The HOUSE in the

ONE of the many curious
human characteristics is
an apparent inability to believe
that anything told in the form of
a story can be mere simple fact
and not rather less wild romanc-
ing. When I wrote, as literally
as possible, my own childish
recollections, under the title of
"The One I Knew the Best of
All," there came to me from my
readers the persistent question,
"Is it true?" Again when I
recorded the details of my in-
timate friendship with "My
Robin," I received one letter
after another containing the
question, "Was it a real robin?"
When I began the Romantick
Lady sketches, questions came
thick and fast. "Did you collect
the pennies on the steamer and
were you held up in the Mersey
through the "Christmas in a
Fog"?" "Can that delightful
attic in the House on Long Is-
land, actually have existed?"
It is apparently no use replying.
"I did." "I was." "Yes, as
real as any attic you may have
in your modern house today."
The reason for my recording
these incidents is that they are
real. That is their point—and
mine. There is no other. They
are things which happened.
The present episode, "The
House in the Dismal Swamp,"
was related to me by my brother
half a lifetime ago. He told the
story again to a party of friends
who were spending the week-end
at my house on Long Island

IN the house which looks
out on the Bay of En-
chanted After-glow this
story was told after dinner
one evening to a week-end party
of four. It was the brother of
the Romantick Lady who re-
lated it, because it happened
to be a weird adventure of his
own.

He was a nice, adorably ami-
able, more than middle-aged
Englishman who had come to
America in his teens. He be-
lieved himself to be entirely
Americanized, but a certain
youthful ingenuousness of healthy, frank
blue eyes, a tremendous enjoyment of
things in general, and a depreciatory, half-
embarrassed chuckle he was given to
rather reminded one of an English school-
boy of mid-Victorian type. Everybody
liked him immensely, because it was quite
impossible to help it.

"It was the queerest thing that ever
happened to me," he said slowly, looking
as if memory had suddenly laid hands on
him and was dragging him rather far away.
"I’m hanged if it wasn’t about the queerest
thing I ever heard of happening to any
one!"

"It happened half a lifetime ago," the
Romantick Lady explained. "It must be
nearly fifteen years since he first told it
to me. It's the kind of thing one treasures.
Certain scenes in it have a way of rising
before me as if they were weird moving
pictures." She turned to her brother with
a delighted little reminiscent shudder.
"The brimming, moveless, black water,
Jen," she said, "the desolation of the
swamp—the last look of the house—the
woman with the wild black hair staring
down at you from the falling porch—the
carvings—the amazing silver!"

One of her guests broke in. "Here’s
richness!" he said. "Moveless, black
swamp water—lost houses—wild-haired
women looking down from falling porches!"

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

After I'd played a few bars the door opened, and three creatures came shuffling
door and listened. I can still hear those jangling wires wailing out in the hollow-
in who might have been ghosts themselves. And there they hung about near the
nose of that big, empty room yet—and the three swamp ghosts standing listening

Illustrated by Walter Biggs

"Carving! Amazing silver! She's trying to excite us," said another. "She
has excited me. Mr. Harold, you must
tell us."

"Well, you see," he answered with his
half-shy chuckle, "the queerness of it
was that there is no explaining it. I've
been trying to explain it myself ever
since, but there is no explaining it—in
any way I could ever get at"

"Let us try to get at it," said the woman

and had been since his boyhood.
He had in addition an extraor-
dinary genius for mending, dis-
ciplining, and restoring any
musical instrument whatever
which had got out of temper or
order. The most cantankerous
and hopelessly injured of them
could not resist him. He seemed
in secret to feel toward them
as if they were living creatures
with temperaments and emo-
tions, and they responded to
his sympathetic and reflect-
ive studies of their ailments
as though the understanding be-
tween them was mutual and
they did not mind being taken
to pieces and put together again
by such comprehending and
affectionate friendliness. In
his youth he had settled in a
picturesque old Southern sea-
port town, and as years passed,
his special gift not only became
known in his own neighborhood,
but also crossed bays and moun-
tains and rivers and wandered
into other small towns and
villages at gradually increasing
distance. Sharing what his
sister calls her "gypsy and
vagabond" tendencies, the most
interesting parts of his life be-
came in time his wanderings
far afield on the trail of some
incapacitated church organ, or
long-treasured piano, or ancient
harp, or cymbal, pipe, or dul-
cimer. He did not care which
it was, so that it wanted him.
The more remote his wander-
ings, the more he enjoyed them,
and he made friends in every
simple place he went to. He
played sweet-temperedly for
every one on organ, antique
piano, and cracked melodeon.
He took roundabout journeys
for sheer pleasure in them, and
having the nature with in
itself gives birth to welcome,
he enjoyed himself greatly.

"He doesn't know that he is
like a sort of wandering min-
strel of ancient days," the
Romantick Lady said of him.
"You know the story-book
minstrel who used to carry his
"wild harp" with him and play
and tell stories to the feasters
in the banquet hall when they
wanted cheering up. If there were
castles in the queer places he
would be let down for him, and
the feasters would love him. As it is, he sits
down beamingly to play on wheezing par-
lor organs and pianos which rattle like
tin pans—if he finds nothing better. He
does it to please people, and he is just as
pleased himself as his hearers are."

We all knew something of this, so it was
easy to see how he wandered into the
The House in the Dismal Swamp

mysterious story for which there was no explanation and which he related as in-
genuinely as if it were a memory, and with as much simplicity of wholly unlit-
erary and boyish phrasing as if he had been sixteen instead of nearing sixty. That was the great charm of the telling—as also was the evident fact that he had taken his audience.

“I don’t believe a hundredth part of America knows or even guesses what
lots of queer old places and things and people are hidden away in corners of
their own country—though they’re not exactly hidden: they just stayed where they be-
longed, and everything else went in another direction. I think there are more of them
in the South, perhaps, than there are in other parts. And they are not nearly
so many in the South as there used to be. I used to come upon them often at first,
and they were not only ‘before the war’ houses and things and people, but before
the Revolution. But before that I was always wishing my sister was with me. She’s romantic, you know.”

“He’s romantic himself,” put in the Romantick Lady, “but he doesn’t know he
sees as many stories as I do, but he doesn’t happen to write them for a living.”

“Well, as to seeing,” he answered, “who could help it? And yet somehow most people seem to notice things and talk about them. Think of the Lost Colony! Lots of people don’t even seem to have heard of it, or if they have heard, haven’t thought it worth remembering. And I’m haunted by that wasn’t romance and mystery enough.”

“A story with Sir Walter Raleigh for its hero one might suppose would have a certain interest,” said the Romantick Lady. “And yet—Do you remember
it, Janet?” to a guest.

“If I learned about it in school, I have forgotten,” was the guest’s answer.

“The town I never heard of it until Jim told me his story,” the Romantick
Lady said. “But then I am a yawning and bottom-
less abyss of ignorance.”

On that April day, and twenty men, women, and children that chap White
left on Roanoke Island in 1587—Sir Walter Raleigh’s Colony, and long lost to them, because he sent them out from England,” said Harwold. “He had to leave them to go back for sup-
pplies. That was the tale that ended with the defeat of the Armada he kept him away
until 1590. And when he came back and landed, the Colony had disappeared! Not a soul was
left on the island, and no human being of the lot was ever seen or heard of again. Any story there was trace or clue left behind. It’s remained the Lost Colony from that day to
this.”

“If we don’t stop at this point, we shall follow the Lost Colony and for-
get the House in the Dismal Swamp,” was the Romantick Lady’s warn-
ing. “I know that Lost Colony of old. One can’t resist it.”

“The swamp wasn’t a hundred miles from the island, and that reminded me
of it,” Harwold went on. “There was a little town called Lisleport I used to go
to sometimes—one of those little Southern places with a storehouse and a church,
and some houses and stores, and lots of trees. It was a place I got fond of, and I
was always glad when something called me there. Near it there was a mysterious
little river that ran through the swamp, and to me it was an unearthly little stream.
It didn’t look or act like a real river, and in fact, there was an idea that it wasn’t
a river at all, but a fissure in the earth made by volcanic action and filled up from
the bottom by water that oozed out of the swamp. It looked like it. It was
narrow, and the black water simmered level with the flat banks. The trees and
brushes reflected themselves in it as if they were painted there. The queerest thing about it
was that it seemed to have no current. Scarlet and yellow leaves that dropped
don it from the branches in the autumn would lie on it for weeks without sliding to move.

“About once a week, during certain months, a tiny steam launch pushed its
way between the cypress trees and cane-
break and wound in and out of the groves and curves from one end of the swamp to
the other. It took it nearly a whole day to do it, and I often used to wonder what
would happen to the few passengers if it sprang a leak and sank in midstream.
If a man could swim a few strokes and could drag himself up among the canes,
he would find himself in a swamp without path or foothold he could be sure of.
Any step might put him neck-deep in quick-
mire that would suck him down. There
would be no chance of striking out and trying to get anywhere if you didn’t know
the ground. There wasn’t anywhere to
get to, and there wasn’t any chance of
finding anything to eat. I’m fond of ad-
ventures, but I shouldn’t have liked
to try that one.”

“But once in a while I liked to make that queer day’s journey in the little launch.
It was like living in a weird dream—
stealing along that narrow, black, still waterway with the tall cane and bushes closing in on you, and shutting out the way ahead where there was a pond—and the stream bent like a snake. By
the way, the launch never went through
after warmish weather began, because
the snakes had a way of crawling up to sun
themselves on the branches that hung
over the water and dropped down when
they saw fit. That little habit, combined
with clouds of mosquitoes and blood-
drawing yellow flies, cut out for me the
summer months. But when I was going to my little town on business, I always
chose my time and went through the
swamp by the launch. There was
nothing on earth like the day’s crawling
along and wading in and out between the flat banks with the jungle of swamp
on each side and the big, dead, skeleton

cypresses standing up out of the black water with their feet up in the air,
while white arms like angry ghosts warned you to keep off. There was one huge
standing on the point of a bend of the
river, that I always remember, because
the first time I saw it I saw the lost
whiteness of its stripped trunk and branches gave me a start—and on the
top of it there was sitting a big, solemn eagle. It never moved—the eagle—but
just sat there and disclaimed us, we sneaked by on the black water below
its tree.”

“That little, narrow, crawling, wading, black river is a sure key to a story,”
remarked the Romantick Lady.

“That’s why I’m trying to describe it,” said Harwold, “but I’m no good at
description.”

We are satisfied,” a listener encouraged
him, “I can see the yellow leaves lying
still on the black water.”

“Then early in Lisleport,” the friendly lady went on, “I had some business up
the country and made the place my headquarters. I could get a horse there and ride
where there were no railroads. One of
my friends was a man who had the chief store. He was a nice old chap, and
he knew the country and liked to tell me old stories about it because he knew I liked to hear
them. He had lots of theories about the
Lost Colony and about certain curious people he was
sure were descendants of the women carried away by Indians on the settlement and
massacred the men. We used to sit on his stove
porch at night, and listen back to our chairs, and smoke and talk while the trees
sang away, and night birds struck in with queer
cries now and then, and then the (Continued on page 160)

The Song of a Lass
By Ruth Sawyer

'Tis Spring o’ the Year—the whole world’s a-bloom;
There’s a carpet of green from Granny Earth’s loom.
The curlew calls far—the rocks circle high—and
And the wind’s in the moon in the sky.
Oh, the fair things I see and the rare songs I hear!
For Love wakes my heart at the Spring o’ the Year.

It’s the Full o’ the Year—the roses are blown;
The lambs are fully fleeced and the flogging is flown.
The thrrostle’s note lingers, the summer winds croon,

And kisses hang ripe at the full of the moon.
Oh, there’s little I’m wanting—there’s little I fear
For my heart is as full as the full of the year.

It’s the Dole o’ the Year—there’s naught left of her giving;
Earth is bare of her yield, Life is drained of her living.
The turf smoke blows east, and the turf smoke blows west
But the breath of my longing knows little of rest.

A moment I catch it—the better to hear
The song that was mine at the Spring o’ the Year.
The House in the Dismal Swamp
(Continued from page 18)

fireflies flickered in and out. I tell you I used to enjoy it. When I went into his store that day, we had a comfortable chat for a while, as usual, and then he said:

''Say, I most forgot something I had to tell you. A queer fellow came in here a few days ago—one of a family that lives way back in the swamp—and he left a message for you. I reckon it was meant for a message, though he's hard to understand. He's got no palate to his mouth, and he don't look quite bright anyhow. Hardly ever speaks at all when he comes in—mostly makes signs—and he don't come to town more than once a year. What I made out was that they've got some sort of curbs old panner out at his place, and he's somehow heard about you and wants you to go and make it play.''

'Well, you know, that was the kind of thing to start me up.'

'Of course it would!' cried the Romantic Lady. 'The kind of thing with a story sneaking in the background of it. The piano was like one of those signs with hands pointing and 'This Way to the Story' written underneath.'

'THERE was a story fast enough, but there was neither beginning nor end to it,' I've warned you,' Harwold answered. 'What I did was: 'I say! that's interesting! An old piano hidden in the Dismal Swamp. Where did it come from? Who are the people?' He didn't know. Nobody knew. Nobody had seen any one but the man without a palate, but there was a sort of rumor of there being a very old house far back in the swamp, but my friend had never met any one who had seen it and didn't know the foundation for the belief that there was 'more's one of 'em in family.' He explained it this way:

''If a body could stand it to live like the dead, there's sort of islands of solid ground here and there, and the soil's as rich as grease. You could raise anything. They say there's a few nigger and Indian cabins hid away there, and the negroes and Indians know where the paths are and can find their way in and out. Big Black Joe squats on a bit of land back there, folks tell you. There's sort of road through one part, if you can find it, but you have to canoe in through narrow, twisting creeks, and it's mighty easy to get lost.''

'Upon hearing which inspiring report, he girded up his ins and issued lightly forth in search of adventure,' the Romantic Lady remarked with glee.

'Adventure,' said Mr. Jem Harwold with his nice, rather sheepish chuckle—'just going after a thing to see how it will turn out—is something you get in the habit of doing—if you like it. I like it. And that piano in the heart of the Dismal Swamp—with no clue but a half-witted chap without a palate—really just got into my blood. I couldn't have left it alone, because it wouldn't leave me alone. If I hadn't had a shot at it—well, it would have waked me up in the night for the rest of my life.'

'The truth is that a disabled piano all alone and in the heart of the Dismal Swamp called to him as a creature in pain might. Sheer humanity demanded that he should go and ease its sufferings,' the Romantic Lady put in.

Jem Harwold did not deny the impeachment, but, good-temperedly grinned. 'I went about asking questions,' he went on, 'and the more I asked, the more I didn't find out. Some of the people had seen the fellow without a palate and said he was a sort of half-idiot. As he scarcely ever spoke, and half he said was too indistinct to be understood, it was hard to find out where the rumors of the house had come from. One chap had even heard that it was a

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April 1920 Good Housekeeping
How We Saved $600 In Six Months

(By Mrs. E. C. B.)

When I came home from the hospital last fall, we were $600 in debt. John had given a note to a little bank for that amount, and it was $200 a year, and we had never been able to pay it. We were forced to "cut corners" to make our income buy food, shelter and clothes.

Paying off that note looked serious to us. We had just a year in which to do it. So we devised ways and means of reducing our expense.

John thought by giving me $25 instead of $50 every week, cutting his personal expenses and eliminating all non-essentials, we could save $272 in a year. So I was to save the other $327 from my house money. And I didn’t believe I could do it!

I had an iron bed upstairs and every Saturday night, after I had finished the ironing, I put it into this bank whatever money I had left. At first the money didn’t accumulate very fast. But one day I heard about a new system to help people SAVE MONEY and I sent for it upon approval.

In a few days the book came and a brief examination taught me a lot about saving. With a properly arranged budget, we could save an income of $600—barring sickness or accident—ought to save $75 a year, WITHOUT TALKING THEMSELVES.

This book is called The Plateau Budget For Personal and Family Expenses. It shows you how to estimate your expenses. The Plateau Budget System teaches you exactly how to proportion your income, and set aside a special amount for each of your needs, as well as a definite amount to SAV. It provides for even better money management in the home.

The system looked so easy and practical that I began to use it at once. I kept my accounts, itemized our household expenses, and set aside a definite amount to SAVE each week, according to the simple instructions in the book.

I found I could easily "beat" my savings allowance. In a little while I was saving nearly twice as much as I started. Of course we weren’t living sumptuously—buying everything and were never healthier nor happier in our lives!

We had no money last week we opened the bank and counted the money—and there in cash before our eyes was $477.35—saved from my house money in just six months!

John was fairly stunned! Then he told me HE had saved $55! So we paid off the note and opened a small savings account in the bank. What is more, we are no longer going back to the old, extravagant way we used to live.

John says I am the most wonderful wife in the world—he can’t get over my saving $600—and he has talked several of our friends and they tell me "r—sourceful!" But all the credit is due the Plateau Budget For Personal and Family Expenses. It taught us everything we know that helped us get out of debt and start us in the banking class!

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In using advertisements see page 6

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The House in the Dismal Swamp

In by it and the sun shines, it seems to be part of the light. The snakes were waking up, and every now and then I'd hear a yap, and it would be a moose or a rat dropping into the water to swim somewhere. The warm, damp scent of things was queer. It wasn't like anything else. It took so many kinds of leaves and roots and canes and grass tussocks, dead and alive, to make it.

"I thought more than once that I should have to give it up and try to get back, but after an hour or so I saw sticks out of water, the ruins of what had been once a sort of boat landing. Nothing was left of it but a few crazy old posts—damp enough, and didn't lose myself on the way, and wasn't snake-bitten or jumped on by a wildcat, and had sense enough not to stray off into a quagmire that looked solid on top."

I'm a pretty good walker, and I'd made up my mind to walk far enough to get rid of the boy and sent him back with the canoe and as many reminders about the turns he had to take as I thought he could remember. Then I set out. The next hour or so was like one of those stories you tell to children when you say, 'He walked, and he walked, and he walked, and he walked,' to increase the suspense and the distance to the place where one is going. It was like that. I walked, and I walked, between trees and bushes and tall canes, and, through them, and round them, and under them, and with the swift water on each side of me, though it was sometimes hidden by the undergrowth. And there was the greenish-yellow color everywhere, and the queer light, and the queer scent of things beginning to grow."

"I told as if I were going deeper and deeper into the dream as I went on. Precious few people had ever passed over that road. I got to wondering how it must have been—who had blown the trail first. Surely they'd done it—whether it had been Indians—or the people who had built the house. I got keener and keener and keener to see what the house was like, because just the idea of a house being in such a place suggested all sorts of things. One of the chief things I'd noticed, when I was trying to get information about it, was that though through a tree or two and through a channel, they always spoke of it as a 'house.' And a house in the depths of the Dismal Swamp must have got there in some jolly interesting way. One of the things I thought about was that perhaps it might have been a sort of pirates' hiding-place in the old good days when pirates were back in the seas and used to run in to quiet places along the coast of Virginia and the Carolinas. That idea rather took my fancy."

I was particularly interested in pirates when I was a boy, and any story of a pirate in Lieston would tell you yarns about the celebrated Blackbeard and his lot, and the governor of Virginia who was supposed to be in cahoots with them and of giving them chances to hide themselves and their booty in safe places. A house in the heart of the Dismal Swamp with apparently no way of getting in or getting out, was a first-rate place for carousing and hiding treasure. They needn't have hid the treasure in the house. They could have dug holes all over it..."
The House in the Dismal Swamp

over the swamp and buried things and marked
the places."

"Chests of doubloons and moidores and
pieces of eight," simply hinted the Romantic
Lady. "And ropes of pearls and collars of
rubies torn off ladies' necks before their ships
were scuttled. Go on, Jem."

"Oh, well?" Jem admitted. "All sorts of
things might have happened—if you choose to
take up the pirate idea. It gives you lots of
scope. It gave me plenty as I tramped along,
and it was the kind of thing that fitted in with
that queer feeling of being in a dream. I had
a pretty good time with myself before I came
out at the place where the house stood."

Four voices exclaimed simultaneously:
"What was it like?"

JEM HARWOOD chuckled a little and rubbed
the back of his head with an enjoyably rem-
iniscent air. "This was what it was like," he
said. "I stood on solid ground—perhaps
several acres of field—on a sort of rise from the
swamp. And it was a good, big, brick house
with a big, wooden, pillared, double-decked
porch. And I'll be hanged if the double-
decker hadn't sagged forward till it had broken
loose from the front of the house and the
upper deck hung about three feet away from
the wall it belonged to."

"How could it hang loose without falling?"
was asked.

"I don't pretend to know," answered Har-
wood with resigned cheerfulness. "This is
where a fellow might say, 'You may search
me.' I'm not explaining anything. I'm only
trying to describe some deucedly curious facts
as I saw them. Why the whole thing didn't
fail, I couldn't see. It just sagged and hung
away from the house about three feet. But
if it fell the next day after I'd left the place
it held firm while I stood there staring up at
it. I just stood and stared."

He paused and looked round his group of
listeners. "I started most because there was
a woman standing on the upper deck staring
down at me."

"She springs things on you like that," said
one of the two men. "He expects us to
applaud."

"They sprang on me," said Jem Harwood.
"There she stood staring down. She was
youngish and dark and had a sort of wild,
vacant look on her face, and a big mop of black
hair stuck out round her head. She was a
very sight. I don't know whether she was
afraid of me—or she looked as if she might be—but she said nothing, and when I spoke to her,
she didn't answer, but just went on staring.
It struck me that she didn't understand me.
I tried to explain that I wanted to speak to a
man named Morley if he lived there. I spoke
loudly and slowly, and I was just beginning
to shout when a man came from round the
house and I caught sight of him."

"Then my troubles began again. He was
the man without a palate, and in addition to
the fact that you could scarce understand
what he was trying to say he had the same
vacant look the woman had. He wasn't quite
an imbecile perhaps, but he was not all there.
I tried to explain to him that I had come
to look at his piano because I'd been told
he wanted it looked over. I suppose he under-
stood part of what I said anyway, because he
made some curious sounds and led me to the
house. He led me up on the entrance floor
of the portico, and I could see that it was so
old that both doors and pillars were rotten
even to be jolly unsafe. The door was a
wide one and with broken glasswork at the
glass and top. It had been a fine door in its
day, but it was going to pieces like the rest of
the woodwork."

"But it was when he pushed the door open
and I saw the inside of the place that I got a
stort. There was a wide hall that went
through the middle of the place and the walls

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THE Eclipse Electric Cleaner exactly as the housewife wishes it to be in every way. In all the more delightful because of the moderate price. Its difference from ordinary cleaners means both greater simplicity and better results. Short 4 inch "caddy" from the nozzle to top, 300 angles or lifts. This means greater effectiveness of the air current! The slowly revolving brush in nozzle revolves backward as machine goes forward and forward as machine goes backward, keeping the nap of carpet erect, giving new life and tremendous cleanliness; the light weight of only 10 pounds; the perfect balance; easy operation, quick work, economical work, and a long life of satisfactory service, and it sells for only $4.50. Ask the name of nearest dealer.

The Eclipse Machine Company
407 Main Street, Sidney, Ohio.

Eclipse Electric Cleaner

The right way to clean floors

Get a can of Old English Brightener from your drug, hardware, paint or house furnishing dealer. Easy to use. Apply with a rag to clean floor. After from minute to five minutes polish off. Brightener contains no oil and therefore will not darken wood, collect dust and soil marks. Neither will it raise grain of wood nor warp it as water does. As it dries, it deposits a hard, dry, transparent film which not only brightens and protects the floor but doubles the life of the original finish, whether waxed, varnished or shellacked. It pays for itself many times over for this reason alone. Try a small can today. Ask your dealer or write THE A. J. BOYLE CO., 1303 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Old English Brightener

DOES BIRCH SUIT—}
not somebody else—but YOU! It does appeal to thousands of homebuilders as being the best value for the money in beauty, wear resistance, durability and general adaptability which the market affords. We believe that your Birch woodwork will please you to the utmost—permanently and it is very simple for you to KNOW that it will.

Simply ask us to send you the illuminating "Birch book" which tells the whole story.

The Birch Manufacturers
206 F. R. A. Bldg., Oak Park, Wis.

The right way to clean floors

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Old English Brightener

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The House in the Dismal Swamp

prisoner and her piano with her and kept them both there until they died." The Romantic Lady shuddered a little. "It would have been a good place for prisoners," ownership of gold, silver, jewelry, toilet articles, etc.—no mess, no "elbow grease"—merely polish with a soft dry cloth.

SHI-NUP is "different"—it contains no Grit, Acid, or Ammonia. If your dealer does not carry SHI-NUP send us his address, with 30c, coin or stamp, and we will send you, by return mail, prepaid, an 8-oz. can of SHI-NUP.

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is an easy time for housekeepers who make their own Dustless Dust Cloths. They're easy to make, economical, sanitary. Do this: Apply a few drops of 3-in-One to a piece of cheesecloth or any soft cloth. Allow the oil to permeate thoroughly. Then dust all your fine furniture, piano, buffet, talking machine, mantles, etc.

Every particle of dust and lint, with its burden of dangerous germs, is picked up. Can then be shaken outdoors instead of being scattered about to be breathed or to settle somewhere else.

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The High Quality Household Oil has a multitude of daily uses in every well kept home—90c a bottle. It's worth getting acquainted with.

Sold at all good stores. East of the Rocky Mountains states, 10c, 30c and 60c in bottles also in 10c hands of Oil Cans.

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In doing garment work, save your hands. Wearing good quality stock, 3-in-One makes a perfect home. Endless in weight and very serviceable. A beautiful and practical gift. Send part of your order today.

Pohnson Gift Shops
Dept. 8
Pawtucket, R. I.

In using advertisements see page 6
The House in the Dismal Swamp

they looked, but there was no Pittsburgh the shambling, shifting young chap. He wasn’t half-witted—he had no wits at all. You didn’t like to look at him. And there they hung near the door and listened. And I went on playing the thing I made up as I went on. And they stared and listened. And I’m hanged if one of them said a word. Talk about dreams! I can hear those jangling wires wailing out in the hollowness of that big, empty room yet—and see the yellow flicker of the one candle, and the three swamp ghosts standing listening. I don’t know whether they liked it or not. They made no sign of pleasure or even interest. They weren’t an inspiring audience. They just hung about the door and stared. I remembered what the owner of the canoe had said about their being ‘deaf an’ dumb, an’ French or Portuguese or Croatsians anywher.’ Perhaps they had so little to talk about that speech seemed unnecessary. If a man has no palate, I suppose it’s an exception.

“After I had stopped playing, I was taken into a room across the hall and given some supper. The room was a good-sized one, but there was no carving on the walls. We sat at a rough wooden table, and the first thing I saw, when I sat down, was another big, tarnished, silvery pitcher. But it was not so fine either in shape or workmanship as the one in the room with the carved frieze.

“The woman with the wild mop of hair served us, and we had the most mysterious kind of home-made coffee that tasted of beans, and there was corn-bread and bacon and sorghum molasses. And nobody said a word. We sat and ate, and the idiot glared at me, and the woman darted half-frightened, sidelong glances at me when she thought I wouldn’t see her. They were like that, swift, uneasy looks of wild creature casts on a human who has come near him in the woods.

“After supper I took my pipe and went outside and wandered about for a while, but there was nothing to be noticed but darkness and swamp scents and swamp sounds—now and then a night bird and once or twice the yowl of a wildcat. When I went into the house again, I never took me up the stairs to the room where I was to sleep. There was nothing in it but a four-posted bed with ragged hangings. The thing I slept on was not exactly a mattress, but a ticking stuffed with some dried stuff that rustled—dried leaves or corn-shucks or swamp grass. I mention the rustling, because just as I was falling asleep it began rustling on its own account and not because I was moving. Something alive had made a nest in it—I suppose it was a mouse or some sort of big beetle. Anyhow it crawled about and rustled. But I was so dead tired with my long tramp that I fell asleep while I was listening to it.

“SLEPT like a log. The first thing I knew after that was that broad daylight was pouring in through the windows and I was wide-awake. I got up and went downstairs and had some more corn-bread and home-made coffee, while the shock-headed wild woman watched me out of the ends of her eyes and the idiot glared and gobbled his food. I don’t think he liked my looks. I don’t think Mercy did either. I didn’t like theirs, and I wasn’t sorry to set out on my tramp when Mercy started me on a path that gave me a chance to walk my way out of the swamp after a good long trudge.”

Jim paused a moment reflectively and shook his head. “One saw in his nice-tempered blue eyes that the past had got hold of him again. It comes back to me like a picture—that house—as I looked back at it just before I pushed my way into the swamp again,” he meditated. “I felt as if I had to make sure it was really there, and I turned round and just stood and stared at it. It was there—sagging porch and all. And what I was wondering was—
how it had come there—and when and why. And what sort of things had happened in it—to what sort of people. A fellow couldn't help feeling a bit queer. It wasn't natural that it should be in that place. Somehow it seemed to mean unnatural things.

“But there it was, and there I left it when I turned into the path. When I got out of the swamp, I was only a few miles from a branch railroad, and I took a train and went home.”

He came to such an evident full stop that there followed a moment of silence. Then some one cried out—almost indignantly.

“But—but what else?”

“Nothing else,” answered Jen Harvold.

“There ought to have been, but there wasn't. I knew you'd feel that way. My sister does. I did myself.”

“And you never found out—?”

“There was no way of finding out. When I went back to Lisleport a year or two later, Lisleport knew no more than it had done when I first went asking questions. And it cared less. That's thirty-five years ago, and if the house hasn't burned down or fallen to pieces, it's probably there yet. If the man without a palate and the wild woman with the mop of black hair and the idiot are not dead, I wonder what they look like. That's the end of the story.”

Helps for the Sugar Bill
(Continued from page 56)

From a reader in New Jersey comes a recipe for a delicious cake filling requiring no sugar. Beat one tablespoonful of marshmallow cream into one cupful of any kind of jam or fruit conserve. The marshmallow stiffens the jam and keeps it from running. Spread on the cake and sprinkle a little shredded coconut over the surface. This filling is quickly made and is most tasty.

From a reader in Washington comes a sugarless recipe for Pineapple Rice. Scald one quart of milk in a double-boiler. Add one cupful of rice which has been carefully washed, and cook until the kernels are soft. Add three-fourth teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter cupful of marshmallow cream. Remove from the fire, cool, and add one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cupful of almonds or walnuts chopped fine, and one cupful of diced, canned pineapple. Pour into small, wet molds and chill until firm. Place the molds of rice on individual plates and serve with one cupful of pineapple diced, and a small amount of whipped cream on top. We found that by beating two tablespoonfuls of marshmallow cream into one-half pint of cream, there was no need of adding any sugar, as the whipped cream had a delicious flavor without it.

From New York comes a recipe for Surprise Pudding. Whip one pint of cream and add to it one-half cupful of cooked rice, two tablespoonfuls of gelatin which have been soaked in one-eighth cupful of water for five minutes, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Fold in carefully and then add one cupful of chopped walnuts or hickory nuts, one-half cupful of chopped figs, and one-fourth cupful of chopped, preserved, candied ginger. Pour into a cold, wet mold, chill, and serve very cold.

From Massachusetts comes a recipe which will delight the children, called Chocolate Animals. Melt one-half pound of sweet dipping chocolate in the top of a double-boiler, and add while it is melting one tablespoonful of olive or any good salad oil. Let the chocolate melt, stirring it frequently. Pour about half of it into a shallow dish and manipulate the chocolate with the fingers until it has become cool, about 85° F., and has started to harden on the sides of the dish. Then dip animal crackers, such as can be purchased in any good grocery store, into the chocolate, covering each one entirely. Drop on paper towel to dry. These chocolate animals are delicious and more wholesome than candy. Try them for the children.