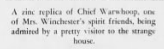


Mystery Shrouds One-Time Famous Spirit Haven

Visitors Are Cordially Received During Daylight Hours But Police Dogs Patrol Ghostly Gardens at Night



An aerial view of the ghost-ridden Winchester home, where carpenters worked for 14 years, constructing blind stairways, windows that opened into walls, 2000 doors, 3 electric elevators, an unnecessary labyrinth in which visitors often lose their way.



A wax replica of Chief Warhopper, one of Mrs. Winchester's spirit friends, being admired by a pretty visitor to the strange house.

Rich Widow Builds House On Orders Of Watchful Wraiths Who Dictated Plans

By JOE CUSTER

FOR 14 years the spirits who inhabited the building mysteriously that is the Winchester mystery mansion have had free rein of the place, and according to the best traditions of phantom etiquette they're likely to pay their respective dues any time now with some sign of acknowledgment for the unusual treatment practiced in their behalf.

For according to the regulations stipulated by the late Sarah Winchester, who spent \$5,000,000 and 26 years of continuous construction, the spirits have always been allowed plenty of elbow room for their frolics during the winchman hours.

While the late widow of the wealthy firearms manufacturer lived in this weird mansion herself, the spirits were always assigned a home to haunt, one especially constructed for their peculiar desires.

As it happened, they required such things, even to the point of sending the labor on that the phantom visitors might come when it was time to get about and other phantoms back to their respective graveyards. A bell tolled at midnight, at 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning for this purpose, and remained about the rest of the 24 hours.

Either by accident or design, much the same custom prevails today. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown, manager of Pittsburgh have been caretakers and guides for the world's weirdest residence for 12 years.

Visitors are received cordially and escorted through the rooms and corners of the labyrinth of rooms and passages at any and all hours of the day, Sundays and holidays included, for instance, but no one is allowed near the place after dark.

Police dogs, with a keen sense of responsibility, and frequent expense to fulfill their duties, patrol the grounds at night, just as they did in Mrs. Winchester's day, while watchmen likewise sleep with a keen sense alert for the wraiths.

Particularly strange requests a chance to continue with the department on "Chowder's" roller day, Friday, 14, have been politely but firmly denied, and in the 12 years of operation of the mystery mansion as a curiosity, only one mortal, the late Hattie, ever stepped across the threshold after midnight.

The Browns adhere their strongest policy to their dead of fit, with the stipulation that they cannot possibly take any other visitor with an available property.

One day, for instance, demanded a dog and impressed a spirit Mrs. Brown shortly after she had gone into the business of attending the house that ghostly host. With her heart pounding like a hammer in a casket, Mrs. Brown discovered that the dog, which had never entered of its own volition before, had no hands on the inside. She was standing in a lonely garden for hours, until she finally escaped

The Winchester hall shows, from which the ancient bell tolled midnight, signaling phantoms called it was time to leave the ransacking house and spacious gardens.

As crawling through a dimly lit hallway into the late owner's private bedroom.

Another spirit dropped a little ball but an avulsion, in the most conspicuous part of the 100,000 hall-room in which no ball was ever held and thus disclosed the death notice of Mrs. Winchester's only child, in 1851, with two strands of baby hair.

There are the usual ghostly noises and flashes at night, but the caretakers pay little heed to them. There are but routine maintenance to be expected of any old house, and scarcely worthy of serious consideration.

Of the huge, constantly shifting staff of workmen whose tools and time fashioned the eccentric pattern of the completed structure, few are to be found in the vicinity now, although some of them recall the "some of their labor" intensively from all corners of the globe.

One of those still pursuing the track of this, sitting in San Jose is Harry Brothers.

In recalling his employment at the mansion, Brothers admitted that the widow's wishes were rather peculiar at times, but advised her appreciation of art in his particular endeavor.

"I don't know if Mrs. Winchester got her share from the spirits," he smiled, "but I do know that time and money meant nothing to her. The house contains probably the finest interior in the world. The interior materials from all parts of the globe, and everything was done so hand. We'd work for days or weeks on getting one small installation, but the work was done so perfectly that even to this day it looks as though it had been just put into place."

Mrs. Winchester regarded her workers well, but advised them frequently, especially as that no one could formulate a definite line of her plans.

"I rarely caught more than a glimpse of her," Brothers said, "sometimes she'd suddenly appear out of nowhere, and then I'd get the impression that she'd been standing there for some time, watching me work. I understood that she was so upset at coming face to face unexpectedly with a servant girl that she chastised her, but she gave her a year's salary."

"She was always being something for charity, and for those who served her. Why, she once gave me a \$100,000 bill for my services. She was a very generous woman, and she probably gave huge sums to other worthy causes that no one now has had a chance to see. Mrs. Winchester was a wife of a woman, four feet, eleven inches tall, and I always felt sorry for her because she was deprived normal of her life."

"On the whole, I'd say that it was quite an experience, working there, and I still hold a lot of satisfaction in performing a job well and perfect; you have to take pains to do that, and that is something we always had plenty of at the Winchester home."



Harry Brothers, San Jose tile artist who appreciated the time the widow allowed him to do perfect work.

of satisfaction in performing a job well and perfect; you have to take pains to do that, and that is something we always had plenty of at the Winchester home.

After 13 years of struggle and hardship and unexpected reversals, the Browns are finally beginning to see daylight in their efforts to put the ghost mansion on a steady financial footing. In 1923, Mrs. Brown closed her furniture in the deal, and in 1926, but 13 years later an impulsion from out of the night suddenly asked for her a porphyry building position, and

The only known picture of Mrs. William Wm. Winchester, whose income of \$1000 a day built a 100,000 hall-room which never was used.

showed how she could construct living quarters for her family in the old mansion, utilizing the same furniture.

Most of the living quarters of the huge estate employed by Mrs. Winchester and at legendary theories surrounding the white and advance matter-of-fact explanations for the eccentric patterns current in its construction.

They differ directly with the school of suspicion that Mrs. Winchester followed plans set down by the spirits, especially one Chief Warhopper, whom her spirits still stands in her spacious garden.

They explain that the 1000 windows four feet eleven inches in height, and deprived of normal use of her family, provided her home according to both whim and necessity, and followed through an expensive hobby of constant building.

The more popular theory, however, accounts the office in mystery, presumably intermingled with the spirits of those departed from the earth by the habits manufactured by Mrs. Winchester's late husband, one of the founder of the firearms concern of the same name.

When William Wm. Winchester died at the age of 65, he left his widow \$20,000,000 and an income of \$1,000 per day from his estate.

Her child having died in infancy, Mrs. Winchester left the job of mill spirit that she believed surrounded the munitions factory in New Haven, Conn., according to this theory, and came West with her sister Margaret Marston,

Mrs. Brown, who was imprisoned in one of the rooms and found to escape through a chimney.

to escape several victims of the dead, especially Indians who let the dust when walked by a light.

The lid away in a nine-room, two-story farm house she bought from Dr. Carwell near San Jose (Cal.).

UNTIL the earthquake in 1906, she visited and received friends, although her eccentricity in construction was manifest. But when the spirits served notice of their displeasure by rudely hauling a chimney across her bedroom as the quake started, she was convinced that she had apparently shocked her duty.

The action of the house, visited by the phantom messengers was straightway boosted up, never to receive again until after her demise. Her mania for construction and destruction, addition and subtraction, kept active until the building grew over an acre and contained 100 rooms, most of them torn down and rebuilt at least five times.

For 12 years until she joined her spirit friends in 1922, at the advanced age of 81, Mrs. Winchester had business rapping continuously night and day, following the strains of watchful wraiths who conversed with her in the deserted rooms.

To befriend and restrain the good spirits and to desert and discourage the bad ones, the widow obstructed on the mansion until it contained 2000 doors, three electric elevators, 47 chimneys, 2000 doors, 100 closets and 7000 windows, all welded together in a mass of bewildering construction.

The bad phantoms had a pretty hard time of it, with blind chimneys and stairways blocking their favorite modes of entrance. Passageways were complicated labyrinths, leading often to nowhere; windows opened on solid walls, as did some doors, while tapestries, fine cloths and complicated stairways added to the confusion.

Hallways with screens or glass doors opened nowhere; phantoms phantoms, and frequent groupings of 12, 18, 24, 30, 36, 42, 48, 54, 60, 66, 72, 78, 84, 90, 96, 102, 108, 114, 120, 126, 132, 138, 144, 150, 156, 162, 168, 174, 180, 186, 192, 198, 204, 210, 216, 222, 228, 234, 240, 246, 252, 258, 264, 270, 276, 282, 288, 294, 300, 306, 312, 318, 324, 330, 336, 342, 348, 354, 360, 366, 372, 378, 384, 390, 396, 402, 408, 414, 420, 426, 432, 438, 444, 450, 456, 462, 468, 474, 480, 486, 492, 498, 504, 510, 516, 522, 528, 534, 540, 546, 552, 558, 564, 570, 576, 582, 588, 594, 600, 606, 612, 618, 624, 630, 636, 642, 648, 654, 660, 666, 672, 678, 684, 690, 696, 702, 708, 714, 720, 726, 732, 738, 744, 750, 756, 762, 768, 774, 780, 786, 792, 798, 804, 810, 816, 822, 828, 834, 840, 846, 852, 858, 864, 870, 876, 882, 888, 894, 900, 906, 912, 918, 924, 930, 936, 942, 948, 954, 960, 966, 972, 978, 984, 990, 996, 1000.

SO THAT no outside visitor should be necessary for any reason, the mansion included its own heating system, with arrangements for wood, coal, gas, hot air, steam or electricity, and had its own laundry, sevenitchens and a greenhouse.

Mortal visitors, even President Teddy Roosevelt, were turned away unceremoniously, and the costly front door, valued at \$3000, opened only three times: for the entrance and exit of Mary Baker Eddy and when Mrs. Winchester's illness there was taken away forever in 1922.

When Mrs. Winchester decreed to take in one of her three expensive, imported automobile shades were lightly drawn to avoid her from outside eyes.

When she wished music, noted orchestra from the world over played in the spacious hallways in the garden, with Mrs. Winchester in the nearby parlors of her.

Her favorite center for sculpture led the world over, and she had the big chests of adjacent property, with more than one set of silver and gold, which she had the most of her in the mansion, but she was so poor, she was admitted 25,000 visitors per year, that she never really got off her his ring.

Now and then, a visitor steps suddenly, egotistically, and then talks of "shooting" "noises."

The private claim it is Mrs. Winchester attempting to establish communication. Some of them who would explain definitely the peculiar nature of the strange plans to the observant visitor, a question which has puzzled visitors from the world over.

WIDE ENCLAVE THE TABLE OF THEIR THOUGHTS. THESE HADN'T THOUGHTS PEOPLE THIS "LITTLE WORLD."