox and rescue the lamb, in the process of which act he observed loose wool, which he gathered and examined.

The priest was struck by the sudden inspiration that here was relief for his lacerated feet. Binding the yielding wool on his wounds, he was able to continue his journey. On reaching his destination St. Clement removed the sandals from his feet, discovering instead of the fine soft wool a piece of unfinished cloth, seemingly so firm and thick that he couldn't pull it apart. He called the matted material "felt."

This accidental knowledge of the priest caused the basic principle that underlies the men's hat industry. November 23 has been named St. Clement's day and is a red-letter day for the hat manufacturers of many countries.

Rock Cannon.

When the island of Malta was under the rule of the Knights of Malta they defended their sovereignty with cannon bored in the rock. Each one of these strange weapons contained an entire barrel of powder, and as it was not possible to vary the aim of the cannon fifty of them were made ready, facing various directions from which the enemy might approach.

When the fame of these arms of defense became known to the world the idea was conceived of transporting rock to the summits to serve the same purpose but the scheme was impracticable.

Date With a Party.

My partner in business was called out of town and was not expected to return for a few days, so when I met his wife on the street she remarked that she was lonesome and I asked her to meet me late and have dinner with me. It was all arranged and I went to the office to fix up for the occasion when in came hubby and wanted to know why the dolling up, so I said that I had a date with a party. When I met my friend's wife I told her hubby had returned and she said: "Why I know it; I told him you and I were going out to dine."—Exchange.

Find Value of Various Woods.

Investigations by the agricultural department show that one standard cord of well-seasoned hickory, oak, beech, birch, hard maple, ash, elm, locust or cherry wood is approximately equal to one ton of anthracite coal. A cord and a half of soft maple or two cords of cedar, poplar or bass wood are required to give the same amount of heat. One cord of well-seasoned mixed wood equals at least one ton of average grade bituminous coal.

Quite True.

"That fellow got money out of me by telling me he was in the trenches and he never went to war at all."

"But he told you the truth. He is employed laying gas pipes."

## Adrift with Humor



## SILENCED.

A young fellow who married a rich man's daughter was in the habit of troubling his father-in-law with complaints about his wife's behavior.

"Really, this is too bad!" cried the irascible old gentleman one day after son-in-law had told of new domestic difficulties. "If I hear of any more complaints I will disinherit her."

There were no more.

Slow but Sure.

The Customer—You ought to put in more chairs so a man won't have to wait so long.

The Barber—I got it just right now. As it is when a guy comes in here for a haircut he'll need a shave by the time his turn comes.

The Extreme.

"Mr. Comeup was certainly mad when his wife told him to eat his ice cream with a fork."

"What did he say?"

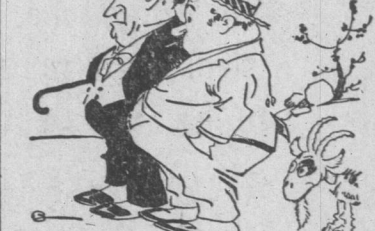
"He supposed her next fad would be to make him eat his soup with a tea-strainer."

Some Tough Luck.

Knicker—The old learned professor is sure having the time of his life. He can't remember his own name.

Booker—Well, why doesn't he write it down?

Knicker—Worse luck, then; he can't read his own writing.



## HENCE THE NAME.

"Why do they call that horse 'Collections'?"

"He's a trifle slow."

The Small Boy Speaks.

I don't want to be an angel. And with the angels stand; I'd rather be a drum major And lead the village band.

Real Pleasure.

"Did your wife enjoy the book I sent her to read?"

"Did she? Had the time of her life. Cried herself sick over it."

Their Use.

Polly—I can't walk across the street in such a flood of water, can I?

Tommy—Why not? Aren't you wearing pumps?

In the Crowd.

"Ye're in a pickle in this jam," shrilled the first old lady.

"Heaven preserve us," moaned the other.

Speed but Not Joy.

Grimes—I understand that my son took you for a joy ride.

Slimes (still white and shaken)—That was no joy ride for me. It was a fear ride—London Answers.

Degrees of Improvement.

"The noiseless typewriter is a great improvement in a busy office."

"Yes; and so would be one that didn't chew gum."

His Class.

"I told him when he proposed that marriage was a lottery."

"What did he say?"

"He looked blank."

Seems So.

"If there were a navy aviation scandal—"

"Yes?"

"It ought to be easy enough to find the man higher up."

More Substantial.

"Don't you enjoy a verbal feast?"

"Not entirely. When I go to a feast I want something besides tongue."

Unusual Scarcity.

"I am giving you a rare chance, sir, for there is only a very limited amount of this stock for sale now at this price."

"Heavens, man, are the suckers giving out already?"

Real Effort.

"You are doing nothing to try and make a living."

"You wrong me, dad. I am doing my best to marry some girl with a good paying job."

A Glad Assurance.

"Does the crowing of our rooster annoy you?" Inquired the considerate neighbor.

"No," said Mr. Crosslots. "When food is so scarce, I'm proud to be reminded that there is poultry in the neighborhood."

Mean Revenge.

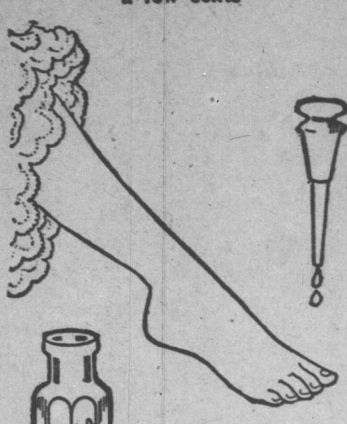
"That couple were very unpopular in the office, but we got even with them when they were married."

"What did you do?"

"Sent them a cellarette."

## LIFT OFF CORNS!

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Try Freezone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Freezone is the discovery of a noted Cincinnati genius.—Adv.

Identified.

It was a dark night and the car was speeding homeward at a terrible rate.

"What road have you taken, James?" cried Mrs. Blithers, as the car jolted her high in the air.

"The regular boulevard, Mrs. Blithers," returned the chauffeur.

"But I never noticed all these thank-you-marks on the boulevard before," protested Mrs. Blithers.

"Oh," laughed the chauffeur, "those were not thank-you-marks, Mrs. Blithers! They were just a few people who couldn't get out of the way."

Whereupon Mrs. Blithers laughed, too. What a droll mistake it was, to be sure!—Pittsburgh Sun.

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Chinese Newspaper in France.

A Chinese weekly newspaper has been started in Paris by Daniel Fu for the benefit of the thousands of Chinese sent there to act as laborers during the war and who are now employed in reconstruction work, according to a far eastern information bureau.

The paper is produced by a photographic process, the sheets having been hand-written, since it is impossible to get Chinese type in France. The paper sells at 2 cents a copy, and is said to be the first Chinese newspaper produced in France.

Watch Cuticura Improve Your Skin. On rising and retiring gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment. Wash off Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water. It is wonderful sometimes what Cuticura will do for poor complexions, dandruff, itching and red rough hands.—Adv.

Practicing Law.

The Yegg—Well, you got me, all right, mister. I s'pose you're going to turn me over to the bulls.

The Eminent Counselor—Certainly not. In that case I'd get only a witness fee of a dollar. I'm going to be your attorney. My retaining fee will be this roll of bills I found in your vest. Good night.

Sore Eyes, Blood-Shot Eyes, Watery Eyes, Sticky Eyes, all healed promptly with night applications of Roman Eye Balsam.—Adv.

Answer That Was No Answer.

George M. Cohan was cross-examining applicants for parts in one of his new productions.

"Can you dance?" he asked of a young chap who had been waiting an hour.

"Sure," replied the candidate.

"Can you sing?" continued Cohan.

"Well," replied the other, "I can sing as good as you can."

"But I asked you," retorted Cohan, "can you sing?"

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The Pianist.

"This pianist is charging me enough for a little music. I wonder how he figures it—by the note?"

"Dunno. He's making a fearful racket."

"I'll say he is. Probably he charges by the pound."—Judge.