

UNCANNY, SPOOKY, CREEPY TALES

January

# Ghost STORIES



Love  
Beyond the Border  
A Christmas  
Ghost Story



*Sensational Proofs of Telepathy!*

THE  
RADIO MIND

BY

Upton Sinclair



# Enjoy Perfect Vision without these eye crutches

## Thousands Can Throw Their Glasses Away

**G**LASSES are only eye crutches. They simply bolster up the eyes—they cannot cure or eliminate the conditions responsible for the trouble. They are useful just as crutches are useful for an injured leg, but they can no more restore your eyes to their former strength than crutches can mend a broken limb. The real help must come from other sources. In the case of the eyes it is exercise.

Over 20 years ago Bernarr Macfadden, father of Physical Culture, had a most trying experience with his eyes. Due to many nights of hard literary work under poor artificial light, they became terribly strained. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started in upon a course of natural treatment that he fully believed would help him.

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If you already wear glasses, find out how you can discard your glasses—and see better without them. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your sight is failing, then find out how a few minutes each day assures you perfect sight without the use of glasses.



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Do you know that there is a spot in your eye where you are totally blind? Prove it now. Hold this diagram about 10 inches directly before you. Close the left eye, and fix the right eye on the cross. Then bring the diagram gradually closer and at about 7 inches the black spot will suddenly disappear. This is but one of the important points of information about your eyes which you should know, particularly if you have any eye trouble.

mal vision in a short time. Your eyesight is your most important possession. It can never be replaced if it is lost. And since no amount of money could make you sacrifice your eyes, you owe it to yourself at least to investigate what this new scientific method can do for you.

Here is a man who writes: "Strengthening the Eyes has enabled me to completely forget the optician. It has practically cured a bad case of astigmatism."

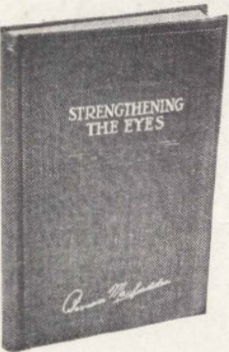
And here is another who says: "By faithfully following the directions given in your Eye Course I have discarded glasses worn for years, and have had absolutely no trouble for the past two years."

Another grateful reader of this helpful book writes: "I had been wearing glasses since I was eight years of age and could not go a day without them. I am now twenty-four and with just a little effort in practicing the Eye Exercises each day for a period of two months, I have been able to stop wearing glasses entirely."

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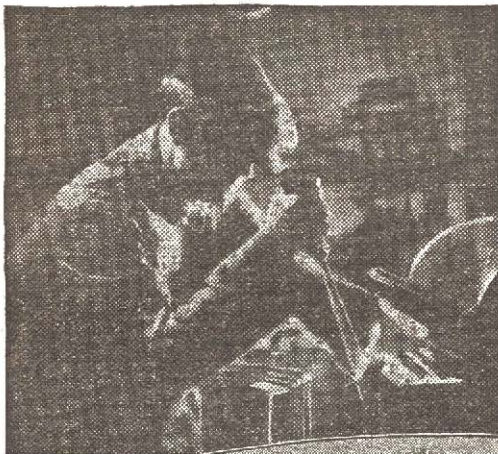
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Vol. 8

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No. 1

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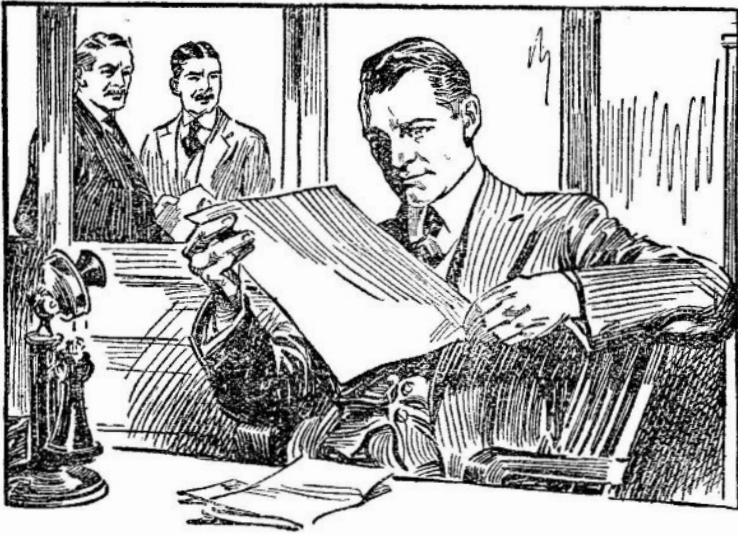
**THE MASK**

By Robert W. Chambers

*In which this Popular Author Enchants You*

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# The Radio Mind

*Does the brain send out waves?  
Do thoughts set up vibrations?  
A world-famous novelist  
has probed uncharted depths  
to answer these absorbing  
questions for you!*

**I**F you were born as long as fifty years ago, you can remember a time when the

test of a sound, common-sense mind was refusing to "fool with new-fangled notions." Without exactly putting it into a formula, people took it for granted that Truth was known and familiar, and anything that was not known and familiar was nonsense. In my boyhood, the funniest joke in the world was a "flying machine man"; and when my mother took up a notion about "germs" getting into you and making you sick, my father made it a theme for no end of domestic wit. Even as late as twenty years ago, when I wanted to write a play based on the idea that men might some day be able to make a human voice audible to groups of people all over America, my friends assured me that I could not interest the public in such a far-fetched theme.

Among the objects of scorn, in my boyhood, was what we called "superstition"; and we made the term include, not merely the fear that the number thirteen brought you bad luck; not merely a belief in witches, ghosts and goblins, but also a belief in any strange phenomena of the mind which we did not understand. We knew about hypnotism, because we had seen stage performances, and were in the midst of reading a naughty book called "Trilby"; but such

By  
**UPTON SINCLAIR**

things as trance mediumship, automatic writing, table-tipping, telekinesis, telepathy and clair-

voyance—we didn't know these long names, and if such ideas were explained to us, we knew right away that they were "all nonsense."

In my youth I had the experience of meeting a scholarly Unitarian clergyman, the Reverend Minot J. Savage of New York, who assured me quite seriously that he had seen and talked with ghosts. He didn't convince me, but he sowed the first seed of curiosity in my mind, and I began reading books on psychic research. From first to last, I have read hundreds of volumes; and always I have been interested and always uncertain—an uncomfortable mental state. The evidence in support of telepathy came to seem to me conclusive, yet it never quite became real. The consequences of belief would be so tremendous, the changes it would make in my view of the universe so revolutionary, that I couldn't believe, even when I said I did.

But for thirty years the subject has been among the things I hoped to know about; and, as it happened, the fates were planning to favor me. They sent me a wife who became interested, and who not merely investigated telepathy, but learned to practice it. For the past two years I have been watch-



ing this work, day by day and night by night, in our home. So at last I can say that I am no longer guessing. Now I really know. I am going to tell you about it, and hope to convince you; but regardless of what anybody can say, there will never again be a doubt about it in my mind. I know!

**WHAT**—or why *is* telepathy: that is to say, can one human mind communicate with another human mind, except by the sense channels ordinarily known and used—seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting and touching? Can a thought or image in one mind be sent directly to another mind and there be recognized and reproduced? And,

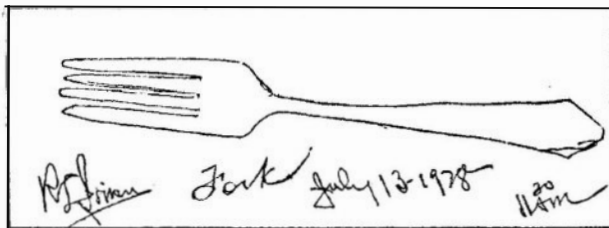


Fig. 1

if this can be done, how is it done? Is it some kind of vibration, going out from the brain, like radio broadcasting? Or is it some contact with a deeper level of mind, as bubbles on the surface of a stream have contact with the water of the stream? And if this power exists, can it be developed and used? Is it something that happens now and then, like a lightning flash, over which we have no control? Or can we make it, and store it, and use it regularly, as we have learned to do with the electricity which Franklin brought from the clouds?

These are the questions; and the answers, as well as I can summarize them, are as follows: Telepathy is real; it does happen. Whatever may be the nature of the force, it has nothing to do with space, for it works exactly as well over forty miles as over twenty feet. And while it may be spontaneous, and may depend upon a special endowment, it can be cultivated and used deliberately, as any other object of study in physics and chemistry. The essential in

this training is the art of mental concentration and auto-suggestion, which can be learned, exactly as one can learn to spell or to speak French. I am going to tell you not merely what you can do, but how you can do it, so that if you have patience and genuine interest, you can make your own contribution to knowledge.

Starting this subject, I am like the wandering book-agent or peddler who taps on your door and gets you to open it, and then has to speak quickly and persuasively—putting his best goods foremost, before you are moved to shut the door in his face. Your prejudice is all against the idea; and if you are one of my old-time readers, you are a little shocked to find me taking up a

new and unexpected line of activity. You have come, after thirty years to the position where you allow me to be one kind of “crank”, but you won’t stand for my being two kinds. So it seems wise for me to come straight to the point, open up my

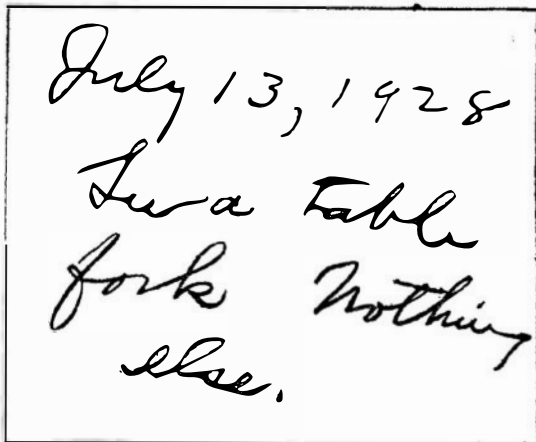


Fig. 1a

pack, pull out my choicest wares, and catch your attention with them if I can.

I shall show you first a drawing of a table-fork (fig. 1). It was drawn with a lead-pencil on a sheet of ruled paper, and then reproduced in the ordinary way. You note that it bears a signature and a date.

This drawing was produced by my brother-in-law, Robert L. Irwin—a young business man, and no kind of “crank” what-

ever—under the following circumstances. He was sitting in a room in his home in Pasadena at a specified hour, eleven-thirty in the morning of July 13th, 1928, having agreed to make a drawing of any object he might select, and then to sit gazing at it, concentrating his entire attention upon it for a period of from fifteen to twenty minutes.

At the same agreed hour, eleven-thirty in the morning of July 13th, 1928, my wife was lying on the couch in her study, in our home in Long Beach, forty miles away by motor-car. She was in semi-darkness, with her eyes closed, employing a system of mental concentration which she has been practicing off and on for a couple of years, and mentally suggesting to her subconscious mind to bring her whatever was in the mind of Bob, her brother-in-law. Having become satisfied that the image which came to her mind was the correct one—since it persisted, and came back again and again—she sat up, took pencil and paper, and wrote the date and the six words which appear in fig. 1a.

A day or two later we drove to Pasadena, where, in the presence of Bob and his wife, Mrs. Sinclair and myself,

the drawing and the writing were produced and compared. Before I finish this exposition, I shall present affidavits to the effect that the drawing and writing were produced in this way. Incidentally, my wife and Bob

Irwin produced four additional pairs of drawings made in the same way, three of them equally successful.

Second case. Consider the drawings in fig. 2 and fig. 2a. These were produced under the following circumstances. The single drawing (fig. 2) was made by me in my study at my home. I was alone, and the

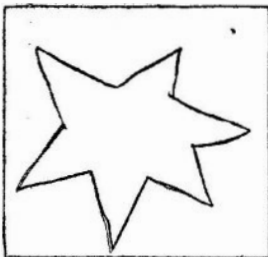


Fig. 2

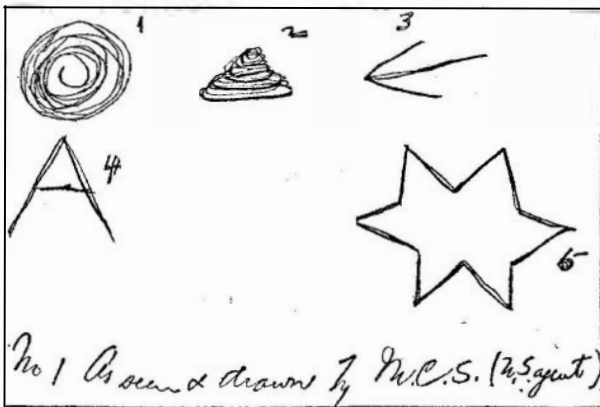


Fig. 2a

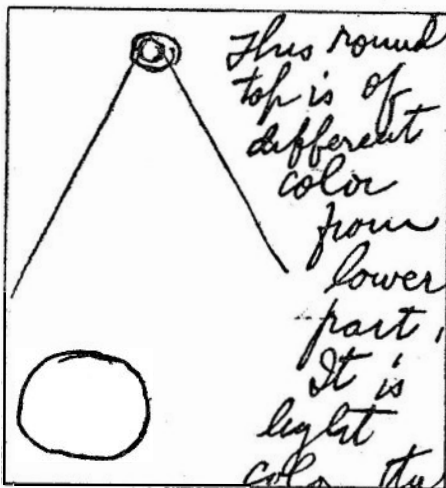


Fig. 3

door was closed before the drawing was made, and was not opened until the test was concluded. Having made the drawing, I held it before me and concentrated upon it for a period of five or ten minutes.

The five drawings (fig. 2a), were produced by my wife, who was lying on the couch in her study, some thirty feet away from me, with the door closed between us. The only words spoken were as follows: when I was ready to make my drawing, I called, "All right," and when she had completed her drawings, she called, "All right" — whereupon I opened the door and took my drawing to her and we compared them. I found that in addi-





Fig. 4

tion to the five little pictures, she had written some explanation of how she came to draw them. This I shall quote and discuss later on. I shall also tell about six other pairs of drawings, produced in the same way.

Third case: another drawing (fig. 3), was produced under the following circumstances: My wife went upstairs and shut the door which is at the top of the stairway. I went on tip-toe to a cupboard in a downstairs room and took from a shelf a red electric-light bulb—it having been agreed that I should select any small article, of which there were certainly many hundreds, and perhaps a thousand or two, in our home.

I wrapped this bulb in several thicknesses of newspaper, and put it, so wrapped, in a shoe-box, wrapping the shoe-box in a whole newspaper, and tying it tightly with a string. I then called my wife who came downstairs, and lay on her couch and put the box on her body, over the solar plexus. I sat watching, and never took my eyes from her, nor did I speak a word during the test. Finally she sat up, made her drawing, with the written comment, and handed it to me. Every word of the comment, as well as the drawing, were produced before

I said a word, and the drawing and writing as here reproduced have not been touched or altered in any way.

The text of my wife's comment on her drawing (fig. 3) is as follows:

"First see round glass. Guess nose glasses? No. Then comes V shape again with 'button' in top. Button stands out from object. This round top is of different color from lower part. It is light color, the other part is dark."

To avoid any possible misunderstanding, perhaps I should state the question and answer in the above were my wife's description of her own mental process and do not represent a question asked of me.

Next, I offer two drawings (fig. 4, 4a).

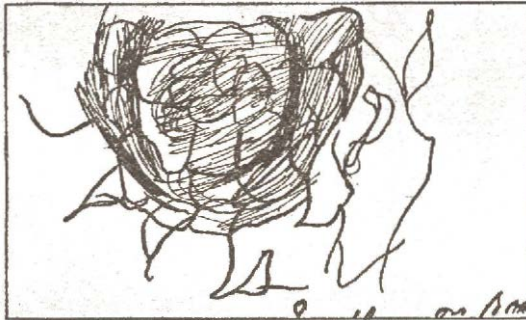


Fig. 4a

These were produced in the following manner: The one at the top was drawn by me alone in my study, and was one of nine pictures, all made at the same time and with no restriction whatever upon what I should draw—anything that

came into my head. Having made the nine drawings, I wrapped each one in a separate sheet of green paper, to make it absolutely invisible, and put each one in a plain envelope and sealed it. Then I took the nine sealed envelopes and laid them on the table by my wife's couch. My wife then took one of them, placed it over her solar plexus and lay in her state of concentration, while



Fig. 5

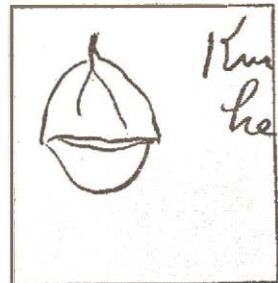


Fig. 5a



Fig. 6



Fig. 6a

I sat watching her, at her insistence, in order to make the evidence more conclusive. Having received what she considered a convincing telepathic "message", or image of the contents of the envelope, she sat up and made her sketch (fig. 4a) on a pad of paper.

**T**HE essence of our procedure is this: that never did she see my drawing until hers was completed and her descriptive words written; that I spoke no word and made no comment until after this was done, and that the drawings presented here are in every case exactly what I drew, while the corresponding drawing is exactly what my wife drew, with no change or addition whatsoever.

In the case of this particular pair, my wife wrote: "Inside of rock well with vines climbing on outside." Such was her guess as to the drawing, which I had meant for a bird's nest surrounded by leaves; but you can see that the two drawings are, for practical purposes, identical.

Many tests have been made, by each of the different methods above outlined, and the results will be given and explained in these pages. The method of attempting to reproduce small drawings was used more than any other, simply because it proved the most convenient; it could be done at a moment's notice, and so fitted into our busy lives. The procedure varied in a few

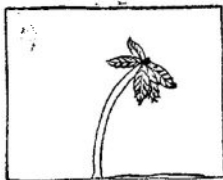


Fig. 8

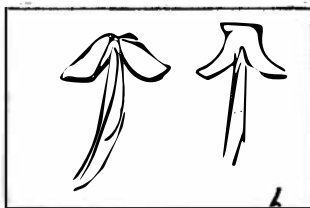


Fig. 8a

details to save time and trouble, as I shall later explain, but the essential features remain unchanged: I make a set of drawings, and my wife takes them one by one and attempts to reproduce them without having seen them.

Here are a few samples, chosen at random because of their picturesque character. If my wife wrote anything on the drawing, I add it as "comment", and you are to understand here, and for the rest of these experi-

ments, that "comment" means the exact words which she wrote *before* she saw my drawing. Often there will be parts of this "comment" visible in the drawing, but as a rule I shall give the whole thing in print, for the sake of legibility and convenience.

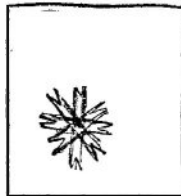


Fig. 7

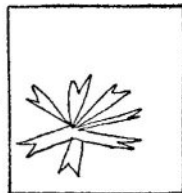


Fig. 7a

Let us take the two drawings (fig. 5, 5a) on which my wife's comment was: "Knight's helmet."

On the next (fig. 6a) the comment was: "Desert scene, camel, ostrich, then below"—and the drawing came below. On the reverse side of the page is a further comment: "This came in fragments, as if I saw it being drawn by invisible pencil." By comparing her sketch with the original (fig. 6), you can see how closely she approximated it, and how association of ideas supplied the added words.

The pair of drawings next shown (fig. 7, 7a) bear no comment—and none is needed.

No comment, either, was written on the drawing (fig. 8a) which gives two very similar and close representations of my original (fig. 8). But the next test is more interesting:



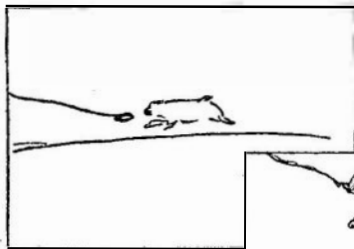


Fig. 9

In the drawings (fig. 9, 9a) we have a very striking pair. My wife's comment on her picture reads: "May be elephant's snout—but anyway it is some kind of animal running. Long thing like rope flung out in front of him."

Following these we have a series of three pairs which, as it happens, were done one after the other. They are selected, in part, because they are amusing, and further, because they illustrate the ingeniousness of the subconscious mind.

I tried, (fig. 10) to draw a bat, from vague memories of boyhood days when they used to fly into the ball-rooms at Virginia Springs hotels and had to be massacred with brooms, because it was believed that they sought to tangle themselves in the hair of the ladies.

My wife's comment on her drawing (fig. 10a) reads: "Big insect. I know this is right because it moves its legs as if flying. Beetle working his legs. Legs in motion!"

The next (fig. 11 on following page) is my effort at a Chinese mandarin.

THE comment on my wife's drawing (fig. 11a) says: "More beetles, or legged bugs"—and she draws the mustaches of the mandarin and his hair. She then goes on—"Head of dragon with big mouth. See also part of his body—in front, or shoulders." The association of mandarins with dragons is obvious.

And finally, my effort at a boy's roller skate, which underwent a strange telepathic transformation. It is here shown turned upside down, for easier comparison. (fig. 12, 12a on page 11).

The comment on this reads: "Profile of head and neck of animal—lion or dog-muzzle. Maybe pig snout."

All these are samples of our successes. Altogether, of such drawings, 38 were prepared by my secretary, while I made 252, a total of 290. I have classified the drawings to the best of my ability into three groups: successes, partial successes, and failures. The partial successes are those drawings which contain some easily recognized element of the original drawing: such as, for example, the last one above. The profile of a pig's head is not

a roller skate, but when you compare the drawings, you see that in my wife's first sketch the eyes resemble the wheels of the roller skates, and in her second sketch the snout resembles my shoe-tip; also there is a general similarity of outline, which is what she most commonly gets.

In the 290 drawings, the total of successes is 65, which is roughly 23 per cent.

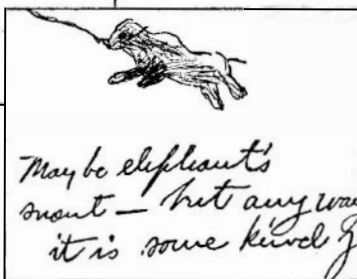


Fig. 9a

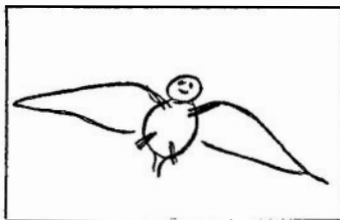


Fig. 10

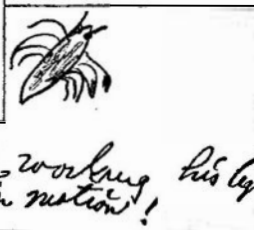


Fig. 10a

The total of partial successes is 155, which is 53 per cent. The total of failures is 70, which is 24 per cent. I asked some mathematician friends to work out the probabilities on the above results, but I found that the problem was too complicated.

Who could estimate how many possible objects there were, which might come into my head to be drawn? Any time the supply ran short, I would pick up a magazine, and in the advertising pages find a score of new drawings to imitate. Again, very few of the drawings were simple. We began with

such things as a circle, a square, a cross, a number or a letter; but soon we were doing Chinese mandarins with long mustaches, and puppies chasing a string. Each of these drawings has many different features; and what mathematician could count the number of



Fig. 11  
(Above)

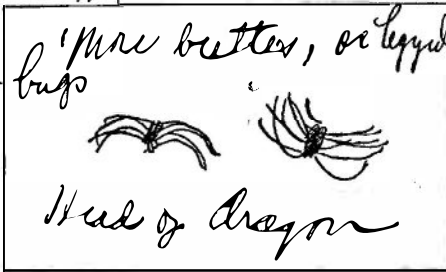


Fig. 11a  
(At right)

these features, and the chances of reproducing them?

It is a matter to be judged by common sense. It seems to me anyone must agree that the chances against the twelve drawings so far shown having been reproduced by accident are too great to be worth considering. A million years would not be enough for such a set of coincidences.

**M**UCH of the evidence which I am using rests upon the good faith of Mary Craig Sinclair; so, before we go further, I ask your permission to introduce her. She is a daughter of the far South; her father is a retired planter, bank president and judge, of Mississippi. The fates endowed his oldest child with the blessings of beauty, health, wealth and wisdom—and then spoiled the gift by adding a curse in the shape of a too-tender heart.

The griefs of other people overwhelm Craig like a suffocation. Strangers take one glance at her, and instantly decide that here is one who will "understand." I have seen her go into a store to buy a piece of ribbon, and come out with tears in her eyes, because of a tragic story which some clerk was moved to pour out to her, all in a moment, without provocation. She has always said that she "gets" the feelings of people, not by their words, but by intuition.

But she never paid any attention to this gift; never associated it with "psychic" matters. She was always too busy, first with eight younger brothers and sisters, and then with the practical affairs of an unpractical author-husband.

Early in childhood, things like this would happen: her mother would say to a little negro servant, "Go and find Miss Mary Craig"; but before the boy could start, the child would know that her mother wanted her, and would be on the way. This might, of course, have been coincidence; I mention it for what value it may have. The same thing applied to dreams. Craig once dreamed there was a needle in her bed, and woke up and looked for it in vain; in the morning she told her mother, who slept in another room. The mother said: "How strange! I dreamed the same thing, and I woke up and really found one!"

Of her young ladyhood Craig tells this story, one of many: Driving with a girl friend, miles from home, she suddenly remarked: "Let's go home; Mr. B is there." Now this was a place to which Mr. B had never come; it was three hundred miles from his own home. However, Craig said: "I have just had a vision of him, sitting on our front porch." Going home, they found him there.

Another instance, of more recent date. Shortly after our coming to California, my wife all at once became greatly worried about Jack London; she insisted that he was in terrible mental distress. As it happened, George Sterling had told us much about Jack's troubles, but these were of old standing, and there was nothing to account for the sudden notion which my wife took up.

We had a lot of conversation about it nevertheless; I offered to take her to the London ranch, but she said she would not attempt to meddle in the affairs of a married man, unless at his wife's request. I made the laughing suggestion that she go alone, in the guise of a gypsy fortune-teller—something which in her girlhood she had done with social *éclat*. Two days later we read that Jack London was dead, and very soon came letters from George Sterling, telling us that London had taken his own life. This, again, might be coincidence; if



it stood alone I would attach no importance to it.

When we were married, sixteen years ago, we spent some time in England, and there we met a woman physician, interested in "mental healing" and full of ideas about "psychic" things. Both Craig and I were in need of healing, having been through a siege of trouble. Craig was suffering from intense headaches, something hitherto unknown in her life; while I had an ancient problem of indigestion, caused by excess of brain work and lack of body work. We began to experiment with healing by the "laying on of hands"—without knowing anything about it, just groping in the dark. I found that I could cure Craig's headaches—and get them myself; while she found that she could take my indigestion, a trouble she had never known hitherto. Each of us was willing to take the other's pains, but neither was willing to give them, so our experiments came to a halt.

WE forgot the whole subject for more than ten years. I was busy trying to reform America; while Craig was developing the most intensely materialistic convictions. Her early experiences of religion had repelled her so violently, that everything suggestive of "spiritualism" was repugnant to her. Never was a woman more "practical", more centered upon the here and now, things which can be seen and touched.

But shortly after the age of forty, her custom of carrying the troubles of all who were near her culminated in a nervous breakdown—a story of suffering needless to go into. Suffice it to say that she had many ills to experiment upon, and mental control became suddenly a matter of life and death. In the course of the last five or six years Craig has acquired a fair-sized library of books on the mind, both orthodox scientific, and "crank." She has sat up half the night studying, marking passages and making notes, seeking to reconcile various doctrines, to know really what the mind is, how it works, and what can be done with it. Always it was a practical problem: things had to *work*. If now she believes anything, rest assured that it is because she has tried

it out in the crucibles of pain, and proved it to her satisfaction in her daily regimen. Especially, that is why she was not con-

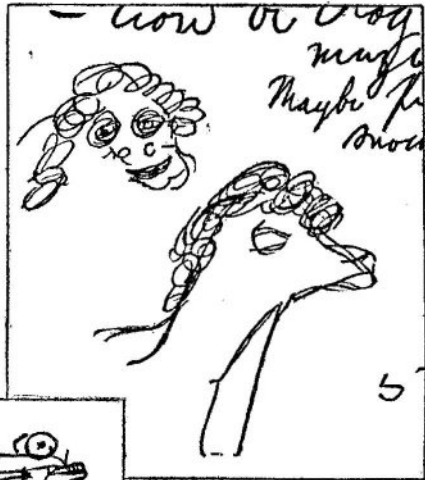


Fig. 12a

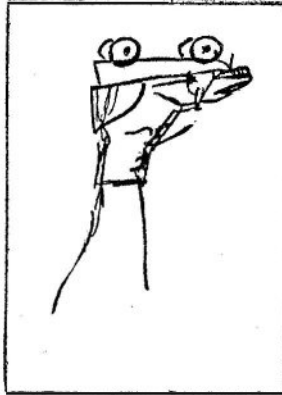


Fig. 12

tent to see psychic phenomena produced by other persons. Even though authorities warned her that trances might be dangerous, and that *rapport* with others might lead to dissociation of personality—even so, she had to find out for herself. A hundred times in the course of our experiments she has turned to me, saying: "Can you think of any way this can be chance? What can I do to make it more sure?" When I said, the other night: "This settles it for me. I am going to write the story," her reply was, "Wait a while!" She wants to do more experimenting; but I think that enough is enough.

What I will do, however, is let her tell you how she does what she does, and how you, too, can do it!

*Next month, Mary Craig Sinclair will reveal in these pages the secret of her remarkable power. She is going to tell YOU how to be a mind reader! Not only that, but she will point out powers of which you never dreamed yourself capable. Mrs. Sinclair's contribution to "The Radio Mind" will appear exclusively in the February issue of GHOST STORIES, on sale January 23rd. Order your copy now!*

# LOVE— Beyond the Border

By  
HENRY  
CONGDON



*A howl of fear came from the dog and, tucking his tail under him, he ran*

**I**T was Christmas Eve—and black murder gnawed at my heart. I paced the room like a caged animal. I threw myself face downward on the bed in an agony of insane jealousy and rage, and there the scene flashed before me more vividly than ever. How lovely Sybil Tanner had appeared as she became the bride of John Kent, my lifelong friend! Friend? I hated him. He had won her away from me. But for him Sybil would have been *my* wife. And I had stood just behind him, smiling, watching the ceremony progress, hearing the words that swept black doom over my intended happiness—the words that made those two man and wife.

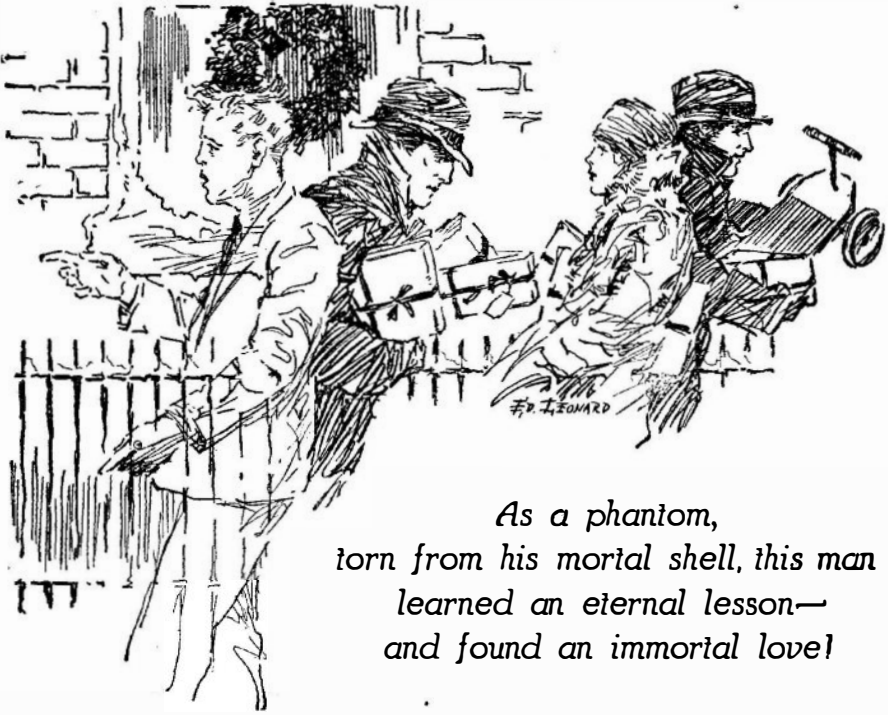
Friend? God, I hated him—hated her!

Stealing away afterward, while the other guests showered the couple with congratulations, I had sought my apartment and locked myself in. Then rage had swept

over me—uncompromising, unreasoning rage—and with it a thirst for revenge. I could kill John Kent! I could take his life, wreck the happiness of those two, even as they stood on the threshold of happiness.

For a week that thought had persisted, growing ever stronger, more violent, until it had become a mania.

Now, on this night, more alone than ever in a world given over to holiday festivities, I stopped and pondered. That mad idea of murder reared itself in my brain like an insidious serpent. It seemed good to me. Why not? Why should those two be entitled to a happiness that I would never know? Oh, I was well aware of the penalty for murder. But justice would never catch me—I was a lawyer and knew too well how to evade it. The thought made me glad and I laughed to myself—shortly, horribly.



*As a phantom,  
torn from his mortal shell, this man  
learned an eternal lesson—  
and found an immortal love!*

Laughter shook me; I could not still it. Suddenly, as I lay there, the laughter brought on most excruciating pains. They shot through my body. I suffered a violent convulsion, like a man deathly ill.

The agony lessened, passed off. It left me weak and exhausted, so that I panted like a dog. I felt light and giddy, as though I had been ill or had lost some part of me—as though I had cast off a great weight. Relief from the pain came to me. I rose from the bed, finding it difficult to place my feet on the rug. But there surged through me a great compelling desire. I would go to John Kent and end his life. I would take my toll for the misery he had caused me. How I would laugh when Kent lay at my feet! How I would sneer when Sybil ran to him, as I knew she would, and found him lifeless! Happiness? I would find my happiness in revenge.

A paper knife lay on the table—part of a desk set John had given me. Its blade was steel, its handle strong. It would do. I would return it to him. I only need go to him, catch him by the hand and, as I offered my overdue congratulations, plunge the knife into him. He would be unsuspecting. She who had accepted my books and flowers, but who had so often rejected my

proposals of marriage—she would suffer now, and I would laugh. What a Christmas hers would be!

Quickly I caught up the knife. I pulled open the door, not stopping for my hat or coat. Noiselessly I sped along the corridor, down the stairs, out of the house. How good—how light I felt! My feet hardly touched the snowy pavement. I was scarcely aware of the merry holiday throngs I passed by. It was good to be like that after my days of depression, to be bound on a mission such as mine. I had a deed to do now.

**B**UT a queer thing happened as I passed down a side street. A dog, a miserable cur with mangy coat and protruding ribs, came running toward me. He did not see me, did not hear me. Sniffing here and there he suddenly brought up short, stared about him, lifted his muzzle. He caught my scent; yet, though he looked in my direction, he still did not appear to see me. But the hair stood up on his back. A long-drawn howl of fear came from his throat and suddenly he turned, tucking his tail under him, and ran.

I stopped in amazement. A policeman stood at the corner, idly swinging his nightstick. He saw the dog's peculiar behavior



and laughed, but he did not look at me. He did not even seem to know I was there. I spoke to him.

"What's got into that dog?" I asked.

The policeman did not answer. He yawned prodigiously, set his cap at a new angle and turned away to patrol his beat. He had not heard me!

I was dumfounded. Neither the dog nor the man had appeared to notice me at all. I looked down at myself. I was as usual. Had the world gone mad? I wondered.

**B**UT I did not consider that for long. I had an errand before me and I proposed to perform it.

John and Sybil had taken a modest apartment not far from my own. They had been back a week from their wedding trip but as yet had received no guests. I would be the first—and the last!

I found the outer door open. Or was it? Something queer about that. It seemed to be open; yet there was some obstruction that I could not fathom. Within, I beheld a dim light burning in the hall and I passed through the doorway feeling a slight resistance as though I had brushed something aside.

I went on, bounding up the stairs. The door to their apartment also stood open. That again was queer. Were there no doors at all in this house? From the threshold I saw them at dinner, laughing together, he rising up to go around and kiss her. How I hated them for that! The spirit of mad jealousy flared up in me anew like a consuming flame.

I entered the apartment, again experiencing that strange resistance as I passed through the open door.

They did not notice me as I came in. Their eyes were on a fine Christmas tree all decked with shiny tinsel and gleaming balls. I gripped the knife and advanced quickly to Kent, extending a hand and calling:

"Congratulations, John! A merry Christmas and best wishes to you both, my life-long friends."

They did not look up at me, but turned back to their meal. They did not even appear to see me there. I started back in surprise and then again my rage overcame me. So they did not care to converse with me, eh? Now that they were married and my happiness was wrecked, they were willing to cast me off like an old shoe?

I cursed—a horrible oath. Sybil looked

up quickly, staring about her in alarm. "John, dear," she said. "What was that? It seemed as though a hot flame fanned my face. Do you think the candles might have set the tree afire? Go see, dear."

Kent looked about him. Then he smiled at her across the table.

"No," he said, "it's my heart—on fire with love for you, dear!"

Trifles like that! Saying those things to make me more angry. He little knew death hovered above him. Sybil rose from her chair.

"Something makes me uneasy, John," she complained. "I feel—I feel as though there were something strange in this room—some menace to us both." She laughed—hysterically, I thought. "Don't you feel it, dear?" she asked.

Still striving to ignore and cut me! The rage in me swelled hotter.

By accident I faced the mirror in a side-board at the opposite end of the room. I stopped and peered at it. Something was wrong. I looked exactly at the spot where I should have seen my own reflection in it. There was none there. I stooped and peered closer. I could not see myself at all! Where I stood there was only a slight blur in the reflection—a vague, mist-like form that was hardly visible.

I moved aside. The film in the mirror shifted, too. I raised one hand. The mist trembled. Forgetting Sybil and Kent, who were now staring at each other in frowning concern, I approached that mirror until I could touch it. I put one hand against the polished surface. Behind me I could see the appurtenances of the room—the dining table, a vase of flowers in its center, food, the two who sat there, and on beyond them the glittering tree. But as for myself there was no reflection at all, except for that hardly apparent veil of mist.

**I**T frightened me. What had I become?

A phantom? Was that why the dog had run from me, why the policeman had turned away? What strange metamorphosis had taken place in me?

My mind went quickly back to my struggle on the bed, the horrible pains I had experienced as black murder surged up in my heart—a wrenching as if my soul were being torn apart. The more I thought about it the more I became convinced that something beyond my comprehension had taken place within me.

Here I was in the room with these two

who had known me for years; yet they evidently did not see me. To myself I was tangible enough. I held a hand before me. It was my hand, clothed in the color of natural flesh, lined with veins, solid. I put it to the mirror—and found no reflection!

**S**UDDENLY, in the fear that overwhelmed me, the flame of my hatred abated, my jealousy grew cold. The change left me chilled, as though an icy wind had blown over me. I felt weak and still more light and giddy; I could hardly keep my feet on the carpeted floor. The chill set me shaking as if I would rattle to pieces.

"John, dear," said Sybil, her voice tense again, "what is the matter with me? A moment ago I felt a hot, burning breeze. Now a deathly cold wind blows over me. Am I ill? Have I a fever?"

Quickly concerned, Kent arose and bent over her, placing a hand on her forehead, his tones soft and consoling. It was torture to see him there, to see him comfort her. Again that flame surged up in me. I had the knife in my hand. His back was toward me, his shoulders bent.

Now was the time. I raised the knife. A good, strong thrust would plunge it into his back, drop him at my feet. Then I would laugh.

I caught my breath. I tensed my muscles. Now!

But I could not move my hand. Cool fingers, as strong as steel, gripped my wrist. A strength that was greater than any power of mine held me helpless.

Slowly I turned. What I saw there caused me to start in amazement.

Behind me stood a woman. Gloriously lovely, clad in some white flowing garment, with a shining radiance glowing all about her. Her hair was the color of gold, but it was her face—her eyes—that held me. They may have been blue, but from them streamed a light of power, of command. She was not so tall as I, but exceedingly fair and beautiful; and though she still held

my wrist in those cool, steely fingers of hers, there was no accusing look in her face. Rather it was one of pity, one of sorrow for me.

I wanted to fall on my knees before her. I wanted to hide my face. Shame, remorse, fear, overcame me. There arose in me the desire to appear strong before this woman; but instead I was only a weakling, giving way to a dastardly whim. In the bright light that surrounded the lovely figure I felt that my soul was laid bare and I was greatly ashamed.

In a moment my wrist was released. Of its own accord the hand that held the knife fell to my side; the blade slipped to the floor. I drew away from her as she stood there, striving to hide from her view, fending her off with hands outspread before me. I closed my eyes, trembling from head to foot. And when I opened them again the strange woman was receding, fading, not into mist but into a bright radiance that lost its human form and itself became slowly dimmed and finally extinguished.

I looked about me. I did not breathe. I stood there as one transfixed.

Then, slowly, a great weariness came over me and I longed to be back in my own apartment, to lie down, to sleep. The lightness of my body now seemed incongruous.

**I** STARED at Kent and his bride. They were sitting together on a divan in an adjoining room, she sobbing quietly against his breast, his arms around her as he strove to quiet her. But I was no longer interested in them. I was concerned only about myself. I wanted to leave that place, to get away. The chill that had pervaded my body now swept upon me like the breath from an iceberg.

I became conscious that I was out of the house, moving along the street. Night was upon the city and only a few package-laden pedestrians were abroad. They took no notice of me. My feet made no sound upon the snow. I might as well have been a



shadow cast by the branches of the trees for all anyone appeared to see me.

And as I came to realize that, a new fear dawned upon me. Suppose I were a detached spirit? Suppose that in the throes of that awful contortion on the bed I had somehow separated my soul from its mortal body? I might unwittingly have stumbled on the key that unlocked my soul from its shell. And if I had, how was I to re-enter it again? What formula, what incantation must I possess to reinhabit my body? And where *was* my body—back in my apartment? I had left so hastily, intent on dealing death to my former comrade and friend, that I had not looked behind me. Was it still there?

DEEP in thought, I did not see where I was going. I did not care. I became possessed of a great impatience. I wanted to fly. I could not contain myself. My footsteps grew faster. I almost ran.

The houses were fewer now, the darkness deeper. I saw I was on the outskirts of the city, hurrying on as though I had to get somewhere but even now was late. I thought of the night, centuries ago, when wise men and shepherds had hastened on their pilgrimage, following the star of promise. Was I, too, following a star? Whither was I bound?

I found myself leaving the road, turning up a snow-piled cart-path, diving deeper into the blue shadows of trees. Still I hurried on in a strange eagerness. Now the ground ascended. The path changed to a trail, uneven and narrow, with protruding stones and fallen icy branches. But so light and intangible had I become that I swept over them without hurt or jar.

Shortly I reached the top of the hill. Below me lay the lights of the city, and from the distance came the hushed murmur of traffic, mingling with the sighing of wind in the branches. I seemed to be alone in a great vastness, the stars in multitudinous glory above me, the earth crisp and white beneath my feet. At first an unutterable loneliness swept over me and I was very weary. Life had no interest for me any more. I was burdened with remorse.

Soon, however, the breeze blew stronger upon me and in its breath there came a sort of exaltation, as though the beauty and sacredness of the night were filling me with new life, new hope. I flung myself down in the drifts and looked up at the snow-laden pines, drinking in their pungent scent

as a thirsty man drinks of a cool, hidden spring.

The breeze grew even stronger. Soon it bent the tree tops. They whispered among themselves. I listened, and if there had been a spirit in the trees uttering words in my own tongue they could not have been more clear.

"There are two personalities in everyone," said the voice. "One is for good, the other for evil. The world is in perfect balance. Only within the individual is there discord. Out of hate comes evil. Banish the hate and the world regains its equilibrium. He that was born this night has said it: 'Love one another.' Cast out hate."

Cast out hate? *Hate?* That was the thing that had made me want to kill. That was the thing in whose clutch I had struggled there upon the bed when, through some strange psychosis I did not understand, I had been changed.

Hate? Suddenly I did not want to be hateful any more. Why should I envy my friend and Sybil their happiness? Time after time I had asked her to marry me and always she had told me, kindly but firmly, that she did not love me. Yet I had tried to force her to respond, to bend her to my will. Again and again she had asked me only to be her friend, her protector.

Was not that her right? How could I hope to make her love me when her love was for another?

Thus I reasoned, alone there on the hill-top. I made a vow that if I could be reinvested of my mortal body I would strive to be a better, truer friend than I had been in the past. Moreover I suddenly knew I did not love Sybil at all. That fire had gone out of me. She was John's and his alone.

AND hardly had I thought that than I burst out weeping, silently, like an overwrought child; weeping as I lay there beneath the stars, in the solitude; weeping on the soft snowy bosom of Mother Earth.

Then the trees were whispering together again, while from the midst of them there came a great light. It was she—that glowing figure that had caught my upraised arm as I was about to strike down my friend!

This time I was not ashamed in her sight. Nor did the look of pity appear in her face. Now there was only gladness and joy—and love. Yes, love for me, whom she had saved that night from becoming a murderer.

I got to my knees. I extended my arms



toward her in rapture. I felt myself a man again, strong and decent, deserving to go to her. And in that moment I knew it was not Sybil I loved but this phantom woman, this wonderful, lovely, radiant creature who stood before me. This was pure love, untainted by any base thought or design. Love undefiled.

She spoke no word to me. She only stood there, smiling, glad, and above her, like a diadem, shone the crystal stars. Then, as before, while the trees around us seemed to whisper again, she was caught up in that bright light that surrounded her, merging with it until she was no longer there, and until the light itself went gradually out. Faintly, on the frosty air came the chimes of distant bells. . . .

I stood as one in a trance. Suddenly there came to me a sense that I had gone back a million years. A tropical sun sent its rays beating down on hot sand. Far beyond I could perceive the blue, sunlit waters of the ocean beating upon a sandy shore. I stood at the door of a great temple; I heard from within the chanting of a priest and saw a strange, dark, swarthy people in worship there. And as I looked about me I became conscious that She was at my side—the wondrously beautiful woman who had come to me from the trees. She looked up at me proudly and I knew that I was the leader of that people and that this woman was my queen and that I loved her.

I strove to remember more. Who was she? Who was I? Had we been together on this planet—or on another somewhere? In an agony I tried to delve deeper into the strata of memory and learn who she was—who I was. Tantalizingly the scene hung before me—the burning sand, the sunlit waters, the breath of strange flowers in my nostrils, the lovely woman by my side. But my mind could go no farther, and in a mo-

ment the scene slowly faded and I found myself alone once more on the frosty hill-top.

Wearily I turned back along the path by which I had come. Again I found the road that led me back to the city. It was morning now, but still no one noticed me on the streets. In time I came to the house in which my apartment was and climbed the stairs. I was eager now to discover if I really had left my mortal body there.

I entered the room and stopped in consternation. Several persons were there. One of them was a neighbor from across the hall, another the landlady who rented the apartments in the house, a third her crippled daughter Lolita to whom I had been somewhat attracted before that murderous madness came upon me. The landlady spoke to the other tenant—a woman.

"The doctor said it was a strange case," she asserted. "Lollie came up here to say 'Merry Christmas' and found him on the bed. He was dressed but unconscious. Lollie called me and we tried to wake him up but we couldn't. So we got a doctor and he said it was a case for the hospital. They've just taken him away."

Again that cold wind froze my very vitals. They had taken my body to a hospital and I was in the shadows, a detached spirit, seeking my worldly home. Fear swept me. Perhaps my body was already dead!

"What hospital," I cried. "Where has it gone?"

"Eh?" the landlady said suddenly.

"I did not speak," said the other woman.

"I thought you asked me where it had gone," said my landlady.

But the crippled girl looked about her quickly, her ecstatic face pale; and though she did not appear to see me, she answered readily:

"To St. Jérôme's. They've taken it

### To Start the New Year Right

We've got another corking story for you by an author who surely needs no introduction to our readers—

**ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**

It's called "The Mask" and we can safely promise that you'll not put it down until you've read the last word.

Resolve now—to order your February copy of **GHOST STORIES**, on sale January 23rd.

there." Then she really *had* heard me!

"Thank you, Lolita," I said. Instantly the girl started back as though I had struck her. Then she smiled, passing a hand over her eyes.

"Strange," she murmured. "I felt as if he himself were here."

But I did not stay. I made my way out of the house and along the frozen street once more. Another policeman stood at the corner but he did not see me. I kept on. Soon I arrived at the hospital. I stepped to the desk where a young girl sat.

"Will you tell me, please, if you have a patient named Henry Congdon here?" I asked.

THE girl shuddered but she did not reply. Instead she turned to another girl at the switchboard.

"It's time I was giving up this job," she said. "They've just brought in a case named Congdon and taken it to 4-F. And I just thought I heard somebody asking for him. I must be getting the willies."

Four-F. The girl had told me enough. I knew now there would be no use in waiting for the elevator. I was intangible. The elevator man would not see me. I climbed the stairs, and somehow found the room for myself. When I stepped into it, a doctor—an elderly man in white uniform—stood by the bed fingering a stethoscope, and John Kent, hat in hand, was on the opposite side. Between them, pale even against the whiteness of the pillow, and half covered by the bed clothing—*was myself!*

John was speaking.

"His landlady telephoned to me," he said. "She knew we were friends. I came as quickly as I could. What's the trouble, doctor?"

"God knows," said the other gravely. "He has no respiration at all. If it weren't for an occasional flutter of pulse I'd say he was already dead. It's the nearest thing to suspended animation I ever saw."

"Suspended animation?" John repeated vaguely.

The doctor reached over and raised up one of my eyelids. My eyes were turned upward, only the whites showing.

"It's like catalepsy," the doctor said thoughtfully, "only it isn't even that. In catalepsy the limbs preserve the position unchanged from the time of attack. In this case the whole body is limp. If I believed in the occult I might say that somehow he has found a way to remove his soul from

his body and that his spirit is wandering around somewhere. But medical men are supposed to deal with realities and that theory is too fantastic to be considered here."

John's hand strayed to a pocket. He drew out the knife I had taken from my table.

"What's that?" the doctor said quickly.

John looked bewilderedly at the knife.

"A queer thing happened last night," he said. "I picked this up on the floor of our apartment. It is part of a desk set I gave him for his birthday. I don't know how it came to our home. We haven't seen him since we were married."

The doctor turned so that his face was hidden from John, but I saw that his eyes were wide in amazement and a stern look had settled on his face.

"Do you know anything about this patient?" he asked gravely.

"Yes, indeed," John replied cordially. "We've been friends for years. He's a wonderful fellow. We were at school together and we worked in the same office when he studied law. In fact, it was through him I met my wife.

"I'm more sorry than I can tell you that this has happened," John went on. "He's a fine chap and has been a loved and valued friend to me, though of late he has been moody and kept much to himself. But I really loved the fellow. I hope he won't die, for I thought the world of him."

For a bare instant my lips curled in scorn as I stood there. Then it seemed as if an echo of that voice I had heard on the hill came to me:

"HE has said it: 'Love one another.' Cast out hate—"

I thrilled to John's words. How frank, how quick, was his praise for me. And I had tried to murder him! Impulsively I stepped forward and threw my arm about his shoulders.

"Forgive me, old fellow," I said. "I'm not worthy of your friendship. But I want you to forgive me for old time's sake. I want you and Sybil to be very happy together and if we can be friends again, John, I promise to do all I can to help you."

A quizzical frown overspread his face. He looked about him as though searching for the source of some impulse he could not fathom. The doctor turned to go. Quickly John thrust the knife back into his pocket and bending down to the bed caught my hand—the hand of myself there on the bed.

"Good-by, Henry," he said feelingly, a

catch in his voice. "God knows I hope it will come out all right."

And in that instant I thought I felt John's honest grip on my own hand—the hand of myself, the thin, misty figure that stood behind him and that he did not see.

Then I was alone in the room—alone with myself. I gazed at the figure on the bed. It lay pale and lifeless, its expression one of physical pain rather than of any other emotion. In that moment I had a chance to study myself truly—to go over my life and wonder whether it had anything of achievement in it, anything of blessing to anyone else.

Suddenly I felt very small and mean and contemptible. My life had been a totally selfish one. But then and there I promised that if I could return to my normal state I would make amends.

In that minute dizziness overcame me again. And with it came a pain I hardly could bear. I caught the bed for support, staring down half stupefied at my other self lying there. The breast was heaving as though it strove to draw in air. Tremors coursed up and down its frame—and suddenly everything went black before me.

When I awoke dawn was in the East—the dawn of a new era for me. I lay on the bed, my own self once more. I lifted one hand and let it fall against the counterpane. It was sound and firm. I lifted the edge of the counterpane and felt it stir against my body.

But vaguely there came to me the thought that something had awakened me. I closed my eyes and felt again the kiss of cool lips on my forehead. I started up and looked about me.

Where the first rays of the rising sun streamed in at the window, there stood that lovely Presence I had seen before. She seemed a part of the very dawn itself, so that she was clothed in gold and rose and purple like a queen. She smiled down at me, with love in her wondrous eyes. And I knew I loved her—only her; that we were betrothed. She was mine and I was hers, since distant ages.

Then, as the sun grew higher, the morning clouds at the window dispersed and with them she disappeared, her smile lingering

to the last, while from somewhere outside I heard a distant choir singing: "Peace on earth to men of good will." It was Christmas Day!

The doctor came into the room presently. He studied me for a time without speaking.

"You're through it," he said at last and I knew he knew more than he spoke. "By the look on your face I should say you've learned what you needed to. We're too much infants in the realm of psychic science to fool with it to any great extent. We take too many chances."

"I know, doctor," I agreed, "but I've learned a great lesson."

HE left me after a while, saying that when I had rested a few hours longer I could leave the hospital.

I did, eventually, but now I felt the cold and had to take a cab back to my apartment. I called up John and told him I had been ill, asking his forgiveness for my negligence in sending my greetings to him and Sybil.

He seemed delighted to hear my voice. His own rang with fervor as he assured me of his delight at my recovery and that we all would have jolly times together again.

When I hung up the receiver I felt much better in spirit than I had for weeks. It came upon me, too, that I felt once more a Presence in the room—the Presence of that wonderfully beautiful woman who had come to me in those tragic moments through which I had passed. Who was she? Who was this beauteous being who had appeared out of the shadows to help me?

Once more my room faded from me and I seemed to drop back

through untold ages. I stood at the door of that great temple where priests within performed some ancient religious rite, where the sands were burning hot and the sea in the distance rolled unceasingly on that shore. And there the Woman stood beside me, smiling, the love-light on her face, her hair as golden as the sun, her eyes blue-green as the sea in the distance.

Who was she? Who was I? I strove to remember, to tear aside the veil and get deep down into the roots of memory. But it was too elusive, too infinitely vague. Only the





picture itself was strong, though its edges faded off into nothingness, tantalizing, unrecalled. But with me there persisted the thought, which assumed the proportions of truth, that the beautiful being who had come to me out of the blue-white shadows and out of the trees was my age-old love whom I should go seeking through other ages to come and whom at last I would sometime find.

IT was another morning several weeks later that I saw Her again. This time she was accompanied by tragedy. I sat in my apartment dreaming, wondering, when I came crashing back to reality with the sound of shrieks in my ears and the odor of smoke in my nostrils. Downstairs Mrs. Holley, the landlady, was crying out in terror, and outside someone was calling "Fire! Fire!"

At the same moment I heard far down the street the clang and sirens of fire apparatus. I sprang from my chair and rushed to the stairs. Great clouds of smoke sweeping upward forced me back. I ran to a window and, leaning out, swung to an ice-coated trellis near-by, and made my way safely to the ground.

But I hardly reached it before Mrs. Holley was upon me, beating me with her fists in a frenzy of despair.

"Lollie!" she cried. "Lollie's up there on the top floor. She can't get down. She'll be burned!"

Lollie, the little crippled girl? Lollie, my little friend who had been so sensitive to my spirit presence, cut off from escape by the flames?

I did not hesitate. I, who heretofore had thought only of myself, plunged through the smoke that rolled from the doorway, and fought my way to the stairs. As a greater cloud of smoke enveloped me it seemed as though I was lifted up and became light and intangible, while ahead of me appeared a shining brilliance that seemed to lead me onward through the thick of the blaze. I do not say I became detached again. The body I occupied was truly tangible enough, for, as I bounded up the stairway, flaming cinders dropped on my head and hands and even my clothes smoldered.

Doggishly I fought my way upward, through the smoke and flames, up one stairway after another, until I arrived at the top floor. Here the heat was intense, the smoke choking. It was an inferno. I did not know at what moment the floors might collapse, the brick walls that formed the shell of the

old house cave in on top of me. Yet that seemed a small consideration—now.

Onward I plunged through the smoke, that strange radiance ahead of me, fortifying, guiding me straight to Lolita. She lay in a corner of one room, collapsed into a pathetic huddle, her cheap dress already smoldering, the flames running toward her like greedy tongues about to lick her up.

I caught her in my arms and once more that strange brilliance went ahead of me through the smoke, leading the way, leading me to a window overlooking the street. The engines were below and already a ladder had been swung up to the window sill. By the time I was on the ledge with my precious burden, a fireman was there to take Lolita from my arms and help me down to the street.

The girl was badly injured. Somewhere in the upper regions of the house, stumbling through the smoke on her halting legs she had breathed the flames into her throat. They laid her tenderly on a blanket spread over the cold ground, but the end was very near. Mrs. Holley wept silently.

I stood beside the dying girl. She looked up into my eyes and smiled as she passed on and, suddenly as an errant wind, it seemed to me that once more the shining Presence was there, and that Lolita, all bright and glorious like that other radiant one, stood beside the golden-haired figure. It may have been only the flames I saw through the smoke, but it was all very real to me. Lolita, freed from her pain-racked body, took the hand of Her and placed it in mine. The fingers were cool and firm, and through their touch new strength passed into me from Her.

THEN the cloud of smoke was quickly dispelled and I looked about me dazedly. The firemen were busy with their equipment, the crowd watching interestedly. No one had seen. The vision had been for myself alone.

That was not the last time I was to see the shining Presence of Her. Often I have felt her near me in moments of depression and doubt. I seem to feel her by my side, comforting me, urging me onward, giving me strength when I seem to fail. And often the picture of that great temple with its gigantic pylons and its carved doorway, with the sand and the sky and the blue sea beyond, comes to me. I hear the chanting of the ancient priests, the responses of the people—my people and Hers. She is beside me again, all glorious, with her hair reflect-

ing the gold of the sun. She gazes at me and smiles happily, and proudly I look down into her eyes, I who love her so deeply.

There is another vision that has come to me recently. No longer is the burning sun reflected from the sands; it is night, with deep blue shadows under the trees where the gorgeous moon does not penetrate. A soft wind stirs the branches and they seem to bend together protectingly, as did the trees on the hilltop that time. But now they protect us both as we walk, sometimes bathed in the moonlight, or stopping to linger in the shadows that are like deep pools. We seem to talk with another, but what the words are I cannot understand, except that they are of love.

Who is she? Where have I known her

before? And where shall I meet her again? These questions persist, unanswerable. I only know that She came, that Christmas Eve, to teach me a wondrous lesson—the beauty of love and understanding and the peace that is their reward.

The gray is about my temples now. The children of John and Sybil have grown to manhood and womanhood, and I have known the richness of their friendships. As for myself, I have never married. I do not care to seek love on this earth. Always before me is the love of that other One. This life seems to me only an episode, a phase, an interval in a long upward climb. Somewhere I have lived before and loved, and somewhere I shall live again. I await that future existence eagerly, for I know that there, at last, I shall be with Her forever.

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## The Vision That Saved Five Lives

A FEW months ago in the Napa Valley of California, Captain Yonnt died—a news event covered by a few lines in the local papers and apparently of no interest to the outside world. Only students of psychic phenomena noted the passing of a man who had experienced one of the strangest instances of clairvoyance in recent years.

No one seems to know the old patriarch's first name. He was generally called "Cap'n" and viewed always with a measure of awe by the Valley's residents ever since the bitter cold night when his uncanny vision saved the lives of five lost and snow-bound travellers.

The Cap'n was in his cabin staring into the flames on that memorable night, warming himself before the open fire. He was neither tired nor sleepy, yet a strange lassitude came over him and he closed his eyes for a moment.

As in a dream he saw a group of travellers struggling through high snow-drifts, their faces drawn and haggard. Gusty winds howled about them. He could see that the storm-trapped party was desperately seeking some sort of shelter in the mountains before they succumbed. All of them looked half frozen and starved.

The scene where this group was battling for their lives impressed itself upon him. There was a huge perpendicular cliff of white rock with a mass of trees half snowed under. He had never seen a spot that re-

sembled it, though he had done considerable wandering through the Valley. One of the persons in the party turned a pleading face toward him and—Cap'n Yonnt awoke to hear the shrill wind roaring over his cabin.

He wondered where that cliff might be, and finally dismissed it with a shrug of his shoulders as a dream caused by the storm and the naturally associated thoughts that somewhere persons might be trapped in the mountains. But once more a drowsiness overcame him and against his will his eyes closed and he saw again as in a dream the white cliff, the snow covered trees and the same faces he had seen a moment before.

The patriarch dressed and plowed through the storm to an old hunter who knew every foot of the Valley. When the hunter, awakened from sleep, heard the description, he recognized the white cliff and the position of the trees as a spot in the Carson Valley Pass—a place unknown to Cap'n Yonnt.

Yonnt, impressed by the clarity of the dream that had appeared to him twice, awoke other hunters and against their protests insisted that they accompany him.

Through the snow and ice and slippery mountain paths, the rescuers plodded, driven onward by the faith of the old leader.

When they reached the white cliff and the bunched trees as visioned by Yonnt in his dream, they found five emigrants, half frozen and almost dead from starvation.

Their faces were those the Cap'n had seen in his "dream".

# "My FAVORITE

## Gem of Ill-Omen

**D**ID the Kaiser know, long before his flight from Berlin, that his crown would fall from his head and his dynastic claims crumble into the dust of humiliation? My reply to that question is an emphatic "Yes!"

I can produce evidence that the Kaiser was solemnly and specifically warned of the impending doom that hovered over him even when he was in the plenitude of his power. Moreover, on two occasions he deliberately provoked the Fate predicted, disregarding advice tendered to him and pretending to laugh at revelations of the supernatural that were indeed "the writing on the wall".

In unraveling this enthralling story that, for various reasons, has never before been

By  
"CHEIRO"

made public, I would emphasize the importance to be attached to the occult influence of precious stones. This is not the place to go exhaustively into the question of how strangely and strongly various precious stones affect the fortunes of individuals. But anyone who has surveyed ancient history will have been struck by the value attached to gifts of stones of price to potentates and rulers. Moreover, there is hardly a historic gem but has attached to it a chequered story of sudden death and intrigue.

**E**NGLAND'S *Koh-i-Noor*, meaning Mount of Light, can boast a long series of terrific crimes attached to its history before the spell was broken—as it was predicted it would be—by the gem's passing from the East to the West.

On January 27th, 1859, Frederick William Victor Albert was born in the Schloss Palace, Berlin. Seeing that his mother was the Princess Royal of England, it was natural that Queen Victoria, after receipt of the news of the birth, should telegraph: "Is he a fine boy?" The answer was in the affirmative; but it is now known that a deformity of the infant, a withered arm, was not discovered till afterward.

The tragic death of his father, after a three months' reign, brought the Prince to the throne of Germany as William II. On June 15th, 1887, he was crowned King of Prussia and proclaimed Emperor of Germany.

For this ceremony the famous Iron Crown of Prussia was used—the weighty diadem that had encircled the brow of Frederick the Great. But the crown was not the same in Spartan simplicity as when the Maker of Prussia placed it on his head. It had been beautified after the death of Frederick by the addition of a number of gems. *And in the center, blazing with baleful beauty, was the glorious stone of evil fame: "The Eye of Buddha."*

*A stream of words  
poured from the  
girl's lips*





# GHOST Story"

As selected by

*Erangelius Adams*

I must now pass on to a strange acquaintance I made during my professional career—a mysterious being concerning whom the wildest stories circulated in Germany and, indeed, throughout the Continent. I refer to Herr Zunklehorn, better known as "The Immortal."

I was tired at the close of the day's routine of seeing clients one late afternoon, when my secretary came in and said:

"There is a curious old fellow who wants an interview. He gives no name, looks shabby, and is, I fancy, a foreigner. Shall I say you are too busy to see anyone?"

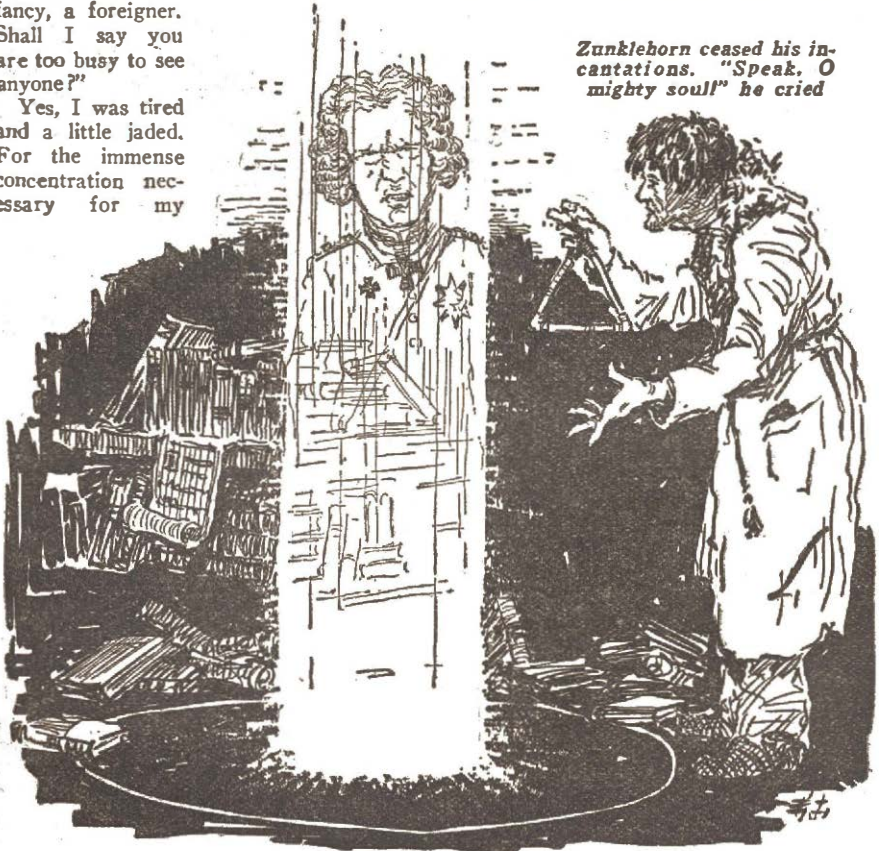
Yes, I was tired and a little jaded. For the immense concentration necessary for my

work had sapped my energy; all that afternoon there had been a succession of men and women who demanded to know what fate had in store for them.

"No," I said wearily. "I cannot see anyone." And then I paused. For, drifting in behind my secretary, like some withered leaf blown in by the wind, was an old man. He came forward, and pulling off a broad-brimmed hat, tossed it on one of my chairs.

"Yes, Cheiro," he said, in a soft whispering voice. "You will—you must see me!

*Zunklehorn ceased his incantations. "Speak, O mighty soul" he cried*





As a disciple of Althus you will hear me!"

*Althus!* The name arrested my attention. For it was that of the Greek seer who had devoted his whole life to the study of the influence of gems upon human beings. But could this shabby old man be the custodian of any such occult secrets? Still, I had lived long enough to learn that the word of wisdom often comes from the most unlikely mouth. Strange, too, my weariness seemed to have vanished. I was eager to know more of my visitor. My secretary discreetly left the room.

I COULD now see, as my visitor sank into a chair, that he was frail with extreme age. His bald, high skull, piercing blue eyes, curved thin nose, and well-shaped mouth, impressed me. Where had I seen such a face before? Then I remembered. I have in my possession a picture of that famous English astrologer and occultist—Doctor John Dee. The likeness to the aged man before me was striking.

"Cheiro," he said, regarding me intently, "I have heard of you and perhaps you have heard of me. Both of us have walked the same path, seeking the keys that shall open the doors upon the supreme mysteries of life and death. My name is Zunklehorn."

I recognized the name as that of a man famous throughout Germany and the Continent for his predictions and also for his amazing researches into the history of famous gems. Strange rumors were afloat concerning his attainments and age.

The year was 1908. The previous August the Kaiser had met King Edward at Homburg, and in November the German monarch had visited England. It was a time when, on the surface, Anglo-German relations were being cemented by the efforts of William II, together with English statesmen.

Zunklehorn talked of various matters and then said in his peculiarly soft voice:

"Cheiro, my time, as we reckon years, is nearly spun from the spool of Fate. I shall soon be seen no longer. Before I depart I desire to put you in possession of certain facts that are of the highest importance, not only to the art we both cherish, but also to the countries we represent."

I nodded. I confess I was deeply interested.

"You know, I suppose," he went on, "how it was that I lost favor at Court?"

Seeing that I did not, he continued:

"In 1887 I knew that the end of the Em-

peror Frederick was rapidly approaching. My computations made before the death of the old Emperor William I, assured me that the Red Prince, as he was called, would not reign more than twelve weeks. He was crowned with the iron diadem bearing the 'Eye of Buddha,' and from my calculations based on the birth dates of the members of the House of Hohenzollern, I knew Death would claim him. The rest is history.

"But when I saw that in due course the young William would also place that fatal diadem on his head I was moved to protest. The birth date of the Prince showed all too clearly that for him, should he invite the curse of the jewel, there would be no swift death, but lingering disaster, with dishonor in the end branded upon his brow. I therefore addressed a memorandum to the young Emperor before he succeeded to the throne, pointing out these facts and urging that another diadem should be substituted.

"It was then I realized he could not be warned. He sent for me and loaded me with reproaches. Finally, drawing himself up, he thundered: 'I am the Kaiser. My dynasty must endure forever!' I smiled and left him. Shortly afterward I was told my presence at the Court was not desired."

I pass over much that was of interest told me by this ancient seer. But finally he begged me to come to Berlin as quickly as I could, so that he might carry out an experiment he had long contemplated. I confess when he whispered it in my ear I hesitated before its daring. Still, exploration in the realms of occultism and mystery made a call I could not resist. I agreed that, as soon as I could get a few free days, I would come over to Berlin. With a satisfied smile, he wrung my hand and melted gently from my consulting-room.

IN a small street turning out of the *Friedrichstrasse*, Herr Zunklehorn had his abode. It was an ancient house, stuffed with old furniture and scarcely lighted by its tiny windows. Up in what had been the attic he had fitted up a library and laboratory. There, huddled pell-mell, were old books, parchments, strange stones gleaming brightly, circles and discs, charts of lives, and many queer objects that I could not fathom.

Upon his own ground, Herr Zunklehorn seemed more imposing than when he had visited me in London. He wore on his head a skull cap made from the fur of a wild cat, and about his meager frame hung a long robe. If ever a man looked a survival of

some ancient prophet it was Zunklehörn.

Presently the door opened and there entered a young woman with a smooth, expressionless face. I was immediately impressed by her extraordinary appearance. It was as though she moved in a hypnotic trance. Gliding round the table, she took a seat in a high carved chair. She did not speak to me or take the slightest notice of my presence.

"This," said Zunklehörn briefly, "is my 'assistant'. Through her I can raise up the spirits of the dead even as Samuel was brought up by the Witch of Endor." He paused, and continued impressively:

"My dear Cheiro, you know something, I doubt not, of the power of incantations carried out under proper conditions. My time is short. But all is now in readiness for my Grand Experiment."

He then pushed back the table, drew a circle in chalk upon the floor, took in hand a sacred talisman engraved with a mystic number, and uttered the incantatory chant. The girl sat erect in her chair, seemingly indifferent to all that was passing.

The room was shuttered. Gradually the little light filtered away until it became so dark I could hardly see.

The muttering of the incantation continued. Suddenly the girl uttered a loud, rending cry that startled me. She rocked from side to side, holding herself as if in mortal pain. Now a stream of greenish light appeared in a far corner of the room. It was a pillar of luminous light, faintly illuminating the face of the convulsed girl.

The pillar swayed from side to side, then drew nearer to Herr Zunklehörn. Now I could see it was acquiring human shape, but the head was immense, entirely out of proportion to the outlined body. It was the head of a colossus with the remainder that of an ordinary man.

Suddenly a stream of words poured from the lips of the girl. It was something about "Lord" and "Master"; and as she babbled furiously, the swaying pillar grew more human, save for the grotesquely enlarged head.

Zunklehörn ceased his incantations. In a sonorous voice he cried:

"Speak, O mighty soul! Who art thou come from the silent Beyond?" And through the lips of the writhing medium issued a deep, authoritative voice:

"Frederick, called the Great, King of Prussia and Margrave of Brandenburg. Why callest thou me?"

I confess a strange thrilling sensation ran through my veins when I now saw that the ethereal form had shaped more strongly. It was easy to trace the resemblance to the classic picture of Frederick the Great, well known to everybody who has seen the huge portrait in

the National Gallery in Berlin.

THERE followed a long interrogation between Zunklehörn and the spirit, the answers being delivered through the entranced medium. I could not easily follow what was said, as the German used was almost archaic, but afterward Zunklehörn wrote down the gist of it for my benefit.

In brief, it was a solemn warning delivered



The following are extracts from a letter of Miss Evangeline Adams:

"As an explanation of why I have selected 'Gem of Ill-Omen' as my favorite ghost story I would state that of the many ghost stories I have read, it seems to me that this one

exemplifies the fact that truth can be arrived at from many different angles.

"In the light of the latest findings of science, the law of vibration explains not only the reason why incantations (such as were used by Herr Zunklehörn in this story) produce certain effects, but is another way of explaining why the influence of the stars works out in the destiny of human beings.

"Everything in the Universe, including precious stones, has its own vibration, and all through the ages the fact has been recognized that certain stones, because of vibrations which emanate from them, have played either a baneful or beneficent part in the affairs of men."

to Zunklehorn that the Kaiser was rushing on to disaster; that war would come in August, 1914; that the Warlord would be overthrown in 1918; that he would go into exile and his dynasty fall in ruins. Finally, his fatal year period was *foreshadowed to begin* in 1913.

Gradually the apparition faded away and the medium regained her fixed calm and glided silently from the room. Zunklehorn then told me that for years he had been working for the propitious moment to bring back the spirit of the great Frederick. "Now," he said somewhat wistfully, "I must quit this mortal state and I shall leave my predictions in your hands."

IT is, of course, a matter of history that Herr Zunklehorn died in Berlin during the War, somewhere about 1917. He had previously visited Russia and had been granted an audience with the Czar, for that monarch never lost an opportunity to converse with a mystic. But Rasputin had been jealous of the German's powers and had procured his banishment on the pretext that he was an enemy spy. Zunklehorn died under mysterious circumstances, being found stretched upon the floor of his apartment surrounded by the evidence of his connection with the uncanny.

With regard to the prophesies of woe he uttered concerning the Kaiser, it is notorious that the "Eye of Buddha" was an evil gem with a malignant history of ruin behind it.

Raped by a French soldier from the golden statue of Buddha in a temple in Ceylon, a curse had been uttered by its custodian, an aged priest, who had been struck down by the marauding soldier. For a time it blazed in the turban of Din Nur, the Sultan of Turkey; his favorite wife murdered him for it and in return was made consort of the next Caliph.

Upon the latter's defeat in battle, the gem passed into Holy Tibet, and remained there until a Khurdish warrior stole it from the palace of the Priest-king. It passed into India, stained with the blood of many feuds, and finally reached Amsterdam, where it was sold by a merchant to a Jewish diamond dealer.

Passing through Silesia, this dealer was arrested by the police of Frederick the Great. On finding the gem in his baggage, the stone was taken to the king. With swift decision, the monarch hanged the merchant and appropriated the stone. Before he died,

the Jew breathed anew the curse, and with prophetic vision announced that in due course the wearer of the gem should be an outcast, driven from his palace, and destined to be the last reigning monarch of the Hohenzollerns. History shows how the spell of the evil gem has worked upon the fortunes of the Kaiser.

I may here remark that the German people are keenly interested in occultism and the supernatural. Their legends are saturated with evidence of the belief in mysterious occurrences and the workings of Fate.

Although I never actually had a season in Berlin devoted to receiving clients, I have been brought into contact with many men and women who were closely connected with the old Court that passed away at the end of the Great War. While in London, many of them would visit me, and I recall many interesting personalities.

Among them was Count Stefel, at one time close friend of the now fallen Kaiser and in pre-war days a man of immense wealth. He visited me and in conversation mentioned the existence of a family apparition that appeared immediately before the death of the head of his house. It took the form of a grotesque little hunchback, and in this may be traced the well-known German story of *Rumpelstiltschen*, the mischievous imp who brought disaster upon those who neglected the observance of occult rites.

The Count told me that his father was dressing for dinner one evening in his old castle on the Rhine, when he thought he heard a tapping on the casement window. He pulled aside the blind and there, astride a tree bough that was close, was the boding form of the death-warning. He wrote down the fact on a piece of paper, sealed it and put the envelope in a drawer. The next day, while out driving, the horses bolted, the carriage overturned, and the Count was killed. After the funeral the letter was discovered.

COUNT STEFEL questioned me closely concerning these warning forms that haunt certain families. There is indeed no explanation; they are mysterious harbingers of death, and that is all that can be said. At his request I cast a horoscope for him. I saw that forty-four was plainly his fatal number; he pooh-poohed the idea, however, and said he would live to be eighty. He was then in his forty-third year.

It was on the eve of the outbreak of war. Many Britishers were hurrying home to get out of Germany before the storm burst. A



dear friend of mine, who was a great lover of Germany and particularly of exploring the Rhine, got back by the skin of his teeth. Chatting over the circumstances with me, he happened to say:

"I received great kindness and hospitality from Stefel, who is, I believe, known to you. I did not stay at his castle, but at the inn close by. On the morning I departed there

was a terrible commotion. The Count had been found dead in his bedroom, seated in his chair, with a sheet of writing paper in front of him, on which was scribbled 44."

Why the Count wrote that figure on that particular occasion will never be known; all I can say is that he had reached the fatal age of forty-four, which I had told him would mark his last milestone.

*Second in our list of celebrities to choose a favorite ghost story is himself a favorite—none other than Mr. S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy"). And, not to keep you longer in suspense as to what his choice is, we'll let you in on a secret. It's "The Inn of Two Witches," by that master-writer, Joseph Conrad. Read this gruesome thriller in the February issue and see why "Roxy" chose it!*



## William Howitt's Vision

**WILLIAM HOWITT**, the English author, had an experience involving clairvoyance which deeply influenced his whole later life and caused him to probe deeply into the mysteries of the supernatural. His inexplicable vision of a thing thousands of miles away which he had never seen, has become a classic example of the strange power inherent apparently in some persons and which comes to the fore only at some rare moment when all the conditions are propitious. It is then that the spirit within swiftly traverses thousands of miles to see things exactly as they are in a foreign land and as swiftly returns to the living body.

Howitt and his two sons had sailed from England for Melbourne, Australia, to visit his brother. One of his sons, Alfred William, later to become famous as an explorer, was sitting beside him on deck as the ship ploughed through the southern Atlantic, thousands of miles from their destination. The author had never been in Australia and had no idea of what his brother's home was like.

Howitt closed his eyes and relaxed. He lost consciousness and as in a dream he saw his brother's house vividly. In his notes on his Australia journey he tells the story himself:

"While yet at sea I had a dream of being at my brother's at Melbourne, and found his house on a hill at the further end of the town, and next to the open forest. His garden sloped a little down the hill to some brick buildings below; and there were greenhouses on the right hand by the wall as you look down the hill from the house. As I looked out of the window in my dream I saw a wood of dusky foliaged trees having a somewhat segregated appearance in their tops—that is, their tops did not make that dense mass like our trees.

"There," I said to someone in my dream, "I see your native forest of eucalyptus!"

"This dream I told to my sons and to two of my fellow passengers at the time, and on landing as we walked over to the meadows, long before we reached the town, I saw this very wood of peculiarly shaped dusky trees.

"There," I said, "is the very wood of my dream. We shall find my brother's house there!" And so we did.

"It stands exactly as I saw it, only looking newer; but there, over the wall of the garden is the wood precisely as I saw it and now see it as I sit at the dining room window writing. When I look on this scene I seem to look into my dream."



# The Strange Case of Mr. K—

By HORACE LEAF, F. R. G. S.

**R**ECENTLY two well-known American psychiatrists told me that they thought there might be some truth in the ancient belief that madness is often caused by an obsessing spirit. During the last few years this idea has been growing, and more than one qualified medical man has adopted some system of exorcism with excellent results, so that the practice promises to become popular.

During my ghost-laying adventures I have known more than one instance in which a ghost appears to have preferred to haunt a person rather than a house. One of the most remarkable cases of this kind occurred a few months ago.

I was visited by a very beautiful woman of about middle-age who was a picture of misery and mental distress owing to an extraordinary misfortune which she believed had befallen her husband, a member of the British diplomatic service.

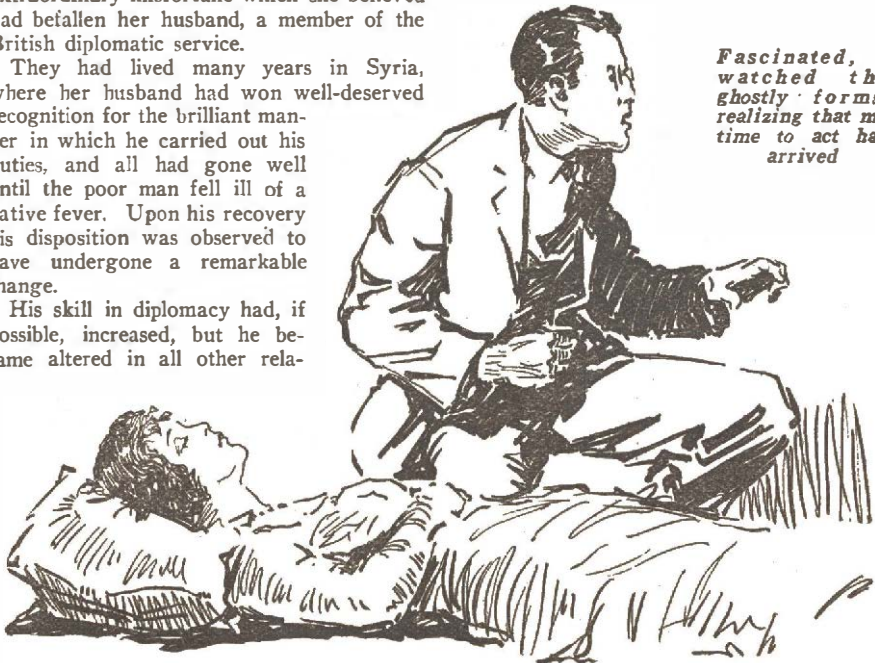
They had lived many years in Syria, where her husband had won well-deserved recognition for the brilliant manner in which he carried out his duties, and all had gone well until the poor man fell ill of a native fever. Upon his recovery his disposition was observed to have undergone a remarkable change.

His skill in diplomacy had, if possible, increased, but he became altered in all other rela-

tions, especially toward his wife and son. From being a loving and devoted husband and father, he became cynical, neglectful, and singularly forgetful, at times seeming hardly able to recognize his wife and child.

"It is breaking my heart," explained my charming visitor, with a sob. "He is so unlike his former self that I feel sure another spirit inhabits his body." She paused a moment, and then continued: "Occasionally his real self is there, but for the most part he is under the influence of another power and then seems to recognize his relations to me and our child only in a dim sort of way. During these periods he is very neglectful and cruel."

"A case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I suggested. "You probably know that there



*Fascinated, I  
watched the  
ghostly forms,  
realizing that my  
time to act had  
arrived*

## In which England's famous ghost-layer tells how he exorcised two dangerous spirits that "possessed" a living man's body

is such a thing as dual personality; that an individual can so change that he seems to become another person? We usually attribute this to a disturbance or disintegration of the subconscious mind."

"I understand all that," she replied impatiently. "I have read all kinds of books on abnormal psychology and mental and nervous disorders in the hope of finding some means of curing my poor husband and bringing back his normal self permanently; but his difficulty is not due to that."

I was impressed by the phrase "his difficulty."

"You mean his mental disorder?" I queried.

"It isn't really a mental disorder," she protested. "It's something much worse."

"Insanity is bad enough, surely?"

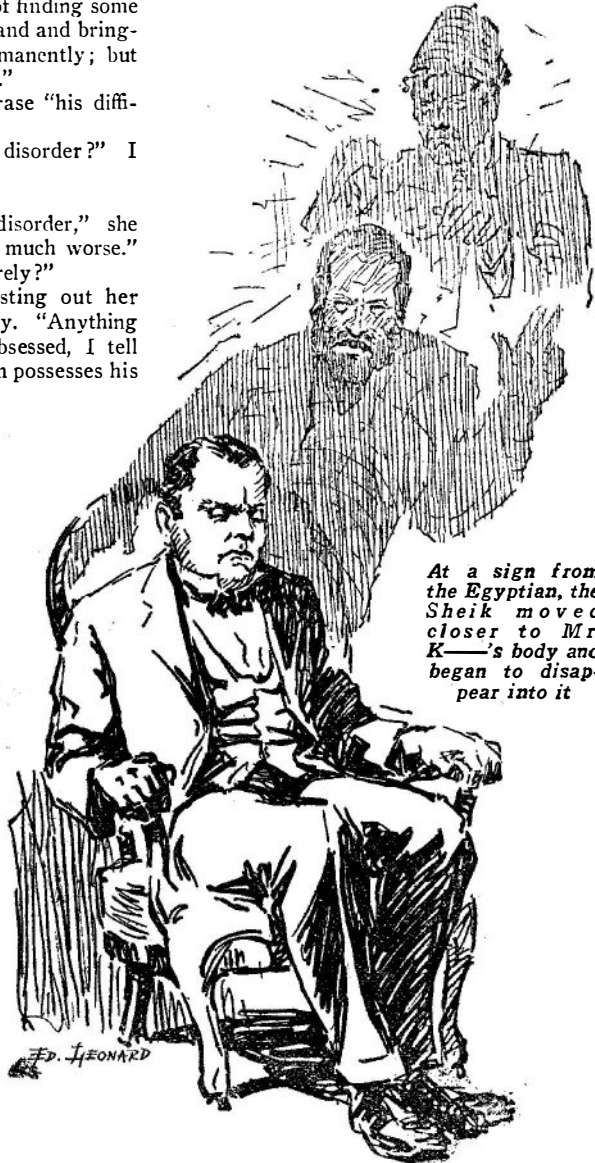
"No, no!" she cried, thrusting out her small, dainty hands despairingly. "Anything is better than this. He is obsessed, I tell you. The spirit of a dead man possesses his body!"

Her story in support of this opinion was so extraordinary that at first I thought it was she who was mad. Divining this, the lady repeatedly paused to assure me that she was quite sane and speaking the truth.

"My husband," she explained, "was packing his suitcase one evening in our house in Damascus in preparation for a business trip to Egypt, when he suddenly groaned and fell forward unconscious. He remained insensible for several days, and the doctors all thought he would certainly die. But he finally recovered consciousness and was perfectly rational again, although paralyzed in the lower limbs. A famous nerve specialist was sent for and, on examining him, advised an immediate operation. My husband and I consented, although we knew that the ordeal would be so severe that the chances of recovery were very small.

"Bertie was hastily removed to a hospital and placed upon a bed while the operating-room was being prepared. This bed, I am sure, was the commencement of our present troubles, for on it had died, a few hours before, an Arabian sheik notorious for his degenerate mode of living.

"No sooner was my husband on the



*At a sign from the Egyptian, the Sheik moved closer to Mr. K——'s body and began to disappear into it*

bed than he became unconscious again, and as I sat beside him I saw a strange change take place in his appearance. His face seemed to become longer and his skin more swarthy. I drew the attention of the nurse to this, but she did not appear to notice anything unusual, putting the affair down to my distraught state of mind.

"After a few minutes my husband regained consciousness and then I knew that I was right. His eyes were quite different, not only changed slightly in color, but entirely in expression. At first he did not seem to recognize me, and when he did it was in a dazed kind of way.

"After the operation, which was quite successful, Bertie fell ill with fever and dysentery, the very complaints that had caused the death of the Sheik!" She paused to wipe her eyes with trembling hands.

"What inference do you draw from this?" I asked.

"WHY," she replied petulantly, "can't you see that the spirit of the Sheik had taken possession of my husband's body? His own spirit is there more or less most of the time, but the Sheik never entirely leaves him and at times completely displaces Bertie from his body. Then from being in any degree kind and courteous to me, he becomes cruel and rude, although he is always polite in his professional duties."

"The Sheik seems to want to advance your husband's economic welfare," I ventured.

"Indeed, he does! Clever as my husband is, he has become more so since his illness and is rapidly winning official recognition. Lately he has been rewarded by an appointment to one of the principal European capitals. This additional cleverness confirms my belief in the obsession, because the Sheik was a noted diplomat who did big things for the Allies during the World War."

I inquired whether anything else of an unusual character had taken place in connection with this extraordinary affair.

"Before I tell you about the mysterious bird and the Egyptian, I must let you know how my husband acts toward me and my child. We have one son to whom hitherto my husband has been passionately attached, but whom he now almost completely ignores. Soon after the operation I had to return to England with the boy, and after three months went to Cairo where my husband had arranged to meet us, but failed to put in an appearance. Messengers hunted for

him all over the town, without obtaining the slightest clue to his whereabouts, until at last I gave up hope of finding him there.

"Thoroughly exhausted, I sat with two friends who had been helping me, outside one of the restaurants, when a gentleman sitting near to us apologized for intruding, but said that he had overheard our conversation and thought he knew where my husband was. He had seen him, he told us, playing billiards in a well-known hotel saloon, and would take me to him if I desired. At that moment my husband came in sight, walking in a manner quite unlike his ordinary gait, and without attempting to apologize or explain the cause of his delay, greeted us in a very distant manner.

"His conversation was exceedingly restrained, and only in flashes did he seem to realize who we were. He nearly drove me insane with the repetition of the words, 'It is all very remarkable; it is all very remarkable.'

"What is remarkable?" I asked. But he seemed quite unable to explain. Even the child's name he recalled with difficulty, and I might not have existed, judging by the scant attentions he paid me.

"Oh, it was dreadful," she cried in agonized tones, wringing her hands despairingly together. The poor woman looked at me helplessly. "What shall I do?" she cried. "Doctors simply don't understand, and think it is I who is unbalanced."

I pacified her as well as I could, anxious to hear her story to the end. "What about the bird and the Egyptian?" I asked soothingly.

"THEY are connected in some way with my husband's strange condition," she replied, "and they frighten me very much. We have all seen them—my husband, my child and myself. The Egyptian seems to force my husband out of his body so that the Sheik may enter it."

For a moment I really began to doubt the sanity of my visitor. Her story was so extraordinary that this additional feature made it almost impossible for me to attach any importance to anything she said. Whoever has had extensive experience of supernormal phenomena will often find it difficult to draw the line between psychic marvels and the workings of an excited imagination. I carefully refrained from expressing my incredulity and encouraged the now thoroughly distraught woman to continue her account.

"What does the bird do?"

"I don't know," she cried pathetically, "unless it forebodes greater trouble for us. I first saw it about two weeks after my husband's operation, and it always precedes by a short period his most pronounced changes of personality. It first appeared flying round the bedroom. I lay watching it a long time. Then, night after night it came, on each occasion being larger and darker, until it grew from the size of a pigeon to that of an eagle. We usually hear it fluttering about some time before it comes into view, and it always flies steadily round and round my husband's bed. When it comes he falls into a deep sleep and the Egyptian's spirit then takes him out of his body and lets the Sheik in."

"How do you know this?"

"Because I have actually seen it occur. The Egyptian stands beside my husband as he sleeps; and then Bertie's spirit comes out of his body and stands on the other side of the bed."

"Is your husband aware of this?"

"No, no! I wish he were; then I might convince him of this obsession and persuade him to do something to stop it. When I tell him of these things he laughs and says I must have been dreaming."

I realized at once the possibility of this extrusion of the astral body, or psychical double, as it is sometimes called, having myself experienced it several times. In my case, however, my physical body had always been visible to me lying fast asleep on the bed or sitting in the chair, as the case might be.

"What about your child?" I asked. "You say that he has also seen this strange transformation?"

"YES—but only the bird, never the Egyptian or the Sheik. And he saw it only once. I had put him to bed about seven in the evening. He was not sleepy and asked if he might sing a little to himself. I said, 'Yes, darling.' After a while I heard him talking, and thinking he wanted me, went into his room and he told me that there was a 'big sparrow' flying round and round. I did not actually see the bird on that occasion, but its shadow appeared perfectly clearly on the wall."

"How large was it then?"

"At first no larger than a crow; but we both saw the shadow increase until it was so big that my boy cried out, 'Why, mamma, it has become an eagle!' That incident put all doubt of the reality of the bird out of

my mind and I decided to ask your aid."

Clearly my visitor was of an analytical turn of mind. This made me decide to help her in any way possible, and it was finally settled that I should visit the afflicted man to see what I thought of him.

"We must not let Bertie know the reason of your visit or he will certainly object," said Mrs. K—. "He is slightly interested in occult matters and respects my beliefs. That will make it easy for me to introduce you to him if I say I have met you in connection with Spiritualism or psychical research."

IT was therefore arranged that I should visit their hotel that afternoon. They would be in the lounge, and as Mrs. K— had heard me lecture in public, she would use that as a reason for recognizing me, and would thus introduce me to her husband.

The plan worked perfectly. Mr. K— I found to be an exceedingly attractive personality, quiet and restrained in manner. His wife secretly informed me that he was just recovering from a bad spell of changed personality, or, as she put it, that "The Sheik has been dominant for two days and is now leaving him."

There was, I thought, an indefinable air of an Easterner in Mr. K—'s manner, made more pronounced by what I can only describe as an invisible aura which seemed to surround him. His wife asked me to notice his skin. It was, I observed, of a faint olive tinge, which undoubtedly grew fainter and fainter during the two hours that I was with him.

As time wore on he became less and less Eastern in his manner, and by the time I said good-by to them, the peculiar restraint that had characterized him during the early part of the interview had grown much less. He appeared to take to me, and I was greatly relieved when he joined heartily in the pressing invitation his charming wife extended to me to dine with them the following evening:

"After dinner," she said, "we may improvise a séance and see whether we can get anything supernormal."

Shortly after my arrival home, Mrs. K— telephoned me to the effect that her husband seemed much better than he had been for a long time, and was anxious for the séance to take place. "We might be able to see the bird and the Egyptian," she continued excitedly, "and get rid of the obsession. Anyway, you might get sufficient evi-



dence to know that I am not imagining all that I have told you."

This was exactly my idea, and subsequent events showed that a better plan could not have been arranged.

During dinner the next evening not a word was said about Mr. K——'s sickness, and it was obvious that he was not suspicious of the part I was playing. At my suggestion the séance was held in their bedroom, as I thought that was the most likely place for the apparitions to be seen. I spoke about the bird in response to the lady's clever lead, she inquiring whether I had ever experienced or known anybody who had been subject to such a peculiar manifestation.

"Oh, yes," I replied, and referred to one or two cases of the apparitions of birds and other animals recorded in the Records of the Society for Psychical Research. Mr. K—— became instantly interested and agreed with his wife when she said that both he and she had seen the mysterious bird in their bedroom. Mr. K——, however, evidently did not care to talk much about the experience, and I refrained from dwelling on it.

Our improvised séance-room was darkened sufficiently to serve our purpose, but all its contents remained clearly visible to us. The three of us sat for a while after the manner usually adopted at such experiments, and waited, Macawber-like, for something "to turn up."

Nothing unusual happened for about fifteen minutes. Mrs. K—— was obviously in a state of "nerves," owing, I guessed, to her intense desire that I should see what she had seen. Mr. K—— sat quite still and said nothing.

**T**HE first indication that anything unusual was about to occur arose from a series of faint gusts of wind that fluttered uncertainly across our hands. This is an almost sure sign of supernormal forces at work. The drafts could have occurred in no normal way, as we had taken every precaution to exclude the possibility of them.

The winds increased in coldness and frequency, and as they did so, Mr. K—— settled down comfortably in his chair and began to fall asleep. I listened intently to his breathing, and on noticing it deepening to an unusual degree, recognized the familiar signs of mediumistic trance. This made me alert at once for subsequent events. Mrs. K—— squeezed my hand excitedly, (we had been forming what is known as a psy-

chic chain) and I knew that she, too, recognized the symptoms. She was sitting bolt upright, gazing wide-eyed in the direction of her now unconscious husband, nodding every now and then with evident satisfaction.

Suddenly the sleeping man began to move uneasily, and gradually stiffened in his chair. I could see his face quite clearly and observed that his eyes were quite closed and that a subtle change was taking place in his appearance. His skin grew perceptibly darker and his face longer, while several years seemed added to his age.

The cold breezes had developed into a strong wind which whirled rather fiercely around the unconscious man. A suppressed scream broke from the lips of his wife, who whispered to me, "Look!" and then gasped, "There—the Egyptian!" She snatched her hand from mine, and, pointing toward her husband cried, "Oh, oh, oh! He is getting possession of Bertie!"

**I** LOOKED in the direction in which she was pointing and discerned a faint mist which seemed to be divided into two equal parts, connected throughout their whole length. They were in a state of violent agitation. Mrs. K—— declared that she could clearly see the Egyptian and the Sheik, the former assisting the latter to take possession of the sleeping man's body.

The unfortunate man's face had grown even more dusky and his whole deportment was very different from what I had deemed to be his natural self.

I myself soon had complete evidence of the reality of the two ghosts, for as the mist grew denser it took the form of two men corresponding in every way to those which Mrs. K—— had insisted that she had seen!

One of them was an elderly man with a thin cruel face, dressed in European fashion but wearing a fez. He appeared to be a well-bred Egyptian of great determination, and obviously devoid of emotion. He was standing beside the sleeping man, his hands extended toward him, Svengali fashion.

On the other side of Mr. K——, actually touching his shoulder, stood a tall well-built man of middle-age with a handsome, but sensuous face. His beard and mustache, both carefully trimmed, were jet black, while his heavy, sleepy-looking eyes fairly glowed with a dull fire. His finely chiselled features, especially his exquisite aquiline nose, showed that he was an Arabian, although he, too, was garbed in European



style. A diplomat, as Mrs. K— had said.

I was fascinated by the scene. Nothing ever staged was more dramatic! Those two strange entities were evidently engaged in a task from which it seemed nothing could distract them.

Mrs. K— and I watched the Egyptian for some time; his seemed to be the master mind. It was clear that he was concerned not with the fate of the sleeping man nor with his own obnoxious companion, but with the science of what he was practicing—at least, that is how it seemed to me. His satisfaction existed in the sense of power that he felt at being able to control the mind and body of another person.

The Sheik, for such he undoubtedly was, represented a very different type. Here was the spirit of a sensualist, who, having been cut off from his pleasures by death, was seeking an avenue through which he might continue to gratify his desires. He wished only for the sensations afforded by physical life, and would have willingly sold himself to Satan to gain his end.

As we watched we saw something begin to stir near the left side of the sleeping man. Mrs. K— was by now bordering on complete collapse, and I moved to her assistance, placing my arm around her waist to keep her from falling from her chair; but not for one moment did I remove my gaze from the ghosts and their victim.

THE stirring movement gradually increased, producing a shimmering effect similar to that caused by brilliant sunlight falling on a hot, glistening roadway. After a while this stopped, and there happened just what I expected—the sleeping man seemed slowly to emerge from himself! There he stood—in a body the exact counterpart of the one sitting on the chair. There was, however, little sign of life in this second form, and although it was standing upright, it seemed to be in a somnolent condition.

On seeing this, Mrs. K— gave an agonized sigh and sank unconscious into my arms. Still watching the ghostly forms, I laid the poor woman gently on the floor, realizing that my time to act had nearly arrived.

As soon as Mr. K—'s astral form had

been completely displaced from his physical organism, the Egyptian made a sign with his head toward the recumbent form on the chair, for now all signs of animation had gone from it. This was a signal for the Sheik to play his part. He moved still closer to the unconscious body and began to disappear slowly into it. I noticed that Mr. K—'s astral form seemed quite unable to move away from his physical body, and it struck me that its presence was necessary to the obsessing spirit—that if it moved any considerable distance away, the thief would be unable to retain his hold on the borrowed form.

It seemed logical, then, that even when under the influence of the Sheik, Mr. K— would be in psychological contact, no matter how slight, with his physical organism. This would account for the fact that even when the obsession was complete there was always something of the original owner's mentality observable, giving rise to the mental confusion which Mrs. K— had noticed as an important characteristic of her husband's changed personality.

Here was a unique experience for a ghost-layer! Haunted houses and haunted people are not uncommon. By haunted people I mean those unfortunates who have ghosts, imaginary and otherwise, tormenting them, though not taking possession of their bodies. But I had never met a convincing case of obsession before. Experience has taught me that ghosts are on the whole poor weak things, ready to yield to almost any form of determined opposition, including book, bell and candle. Nor have I ever met a ghost that has not shown a rather negative disposition when treated in a scientific manner.

My method in this case was simple. Concluding that a mind *out* of a body, even when on the haunting tack, is no more powerful than a mind *in* a body, I determined to set my will against that of the Egyptian, and, just as he had willed Mr. K— out of his body by hypnosis, or some similar means, I would by the same method try to restore him to his own again.

Up to now the ghosts had appeared quite unaware of the presence of Mrs. K— and



myself. They had been too absorbed in their nefarious task; but once I commenced to put my plan into operation an amazing change took place.

The Egyptian immediately became acutely aware of my presence, and dropping his hands to his side turned and glared fiercely at me. His eyes were small bead-like orbs, sunk deep into his head and hidden by immense eyebrows. They seemed to penetrate me through and through, causing me to burst into a perspiration and tremble violently. I felt my strength oozing from me and I regained my self-possession only by a strong effort of will. Then I gazed back at him, willing determinedly that he should be unable to resist me. A cynical smile played on his lips and a look of utmost contempt lit up his glittering eyes; but when he began to feel the power of my resistance a look of intense hatred and diabolical evil overspread his features.

That he felt confident of victory I knew instinctively. He had forgotten one thing, however; namely, that while he concentrated on me, he was neglecting to help the Sheik who still depended on him for the safe possession of his victim's body!

Now another interesting feature developed. As Mr. K—— had been forced from his body against his will, the law of self-preservation inclined to force him back to it. No healthy-minded person cares to lose his individuality. Nature has determined that. For countless generations she has concentrated on the development of personality, creating a mass of instincts which buttress and support it. These instincts continue to work even when the conscious mind has been subverted.

The consequence of that law's functioning in this case was that as soon as the Egyptian ceased to assist his protégé, the disembodied man commenced automatically to assert his claim to his own physical form and a struggle took place between him and the Sheik's usurping spirit. That is my reading of what occurred.

FROM the corners of my eyes I could see the Sheik gradually emerging from the body in the chair, while Mr. K——'s astral body just as gradually slid back into it. The Egyptian realized this was taking place too late, and the next moment the Sheik, now completely extruded from his borrowed vehicle, shot across the intervening space and struck against the Egyptian with an impact so severe that I felt convinced that there

was some kind of magnetic attraction between these two degenerates. On feeling the blow, the Egyptian turned toward his companion, stunned with surprise and chagrin. Here was an untoward event for which he had made no provision! It was too late to correct the oversight, for Mr. K—— was already safely ensconced within his physical body and rapidly regaining consciousness.

Paying no attention to the ghosts for a moment, I rushed to Mr. K——'s aid and began making rapid passes over him, similar to those used by the old mesmerists when inducing recovery from trance.

OF course, no sound had been made by the Egyptian nor by the Sheik, but there had been a continuous communication between them by a process which could only have been telepathic. I, too, must have become sensitive to these mental impacts, for I began picking up their messages in much the same way that a wireless set picks up sound waves. They were furious at first with each other and then with me. The Sheik, in addition to intense anger, registered intense fear, while the Egyptian despised him and hated me.

I turned my thoughts toward them as strongly as I could and in this way told the scoundrels that they should never do this sort of thing again. I argued mentally for Mr. K——'s right to sole possession of his physical organism and pleaded the cause of his wife and child. Never have I concentrated so strenuously nor feelingly as on that occasion, and it worked excellently. The Egyptian gave in through disgust at his own failure, and the Sheik was reduced to impotency. Of himself he could do nothing; having lost the help of the Egyptian, he had lost the power to use his victim's body.

Now came the final scene in this strange drama. The bird reappeared, but not until Mrs. K—— had recovered consciousness and her husband had awakened—his natural self, completely unaware of how near he had been to again losing possession of his body.

We were all sitting quietly in our chairs, wondering what next would happen, when a low wailing sound floated through the room, coming we knew not whence. Then followed the noise of a bird flying round and round the room, but still nothing of the creature was visible. Suddenly Mrs. K—— cried, "Look—the bird!" And, clearly reflected on the silk portière curtains, hovered the shadow of a large bird, fluttering help-

lessly, as if in the throes of agony and death.

We watched it breathlessly as it fell with upturned feet and ruffled wings, and remained motionless—a shadow of Death in the Unknown! We all instinctively looked round, expecting to see the object which had thrown the shadow. Nothing met our gaze; it had had no substance to give it birth. One more mystery of the ghostly realm, the shadow slowly faded away, and with it went the mysterious phosphorescent light which had accompanied it, leaving only normal darkness, for by now the shades of evening had fallen.

We sat some time in silence, feeling very eerie, yet unwilling to speak of what we had experienced; then Mrs. K— rose to her feet sobbing softly and flung her arms affectionately around her husband's neck. Feeling an intruder on this domestic scene, I noiselessly slipped from the room

into the hall, donned my hat and coat and went home.

Mr. K— was cured. From that day he has been his old, pleasant self—the devoted husband and affectionate father—and there has been no indication of a return of his temporary malady. Never have I laid ghosts with greater satisfaction, and I shall always treasure the beautiful token presented to me by a delighted and lovely woman in appreciation of any service I may have rendered her and her beloved "Bertie" on that eventful evening.

I HAVE often puzzled over the real nature and meaning of the strange bird, however, and conclude that it was one of those remarkable symbols for which the occult is noted. Its growth and activity appeared to signify the success of the Egyptian and the Sheik in their evil undertaking; while its death symbolized their ultimate defeat.

## More Than a Dream?

WHETHER it is a thought wave that assumes a tangible existence or whether the soul of a living person leaves the body and traverses great distances to find, unerringly, the person or spot it seeks, is one of the profound problems facing psychic research investigators.

That the spirit has, on frequent occasions, left the body of a living person has been amply testified to by reputable individuals, and one of the unusual records of this type of psychic phenomena accumulated by the British Society for Psychic Research is the case of John Moule, a business man prominent in his line of work in England.

Moule had been experimenting for his own amusement with thought transference. He formed a plan to try out his theories on this subject on a young lady at a time when he did not know her whereabouts and when she was utterly unaware that he proposed to experiment on her.

In the *Proceedings* of the psychical research society, Moule's statement of what happened (which was verified by investigators) follows:

"I chose for this purpose a young lady, a Miss Drasey, and stated that some day I intended to visit her, wherever she might be, although the place might be unknown to me; and I told her that if anything particular should occur, to note the time, and

when she called at my house again to state if anything unusual had taken place.

"One day, about two months after (I not having seen her in the interval), I was by myself in my chemical factory on Redman Row, Mile End, London, all alone, and I determined to try the experiment, the young lady being in Dalston, about three miles off.

"I stood, raised my hands, and willed to act on the lady. I soon felt that I had expended energy. I immediately sat down in a chair and went to sleep.

"I then saw in a dream my friend coming down the kitchen stairs where I dreamed I was. She saw me and exclaimed suddenly 'Oh! Mr. Moule!' and fainted away.

"This I dreamed and then awoke. I thought very little about it, supposing I had had an ordinary dream; but about three weeks after she came to my house and related to my wife the singular occurrence of having seen me sitting in the kitchen where she then was, and of having fainted away and dropped some dishes she had in her hands.

"All this I had seen exactly in my dream, so that I described the kitchen furniture and where I had sat as perfectly as if I had been there, though I had never been in the house. I gave many details and Miss Drasey said:

"'It is just as if you had been there!'"



# Life Secrets of a

**HAD I** been wise—as well as beautiful—

I should never have married Edgar Frampton. But I was young, alone in the world and afraid. Edgar was much older than I, he had been my father's advisor, and I turned to him willingly. But when, on our honeymoon at Virginia Beach, he repulsed my affection and left me penniless, I knew I must face life alone.

I had two weapons. My beauty—and an old pastime, fortune-telling by cards. With these and a skill born of desperation, I established myself at the hotel as Madame

Ducquerel comes  
Desiré learns too  
she must pay for



Desiré, a seeress. I had a flair for the psychic and was very successful. One of my first clients was a Mrs. Deland, a woman who, I found out, was heart-broken because her husband did not love her. He was, she said, much younger and their marriage had been a family arrangement. I gave her vague assurances and won her deep regard.

At the time I had no idea who her husband was, but late that very night I had an unexpected caller. To my surprise I saw he was a handsome young man to whom I had been oddly attracted down on the beach. I soon learned that he felt the same attraction—but also that he was Frank Deland, the husband of the woman I had promised to help!

In the midst of my efforts to send him

away, the door burst open and in rushed Mrs. Deland. She would have torn me limb from limb had Frank not intervened, but his last words to me were a vow never to give me up.

**T**HE next morning my reputation was ruined. Somehow I had to get away, and having no money, I went to a painter nearby and asked for a job as his assistant. This man, Ducquerel, took an immediate fancy to me and made me a glamorous offer if I would join him. His heated words frightened me, however, and I fled.

I now had no one to whom I could turn. I had no money, but my path was plain. I had always been something of a mystic and now the future lured me with its promise of the unknown.

# Spirit Medium

*to the rescue, and  
late the price  
her deliverance*

**A**T twilight that same day I had a disagreeable caller. All through the afternoon I had been studying over my situation, resolutely driving back the impulse to risk everything, dare everything, with Ducquerel. The future that he promised held for me an allure that possibly would have attracted no other woman. But I had had one little taste of the thrill of wonder-working, and it had awakened a hungry desire for more. I am a born mystic; all who have been associated with me recognize that.

Yet Ducquerel, with his satanic countenance and harsh assurance, frightened me. His familiarity was disturbing. I realized that if I were wise I would keep away from him.

And then, just as the first gloaming shadows were creeping across my room, there came a rap at my door. When I opened it, I saw a raw-boned man, plainly a native, with a long, straggling mustache, bulging and unintelligent eyes and a nervous trick of brushing a hairy right hand over his heart. He walked up to me with a swagger that was partly demure and partly intended gallantry.

"Howdy do?" he began, bending over toward me, with his hat held straight out behind him, and his head cocked knowingly on one side.

I bowed and wondered.

"Thought I'd like to have a little private conversation with you—on business," he explained, straightening up, entrusting his hat entirely to one hand and brushing over his heart with the other.

"What kind of business?" I inquired.

"Your business," he grinned. "You'd better let me in."

There was something in his manner that

*Frank had tricked  
Ducquerel at last!*



I did not like. I made up my mind to have nothing to do with him.

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I am very busy."



today. Please excuse me!" I tried to close the door, but he balked me.

"I'm Sheriff Hanson!" he announced in a husky whisper, and with a practiced movement he threw back his coat and exposed a well-polished badge. I was frightened but I resolved to meet him boldly.

"How does that concern me?" I demanded.

"I might arrest you," he said ominously. "Better talk turkey to me, young woman—and talk it quick!"

His beady little eyes, black as the heads of pins, looked mean and threatening. Confidence, high assurance, was in their blinking gaze. Yet what could he do to me? I had committed no crime.

"Just what do you mean?" I asked with considerable asperity.

He thrust his face forward and snapped:

"LOOK here, young woman! Do you want me to put the handcuffs on you right here and now? Better invite me in your room right quick, I'll tell you. I ain't here for no fooling!"

Other guests were pausing in the corridor. It would be better to talk to him privately. "You may come in," I said quickly, and, feeling more and more nervous, I admitted him.

He promptly seated himself, and, resting his shaggy hands over his bony knees, he came directly to his business.

"You're a criminal," he announced briskly. "I can lock you up. There's a law on our statute books against women like you—witches and vagabonds and soothsayers and fortune tellers. The law of man and the law of God is against you. You haven't been to any college and studied palmistry and got a diploma like the professor down on the beach. I give him a license. He's a scientist. But you're violating the laws of this state. I've heard all about you. There's something got to be done about your case!"

I had crossed my knees and I suddenly noticed with alarm that he was contemplating my ankles with an enraptured eye. Instantly I changed my posture.

"Well?" I asked him coldly. "What are you going to do about it?"

He clucked his lips meditatively and seemed at a loss how to resume.

"It can be fixed," he said, with an odious glance.

"I don't know what you mean."

He laughed with a silly cackle.

"You don't realize how bad off you are," he assured me. "I can fix it for you so that you'll go to the workhouse!"

"Are you looking for money from me?" I demanded.

"Have you got any money?" he gasped.

"Very little—I'm awfully poor," I pleaded. "How much does your license cost?"

He leaned over and tried to take my hand.

"Wouldn't cost you very much if you acted right," he said. "Mightn't cost anything whatever!"

"Are you trying to insult me?" I cried, rising, feeling my cheeks flush hotly.

A sudden rush of loathing seized me. Why was I caught in such a sordid mess? It was all so abominably cheap, so miserably unfair. This monster dared to insult me, a highbred girl, as if I were a woman of the streets. Never before in my life had I been subjected to such an indignity. Shuddering with revulsion I made up my mind to escape from Virginia Beach at any cost.

Meanwhile Sheriff Hanson was amusing himself.

"Insult you!" he crowed. "Ha! Ha! Say, look here. Do I look like I was born yesterday? I don't want no kidding. I'm an officer of the law. I won't stand no foolishness. But I am open to argument. You're a nice-looking girl. Give us a little kiss!"

I was speechless. My face was flaming. I had never seen such a wicked sight as this horrid little countryman, with his scraggly red face, and his bad teeth, and his little bloodshot eyes, leering at me. He rose to his feet, a silly half-smile on his withered lips.

"COME on!" he coaxed. "Let's taste one of your kisses!"

I darted behind a chair as he came nearer. Of a sudden I realized that there was danger in the situation. This man had nothing to fear. In the eyes of the local authorities I was all he had said I was; they had me at their mercy. Indeed, he immediately made this clear.

"Don't try no monkey business with that chair," he warned me angrily. "I come up here to arrest you on a warrant I swore out myself. I'm my own magistrate. That's the way we can do things down here. If you get mussed up, it's your fault. I'm going to have that kiss, mind!"

"You come a step nearer to me and I'll——"

"You won't do nothing," he broke in. "You're a daisy, you are. I'll get that kiss now, if it's the last thing I do, you hear that?"

He made a sudden attempt to seize the chair and wrested it from my grip in one terrific sweep of his arms.

"Come here to me!" he rasped, and his gorilla-like hands were clasped down on my shoulders.

I opened my mouth to scream, but he quickly lifted one hand and clasped it hard against my lips. The other he swung around my waist with cruel force and drew me to him.

Struggle as I did, kicking at him, wriggling and squirming to be free, I could not budge from his terrible hold. Almost a maniacal strength seemed to possess him.

"I'M going to get that kiss!" he gloated, and things grew dark before my eyes. His hand lifted from my lips; his face darted swiftly downward toward mine—and then drew back as quickly, as a baffled snarl gathered in his throat.

Someone had come in!

A long, slender white hand caught him by the neck and sent him spinning across the room, where he toppled over in a heap against the window.

Professor Ducquerel stood before me, his eyes more mocking than ever! One hand was shoved carelessly in his coat-pocket.

"There's a case where my spy-glass came in handy!" he remarked. "I thought I recognized you, Hanson. You're a filthy cur! Now behave! I've got you covered through this coat-pocket with a gun and I'll shoot if I have to. Get out of here!"

Hanson stood up, an ungainly spectacle. He gave me a bitter glance and then shuffled toward the door.

"I'll be back—and the two of you will catch it!" he said meaningly, and went out, slamming the door shut behind him.

Ducquerel smiled at me and pulled his pocket inside out. It was empty!

In a flash, I understood.

Ducquerel had done it all! He had instigated that brute of a Hanson to annoy me; deliberately set him on my trail! Now I had to run away before the revengeful Hanson returned. Perhaps Hanson had gone further than Ducquerel had planned; certainly he had been in earnest.

Even so, Ducquerel had tricked me, as he had threatened to do! He had made a fool of me!

As I looked at him, proud of his success, I resolved in one illuminating instant to pay him back somehow.

He wanted me to fly with him, did he? Well, why not? Let him take me away. That was what I wanted most; I had to escape. When I was safely elsewhere, I could leave Ducquerel, before I was placed in the slightest danger. I smiled.

"You tricked him, didn't you!" I said.

"Bluff!" he cried merrily. "That's all there is to life, anyway. But Hanson wasn't bluffing, my beautiful! He means business. He'll do just what he says. I am going to leave town in the next hour; I own an automobile, and I am clearing out. What about that proposition of ours? Why not come with me? Will you?"

Again I smiled.

"Yes!" I breathed softly. "Now!"

Even then I almost drew back—for the ardent flame that for a moment came into his eyes repelled and warned me. Then I reassured myself. It was all right; I was going to leave him too quickly to fear anything.

The brooding mists of twilight were rising like ghosts from the sea, moving mysteriously across the silent masses of sand, as I rode away from Virginia Beach by the side of Ducquerel.

One last look I took at the place, so infested with sad and bitter associations. And then came one sweet memory that would not be eluded—my first encounter with Frank.

Long I looked over my shoulder, though the memory gave me poignant, exquisite pain. He had said he would follow me; he would never find me now. I seemed to fancy him there in the shadows—his kind face so stricken at our parting, waving me a shadowy farewell.

ALL my plans were made, so far as I could prearrange them in my own mind. As soon as we were safely away from the complications of the resort where I had come to spend my honeymoon, and were beyond the clutches of the baffled Sheriff Hanson, I meant calmly to announce to Ducquerel that I desired no more of his company.

By midnight, I was certain that he and I would be parted forever.

Yet, such are the incalculable surprises which lie in wait for us along the road of life, that three days later I was living with Ducquerel in New York City. Close to

the rumbling rattle of the Ninth Avenue "L," we were established in a theatrical boarding-house on West Forty-fourth Street.

I realize there are a large number of people who will despise me for this. To them, what little I can say in my own defense will carry small conviction. But, gazing back from my present isolation upon those extraordinary years, I ask myself what my judges would have done if they had been in my place.

**S**HIVERING and cold, even under the lap-robies, I sat in the automobile reviewing my plight. My life was wrecked. I felt perfectly assured of that. In this estimate, my husband for a night did not figure. In spite of our marriage and of his desertion, I felt no sorrow; already I had driven Edgar Frampton completely out of my heart. Only the shame of his treatment of me rankled, and made me bitterly resolve never to return where old friends could ask questions that would keep my cheeks constantly aflame with humiliation.

What troubled me most was Frank. Never did I dream that love could hurt so! Though I had seen him only three times, and always under distressing circumstances, my whole being yearned for him. My suffering was the more acute because I knew I had put him irrevocably beyond me.

As we sped along the shell roads that led away from the sea, I grew utterly hopeless. Cold, and feeling completely forsaken, I began asking myself riddles that in other days would have frightened me. Even if Frank carried out his threat to pursue me, I knew that I must not yield. We could never be reunited. Our love, which had flamed up so readily, must burn itself out! I was a married woman and he was a married man, and though my husband had left me, his wife wanted him. That was sufficient. I could not go beyond that.

Then what was to become of me? In what should I seek distraction from the pain of the blighted love that would forever after torture my heart?

That question would not be dodged. I could not elude it. I knew that my love for Frank would pursue me closer than my own shadow, and something whispered that eventually I should go mad because of it.

Then it was that my thoughts turned more kindly toward Ducquerel and his schemes. Ducquerel desired me; I knew the emotions I had excited in his heart; and

he desired me not for my beauty alone, but as well for a different purpose, as fascinating to me as to him. My imagination craved the excitement which he promised. Regardless of the deception which would be necessary, and which to me then seemed harmless enough, the career of a medium held a luring glitter, which because of my misfortunes, was all the more dazzling. But what would Frank think of me? If I closed a bargain with Ducquerel, if I deliberately became not only his accomplice in spiritualistic duplicity, but also his paramour, would Frank not despise me, loathe my memory?

I felt sure he would. And strange as it may sound, that conviction determined me. Until then I had felt sure Frank would keep his word. He was that kind of a man. He would follow me relentlessly, determined to make me his. Firm as I tried to be, I distrusted my own will power. Some day he might find me in a yielding moment, and my resolution would crash to fragments.

As in a revealing flash of inner light, I seemed to behold my appointed path. This was the way! He would hate me, he would think me unworthy, but he would let me alone. And that was all that really mattered.

In the midst of this reverie, Ducquerel intruded. We were passing down the feebly illuminated main street of a small city, and he was inviting me to dinner.

"My beautiful," he said to me later, across the hotel dining-room table, "we are going to spend the night here. I have registered for both of us as Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

He made that blasting statement calmly, as if nothing whatever was involved.

And I made no protest!

If, by falling in with his schemes, and playing the exciting rôle of a spirit-medium, I could quietly drop forever out of the ken of my friends back home; if I could find sufficient mental activity to keep my mind off Frank, what did I care? Why should I care? What did anything matter to me anyway?

With the broken debris of my love at my feet, I was perfectly content to ride off with Ducquerel, hard and fast to the devil.

**O**NLY our scanty funds kept us in that dreadful Forty-fourth Street boarding house; but we were so feverishly busy while we were there that I did not mind. The ribald coarseness of some of its occupants was as distasteful to Ducquerel as to



myself. But he constantly assured me that we would not be there long; that he was staging the scene for a tremendous *début*.

In the meantime, he kept me so fully occupied, day and night, in rehearsing for my singular work that I felt myself blessed. Only in the hours of the night, when sleep relentlessly avoided my eyes, did I think of Frank. Sometimes I dreamed of him. My poignant thoughts at these times brought me a suffering almost insupportable; thus the grinding routine of study and practice on which Ducquerel insisted so rigidly was to me a mercy and a balm.

He was grooming me as he would a throughbred for the test.

"MY beautiful," he said to me, "when we are finally launched on our conquest of the New York boobery, and are snatching their shekels from them in hundred-thousand-dollar snatches, you are going to move in a dizzy atmosphere. You will consort with the brainiest men and women in the world. Now the whole bubble will collapse if you can't bluff your way through with them, and to do that you've got to cram your beautiful head with a lot of dusty knowledge.

"I want you to be seeped in mysticism. Then you will have a genuine background for the stunts I want to spring. You must be able, in other words, to converse intelligently on the occult. You want to stuff your brains with everything mystical, from the *Zend-Avesta*, the holy book of the Parsees and the lamp of Zoroastrian truth, to the doctrine of Theosophical Karma. You must be able to announce, with an oracular air, that 'God geometrizes' and go on to a discussion of the fourth dimension with a perfectly straight face. Cultivate Hermetic glances, and school yourself to admit, as if it were a concession, that there is a philosophic and scientific basis for the Hebraic caballa, after all! As they say in the Academy, do you get me?"

I had to. I had to study the most extraordinary books that ever were written. Some of them long and dry and silly; others, like the Hindoo *Bhagavad-Gita*, thrilled me and left a permanent impress of goodness on my heart. It was as if they supplemented that rich fund of mysticism which was already so vital a part of my own nature.

These preparatory studies, which consumed several months, were only a part of my course in mediumship, if such it can be

called. I did most of my reading in the afternoons; during the mornings and the evenings Ducquerel was **initiating me into** the extraordinary tricks by which we were to hoodwink the public.

There is not space here to acquaint the reader with all the deceptions which I was taught. Ducquerel was determined that before we began I should be completely trained; that no emergency should find me at a loss, and that if ever it became necessary, I should be able to produce any effect known in the physical phenomena of mediumship.

Thus we covered all the ground, from the simple method of giving a reading, to the most elaborate contraptions by which tables are raised, rappings produced and visible ghosts summoned out of the great darkness. Some day, perhaps, I shall find the time to disclose all the many methods of deception in which I was instructed. Here I can reveal only those which played a direct part in my own emotional history and helped to develop in me those innate psychic powers that were quite apart from the trickery.

I very well remember that my first lesson was in giving a simple trance reading. Ducquerel had minutely drilled me in the art of appearing like one in a trance, making me try and try and try, until finally I could roll my eyes far back, without pain, and assume that unchanging, glassy glitter which has deceived so many scientists. Also, he taught me how to control my breath, so that my hands and face became clammy and cold, and how to assume a posture that would cast a rigidity over my entire form. The glazed eyes, the clammy flesh, and the rigidity of muscles, are the chief symptoms of trance. After a hard apprenticeship under Ducquerel's management, I was able to simulate them all—and sometimes, though I said nothing to him of it, I think it was not entirely simulation.

IT was highly necessary that I learn this trance trick, because it was a part of the *mise en scène* of the dramatic surprise which Ducquerel had invented, and which was to be my most elaborate test.

What he intended to do was this:

First I was to go off into a trance. Then he would have someone present write a question on a card and seal it in an envelope. No one was to see, or know, what had been written except the writer of the query. The sealed envelope was to be



placed in my listless hand, and then a rubber shroud—something like a much enlarged typewriter cover, which Ducquerel had had especially made to completely cover me—was to be lowered over my form. I was thus in complete darkness. After a short interval, this covering would be removed, and in my trance tones I was not only to tell what was written on the card, but also to answer the question.

On the surface, this did look like a miracle, and I think Ducquerel had displayed considerable ingenuity in devising it. Yet the secret was ludicrously simple. If you smear alcohol over the face of an envelope, the paper immediately becomes transparent and one can read what is written on the enclosed card as easily as through a window.

**I**N fake spiritualism, Ducquerel admitted that this was an old and much used principle, but his improvement consisted in doing it in the dark—that is, by shrouding me in the rubber hood. Even those who knew the old trick would be puzzled at that.

Ducquerel had made this possible by giving me a very small electric flashlight. I had it concealed in my bosom, together with a bottle of alcohol, the cork of which was a brush. We practised it together and I found it very simple to operate. Under cover of the hood, I would first take out the bottle, remove the cork and smear the front of the envelope with alcohol. Replacing this I would secure the flashlight and train its rays against the damp envelope. With the greatest ease I could read what was written inside, and of course the light was unknown to the audience, because it could not penetrate the thick fabric of the rubber hood.

“Now,” Ducquerel told me, “all this will lose fifty per cent of its effect if you can’t go into a trance naturally. That is the dramatic, and therefore the important side of it. Come on, let’s try it again.”

When I had finally mastered this difficult feat, I felt inordinately proud. In spite of the hard toil necessary to meet Ducquerel’s program of study, I was beginning to find a positive enjoyment in it, spoiled only when my heart got the better of my mind, and my soul yearned for the lover I had driven away.

Having accomplished the fake trance, I was next taught what to say when in this pretended condition of psychic coma. The idea was that some day I should be giving

private “readings” to wealthy patrons. Some old Park Avenue dowager would come in and cross Ducquerel’s palm with a hundred dollars—and then would be left alone with me. My part was to go off into a trance, and while thus placed, to open my mouth and in an oracular voice, full, clear and resonant, tell what I found out about her from my spirit guide.

“You have to have a spirit guide,” explained Ducquerel. “It’s a convention in the business, and we must be thoroughly conventional. Any old name will do!”

I thought a moment, and then I said: “I knew an old man named Knarf, who died. How would he do?”

“Surely! Anything you like,” agreed Ducquerel, laughing.

I do not think he ever discovered—although Knarf, my spirit guide, was widely discussed later—that “Knarf” is *Frank* spelled backwards!

Ducquerel explained the reading—to me this way:

“I shall have it fixed so that we will have a whole lot of information beforehand about the people we give readings to. That will be a part of my work. But sometimes the information may fall down; accidents happen, you know. In that case, you must be able to stall. Here’s how you do it!”

And he proceeded to explain that there are certain traits in human nature common to everyone, but which everyone seems to believe are individual. For example, everyone is sensitive, some more than others; but if questioned, everyone believes he is more than usually sensitive. Now, a medium takes the hand of a sitter and looks deep into his eyes and then smiles, as if beholding an inner secret of character, and says:

“Why, you are sensitive—terribly sensitive. But you hide it! No one would ever know how very sensitive you really are!”

**T**HAT’S a ten-strike. I have never heard a sitter deny it. And that is only one of a dozen stalls used to impress them. If you tell a person he is too easy-going; that he submits to lots of things against which he should rebel, he is astonished at your mediumistic powers. Try it! It is one of the sure-fire hits. There are many others.

These, you may be sure, were but the kindergarten lessons of what was a university degree before I was ready in Ducquerel’s critical estimate. The rappings at first bothered me dreadfully. Ducquerel

explained to me that in the old days the raps were made by the Fox sisters with their big toes. Later, mechanical devices were tried with great success.

"Now, however," he added, "you've got to do better than that. If any of the scientists test you, they will have a lady investigator who will examine you thoroughly to look for fake rappers. But we can outwit them on that score!"

He took from a package he had brought in that afternoon what appeared to be a very attractive silk corset.

"I HAD this made just for you," he explained. "That was why I took your measurements last week. Just try this on, and then I'll show you what to do."

I felt a little embarrassed, but I went and did as he suggested. When I came back he stood aside and surveyed me, admiration mingling with his scientific, or rather, professional enthusiasm for a new feat.

"Take a deep breath and hold it!" he commanded.

I did, and held it until he shouted, "Now breathe out!"

As my breath escaped, I was astonished to hear one, two, three sharp loud raps. They seemed to come directly from my bosom.

"There's a metal clapper hidden in there as one of the stays," he explained. "That's my own original idea, beautiful, and I think it's a corker! You must learn to control it. When you breathe properly, you can make it rap just as you want it to. In the approved spirit code, one rap means 'no,' and two raps mean 'yes,' and three mean 'I don't know!' No one will ever be able to detect where those raps come from—even if they undress you!"

I didn't like the idea at all; it seemed cheap and brazen, and I felt vague qualms of remorse as if, by employing all this clap-trap, I was breaking faith with unseen friends.

Ducquerel actually taught me to write with my toes. I laughed when he first suggested it—yet I set to work practicing eagerly, for it was one more difficulty to overcome, and thus one more means of keeping sad memories in leash. It was by writing with my toes that we accomplished our slate messages.

The idea was that a sitter was to be given a message, written on the slate, apparently by the spirits. To do this, Ducquerel had

me fitted for an iron shoe, cleverly covered to look like my other, but weighted heavily in the sole. The slate we would place on the floor, under the table which separated the sitter and me as we sat waiting. As we practiced it, Ducquerel was the sitter and I, of course, the medium. In order to prove that there was no trickery, I would put my feet on top of the sitter's feet—and the lights would go out.

How I used to smile when we first rehearsed that old trick. Under cover of the darkness, I would slip my foot out of the iron shoe; it was built so that this was easy. I would do it while I was shuddering and pretending to be convulsed with spirit vibrations—Ducquerel taught me just how. The front part of my stocking was cut away, and I would get the pencil between my big toe and the next one and write.

As soon as I could get my foot back into the iron shoe, I would call for lights. Over and over we rehearsed this, until Ducquerel said I did it perfectly.

I learned many other things too. But all the time I was fairly haunted by the sense of reproach from someone, something, in the Great Beyond!

As the months sped by in this way, I realized that Ducquerel was also engaged in some other activity of which he had said nothing to me. He kept mysterious hours, leaving the boarding-house in the dead of the night; he had mysterious visitors. For days, toward the end of my education, he would remain uncommunicative, with a hard glitter in his eyes which later I learned was a sure indication that he was planning some spectacular coup.

Finally he came to me and confessed. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm, his strange eyes fairly burning with triumph.

"MY beautiful," he told me, "I have put it over at last!"

I tried to look interested, but that day, I remember, my heart was very heavy; I had dreamed of Frank the night before, and I could not make myself forget him.

"One week from tomorrow night," he explained dramatically, not waiting for my question, "Mrs. Van de Dressenlin—the Mrs. Van de Dressenlin—is giving a reception at her home on East Seventy-third street. It is going to be the season's swankiest affair. The smartest set in New York, the big bankers and the most scornful

women alive, will be there. And who else do you think is invited?"

I shook my head and tried to smile.

"Who?" I asked, with an eager attempt to meet his enthusiasm.

"Monsieur Ducquerel and his celebrated psychic, Madame Desiré," he cried buoyantly. "You and I, my beautiful! You and I! We are to be introduced to the damned aristocrats—to the people with those hundred-thousand-dollar bills we're looking for. We are guests, my beautiful—not hired entertainers. We are received as equals. You are the admitted scientific marvel of the age. We laugh with the aristocrats, we eat with them, we flirt with them! No less!"

"How?" I gasped.

MY torpid languor left me at his words; I felt the flush of excitement flooding back to my pallid cheeks.

He waved a careless hand.

"Blackmail," he admitted lightly. "Just a neat little blackmail—and not a mean trick, either. You see, there's a fat old woman living on Fifth Avenue, near the Metropolitan Museum. By the way, she somewhat resembles the Metropolitan Museum in its architectural contour. That old woman knows that I could send her son to the electric chair tomorrow, if I wanted to. You see again, my beautiful, I was born in that set, even if I am a black sheep. I have an inquiring mind and a long memory. So I went to see the old lady. I told her I wanted you and myself introduced to society at Mrs. Van de Dressenlin's reception. She squeaked in horror. I told her I wanted her to provide us with a certified, sterilized past, with faultless social connections. She got queasy with cold feet at the very idea. I told her I wanted her to be our sponsor in society, as European blue-bloods with psychic powers. I thought the old lady had the permanent fidgets. She offered me five thousand dollars cash, which I took, and renewed my demand.

"So here's the five thousand!" He held up what looked like a cabbage of greenbacks. "Come along!" he crowed.

"Come along where?"

"To Lucille's. To Tappé's. To Hickson's. To the very best shops in town. I'm going to make you look like a duchess—but there!" he stopped and bent over and kissed me. "You are the most beautiful woman alive, just as you are!"

I have always believed that Ducquerel really cared.

Never shall I forget the days that followed; the frantic search for the clothes which I should wear at the Van de Dressenlin reception; the unremitting rigor of our rehearsals, now confined to the three feats we intended to exhibit at the affair; the constant excitement which filled and thrilled me.

One afternoon, as Ducquerel was walking with me down Fifth Avenue, he said:

"I am banking heavily on you, my beautiful. Once we start, once we begin to show the guests what you can do, our whole future will rest on you. Are you frightened?"

I shook my head. The prospect of danger—the blasting danger of discovery, or exposure—was appetizing; it would stir me out of morbid memories.

Then I noticed an odd thing. Ducquerel had paused and was staring after someone. I turned intuitively, but saw nothing. Ducquerel, when he saw that I too was looking, seemed distinctly annoyed. I said nothing, nor did he, but for the rest of the afternoon he was moody.

That night he very much surprised me by revealing the real meaning of the incident.

"Can you bear a shock?" he asked quietly, lighting a cigarette.

"I don't think I can be shocked any more," I replied.

He smiled—a wicked smile, I thought.

"Frank Deland is in town," he said quietly.

I was shocked. He saw that, and I knew that he saw it. I could feel the blood leaving my cheeks; I knew that my eyes must have betrayed how much his news meant to me. My heart had seemed to vault at his words. Frank—in New York! I had thought him in Virginia, anywhere but here.

"HA! Ha!" croaked Ducquerel. "Shocked it is, by God! And you would like to know if he knows that you are here, too, eh? Is that it?"

I nodded affirmatively. I could not speak.

"He does!" declared Ducquerel. "He was following me all day. Now look here, my beautiful. I am banking on you, as I told you. I am more interested in our present scheme than I have been in anything in my life. And I don't mind admitting that I am damned interested in you. But we'll let that part pass—I know you love this man Deland. Are you going back with him? If he finds you, are you going away with him? I'll admit I've stood between you; he's done his best to get at you; he's written

you and I've never let you see his letters. All's fair in this game, you know. Now I realize he may outwit me. I don't want to find a note pinned to the pillow, and you gone. There is still time for you to back out—but after we get started it will be too late. If you are going through with me, on the level, well and good. If you are not, then say so and get out now. But don't try to put anything over on me. Well—what about it?"

His voice was harsh, but I knew that he was being not only fair, but kind. If I wanted my freedom, he was opening the door. All that he was demanding was a square deal—and his treatment of me had earned him that.

I wiped away my tears and stood up, facing him.

"I love Frank Deland," I admitted, "but I have given him up. No matter what he may say or do, I'll stick!"

Ducquerel did not smile.

"That is a contract," he said solemnly. "You have had your chance. Now, if you try to trick me, I shall kill you!"

When we arrived at the home of Mrs. Van de Dressenlin, on that never-to-be-forgotten night, we found ourselves the principal objects of interest in an assemblage, originally described by one of the society reporters as the "flower of the wit and fashion of the land."

Everyone who counted was there, from the exclusive Garrisons, who were just back from Norway, to the bearded and dignified Professor Gressly of the Society, the most famous psychic investigator in America, together with some of his bespectacled associates, invited for the particular purpose of witnessing a display of my powers. All reporters had been refused. They got their information regarding the affair as best they could. That meant giving full rein to their vivid imaginations. It was Ducquerel's plan.

Mrs. Van de Dressenlin, a young matron, was exceedingly kind. She made my pati-

way in the earlier part of the evening very easy. I came from a fine Southern family, but with this world of metropolitan magnificence I was, of course, unfamiliar. But I was not expected to be a charming woman of the world. Reserve, simplicity and silence became me better, and these I was able to manage fairly well. My beauty, of which I hope I may be pardoned for speaking, coupled with a poise that came from saying very little kept me unflustered. Men and women talked to me a great deal. I

listened and they thought me charming and brilliant.

With his sense of the dramatic, Ducquerel had arranged that our exhibition should begin at midnight.

It was on the third stroke of the chimes that something happened which completely unnerved me.

In the broad drawing-room, chairs had been placed, in which the guests were seated, leaving a triangular space in front, with a single chair for me. I was seated there, while Ducquerel had taken a standing position to my right, ready to address the assemblage and explain the nature of the test I was about to attempt.

Never had I felt more competent to go through with the strange ordeal that confronted me. Somehow, I had the feeling that even though our devices should fail, I would be able to carry on as a true medium possessed of psychic powers.

AS Ducquerel opened his mouth to begin his preliminary address, I suddenly grew rigid—not with the unnatural rigidity of pretended trance, but with the genuine catalepsy of shocked surprise.

Frank Deland had appeared in the doorway at the other end of the room and his eyes were looking triumphantly into mine!

I saw Mrs. Van de Dressenlin rise and smile; I saw Frank reluctantly take his gaze from me and advance toward her, and bow and exchange a few apologetic words. My first fear vanished. He had not come to interrupt the séance, then. He was here as a guest.





But that only filled me with greater anxiety.

Knowing as little of him as I did, I had not given any thought to his social position. I knew he was a gentleman, but I had not suspected that he had the entrée to such a circle as this. But could it be a coincidence that he was here?

I WAS satisfied that it was not. He had said he would follow me and he had kept his word. More than ever now, I needed my resolution. I felt icy and weak. All the exuberance which had buoyed me up, and which I had hoped would carry me through the first séance, had departed; I felt inert, and defeated.

I could see the guests looking at me; I could hear them whispering. My pallor and my nervousness had been noticed, and it delighted them. Already, they thought I was feeling the approach of the psychic sleep.

Fools! If they had only known the tumult in my heart!

Ducquerel had not observed me. I had no way of telling whether he had recognized Frank. Very calmly he began speaking.

To the audience, he explained that I was celebrated in European psychic laboratories as a medium more famous than Palladino; that my work had been sacredly guarded against vulgar publicity, and that, unlike most psychics, I was able to control the influences, to summon "Knarf," my spirit guide, when and where I desired, and that phenomena could be produced almost at will.

When he spoke of "Knarf" I felt a curious thrill. Frank had come to my first séance as if he were, indeed, a spirit guide!

Earlier in the evening, Ducquerel had drawn me aside and confided to me that an old lady would give me a locket, during the first test. She had not known she was going to do it. Ducquerel had led her to ask it as a favor and then, by a surreptitious telephone call to the Fifth Avenue dowager, he had found out her history and the history of the locket. This he passed on to me. Now he was saying to the company:

"Our first test will be known as psychometry. By that term, I mean that Madame will receive an object from someone in the room—any little personal article. Only one will be accepted, as there are other tests to follow. Will someone please oblige?"

There was a buzzing murmur in the audience, and many guests importuned Duc-

querel to accept their articles, but he smilingly managed to accept the old lady's proffered locket. So adroitly did he manipulate the situation, that he seemed reluctantly to yield to her imploring words.

Ducquerel placed her locket in my hand, and then he stood aside. His face was a mask of reserve. No one, looking at him, would have suspected what he was up to.

Following our oft-rehearsed program to the letter, I now glided off into the trance. As I went through the familiar movements, I could tell by the hushed quiet of the crowd that I held their attention—that my trance seemed real.

But Ducquerel had another card to play. "If Doctor Gressly will kindly come forward," he suggested, "and examine Madame?"

The eminent scientist needed no second urging. He came up and felt me all over, as if I were a stuffed specimen. Without any emotion whatever, he handled my legs, my arms, my shoulders. Then he drew himself stiffly erect and faced the audience.

"Madame's trance is unquestionably genuine," he announced clearly, and resumed his seat.

Almost was I able to forget that my lover was in the room and watching me, in the thrill that coursed through my veins. I had hoodwinked the great Gressly, the man who knew more about psychic phenomena than any other savant in America. What a victory!

Then Ducquerel's voice came again.

"Deep, deep quiet! Madame has a message!"

It was time for me to speak. In that moment, everything else seemed to leave me, except the exhilaration and excitement of what I was attempting. I felt like a Delphian priestess. My voice seemed to me to hold a true seer's intonation, as my first utterance shattered the silence.

"THIS locket was once suspended about the white throat of a beautiful auburn-haired girl," I began, speaking slowly and with the utmost distinctness. Then I paused. Ducquerel had carefully schooled me in pauses. Often they are more eloquent than words—as, indeed, this one proved. For the intervening quiet was interrupted by the old lady.

"My God!" she groaned. "What do you think of that! Estelle!"

"I see the letter E," I continued, pretending not to have heard her. I already

knew the name. Ducquerel had given me the information that Estelle, the owner of the locket, was the old lady's daughter. She had been killed in an automobile crash on the Boston Post Road, three years before, while she was motoring on her honeymoon. In a dramatic recital, I rehearsed these incidents, and, as many of those present were familiar with the tragedy, the effect was really tremendous.

At first I felt only happy at the success I was making; the unrestrained sobs of the old lady had not touched my heart. And now it was time to pass on to the second surprise, carefully prepared in the sequence Ducquerel had devised for me.

**M**Y entranced gaze still glittering out at them, I sat suddenly upright.

"Estelle is here!" I cried. "She is at my side. Knarf, my spirit guide, has led her here. She will rap out a greeting!"

As I clasped my hands together, one could have heard a falling feather, so tense and silent was the scene. I breathed hard. They imagined I was drawing in more psychic power. I was really drawing in breath to make my trick rapper work properly.

Suddenly I let go my breath. Quickly, rapidly I blew in a forced exhalation. The metal flapper in my corset reacted; on the silence it sounded with ghastly effect—a rapid rap-rap-rap—the ghostly greeting of the dead girl!

"Estelle!" screamed the old mother, and as she covered her face with her hands, shame swept over me like a scourging flame. I realized how despicable all this really was. I was making sport and mummery of this poor woman's most sacred emotions. I was making her believe that the mechanical tapping was the spirit of her dead child. It made me loathe myself, and Ducquerel and all our gaudy schemes.

But I dared not give in. I had to go on. Sick at heart, bitterly ashamed, with all the glamor gone forever, I had to go on, because I had lost the courage to rebel.

"Ask her a question," prompted Ducquerel. "A question that can be answered yes or no. One rap means 'no'; two means 'yes'; three, 'I do not know!'"

The old mother cleared her throat and did her best to regain her self-control.

"Are you happy, Estelle?" she faltered. Carefully I exhaled my breath, and two raps sounded, in affirmative reply.

Ducquerel came over to me, and examined

my eyes in pretended solicitude. He took the opportunity to whisper in my ear.

"Great stuff. You're some little medium, I'll say!"

I despised him! With the most gracious dignity, he explained to the mother that the conversation with her daughter could not be continued; but, later, a private séance could be arranged.

"I'd pay a thousand dollars a sitting," sobbed the old woman, and I knew Ducquerel was having a hard time not to close the bargain on the spot. But he managed to remain calm, and told the audience about our slate test.

In this, the audience was tremendously interested, and though my toes were actually trembling with nervousness, so that my hand, or rather foot-writing was not as legible as Ducquerel liked, nevertheless the feat caused the greatest amount of astonishment. I knew that we would get many private sittings as a result of this, and that Ducquerel's wisdom was justified in launching us in just this way.

But I no longer had any enthusiasm. The memory of that mother's sobs was too much; I could never be lured by mediumship again.

After the slate writing, we came to what Ducquerel considered the greatest feat of modern trick spiritualism; the one effect upon which he was counting for the most profound sensation of the evening—the feat in which I was to read the sealed envelope, while shrouded in the rubber cloak.

In my bosom reposed the alcohol bottle and the flashlight, which were to be such important accessories in putting over the swindle. Ducquerel had a special envelope, particularly adaptable to the process, and a thick card on which the question was to be written.

**A**T considerable length, he explained the nature of the experiment—that someone was to write a question on the card; seal it in the envelope, and place it in my hands, himself. In order to lull any suspicion of trickery—although I do not believe a soul in the room doubted the genuineness of our work—he insisted that Doctor Gressly examine, not only the envelope and card, but also the rubber hood. The old man did, too, very thoroughly and pronounced them unprepared. Which, of course, they were.

"And now," concluded Ducquerel, "I shall allow anyone present to write the question. Who would like to do so?"

A dozen requests came from all over the room, but in the midst of the noise Mrs. Van de Dressenlin rose, and a hush fell upon them all. Mrs. Van de Dressenlin was smiling and eager:

"Monsieur Ducquerel," she said, "I should like the privilege of naming the one to write the question, if I may. There is a young mining engineer present, who is also a great metallurgical scientist. He is the most pronounced materialist I have ever encountered, but if he can get the answer to the question he wants to propound, he will be a very happy man. May I nominate him?"

Ducquerel smiled affably.

"That is just the type of man we want," he said heartily. "By all means let him write the question. Will you ask him to rise?"

Mrs. Van de Dressenlin turned smilingly and said:

"Let me introduce Mr. Frank Deland!"

I THOUGHT I would swoon. Not for one instant had I suspected that it would be Frank! For a moment my head swirled in a dizzy rotation. I had to grasp the chair to steady myself. Then I grew cold and things grew marvelously clear.

Frank had tricked Ducquerel at last! I could see it all. When Ducquerel had intercepted his letters, and prevented him from seeing me, he had refused to be beaten. Now he was going to reach me; he was going to write me a message, a personal message.

Like stone, Ducquerel stood there. I could guess what a tempest of raging fury was in his soul, but on the success of this séance he had staked our future, and he would not risk a failure by a single false move. He had to remain there and watch Frank write to me, without the power to lift a finger against him.

Suddenly Frank stood up. The sealed envelope was in his hand.

"Did I understand Monsieur Ducquerel to say," he inquired clearly, "that I could place the envelope in Madame's hands?"

Ducquerel cleared his throat.

"If Mr. Deland desires to do that, he is quite privileged to do so," he said.

"Thank you," replied Frank, and walked through the press of chairs, out into the

open space and directly up to me. I could not prevent the trembling that seized me as he approached. It was a moment of agony; I felt that if he touched me I should cry out.

But he did not. Without letting his hand brush mine, Frank placed the envelope in my palm.

What had he written?

The question obliterated all else from my mind. I could hardly wait for Ducquerel to drop the enclosing rubber cloak over my head. I was trembling, but now it was with the eagerness of a woman with a love letter in her hands. Though I had sent Frank away, I knew now how weak I really was.

So deeply was I engaged in these thoughts that the sudden blackness of the enveloping hood startled me. All at once I was completely alone with myself, shut off from the rest of the world, privileged to read Frank's letter unmolested!

Was ever another woman placed in such a position?

Vaguely this thought came to me as my quaking hands reached for the bottle of alcohol. Suppose that I should drop it and it should spill? Suppose I had forgotten it?

But no! Here it was. I forced my shaking hands to seize it securely; I willed that I should be calm enough to smear the face of the envelope with the revealing chemical.

THEN, in the darkness of my isolation, I found the electric flashlight, and pressed the little button. I could see the card plainly; could read every line vividly:

My dearest,

In the six months that have elapsed, I have secured a divorce. I am a free man. I can prove that your husband is dead. Nothing need now separate us. I know about Ducquerel, but I want you; I want to marry you at once. Answer yes or no.

Your eager Frank

What a ghastly predicament! Ducquerel would kill me if I left him. I knew he meant what he said! And I must answer in a moment, for I was a medium in a trance, cloaked in a rubber hood, and one word would seal all my future.

Should I answer yes—or no?

*One word—one small word—will decide the beautiful Desiré's fate—forever! What will she say? And what, you may well wonder, will be the outcome, either way? You have never read a more soul-stirring, more intimate revelation. Don't miss the dramatic climax to this séance in the February issue of GHOST STORIES, on sale at all news stands January 23rd.*





By  
GORDON  
HILLMAN

*"Give!" the black-clad specter cried. "Because your father ruined mine—and I am ruined"*

# The Christmas Specter

*Will the little town of West Warwick  
have its phantom guest this Yuletide  
as it has for three years past?*

**E**ACH December, the ghost comes back to a little Rhode Island village. Each December, the countryside thrills with terror; posses stand guard with guns, and the chief of police scratches his head over an eerie mystery that is no nearer solution now than when the ghost made its appearance three years ago.

The ghost never comes save in the Yuletide season, and it is called by the trembling country-folk, "The Christmas Specter."

It comes only once a year; it haunts only one woman. Its appearance never changes. This year, as every year, Rhode Island waits for the specter that has never failed to show

itself at Christmastime. Will it come again?

Certainly it came last year; certainly it sent a police chief hunting through musty old records for a dead man's name, and as certainly it was pursued by men with guns—in vain.

On a frosty December morning in 1928, Mrs. Henry Barton, a farmer's wife, was found unconscious on the doorstep of her home in West Warwick, a small Rhode Island town.

It was sensation enough for West Warwick to have the woman found so; but that was nothing to the thrill of terror that ran 'round the countryside when she regained consciousness in a hospital and told her tale



to the chief of police and to curious reporters.

On the night before she was found stretched out on the doorstep she had been sitting alone in the farmhouse kitchen.

It was a dark, clear and cold December night.

Suddenly, as she sat rocking, she heard a woman's voice calling: "Mrs. Barton! Mrs. Barton! Come quickly! Mrs. Pardonet has fallen! She needs you!"

Now Mrs. Barton noticed that the voice had a thin, peculiar quality, that it seemed to come from nowhere in particular and that it was hardly a human voice—or, at least, no human voice that she had ever heard before. Mrs. Pardonet is a neighbor whom Mrs. Barton sees every day, and she thought her imagination was playing tricks on her.

**S**HE threw a shawl over her head, and ran toward the front steps where she thought the mysterious woman must be.

She threw open the door and, to her surprise, found no one there. She could see, in the moonlight, every object in the farmyard quite clearly. *There was no one in sight.*

Yet, as she strained her eyes, a shadow seemed to grow out of the ground before her—and suddenly it was no longer a shadow. It was the figure of a man, clad in an old-fashioned long black coat and a black hat whose brim shaded the faint gleam of his eyes.

The woman stood transfixed in utter horror. For she had seen this same figure each Christmastime for two years past—and it was the figure of no man in West Warwick, the figure of no man she knew, *the figure of no living man!*

It was the Christmas Specter, and it advanced slowly toward her, making no noise at all as it seemed to glide across the frozen ground.

Mrs. Barton stood still as a statue and her heart seemed to stop as well.

The specter's hands were held over its face, its head drooped, and suddenly it spoke in hollow unreal tones.

"I have come for my Christmas money," it said.

Mrs. Barton was half fainting by now. She had to hold onto the post in order to stand.

"Your father collected money from my father—money that was not owed," said the specter, and its long, bony forefinger pointed accusingly at the trembling woman. "I

have come for it again. Give! Give—because your father ruined my father, and I am ruined."

Mrs. Barton reached for a bag that hung at her belt. She held out a small sum of money, held it toward the specter's outstretched hand . . . and then a new horror struck her. She could see through the specter, she could see the moonlight through its body—and it seemed to sway toward her, to sway forward as if to seize her.

Then she fainted.

Mrs. Pardonet's son, returning early in the morning, found her unconscious on the doorstep. The money she had tried to give the ghost lay on the ground beside her. There were no footprints on the snow.

Incidentally, Mrs. Pardonet, the neighbor, had not fallen, had not been hurt, and had sent no one to call Mrs. Barton to her aid.

Who was the mysterious woman whose voice lured Mrs. Barton to her doorstep? No one knows.

Into the strange case came Police Chief Thomas F. Harrop of West Warwick. He asked questions, he investigated and established the fact that the identical specter had been seen twice before at Christmastime by the terrified Mrs. Barton. He took down the ghostly conversation, as she gasped it out, word for word.

And then he shook his head at the theory that any human being had appeared to Mrs. Barton on that grim December night.

The specter's appearance had been the same on each of its three visits; its hollow voice had muttered the same words to the horror stricken woman, and in 1927 she had seen it disappear—into thin air.

Mrs. Barton had no doubt that she had witnessed a supernatural manifestation, and neither had the chief.

**S**O the history of the "Black Ghost of West Warwick," more commonly known as the "Christmas Specter," went down in black and white in the police records.

Then, not content with crediting the existence of a ghost that visited its vengeance on Mrs. Barton every year, Chief Harrop set out to find out two things: first, why did the Black Ghost haunt the farmer's wife, and second, whose ghost was it?

He found the solution to the first question, and he attempted to solve the mystery of the second.

It seems that Mrs. Barton's father, Henry Matteson, long since dead, was a hard-headed, stern New England Yankee who

owned the country store at Aquidneck. He was noted for his severity toward his delinquent debtors. He literally drove them to pay their bills.

And that, the countryside thinks, was what the specter meant when its hollow voice distinctly said, "Your father ruined my father."

The second question was not so easy to answer.

A realistic writer of fictional ghost stories would doubtless balk at the idea of a police chief in Rhode Island in the Twentieth Century, striving to establish the identity of a ghost; but that is precisely what this police chief did.

The very night after the haunting of Mrs. Barton, he went through the musty old ledgers of the Aquidneck store, trying to find that old, unowed account whose payment had ruined one man and brought another's ghost back to seek vengeance each and every Christmas.

Unfortunately, he was able to find no clue. The ledgers were yellowed with age and

some of them were undecipherable. Whole pages were mysteriously missing.

So no one will ever know what dead man's wrong the Black Ghost of West Warwick comes back each year to avenge.

But if Chief Harrop and the neighbors believed in the Christmas Specter, Mrs. Barton's brother, Ray Matteson, present owner of the Aquidneck store, did not.

Matteson is said to have gone wild with rage when he heard the tale. He took down a revolver from the wall, dashed out of the store, and shouted, "I'll go get him!"

But there was no one to "get". There was no one in the countryside who answered to a description of the Black Specter.

So, all last winter, after its Christmas visit, West Warwick waited in terror for the black-clad ghost of long ago to walk again.

But, true to its established custom, the specter had disappeared.

And now all Rhode Island is asking: will the ghastly black-clad ghost of holiday time walk again this Christmas?

## The Hoax that Was Not a Hoax

A YEAR or two ago, the editor of the Lewis (Kansas) Press, Mr. N. H. Johnston, was besieged by people from the vicinity who claimed that the ghostly victim of a long-ago tragedy was haunting the scene of its suffering. Mr. Johnston, a firm skeptic, listened to the stories and when he had gotten some inkling of what lay behind them, decided to investigate.

The well-nigh forgotten story, as the editor pieced it together, harked back to pioneer days, when caravans of wagons wound westward over the old Santa Fé trail, and concerned a young girl who was abandoned by her parents and companions when she gave birth to a fatherless child. She was left alone by the roadside and there in that vast wilderness she lay with her baby hugged to her breast while the coyotes howled dismally in the darkness.

Old residents still tell the story, vividly describing the death of the child while the mother lay helpless under a clump of sage brush. But no one ever knew what became of the unfortunate girl. Then suddenly had arisen these reports that a dark figure had been seen hovering over the spot where the baby was said to have been buried.

Having found out this much on good authority, the editor collected four men to

go to the scene with him, exacting a promise not to reveal his name should the expedition prove a hoax.

The first night of watching passed slowly as the four waited. Then—"Suddenly we heard the sound of metal striking the earth," said the editor, recounting the night's experience. "We heard a moaning voice sobbing words that I was sure I could distinguish: 'Oh, my poor baby, my poor baby!' Just that, over and over.

"In the dark there seemed to be the form of a woman. When we turned on the flashlight there was nothing but the bare ground. We still scoffed at the idea of having seen or heard a ghost and still believed it might be a joke.

"So we went back again—and had a similar experience. Some neighbors went to the scene armed with guns, but there was no solid object in sight and they came away chagrined.

"The last night we watched," the editor said, "the figure seemed to float away when we advanced and suddenly reappeared two hundred yards or so away."

Editor Johnston does not confess to believing in ghosts yet, but he admits he has thus far failed to prove that they do not exist.

# The Diabolic Experiment

By  
O'CONNOR  
STACY

"It is a shriek, *senor*. Once a month, shortly after midnight on the night of the full moon, it is heard—a horrible, bodiless voice, hurtling through the deserted court of the old tower. In a second it is gone, and the place is given over to the prowling night animals for another month."

I suppressed a smile, lest the inn-keeper and the peasants who sat around the table, drinking their wine and listening to the landlord's well-worn story, should be offended. Then my glance wandered out the small, latticed window.

It certainly was a gloomy place, that distant castle, with its ruined tower rising above the miles of trees and dense undergrowth, a crumbling ruin against the vivid blue of a late Spanish afternoon. And suddenly I was glad I had changed my itinerary at Seville, to tramp through these romantic Andalusian mountains; though why I had conceived this strange impulse I was at loss to say.

For that matter, I was still slightly puzzled as to why I, a practical young citizen of Lima, Ohio, should all at once have decided to quit my job, shortly before my twenty-fifth

birthday, to go on a haphazard trip through Europe. However, I had done it, and was having the time of my life; and now, congratulating myself on having learned Spanish so well in college, I sat sipping my wine in the taproom of the *fonda*, listening with amusement, yet with unusual interest, too, to the story of the haunted tower.

"And has anybody ever investigated this disembodied voice?" I asked the landlord. "There are such things as owls, you know."

A couple of peasants who sat with us nodded their heads.

"It is owls," they muttered, "nothing but owls."

Yet despite this sane assertion, I felt it was prompted by a suspicious reticence before a man of the great outer world like myself; I felt that in their heart of hearts they were convinced of a supernatural cause for the phenomenon of the wild, echoless shriek, but that they would not admit it to me.

The inn-keeper shrugged his shoulders.

"There have been investigations that came to nothing, *senor*," he told me. "But we villagers," he laughed, a little shamefacedly, "we are content once in our lives—when we are very young—to go to

*For one moment the strange fellow stood motionless, an evil smile flickering on his lips*





What devilish mind was this that  
could solve the riddle of Time and call up  
the spirit of one destined  
to be born four centuries later?

a spot a kilometer or two from the tower and listen. When once we have heard that shriek—and I myself have heard it—involuntarily, he shuddered, “we are satisfied for a lifetime. Our grandfathers have heard it before us, and their grandfathers before them. In fact, we of Motrico have heard it for four hundred years, ever since the death of the Infanta Juana.”

“The Infanta Juana?” I repeated. “And who was she?”

Again he shrugged his shoulders.

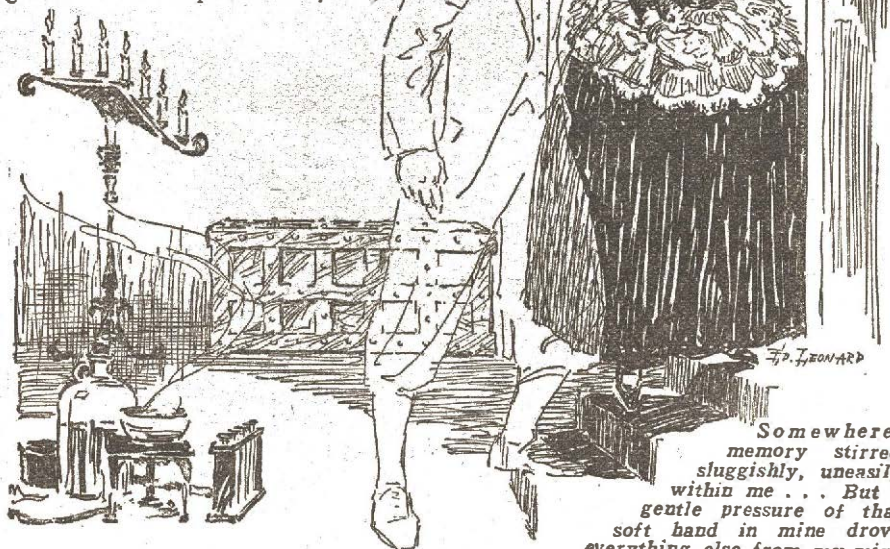
“We know little about her, *senor*,” he replied. “Only such bits as have been passed down from generation to generation. She was the heir to all Granada, and beautiful, unbelievably beautiful—that much we know—yet she would marry no man. Some said she was in love with a man that did not exist—” At my exclamation of astonishment, he lifted one shoulder with a wry smile.

“I only repeat the story that has been passed down to us,” he explained, and all the peasants nodded vigorously. “At any rate,” he went on, “she was found dying in the courtyard beneath her window, one night when the moon was full. She had jumped or been thrown from her room in the tower. We know that the priest knelt by her and lifted her, and that she gave him a broken piece of thin, worn

ebony, set with many fine diamonds—

“‘He will come again some day,’ the Infanta whispered to the priest,” continued the inn-keeper, “and he is to be given this. He will understand. Tell him—” she said, and the story comes down that her whisper was so low the priest could scarcely hear her—‘tell him I die for his sake, but I am not sorry; for I shall be waiting for his coming, when we shall meet at last.’

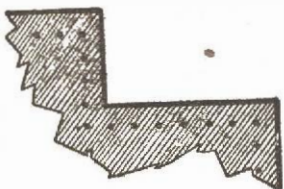
“Those,” said the landlord, “were her final words, for she died in the *padre*’s arms. The bit of wood has been passed down from priest to priest. If you wish, I will take you to the *padre*’s



Somewhere,  
memory stirred  
sluggishly, uneasily  
within me . . . But a  
gentle pressure of that  
soft hand in mine drove  
everything else from my mind



tomorrow, and he will be glad to show it to you. This is how it looks—" He drew a hasty sketch on the table top:



I expressed an eagerness to see the odd relic; for what he said had reminded me of a curious antique fragment in my own pocket at the moment.

"But," I said, "did they never find a clue to who he is?"

"YES, or so the story goes, anyhow. But that is more fantastic than the rest. The guard rushed up to the Infanta's room and found a handsome young man dressed in strange clothes—a wizard's dress, no doubt—lying on her bed. He was either dead or asleep. They seized him, preparing to lead him to the Inquisition; but even as they laid hands on him, he slowly dissolved, like a wisp of smoke!"

The landlord had worked himself to a high pitch of excitement, while the peasants leaned forward, nodding and grunting eagerly. Now, however, a look of suspicion creased my host's eyes; was I laughing at his story?

But I presented a solemn front, doing my laughing deep within me—a laughter, tinged, for some unknown reason, with a curious excitement. And after a moment, the landlord continued, in a more matter-of-fact voice:

"The guard had time to see one thing on this young man—or apparition, or whatever he was—however," he said. "The sleeve of his left arm was pulled up; and just above the wrist, they made out the imprint of a woman's tiny teeth, sunk in deep."

And now I could not help smiling.

"Like this?" I asked, pulling up the cuff of my left sleeve.

The men leaned forward to examine; and then one and all sucked in their breaths with quick gasps. The landlord looked up.

"A woman has bitten you recently, *senor*?" he asked.

I shook my head with a little laugh.

"I once thought it was a bite," I replied. "I thought possibly another child might have

bitten me when I was young. But I questioned my mother, and found it was a birthmark." And now I had to laugh again at the solemnity with which those simple men gazed at my bared arm—an act I immediately regretted, when I saw a hurt expression cross several of their faces.

"And how often," I asked with sudden sobriety, "did you say this shriek is heard in the courtyard of the old tower?"

"Once a month," the inn-keeper replied, "on the night of the full moon."

There was a moment's silence. Then a wrinkled, bearded peasant, who sat slightly away from the rest, addressed me.

"*Senor*," he rumbled in a deep, gruff voice.

I turned to him with a questioning glance.

"Tonight," he said, "is the night of the full moon."

It would be hard to say what prompted me to visit the ancient tower. It was not the old stunt of planning to sit up and lay the ghost, and then strut back to laugh at the ignorant villagers' fear of a hoot owl or some such thing. Of course, the whole idea of the supernatural had always struck me as absurd; but far be it from me to deprive the citizens of Motrico of their venerable and cherished specter!

Rather, I was drawn to the tower by a curious impulse, similar to the impulse that had drawn me to this part of Spain and that had started me on my trip to Europe in the first place. As usual, on this occasion, as on every other throughout my whole trip, I laid everything to the natural curiosity of a traveler; but, looking back, I seem to find another reason, an urge that strove and won against any contrary argument.

[LEFT the *fonda* about sundown, swinging a lantern I had borrowed from the landlord, while he and the peasants stood in the doorway, watching my departure in awed silence. I had borrowed the lantern because I was afraid darkness might overtake me, even though I planned staying only long enough to glance over the tower and ancient hall and satisfy my sight-seeing curiosity. That, at least, was what I told myself; but deep within me, I knew I would stay longer . . . until midnight, anyhow.

For the first couple of kilometers I followed a narrow path, winding through thick underbrush, beneath overhanging branches of magnolias, chestnut and black gum trees. The path was fairly distinct at first, and beneath the tangled growth I could even make out faint vestiges of a wide, imposing high-

way that undoubtedly had led, many centuries ago, to the Infanta's court.

But as I pushed on, the path narrowed, the gnarled brush became wilder, bolder, until at last it reigned supreme, and I stumbled on, up jagged hill and down precipitous glen, with an occasional glimpse of the dark tower against the sky as my only beacon. And then, finally, I stepped out into the hushed clearing of the long deserted court.

Twilight was setting in, and the deep, roseate glow of the dying sun swept across the sky and colored the whole still scene around me. It shone on the long, three-storied hall that stood against the far wall of trees, with its caved-in roof, its deep-set, paneless window slits and tiny turrets at regular intervals; it shone on the high square tower rising sheer at its end, and above the high trees the dark crumbling stone glowed a sullen scarlet. Even the flags of the courtyard, broken and grassgrown, were tinted a faint pink that seemed to color the very air itself, while the small pond before the court, once probably an artificial pleasure lake but now given over to reeds and slime, was a body of cold, vivid rose-water.

WITH a quick glance at the wide circle of trees surrounding everything like a deep, black wall, I skirted the pond and crossed the crumbling flags, the echo of my footsteps clicking dully against the frowning wall ahead. I reached the great old door, leaning crazily on its broken hinges, and, squeezing through the narrow opening, I stepped inside.

The sudden darkness blinded me, and I stood a moment blinking in a silence that was like a void. Then, slowly, things took on a gray distinctness.

I was in a square room, large as a whole floor in an ordinary house. High up, four narrow slits of windows, one to each side, admitted streams of still gray twilight that met in a pool in the center of the floor.

Thick webs, heavy with age-old grime, sagged low from the high ceiling; and while I stood there, a huge rat, disturbed by the grating noise of my entrance, ran with a faint patter out from nowhere to the middle of the floor, sat on his haunches in the gray pool of light, gazing at me with sharp little eyes, and then slunk off again, out of sight.

I struck a match and lighted my lantern. Immediately the chamber was filled with a soft whirring sound, and scores of bats of all sizes flew angrily round and round, striking against my face and clothes with

their fat slimy bodies. I held the lantern high, and across the chamber I could just see a stone staircase, rising out of sight. Crossing the rough floor, I started up it.

The wide steps were made of stone; but centuries of hard usage had so worn them that their centers sank deep and were filled with foul, stagnant water. Keeping to the sides, I mounted to the floor above.

This chamber was like the one below, empty, dank, and suddenly alive with whirring bats. I climbed a second flight to another such floor, and went on up; and at the top of the next flight, I halted.

I was in a room slightly different from the three below it. Like the others, it was huge, desolate and dust-covered, and here the bats seemed thicker than ever, beating fiercely against the globe of my lantern from the moment I rose above the floor level. But in this room there were two articles of furniture: an ancient, warped bedstead, strikingly large and made of metal, and beside it a small chest, the exterior of which was overlaid with richly-wrought iron.

Somehow I was not surprised to see these articles. Rather, it was as if I had expected to find them there, as if this were a rendezvous that had been carefully described to me. I set my lantern beside the bed, where it was immediately besieged by furious bats; then I crossed the creaking floor to the gray shaft of light that came through a paneless French window three low steps above the level of the room. I mounted cautiously and looked out.

Once there had been a wide balcony here, with an iron-wrought rail. But time had long since eaten away the structure, and were I to step outside I knew I would crash through and pitch into the courtyard below. I glanced down.

GRAY twilight was deepening, and the court far beneath me was scarcely distinguishable; only the pond beyond was distinct, a glowing sheet of still, dark metal in the reflecting sky. Was it from here, I asked myself, that the peasants through the ages had heard the shrieking, disembodied voice hurtling through the air in the light of the full moon? For a moment I stood there, in the darkening silence of a dead and gone past; and then, all at once, I was aware of a strange mellow glow stealing over the ground beneath me.

The full moon was slowly lifting its head above the black treetops, bathing the court in its soft light and throwing a path of blood

and gold across the still pond. I watched it thoughtfully a moment, until all at once a shudder passed over me; then I turned about to face the great dark chamber.

Shafts of thin light from my lantern feebly climbed the brooding blackness of the far wall and glinted sharply on the richly-designed chest. Suddenly an overwhelming curiosity to see the contents of that chest swept over me, and I strode down the steps and across to it.

I have often since wondered what would have happened had I not looked into that chest. Would the fates of people, centuries dead, have been changed; would a beautiful girl have been saved a tragic death, the flames of the Inquisition found one less victim and a direful voice that has called through the ages been stilled? It is all too puzzling; the mere question leaves my head in a whirl. All I can say is, that what the fates ordained I should do, I did; sitting on the edge of the mattressless bed, I leaned over to raise the cover of the chest.

It was locked, but a sharp jerk served to break its rotted clasp. Evidence showed that more than one attempt had been made through the ages to open it—probably hurried, half-hearted attempts by rare bold visitors who feared staying too long in the place; but it remained for me finally to break the lock. I lifted the cover and looked inside.

Two or three tiny piles of dust showed where once some perishable article of clothing had lain—a dress, perhaps, or a rich Moorish shawl—and a breath of air, blowing them into oblivion, uncovered several gleaming stones!

I raised my lantern, to see four flawless emeralds, decorations, no doubt, on the clothing that a puff of air had finally annihilated. Somehow I felt my heart beat a trifle faster; had this rich garment been a possession of the beautiful Infanta Juana of the peasants' legend? Playing my lantern inside the chest, I suddenly discovered another article, and drew it out.

It was a soft bundle, wrapped in some substance similar to oil paper, and carefully waxed. My touch, however, broke the dried wax, and the covering fell open, revealing a closely-written document that covered a score of sheets of foolscap, brown with age.

I settled back on the edge of the bed to examine it. It was written, of course, in a Spanish of long ago; but my long struggles in college translating the works of Cer-

vantes and contemporary writers now served me in good stead. I read . . . and soon I forgot the dim-lighted chamber around me, forgot the ancient court bathed in the cold moonlight below. Was this the writing of a madman, a genius—or a devil:

*Notes and experiments of Zori, Alchemist, on the subject of Time.*

Underneath this title I read:

"What an amazing discovery! It is so simple; and yet when it is worked out, I shall be greater than all men! I shall be co-equal with God Himself! For to rise above Time, is to rise above the weaknesses of the flesh, of birth, death and decay. And with thought and experiment, I shall achieve that height—granted the Inquisition does not find me out first.

"It came to me in a flash as I lay half asleep in bed—that one simple, tremendous truth which has lain undiscovered throughout eternity, but the knowledge of which would make giants of men. It is this:

"Time is an arbitrary standard, set up by ignorant man to explain away an incomprehensible phenomenon. In reality, however, Time is a *thing*, as definite as a wall, and all its parts exist at one and the same moment! Time is a wall, in fact, an endless wall beside which we are traveling. The part of the wall we have already passed, and the part we are yet to pass, exist *now*, just as much as the part we are passing! But due to our dim sights, we can see only the infinitesimal part of the wall (the present) which we are now passing, and, due to our childish ignorance, we imagine that the part of the wall which we have already passed exists no more, and that the part we are still to pass is not yet built. The whole wall of Time, however—the past, present, and future—is co-extant, existing always; and man has but to open his feeble eyes to see the sweep of Eternity!

"WHAT vistas that opens to the alchemist! To look back into the past! to bring the future to me! I shall go to the court of the Infanta Juana in Granada. Even though her father be a harsh, narrow man, she is famously liberal, both in thought and in money. And in her court I shall carry on experiments that will make the earth tremble. . . ."

I imagine a length of time passed before Zori again set down his notes; in fact, throughout the document there were lapses that might have covered a day, a month,



years. Now, in his next entry, it was obvious he had found refuge and aid in the court of the Infanta, and was well along with his experiments, for he wrote:

"I have been too hard at work to enter here any comprehensive notes. Elsewhere I have jotted down phrases and formulae that I shall presently enter more fully in this document. I work in absolute secrecy, save for an occasional visit from Juana, who follows my labors with keen interest. But it is difficult to concentrate when she is near. She is little more than a girl, but her beauty is breath-taking; it is beyond the dreams even of an alchemist's imagination. . . .

"I swear I have had glimpses that sometimes make me recoil in horror. I have seen the future, as through a thick haze! The streets are filled with gigantic beasts whose forms are too hazy to distinguish, but which move with an incredible speed and with a roar that dimly reaches even my ears, across the centuries. Through the air fly birds, graceless, but swift, and more huge even than the birds they tell us lived when the world was young, while the sound of their wings all but drowns out the roar of the animals below. I find myself thanking the fates that I live today, and not in that horrible future. And yet I am urged always onward. The visions dissolve almost as soon as I see them, and I must see more . . . more. . . .

"Juana comes daily now. I cannot work while she is here; the glow of her beauty suffuses everything, and I long to hold her close, close to me. And why should she not have me? Am I not greater than princes, though of humble birth? They say she is cold, that she has scorned the greatest lords in Europe; perhaps she but waits for someone like myself. But I am afraid. Sometimes when she is near, I feel death in the air—her own doom, and the flames of the Inquisition licking around my body. . . .

"She has laughed at me! If she had railed at me, even had me thrown into prison, I might have forgiven her—but to laugh at me! Yesterday I summoned courage to talk to her, but at first she did not

understand. Then, when I gently took her hand in mine, she pulled away as she might from a dog that had soiled her with its dirty paws—and then she laughed! Juana, you will pay dearly for that laugh! . . .

"She came again today as if nothing had happened, and watched my experiments as she might watch the antics of a clown at the fiesta. I have said nothing. . . I am waiting . . . waiting. . . ."

There was an obvious interval here, and then the next entry read:

"I have succeeded! I have seen a human being, a man, as clearly as if he was beside me! He stood in a room, rather like the Infanta's chamber in the tower, and yet vastly different; it was dark, and he gazed, motionless, thoughtful, out the window. His clothing was flabby, heavy, unbelievably ludicrous; but he himself was amazingly handsome—young, tall, slender, blond, like an Englishman or a Norman.

"When I told Juana, a strange look came into her eyes; it was as if I had described somebody she had known at some vague, distant date, somebody she had unconsciously been waiting for through the years. . . . A plan stirs in my mind, a plan for vengeance as nice as it is cruel. . . .

"We talk daily about *him* now. She sits by the hour, listening as I describe him, and her eyes shine as none other has ever seen them shine. Sometimes I weaken when I see her face so heart-breakingly beautiful; but I must be strong. Today I told her my plans for the great, supreme experiment, which took her breath away. Immediately, however, she demanded that I conduct it in her chamber in the tower, for reasons I can well understand; the girl does not realize she is helping to dig the grave for her own happiness. . . .

"My success is remarkable here in Juana's room. In this chamber I overcome the difficulty of *space*; for some day, in the distant future, *he* will come here. Already I have seen *him* several times. He gazes thoughtfully about him, almost as if he were waiting, as if he unconsciously knew what

### "I Have Been a Ghost"

By Sylvan J. Muldoon

is a

February Headliner

Watch for It!



was to happen. Tomorrow I will be ready for the great test itself! . . ."

The document sank in my lap. The eerie moonlight that crept in to combat the dim rays of the lamp, the ever-whirring bats in the darkness overhead, all were faint and far-away. I stared before me, and a strange uneasiness stole over me. Something within me whispered low: "*Don't read any further!*" . . .

I laughed, a soft, forced snicker that echoed hollowly through the chamber; and I picked up the papers again:

"Everything is ready. The Infanta has forbidden the tower and gardens to everybody; for if our experiment is discovered, it means the end for myself and for *him*—and perhaps for the Infanta herself, for the Inquisition is stronger than princes. I have the tubes ready, the bed prepared. I must jot down the formulae, lest I forget them for another, greater occasion, when I will overturn the world itself! My hand trembles so I can scarcely write. . . ."

His hand had indeed trembled; the little delicate marks and figures blurred one into another, and though I strained my eyes, I could make nothing of them. Even had they been readable, they would not have been intelligible to an ignorant person like myself; but in my excitement—the sweat was pouring from my face—I vainly tried to figure them out . . . Now I suddenly realized my whole body ached, that I was tense and trembling. But perhaps, I thought, it was my cramped posture; my seat on the edge of the ancient bed was extremely uncomfortable.

I STRETCHED myself full-length on the bed and went back to the document.

"I have the last substance mixed (here followed more figures). Juana waits beyond the curtain; she is cold, silent, but I vow she is tenser even than myself. Now to pour it . . . and wait . . ."

My eyes closed heavily. I jerked them open. My stomach was sick and my head swam with a deathly drowsiness. Again that voice whispered: "*Read no further! Read no further!*" But I shook off my lethargy and forced my eyes once more on the paper.

"I have poured it . . . One minute . . . two minutes—I see it! I see *him*—"

I *won't* sleep! All my instincts of self-preservation fight against a subtle horror. I hold the document tight . . . and all the time my vitality flows out of me like mer-

cury from a broken tube. I am helpless. . . .

"He becomes clearer—in *the flesh* this time! In a moment I shall be able to touch him! Clearer, clearer—HE IS HERE—"

The papers drop to the floor. The darkness of death settles over my brain.

I OPENED my eyes.

Two tiny, deep-set, weasel-like eyes gazed solemnly down into mine. They glistened like daggers in a soft light that wavered all around me. A curiously shaped hat, with more curious figures imprinted upon it, rose above those eyes, while a long grizzled beard beneath it, square-cut in the fashion of ancient Egypt, hung almost to my nose. I turned my head to look around me.

I was in a large apartment, richly furnished with soft Bokhara rugs and huge Persian tapestries along the walls. Dozens of candelabra stood about the room, filled with candles that cast a warm glow over everything. There were stiff, high-backed chairs, and settees of intricately-carved wood, Spanish in design. And yet, despite the cosmopolitan aspect of the furnishings, something faintly Moorish tinged the whole.

I turned back to the man again; and for the first time I realized that the soft bed on which I lay, as well as the table by his side, was covered with strange apparatus, retorts, test tubes, and flaming burners.

"Where am I?" I asked; and even as I spoke, I realized my voice was weak, My whole body, in fact, was pitifully weak; and yet with every moment I could feel the vitality rush back into me.

The man did not answer. Instead, he reached out a long, snakelike hand and touched me, as if I were something precious and breakable. I shuddered as I felt that hand; and the more I saw of those weasel eyes and the long, beaked nose, the more uncomfortable I felt. Suddenly he raised his head, looking across the room.

"*Juana!*" I knew from his expression that he called in a fierce, exultant voice; but to me it was like a whisper, like—like a voice from the past. I turned to follow his gaze.

My eyes rested on a long velvet curtain; and as I watched, it slowly parted. A girl appeared, stopping on the threshold and staring spellbound at me; while I, for my part, caught my breath in wonder.

It was hard to believe such a girl could exist, and a lump rose in my throat at the sight of her beauty. Her curved, slender body made me ache to hold her close to me. Her smooth throat and her face were so

white and clear, her dark gleaming eyes so large as they stared wide at me beneath long lashes, and her clearcut lips so red, flickering like a child's, torn between joy and fear! And now, as I watched, those lips slowly parted in a smile of pure pleasure, and she came toward me.

I rose from my bed and stood waiting. Then, instinctively, as she neared me I dropped to one knee and took the extended hand in mine.

It was a beautiful hand, clear and firm as if cut from marble. I raised it to my lips and kissed it, and immediately I felt her fingers slip gently through my hair. Then she drew me to my feet.

"Come," she said. Her voice was far away, like a voice in a soothing dream; but I understood her, and followed her up the three steps to the open window. At the balcony, she turned and made a gesture of dismissal to the man back in the room.

For one moment the strange fellow stood motionless, an evil smile flickering on his lips . . . Somewhere, memory stirred sluggishly, uneasily, within me . . . But a gentle pressure of that soft hand in mine drove everything else from my mind, and I stepped out onto the balcony.

A mass of silken cushions was piled at one end, and seating herself here, the girl motioned me with a graceful gesture of her white arm to a place beside her. Then, picking up a queer-shaped instrument, rather like a guitar, she commenced to strum and sing in a low, soft voice.

For some reason my usually curious mind asked itself no questions; perhaps it was still too bewildered; but more likely I was too completely overwhelmed by the exquisite girl close at my side. The strummed notes fell like petals on the still air, and her low voice was like the lulling breeze of the tropics.

THE full moon rode high, and through the grillwork of the balcony, I could see an orderly courtyard far below, filled with flowers and ferns, fountains, statuary and seats of finely carved stone. Beyond was an artificial lake, in which long-necked swans swam slowly back and forth; and in the center of the water stood a gaily-decked pagoda. And, flanking all sides, rose the chestnut trees and magnolias of a well-kept park, their leaves glinting in the light of two round moons, one in the clear dark sky, and one in the clear dark water. My heart beat ecstatically . . . My hand stole

across the pillows until it found the long white fingers that strummed the instrument.

She stopped playing, and her fingers turned and answered my pressure. My free hand crept around her slim waist, and then higher, until it sank in her soft dark hair; slowly I drew her close, close, and at last our faces touched, lip to lip.

There are some moments one cannot describe. Not only would the description be too difficult; but the moment itself is too sacred, and the telling of it would be as profane as the sharing of the love itself. Such was the hour which I passed with this gorgeous girl who had come to me as in a dream, but who was real, real, and simply to touch whom was so ravishing it was almost torture. Enough to say that that hour was exquisite, alone there on the balcony, alone with her in the world, with only the white-bodied swans moving slowly far below, and perhaps an occasional sweet-noted night bird circling over our heads. . . .

AN hour passed . . . possibly two. . . . The moon climbed silently toward the zenith. . . .

Suddenly the girl pulled away from me with a sharp cry. I sat erect and rubbed my eyes.

A curious drowsiness had passed over me, leaving me as weak as if I had been ill. Covered with shame, I glanced quickly at her. Had she seen me close my eyes?

A look of fear had crossed her face. And now she clung to me tightly, desperately, as if suddenly she had felt me slipping from her. Slightly puzzled, I nevertheless stroked her cheek reassuringly, and at last she nestled contentedly against me. Five minutes passed.

Suddenly I sat upright again, while in my ear still rang that sharp, heart-broken cry of hers. A dark drowsiness, blacker than midnight, had settled over me, and my vitality had flowed away from me like the life blood from a fatal wound. I turned to the girl.

Her face was white and terror-stricken now. In her eyes I read a tragic understanding which, in my sluggish condition, I could not comprehend. I shook my head to clear my brain, and once again attempted to reassure her. But she did not respond to my caresses now. She reclined, cold, inert, a tragic little thing, like a bird with a broken wing. What could be wrong with her? I asked myself, sleepily. If I could only . . . only . . . My eyes closed. . . .

"Do not leave me, beloved!" Vaguely I heard her cry out in anguish.

Fingers, pressed tight into the flesh of my two arms, awakened me, and I opened my eyes. She knelt before me now, motionless. Her eyes stared steadily into mine with a calm desperation, as if to drink deeply of the sight of me with one last look. She was very lovely, I murmured to myself; if only she would let me close my eyes and rest—one little moment. . . .

I think she read my thought, for a wistful smile flickered on her lips as she gazed at me. One hand rose and gently stroked my hair. Then, slowly, she leaned forward and kissed me.

It was a sad, tender kiss, rather like that of a mother kissing a sleeping child, gently, so as not to wake it, wishing it pleasant dreams, before she departs on a long journey. It lulled me. I settled back . . . and then opened my sleepy eyes for a last, short glimpse of her—and immediately I was on my feet, my head cleared for the moment.

She had leaped on the pillows, and now stood, one foot poised on the balcony rail, ready to jump. Why she should try to kill herself, I did not stop to ask; but rushing to her side, I threw restraining arms about her, the clutching fingers of my right hand involuntarily grasping a jewelled cross of time-worn ebony that hung on her breast.

She struggled fiercely to free herself, jerking suddenly away, so that the ancient cross snapped in the middle, one part remaining in my shut fist; but still I clung to her.

A long minute passed in fierce, silent struggling. But now that strange drowsiness was creeping over me again. Still I hung on, desperately. My left arm slipped up and up, until finally it reached her throat.

Suddenly, with a quick gesture, she lowered her head, and her tiny teeth sank into my arm, just above the wrist. And that was the end.

MY vitality had been flowing away as if death clutched at my heart; and with that stab of pain, my hold loosened, and I staggered back, toward the door of the chamber. My life was ebbing. . . .

A low cry stayed my numbing senses: "Beloved—farewell! *I cannot live without you!*" The words ended on a piercing shriek—a voice that went hurtling through the air toward the courtyard below. But now I had only one thought: inside was a soft, luxurious bed; if I could only get to

it, fling myself on it, before I fell asleep!

How I found it, I cannot say; but finally I was stretched out with my eyes closed and the weakness of death overpowering my body. I remember hearing, as if far, far away, shouting voices and footsteps running in the court below.

I remember—hours later, it seemed—the same footsteps, much fainter now, running up the stairs of the tower to this chamber, and an instinctive desire, even in my half-dead condition, to protect the girl's name, made me slip my part of the broken cross in my pocket . . . I remember hearing a door, miles and miles away, being thrown open . . . Voices called loudly in the ear of a dead body . . . Fingers prodded that body. . . .

I OPENED my eyes.

The early morning sun poured through the paneless window above the broken-down balcony. I lay still a moment, staring up at the dirt-covered ceiling where lines of fat-bodied bats clung and slumbered. I felt sore all over, as if I had been kicked, prodded and pinched. Particularly my left wrist ached, and I raised my arm to look at it.

My birthmark, like the imprint of a woman's tiny teeth just above the wrist, the mark with which I had been born, was flaming red and sore. I moved a bit and cried aloud with the ache in my bones; and then I laughed.

Of course I was sore, lying for hours on this broken-down bed! Probably part of the time I had been lying on my wrist, which accounted for the pain there—though how I had slept at all in such an uncomfortable place amazed me. No doubt the strange document I had been reading had lulled me to sleep. I sat up, glancing toward where I had let the papers fall.

A scattering of ashes around the burned-out lantern was all that was left of them; I had dropped them on the light, and old and dried as they were, they had shrivelled into nothing—and now, I thought, I would never know the outcome of the Alchemist Zori's experiment!

Slowly I arose, and taking the lantern I crossed the floor and started down the steps. My visit certainly was a flivver; I'd even slept through the ghost-cry business—if there had been any, which I very much doubted.

It was ten o'clock before I reached the village, feeling strangely dragged and weak,

while through my head swam sluggish, half-conscious thoughts which I could not for the life of me understand. When finally I walked into the inn-yard, a score of peasants jumped to their feet with evident relief, while from among them stepped a fat and amiable *padre*, who waddled toward me with outstretched hand.

"*Adios, senior,*" he greeted me. "We were a bit worried for your safety. Did you—did you hear . . ." He hesitated.

I shook my head, smiling and the *padre* attempted faintly to mirror that smile.

"Of course you didn't! It is all nonsense!" he exclaimed in a voice that lacked conviction, despite its loudness. "Some of my good friends here," he waved his hand toward the peasants, "went up the path a way last night and claimed to have heard it clearer than ever, but it's sheer nonsense! Of course," he went on, "the Alchemist Zori was undoubtedly the servant of the devil, but his spirit could not cry out, since it was entirely consumed in the holy flame." He waited for me to question him, and then went on, obviously anxious to recount once more the old story.

"You see," he said, "the Infanta's dying cry—I am told you know the rest of the story—brought the guard around her in the court; and when, immediately afterward, they investigated her chamber, they found this handsome wizard, or whatever he was, just vanishing as he lay on the bed. Only Zori could have invoked such a spirit, and he was tried by the Inquisition, and condemned, and burned at the stake by the lay government."

THE *padre* started fishing in his voluminous robes. "Perhaps," he said, "you would like to see the curious article that has been passed down from priest to priest, ever since Juana gave it into the hands of her confessor as she died in the court-yard?"

He looked at me questioningly, and I nodded. It was hard for me to speak, for more and more those curious unformed thoughts were struggling in my brain for expression. I watched the kindly old man as he fished around; and finally he pro-

duced a broken piece of jewelled ebony, shaped rather like the letter "L". He gazed at it, reverently, forgetting my presence.

"Her message was," he said, half to himself, "*He will come again some day, and he is to be given this. He will understand. Tell him I die for his sake, but I am not sorry; for I shall be waiting for his coming, when we shall meet at last. . . .*"

THE old man's voice died away. There was a moment's silence. Then, suddenly, an exclamation of hushed wonder passed over the group.

Slowly, scarcely realizing what I was doing, I had put my hand in my pocket, felt around and finally drawn out my antique fragment. It was shaped like a broken "L", bejewelled, and made of thin, worn ebony. It had been handed down from father to son in my family for centuries, though I had never heard its history.

Stretching out my hand, I took the piece from the priest's unresisting fingers, and set them together. They fitted perfectly, forming a cross outlined in tiny diamonds.

I saw a man make a sign on his breast. I heard the *padre* murmur something that might have been a hurried prayer. But I scarcely paid any heed to either of them.

For now, in a rushing torrent, the memory returned to me—was it of last night, or many centuries ago?—so vivid that I all but cried out in wonder and sorrow.

For a long time I stood there, the cynosure of the eyes of the hushed crowd, while clear-cut recollections tumbled over one another. Finally I turned back toward the tangled trees and underbrush from which I had so recently emerged.

Far away rose the ruined tower, a forlorn mass against a vivid Spanish sky; and while I stared at it, my eyes filled, and a lump rose within me until I thought my heart would break.

"Juana, Juana," I whispered to myself, "have I lost you, even before I found you? Or have we known each other always; and will we be together always, as we once were, side by side, lip to lip, each night when the moon is full?"





# The Tell-Tale Mark

By ROBERT W. SNEDDON

HE stood for a long time under the shadow of the trees, staring at the wall on the opposite side of the street. A gas lamp cast shadows upon it, which in his imagination assumed shapes of terror. There surely was a hand, the raised forefinger of which wavered a warning, and there a dark oblong which dissolved into two uprights between which fell swiftly a triangular shadow. The guillotine! That looked like the guillotine. . . .

He determined that if anyone passed by, he would accept the intrusion on the crime he proposed as an omen, and go home; but as the moments stretched out in an eternity of waiting, no one came. The cobbled street of this suburb of Paris was deserted and silent, except for a prowling cat which, after nosing in the gutter, ran swiftly away.

*Dieu!* He was in a pretty mess. Not a coin in his pocket, nor any hope of help, and Nini the White, who had acquired her nickname from her dead-white face, had given him a push when he had tried to kiss her three hours earlier in the evening.

"None of that, my little man," she had said: "I am done with that sort of nonsense from you. I must live. Money is what I want, and if you haven't it, leave me alone. You are soft as butter.

Me for a man who can go out and get me what I want, do you hear?"

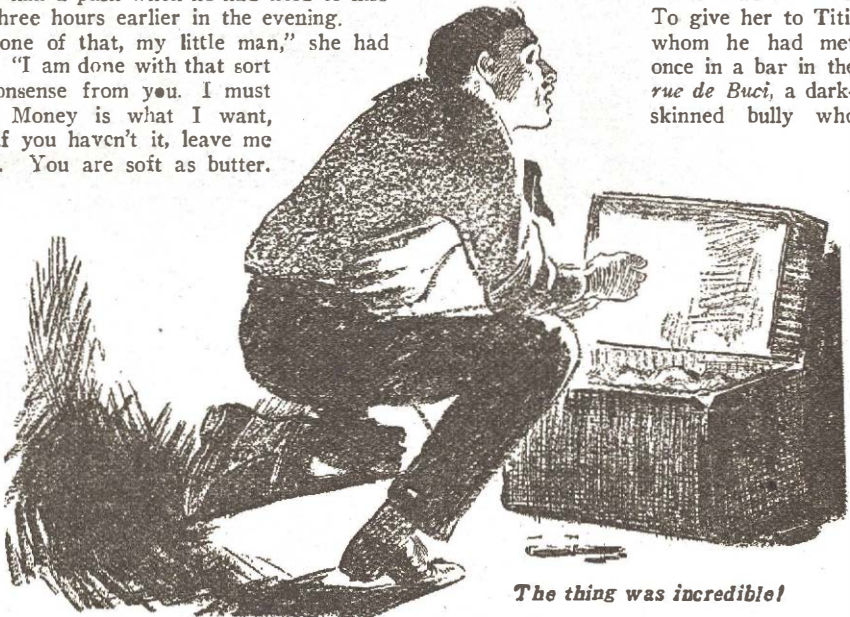
He had pleaded, he had expostulated. He had spent all the money that his family had sent him for his studies—spent it on her and her friends. He could expect no more for a couple of months. If she would be patient and wait. . . .

"Wait?" she had sneered. "Not so much talk. I am tired of waiting. Listen, if you have no money by tomorrow, I am finished, I am through with you."

"BUT where am I to get money?" he had asked, his head buzzing with weariness and baffled passion. "I can borrow nowhere. I have nothing left to pay. Everything I had went long ago."

"For me?" she had interjected scornfully. "Well, am I not worth it? Come, spare your breath. *Le Grand Titi* is ready to snap me up any moment. Ah, there's a fellow for you, brave as a lion, and cunning as a fox." She pursed her scarlet mouth.

He had choked. To give her to Titi, whom he had met once in a bar in the *rue de Buci*, a dark-skinned bully who



*The thing was incredible!*

Was the whim of a malign Fate—  
or Something else—  
responsible for this ghastly coincidence?

boasted of his amorous successes among the women of the quarter and beyond.

"I shall kill him before he gets you," he had almost shouted.

"Hush," she had said, laying a white hand on his arm. "No need to do that. You have too pretty a neck for the knife,

in service once with an old woman, a miser, yes, with a strong box . . ."

At first he had listened dumbly, running his finger round and round the rim of his empty brandy glass, shaking his head. If his mother came to know of it, it would kill her, and his father . . . No.

And then as he thought of Nini's white body in the arms of Titi, he had fiercely asked where to find the old woman with the strong box, who knew nothing of passion, and had no needs beyond filling her mouth from day to day with the little food that kept her from death.

Now here he was, waiting, hesitating.

WITH a stride he crossed the street, raised his hands to the coping and drawing himself up, dropped into the little garden.

Before he knew it he was opening one of the low windows of the little house, and as he did so, he reflected suddenly that there should have been every chance of its being secured and that if so he would have turned away; but here it

was open as though in invitation to his entrance.

He stepped upon the waxed floor of the tiny salon, and avoiding the furniture, slipped to the door.

What had Nini said? The first door to the right at the head of the stairs.

A board creaked under his foot, and he paused with drawn breath. A clock ticked steadily, and then it seemed to take alarm, to stop, then scurry noisily on, as though

like some living creature it breathed stealthily, listening, till it could no longer control the loud beating of the heart.

Even then he might have turned back, but a sudden passionate indignation surged



*mon petit*. There is money all about you in the city. Help yourself to it. Listen, I know where there is some to be had. I was

over him. He was young, with his life before him, a life that could be full and turbulent as he desired, while the old woman who lay upstairs had need of nothing, had no desire. Why then should she cling so tenaciously to money of which she made no use?

He ascended the stairs without further delay. Here was the door. He pushed it open gently and peered into the bedroom. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, he distinguished the various objects in it—the table by the window, the high closet which held the strong box, the wooden bed with its coverings moulded to a human form. Falling upon his knees, he crept softly across the floor, and with his knife tried the closet doors. He was surprised to find them open, and with fumbling hands felt amongst its contents, the dresses, the umbrella which he had just saved in time from falling forward.

NINI had fooled him. There was no strong box there. Even now she might be in the arms of Titi, laughing with him over the fool she had made.

Unless . . .

He crawled over to the bed, and listened, raising his head to peep at the sleeper. She had not stirred, but he had a strange and unaccountable fancy that she was lying there, her eyes dilated with fear, wide awake.

It took him quite a minute or two to banish this fancy from his mind, then he put out his hand towards the pillow. His heart leaped. He had touched a sharp corner, the corner of a metal box.

He bent forward, and as he did so, a bony hand snapped upon his wrist, and a harsh voice asked:

"Who is there?"

For a moment all thought fled from him. He felt rather than saw the old woman sit up in bed, still with that deathlike clutch upon his pulse, then his senses returned in an access of panic. If she should cry out for help, he was lost.

He scrambled to his feet, and as the first shriek came from his victim's lips thrust his left hand over the mouth and sealed it. She struggled, and his right arm rose and fell mechanically again and again. He drew back, and the knife clattered to the floor. He was overcome by a nameless horror, like a gigantic hand that shook him from head to foot.

Then as the blood returned to his frozen veins, he shrugged his shoulders. Bah! It was only an old woman who should have been dead years ago. He was not afraid of her now. He must get the money and clear out at once.

With a steady hand he drew the strong box from under the pillow that was heavy with the burden of death, and tugged at the lid. The box was locked, naturally. He was tempted to take it away, but prudence came to his rescue. That would be a fine thing to do. He must open it with his knife. Dropping to his knees he swept the floor with his hands, but in vain. It had dropped into some corner. He cursed softly under his breath, then struck a match and discovered the knife standing upright in the planking. The momentary flicker of light revealed it and then went out as he seized it, and in order that he might not think too much upon its moist discoloration he applied it fiercely to the box. The point snapped, but he persisted, and the lid flew open. He was about to put his hand within when he drew it back hastily, then wiped it furtively on a corner of the dangling blanket.

He could now feel papers and coins. There was no use taking what was useless, and striking another match he explored the contents. Five hundred francs in gold, a roll of notes, several old letters, an envelope with a lock of yellow hair, another with dried rose leaves, some government bonds.

"*Dieu!* She had her memories," he thought with sudden surprise, then stuffed the money in his pocket.

AS he lit another match to look at the bonds, he raised his head. The old woman had groaned. The light fell upon her face and as it did so, he leaped from his knees to his feet, and gave a stifled cry. His heart was pounding. The thing was incredible!

Snatching up his knife, he sprang toward the door, stumbled down the stairs, out into the garden and over the wall.

It was not until he was well down the street that he fully realized—and then with chattering teeth—what had struck such terror into him.

The face of the old woman, her face staring at him with mutely pleading and startled eyes, had been that of his own mother! Scarcely knowing what he was doing he stumbled on his way, walking as in a dream



down the long extent of the *Avenue d'Orleans*, till he came to the dirty house in which he had a room.

Once in the room, he sat down on his cot and plunged his head in his hands.

What trick had his imagination played him? The matter was impossible. His mother lived in a small village near Dieppe. It was incredible that she should have come without his knowledge from Berneval to Paris. As reason asserted itself he realized that the resemblance was only a chance one and imperfect. The old woman was at least fifteen years older than his mother, yet the alchemy of Death had in some strange fashion transmuted those fifteen years, had smoothed out wrinkles and given an appearance of middle age to an age that was advanced.

IT was strange, nevertheless, a hallucination of the moment, at which he would laugh tomorrow.

Cautiously he lit a candle, counted the money—three thousand and forty francs in all; then blowing out his light, he lay down and soon fell asleep from weariness.

He was amazed when he awakened at noon next day that he felt no remorse. So those who had made such a bugbear of murder were in a conspiracy to keep the world in subjection to the law. Naturally what had happened was not a thing one would care to carry out every day. And there was the money before him if he did feel any qualms.

It was strange that he felt no immediate desire to see Nini. It was as though with those few ruthless strokes of last night he had appeased the demon which had been driving him on, and its appetite had been satisfied with an offering of blood. Never had he felt so free as now, when his freedom was at the mercy of the police. He must be careful in word and deed. There was nothing to connect him with the crime, unless Nini should, putting together the two and two of her conversation and the immediate fulfillment of its trend, come to a swift conclusion; but he felt that since she could have no jealousy of his affairs she would not bother to have any dealings with her natural enemies, the "*flics*."

He examined his clothes carefully. There was not a stain upon them. He washed himself carefully at the water-tap on the landing of the stairs and went out calmly. He lunched magnificently in a restaurant where

he was unlikely to meet anyone he knew, and spent the day strolling among the old bookstalls along the quais. In the evening he went to his usual café, and over a modest bock and sandwich studied the evening papers.

The "crime of the *rue*—" was there, but in small detail. What mattered the death of an old woman in comparison with the audacious robbery of a stage diva's jewels by a former lover? It was promised confidentially, however, that the murderer would not long be at liberty. Suspicion pointed to a member of an Apache gang who had been seen in the neighborhood.

He was still reading when Nini came in. When she saw him she started, half turned as though to go out again, then came towards him with hesitating steps. He made room for her on the bench beside him, and she sat down, staring at him, her breath coming and going. For a moment the sight of her, the familiar lure of her perfume, roused his former passion. He wanted to say to her, as he took her purse and slipped a roll of notes into it:

"Well, what do you think of your man now? Who is the fox now?"

But something in her strained and watchful attention held him, and he nodded towards the paper he had in his hand.

"What a season for murders."

NOW that he had spoken in his usual voice, he was no longer afraid.

"It is a good thing I did not take your advice. My word, I should have been in a pretty mess by now," he added softly.

Her lips twitched nervously before she could whisper:

"Then it was not you?"

"What do you think?" he asked, enjoying her distress.

She passed a hand over her eyes.

"*Mon dieu!* When I read it, I didn't know what to think. To take money—" She shrugged her shoulders. "But life, that is another thing."

She looked at his square, heavy hands almost unconsciously, and he stirred uneasily.

"To think—" she said, and stopped with a shudder. "After all," she went on, "I am very fond of you, *mon petit*, and if it were not that you are without a sou, I would rather be with you than with any man in the world. You have a way that is very convincing."



"Thank you," he assured her with a grimace. "And Titi?"

"That for Titi!"

Her hand caressed his knee under cover of the table.

A small quiet man entered the café, stood a moment considering the crowd, and then as though he had remembered something left undone, turned swiftly and went out.

Jacques Rivoire (whose name in slightly altered form may be found in the Parisian papers of early in the year) followed his exit with strained attention. Just such quiet little men were very tenacious, and the service of the *Sûreté*, the detective headquarters or Scotland Yard of Paris, employed quite a number of them.

Nini was rubbing herself against him like a cat, murmuring in his ear.

HE could bear the atmosphere of the café no longer.

"Come along!" he said curtly, and at his new tone of command, Nini looked at him strangely, then, smiling, followed.

Several times in the course of the night, waking out of sleep, he listened. It seemed to him that in the house stealthy feet ascended the stairs, and that beyond the closed door, someone like the little quiet man was standing, ear to the door; and then, as his cheek touched the satin shoulder of Nini breathing without effort beside him, he shut his eyes with a sigh.

He left her next morning and returned to his own room, determined to leave Paris. It was possible that some word dropped, some startled expression when he overheard talk of secret crime, might betray the secret, the load of which was now growing heavy upon a conscience that he had thought dead. The concierge startled him. She said a man—yes, a little man, had been here asking for him. A message of importance for him! He would return in the afternoon.

His mind was made up there and then. He must go—and at once. And suddenly, as he stood clenching his fists in his trousers pockets, he felt he must go home, he must see his mother. An unaccustomed tenderness filled his heart with longing. He felt bruised, beaten. He would go to his mother who alone could comfort him.

At St. Lazare station the man behind the grating in the ticket office said suddenly, with a sort of ferocious humor, looking at the note he passed through:

"No offense, *Monsieur*, but there should be a laundry for notes. This one has all the dirt of Paris on it."

Jacques snatched up his change without reply, and hastened to the train. The ticket-seller resumed his conversation with the man who was questioning him in his little office.

From Dieppe, Jacques tramped the several miles to Berneval where his father was the town's Mayor. The weather was clear but cold, and in spite of his rapid walk, Jacques was shivering when he came to the village.

As he entered the house he met the old servant who, on seeing him, threw her apron up to her eyes and began to cry. His father came out from the dining-room, his shaggy head held high, a napkin under his chin, and a piece of bread in his hand.

"What is the matter with Nanette?" Jacques asked sullenly, as he met his father's black look.

"You got my telegram?" his father asked.

"No!"

"Then how—what brings you here then?" His father came forward and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder. "Come!"

Jacques stared at the piece of bread in his father's hand stretched out in front of him like a sign-post. It was strange—A piece of bread. He could see, think of nothing else but this droll piece of bread. To gain this, one worked from morn to night like his father, one stole, one. . . .

"Ah," said his father, thrusting him into the room, chill as the tomb and as silent, "we heard of our son—his laziness for which we were depriving ourselves, his affairs with women, and now—look!"

JACQUES looked at the bed. Fear invaded every corner of his being. His knees trembled.

"My mother?" he muttered.

His father spun round so that he might look into his eyes, then with a look of menace, shaking him like a rat, said harshly: "You have killed your mother."

Words leaped to Jacques' lips and clamored for exit there. He longed to cry:

"It is not true. I killed the other, not her, not her!"

But no sound escaped him.

His father released his clutch, and with a shaking hand drew down the sheet which covered the face. The son looked at the

face of the dead, in which there was no serenity of death, but a rigid anguish as though imprinted upon it by some sight too terrible for human endurance. Then, as though performing some awful rite, his father unloosened the neck of the stiff white night-dress and, turning it down, stood looking a moment at the body before turning upon his son with a sudden fury:

"You killed your mother, as though with a blow. Two nights ago she woke with a cry of fear—*Jacques, do not kill me, my son!*—and her heart ceased to beat. What have you done down there—at Paris, you?"

Jacques' eyes were drawn as if by some power stronger than his will to the white skin of his mother, to the breast and neck upon which stood out, livid, three bruises like the marks of a knife wound.

With a strange shrill cry he turned on

his heel and blindly ran to the door which led out onto the street.

Someone was standing there, hand upraised to knock, someone who had descended from a powerful car in which sat a police agent, and Jacques recognized him at once, without surprise.

"Take me away from here," he said hoarsely.

The quiet little man clicked his tongue against his teeth, and taking the wretch's arm helped him into the car.

As in a horrible dream where mocking voices spoke, Jacques heard the detective say to the police agent:

"A little thing! The old woman's name was written on the note he gave the ticket agent at St. Lazare to whom I happened to be talking. I come to the Mayor's and, *voilà* our murderer runs into my arms."

## The Ghost Ship

TO the inhabitants of the Gaspé Peninsula on the west coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the tale of "The Ghost Ship," or *Le Roche de Perce*, is no legend, but a truthful account of something that actually happened nearly three hundred years ago.

In this picturesque region, where quaint fishing smacks with red sails still skim over the blue waters of the Gulf, is a gigantic boulder known far and wide as *Le Roche de Perce*. Near-by is a smaller formation bearing an uncanny resemblance to an old-fashioned vessel in full sail.

The waves of centuries have worn it smooth, but today there remains enough of its original shape to remind the beholder of the curse laid upon it by the ghost of a beautiful young French girl early in the Seventeenth Century.

According to the popular version of the story, Blanche de Beaumont, the fiancée of a young French officer named Chevalier Raymond de Nerac, was on her way to Quebec to join him when the ship fell into the hands of ferocious pirates off the Gaspé coast. Everybody aboard but the girl was slaughtered.

To escape a fate more odious than death, Blanche leaped overboard and was drowned. Her suicide filled the primitive pirates with dread, and even their brutal captain became convinced that disaster to himself and his crew must follow.

The next day the pirate ship, attracted

by the gaunt majesty of *Le Roche de Perce*, sailed perilously near the shore in order to inspect its vast surface.

As if awaiting them, a slender white-veiled figure stood on a ledge far above the crashing breakers. With hoarse shouts of dismay the pirates recognized the face and form of Blanche de Beaumont, though even at that distance it was obvious she was not a living being. With straining eyes they saw her raise her arms as though pronouncing a malediction. The next instant the ship struck a rock and the screams of the maddened sailors drowned out the roar of the sea.

A high wind was blowing at the time, and, though its force against the cliff where the figure stood must have been terrific, the white material in which it was draped hung as motionless as if carved from stone. The doomed men must have realized that escape was impossible, for they fell upon their knees with outstretched hands pleading with the spirit to spare them. Their supplications, however, were in vain, and while the Thing on the ledge gazed sorrowfully down upon the stricken vessel, she sank beneath the hungry waves, with every man aboard.

But the natives of Gaspé will assure you that just before she sank below the surface, the pirate raider and her crew were miraculously turned to stone, and that it is the actual ship itself which now crouches in the shadow of *Le Roche de Perce*.

*Heartache and sorrow lay in store  
for Pamela and Anthony, but  
the All-Seeing One took a strange way  
to avert it*

PAMELA MARSH had packed her shiny suitcase and the cabin-trunk of which she had been so inordinately proud when returning from her honeymoon two years ago, because it had been plastered all over with labels advertising its journeyings through no end of nice, well-known continental resorts. But now they belonged to the over-and-done-with—that honeymoon and its labels.

More present and pertinent, a clock on the mantel struck the hour of eight. The sound produced no sign of emotion in Pamela. Nor, for that matter, did the intrusion of her husband, whose figure appeared in the open doorway of the bedroom. His voice sounded husky, dull, angry.

"So—you've made up your mind, Pam?"

"When I say a thing, I mean it, Anthony."

She lifted the suitcase and laid it on top of the trunk with unusually meticulous care and precision, turned to the dressing-table and fingered with an adroit finesse the curls hiding small, pink ears. Her husband—a youngish man with a very plain, pale face and sombre brown eyes—savagely muttered something about rats leaving sinking ships. Pamela heard, and seemed more than ever carved from stone.

"Even if that were really true," she remarked, "it would still be an unspeakably nasty thing to say. But it isn't true, and it's nothing but a vulgar lie. It certainly won't keep me here, you may be sure."

"Nothing would, if your mind is made up."

"Then—enough said."

"It's thick fog outside, I suppose you know?"

"I do. And that won't keep me here, either, Anthony."



"I beg your pardon!" Anthony was quite taken aback. "You can't come in here."

"Very well. What about your trunk? I don't suppose the porter will come from the station on such a night as this—"

"The trunk can go tomorrow—"

"Christmas Day?"

"Well, the day after, or the day after that. You know very well what I mean. All I'll really need is in the valise, and I'll carry that. I've a quarter of an hour or more yet, and I can reach the station in less than five minutes."

SHE had made that last calculation for the benefit of her own ears, after consulting a wrist-watch. Her husband, without another word, had already turned on his heel and gone downstairs. His footsteps echoed through the empty space of the large house.

"Greystones is so awfully big and dismal," Pamela had written her mother discontentedly of late. "I sit alone in it for hours, like someone in a tomb awaiting resurrection, and even the cat won't stay with me."



# The Uncanny Four



*"No, no," chuckled the little old man.  
"You can't shut the door on travelers—not on Christmas Eve!"*

Tonight, as she settled a cloche hat over her ruddy-gold shingled waves and nestled deeply in the warmth of a heavy fur-trimmed coat, she contemplated luxuriously from afar the more pleasant and compact intimacy of her mother's flat in Brompton, handy to amusements, yet dignified in its classic surroundings of retreat. Greystones, this huge, echoing sepulchral vault, neither cold nor warm, neither pleasant nor compact, and devoid of all intimate ease, was neither handy nor dignified. It was a burial ground, Pamela Marsh had decided.

She slowly slipped white, well-manicured fingers into tan-colored gloves—the right hand first, the left to follow. But, before quite encompassing the left hand with its sheath of fur-wristed leather, she regarded for a passing instant a handsome diamond engagement ring above a thin marital band of platinum. Her eyes bespoke mutiny. Her delicious lips curved in a little fleeting

grimace. She pulled on the glove.

Then, picking up the suitcase hurriedly, she left the bedroom and passed down the staircase, coming at last into a spacious hall lit by a colored glass lantern. To the left, a partly open door led to a dining-room now in darkness. To the right, another open door had a yellowish light beyond. She stepped suddenly toward this, pushing the door wider, and standing in a kind of library-lounge. She set

her bag for a moment on a chair near the door, and compared the face of her wrist-watch with the face of a marble clock on the mantel.

"BEFORE I do go, Anthony," she said, addressing the back of the hunch-shouldered figure on the hearth, feet astride, hands deep in trouser-pockets, a monument of angry dejection, "I want to say this. It's not a bit of good harping on that old string—that rat and sinking ship stunt. It's wickedly untrue. I'm not leaving you just because you happen to be up against things, though—as a matter of fact—that would be one very good reason why I might have been going. It would ease matters for you quite a bit. While I was at mother's I wouldn't be costing you a red cent—"

"And d'you think that would matter a damn?" The hunched figure swung round and was drawn square and erect with a flash of pride. "D'you think I want that woman boasting that she's keeping my wife—?"



"Now—you're being vulgar, Anthony—"

"Vulgar? So it's vulgar to speak the plain, bald truth? Better to be vulgar, in that case, than be hypocritical—like yourself—"

"There you are, Anthony! You're only proving more and more how right I am to go. We don't see eye-to-eye at all. We're absolutely unsuited—absolutely. We ought never to have married—"

"You think so?" He loomed suddenly over her, big in his shabby tweed golf clothes which her eyes detested as much as they had grown to detest the sight of Greystones. He seized her by one wrist, his face flushed and twisted in rage.

"ANYHOW," he added, "we happen to be married, and that makes *some* difference. Now listen here, Pamela. I've tried patience with you. I've gone as far as most husbands would have gone. I've left you to do most of the talking this evening, and held my tongue as much as I could. But I'm going to say something now. And—like you—what I say, I mean. You can take that valise right upstairs again now and unpack it. You're my wife, and out of this house you don't go tonight—even if I have to use force to keep you here."

"Force?" she retorted coldly. "Use it. Use it. And I'll get my freedom all the sooner—you brute! Try to stop me by force! Hit me! Just—hit me, so that I can show other people what you've done to me!"

While her voice rose to a shrill crescendo of almost hysteria, he stood and stared at her, as if he had just discovered in her some person he had never known before.

Meantime, the fog-wreaths filtering in, curled themselves round and round like serpents. Eden was indeed no longer a habitable place. Somehow, although he was not ordinarily very imaginative, Anthony Marsh was thinking of Eden at that moment—of Eve and the Serpent, of the open way out into the wilderness. He was beyond thinking of ordinary, commonplace things. He felt himself to be partaking in a nightmare, made the worse by wakefulness. He laughed.

"So that's the idea?" he said slowly, his rather plain face grown curiously boyish, as though he were back again at school embarking on some intriguing, pre-conceived prank. "I see. Very well. I'm sorry to

disappoint you. I'll take back what I said just now. I'll eat my own words. Please don't let me detain you a single moment. If you want to catch that train—it would be as well to hurry. Of course, with this fog, it may be late—"

She had taken up her valise and turned to the door. As she passed out of the room, which he had already left, she watched him warily at first, then looked faintly surprised, and finally shrugged her shoulders. In the misty hall she thought to herself how full of cracks this old house was, to let the fog in so. Life, too, incidentally, seemed full of cracks. Disappointment and disillusion had crept in through them. But after tonight, the cracks were going to be filled up—with any old putty or what-not. She was determined on that. Yet, at the front door, she must needs—womanlike—have the last word.

"It's all for the best, Anthony," she said.

"Of course." He laughed again. He looked actually jolly. "I feel quite sure of that. By the way, give your mother my love. And—give the Pekinese a pat for me, won't you? Let me know what the old girl's going to charge you for board and lodging, and I'll add it to your usual allowance. We must be businesslike, you know. . . ."

He had unlatched the front-door and let it swing open. The fog came sweeping in, yellowish and stifling. Pamela, lashed to a renewed anger over that last gibe, ignored her husband's extended hand. She was about to brush past him, chin in the air, eyes narrowed. Then—she stood stock still. . . .

THE yellowish fog had become peopled. Pamela looked at the miracle with a frown. So did her husband. Out of the mist, four shadowy personalities began to emerge suddenly, separating themselves and crossing the threshold with all the effrontery in the world, as though the front door had been deliberately opened for their special benefit.

A round-faced little man came first. He wore a very old top-hat on his head. He was muffled in a black overcoat and carried an umbrella in one hand. Slightly behind him, as though she belonged to him, a thin wisp of a woman hovered, also in black. A large man in a brown overcoat, a felt hat crushed low over a lean, cadaverous face, loomed behind the old woman's bonnet aggressively. The fourth person, the last to

come into sight through the mist, was a girl, young and smartly dressed in a fur coat and toque. She was smiling with inquisitive amusement.

"How splendid!" she said. "There 's someone here."

"Exactly what the station-master said!" growled the big man in the felt hat which he did not trouble to take off.

"Nice and warm and dry!" chuckled the little man with the umbrella. "I wonder where the bar is?"

"I beg your pardon. . . ." Anthony, quite taken aback, betrayed a natural antagonism. "You can't come in here. This is a private house."

"NO, no. . . ." chuckled the little old man. "Private? You can't shut the door on travellers—not on Christmas Eve. It isn't done. The station-master said we should get shelter here without question."

"I'm sorry. It just can't be done." Anthony was by now a little impatient. "If you want a hotel, there's one about a quarter-of-an-hour's walk from here, at Isingdale—"The Bishop And Keys.' Outside our gate, and follow the road to the right. They'll be glad to put you up, I'm sure. We can't. As a matter of fact, my wife's just leaving to catch the up-train for town."

"Not tonight!" chuckled the little man. "No, sir. Not tonight. It's been wrecked—on the way from Barminster. Awful smash in the fog. Somehow got off the rails. Fallen down the embankment. Lots of dead and injured. Line blocked for hours and hours yet. Horrible affair. . . ."

"Good Lord . . . !" Anthony stared at his wife, who was studying this unexpected avalanche of intruders with the expression of a woman in arms against a desecration of all social laws.

"It wasn't His doing!" said the young, smartly dressed girl in the fur coat, her carmined lips pursed, her shining eyes critically regarding Anthony in an obviously appreciative light. "The train ran off the rails . . . didn't you hear? How funny you are! Something like that always happens at Christmas. Haven't you noticed it? So, why do you say—"Good Lord'? He hadn't anything to do with it——"

"Excuse me!" interposed Pamela sharply. "Do you mean to say that the eight-thirteen—I mean—there won't be a train going to town then——?"

"My dear!" It was the thin wisp of a woman in black who spoke, pipingly. "If

you only knew how disappointed I am. Herbert and I were going to London specially to spend Christmas at the same house where we spent our honeymoon forty years ago. And now we can't. It's so disappointing."

"Shut the door, someone, and push that fog out!" chuckled the little man at her side. "We don't want all the neighbors to know how long we've been married, my dear. These nice young people are only at the beginning of the journey. Don't frighten them—talking about forty years. Nice and warm and dry it is in here. That fog——"

"Fog? Fog? For my part there's nothing like a fog. It keeps policemen guessing."

That last remark, uttered with a grim cynicism by the huge man in the felt hat, came on that group like the explosion of dynamite. Whether it was because of his explosive utterance that the front-door suddenly closed, or whether the man himself pulled it back, seemed a matter of question. The fog, anyhow, no longer found entrance that way. Anthony looked across at his wife.

"You evidently won't be able to go," he said. "I suppose we shall have to——"

"Yes," she nodded, looking down awkwardly at the suitcase in her hand. And then, chin still in the air with a hint of mutiny obstinately maintained, she turned to her unexpected guests.

"Please come in. I'm afraid there isn't very much to eat in the house. You see, there was only my husband and myself—and I was going to town. Of course, there must be something."

"Genuine Christmas spirit!" chuckled the little old man, stepping further into the hall with his small wisp of a wife keeping always close, as if she were in dread of losing him. "Nice young people. Fine old house. Not like these up-to-date jerry-built contraptions, so small that you couldn't swing a cat round in them."

**A** PROCESSION, headed by Pamela, made its way to the library-lounge, where a fire burned on the hearth with a dull and mutinous flicker, very much like the flaming, half-stifled thoughts in Pamela's little head. But even mutiny may be managed gracefully, and Pamela accomplished that. One thought coursed through her mind: Anthony could never say that she was staying here for any other reason than that she could not help it.

"I'll see about food," she said, as they all stood about the room, with Anthony poking up the fire to a more accommodating blaze. The big man, who had talked about keeping policemen guessing, sent out a throaty protest.

"Don't worry as far as I'm concerned. I'm beyond food."

"And I haven't even a hanker after a cocktail," said the girl with the carmined lips, her eyes always on Anthony with that appreciative light which, as she stood there, was not lost upon Pamela.

"Nor I," remarked the little old man.

"**NONSENSE!**" laughed Anthony, as the fire brightened. "The first question you asked, sir, when you came in was—where was the bar? Come! On a bad night like this a drink would do all of us good—"

"I couldn't swallow it!" chuckled the little old man. "That was an old joke of mine—asking where the bar was to be found. You see, my profession was—the bar. Not that kind of bar, of course. The wig and gown bar . . . That's where you're supposed to laugh, young man. See it?"

Anthony, rather sheepishly, obliged. Like Pamela, he was still a little dazed and decidedly uncertain what to think of these people, all so very different and such wholly unwanted, though unwitting intruders on a matrimonial crisis of the most serious nature.

In regard to the last point, possibly, Anthony was even more concerned than was Pamela. Since there was to be a break between them, as she obviously intended, he had only asked for it to be immediate and definite. These people, with their ridiculous and almost impertinent intervention, made him feel touchy and irritable; and the fact made his laugh insincere.

"You think it's a poor joke—now tell the truth!" insisted the little man.

"Not at all!" Anthony protested. "I—"

"You haven't got the right Christmas spirit in you yet!" nodded the little man. "I could see that. We all thought that, didn't we?"

He turned to the others as if to receive their confirmation. Only the little woman at his side offered him, in her smiles, the encouragement he sought. The big-made man was moving restlessly to and fro, peering suspiciously into the shadows as if he expected to find something hiding there. The girl in the furry coat was still staring

at Anthony with her eyes softly admiring in expression. It was she who spoke first.

"There isn't a bit of mistletoe up yet," she said, indicating that those eyes of hers had taken in more than one might have expected. She addressed herself to Anthony. "Don't you believe in Christmas?"

"Of course." Anthony looked sheepish. "Only, you see, my wife had an urgent call to town tonight over the—the festive season."

"I've never been married," said the girl rather startlingly, and very wistfully. "I've never had a Christmas in my own home with a husband. Queer, isn't it? Awful too. I was made to be married. Anyhow, I was made to be loved."

Pamela frowned. The way the thing was said sent a little thrill through the room. There was such exquisite passion, such lone misery in that queer husky voice as made one's throat tighten. Anthony was obviously affected by it, swinging round to study the girl more fully, his eyes shining. She was a singularly attractive girl, though artifice had emphasized the seductive redness of her lips, the bloom on her cheek and the audacious arch of her dark brows.

"And that's why I'm—what I am," she said with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"What—what are you?" Pamela probably asked that question because of the queer silence which followed. It seemed necessary for someone to say something. The girl turned her eyes from Anthony and looked across at Pamela.

"What am I?" she asked. "Surely you can see. I'm—well, I'm not the kind of woman you'd invite—"

"Listen. . . ."

**T**HE interruption came from the big-made man, standing suddenly still in his soft tread of the carpet, ears alert, hand upheld.

"Was that a knock at the door?" he demanded. "It couldn't be. They'd never have tracked me here. No. I got clean away."

"Nobody does that," said the little old woman in her silvery, piping voice. The bigish man glared at her, and then seemed to collapse. He looked curiously small and a little frightened.

"No. . . ." he said. "Nobody does. You can't kill a woman and get away with it altogether. Yet—she deserved it. . . . What's the matter?"

He was looking at Pamela, who was staring at him in horror, instinctively shrinking

back from her position close at his side.

"You've actually—killed someone?" she gasped, suddenly panic-stricken.

"I thought I did," came the reply. "But, of course, you can't *really* kill anybody. They go on living just the same. They never leave you. They talk it all out with you. My wife—I'll just tell you. We were married exactly two years when she left me. The same as a rat leaves a sinking ship, she went. Just good-by—and to blazes with you, because—well, things were bad with me and she couldn't have all she wanted. And—there was someone else, later, someone I cared for. But—my wife wouldn't divorce me. She held out for *alimony*—or whatever you call it. Money—for *luffer* and amusement. She didn't want anything else. Well—"

"WHY do you want to tell these nice young people all this?" asked the little old man somewhat impatiently. "Why spoil their Christmas with your gloomy tale? You've got away. You—"

"Heavens alive!" exclaimed Anthony, having listened all the while with rising astonishment and a cold feeling of horror. "You know that this man's committed murder—and you're helping him to escape?"

"No, I'm not!" said the little man. "I've nothing to do with him. Anyhow, he can't escape. There isn't such a thing as escape. You may dodge the law—why, y s. But—"

"There is someone knocking at that door!" persisted the big-made man, lean hands frenziedly fumbling at his nether-lip, as he stood peering out into the dimly lit hall. "They have followed me. . . ."

"Someone certainly was thundering at the front door, loudly, per mptorily.

"I'll see who it is!" Anthony had turned on his heel to cross to the door. But the big man stood in his way.

"If you let them in—" he began, and the little old man interrupted him with a hand on the other's gesturing arm.

"How absurd!" he said. "Why kick against the pricks? How many times will you keep trying to stave off the inevitable? Supposing Mary and I made such a fuss just because we couldn't have another honeymoon after forty years, all through a train going off the rails?"

"And I never had a honeymoon at all!" remarked the girl in the fur coat with her wistful huskiness of voice. "Never. Yet I would have been a good wife to any man—

any man." She looked around at them all.

Again, the knocker on the outside of the front door reverberated like a dismal thunder through the house. Anthony swung round impatiently, a wary eye on the biggish man, who, however, seemed about to make no further protest, but hid his face behind lean and very white hands—a ghastly, grayish face which Anthony was glad to see hidden.

"You really must excuse me . . ." said the latter awkwardly, making for the door and passing out into the hall.

Once there, he was a little startled to find that Pamela had followed him, having closed the door after her.

"You can't leave them alone!" he protested under his breath.

"I must. If I didn't, Tony, I should scream. What are we to do?"

"Do?"

"If it's the police—after that dreadful man? Why did he—they—come here, of all places?"

"Ask me another, Pam. Stranded at the junction, through the eight-thirteen's smashing up, and the station-master—that's what the old man said—passed them on here. Though why Jenkins should have done that, I don't know. He ought to have known better. I'll have a word with him about it in the morning. Meantime—"

Once again, the knocker sent a hollow rumble across the misted hall. Anthony, with a movement of impatience, flung the front door open, let in more fog, stared and stepped back.

"Good Lord. . . ." he exclaimed, partly relieved, partly astonished. "It's Jenkins himself. Talk about the devil—"

"No, no, sir!" throatily laughed the muffled man looming on the doorstep. "Not the devil, Mr. Marsh! He wouldn't come wishing you and your lady a happy Christmas, and bringing presents besides."

"Presents?"

"THIS came by the down-train from town, Mr. Marsh." The station-master thrust forward a large parcel. "I was just going on into Isingdale to have a glass with my wife's people, being off duty now, and I thought I'd look in and leave this with you, wishing you both the best for the time of year it is."

"And thanks very much!" laughed Anthony, glancing down at the parcel. "Incidentally, we were just talking about you, Jenkins—my wife and I. Look here. What



the deuce do you mean by sending these people to us?"

"Me, sir?" The station-master stared. "What people?"

"Those four. An old man and woman, a biggish chap and a girl. Said they were held up because the eight-thirteen was smashed up coming from Barminster."

"Eight-thirteen—what, Mr. Marsh? Why, I've just come from the station after seeing her off on her way to town. She's not been smashed up, and I sent no people to you. Why should I? Anyhow, there hasn't been no people—not one, leave alone four. That I do swear."

"**Y**OU'D better come in, Jenkins." Anthony, puzzled, pulled the man in and closed the front door. "Either your memory's bad, or we've been listening to a pack of lies, haven't we, Pam? Just come along in here with me."

It was Pam, moving ahead, who opened the door of the library-lounge. It was Pam who uttered such an exclamation of amazement as made Anthony hurry after her into the room beyond the open door. Excepting for themselves—*it was empty!*

"I'll be thoroughly damned!" gasped Anthony under his breath, staring at Pamela, and then at the overcoated and muffled station-master who lumbered into the room in their wake, a slow man suffering from rheumatics.

"What on earth has become of them?" muttered Pamela, eyes wide, the color all fled from her face. "Tony . . . Tony . . . What does it mean? There isn't any way for them to have gone—except by the door."

"Good Lord . . . Good Lord . . ." was all Anthony could say, and swung around on the station-master.

"Listen . . . You may think I'm cracked, or something like that. But here's my wife to bear me out. We left four people in here just now. People who told us the eight-thirteen had been smashed up. People who said you'd sent them here. One of them—why, he talked openly about having killed his wife. When you were knocking, he thought it was the police after him. We left them all in here to go out and see who was at the door."

"You don't say, Mr. Marsh. . . ." The

station-master was staring as well now. His right hand was hiding his moustached mouth. His eyes looked faintly scared. "You really mean that—Mr. Marsh?"

"Of course, I mean it. Do you think I'd tell you a tale like that, if it hadn't happened? But what it means—"

"Lord knows . . ." said the station-master slowly. "Leastways . . . it might be explained, though it would sound just as queer as what you've said. There *was* a smash on the eight-thirteen—a bad one—once. It was the first year I came here—some nine years ago. It happened not far from this house, where the line runs nigh your garden, I remember. And there was people brought in here.

"It was a night like this," he added in his slow way. "Fog as thick as pea-soup. A horrid smash, it was, with many killed. And—if I recollect right—there was four people brought to this same house—by my orders—where other people was living then. There was four—badly hurt, too—and the lot of them died after in Barminster hospital. And one of them—as you said—was wanted for murder. Yes . . . I remember that well. And you say—to-night—?"

"For heaven's sake, Jenkins, let's have a drink, or I shall think I'm off my head!"

Anthony, opening a cabinet, produced a decanter and glasses. His hands were shaking. He felt shot to pieces. It was not till he had taken a stiff drink that he began to find himself able to think clearly. . . .

After the station-master had gone, he and Pamela returned to the library-lounge. Pamela clung very tightly to Anthony's arm. She was trembling all over. He gathered her to him, soothingly, protectingly.

"**A**N unholy sort of business . . . We'd better do our best to forget it. . . ." he said under his breath.

"No . . ." Pam looked up at him. "I shall never do that. Those old people, married for forty years and setting out for a second honeymoon. That girl who had never known what a honeymoon was. That man, whose wife left him—like rats desert a sinking ship . . . Tony . . . Tony," she sobbed, "and, by now, I might have been wick'ed enough to leave you. . . ."



Paris went wild over her, the  
world lay at her feet.  
Then came the Voice that  
told of another, richer life—  
and she listened . . . .



*The Voice seemed to say: "What  
are all these gifts worth, Jenny? Jewels,  
flowers, gifts . . . Come with us,  
now!"*

# WHY

## Did Jenny Golder Do It?

By HAROLD STANDISH CORBIN

FROM the sidewalk cafés of Montparnasse to the drawing-rooms of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, all Paris is speculating anew on the tragic death of lovely Jenny Golder, the idol of French music halls, who, scarcely a year ago, took her own life. Young, beautiful, wealthy, beloved as few of the Paris dancers ever hope to be, Jenny appeared to have everything to live for. Yet, asserting she was haunted by the spirit of her dead chum who urged her to follow, Jenny placed a pearl-handled revolver to her heart and pulled the trigger.

Why did she do it? Why, when success seemingly had crowned her years of hard work, did she fling her soul out into that mysterious Unkown that lies just beyond the Veil, and on whose shores frail phantoms

figures linger? Did a ghost—the ghost of her dead chum, who had also committed suicide—really call her?

A letter written a short time before Jenny's death came to light a few weeks ago. In it the dancer, at the height of her career, made reference to a spirit voice that haunted her, bidding her step across the Divide. It was, she wrote, the voice of her chum Claude France, who killed herself—on the eve of the showing of one of her greatest screen successes—by filling her room with gas.

"I saw her in my room," Jenny wrote. "She appeared leaning over my shoulder with a ghostly revolver in her hand, offering it to me. 'What are all your successes worth?' she asked. 'How long can you enjoy them, Jenny? Tomorrow you will be old. Come with us now. Everything is

calm and peaceful here. We are waiting for you. Come.'"

The discovery of the letter naturally gives rise to many theories concerning the true cause of Jenny Golder's tragic act. Scoffers, of course, say she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown from overwork. Psychologists attribute her desperate deed and the assertion that she heard "voices" to what they term an "echo" in the brain. They say almost any woman with a tendency to nerves has an "echo" in her brain, though only in rare cases is that echo strong enough to compel one to suicide.

THEY contend that the echo is a morbid foreboding expressed in the old adage, "Laugh today and weep tomorrow." It is the same impulse that caused the ancients to have their slaves parade before them bearing skeletons in the midst of feasting and merry-making, to recall to the guests that the gods were jealous of anyone intensely happy and that quite likely tomorrow they would all be dead.

But above all the conjectures and the commonplace explanations is the definite assertion contained in Jenny Golder's letter that ghostly presences had visited her and that a ghostly voice whispered to her in the stillness of night when she was alone.

Moreover, there is that strange vision of Harry Pilcer, Jenny's dancing partner, to be accounted for. According to his own account, Pilcer suddenly awoke from a sound sleep, on the night of the tragedy, feeling as though a cold hand had clutched him. Straining his eyes in the dark to detect the Something he felt was there, but which he could not see, he happened to glance at the telephone. Pilcer's breath caught in his throat and cold shivers ran up and down his spine.

"I could not believe my eyes," he said afterward. "The instrument seemed to glow in the dark. It appeared etched in fire, or as if it suddenly had become an intangible and phosphorescent thing. Even as I stared at it, the bell rang. It was as though a red-hot wire had touched the bell."

Pilcer sprang from bed to still its shrill clamor. He hardly dared pick up the receiver. But the bell rang insistently. And as though some force stronger than himself directed his movements, Pilcer suddenly put out his hand and had the receiver at his ear.

"What—what is it?" he asked.

"Hello! Hello!" came a voice. "This is Jenny Golder's maid. Jenny——"

"Don't tell me she has done it!" Pilcer cried, for like others he had known what was in the girl's mind.

"Oh, God, yes!" the maid screamed. "She shot herself through the heart!"

Pilcer staggered back, dropping the instrument. He seemed to hear a sigh in the darkness—a sigh of content, though mingled with it was a sound of weeping and remorse. The instrument no longer glowed. The cold hand that seemed to have gripped him was gone.

The skeptics have an explanation for that, too. They say the telephone had already rung before Pilcer awoke, and that in the sudden shock to his nerves caused by the shrill jangling of the bell he only imagined that the telephone glowed.

But those who make a study of spirit phenomena strive to take a more comprehensive view of the incident. Are there forces beyond the grave—forces of which we know nothing, but which react upon us humans? they ask themselves. Is it true, as some contend, that the spirit, agonized by the crashing blow of death, benumbed and dazed before it can find its way to that strange bourne beyond, turns for a time in desperation to the living with whom it associated before it was thrust naked out into the Dark?

If that be true, was it also true that Jenny's chum Claude actually did appear to her, urging her for some strange reason, to join her in the Other World?

The Reverend C. Drayton Thomas, an English author, in an essay on "Religion and Survival," explains as a result of many experiments in the field of the occult:

"LIFE (beyond) is full, but without weariness, satiety or sickness, and each finds occupation suited to his abilities and preferences. There is, too, a ministry of help to friends on earth in which many can bear part; it would appear that this help consists largely in giving mental impressions."

If this be so, is it not possible that Jenny's chum, Claude France, finding the higher plane a place of repose from the turmoil that besets the life of a popular actress, wished her friend Jenny to join her, to desert this world and arrive at that higher plane of rest? Did she not truly convey to Jenny the "mental impressions" that eventually led to her suicide? Let us see.

Jenny Golder was an Australian by birth, the daughter of a poor family. She learned to dance in a dancing school for girls at



Melbourne. For some time she had a hard struggle to get ahead in Australia. But she kept at it courageously, devoting herself entirely to her proposed career, working night and day, giving herself without stint in working toward her goal.

A measure of success came to encourage her. She was scheduled to make a tour of America. Ahead of her lay the laurel crown of achievement, together with the golden shower that awaits the ultimately successful.

She completed the American tour and went back to Paris, and there it was that full success came to her—suddenly and completely. She made her debut at the *Casino de Paris* in 1922. Within three months she had reached the top of the ladder. At twenty-five she was acclaimed the most popular girl on the variety stage. Almost without real-

of Americans remember her in the "New York-Paris Review of 1928."

EXALTED by her successes, thrilled by the acclaim of the multitudes, but physically and mentally tired, she suddenly discovered a new phase of life. With all this popularity there came other attentions to which she had hitherto given little thought. Men of wealth and position were crowding each other for her smiles. They wished to bask in the charming presence of this dancing beauty. Jewels, automobiles, lovely clothes, all were hers for the asking. They wanted to rain down upon her a gorgeous shower of such tokens of their pleasure as only immense wealth can buy.

As long as she remained lovely then, as long as she continued to be a popular



*The instrument appeared etched in fire. Pilsner sprang from bed to still its shrill clamor*

izing it, she had sung and danced her way into the hearts of Parisians, while thousands of tourists also flocked to hear and see her. Loud were the cries of "Vive, Jean-nie Golder!" as her audiences called her back, again and again.

Success followed upon success. Musical comedy claimed her and she appeared at the *Champs-Elysées*, at the *Alhambra* and the *Palace*.

There followed a brilliant tour of Italy in 1926. Returning to Paris once more, she co-starred with Pilsner at the *Palace*. Thousands

idol of the crowds, wealth was hers for the accepting. So, two ways lay open to her. She could become lazy and cast aside her hours of hard work and indefatigable effort to marry one of the rich men and pass the rest of her life in ease and luxury. Or, she could keep on as she had—finding it a little harder each year to hold her beauty and her stage popularity, knowing that in the end the mantle of public acclaim would be swept from her shoulders to fall upon a younger and newer sweetheart of the stage.

To the surprise of many, this poor little



Australian girl chose the latter course. Success in her career had been won and she revelled in her work. She decided to keep on as she was headed. Money of her own was coming to her rapidly now, and other riches did not appeal to her. She had had an unbroken series of triumphs. She was still young. Why, she thought to herself, hadn't a dozen actresses she could name kept on and on even when the mantle of years hung heavily about them—Bernhardt, Duse, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Leslie Carter? All had been graciously able to accept the plaudits of the crowd long after youth had left them.

**T**HEN there came to Jenny a faint disturbing voice. Psychologists called it the "echo." Whatever it was, it proved the first disquieting element in Jenny's hitherto happy life. It made her write in her diary: "Your good luck is too good. It can't last. It can't go on forever. Something is going to happen."

Was it then she heard the first far-away whisper from her chum across the Divide—the girl who had turned on the gas at the height of her career?

The letter recently brought to light tells about those whispers.

"It was the voice of Claude," Jenny wrote. "I heard her whisper to me. She seemed to be leaning over my shoulder."

And the Voice was heard to say:

"What are all these things worth, Jenny? What real happiness can you find in jewels, clothes, flowers, gifts, motor cars, banquets, admiration? Soon your audiences will tire of you and turn to someone else. Soon you will be forgotten. You're at the height of it all now. Soon your popularity will begin to wane."

The Voice kept on:

"How long do you think you will have them or enjoy them—these things? Tomorrow you will meet sorrow and poverty. Come and join us where happiness is permanent. Your life is only make-believe. This life is real. Come, Jenny. We are waiting for you."

The "we" is supposed to have meant Lucie Lanthelme, Regine Flory and Claude France. Jenny had not known the beautiful Lanthelme, but Regine and Claude were Jenny's best friends. Both the girls—Regine and Claude—had, like Jenny, won sudden success before the footlights. And both had become victims of suicide, to pass quickly from a life of apparent happiness to death.

But long before the two had died, they

and Jenny had speculated on why Lucie Lanthelme, that famous French beauty, had chosen to die.

"Was that right," they asked themselves, "to go so suddenly and quickly at the height of her career? Was that the wise thing to do?"

Regine thought it was. She insisted that that was the time to go—when one was young and beautiful and at the peak of her fame. Regine not only adopted that idea, but put it into action. She took her life. Not long afterward Claude France followed her.

The latest picture in which Claude starred was about to be exhibited when the actress put an end to it all. A strong-box filled with diamonds and other precious gems was found in her room. The night before her death she danced gaily at a fashionable night club. She had even ordered, that afternoon, a selection of new gowns to be sent to her home—a palace in the suburbs of Paris. When her friends left her that evening, they said good-night to her.

"It will be a good night," she said, "because it will be a short one."

In a letter she wrote to a dear friend that evening, she explained:

"Success has been reached. There is nothing to live for. I have played in many comedies. I want to ring down the curtain on the greatest comedy of all—life."

●f course her death was a severe blow to Jenny. It was not long after that when the dancer began to hear the whispers. Whenever she lay down in her gorgeous apartment she seemed to hear the voice of her dead friend. Soon Claude seemed to come to her out of the shadows and enter her dreams. Claude said that Lanthelme, Regine and she had been right. She had met them, she said, and at last they knew. And long after Jenny awakened from her dreams, the voice persisted—the voice of Claude calling, calling. . . .

**A**BOUT that time Jenny met Alfred Lowenstein, whose rise to fabulous wealth and power amazed all Europe. Later, you remember, this financial wizard was to step out of his airplane into eternity as the plane was crossing the English channel.

Jenny did not, like the others, ask him how to make money. She asked him if money, position, luxury, brought him happiness. He told her they did not. He said:

"After one has known success a while it becomes stale and spoils one's taste for any-

thing else. One has nothing to look forward to. What is my life? A hurry and rush continually. I employ a small army of clerks to help me. I dash here and there over Europe in an airplane, to save time. Flat-terers come cringing to me. They make me sick. No one loves me. They love my money—they love the position I can create for them. But they do not love me. Having gone to the end of the world, there seems nothing left for me but to step off."

And step off he did.

THEN came the beginning of the end for Jenny. It started with a physical mishap. Dancing, she ruptured a small muscle in her leg. Instantly she conjured up a vision that her stage career was ended. She saw only misery ahead. She would not be able to dance any more, she told herself. Her crowds would leave her now, to give their acclaim to someone else—someone younger. They would demand a new idol. Jenny could not stand failure like that. Her successes had come too suddenly, and too un-interruptedly.

Yet a skilful surgeon assured her this was not to be the end of her career—not yet. By binding her leg a certain way, he told her, she would be able to go on dancing. At the time she died, the injury was nearly healed.

But out of the shadows came Claude's spirit, stronger now than ever.

"You see!" said the voice. "This is the beginning of the end. What are you waiting for? Do you want the world to point at you as 'poor old Jenny who used to be a star, once'? Are you wiser than Lanthelme and Flory—or Lowenstein and me? We all are waiting for you, Jenny dear. Come to us. Don't wait. Come!"

Again and again as she lay alone in the darkness of her apartment she thought she saw Claude bending over her. That ghostly presence soothed her. She could feel Claude's hand on her forehead, like cool mist floating in from the trees. Claude appeared even more lovely in spirit than she had in life. She seemed at peace, with all the old worry that had sometimes clouded her pretty face, completely gone.

Jenny tried to fight off this ghostly presence. She closed her eyes in the darkness and tried to tell herself she was ill. "Spirits do not return from the Beyond," she tried to reason. "This is all a hallucination. Claude is not there beside my bed. Claude is dead. I must control myself."

Then she would open her eyes, she said, only to find the ghostly presence standing in the shadows, apparently sad, but waiting. And she would hear Claude's voice begging her to come.

Whenever she told her living friends about it, they scoffed at her.

"You've got a bad case of nerves," they told her. "Forget it."

When she went to the doctors about it, they shook their heads wisely, smiled benignly, and gave her medicine—nasty, evil-tasting medicine.

But alone in her room, Jenny heard slow footsteps and became aware of movements in the dark. Ghostly whispers came to her, as though two or three persons were there who speculated about her, and chatted together. Then out of the shadows would glide again the mysterious form of Claude, who came to her bedside to urge her over and over to quit life.

Was this specter purely a fabrication induced by disordered nerves? Might not that strange personality have been as real as phantoms can be when compared to mortals?

The Reverend Mr. Thomas writes:

"Our friends . . . find that in the quiet of our home life they are able to come into closer relation with us than is possible through the restricted channel of a medium's brain; that in our times of mental calm, when we are undistracted by hurry and care, they hold communion with our inner being. . . ."

Certain it is that the constant pressure of whatever personality Jenny encountered at last won her over. Discoveries later proved that the girl had planned her death most deliberately.

FOR a while she took a vacation at her country home at *Le Vesinet*. But there, away from the clamor of her audiences, away from the rush and hurry of her daily life, apart from the attentions and gifts of her admirers, Jenny seemed brought into closer touch with the specter she said hovered about her. Indeed, it seemed that "undistracted by hurry and care," a closer communion was entered into between the girl and the spirit form she said she saw and felt.

Then, suddenly, as though she could stand the seclusion no longer, Jenny returned to her home in Paris. With her was her constant companion, Mrs. Bruce. The latter, like Jenny, was an Australian, an elderly woman in whom Jenny found sympathy and

understanding whenever she needed them.

But among the things that Jenny had sent in from her country home in *Le Vesinet* was a revolver—a beautiful little weapon of .32 caliber, with a pearl handle—for which she never before had had any use.

The morning of that tragic day Jenny went to a doctor and asked him to explain the exact location of her heart.

"Why do you want to know?" he asked. Perhaps as he studied her, the medical man could see in her face some indication of what was in her mind.

"**B**ECAUSE—because I have some trouble here," Jenny explained, pressing her hand over her left breast.

At last the doctor showed her. Then Jenny went away.

Mrs. Bruce afterward gave further details of the tragedy.

The dancer came home at eight o'clock that evening, looking no different from usual. She excused herself to Mrs. Bruce and left the sitting-room for a few minutes to go to her own room. Mrs. Bruce waited for her, for they were to have dinner together.

Suddenly there came the sound of a shot. Mrs. Bruce jumped up and ran to the bedroom. There she found Jenny, fully clothed, slumped over her dressing table. The little pearl-handled revolver was still clutched in one hand. The bullet from it had pierced her heart.

It was later that night that Jenny's dancing partner, Harry Pilcer, felt the premonition of tragedy as he suddenly awoke and stared at the transformed telephone. That was, of course, several hours after Jenny's death.

But to those interested in the studies of psychic phenomena the occurrence as related by Pilcer is not strange. It seems to coincide with the idea advanced by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, D. B. E., who has done much research along those lines. Mrs. Lyttleton writes:

"Probably everyone who dies, leaving somebody deeply loved behind, tries to get into touch with them at first. It may well be that their motive for trying to get into touch with the living is not merely to give consolation, but to receive it also. For the possibility must be faced that those who leave us do not at once pass into a state of happiness. The meager news which has come back to us seems to indicate a greater happiness, but we do not know by what

stages this happy state has been attained."

Is it not easy to believe this, in the light of events that had befallen Jenny? She had listened to the voice of her dead friend Claude. At last she yielded to Claude's pleading and sought to join her. But in the sudden shock following her death, Jenny's spirit did not know where to turn. So, instinctively, she tried to get in touch with Pilcer, who had been one of her closest friends among the living. Undoubtedly, as Jenny raised the pistol to her breast, she saw the form of Claude in the darkness and even heard her voice, urging her on.

But once through the thin curtain that separates this life from the Beyond, was Jenny at once able to find Claude on the other side? In that unfamiliar darkness, stunned by the crashing nerve shock of death, was not Jenny's spirit faltering, afraid, alone?

Of course we cannot tell—not absolutely. But perhaps her lonely spirit, frantic in its new environment, turned back to earth for a little while until she could be led in some mysterious way to the spirits who had called her there.

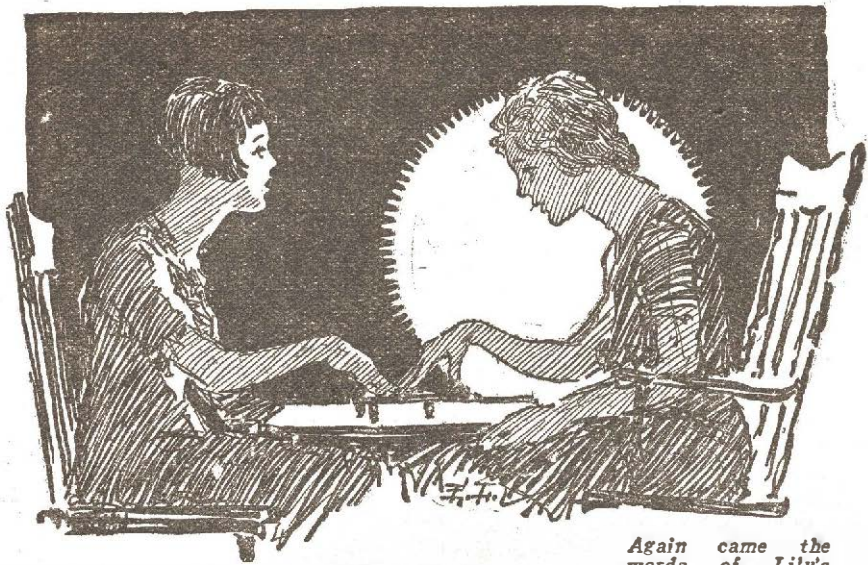
Mrs. Lyttleton gives a suggestion of this when she writes:

"We do not know how long it takes for the spirit to get free of the body. The evidence, such as it is, points to many variations, as in most other human operations, but it does seem that the process is a slow and gradual one. . . ."

The French psychologists say that only the philosopher can stand the shock of early and prolonged triumph. To Jenny's saddened and astonished friends who investigated the circumstances which had preceded her death, there was no apparent reason for her self-destruction. But when she herself reported that her dead friend called her, was not that assertion founded on a basis of fact?

**T**HE student of psychic phenomena will say "yes." Others, less positive, will contend that out of a mass of conclusions and inferences there some day will emerge the truth as to whether or not there is a world beyond this life and whether those who have gone before can communicate with us.

But there is another question that some of Jenny's former admirers in Paris are asking themselves. Is it possible that Jenny Golder will in turn appear—as she said Claude France did to her—to some other idol of the stage and beg her also to seek the higher life? It will be interesting to see.



Again came the words of Lily's mother: "Oh, my dear daughter! Oh, my poor daughter!"

# My Adventures with the Sixth Sense

*A young woman tells her fascinating experiences with the mysterious power she discovered within herself*

I AM going to write down quite simply, and in the form of a journal, my own psychic experiences, hoping that some time they may be of value to those who have devoted their lives to the investigation of all that is termed occult—by which I mean all that is not explainable by science.

Not that I expect to gain much of a hearing, when such master-minds as Maeterlinck Lombroso, Professors James and Hyslop, Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle—all of them people of scientific and literary fame—have been forging ahead for years, trying to bring to the light this marvelous inner, or sixth sense, as I shall call it for want of a better name.

The only way in which perhaps my experiences may be of particular value to others consists in their having happened to

By  
FRANCES M.  
TAYLOR

me, personally and directly; and not, as has so often proved disconcerting in the cases cited in the *Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society*, as having happened to a "Mr. A." and "Mr. B." through "Miss C." and vouched for by "Mr. D.", or perhaps his sister-in-law, "Miss X." All this initialing tends to cheapen and lessen the impression of veracity in these records. The result is that by the time the incident reaches the reader's eye, after so much travel, one fears it has grown in the process.

Now, for a brief sketch of myself, before beginning my psychic journal. I am of American birth, of English and Scotch ancestry—related on my mother's side to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the reformer. I am a librarian by profession, and was brought up in the Unitarian faith, which, as



every one knows, is as far removed from Spiritualism as could be desired by the most skeptical.

I had always abhorred Spiritualism, although I knew nothing much about it except through reading. I disliked the idea of the dead returning to this "vale of tears" after once they had been freed from its fetters; so I condemned the whole theory as freakish, and based on the imaginings of neurotics and the like.

I had never seen or visited a medium in my life, until long after most of my experiences had taken place, and therefore was in perfect ignorance of anything supernatural. All that now follows, I vouch for on my word of honor as being absolutely true in every detail, and also capable of being verified by the parties hereafter mentioned in my journal.

IT is hard to find a suitable beginning, as my psychic experiences have been so many and so varied, and have extended over the last twelve years of my life. I know now that I have always possessed this sixth sense—and, indeed, that all do possess it—but in many people it lies dormant until perhaps some sudden shock or great sorrow awakens it. Many use it daily, in its primary or half-developed state called intuition; and many unconsciously use this inner sight and are guided by its help, without the slightest notion that they are "psychic" or have "spirit helpers" who lead them to great heights and glorious successes.

Always, I have had the knack of "dreaming true." My dreams "always happened" and this was apparent to all, even when I was quite young.

Quite often these dreams were symbolical; but, of a symbolism quite easy for me to understand and interpret. I know now that almost all of our messages from the spiritual side of life are sent to us in the language of symbols.

A week before my mother died, I dreamed I saw her in her coffin, with yellow and white chrysanthemums piled on its lid—exactly as they were seen by all who attended the funeral. Her death occurred in November, when these particular flowers were most plentiful.

During her brief illness, while I was nursing her, someone gave her a small glass of jelly which she kept on a table near the bed. I was sitting at the other end of the room reading when the jelly jar was suddenly tipped over and the contents spilled without

visible hands touching it. No one was near the table or touched the glass in any way, so that the fact of its upsetting so mysteriously made my mother say, "That jelly must be bewitched," for it repeated its weird performance of upsetting and spilling at each of the three times I replaced it. But the last time I heard distinctly (with my inner sense) these words: "Your mother will not live." It is needless to say that the message proved only too true and the pain of it almost more than could be borne.

Later that same evening, while carrying to her, upstairs, a glass of lemonade, the glass was seemingly dashed from my hands and every drop spilled, while my "inner ear" again heard that same message, so soon to be fulfilled. She died the end of that week. Her age was only forty, and her illness was appendicitis, from which we had every reason to believe that she would recover.

The first, last and only time my mother has returned to make herself known to me, occurred just two years after her death. But before relating this incident, I want to say that I was still in ignorance of Spiritualists, mediums, or anything bordering on the occult, as I was a faithful member of a Unitarian Church in a small town near Boston.

To resume: I had just become engaged to a young man, who, I naturally thought, was the soul of honor, as he had given me every reason to believe in him. My father had given his consent to this marriage, but he did not sanction it, as there were two younger children in our family to be brought up and he—selfishly, I thought—wished me rather to devote my life to the care of them and himself.

HOWEVER, one night after Lawrence and I had been engaged about a month, I was suddenly awakened at three o'clock in the morning—first, by hearing the clock strike three; then, by the most terrifying and unaccountable sensations I had ever experienced.

A prolonged ringing first seemed to assail my inner ear. To say it was like a distant telephone bell, is the nearest explanation I can make of this sensation. Then I heard several unknown voices each trying to call one another. It seemed exactly like a long distance call, only much more terrifying, as the force was so great it shook me; and at last I heard my mother's own voice, so clearly and distinctly that I could not mistake it. She kept repeating, "Do not marry Lawrence, he is deceiving you." This message

only, was repeated again and again, while I, frightened half to death by the strangeness of hearing from her, tried to plead against her for my own happiness.

Well, every night for a whole week after that, at exactly this same hour (3 A. M.) mother communicated with me in this way. I would argue against her advice, and I even told her she was selfish not to desire my happiness. Also, I was so very frightened and nervous over this powerful psychic experience, I was afraid of losing my reason, as it so terrified me. I would shake for an hour after her voice had ceased. So I used all my will power, and demanded that she not try to come again in that way as it caused me too great a degree of fear and shock. She has observed my wish.

Two years later I bitterly regretted that I had not followed her advice. It would have saved me much sorrow, as Lawrence proved to be a gay deceiver, and I was forced to break off with him in the end. Later I learned that my mother's death had occurred at 3 A. M., a fact I did not know at that time, as she had died in a hospital.

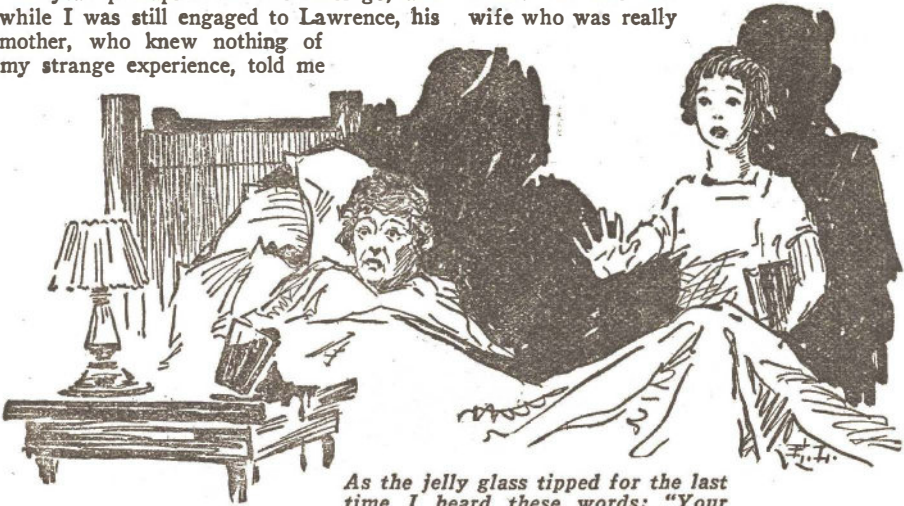
A year perhaps after this message, and while I was still engaged to Lawrence, his mother, who knew nothing of my strange experience, told me

mother's voice, I was wide awake and counted and observed the time, which was three o'clock; so I was not dreaming when this phenomenon occurred.

My next experience with the sixth sense took place several years later, while my small sister was still in the Grammar School of the New England village, where we lived at that time.

ONE afternoon she failed to return from school at the usual hour. We endured hours of anxiety and great alarm when at nightfall she was still absent. I had made every inquiry, calling up all of her friends I could reach. My brother and I had also made a thorough search for her, in vain, throughout the town, and also in the woods near the school, fearing harm had come to her there.

As a last resort, I tried to think of the last name of her chum, Hilda Curtis' cousin, whom she, child-like, called simply "Hilda's cousin Frank". I thought it a remote possibility that my sister had gone there to see Hilda who sometimes spent a week-end at this cousin Frank's home. It was his wife who was really



*As the jelly glass tipped for the last time I heard these words: "Your mother will not live"*

of a dream she repeatedly had about my mother whom she had never known. In it, mother came to her and said she could not rest, in her new life, but was earth-bound as long as I remained engaged to Lawrence. Her only remark was "what a queer dream" for her to have.

For the skeptic, I must add that we had no 'phone in our home and that on the night when I heard that dreadful ringing and my

related to Hilda and so I knew his name could not be Curtis. Luckily, I did know where sister had said he was employed, so I decided to call up the drug store where he was a clerk, ask for a "Frank" who was there, and then to inquire of him if he were Hilda Curtis' cousin.

While I was waiting—for at my first attempt to get his number the line was busy—I was astounded at hearing this inner voice

or sixth sense say to me, "Open the telephone book and your pencil will touch the correct name." This seemed a most wildly improbable idea as the 'phone book covered all of Boston and its suburbs; besides, I wouldn't recognize the name even if I saw it, having never heard it mentioned.

HOWEVER, as this inner force was too strong to be ignored, I did as I was told, and the name my pencil pointed to was Doctor John Littlefield. I took up the receiver again, gave the operator this number, and then asked if Mr. "Frank" Littlefield was there. "This is Mr. Littlefield, speaking," was the reply I got. "But are you Mr. Frank Littlefield, and a cousin of Miss Hilda Curtis?" I then asked, and, sure enough, he was! Better still, my troubles were soon ended as he told me that my sister had gone to his home for tea, and was there with her schoolmate Hilda.

This experience can not be explained by telepathy, as I had never seen or met this Mr. Littlefield, and the name of Littlefield was entirely unknown to me till my pencil rested on it in the telephone directory. My brother stood beside the 'phone while I made this call, and he can testify as to the truth of my statement.

The following incident occurred in February, 1913, shortly after my nearest and dearest friend had sailed for South America, to install an electric plant for the Braden Copper Company in Rancagua, Chili. One day a mutual friend of ours discovered and sent me a clipping from a Boston newspaper, saying that a party of engineers employed by this same Braden Copper Company had been dashed to instant death when the Company's train had jumped over a precipice, while climbing the mountain. This clipping indicated that the accident had happened on the exact date my friend was due to arrive in Chili.

Naturally, this news caused me intense anxiety. I feared the worst; yet I kept asking and praying for the true knowledge as to whether he was alive or not. I did not even dare hope for a letter from him, since he had told me not to expect to hear from him soon, as it would take a month's time for a letter to reach me from Chili.

While concentrating all my will power on my desire to know whether this were true, I saw my first "vision," given in reply to my agonized questioning. This was at 4 o'clock one afternoon and I was fully awake, being far too distressed in mind for sleep.

The "vision" I saw was remarkably life-like, even to the natural colors. The scene was about the size of a large Kodak picture, only it was more like a "movie," for I saw plainly our postman coming up the hill where we lived, holding up two letters to me, and the words spoken in my "inner ear" were these: "Hurried News."

The next morning, at nine o'clock, I again saw the same vision, repeated exactly the same as before and then, as it vanished, our door bell rang, and our postman gave me two letters from this very friend in South America! Both were mailed aboard ship and sent back by a pilot boat and, best of all, they contained the reassuring news that he had decided to stop off a few days at Kingston, Jamaica, to wait for a chum who would join him there on the next steamer. So I knew for a certainty that he had been saved from that dreadful accident by this fortunate delay.

MY next experience occurred in 1914, while this same engineer was employed in the lighting of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. We were engaged and he had written me faithfully each day or two, and I had never missed one of his letters. Suddenly for a week they ceased coming. Naturally I was greatly worried and repeatedly tried, with the aid of my sixth sense, to get the reason why. But no results were forthcoming from my many attempts, so I gave it up.

One morning a little later, while making the bed in my father's room, I was startled by hearing, with this "inner ear", these words: "Open the book in your father's desk drawer." I was mystified, of course, but I went immediately and opened the desk, and there in a drawer I found a small copy of the poem "Evangeline". From the inscription I saw it had been given to my father by my mother, although I had not known he possessed it. I opened this book as directed, and found my finger resting at this line, "Your lover is nearer than you know." I'd never read the poem through, so I did not know that such a line existed in it.

This took place at 11 A. M., and in exactly one hour from that time, at noon, I was talking over the 'phone to this same friend, who called me up from South Station, Boston, upon his arrival from San Francisco. He had come on suddenly, in response to a telegram saying that his father was dying, so he had not even waited to write me of his intention.



Let the "hypercritics" point out that my sixth sense seems to work only as a sort of help to the poor levelorn, I will relate a few tests of more universal interest.

Before the war was declared, or even anticipated on the other side—and at least a month before the world had the news of the Archduke's assassination—I saw plainly the following vision. I was out walking with my sister, who will vouch for this statement, when I exclaimed suddenly that I saw a huge white battleship flying the American flag, out on the ocean; and surrounding it I could see all the battleships of the different nations. They were all flying their many-colored flags, and they seemed to be fighting fiercely! At the time, as I saw these ships, I heard also these words, "War across water", of which I told all my family and friends.

Afterward, when there was so much doubt as to whether America would enter the conflict, I foretold from the first that she would, as I had seen our flag loom the largest and brightest in the vision. There are many friends, and the members of my family, who well recall this prediction I made before America's entry into the War.

I shall next relate the most remarkable, though extremely sad, experience with the inner psychic force I've ever known. It happened in the year 1917. I had a dear little friend, who worked beside me as stenographer in the library department of one of the most prominent publishing houses in this city. I shall call her "Lily D." (neither name nor

initial is correct) as I feel she would wish me to withhold her name from others whom her sad story might distress. She was only twenty, several years younger than myself, and a very charming and beautiful young girl. Everyone loved her; hers was one of those sweet rare souls, destined not to be long with us and too fine for this life.

Lily singled me out the first day I came to be employed there. I was much surprised

at her choosing me, as she was so young and had many friends of her own age. But Lily's had been a most tragic little life, as I soon learned from her own lips. She told me she felt I could understand her, and she needed someone with whom to share her burdens, too great for such young shoulders to bear.

She had been taken from an orphan asylum at an early age by a family of Italians, who mistreated her cruelly. She was rescued later and put into a Church Home, where she was finally adopted by a German family who gave her their name and an education.

From the first of our close friendship, I knew that Lily possessed the same sixth sense I did. We often spoke of the life beyond this one, and of the possibility of spirits returning and of their communicating. She told me that her own mother often seemed to call to her and that she longed to experiment with the Ouija board, and see if we could secure any proofs.

The following experience and test with the Ouija board took place at my home with

these very remarkable results. Lily and I sat with our hands on the board; my sister was the only witness, and she wrote out what the pointer spelled.

Lily: "Is my mother here?"

Answer: "Yes."

Lily: "How can I prove that you are my mother?"

Answer: "I am your own mother who bore your younger sister. (Here I must insert that I had not been told that Lily had a younger sister,

who also had been left at this asylum, and of whose fate she was utterly in ignorance!)

Lily: "Is it best for me to endure what sorrow I now have, by remaining where I am?"

Answer: "All I can say is, 'Oh, my dear daughter, oh, my daughter! Oh, my poor daughter!'"

This was our only reply to this question

### Nothing But the Truth

THAT'S what you've asked for, and that's what you'll find—in the February number of GHOST STORIES.

Bessie J. Certo has written an unparalleled story of her unique psychic experience—a human document of such emotional intensity and stark frankness that it will leave you gasping!

If for nothing else than this one poignant narrative you'll want to be on hand when the issue goes on sale—  
January 23rd.



though we asked it several times. Then, Lily asked: "Is Miss Taylor's mother here?"

Answer: "No."

Lily: "Why not, since you are able to come to us?"

Answer: "She does not need to prepare her daughter for this life."

We both thought on receiving these words that her mother meant that since Lily was so young, with all her life ahead of her, she needed a mother's guidance in this world. But since my dear little Lily died very suddenly, exactly one month from the date of this message, her mother surely meant the next life, and that her help was present because Lily was so shortly to pass over to the beyond. It also seems to explain these words, "Oh! my poor daughter!" and her not advising her to make any changes in her way of living. Next Lily asked for some advice as to her conduct in life, and the board spelled out these words:

"Make people happy, Lily."

DEAR LILY, I can truly say that her life brightened all those she came in contact with. She was like a ray of sunlight during her brief sojourn here.

From our first acquaintance, she often told me of a recurrent dream she had of a hearse driving up to her door, and a sister of charity, all in black, getting out of it and holding out her arms to Lily, saying to her: "My child, beware of your life."

Lily told me so often of this same weird dream that we both took it to be a warning and I begged her to be careful in crossing Fifth Avenue. Then came the last day I ever saw Lily alive. She said to me, during our lunch hour together, "Frances, I saw such a strange vision the other night, while at a party. We were playing the phonograph, and while the music was playing my favorite march, I saw a vision just over the machine; I saw myself waving good-by to all my friends, and I saw all their faces, yours and all the other girls, and they all seemed to look so sad as they waved at me; and turning, I saw a group of entirely new and unknown faces of young people, waiting to meet me. What does it mean?"

I asked first: "What did you think it meant, Lily?" and she said: "I think it means that I'm going to move to a distant place and make all new friends and never see my old friends any more."

Then I said, "No, Lily, it means you are shortly going to depart from this life!"

I never saw her again, except in her coffin. She died within the following week!

But little did I realize at the time that my interpretation of her vision was to come true, as she was seemingly quite well, although not quite up to the mark. I remember we both laughed as I made such a gloomy prediction for her.

Another, and the last experience I shall relate, tends very strongly to incline me toward fatalism, for I tried in every conceivable way to prevent what I had so clearly seen and foretold to my family and a few close friends. These friends will be glad to furnish proofs of my statements, should such be desired.

It was in May of 1917 that my oldest and truest friend, "Grace S.," was taken ill. When I went to call upon her I was told at once, by her mother, that Grace had a bad case of tonsillitis, and would not be able to talk much, as her throat was very bad.

I went in to see her, and found her propped up on pillows. She tried to say, "I cannot talk as I'm too ill!" but she could scarcely make her message audible.

Just after her words to me, I saw in a vision, that she would not recover, and at the same time I heard this strange message: "You will not hear of Grace's death until after her burial, and then you will hear of it from her father, when you call up to inquire how she is, and he will break down over the 'phone, and it will be very sad and distressing for you."

Now, this was the most unlikely event that could ever possibly occur, since Grace and myself were the closest friends and had been chums since childhood. We were like sisters and always together, even attending the same church. So it was quite improbable that I would not hear of her death (assuming she died) either from her parents or our friends.

WHEN, on returning home from my call upon Grace that day, I foretold to my sister what I'd been "warned," she quite naturally had a good laugh over this, as it did seem—and equally so to me—quite among the impossibilities. Both my father and sister said they knew I was wrong this time, as of course Grace's parents would let me hear at once; and also, it would be known at our church, where I would surely attend her funeral.

Well, after a day or two I called up Grace's home to inquire how she was and was not much surprised at hearing that she

had pneumonia and was dangerously ill, with a nurse in attendance. Also, her mother asked me not to call up their apartment again, as they must keep the 'phone from disturbing Grace; but she told me that I should inquire of Mr. Saywood, a young man who boarded with them. She neglected, however, to give me Mr. Saywood's place of business, so I found to my annoyance that I could not reach him, after all, and would have to wait and see what developed.

In the three or four weeks that followed, I caught a heavy cold myself, and was not able to attend our church, or to see any of our church members. As time passed, and I had not had any bad news about Grace, I felt almost sure that she was well and about again. So, one day at business, I decided to risk calling up my friend, as I was sure she was better by then. But, on going near the booth, I again received the same message—that she was buried, and that her father would answer my call, and that it would greatly distress him to speak of his loss.

Then, I determined that if this "inner guide" were correct—which I hardly could believe then—I would take every precaution against her father breaking the news to me; that I'd avert this by calling the hall-boy and asking him to tell me if Miss "S"

were well and about again. This accordingly I did, in the most cautious manner, but the hall-boy, probably from careless inattention to my inquiry, replied, "Here's your party, now!" And then, in an instant, Grace's father's voice had answered my call.

"How is Grace, by this time?" I inquired fearfully.

"Why, Frances," Mr. S. replied, "didn't you know that Grace had left us? Weren't you told, and weren't you at her funeral? She—was buried—a week ago—" and then her poor father's voice broke and he rang off.

All had happened exactly in the way Fate had willed it to be.

Later on, I learned, of course, that a notice was sent to me at my place of business to make sure of my getting it sooner, and in the distress of the moment, the writer had addressed it to the wrong publishing house. So I failed to receive it, and my absence from our church had prevented my learning the sad news there.

With this experience I shall conclude my journal of adventures with the sixth sense. I have chosen to relate only instances for which I can furnish the fullest corroboration, although I could cite many others which, while perhaps even more remarkable, are, however, less easily proved.

## \$10 for a Letter!

WHEN you have read this issue of GHOST STORIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which is poorest? Why? Have you any suggestions for improving the magazine?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of the judges in charge of this award, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, care of GHOST STORIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes January 25, 1930.

Three awards will be made promptly. See that your opinion gets one of them. No letters, however, will be returned.

### PRIZES

for opinions on the September GHOST STORIES were awarded as follows:

FIRST PRIZE \$10

MRS. ANNIE COMAN  
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SECOND PRIZE \$5

E. R. GILBERT  
Minden, West Virginia

THIRD PRIZE \$3

J. H. BROOKS, 2541 Caseyville Ave., E. St. Louis, Ill.

# Mysterious Miss Duvergne

By  
NELL KAU

"HERE," said the city editor of the *Daily Dispatch*, "is something for you to cover. Sounds like sure-fire stuff. Plenty of mystery and everything. Might write up a column on it, if you get a good story."

He handed me three newspaper clippings which I started to read as I walked out of his office.

The first clipping stated that a certain Miss Marie Duvergne, a "mysterious lady of French origin who resides in a lonely house on the top of Pine Hill," had long been making experiments with her radio, adding to it some inventions of her own, until she had finally achieved what she desired: the ability to reproduce audibly the still-existent voices of her own dead relatives. She was also able to summon their spirit forms, proving, she averred, that they still lived and wandered around the old homestead now occupied by Miss Duvergne.

"In an interview granted to a *Dispatch* reporter," the clipping read, "she referred him, upon his expressing some incredulity, to certain statements which have already been published on this interesting subject, *viz—*" (here the two other newspaper cuttings given me were quoted.)

The first of these stated that engineering experts of the Marconi Company had recently succeeded in picking up wireless messages after they had passed a third time around the earth; and that these men held the opinion that fifty years hence the voices of men long dead may still be wandering about and may be picked up by sensitive instruments.\*

The second clipping referred to the invention of a musical instrument, based on radio principles, which produced music by



"Sure an' that was the voice of yer own grandmother!" Mr. Lynch insisted

the operator's simply waving his hands before the box and drawing the harmonies from it.†

The *Dispatch* clipping regarding Miss Duvergne went on to say that "upon our reporter's asking a few pertinent questions, which Miss Duvergne chose to consider impertinent, she dismissed him summarily from her presence and has since refused to give any further interviews. In the course of the interview above mentioned, however, it was discovered that the lady has a weird-looking contraption, covered by a mysterious cloth of black velvet, which she keeps in a corner of a room at the top of her house. It is through this that she is able, according to her own assertion, to bring forth these conversations formerly held by her now deceased parents and grandparents, her method of so doing being merely to wave her hands a certain way before the instrument."

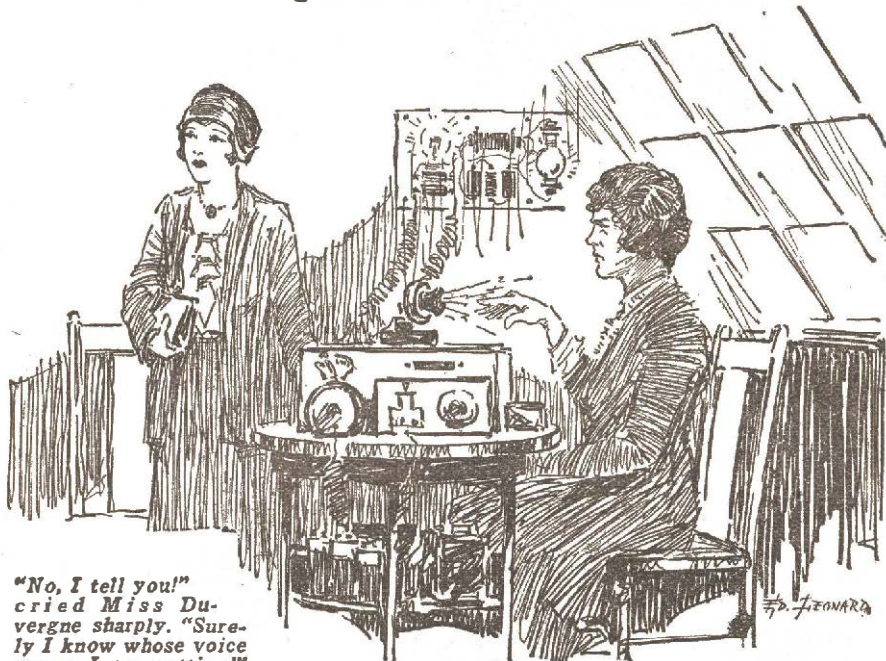
This was certainly an assignment after my own heart. I am, and always have been, tremendously interested in the super-

\* *The New York Times* December 18, 1927.

† *The World*, January 8, 1928.



Suppose you possessed her weird power—  
to summon up the past or leave it buried.  
Would YOU do what she did?



*"No, I tell you!"  
cried Miss Du-  
vergne sharply. "Sure-  
ly I know whose voice  
waves I am getting!"*

natural and uncanny; I don't know why.

It was then about two o'clock in the afternoon, and I decided to lose no time in calling on this Miss Duvergne. I must, I knew, be prepared with a fictitious reason for calling, as she was refusing to interview all reporters.

To save time, I hurried over to the Library and looked up Miss Duvergne in the Social Register. I found that she was a member of a Society for the Protection of Trees. That would do. It did not touch upon her invention in any way and would allay her suspicions.

Arriving at the gate of her lonely residence, I dismissed the taxi and walked slowly up the short drive.

The old-fashioned door stood dark and secretive beneath its heavy portico of stone. As the bell resounded through the house at my touch, it seemed to awake ghostly echoes, and when they ceased, the absolute hush was startling by contrast. Not a sound could be heard but my own quick breathing.

After some moments of tense waiting, I rang again, upon which the door opened

with such suddenness that I started back a step. It was well I did, for a huge dog leaped out at me—without a sound. To my relief I saw that he was on a leash, the other end of which was held by a woman—obviously the mysterious Miss Duvergne.

She was of medium size, and, to a casual observer, plain and undistinguished—until one met her eyes. They were the clear penetrating eyes of a scientist—a searcher after knowledge—an ageless, sexless, frank, inquiring pair of eyes, which could have belonged to man, boy or woman. They stared at me calmly, and I had a sensation of a strong mental power behind them.

**B**UT now I was drawn to look again at the dog. His antics were those of an infuriated animal, lunging and snarling at me; yet there did not issue a sound from him. Was the beast dumb, or under a spell of silence, or—was he a real dog at all?

"Good afternoon," I said quickly. "Miss Duvergne, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the lady calmly.

"I know you are interested in the preservation of trees," I went on, "and I have



called to enlist your help. I am going to get up a petition to save those beautiful old maples on Maple Terrace from being cut down to widen the road."

"I had not heard of it," she replied, still calmly, as those frank blue-gray eyes of hers looked back at me. "But come inside and rest while we talk over the matter."

She led me, still holding the gasping but strangely dumb dog, into a large dim parlor. She then excused herself while she led the dog away and fastened him up somewhere.

UPON her return, she seated herself opposite me, and looked at me with eyes which seemed to be growing dim, as though a mist were forming before them. Then suddenly they grew bright and clear again and she cried out:

"It has come to me! You are here under a subterfuge. You want to know about my invention. You are a reporter!"

I started to say something—I don't know what—but she raised one hand and continued: "Don't trouble to prevaricate, please; you may know, I have delved into the psychic, and have made it my life study. I do not always get telepathic reactions immediately, but eventually they come, and I am never mistaken in the message I receive or the impression I obtain. But I feel—I get the reaction—that you are not a mere curious reporter looking for a good story, but that you yourself are personally in harmony with me—are interested in my discovery. Am I not right?"

I hastily assured her that she was, and started to apologize for and explain my subterfuge, when she again raised her hand—but with a vehement gesture—and I found myself suddenly, literally and absolutely tongue-tied.

Scarcely had my frightened wits comprehended this, than she dropped her hand, and the power of speech returned to me. She smiled—and her smile had the same frank boyishness that was in her eyes—and utterly dispelled my fears.

"I know without your telling me," she said, "so please don't bother to explain."

"Tell me, Miss Duvergne," I cried with deep interest, "have you the power—did you—check my speech?"

"Yes," she answered. "I have developed that power during the last few years. You noticed that my dog did not growl or bark, even though in a state of great excitement. I compelled his vocal organs to be mute. I wanted to open the door silently, without

warning. Had it been that impertinent reporter who called upon me yesterday, I should then have restored Rex's voice, and turned him loose."

"But how do you do it? What is this power?"

She gave me a slow smile, like that one would give to a child asking unanswerable questions.

"What it is, I cannot tell—who can?" she said. "But how it is exerted I can explain; and perhaps after you have seen my instrument you will understand. As you have probably been informed, I can draw from my instrument by certain motions of my hands, musical strains. By certain other motions—and by throwing the whole intensity of my personality into them—I am able to draw out of the atmosphere the wandering voices still hovering around and creating their invisible air waves.

"I hope to discover," she went on, "through much further study, how to select and control these voices—how to bring to me just those I wish to hear and shut out the others. I have found I can do this at present only to a limited extent. I found by mere accident that I am able to draw your voice—or the voice of any living person present—out of the mouth just a moment before audible utterance. You do speak—but the moment you form the words I grasp them, draw them from you, and silence them."

I sat and stared at her in amazement. It seemed so impossible—yet I had myself experienced her power. At last I queried: "You say, 'any living person who is present.' Anyone at a distance, then, you cannot control?"

"NO—not if they are beyond a certain radius, any more than I can draw in the voices of the dead until they come within my range. But I am still only on the outer edge of this wonderful discovery, and some day even a more far-reaching power may be mine. At present, I am content to be able to silence a raucous, rasping voice close at hand—to cut off abruptly the nagging or vituperation of an unwelcome visitor. That alone is a marvelous power, and must be handled with great care."

As she answered, I had been thinking rapidly.

"One account of an interview with you," I said, "states that you also bring forth, visibly, the spirits of the dead."

"Yes," she said slowly, "but that state-

ment is, in a way, erroneous. These spirits are as yet beyond my own control. They appear and disappear at will: I can neither bring those I wish nor dispel them. I do not fully understand just what this power in me is which reaches out and causes them to appear. I only know that they *are*."

"Perhaps it is an effect of the radio," I surmised. "According to something I read in the *Literary Digest*,\* certain radio waves actually cast shadows, like light. So perhaps they can also throw into relief, like a spotlight, spirit forms which were already there but invisible."

"It is possible," she answered slowly, "but now let me take you upstairs and show you my instrument. I know you are anxious to see it."

"I AM," I replied, following her from the room, "and you, being able to read my mind, can judge how serious my interest is."

We passed through the hall on our way to the staircase and were just about to ascend when a loud ringing came from the front door bell, followed by a deep baying from the regions where the dog had been confined.

Miss Duvergne paused, and again a mist seemed to pass across her eyes—as though, in order to see the hidden, the ordinarily apparent must first be thrown out of focus. Then her gaze cleared, and she went to the front door with a rather rueful smile.

"It is old Mr. Lynch," she said. "He used to be a friend of my father's and when he lost all his money at the races he gave riding lessons to the sons and daughters of his friends. I was one of his pupils, and he always assumes a paternal attitude towards me. He is apt to be too outspoken, though, and then I draw his voice away and render him speechless."

As she crossed to the door, she added: "After having silenced him, I can bring back the words he uttered mentally with the aid of my instrument."

"The same way in which you bring forth the voices of those who are dead?"

"Yes, but much more easily, as the air waves are still quite strong and close, you see."

She had now opened the door, and admitted a short, florid little Irishman in riding breeches.

"Well, well, Marie," he cried heartily, "and it's glad I am to see ye! But ye've

company——" He nodded in my direction.

Introducing me, Miss Duvergne told him we were going up to look at her invention, and he accompanied us.

"It's a clever girl herself here is," he said to me as he toiled up the stairs behind me, "different entirely from her mamma and her grandma. The both of them were the quietest little ould-fashioned women I ivver did see. Her grandma, all *she* ivver did the last few years of her life was to sit in her chair with the Book on her lap, muttering them prayers and psalms to herself; isn't that so, Maureen?"

"As far as I can remember, it is," answered Miss Duvergne. "You know," she said, suddenly, pausing as we reached the top floor, "I have only been able so far, to bring back mere broken phrases and little ejaculations both of my mother and grandmother; but this afternoon I have a strong feeling that I am going to succeed in recalling from the past some of their actual conversations. I shall, I believe, even catch the waves of my grandmother's muttered prayers. She seems to be very close to me. I am glad to have you with me," turning her pleasant smile in my direction, "for you may witness what, so far, will be my highest achievement. I feel it. I know it."

Her eyes shone with an enthusiasm which communicated itself to me. Full of a strong excitement, I followed her into the room she had entered, Mr. Lynch bringing up the rear. It was a large, bare room, lighted by a skylight, and furnished only with a few chairs and a circular table over in one corner. The latter immediately drew my attention, for upon it I saw a box-like shape, covered with a black velvet cloth. This, I felt sure, must be Miss Duvergne's uncanny instrument, or machine.

UPON the floor near the table were loose coils of wire, bolts and nuts, and other such paraphernalia, while on the wall to one side were what appeared to me to be a hopelessly intricate and complicated jumble of wires, bulbs, tubes and sockets.

"Well, be this and be that!" exclaimed old Mr. Lynch in his strong brogue, walking round the table like a strange dog as Miss Duvergne raised the cloth, "if that isn't the damndest-lookin' thing!"

"Haven't you seen it before?" I asked him, staring at it in fascination.

"Divvel a sight did I ivver have of it." he answered.

"Mr. Lynch has always been afraid to

\**Literary Digest*, January 21, 1923, quoting *Popular Mechanics*.

come into the room," Miss Duvergne said calmly. "He would only stand out on the landing and listen. I suppose your company has given him courage."

"Courage, is it! Courage!" shouted the old man in a sudden rage. "Since when did a Lynch need company to give him courage! May the divvel—"

At this point, to my amazement, his infuriated voice suddenly ceased in mid-career. I looked at him in astonishment. His lips were moving rapidly, but not a sound issued forth. In a wild frenzy of anger he threw his hat on the floor and stamped on it, his eyes burning like live coals—but not another word could he utter. Miss Duvergne stood looking at him fixedly, one hand raised. She had again exercised her strange power!

"If you will calm yourself," she said quietly, with a smile lurking at the corners of her mouth, "I'll give you back your power of speech. But first, for the sake of the good it may do you, I will draw forth from the air the terrible waves of anger your unspoken words sent forth mentally; then you will hear yourself for once as others hear you."

She sat down before her instrument, and commenced some strange drawing motions with her mobile fingers, as though she were combing invisible silken threads in the air. Her eyes became fixed with an expression of mental strain, and over them came again the misty veil.

Then, faintly at first, strange guttural sounds issued forth from a black mouth-piece in the top of the box before her. They grew louder, and became recognizable as the old man's voice, carrying on from the point at which she had silenced him.

Mr. Lynch's face, as he listened, was a study. As the last word died away, Miss Duvergne raised her hand again, and brought it down quickly upon the table, her eyes focussed upon Mr. Lynch's. Immediately, his tongue was loosened, and he broke forth into speech.

"Well, may God forgive me, is that the language I was usin'? Faith an' I don't hardly blame ye for shuttin' me up, though it must be some kind o' witch-craft ye have!"

"That," said Miss Duvergne to me in a low aside, "is a bit of the good my discovery can do. I think but few of us would care to give way to anger if we could hear ourselves as others hear us."

I made no answer. I was too fascinated for speech.

The strange lady now began to manipulate the knobs and plugs before her, and presently rested the finger-tips of both hands lightly upon the edges of the black mouth-piece.

"The waves of my grandmother's voice are circling near," she said in a somnambulistic monotone. Her eyes became misted, and her face strained. "Nearer—nearer—ah, I can reach it now. I have it—yes, grandma, I can hear you—I can hear you."

She ceased speaking, and a faint, quavering old lady's voice began to issue forth from that black mouth-piece. It began in a muttering mumble, and I caught one or two words: "God"—"punish"—and "may the Lord—"

"Sure an' it's her prayers she be sayin'," said Mr. Lynch in a loud, awed whisper beside me.

The lines of strain deepened upon the face of the strange Miss Duvergne, and her finger-tips drew themselves slowly round the edge of the mouth-piece, as if she were literally drawing forth, by her own vitality, the voice of her dead grandmother.

The voice grew louder; and now we heard distinctly each word the old woman was muttering, or *had* muttered, so many years ago—and how shall I describe the terrible shock I received!

For, quite clearly, as though she spoke in my very ears, I heard these words: ". . . and may the Lord smite him deaf to all except the curses I call after him; and may it please God to blister his tongue so that it may never utter another word without pain and torture; and if there be any punishment in hell especially unendurable, may he be condemned to endure it forever."

MISS DUVERGNE swiftly turned some knobs, and dropped her clenched hands into her lap. Her face was as pale as if she had seen a ghost. Slowly she turned her eyes to mine, and from mine to Mr. Lynch's. The old Irishman was staring back at her with open mouth.

"Well!" he cried at last. "So it's curses the ould lady was mutterin', instid of blessin's! And who be the man she—"

"No! Oh, no! That wasn't my grandmother!" cried Miss Duvergne, interrupting him hastily, almost wildly. "I made a horrible mistake. I got a cross-section of air waves which interfered and brought in someone else's voice."

"It must have been some very dreadful old lady," I hazarded.

"Yes—or someone who had endured to the breaking-point," she said in a low voice, almost as if to herself.

"Sure an' that was the voice of yer own grandmother, Maureen!" cried old Mr. Lynch emphatically. "Many's the time I've heard the speech of her, an' sure an' I know her voice as well as I know me own—"

"No, I tell you!" cried Miss Duvergne quite sharply. "Surely I know whose voice waves I am getting when it is through me they pass!"

"If it wasn't the old lady, then who the divvel else was it, spakin' with the same voice of her?" cried Mr. Lynch testily. "Sure an' if it isn't something unholy ye have there, it's nothin' but a fake, and it's mesilf'll have no more to do with it!" With these words he arose and stamped out of the room

and down the stairs. Just before passing out of the house, he paused and called back: "Better be careful, Maureen! When ye sup with the divvel ye need a long spoon!"

The front door below slammed behind him, and silence reigned. I hesitated to break it, and Miss Duvergne appeared to have forgotten my presence. She sat motionless, her eyes closed in thought, her wide-spread eyebrows drawn together now in a deep frown. She seemed to be suffering mentally.

As I leaned back in my chair to await her returning attention, my purse slipped to the floor with a clatter, and broke into her meditation.

"Oh, pardon me!" she cried with her sudden smile. "I had forgotten you were here! I am sorry the demonstration was a failure. I feel sure, however, that I shall soon be able to gather in my grandmother's tones without any such horrible interruption as occurred today. Perhaps, if you care to call in some other time—but just now, if you don't mind, I'd like to be alone."

I accordingly took my departure, and was

just about to close the front door behind me, when I found I had forgotten to pick up my bag, and must return for it.

I hated to do it. It seemed like an unpardonable intrusion. But my money was in the purse, and I needed my return fare. I made as much noise as possible as I mounted the stairs, so that she might be aware of my approach. But I might as well have saved myself the trouble, for as I neared the top I became aware of strains of beautiful music, and pausing in the doorway, saw at once that the strange Miss Duvergne was lost to her surroundings.

She sat before that box-like instrument, making dreamy motions over it with her flexible hands, and, apparently, drawing either from the box or the air around it, what seemed the loveliest music I had ever heard. At last I recognized what she was producing: it was that old-fashioned

piece which our mothers and grandmothers used to play, "The Last Rose of Summer," and it was being played upon a harp—dreamily, hauntingly. Gradually a soft mist grew and hovered around Miss Duvergne and her instrument, and, as I looked, she and the apparatus grew dim and wavering in it. Then, the veil cleared again, and I saw, not Miss Duvergne and her machine, but a sad-faced lady of a bygone age, with her harp. She was dressed in a quaint gown of brocade, with long puffed sleeves, and gathered skirt, and wore an antique brooch and ear rings. She was running her jewelled fingers dreamily up and down the strings of a lovely gilded harp.

I OPENED my eyes wide and stared. Was I dreaming? No, for there on the floor at her feet lay my fallen purse, and everything else in the room was just as it had been before!

Suddenly, as if arrested by the entrance of someone I could not see, this quaintly-dressed lady clutched the strings of her harp with trembling fingers and turned a terrified stare in my direction. Then a low





cry broke from her lips and she raised one arm before her face as if to shield herself from a blow. The blow, however, descended across her upraised arm: I heard the whistle of a cane, and distinctly saw a ridge start out upon the satin sleeve.

A shuddering sob shook the woman's frame, and then she raised her face and seemed to be looking after a retreating form. The next moment she sprang from her seat and stood fronting me with clenched hands and staring eyes.

"BEAST! Devil!" she hissed. "Just like my father to my mother! 'A stick no thicker than the thumb'—the law allows them to use *that* upon us! Mother, oh mother, how well I understand now why, when I bent to your lips upon your death-bed, the last look of your tired eyes fell upon my father beside you, and your last utterance turned into a curse! None but I heard, mother mine, and I shall never betray your dreadful secret of hate. How long before I shall join you? Oh God, how long?" and, uttering a long, sobbing moan, the figure faded into nothingness again, the mist grew clear, and became once more the figure of Miss Duvergne, seated before her box, her hands drooping in her lap, her face like that of one dead.

Softly I stepped over the floor, picked up my handbag and slipped unobserved out of the room. I felt that she would not wish me to have witnessed what I had, nor heard what had been spoken.

And so I passed out of the house.

As soon as I deemed it advisable to make another call on the strange Miss Duvergne, I did so, you may be sure. She fascinated me—she and her strange invention.

Upon seeing me, she smiled, though rather wanly. However, she bade me enter, and retired for a moment to fasten up the dog.

We sat chatting, and I soon became aware that Miss Duvergne did not intend to ask me upstairs for another demonstration. Perhaps she felt that her failure on the last occasion had been due to the presence of strangers. But, more probably, I thought, she herself had received a shock to find what kind of "prayers" her grandmother had muttered (for I was convinced it *had* been her grandmother, and that she knew it) and did not wish me to receive further evidence of the old lady's unhappiness and hatred of her husband. Beyond being interested personally, how-

ever, I wanted to get a good story for the *Dispatch*, and so I decided upon the only move I thought would bear weight with her—frankness.

I told her, therefore, that, in the interests of science, I should if I were she, control my natural repulsion toward the unpleasant revelation she had evoked, for the sake of the bigger issue at stake—that of pursuing further these investigations into the psychic realm.

I then related the scene which had followed and which I had inadvertently witnessed upon returning for my purse.

"I believe," I added, "that it was your mother I saw and heard, and that *her* mother, to whom she referred, was your unhappy grandmother. It must be a sad shock to you to find that they were both so unhappy."

"Yes," she said, fixing those wide, clear eyes of hers upon me steadily. "Since you have heard what you have, I will admit the truth. I, too, recognized my grandmother's voice, but I could not let strangers believe—could not let them discover her terrible secret! I am sure you understand. I like you: our auras are entirely sympathetic. I felt it from the first. It was the main reason I admitted you. I believe I can rely upon you to keep anything which may not be—well, which may be detrimental to my family's name—between ourselves. The rest you may use as you like in your article. On this understanding, I shall gladly ask you to sit in with me again, as it always makes it easier for me to get psychic reactions when a sympathetic spirit is concentrating with me."

MY heart palpitating with anticipation, I followed Miss Duvergne upstairs. A green blind had been drawn by cords across the underside of the sky-light in the room, giving me the sensation of having suddenly left an open highroad and plunged into a deeply wooded dell. The effect was deliciously restful, and gave me a feeling of peace which I had not experienced on the last occasion.

"I sense that you are under the same influence as myself this afternoon," Miss Duvergne said as she took her seat before the covered table, "one of peace . . ." Her voice trailed away. The mist was already creeping into her eyes, and her fingers were hovering mysteriously above her instrument.

A long sigh escaped her, and then came

a great many faint, far-away voices. Involuntarily I looked for an approaching crowd of people, but soon recollected where I was and what was happening, and concentrated my attention upon Miss Duvergne and the box over which her hands were moving. I made an effort to catch at words. The voices grew a little nearer, and now I recognized the usual phrases heard at some social gathering: both male and female voices were mingled. An expression of concentrated effort grew upon Miss Duvergne's face, and one hand reached upward and drew—drew downward through the air as if she literally combed and separated the jumble of voices, and attracted to her the one she wanted. And now I heard it, clearly above the others:

"He's the gallant lord of the manor, isn't he! Oh yes, and everybody's saying what a fine host he is, and what an excellent husband I have! A-a-ah! Some day I may tell them—some day my tongue may burst its bounds—and the Lord will visit upon him dire vengeance."

It was the old grandmother's voice again, Another of her muttered "prayers"!

Suddenly her voice became drowned by a louder one. One of the company seemed to have pushed her voice forward by sheer force of personality.

"How I hate her!" the voice said angrily. "Look at her—dressed out like a girl in her teens, and she's forty if she's a day! Thinks she can catch Dick, does she? He hates the very sight of her, and she thinks—oh darn, here she comes! . . . Oh, how are you, Rosie dear? Having a nice time? Yes, I saw you talking to Dick—such a handsome boy, isn't he? Oh yes, he does—I know he admires you immensely—never mind how, but I know! . . . Thank goodness she's gone to pester someone else."

This voice ceased, and now another burst forth above the medley. It was a man's voice, deep and virulent.

"Damme, the man's an absolute popinjay! He struts and . . . good evening to you, sir! I was just saying to myself what a favorite you are with the ladies! Dammit, none of us can get so much as a wink from 'em when you're in the vicinity! Ha-ha-ha! . . . The clown! There he goes strutting over to Marie! He'd better not get too fresh with her, by gad, or—" and the voice ended in a most horrible threat.

Miss Duvergne suddenly dropped her hands with a convulsive shudder, and the

mist gradually cleared from her eyes.

"Oh, that was horrible!" she exclaimed. "The air waves were shattered like broken glass by that last violent curse! I had the sensation of being pierced by sword points!"

She shuddered again. I remained speechless, utterly dumfounded by this woman's strange power. She went on:

"I think I have had enough of bringing back past voices. What a world of hidden, seething hate we uncover, when we are given a look beneath the surface! Is it for our good that we develop this power? Would it not be better to remain in happy ignorance?"

I made no answer, but I was communing with myself along the same lines. *Was it wise?*

"I am going to reach for something more beautiful than human voices," Miss Duvergne said sadly, turning those beautifully calm, clear eyes on mine. "Music. Stringed instruments, perhaps. Will you concentrate on music with me?"

I agreed readily. I wonder if I should have been so willing, had I known what the results—the frightful results—were going to be? I believe, now, that I would; I *could not* have refused!

I must confess, however, that though I began to concentrate on music, as soon as the mist grew before Miss Duvergne's eyes, my senses seemed to become dormant, and I soon lost the power of consciously concentrating on anything at all. I was falling under the spell of this strange woman. As the misty appearance increased in her eyes, it caused me to see her as in a fine, filmy haze. Her hands began moving as if without her will, making passes around and over her instrument; and presently there began to come from it strains of music.

It was not, however, of stringed instruments. It was martial music, played stirringly by a military band. And, through the beat and the throb of it came the tramp of feet—seemingly of horses and of men—the sudden slapping of horses' bridles and the rumbling wheels of heavy artillery. Then came loud cries—hoarse cries of blood lust, groans of agony, shouts of men in a fighting frenzy; all tumbling around me as if I were in the very midst of a dreadful battle.

Now came the boom of distant guns—closer—closer and more deafening—until I could have sworn the crack and thunder of them was in the very room in which,

paralyzed with fright, I was now sitting.

Suddenly, right beside me, figures began to take shape—a dreadful horde of bloody men in rags and mud. One came at me with crazy, glaring eyes, thrusting his bayonet—and as he seemed about to run it through me, I swooned.

How long I remained unconscious I don't know, but it must have been some hours, for when I returned to normalcy the room was dark, and at first I fancied I was alone. Then I discerned the dim shape of Miss Duvergne still seated in her chair beside the table, her arms outstretched upon her instrument, her head upon them, and her whole form shaking either with shudders of revulsion, or heart-wrung sobs.

"Miss Duvergne," I said in a low voice. "Are you—all right?"

**S**HE raised her head, and in the gloom I saw only a white blur that was her face.

"I can't do it," she said in a trembling voice. "I have been fighting a losing battle with my soul. I cannot. I will not. I keep telling myself it is my duty, if I have discovered in myself a power not given to all, to use it—develop it—in the interests of others. But it is all too horrible. Hatred, curses, murder, blood lust—oh, no! Better, if such things have ever been at all, that they should pass into oblivion. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," I answered, "perhaps . . . unless you can go further and find some way by which you can regulate what you call forth—choose the good and shut out the evil. Can't you do that?"

"I don't seem to have progressed that far," she answered in a tired voice. "I do at times get very near to it—for instance, I heard far-off strains of music when I concentrated on it, but it seems as though when I attune myself to music, the nearest strains which happen to be passing me at the time are brought in. I am unable to control them, and unless I can do this, my power is worse than useless—it is terrible."

"But if you eventually find a way to do that, why, then—?"

"I may never be able," she answered. "Who can tell? And meanwhile, these horrors will be set in motion for humanity to live over again. Besides," she said, suddenly, "if I did—if this power became known, others would experiment to discover and use it, and many besides myself would doubtless find they possessed it; and then,

though they might learn how to regulate the sound waves, they might not desire to shut out the unhappy ones. Some people would surely use this power for evil."

I did not contradict her, but I did not inwardly agree. I was still pondering over all I had seen and heard.

"My dear mother!" Miss Duvergne mused aloud, after a moment's silence. "I did not know my father had ever been such a brute to her. And my poor little grandmother! I always had an idea she was not happy. But I little dreamed what a hell her life had really been. And all those people at the party—it was my coming-out party. I knew the voices at once—each one of them. I never thought my guests held for each other such dreadful thoughts, nor muttered such ill-natured comments!"

"Well," I said as she paused, "don't we all at times utter words in anger which we don't really mean?"

"Yes, that's just it. So why preserve them? They are best left in the silence."

"Well, I still cannot agree with you, Miss Duvergne," I said, rising disappointedly.

"I am sorry," she said sweetly. "I shall, however, destroy my instrument, ere any further harm is done."

She stood up, and opened the top of the box, which lifted on hinges. Then the full meaning of her words flooded over me. Destroy it—destroy the work of years—that wonderful instrument which perhaps could never be duplicated, which concentrated the mysterious forces she gathered from the atmosphere and rendered them audible—No! It *must not* be destroyed!

**B**EFORE you do that, Miss Duvergne," I said, to gain time to think, "do you mind if I look inside?"

She graciously assented, and as I stared down into what was, to me, a meaningless mass of coils and tubes, she pointed to one brilliantly shining bit of crystal glass—

"To that," she said, "I attribute the main power. I stumbled upon it by accident, or perhaps by guidance. It is a diamond from my grandmother's ring. She left the ring to my mother with a strange message: it was, that when she wished to read what thoughts were in her husband's mind, she should turn the ring slowly around her finger, pressing hard upon the diamond while doing so. My mother gave it to me on my twenty-first birthday, and told me of the message. She had always been afraid

to try it. I was not in the least afraid, but as I have never married—my fiancé died in the late war—I have never been able to use it. You notice the little socket it is in?"

I looked down at it and nodded.

"When I had perfected this instrument," Miss Duvergne continued, "it seemed to lack one thing—clarity. Sounds came faintly, and thick—hardly distinguishable. So, on a sudden unexplainable impulse, I removed a brass screw I had in that little socket there, and inserted the diamond of my ring. And, strange to say, it fitted perfectly."

"Was it still in the ring?" I asked.

"Yes—I don't know what made me try it, but I did—the stone was set very high, and, upside down and still attached to its ring, it fitted the socket so tightly that I was astounded, and immediately the faint voices leaped out as clearly as you have just heard them. I found it impossible to take the stone from the socket again, so I found out how to remove the ring, and the diamond has been in that little socket ever since."

An idea was slowly dawning in my mind.

"The rest of this instrument, then, could no doubt be duplicated," I said, "but that particular stone would be needed to give the power and clearness?"

"I should imagine a clever mechanic with a scientific turn of mind could duplicate the instrument itself, yes; but there must be a human medium, too—someone with a psychic gift."

"Yes, of course.

And then, if they had that diamond, why—" It was difficult for me to speak without betraying my eagerness. But she finished for me.

"They could do as I have done," she said.

"Yes. But no one but myself shall ever possess that stone! I am going to extract it by smashing the instrument."

I stood and watched her tear the instrument apart with small tools. I knew it was

impossible for me to get her permission to obtain possession of the box, but—it at least could be duplicated; the diamond could not. I must not let her destroy that jewel which held such a sinister but wonderful power.

The works of the box were now completely in ruins, and she held the diamond in her hands.

"See," she said, "it is still in the socket. I cannot separate them even now."

"All the better," I said, speaking before I realized what I was saying. "It will make it easier to reconstruct the machine if the socket is left on."

She opened her eyes wide and gave me one of her full, clear glances—

Then she acted so swiftly and unexpectedly that I scarcely knew she was doing what she did until it was all over. She snapped on the electric lights—she had been working in the light of a small bulb inside the box—

dropped the stone on the floor, seized a hammer from the table and, stooping down, deliberately smashed the diamond to pieces.

"Now," she cried, drawing herself to her full height with a gesture of hauteur, "if the pieces are of any use, you may have them! But I am quite convinced that whatever spirit was embodied in that stone, has now departed."

She walked disdainfully from the room, and left me.

I felt terribly unhappy to have so offended her. But my newspaper training conquered, and,

stooping down, I scraped the bits of the stone onto a sheet of paper, picked up the tiny socket, and wrapping them all securely, bore them away with me.

Yet, in spite of my eagerness to go further into the strange experiment, I still occasionally ask myself, whether we should be the better or the happier if we could recall the voices of the past—or is it far better that they remain silent?

## Out of the Air

Do you remember the time that Thomas A. Edison, the wizard of electricity, was experimenting with a "spiritgraph" which was to serve as an instrument between the living and the dead?

In the next issue of this magazine, on sale January 23rd, there is a startling story of an agonized phantom using an ordinary radio to get his all-important message over to those he loved on earth.

Make note now of this fine emotional treat in store for you, and let us know what you think of it.



# The Varsity

Loyal, even in death, Bob Harter's spirit leads Corfield to victory—and solves a baffling crime

ON the night of my initiation at Corfield College, I had two harrowing experiences. One, while in the cellar of Bell's Funeral Parlors, was being mysteriously saved from an unseen assailant—and then recognizing the Thing that had saved me as the ghost of our college football idol, Bob Harter. The second was in hearing, later that night, that Bob had been found murdered!

The worst shock of all, though, was to see the Chief of Police go up to Avis Brent, the girl I loved, and take her away. For earlier I had been tortured by the suspicion that Avis had a date for that night with Bob Harter.

I poured out my story to Professor Cormier, a student of the occult who believed me to possess psychic powers. At his sug-

gestion we held a séance at which Bob's spirit appeared, revealing at the back of its head a dark wound which "Prof" thought had caused his death. It had been made by a sharp instrument "like a woman's hatpin." I thought again of my girl and later learned that a typed note had been found in Bob's pocket making a rendezvous—and signed AVIS!

Next morning I hastened to Doctor Brent, dean of our faculty. To my relief he assured me his daughter had not been with Bob and was free of suspicion. Then I met Police Chief Quigley who told me the coroner had confirmed "Prof" Cormier's theory of Bob's death. The professor, now wanted for questioning, had left town.

Nor was that all! Quigley took me up to the college bulletin board and, pulling down

"Fellows, look!" I yelled. But it was clear to me in a moment that no one else saw that twelfth man



# Murder

By  
RICHARD  
LEE FOSTER, Jr.

As told to BEN CONLON

a notice typed by "Prof" Cormier, held it out to me with the decoy note signed "Avis". Both had been written on the same machine!

I was vainly trying to defend the professor when news was brought to Quigley of a new suspect—a blood-stained tramp found in a drunken stupor near the scene of the murder. But the tramp and the professor were subsequently proved innocent and we had no further clues to work on.

Then at a séance with "Prof" Cormier we saw Bob's spirit again—but not alone. It was struggling with another, a ghostly, headless wraith that finally vanquished it. I was terribly shaken—the more so when "Prof's" photograph of the scene now revealed only the bodiless HEAD of the Thing, which I recognized as the image of a picture I had seen in Spike Stocker's pool-room. A few days later "Prof" tried to get Spike to talk under hypnosis, but was interrupted.

Things were at a standstill on the eve of the annual football game with Manchester, our rival. The team spent the night at the home of a wealthy alumnus, and I, with some others, slept out on the screen porch. I had just dozed off when I saw Bob's spirit tugging at the back

of its head and crying: "The pin—look for it in the desk!"

LATER that morning, as we ate our breakfast on the broad side veranda of the Worth mansion, I was the object of a great deal of good-natured bantering from my teammates. They razed me hilariously about my "nightmare." Then the talk turned to the game ahead of us that afternoon. There was plenty of "we got to win" talk, but I felt sure that nobody meant it. The fellows always talked like that before a Manchester game. But they had never won that particular game—not in several years, at least.

I left the bunch right after breakfast, and, to get away by myself, promised "Dixie" Tolliver I'd search a part of the estate for his police-dog—which had not turned up since it bolted through the porch screen the night before. I was glad of the excuse.

I kept wondering if my dream had been only a dream. Sometimes I thought that it was, and



Bob's figure was half-crouched. It raised a hand, pointing to the quarter-back, and then to me....

that it had been superinduced by the great amount of thinking I had been doing—thinking about poor dead Bob Harter and of those weird demonstrations at "Prof" Cormier's. But the dream had been so realistic—at least for a dream of that nature—that I finally decided that there was some big reason back of it.

"Dixie" Tolliver's dog had never acted strangely before, except on that one occasion on the campus when I had felt the spirit of Bob Harter hovering near me. And if the dream, or vision, or whatever it was, had some real meaning, I felt sure that it would have a bearing on the Harter case. I kept thinking over those spirit words: "The pin! The pin! In the drawer of the desk!"

**A**FTER an early, and not too heavy, luncheon, we piled into several Worth motors, and were whisked back to Corfield. The student body gave its usual demonstration in front of Worth Hall, and there were speeches and yells. I saw "Prof" Cormier on the edge of the crowd, and drew him aside. Then I told him in full detail of the dream, or vision, of the night before. He listened with intense interest.

"By the way," he said finally, "Spike Stocker came to Chief Quigley's office today, and had quite a talk with him. He claimed to have seen Charlie Shanks entering town along Latham's Corners turnpike on the night of the murder, about nine-thirty, he thought it was. Quigley gave him a severe lecture—asked him why he had waited this long to report the matter.

"Stocker said that it never occurred to him that Shanks could have any motive in killing anyone; that Shanks used to call on a girl down near the Corners anyway, and that he, Stocker, never attached any importance to the matter until Shanks turned out to be missing. Stocker's inclined to think Shanks was the slayer, all right. That is, he wants to give that impression. Personally, I think he's shielding someone else, and trying to tie the crime to a man who's supposed to have been killed by the train out in Ohio."

We talked together until it was almost time for me to report to Worth Field for a short, snappy drill. But I managed somehow to sandwich in a few minutes with Avis Brent.

I played college football for four years—I had a year of it before I entered Corfield at all, and three years with Corfield, whose

team I captained during my senior year. I have taken part in some tough football games, but I don't believe that I was ever in a harder one than this Manchester game of my sophomore year.

The first quarter was even. Manchester got more first downs than we did, but we were never in danger. We started our aerial game from the first, only to have Manchester's tall center—who later made the All-American—knock down and ground three out of four of our forward passes. Had it not been for that tall center, I believe we might have scored during that first quarter.

It was in the second quarter that the game worked the crowds up to fever heat. I don't think I ever saw teams nearer a goal so many times, only to be checked within five feet of the goal-posts. Our superior forward-passing was balancing Manchester's superior brawn and the amazing speed of one of their backs. Toward the end of the first half, with Manchester almost within the shadow of our goal-posts, it looked like a touchdown for our rivals. On an end-run, they got the ball to within fourteen yards of goal, and on the next play made another first down through center. But their man was thrown for a loss on the next try, and given only a yard on the next, and how that first half would have come out if there had been more time to play, I can't say—but with two yards to go came the blast of the whistle. The first half was over, and the Corfield stands went wild. We had held the powerful Manchester eleven even—and scoreless.

**T**HE coach tried to pep us up during the intermission, but we were a pretty tired bunch. Our coach put us on the defensive. It was clear that he would regard a tie game as having all the moral effect of an actual victory.

As for myself, I hardly knew what to think. I had been knocked out in the second quarter of the first half. I had wrenched my leg just a trifle, but I managed to disguise the fact and stayed in the game. I knew, however, that if I got the ball for an end run, and got away, I could scarcely hope to carry it any distance down the field. But strange things had been happening before my eyes during the past several days, and I was recalling that spirit form in Bell's cellar writing with luminous fingers on the black wall: "You will win. Keep to the aerial game."

"Cyclops" Carlson, a junior, who had



been appointed acting captain after the death of Bob Harter, was playing like a demon. It was plain that he was disregarding our coach's instructions to keep on the defensive. He seemed to realize the glory that would be his if little Corfield humbled the rugged Manchester team this day. His enthusiasm transferred itself to me. I felt new life, and on a trick play, gained fourteen yards. We lost the ball, though, on the next four tries. Manchester was holding like a wall of solid masonry.

The ball went to Manchester, and then that line of football giants appeared to be settling down to their accustomed style of football. They were like battering rams. They worked like a giant machine, and mowed down our men like weeds. Three of our men were knocked out cold in as many minutes. But somehow we held them in the pinches.

The third quarter ended in a scoreless tie! The air above the Corfield stands was a maze of hats. Corfield rooters were acting like raving maniacs.

WITH the beginning of the fourth and final quarter, the Corfield eleven was a badly weakened unit. "Cyclops" Carlson, without whom we never could have functioned, was playing through with a dislocated collar-bone. My own injured leg was starting to throb badly. At times I thought I couldn't stand it. But I gritted my teeth, and plugged on. We had our aerial game working exceptionally well by this time. Manchester's tall center had been put out of action at the start of the final quarter, and fewer forward passes of ours were being grounded. From the Corfield student stand I could hear the stirring cry: "Hold 'em! Hold 'em! HOLD 'EM! TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!"

But we were only a skeleton force now. Four of our freshmen were stuck in to fill gaps. They were full of new strength, and they meant well, but they lacked experience. And after six minutes of play in the final quarter, after getting the ball on a fumble, Manchester marched along for three successive first downs and with a last mighty spurt put the ball over our line!

There were groans from the Corfield stands, and wild cheering from the Manchester side. But our stands blossomed out again when, in a new burst of vim, we forced a touchback a few moments later. A tricky cross-wind was playing over the field, and Manchester had missed kicking

goal after its touchdown. With this unexpected stroke of luck, we found the score six to two, in Manchester's favor.

After that touchback, I forgot about my strained leg tendon. I was doing some tall figuring. One good forward pass, a touchdown, and whether we kicked goal or not, we'd be on top. Then, with the game nearing its end, we could go on the defensive, take no chances, kick out of danger on all third downs, and try to conjure up our last bit of strength to hold Manchester.

The game this year had started late, and there was an unusual amount of time out, due to the many injuries on both sides. With just three minutes left to play, "Cyclops" Carlson was downed sharply just as he got around right end, and when he rolled over and I saw the agonized expression on his face, I knew that he was out of the game for good. But he wouldn't give in. He refused to admit himself badly hurt, and we lost almost five minutes, the coach arguing against his pleas. He was finally forced to the sidelines—and by that time dusk was settling down.

Our coach shifted the line-up, and threw in another freshie. In the last play, Carlson had got around end for eleven yards, giving us a first down. As we started to line up in the gathering dusk, the cries from the stands seemed all at once to grow more faint. Something was coming over me—some strange feeling. . . .

I had felt that way before! I had felt that way on every occasion—except the one in the dream—when Bob Harter's ghost had been in communication with me. I was afraid I was going into some sort of trance—and I fought against it. Then the feeling of rigidity passed almost as quickly as it had come, and, just as we were getting lined up, I counted eleven men on our team, *not including myself!*

It seemed impossible. I counted again. I had been shifted after Carlson was forced out of the game, and I looked toward the new man who was playing fullback. Right behind him was another towering figure—a broad-shouldered, blond-haired figure—Bob Harter!

"Fellows! Look!" I yelled.

BUT it was clear to me in a second that no one in that group but myself saw that twelfth man. Bob's figure was half-crouched. It raised a hand, pointed to the quarterback, and then to me. I broke formation to hold a conference, and was bawled out for it.



"Give me the ball!" I managed to yell.

It was passed to me, and I got around left end for a gain of twenty-five yards. I was thrown heavily, and my head was buzzing—but we were in Manchester's territory now. I could hear our stands going crazy again—then the noise faded once more in my ears. The twelfth man was gone from our line-up, but ahead, halfway between me and the Manchester goal posts, I could see the giant form beckoning me. It was considerably darker now, and the form was slightly luminous. But apparently not one of those other twenty-one players on the field with me saw that ghostly form.

Almost at once the spirit of Bob Harter came to me clairaudiently—that is, I seemed to hear it, although no one else showed any signs of having heard or seen anything out of the way. Bob's voice was yelling interference instructions to me. I followed them in a daze, and our left halfback, who had the ball, went through for another first down.

THE Corfield stands were making a terrific din. Pennants were fluttering hazily through the gloom. I could see that new life had miraculously come into our own team. As for myself, some new energy, either of the physical or spirit world, was flowing through me. I begged for the ball. But a quarterback run was effected successfully—and it brought us still nearer to the Manchester goal.

We came to the final minute of play. We still had eight yards to go for a touchdown. Every player on that field, every person among the thousands in the stands, knew that the result of this game was a toss-up. Some of our regular men who had been knocked out in the earlier quarters were put back into our line-up now in place of inexperienced freshmen. We were going to give all we had in that final minute.

But Manchester evidently had the same idea. We hit their line like a gigantic bullet—and it held like a steel wall. We were not gaining an inch. And the seconds, those precious seconds, were ticking off! We still had eight yards to go for a touchdown, and we were on our fourth and final down. If we did not make the full eight yards on this last down, of course, the ball would go to Manchester. In that case, it would be useless to hope that Corfield could ever make goal. Once it got the ball, Manchester would kick far out of danger, and be satisfied with its four-point lead.

Now there were only seconds left. I

pleaded for the ball. I heard the signal that told me I was to get it. And above the signals I could hear a voice—that voice that was not of this world:

*"Through the center! The center!"*

The ball was snapped to the quarterback, and passed to me. I plunged at the center. I ploughed through. I hurtled along three feet, four, four and a half. The Manchester men were on me like tigers. I found myself being thrown, forced down. I was being bent to the ground. It was all but beneath me. Some superhuman strength took hold of me. I could actually feel someone pulling me along through that mass of struggling humanity. It seemed almost a miracle to myself when I found myself actually *over the line with the ball!*

The score was eight to six in our favor. And that was the final score. For the whistle blew before we even had a chance to try for goal—and no one cared, for we did not need the extra point.

Pandemonium reigned. A great wave of humanity swept out over Worth Field. I was hoisted on the shoulders of several men, and carried along. But, strange to say, I felt little like a hero. I knew that the spirit of Bob Harter, and not I, had won that game for Corfield. I was puzzled, too. In life, Bob Harter had been the very essence of sportsmanship. And yet I had seen that giant figure of his, giving our team twelve men. There must be some good reason back of it all.

I was struggling to get down from the shoulders of the men who were carrying me gloriously on. We had won—just as Bob Harter had told me in writing on that cellar wall! That part of my dream was true. Then how about "the pin" that his spirit had told me about? And how about "the desk"?

FINALLY I got to the showers, and was enjoying the cold finish of one when "Prof" Cormier came into the gym.

I could tell from his expression, that intense look in his weird eyes, that he was excited. But his voice was low as he spoke to me.

"I want you to come down the hill with me," he said.

"I have an appointment with Avis Brent," I told him. "She and I were to meet after—"

"But you must come!" insisted the professor. "This is most important."

We argued for a couple of minutes and ended up by arranging to have "Prof"

pick up Avis near the Quadrangle building on the campus, and tell her that the appointment between us would have to wait.

"I think when you come up the hill," "Prof" had said, "Avis will forgive you for 'standing her up,' as I believe you young fellows style it."

When "Prof" returned to the gym, I was all dressed, and had to slip away from a noisy bunch who were congratulating me on that last-minute touchdown. On the way down the hill, I had a chance to tell "Prof" what had happened in that last quarter.

"It seemed odd in a way," I concluded. "Bob Harter really won that game. And with a twelfth man, it could hardly be called a fair victory over Manchester—and yet Bob Harter, in life, was the very essence of fairness."

"Wait!" said "Prof" laconically.

I had started out with the idea that we were going to call upon Chief Quigley at his office; but at the bottom of the hill "Prof" turned into Spike Stocker's billiard-parlor—after Chief Quigley unbolted the door from the inside. I couldn't for the life of me figure why the Chief should have been there.

"Any word?" asked "Prof" Cormier of the chief.

"He's on his way back," Chief Quigley answered. "I got a 'phone call a couple of minutes ago."

"Suspect anything?" asked "Prof."

"Not a thing. If he did, I imagine he wouldn't come back. It's just as I thought. I had Harley hidden in the barn out there. He got a chance to peak through the window, and he saw old Thorley hand over some bills."

"Prof" turned to me.

"You'll have to pardon me for being so mysterious coming down the hill," he said.

"Chief Quigley and I wanted to be sure that nothing got out prematurely. We believe we know Harter's murderer. But he hasn't confessed yet—and we couldn't afford to have the slightest word of anything breathed outside."

"Bob Harter's murderer!" I cried. "You

mean—" I didn't know how to finish.

"I mean," said "Prof" Cormier, "Spike Stocker! Your dream last night settled it. You see, both Stocker and Worley have been under surveillance since that night I put Stocker under hypnosis. And before the game today, Stocker had Worley drive him out of town along the Manchester Road. From what Chief Quigley picked up, we thought he might be going to—"

"Cut it!" rasped Quigley. "Here they come."

An old rattle-trap flivver was panting down the street and drawing up before the door of the billiard-parlor. Quigley unbolted the door again, and reached for his automatic. A moment later, as Stocker, followed by Bud Worley, entered the billiard-room, it was to gaze into the baleful eye of the automatic, brandished by Quigley.

"Lock the door!" he snapped at me, and I shot the bolt.

"WOTS the idea?" yelled Stocker. "Wot's goin' on here?"

"What's going on," answered Quigley, "is that you are under arrest for the murder of Robert Harter, and—"

"Are yuh crazy—or what?" cut in Stocker. "Whatcha mean—murder? Yuh

mean to say that—?"

"Prof" Cormier, who had been fumbling in one of the drawers of Stocker's desk in his small office, now made a dramatic movement. He thrust in front of Stocker's goggling eyes an extremely long-shanked, old-fashioned gold stickpin.

"We know everything, Stocker!" he said.

Stocker's eyes widened as he stared at the stickpin. The next instant he had made a lunge at Quigley, who quickly leaped back and kept the

weapon levelled at Stocker's heart. And Bud Worley, a loose-mouthed youth, had started to slobber and sniffle.

"I wasn't in on this!" he yelled. "I tell yuh I wasn't! All I done was follow Spike's instructions about seein' that stranger the night before Harter was murdered. I didn't

### *"Stronger than Death"*

Doesn't that title speak for itself? And if we add:

By Wilbert Wadleigh

You'll have some idea of what you can expect in the serial beginning next month. "Stronger than Death" has everything—adventure on the high seas, romance, thrills and horror surpassing even that in your favorite "Haunted Hollywood."

Get off to a good start by ordering your February copy NOW!

know nothin' about it—an' didn't even suspect nothin' till tonight."

"But you got your cut from the bet, didn't you?" demanded Quigley. Then he turned to Stocker.

"Now Stocker," he said, "I guess you can see we know about every move. You don't know all that we've got on you. Are you going to try to bluff—or are you going to come clean? It may save you from the chair, you know, if you open up."

Spike Stocker seemed to have grown years older. His face was gray, his head sunken into his massive shoulders. All hope had gone out of his eyes.

"Don't say that, Chief!" he pleaded. "It was manslaughter—at the most. They can't burn me for this. I'll come clean—if you'll play the game with me. If this ever gets out in Corfield on a day like today, with them football crowds still in town, I'm a goner."

"We'll play square," Quigley promised. "You'll never have a better time to tell it all than right now. That door's bolted. Nobody knows anything—except these men and myself. Here! Sit down in that chair and give it all to us. But first I guess I'll snap these on you. I'd kind o' like to sit down and rest while I'm listening."

**S**TOCKER put out his wrists, and I heard the click of handcuffs.

I am not the kind of person who feels sorry for murderers. But that evening, as I heard Spike Stocker's story there in the gloom of his pool-room, I almost felt sorry for the man.

"I'm goin' to give it to yuh from the beginnin'," Stocker commenced. "I ain't had a minute's peace since I done this thing. Gawd! I ain't no murderer at heart. I ain't been much maybe, an' I done my stretch some years back—but I ain't never murdered nobody.

"I'm givin' it to yuh straight—I liked Bob Harter. Gawd! I didn't have nothin' agin him. He was a white man, all right. But I got a chance to lay a heavy bet on the Manchester game. I was in Syracuse one day when I met old Thorley, the fellah that lives outa Corfield a few miles and always comes back to reunions on the hill.

"Old Thorley puts on a pious face, but I wanna tell you he was pretty well tanked up that day in Syracuse. He was singin' Corfield songs and sayin' Corfield 'ud beat Manchester this year. I seen a chance to bet him—even money. I bet him a thousand to

a thousand. He took Corfield an' I took Manchester. It looked like pickin' up a 'grand' to me.

"But then as the game got nearer, I begun to hear a lotta talk about Corfield bein' strong this year, with Foster an' Harter an' all the rest.

"An' I couldn't afford to drop that 'grand' I bet—or even to take chances on losin' it. So I went about makin' the game safe for myself. There was only two men on the Corfield team I was afraid of—that was this Foster here, that 'ud had trainin' on a big varsity team, an' Bob Harter. I knowed about the Alpha Rho initiation in Bell's cellar. I knowed Foster was goin' through—an' I made arrangements to fix *him*, anyhow, so he'd be put outa the Manchester game."

He turned and looked scornfully at Bud Worley, who was still sniffing as he slouched up against the wall of the little office.

"*He* was willin' enough to spill the beans on *me*," Spike continued, "so I ain't goin' to be backward on lettin' him out. I paid Worley here ten bucks to plant himself down in that undertaker's cellar the night o' the initiation, an' slug Foster. I just wanted him rapped out—but this fool used a baseball bat, an' mighta killed Foster if he'd hit him. Worley knowed all about how to make his getaway from Bell's cellar through the side door. When the Alpha Rho boys found Foster hurtled down in that cellar, they'd thought that he got faint from bein' a-scared, fainted, an' hit his head. Then Foster'd been outa the game, an' nothin' 'ud looked suspicious. . . . But Worley got nervous down in that cellar—the damned fool claimed he seen ghosts, an' —"

"An' I did, too!" spoke up Worley. "I'd never a' been in this only for Stocker. I just made one try with the club, an' then sneaked out. I didn't do no harm a-tall. I never touched Foster."

My mind flashed back to that night of the initiation. Then Worley was the one who had made that vicious swing at me in the inky cellar! And only the spirit of Bob Harter had saved me from injury—or death!

"**WELL**," Stocker continued, in a dull monotone, "I knowed Harter's folks was poor. It was round town that since his father died a year ago, he was goin' to college this last year on borrowed money, an'



I knowed he went out with the dames a lot an' maybe wouldn't turn down two or three hundred dollars. I was even willin' to go to five to protect my thousand bet. I was goin' to say to Harter: 'Look here, Bob, half a grand oughta be worth more to you than tryin' to win a silly football game that you can't win nohow.' I knowed if I could fix Harter, Corfield just couldn't win."

"And if you'd known human nature or Bob Harter a little better," put in "Prof" Cormier, "you wouldn't be in this position now, my man."

Stocker nodded. All the spirit seemed drained out of him.

"Yep," he said. "But I didn't know. I felt sure I could buy him over. Gawd! when I was in the fight game, I'd a throwed any match for half a grand. O' course I was afraid to talk to Harter here in the pool-room. I didn't want no one to see us talkin'. So I doped out a plan.

"I KNOWED that Harter was still a hull lot took up with that Doc Brent's daughter, Avis. So I laid my plans accordin'. I was passin' your house one night. (This with a nod at Professor Cormier.) I got in the windah an' tapped out that note on your typewriter. O' course I was too wise, or thought I was, to put it in my handwritin', 'cause Bob knowed the girl's handwriting, an', thinks I, if anything ever comes o' this, nobody'll ever suspect me.

"Well, when Bob Harter come to my place that night o' the—the accident, as yuh might say—I had the note waitin' for him. I said the skirt left it here. I knowed he'd meet that dame if she wrote him to meet her in Hell or anywhere. I put Latham's Corners in the note, figgerin' no one 'ud ever see us talkin' together there near that farmhouse.

"Before Harter started out for Latham's Corners, I sneaked on there ahead. I'd brought along a quart o' licker, an' I felt sure I could bring Harter to reason, once we was talkin' alone out there. I had the dough right in my pocket in cash—five hundred bucks.

"I wasn't there more'n a minute or so when Harter comes along in that old car he drove. He was lookin' around for the dame when I come out from behind a tree. I told him he wouldn't find no gal there that night—but that if he listened to me, he wouldn't lack the dough to spend on gals for some time to come. I ain't much on stallin' around. I put the proposition right

up to Harter—an' all I got for it was a punch in the jaw.

"I'd been hittin' the bottle o' whiskey on the way over to Latham's Corner's. It had me pretty well het up. I was pretty good with my fists in my time, but Harter was bigger'n me an' a lot younger. I picked up a stick that was under the tree, an' brought it down on Harter's head. I didn't see till afterward that the stick was an ash spoke from a wagon-wheel—damned near as hard as iron. It caught Harter right on the temple. He fell head first. An' wot's more, his forehead had struck a rock by the side o' the road.

"Well, I took a long pull at the bottle. I was excited, an' the stuff bit into me. I ain't sayin' I was drunk, mind, but I went crazy, I guess. I seen Harter there, layin' on his face. He never moved. I'd hit him hard—he was either dead then, or he'd die from that sock I hit him with the ash spoke. I guess the devil began workin' inside me. I knowed that if suspicion ever pointed at me, I'd never get outa Corfield alive, 'cause I knowed how pop-lar Harter was. I hadda cover up—fix things so's the last thing it 'ud look like was that I'd killed Harter.

"I knowed Bob Harter was a ladies' man, and I knowed he must have that bogus note in his pocket. An', thinks I, if Harter's found here with some dame's note in his pocket, an' somethin' like a hatpin run through him, they won't never suspect no man. I didn't mean to pin it on this Doc Brent's daughter, exactly. But I didn't care who I pinned it on so's I got out of it! I was wearin' that stickpin that you got in your hand there, professor. You can see it's the kind they wore years ago—it's got a mighty long pin on it. I jabbed that through Harter's skull—an' if you think it was easy, yuh don't know much about it—"

AT this point Stocker broke down completely, and cried like a baby. A few minutes later, he sobbed out a few additional details, but we had heard enough. An hour later, Chief Quigley spirited him out of Corfield in his car, and he was locked up safely in the Manchester County jail.

During the sensational trial (which resulted in a conviction for murder in the first degree) much was brought out about Stocker's early life. For one thing, he had been in prison in the West for three different terms.

During the trial, there was a great deal of discussion as to whether Harter was



already dead before the slayer penetrated his skull with the stickpin. The defense held that Harter was already dead, killed in hot blood, without any deliberation on the part of the slayer. But the coroner's physician of Manchester County and some prominent New York specialists testified that Harter was still alive when Stocker perpetrated his deliberate act with the stickpin.

Nevertheless, when it was all over, some thought that judge and jury had been influenced by Bob Harter's popularity and the former prison record of the defendant. A motion by the defense for a change of venue was denied. Stocker paid for his crime in prison.

I RECALL that one brisk autumn day shortly afterward, I rode over to Manchester with Avis and Professor Cormier. We were, of course, talking about the Harter case. I had previously learned that right after I had told "Prof" Cormier of my dream about "the pin," and searching "the desk," Professor Cormier had conferred with Quigley. They had decided to watch Stocker closely and search his desk, on the chance that there might be some evidence in it.

Stocker and Worley had not attended the game, but had ridden out to the home of Jackson Thorley, a Corfield alumnus, and at the Thorley home had heard the game over the radio. Quigley had had Stocker and Worley shadowed and spied upon, and, as soon as they were out of town, had searched Stocker's desk, locating "the pin," which I had learned about in my dream. In addition, both Quigley and Professor Cormier had made some minor deductions, and once the pin was located, neither one had any doubt that Stocker was the murderer.

"And you were saying," said "Prof" Cormier, as we motored over to Manchester that day, "that you thought winning the football game with the aid of a ghost was unfair. But it wasn't. Bob Harter's spirit had told you that it was Corfield's game, anyway. And it was. But for Stocker's trickery, Harter would have been alive, and Corfield would have won the game by superior football.

"And you will recall my telling you that Harter's spirit was impeded in the other world by some hostile spirit. I think I have studied out the significance of the violent spirit conflict that we witnessed that night. That hostile spirit, when alive, was some friend or pal, possibly a prison pal, of

Stocker's. It was trying to impede any communication that would result in the discovery of Stocker as the murderer."

"But what about the headless part of it, Professor?" I asked.

We were just spinning along the final mile of the excellent concrete road that leads into the town of Manchester.

"That part, too, I have been thinking over," the professor replied. "I have a theory about it. You shall learn of it when I question Stocker today."

Both "Prof" Cormier and myself had received considerable publicity during the period immediately after Stocker's arrest. The sheriff made no objections to our standing outside of Stocker's cell and talking to the prisoner.

We talked for several minutes, and then "Prof" said: "Stocker, that man whose picture used to hang in your billiard-parlor office—was he perhaps a prison-mate of yours?"

"I ain't got nothin' to hide any more," replied Stocker. "Yep, Chuck Calpin, that was his name, was a pal o' mine in San Quentin. Best friend I ever had, too. Chuck got a bad break in life, all right."

"May I ask if this Calpin, by any chance, died, or was killed, in France?"

"Howdja guess it?" asked Stocker, looking up with a queer expression. "Yep, Chuck never had much luck. He got into some trouble, had to blow out the country, an' got to France. Then he got mixed up in a murder there, an' they bumped him off. His things an' a letter was sent to me after he was dead."

I needed no more than the professor's searching look at me. I knew that in France murderers were not hanged or electrocuted, but guillotined. This, then, had been the reason back of that headless spirit that I had seen trying to prevent Bob's disclosure of Stocker's guilt.

ONLY once since that time have I ever felt the spirit of Bob Harter near me. That occurrence took place the year after I was graduated from Corfield College. The June previous, Avis and I had been married in the Corfield College chapel, and three days later sailed for Europe. We were very happy, but our funds were none too plentiful.

We sailed, therefore, on a small one-class vessel of the American Transport Line. These vessels dock at London, and as we had taken ten days for the crossing, we had

decided to save time by flying to Paris from Croydon, the airport of London.

We were staying at a little private hotel in Bayswater, a residential suburb of London, and the night before we booked passage by air, we attended a play in a West End theater. When it was over, Avis had suggested that we take the Underground home instead of squandering our money on a taxicab.

Accordingly, we paid our few pence, apiece, and took the Underground at Oxford Circus. A ride of several minutes brought us to our stop, the Queen's Road station. From there we had to walk along to Moscow Road, and then up to Pembroke Square, where our little hotel was located.

It was while we strolled along shadowy Moscow Road that a queer, depressed, unnatural feeling came over me. My mind harked back to those séances at "Prof" Cormier's home and to that time I had fallen asleep in the casket-room of Bell's undertaking parlors. I felt myself shivering, and looked about me. Only a few other pedestrians were walking along the shadowed street—and they were couples walking in such a way that I knew they were quite mortal.

Avis noticed my strange manner. We reached our hotel and talked for about an hour. I told Avis how I had been affected, and that night, just before retiring, I found a folded London paper on our dresser. There was a headline reporting a bad air crash near Budapest! Avis saw the paper, too, and just why it affected both of us so much, I can't quite explain. But something seemed to tell me not to fly to Paris with Avis.

We failed to make our air booking, but

instead walked down to the American Express next morning and arranged to take the channel boat for Boulogne that night. But, later that day, I could have hidden my head in shame for having been too timid to telephone my warning to the Croydon air officials. Not that they would have followed my advice, perhaps, but at least I should have felt better about it. For, as we were entering Lyon's Restaurant near Charing Cross, we saw the flaming posters that London newsboys carry. The London-to-Paris airplane had crashed for the first time—with eight dead and four badly injured. And upon our return to the Pembroke Square hotel, I was not able to locate either the newspaper that had warned me, nor anyone who had seen it—nor could I find in any other paper the report of the alleged Budapest crash.

Since that time I have made attempts to get in touch with the spirit world. Often I have felt, or imagined I felt, that same rigidity coming upon me that I have told about here. But I have had no real success since my last year in Corfield College, and even that success was comparatively trivial, and due in large part, I believe to "Prof" Cormier's aid. Certainly I can never hope to repay my great debt to him.

Whenever I make an unsuccessful attempt these days to communicate with the other world, I fail to be discouraged when I recall "Prof" Cormier's words: "We learn only a little—ever so little—every few years."

And I also recall a passage in one of the hundreds of books on the subject lining Professor Cormier's walls: "Not easily and carelessly do these spirits come to us, but after strenuous preparation, and with difficult fulfillment of desire."

THE END

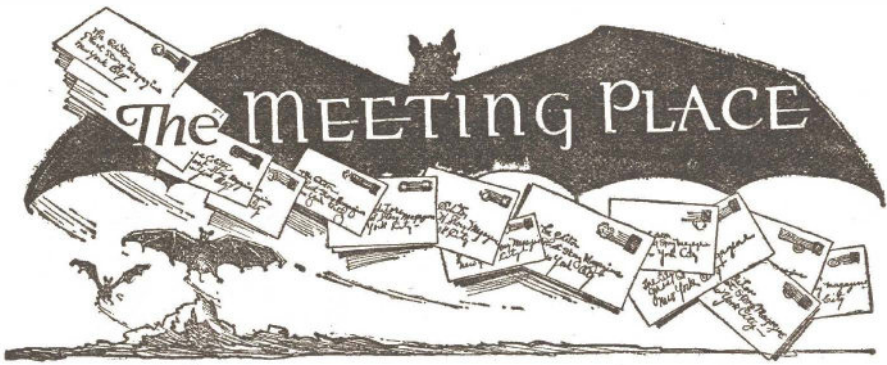
### INSIDE FACTS on the Doctor Snook Case

City Detective Otto W. Phillips, of Columbus, Ohio—the man who "broke" Doctor Snook in one of the most sensational murder cases ever known—gives in *January True Detective Mysteries* the exclusive, inside story of this great Dr. Snook-Theora Hix case, blazoned in every newspaper in the United States—the real story, here revealed to the public for the first time. . . . also, in this same issue: *Onyx Girl*, a master detective story covering the thrilling chase for the killer of Grace Roberts, called "Philadelphia's most beautiful model"; *The Murder Plot at the Dew Drop Inn*; *Who Killed Bill Jackson?*, the inside on Williamantie's (Conn.) famous mystery case; "Take Him for a Ride!"; *The Sinister Riddle of Camp Dix*; *The Strangest 3rd Degree*; and other great detective thrillers by America's leading detectives and police officials. Don't miss this great issue, packed with thrills.

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## The Sinclair Experiments

*An Editorial by* ROBERT NAPIER

**I**NTELLECTUAL fearlessness was required to give a doubting world the amazing evidence of thought transference which Mr. and Mrs. Upton Sinclair present in this issue of our magazine. For while a large majority of people are fascinated by the subject, they are either loath to admit its possibility, or they are afraid of its consequences. As William McDougall, the great American psychologist, says of Mr. Sinclair, "he has with characteristic courage entered a new field, one in which reputations are more easily lost than made."

Asked by the author of "The Radio Mind" to express his opinion of these telepathic experiments, Professor McDougall said:

"I have long been keenly interested in this field; and it is not necessary to hold that the researches of the past fifty years have brought any solidly established conclusions in order to feel sure that further research is very much worth while. . . . It is with experiments in telepathy that Mr. Sinclair's book is chiefly concerned. In this part, as in other parts, of the field of psychic research, progress must largely depend upon such work by intelligent educated laymen or amateurs as is here reported."

Speaking of the important part played by Mrs. Sinclair in this difficult undertaking, the famous psychologist went on to say:

"Mrs. Sinclair would seem to be one of the rare persons who have telepathic power in a marked degree and perhaps other supernormal powers. The experiments in telepathy as reported in these pages were so remarkably successful as to rank among the very best hitherto reported. The degree of success and the con-

dition of experiment were such that we can only reject them as conclusive evidence of some mode of communication not at present explicable in accepted scientific terms, by assuming that Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair either are grossly stupid, incompetent and careless persons, or have deliberately entered upon a conspiracy to deceive the public in a most heartless and reprehensible fashion. I have unfortunately no intimate personal knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair; but I am acquainted with some of Mr. Sinclair's earlier publications; and that acquaintance suffices to convince me, as it should convince any impartial reader, that he is an able and sincere man with a strong sense of right and wrong and of individual responsibility. . . .

"Mrs. Sinclair's account of her condition during successful experiments seems to me particularly interesting; for it falls into line with what has been observed by several other workers; namely, they report that a peculiar passive mental state or attitude seems to be a highly favorable, if not an essential, condition of telepathic communication."

It is in the February issue of GHOST STORIES, on sale January 23rd, that Mrs. Sinclair tells you in a simple and straightforward way how to go about conducting mind-reading experiments of your own. Years of devoted concentration have been given by Mrs. Sinclair to acquiring the knowledge and technique which she generously passes on to you, in the hope that you may want to chart a course in this virtually unexplored realm of psychic phenomena.

Seldom, if ever, has an opportunity like this one come along for those seriously interested in the great subject of telepathy.

*READERS are invited to send brief accounts of personal experiences with the occult to The Meeting Place. The correspondent's full name and address must be signed to each letter but we will print only the initials or a pseudonym if it is requested. Answers to other correspondents' letters will also be printed.*

*Here is a chance to get in touch with persons all over the world who are interested in the supernatural!*

## Phantom Friars

**I**N the *New York Times* not long ago I came upon a letter written to the editor by a man who professes to have devoted years to the study of psychic phenomena. He relates some ghostly tales which seemed

to me to have quite an unusual charm.

One, especially vivid, is told of an old priory on an island off the coast of Wales. There, for centuries, a monastic order had pursued its holy calling. Then, on a day



more than fifty years ago, a young man suffering from some great distress applied to the abbot for admission and eventually took his vows.

Despite the young novice's intense spiritual devotion, he could not escape his sorrow, nor could he find surcease from whatever terror obsessed him. Finally, one day, he was found dead, kneeling before the altar. And from that time on the hapless priest's spirit has been said to frequent the place, kneeling there for hours. For half a century now people have sworn they saw it, while one photographer who took a picture of the altar, points out the vague outline of the young monk's spirit on the negative.

Another authoritative account given by this writer concerns the old Beaulieu Abbey, which, though now in partial ruin, once felt the wrath of Henry VIII. He tells of the strange white-robed Cistercian monks who, only last year, were seen strolling in spirit, as they once did in the flesh, along the river from the monastery garden.

The author of this letter also refers to experiences he shared with Algernon Blackwood, the celebrated writer on psychic subjects whose story "The Specter That Asked for a Kiss" recently appeared in this magazine.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. FELAN.

### *Black Cats—And Bad Luck*

OF the many experiences I have had and cannot explain, there are two I should like to recount here. The first, of which I was reminded by "The Specter in the New Hotel," appearing in the August issue of your magazine, took place when I was about seventeen or eighteen years old.

I was keeping house for my grandfather and uncle in a small apartment we had rented until I should be married in the Fall. The flat was brand new, all the windows had new screens on them and at the foot of the stairs was a heavy screen door. After the men had gone to work I always went down and put the latch on this as the agent had a way of popping into the kitchen unexpectedly, if he found the door open.

On this particular morning I had gone upstairs again and presently, on opening the

pantry door, out hopped a huge black cat. It rubbed against my leg in passing and I remember how warm and soft it felt. It was unusually big, and the prettiest cat I had ever laid eyes on—black and glossy, with great golden eyes. I was delighted to see it, for I often got terribly lonely, and besides, I adored cats.

As it trotted across the floor, its tail sticking straight up, I watched it, surprised and pleased. It had reached the door to the bedroom before I made a sound, and then I called "Kitty, kitty! Here, kitty!" It turned around and looked at me—I can see it yet—its eyes were so friendly and it didn't seem the least bit afraid. I followed it, calling, but when I reached the bedroom I couldn't find it any more. I searched everywhere, under the bed, under the dresser, in the one closet and in the pantry—but the cat had vanished as if it had never been there! I inquired in the neighborhood, but I never saw the cat again.

The next month I was married, and from the first I was wretched. My marriage turned out a complete failure, though I strove for years to make it a success. And I have since wondered whether my beautiful sad-eyed cat was not meant to be a warning of ill omen to me?

Another happening which has always puzzled me concerns a Ouija board. I could never get anyone to sit at it with me, until one night when I coaxed my Dad into trying it. "All right, all right," he said. "I'll try it with you, but it's all bosh!"

At first the board ran aimlessly about and we could not make head or tail of anything it said. Then suddenly it settled down and kept spelling the same words over and over — "*eight o'clock message sick child.*" It was then about seven-thirty in the evening and when the words had been repeated six or seven times, Dad said, "Oh, let's quit; we don't know any sick child!"

But while the curfew was still ringing for eight o'clock, the telephone rang. I answered it and my neighbor's voice came over the wire, very choked and unhappy sounding. She asked me if I would leave their milk at their mailbox in the morning, because her little girl had just been taken ill with diphtheria!

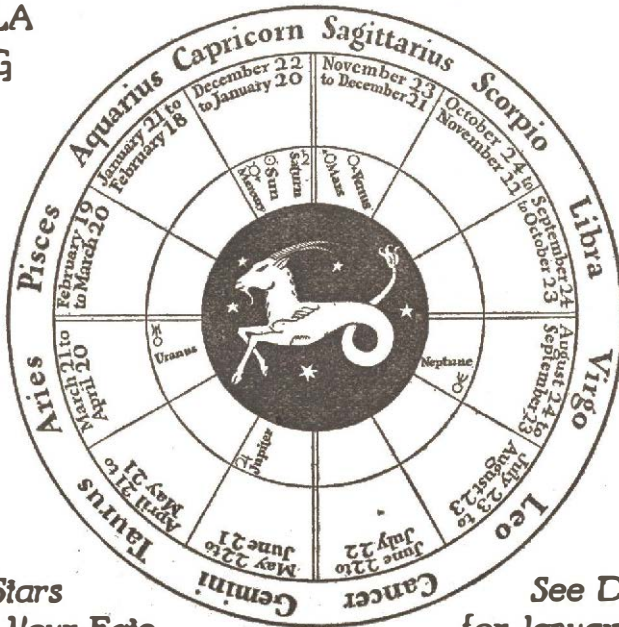
MRS. NELL CASEY.

Blewater, N. M. (Continued on page 124)

# Were You Born in

# January?

By  
STELLA  
KING



Let the Stars  
Indicate Your Fate

See Daily Guide  
for January, Page 112

**F**ROM December 21st to January 19th the sun passes through the sign of Capricornus, the goat with the tail of a fish which is frequently depicted ascending a steep mountain—the hill of difficulty. It climbs steadily to the summit and refuses to stray from the path into byways which appear to be easier and more attractive but would lead it away from its goal.

By such symbols the wise men of old pictured the different types of people and the spiritual lessons they were to learn.

The characteristics of the men and women born under the rule of Capricorn are ambition, persistence, conciliation, and adaptability. Like the goat, they climb steadily—sometimes painfully—toward success; and again like the goat, which is provided with the tail of a fish and thus is at home both on land and sea, they are able to find opportunity in any environment and to make good in circumstances which other types might consider too difficult.

Most of you Capricornians rise above the

limitations that surround you in early life, but this is not done without struggle. Children of your type are sometimes delicate but most of them are wiry and live to be a good age. Nourishing, stimulating and heating food is best for you because your circulation is rather sluggish and your bodily processes are slow. Chills and rheumatism, which are prone to afflict you, can be prevented by proper diet, by suitable and repeated exercises done rhythmically—not jerkily—and by the deliberate cultivation of a joyous and expansive outlook.

No matter what your age is, make up your mind now to look always for the silver lining and to *expect* success. Remember that all things are relative and success for you does not mean that you must come into possession of money at once. Picture yourself as successful among your own people, as doing your work really well, perhaps better than your acquaintances. Be content to build your house brick by brick; don't expect someone to bring you a palace already built and (Continued on page 114)

# What the Stars Foretell for Every Day in January

1. *A Happy and Prosperous New Year to YOU. This is a day of thanksgiving for the experiences of the past and for the opportunities that lie in the future. Decide what you most desire and picture yourself as already in possession of same. Think carefully and plan how best to realize your hopes and wishes. Begin to work for them today. Vibrations are favorable for new beginnings and promise success.*

2. *Follow your "hunches" today and you will not go wrong. A favorable day for business, for promotion and for seeking employment. Also for artistic and inspirational work.*

3. *Avoid disputes and possible danger. Be prepared for the unexpected. Business and financial conditions good but fluctuation is probable. Avoid misunderstanding and do not believe all you hear in the evening.*

4. *A good day for buying. Shop in the morning.*

5. *Early morning best part of the day. Elderly people must avoid cold. Evening adverse for friendship and social affairs.*

6. *Spend the day quietly. Stick to routine work. Vibrations are adverse. Be careful in traffic.*

7. *A day of surprises. Be watchful of your interests. Grasp your opportunities but ask no favors.*

8. *Avoid all risks, especially in connection with explosives, fire or electricity. Money matters very uncertain. Cultivate calm and poise and do not hurry.*

9. *Morning favorable for concentration, writing and general business. Also for bargains and buying in general. Buy or wear new clothes in the afternoon and evening and attend to matters requiring energy and decision. Make removals if you desire a new and permanent residence. Advertise.*

10. *Work on inventions and all matters requiring thought and originality. Plan new work.*

11. *A good day for salesmanship and expansion. Begin new undertakings, travel, and promote your interests. Hold conferences and attend to important matters.*

12. *Listen to a good sermon, write, study or travel. Spend some time with children or young people.*

13. *An adverse day. Avoid all risk, do not commence new enterprises. Finish work begun. Spend the day quietly.*

14. *Study and write.*

15. *A good day for business, salesmanship and invention. Attend social affairs and see your friends. Make changes about noon (New York time).*

16. *Attend to writing and correspondence and to matters that require good judgment.*

17. *Favorable for business and money matters, for law and real estate, and for selling. Early morning best time for inspirational and psychic matters.*

18. *Get things done quickly in the morning and attend to mechanical work. Afternoon favorable for cooking, for social affairs and for publicity. Ask favors in the evening.*

19. *Cultivate a hopeful and generous state of mind by reading or listening to helpful discourse. Spend the evening quietly and be careful of accident. Avoid disputes.*

20. *Adverse. Do nothing of importance and be careful.*

21. *Avoid publicity during morning. Conditions improve in the afternoon and evening, when you may buy, deal in property, visit elderly people or hold seances. You may travel or sign documents.*

22. *Favorable for general trading and enterprise, and for matters connected with writing, travel and machinery.*

23. *Engage in artistic and social activities. Do not wear new clothes or make removals.*

24. *Make changes, start a journey or begin new work after 10 A.M. Favorable for work involving electricity, radio, railroads and invention.*

25. *A fair day. Avoid domestic friction.*

26. *Very favorable for spiritual progress and inspirational work.*

27. *Commences very good business period with values high. Vibrations continue to be very good until Friday afternoon. Take advantage of every opportunity and seek promotion.*

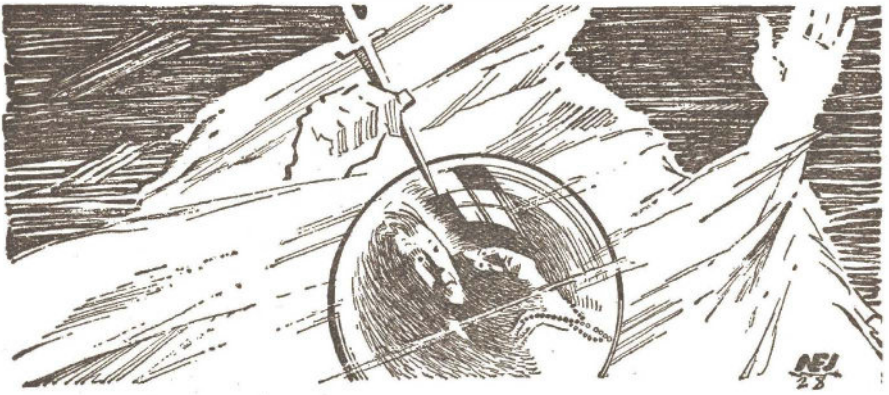
28. *Attend to important matters, make changes, organize and plan in morning. Electricity, radio, invention, railroads and original work of all kinds should prosper.*

29. *Another very good day for enterprise, publicity and general success.*

30. *Favorable for art, music, entertainment, social functions, invention and friendship. Love interests should prosper.*

31. *Vibrations change after noon, bringing confusion and misrepresentation with possible false gossip or rumor. Be watchful.*





# SPIRIT TALES

*A New Use for Clairvoyance—An old Indian Phantom  
—and Other Strange Cases*

By COUNT CAGLIOSTRO

IT was in a Swedish murder trial that the use of clairvoyance in tracking down murderers first attracted international attention. Neither Swedish law nor the laws of any other nation accept as legal evidence the vision of a clairvoyant, but in the famous Gustafsson case, the results of a medium's vision in describing a mysterious crime, the murderer and even the house in which he lived, aroused in the minds of psychic research investigators the tremendous possibilities of using mediums in the solution of crime.

It was partly on the strength of what Doctor Backman of Kalmar did in that noted case that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, and other famous investigators of psychic phenomena, prophesied that in the near future the use of clairvoyants by detective bureaus will be as established a procedure as the filing of finger-prints.

In the Gustafsson case, a brutal murder had been committed which left the Swedish police utterly at a loss for the motive and the possible criminal. Doctor Backman, who had been experimenting with hypnotism and clairvoyance, determined to try, with his ablest medium, whether the murder scene could be visualized.

In the Proceedings of the Psychological Research Society, Doctor Backman tells his

own story. The statements as he made them were then checked up by the investigators and police and everything that he stated was verified.

Doctor Backman tells his story:

"In the month of October, 1888, the neighborhood of Kalmar was shocked by a horrible murder committed in the parish of Wissefjerda, which was about fifty kilometers from Kalmar as the crow flies. What happened was that a farmer named P. J. Gustafsson had been killed by a shot when driving, having been forced to stop by stones placed on the road. The murder had been committed in the evening, and a certain tramp was suspected, because Gustafsson, in his capacity of under-bailiff, had once arrested him, and sentenced him to several years' penal servitude.

"This was all that I or the public knew about the case on November 1st of the same year. The place where the murder was committed and the persons employed in it were quite unknown to me and the clairvoyant.

"On the same day, November 1st, having some reason to believe that such an attempt would be at least partially successful, I experimented with a clairvoyant, Miss Agda Olsen, to try, if it was possible, to get some information in this way about such an event.

*(Continued on page 118)*



## Were You Born in January?

(Continued from page 111)

furnished. Strive to be happy and successful in your environment, even if you and your people have to work hard. We all have to learn to make good use of present circumstances and, by so doing, to attract opportunity and more favorable conditions. You are able to do this more easily than some of the other types because you know how to make the most of things and can adapt yourself to any circumstances. This ability is part of your heritage from centuries past.

Your star of destiny is Saturn, the disciplinarian and the god of time and wisdom. For time is the great tester of real merit. Without the discipline and order of Saturn, the world would go quite crazy. We should have no sense of duty, no perseverance, no ambition, no thought for the welfare of others, and little or no organization. Imagine—if you can—a world in which there is no regularity, no authority, and in which nothing is protected or conserved! We should have no landmarks from the past to guide us. There would be no foundation of knowledge upon which to build, no past experience by which to test new ideas and experiments. We should relapse into barbarism.

**T**HERE is something very suave and *facile* about you Capricornians which makes you excellent mediators, good traders and middlemen. You are clever managers, good organizers and born diplomats. You have a wonderfully persuasive way with you and a good sense of values. If you are a woman, it is probable that you understand perfectly the gentle art of coaxing. It is also more than probable that you are attractive and appealing. You may or may not be flirtatious, but a love affair—no matter whether it is your own or someone else's—is always of interest to you. You are successful in arranging social affairs and appreciate the importance of dress and appearance in both social and business life.

Be you man or woman, if you are a true Capricornian, you will wish to help others. You will promote suitable matches among the young people you know, and you will be a consistent worker in the interests of family and community life. As you grow older, you may become social arbiter and ad-

visor. The wisdom gained through your own early struggles gives you an insight into human needs and qualifies you to give advice and guidance.

The Jews and the Hindoos are traditionally under the rule of Capricorn. Both these races attach importance to tradition and caste and the ties of kinship are probably stronger among the Jews than among any other people.

There is a tendency to lay too much stress upon the gloom, discontent and selfishness of Saturn and to expect the Capricornians to express these qualities. But this is by no means the right point of view. As a matter of fact, most men and women born under the rule of Capricorn are lively and talkative. Instead of being dark and saturnine, many are fair and well favored.

It must always be remembered that young souls—or primitive individuals who have not yet had much experience or have failed to profit by their experiences—are born under any one of the twelve signs and have not yet acquired the best characteristics associated with their particular sign. They suffer for their mistakes and thus in time learn what to avoid, just as a child must learn that fire burns before he will keep away from it; or, as Kipling puts it, the puppy must learn not to eat the soap while young, else when he becomes a dog, he will eat a large piece and it will make him very sick.

The limiting side of Saturn is associated with fear, but even fear serves a good purpose in that it makes us careful and prudent. It forced our early ancestors to devise means of protecting themselves and resulted in the survival of the human race. But there are individuals who are so bound by a sense of failure and anxious foreboding that they keep themselves in a perpetual state of fear and despondency and shut themselves off from the pleasures and opportunities that lie within their reach. If they would take those opportunities and enjoy their little pleasures, the way would be opened for further opportunity; but until they are willing to break down the barrier of fear and suspicion and envy it is almost impossible to help them, because, if you remove one grievance, they will find another.

(Continued on page 116)



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(Continued from page 114)

They are victims not of bad luck but of their own thoughts.

There are others under Saturn's rule to whom money is the one and only god. Among such people we find the dishonest broker, the crooked lawyer and the men and women who trade on human weaknesses for gain; we find smooth Uriah Heeps and other brands of hypocrites—and, if we look deep enough, we shall probably find that all such people are activated by an inferiority or fear complex.

In addition to being the planet of order as distinct from chaos, Saturn is associated with rhythm and vibration, which is the music of the spheres. The regular taking in-and-out of the breath, the ebb and flow of the tide, the rising and setting of the sun, and the great cosmic periods of time—all these are expressions of that rhythmic regularity which is universal law and of which Saturn is the symbol. Most of us think of Venus as the planet most closely associated with music. Yet music is rhythm and it is Saturn that rules rhythm, while the moon rules tune. The result of an examination of fifty-two birth charts of musicians undertaken recently by the Brotherhood of Light in Los Angeles shows Saturn to be more prominent in these charts than any other planet. Mars comes next, then the moon, then Neptune, and then Venus. This shows not only the close association of rhythm with music, but also the value of the persistence and capacity for hard work given by Saturn coupled with the mechanical ability, aggression and enthusiasm of Mars. It reveals the necessity for hard work even when there is talent. In the case of composers, the prominent planets were found to be Uranus and Neptune—rulers of originality and inspiration.

**T**HE dark blues, grays and grayish-blues are the colors of Capricorn and the talisman for this sign is the onyx.

The countries which are traditionally under the rule of the goat with the fish's tail are India, Mexico, Bulgaria and Lithuania. Now that Saturn has definitely passed into Capricorn, trouble is to be expected in these countries and particularly in India during 1930.

Turkey, Mesopotamia and the city of Jerusalem are under Virgo and already the effect of Neptune's presence in that sign is apparent in the trouble between the Jews

and the Arabs. Of all the planets, an adverse Neptune is the most tricky and deceitful, for he always confuses the issue. It will not be difficult, while he rules the situation, to incite the Mohammedan peoples to take part in what they consider a religious war. It was in the year 637 that Omar—cousin of Mahomet—ordered a mosque built on the site of Solomon's Temple to commemorate his conquest of Palestine, so that this particular bone of contention is a very old one. And it was this same Caliph Omar who, with Puritan zeal, ordered the contents of the famous library of Alexandria to be destroyed, because, forsooth, if the books agreed with the Koran they were unnecessary and if they did not agree, they were pernicious and ought to be destroyed.

Neptune will remain in the first three degrees of Virgo until next August and will affect those whose birthdays fall between the 23rd and 29th of May, August or November, or the 19th and 23rd of February. Let them beware of entanglements and deception and be themselves practical and straightforward but not too credulous. It is wiser for those who are very sensitive to suggestion not to dabble in things they do not understand and are not able to control, as the influence of Neptune is toward confusion and misrepresentation.

Capricornians born about December 25th and Taureans whose birthday comes about April 24th now receive the Neptunian rays in wave-lengths which they can control and which promote harmony when mixed with their own vibrations. To them Neptune offers pleasures that will long be remembered and the realization of secret wishes. Success may come to them through large combines or through oil; or they may enjoy some spiritual experience that will be helpful to them in the future. Other birthdays that share in this good fortune are those between the 23rd and 27th of June and October.

Uranus, of course, is still in Aries and will remain in that sign until the summer of 1934. He will then hover on the borderland of Taurus until 1936. By that time it is probable that many changes will have taken place and that much will have happened that is foretold in ancient prophecies. Since England comes under the rule of Aries and the planet Uranus destroys the established order of things, it is quite likely

(Continued on page 118)



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*(Continued from page 116)*

that there will be a radical change in the existing government of Great Britain.

The influence of Uranus is separative. Through drastic and sudden changes progress is made. If you were born about the first of December in the year 1906, for instance, you may anticipate sudden changes and possibly broken friendships because Uranus is very much concerned with your destiny just now. He will give you something in return for whatever he takes from you, but much will depend upon your ability to readjust yourself and make a success of new conditions. Accept everything that comes as so much experience gained; this will make things easier for you.

As you doubtless know, the Sagittarian type is peculiarly prone to accident and broken bones, so while you are under this powerful Uranian ray, be careful not to take risks. This applies also to those born in December, 1885, especially during the last few days of that month. They should take steps to safeguard both their health and business interests. The end of September, 1886, is another sensitive period and if you were born at that time, live as quietly as possible and do not force changes or give up your position just now. The Uranian vibration will act very powerfully from January 4th to 10th and particular care should be taken during that time.

The Leos and the Sagittarians, as a group, will be inclined toward travel and change during the next few years and in most cases the change will be beneficial. This is true also of the Arians, so that those born about March 28th may now enjoy un-

expected good fortune. The May Geminians and the Aquarians born in January will be filled with a spirit of restlessness and a desire to get away from too familiar haunts and faces, and as the Geminians are now under the protection of Jupiter, they may anticipate some fortunate change in the near future.

The Uranian rays are now affecting all those who were born during the Spring and early Summer of 1906 and especially those whose birthday comes about the end of March or of June. It is not always possible to forestall the effects of these vibrations which act swiftly and without warning. The best way of avoiding trouble is to be very cautious and circumspect until this dangerous period is over—in fact, for the remainder of the present year. Speculation, unless along very conservative lines, is out of the question for anyone who is under an adverse ray from Uranus. Sometimes, too, this influence expresses itself through an emotional crisis, through unexpected illness or the loss of a friend; its actual significance depends upon the position of the planets in your birthchart.

A crowded year of emotional experience is predicted for those whose birthday is January 3rd and if they would avoid domestic upheavals they will have to act with discretion during the summer months of this year. Those born during the last week of December must avoid all risks during the first ten days of the New Year, which I trust will prove both happy and prosperous for all those of you who read this article.

## Spirit Tales

*(Continued from page 113)*

"The judge of the neighborhood, who had promised to be present, was unfortunately prevented from coming. The clairvoyant was hypnotized in my wife's presence, and was then ordered to look for the place where the murder had been committed and see the whole scene, follow the murderer in his flight, and describe him and his home and the motive for the murder."

"Miss Olsen then spoke as follows, in great agitation, sometimes using violent gestures. I took notes of her exact words and reproduce them here more fully:

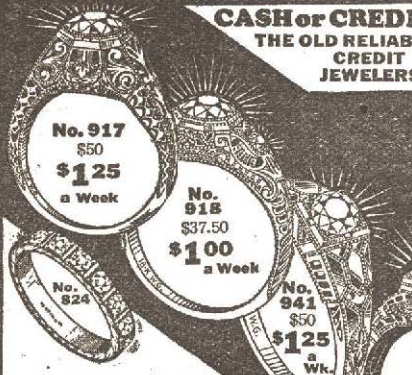
"It is between two villages—I see a road—in a wood—now it is coming—the gun—now he is coming along, driving—the horse is afraid of the stones—hold the horse! Hold the horse! Now! Now he is killing him—he was kneeling when he fired—blood! blood!—now he is running in the wood—seize him!—he is running in an opposite direction to the horse in many circuits—not on any foot paths. He wears a cap and gray clothes—light—has long coarse brown hair, which has not been cut

*(Continued on page 120)*

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(Continued from page 118)

for a long time—gray-blue eyes—treacherous looks—great dark brown beard—he is accustomed to work on the land. I believe he has cut his right hand. He has a scar or a streak between his thumb and forefinger. He is suspicious and a coward. . . .

"The murderer's home is a red wooden house, standing a little way back from the road. On the kitchen floor is a room which leads into the kitchen, and from that again into the passage. There is also a larger room which does not communicate with the kitchen. The church of Wissefjerda is situated obliquely to your right when you are standing in the passage.

"His motive was emity—it seems as if he had bought something—taken something—a paper. He went away from home at daybreak, and the murder was committed in the evening."

"Miss Olsen was then awakened, and like all my subjects, she remembered perfectly what she had been seeing, which had made a very profound impression upon her; she added several things which I did not write down.

"On November 6th (Monday) I met Miss Olsen, and she told me in great agitation that she had met the murderer from Wissefjerda in the street. He was accompanied by a younger person and followed by two policemen, and was walking from the police office to the jail. I at once expressed my doubts of her being right, partly because country people are generally arrested by the country police, and partly because they are always taken directly to jail. But when she insisted upon it, and maintained that it was the person she had seen when asleep, I went to the police office.

"I inquired if anyone had been arrested on suspicion of the crime in question, and a police constable answered that such was the case, and that, as the man had been taken to the town on Sunday, he had been kept in the police station over night and after that had been obliged to go on foot to jail, accompanied by two constables."

Verification of these statements was obtained by investigators of psychic phenomena who were startled by the possibilities opened up of the use of clairvoyants or hypnotized persons in criminal cases. In the report of the Proceedings of the British Psychological Research Society, the constable is quoted as verifying Doctor Backman's



description of the murderer, the house in which he lived, its furniture and all the details given by the medium, even to the scar on the murderer's hand.

The trial disclosed that the enmity between the two men had been caused by an agreement made by Gustafsson to buy a farm for one Jonnasson, which accounted for the paper the medium saw passed between the two. The enmity was aroused because Gustafsson had tried to keep the farm purchased for Jonnasson.

The clairvoyant had not erred in a single detail in describing the scene and the circumstances of the crime.

### "The Dripping Indian"

WHENEVER the strange experiences of the early *voyageurs* of French Canada are being recounted, one is bound to hear about the inexplicable phenomenon that has come to be known as "The Dripping Indian," for the tale is one of the most compelling in the lore of the St. Lawrence.

About two hundred years ago a company of trappers had pitched their camp at Les Ecorres on the Rivière des Prairies, near Montreal, and were preparing for the night when their attention was attracted by a strange light on a point a short distance away. The spot they had chosen for their encampment is now known as Le Sault-au-Recollet—The Rapids of the Missionary—and is only a few miles northwest of the present city of Montreal.

In those far-off days, white men traveling in the wilderness were always on the lookout for others of their own race, so the little band of trappers, in spite of their fatigue and the fact that they had extinguished their own fire, decided to investigate the mysterious glow, which somehow did not seem to resemble an ordinary camp fire. The night, one historian tells us, "was as black as a raven's wing."

Fearing that possibly hostile Indians might be lurking in the woods, they approached the fire in their canoes with the greatest caution. As they neared the point they saw seated within a foot or two of the flames the solitary figure of a lone Indian. He was sitting on the ground, his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, staring into the depths of the ghostly glow before him.

The trappers hailed him, but he did not respond by word or movement. There was



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something uncanny about his immobility, and the men in the canoes, their curiosity getting the better of them, approached the shore. Soon they perceived that water was dripping from the Redskin's limbs and hair. Again they spoke to him, but he gave not the slightest indication that he had heard. Then, to their profound astonishment, they discovered that the water falling from his brown body was not wetting the smooth sand—and that the smokeless fire gave forth no heat!

Thoroughly alarmed now, they threw bits of birch bark into the weirdly flickering flames, from which they drew them again unscorched. Terrified, they fled back to their own encampment, leaving the motionless figure beside his unnatural fire. From midstream they looked back, but fire and Indian had disappeared. The wall of the forest was black and unbroken.

In later years the apparition of "The Dripping Indian" was seen in various places about the vicinity, and only a few years ago a party of Montreal fishermen, drifting down the Rivière des Prairies after a day's sport in the Lake of Two Mountains, saw what they believed to be a lonely camper crouching for warmth over a miserable little fire. He was hardly discernible from their canoes, and before they could get within hailing distance, he had vanished, taking the glowing embers with him.

Naturally the fishermen, among whom was Ross Pennoyer, of the Gazette Printing Company, dismissed the occurrence as of little importance; but when, afterward, they heard the story of the ghostly Indian that had terrified the early *voyageurs*, they wondered whether what they had seen could have been this ancient phantom.

History books tell us that in 1645 a missionary named Père Nicolas Viel was brutally drowned near the foot of Le Sault-au-Recollet rapids by an Indian with whom he was traveling to Montreal from the Huron country. The exact fate of this savage murderer is not clear because there are several different versions of the tragedy, but all agree that he himself perished miserably in some strange manner a few minutes after the drowning of the missionary. Death—and all the stories are unanimous on this point—came to him as he was drying himself beside a fire. What more likely, then, that his is the unhappy spirit now known as "The Dripping Indian"?

### Another St. Patrick Needed

THE following weird tale was brought out of China by some of the correspondents who followed the fortunes of the Northern Army until it fell. If true, it means that the ancient and famous Temple of Earth will not be removed to grace the estate of some American millionaire.

According to the story, told to the correspondents by village elders and farm owners near Peking, underlings of Marshal Chang Tso-Lin sold the great temple to two Chinese contractors for \$62,500. The Temple of Earth, second only to the Temple of Heaven, and the spot where in olden days the Empress offered sacrifices, contains a great marble altar and other features which the contractors—who had heard of the raids upon English castles by Americans willing to transport large architectural pieces home piecemeal—believed they might resell at a handsome profit.

However, such plans were doomed. The farmers said that on the first visit of the contractors to view their purchase at close range, two huge snakes rose up out of the ground and blew their breaths upon the unlucky buyers, who immediately dropped dead. This, however, seemed not to frighten the heirs of the contractors, who persuaded the priests to admit them to the temple.

Once again the snakes appeared, and this time they wrapped their tails about the great marble altar and by a miraculous extension of their bodies pursued the priests and would-be buyers until they ran from the gates. No further attempt was made to disturb the temple until it was taken under the protection of the victorious Southern forces.

### A Significant Dream

FORMER Congressman from New York, Judge Henry M. Goldfogle, once related the following:

"I believe that everyone in passing through life, has to admit at sometime during this transit, that there are many things which we encounter that cannot be explained.

"I have had several experiences in the practice of law that will always remain to me in the realm of the inexplicable. For instance:

"Some years ago, our firm succeeded in recovering for a client, after a vigorous



legal battle, a foreclosure judgment of a large amount. The property foreclosed on did not yield sufficient to satisfy the judgment, and a judgment for the deficiency, amounting to several thousands of dollars, was entered.

"As a rule, deficiency judgments, as they are familiarly called by the legal profession, prove valueless. The papers were therefore placed on the shelf, and for some years the judgment was forgotten; the debtor's whereabouts were unknown and consequently he could not be followed up.

"One morning I came down to my law office, and related to my partner a dream I had had the night before.

"I dreamt that ———, (the judgment debtor) had a large dry-goods store in Jersey City, and we issued execution against his property to the Sheriff, who seized the stock of goods, sold it out and realized enough on it to pay our judgment. I dreamt that we reached the store by going through a street that had nice residences, in front of which were iron stoops.

"My partner simply answered, 'Bosh, that's only a dream.'

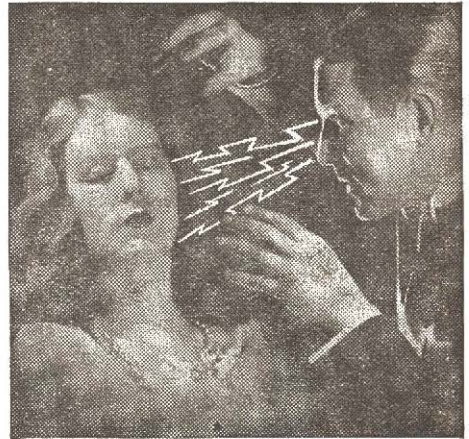
"But I insisted that one of the clerks go over to Jersey City and endeavor to get some trace of the debtor. The clerk obeyed instructions, and after a good day's search, discovered that the debtor had had a store, such as I had seen in my dream, but had sold out the business and moved to New York, establishing there a large and apparently flourishing concern.

"Further inquiry revealed sufficient facts to identify the man traced as the debtor, whereupon my firm issued the requisite process for the collection of the judgment—and lo! and behold, after the Sheriff levied upon the debtor's property, the judgment of several thousand dollars was paid in full.

"When the cash was being paid over to the law firm by the Deputy Sheriff, my law partner, who had been so skeptical when the dream had been told him, smiled blandly, looked at me quizzically, and said, 'Suppose you go home, take a good sleep, and dream again; we may collect some more judgments.'"

*The Strange Case of the Clerk*

CAN the spirit of a living being leave his body, walk slowly to his office and there go through motions that take several minutes, and return to his body—all in the space



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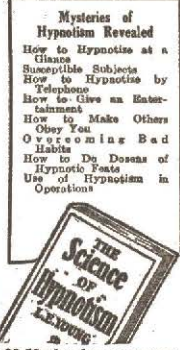
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of a second or two? Is this possible?

That such an unusual occurrence may happen not only to a medium but to a person who has ridiculed all notions of the supernatural, is evidenced in the case of R. P. Roberts, a clerk, of 10 Exchange Street, Manchester, England, and verified by investigators of the British Society for Psychic Research who interviewed all of the persons involved.

Roberts tells his story as follows:

"The shop where I worked stood at the corner of Castle Street and Rating Row, Beaumaris, and I lived in the latter street. One day I went home to dinner at the usual hour. When I had partly finished I looked at the clock. To my astonishment it appeared that the time by the clock was 12:30. I certainly thought that it was most extraordinary. I had only half finished my dinner, and it was time for me to be at the shop. I felt dubious, so in a second or two I had another look, when to my agreeable surprise I found I had been mistaken. It was only just turned 12:15.

"I could never explain how it was I made the mistake. The error gave me such a shock for a few minutes, as if something had happened, that I had to make an effort to shake off the sensation. I finished my dinner and returned to business at 12:30.

"On entering the shop I was accosted by Mrs. Owen, my employer's wife, who used to assist in the business. She asked me rather sternly where I had been since my return from dinner. I replied that I had come straight from dinner.

"A long discussion followed which brought out the following facts:

"About a quarter of an hour previous to my actually entering the shop (i.e. about 12:15), I was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and a well-known customer, Mrs. Jones to walk into the shop, go behind the counter, and place my hat upon the peg. As I was going behind the counter, Mrs. Owen remarked, with the intention that I should hear, that I had arrived at last, too late.

"This remark was prompted by the fact that a few minutes previous a customer was in the shop in want of an article which belonged to the stock under my charge, and which could not be found in my absence. As soon as this customer left I was seen to enter the shop. It was observed by Mr. and Mrs. Owen that I did not appear to notice the remark made. In fact, I looked quite absent-minded and vague. Immediately after putting my hat on the peg I returned to the same spot, put my hat on again, and walked out of the shop, still staring in a mysterious manner, which induced one of the parties—I think Mrs. Owen—to say that my behavior was very odd, and she wondered where I was off to.

"I, of course, contradicted these statements, and endeavored to prove that I could not have eaten my dinner and returned in a quarter of an hour. This, however, availed nothing, and during our discussion the above-mentioned Mrs. Jones came into the shop again, and was appealed to at once by Mr. and Mrs. Owen. She corroborated every word of their account, and added that she saw me coming down Rating Row when within a few yards of the shop; that she was only a step or two behind me, and entered the shop in time to hear Mrs. Owen's remarks about my coming too late.

"These three persons gave their statements of the affair quite independently of each other. There was no other person near my age in Owen's establishment, and there could be no reasonable doubt that my form had been seen by them and by Mrs. Jones. They would not believe my story until my aunt, who had dined with me, said positively that I had not left the table before my time was up. You will no doubt note the coincidence. At the moment when I felt, with a startling sensation, that I ought to be at the shop, and when Mr. and Mrs. Owen were extremely anxious that I should be there, I appeared to them looking, as they said, as if in a dream or in a state of somnambulism."

## The Meeting Place

(Continued from page 110)

### *Music of the Spheres*

WHILE traveling last summer through Victoria, B. C., I was told about a curious state of affairs which was puzzling

residents of that city. Since my return it occurred to me that the events came properly within the jurisdiction of psychic research and might be explained along that line.

It seems that the city's new \$3,000,000 cathedral was still under construction when weird music began issuing from the unfinished building. The Reverend Cecil S. Quainton could offer no explanation for the phenomenon. "It is really most amazing," he was quoted as saying. "Sometimes it appears to be organ music. At other times the sound is distinctly that of a piano, and the other day I heard a voice singing."

The dean was not the only one who had heard the ghostly music. When it was first noticed, passersby thought that a new organ was being tried out in the rising cathedral. But inquiry revealed that no steps had been taken to equip the church with an organ because work would not be far enough advanced for a good many months.

That was the last I heard of Victoria's mystifying cathedral music. I wonder if anyone knows the later developments?

Scranton, Pa.

F. VON K.

### Had This No Meaning?

SOMEWHERE, in almost every ghost story I have heard or read about, there is some reason which explains the presence of the ghost. It is often a portent of trouble; often, too, a recurrence of a past scene. But what do your readers make of an apparition that had not rhyme nor reason? That was the kind of phantom that appeared to my husband and me!

We had not been married long and had just moved to a section of the country far from the one we were raised in. We had taken an old country house, but had heard nothing about it that would lead us to expect anything out of the way.

We had gone to bed one night as usual, not having discussed anything that would disturb our slumber or explain the uncanny thing that took place. We are both sound sleepers and would ordinarily not be aroused by anything short of an earthquake. The last thing I remember was watching the moon through the window as I fell asleep. Then, for no reason at all, I suddenly awoke to find myself staring into the face of a man who was standing leaning against the foot of the bed. I looked at him for fully a minute it seemed, expecting him to run or attack us. But he only stood staring back at me.



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Stealthily I leaned over to my husband and whispered: "There's a man at the foot of our bed!" He said: "Hush, I'm watching him."

We waited some seconds more and then, as the man did not move or make a sound, my husband jumped up and ran for his gun which hung above the door. Quickly he wheeled to meet what he was certain would be an attack, but the man had completely vanished. The doors were locked on the inside, and he could not have gone through the window without suffering severe injury. Yet though we searched high and low, inside and out, our strange intruder could never be found.

But to this day, when I remember how he stood staring fixedly at us, it makes me shiver and wish for company if I'm alone.

MRS. B. F. CALDWELL.

Bennington, Okla.

### Guidance From Beyond

AS I am very much interested in the supernatural experiences of others, I am tempted to set forth one of my own, in the hope that it may prove worthwhile.

When my daughter was fifteen years old, she wanted to get married to a man who was a cripple. Naturally, I was very much upset, for although I was a widow and would have been very glad to see my

only child married, I felt that she was not old enough to know her own mind in a situation like this.

To give myself time to think it over, I sent my daughter away to visit relatives in another city. Then I sat down to weigh the matter. Over and over in my mind went the question: "What shall I do, what shall I do?" when suddenly I heard a voice say: "Let her go." I thought I had imagined it at first, but then, remembering that I had heard that voice on previous occasions when I was in doubt, I softly asked the spirit to repeat the message. And again came the words: "Let her go."

Needless to say, I obeyed, and I have never regretted it. My daughter is very happily married to the man of her choice and is the mother of two fine children.

This was not my first experience with the supernatural, and I have always believed that when the voices of the departed speak to us, we should abide by their advice, for I have never known them to be wrong.

Philadelphia, Pa.

B. COYLE.

### Hollywood's Haunted Studio

THE serial, "Haunted Hollywood", which I followed eagerly while it ran in GHOST STORIES reminded me of some excitement we had here in Hollywood last year. It all started around the old aban-

## The Murder Plot at the Wedding

When William Trost married Freda Hartmann, little did he realize that his days on earth were numbered, nothing did he know of the red specter of murder which lurked amidst the wedding gaiety.

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by William J. Belshaw, for twelve years head of the murder squad of the Philadelphia Police Department. The story, which is illustrated by actual photographs of the principals, will be entitled, *The Murdering Bride of Philadelphia*.

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THE MASTER DETECTIVE is a Macfadden publication—twenty-five cents in the United States, thirty cents in Canada. The January issue goes on sale at all news stands December 23rd.



doned Metro studio which many reputable witnesses declared was haunted.

It was within those now crumbling walls that Rudolph Valentino played some of his greatest rôles before the camera; it was there, too, that Barbara La Marr first rose to fame, and there that Harold Lockwood played the closing scenes of his screen career.

Unfortunately, I can offer no proof or substantiation one way or another; I can only report what I have heard. But that was enough to convince me that something uncanny was afoot in the old studio. For one thing, Valentino lies buried in a cemetery only a few blocks away from it; and for another, several of the most famous celebrities who walked its "sets" have since met unusual and untimely deaths.

Even in the daytime the vast place is weird now, and it is not at all hard to imagine that phantoms inhabit those empty administration buildings, those outdoor "sets" where great film personalities stalked, and those grass-grown driveways over which imported cars one day rolled so proudly!

Hollywood, Cal.

M. BEEBE.

## PLAGIARISM

### Is Literary or Artistic THEFT

So widespread has this evil become that the publishers of **GHOST STORIES Magazine** take this means of announcing that they will prosecute to the limit of the law any person or persons found guilty of this offense.

Stories submitted to this magazine come through the *United States Mail*. Before acceptance the author sends *through the mail* an affidavit, sworn to, attesting to the fact that the story is an *original literary composition*. The check, in payment for an accepted story also transmitted *through the mail*, when endorsed by the author, contains a similar warranty as to *authorship and originality*.

Despite these safeguards there are some people bold enough to deliberately copy stories from other publications and submit them as their own.

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## Van Allen Makes \$100 a Week

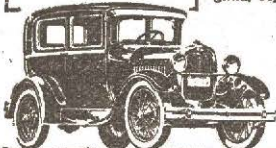
Just send me your name and address and I'll give you some facts that will open your eyes. I'll show you how L. C. Van Allen, of Illinois, quit a \$23-a-week job, took hold of my proposition, and made better than \$100 a week! Then there's Gustav Karnath, of Minnesota, who cleared \$20.35 the first five hours; and Mrs. B. L. Hodges, of New York, who says she never fails to make a profit of \$15 to \$20 a day. I have letters from men and women everywhere that tell about profits of \$10, \$15, \$20 and as high as \$25 and \$30 in a single day.

## Start Right In

You don't need any experience or capital to make big money my way. No course of training is necessary. You simply act as my Representative in your locality and look after my business there. All you have to do is call on your friends and my established customers and take care of their orders for my fast selling line of Groceries, Toilet Articles and other Household Necessities. I have thousands of customers in every section of every state. They must order from you because I never sell through stores. Last year my Representatives made nearly two million dollars. When I get the coupon from you I send full details by return mail. You can quickly be making money just like I said. I will also supply you with Groceries and other Household Necessities at lowest, wholesale prices.

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NOT a contest. I offer a brand-new car free to producers as an extra reward or bonus—in addition to their large cash profits. Mail coupon for particulars.



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If you want ready cash—a chance to make \$15 or more a day starting at once—sell Groceries at wholesale—just send me your name and address on the coupon. You positively don't need any capital. Keep your present job and start in spare time if you want to. Oscar Stuart, of W. Virginia, reports \$18 profit in 2½ hours' spare time. So you see there's *everything to gain*. Simply mail the coupon. I will give you full details of my plan without cost or obligation to you. I'll give you the big opportunity you've been waiting for. So don't lose a moment. Mail the coupon NOW.

## MAIL THIS NOW!

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co.,  
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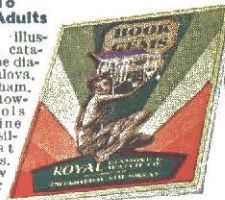
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