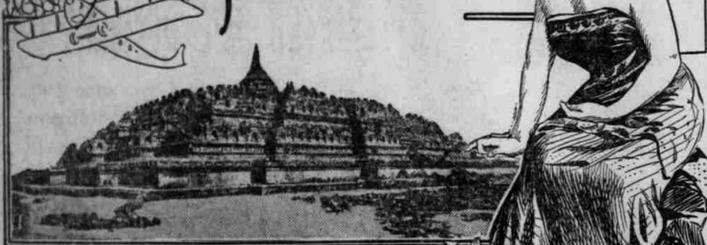


To Boro-Budur by Airplane?



GENERAL VIEW OF BORO-BUDUR.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF BUDDHA

THE airplane marks the beginning of the end of the "silent places." When the aviator comes into his own, time and space will lose their meaning—

As it was 1,300 years ago. Its out-of-the-way position and the rather indifferent service by train, pony cart, and later auto-bus, are the principal reasons why it is not being visited by more travelers.

The most startling of all is the project of an airplane service to handle mail and passengers between different points in the archipelago.

And with airplane service Boro-Budur may come into its own. This world wonder, so long unheard of and neglected by the world at large, will be visited by thousands of globe trotters availing themselves of the airplane service.

To tell fully of all the temple's marvels and beauties would take a book. Of it Alfred Russell Wallace, the great scientist, said: "The human labor and skill expended on Boro-Budur is so great that that expended on the great pyramid sinks into insignificance beside it."

Excavation has disclosed two other terraces six and ten feet respectively below the level of this plan. The Buddhist builders apparently deemed it advisable in this way to strengthen the structure while in course of erection.

In the middle of each of the four sides of this parapet an opening gave access to a flight of stairs, at the sides of which were heavy banisters. One of the lower terraces are huge laughing lions of stone, which still remain with their fixed laughter after 1,300 years.

For about 800 years Boro-Budur was visited by millions of worshippers, then a Mohammedan invasion swept the country and the temple was deserted. Jungle grew about it and volcanic debris, from the countless active craters the island is famous for, covered it.

In 1914 it was discovered by accident by Sir Stamford Raffles, who should be loose and finely pulverized to a depth of at least two inches. The field leaves should be low, broad, and permanent and constructed on contour lines at distances which will hold the water at an average depth of five inches. This will increase the cultivated area and leave no uncultivated strips in the field for the growth of weeds.

The harvested rice should be put into strongly built shocks that should be well capped to protect the grain from the sun as well as from the rain. Threshing should not be done until the rice has remained in the shock for at least two weeks.

BEAN THRIPS ARE NUISANCE
Small insects Do considerable injury to plants if no control measures are taken.
The bean thrip is rapidly becoming a nuisance. Its appearance on the leaf is indicated by the pale, spotted appearance due to the feeding on the under surface, mainly.

ROOSTER IS NOT NECESSARY
Male Bird in No Way Increases Production of Eggs—Hens Lay More Without Him.
So far as egg production is concerned, it is absolutely unnecessary to keep a male bird in the flock. The hens lay just as many eggs and frequently more and you have the added advantage of producing infertile eggs.

From "Stolen" Nests.
Eggs from "stolen" nests should not be marketed, they are unknown age and quality and should be used at home.
Infertile Eggs.
Infertile eggs will withstand marketing conditions much better than fertile eggs.
Value of Gardens.
Make the most of your garden. Tendency of prices is still upward.

The House of Whispers

By William Johnston Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XII—Continued.
"Nothing doing," he sneered. "Any crook daring enough to steal those pearls, once he had got his hands on them, never would return them. Pearls are too easily disposed of. You've got to dig up a better explanation than that."

"What did Mr. Gaston think? What did he say when he found them there?"
"He had nothing to say. He was so tickled at finding them again that he hustled with them right away to the safe deposit and did not rest until he had them safely locked up. He took both jewel cases with him and made me go along with him to protect them."

"Didn't you look at all for the secret passageway I told you about?"
"Still dreaming about that, are you?"
On the way up to the Granddeck the old man spoke about it and I told him that in my opinion there was nothing to it. After he recovered the pearls he was too excited to think about anything else. It seemed to me that he was not to be trusted.

"How do you account for the return of the pearls?" I cried desperately.
"I have no theory about that," he said.
"I had to explain it. Maybe by the time I come to see you tomorrow you'll have thought up a new yarn to spin."

"Please, please," I called after him as he turned away, "do look tomorrow for my secret passage. It is not where I said it was."
He walked away without answering. Back once more in my cell, I stretched myself despondently on my little iron cot, and closing my eyes, tried to concentrate my thoughts on an attempt to solve the mystery.

With a shock it came to me, too, that the restoration of the pearls practically upset the whole theory of my theory. It was not possible that I had been so stupid as to believe in a secret passage, when I had seen the pearls in the apartment, and had seen the man who had taken them.

I had just one hope left. Old Rufus must find that secret passageway, and see whether it led, that with our own eyes, and with our own ears, and with our own noses, and with our own tongues, we could find it. I would have to be a detective, and I would have to be a detective of the first order.

For hours I lay there racking my brain, and trying to remember the things that I had seen and heard. My luncheon was brought in, but I waved it away untouched. Weirly I wondered whether the recovery of the pearls had destroyed my aged relative's faith in me, as it seemed to have destroyed Gorman's. I could hardly believe that I was doing me wrong, but I was.

"Millionaire Gaston Found Murdered," Was the Startling Headline That Flashed Before Me.
The gang to which young Nelson, now in prison charged with the murder of Miss Lutan, undoubtedly belonged. There was a man in the apartment as a caretaker, and that this enabled them to get their bearings in the building and provide themselves with false keys for ransacking the rooms at their leisure.

There was also a brief interview with Wick, in which he was quoted as saying:
"I was suspicious of Nelson from the start and tried to warn you about it. He was very secretive about his comings and goings and was always prying about trying to learn something about the other tenants. How Mr. Gaston came to employ him as caretaker I never learned, but it would be no hard matter for a slick young crook like him to impose on so old a man as Mr. Gaston with a cock and bull story."

I sniffed indignantly as I read this. I knew that Wick was deliberately trying to stir further discord. It resulted that Miss Lutan, I was morally certain, was inclined to agree with Gorman that Wick himself was not the murderer. The fact that he was a cowardly and cringing nature seemed to argue against associating him actively with crimes of violence.

That Wick knew well who had killed Rufus Gaston, just as he knew who had killed Miss Lutan, I was morally certain. I was inclined to agree with Gorman that Wick himself was not the murderer. The fact that he was a cowardly and cringing nature seemed to argue against associating him actively with crimes of violence.

My messenger returned with the newspapers, and as I picked them up, everything went black. "Millionaire Gaston Found Murdered," was the startling headline that flashed before me, right there in the column next to the account of the Bradford wedding.

The sinister effect of the terrible news dawned on me instantly. With my great-uncle Rufus dead, without the possibility of his corroborating any part of my story, my case was hopeless, desperate. Unquestionably it would mean that I would be found guilty of murder and sentenced to death in the electric chair. As soon as I could I would see myself in the electric chair.

CHAPTER XIII.
Coming as it did as a dire climax to all my other troubles, the shock of old Rufus Gaston's murder sent me into an apathetic state from which it seemed impossible for me to arouse myself. Without hope and even without interest I dully awaited the approach of my trial for murder.

While there never had been an opportunity for any bond of affection to become established between my aged relative and myself—in fact, I had seen him only three or four times in my whole life, and then only for brief periods—still his unexpected and dreadful end had bereft me of practically every hope of being acquitted of the charge against me. Wick, I knew, it was plain, intended to disclaim all knowledge of my relationship to Mr. Gaston, and now there was no one else to explain how I happened to be living in the building at the time of Miss Lutan's murder.

HOW TO STOP HESSIAN FLY LOSSES

