

HOWARD THURSTON WRITES OF INDIA

M TALES OF MAGIC AND MYSTERY



February 25¢



Ye who enter here shall engage in
many strange explorations into
the unknown, as entertainingly
set down in
Tales of Magic and Mystery
Volume One - - - Number Three

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Tales of MAGIC

FEBRUARY
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Strange Stories of Ingenuity, Black Art,
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Strange Personalities



Harry Kellar

HARRY KELLAR was for more than twelve years the leading mystifier of America. He learned his first lessons at an early age, and travelled with a magician known as the Fakir of Ava. Later he was with the Davenport Brothers as an assistant, and it is a significant fact that one of his best mysteries was his celebrated rope tie!

The Third
By ALFRED

Near the close of the nineteenth century, Kellar rose to the highest rank as a magician. There was a rivalry between him and the famous Alexandre Herrmann; and after the death of Herrmann, in 1896, Kellar became America's outstanding figure in this field.

For twelve years he enjoyed the greatest success; then he retired from the stage and named Howard Thurston as his successor. Kellar had gained a fortune through magic, and he lived happily thereafter in California until his death in 1922.

Kellar succeeded despite disadvantages. His hands were not suited to skillful manipulations, but he devised appliances that enabled him to duplicate many feats of sleight-of-hand. He had an amazingly mysterious personality, and he was able to deceive trained observers by his inimitable methods.

John Nevil Maskelyne

ANOTHER name that is indirectly linked with the Davenport Brothers is that of John Nevil Maskelyne, who for fifty years held as important a place in England as did Kellar in America.

When the Davenports were in London, Maskelyne studied their methods and succeeded in duplicating their best exhibitions. He became a professional magician and won fame with his celebrated box trick, and his marvelous automatic figures, chief of which was "Psycho," the automatic whist player.

He presented his latest creations at Egyptian Hall, in London, devoting the theater entirely to magic, and winning for it the name of "England's Home of Mystery."

Maskelyne was very successful, and later



John Nevil Maskelyne

of the Past and Present

of a Series

MAURICE

moved to St. George's Hall, a new theater of magic which is still in operation in London. His entertainments were unique, and some of the greatest of modern wizards have appeared upon his stage.

After his death in 1917, his work was continued by his sons. Maskelyne was a keen opponent of fraudulent psychic phenomena, and fought all pretenders to the occult, duplicating many so-called miracles upon the stage of his theater. The fame that he won was well-deserved, and his name will long be remembered.

The Davenport Brothers

SHORTLY after the Civil War, two mysterious brothers appeared in America, where they attracted more than a little attention. These were the Davenports, Ira and William. They were said to possess occult powers which enabled them to communicate with disembodied spirits.

The Davenport Brothers presented their seances publicly. They were bound and placed in a large cabinet with three doors, which was the center of strange manifestations. Although the brothers were securely tied, the cabinet became the center of tumult the instant that the doors were closed. Tamborines and bells were thrown through openings in the cabinet; but at the conclusion of the exhibition the brothers were found still bound.

For several years the Davenports enjoyed great popularity. They travelled abroad, and there they met with difficulties. They were mobbed in England, but had some success in France. Nevertheless, they were not altogether discredited, although their methods were declared to be fraudulent.

They returned to America and attempted to re-establish their prestige, touring the country with a man named Fay; but finally they sank into oblivion. William died in 1877 and Ira in 1911.

Through their changing fortunes, the Davenports maintained an air of mysticism that convinced many people, and even today there are those who believe they were genuine mediums. But the general consensus of opinion is to the contrary.

So-called spirit manifestations, even when of a spectacularly theatrical nature, have a curious fascination for some audiences, whether at the theater or at a private or semi-private seance, and it was on such interest that the Davenports traded and rose to notoriety.



The Davenport Brothers, Ira and William



Picturing the Great Anaise. The Soul of the Defunct brought up for Judgment in the Hall of Two Recorder; Anubis and Horus, weighing the Spirit in the Balance;

*Ancient Theories of
Life After Death*
By ARTHUR NEALE

The Dead

IN the religion of ancient Egypt, chief of the Nether Regions was Osiris, God of the Dead. It was he who passed judgment upon the souls of the departed, weighing the worth of each against the Absolute Truth.

If the soul passed the judgment of Osiris it was reincarnated to lead a happier life than the one before. If it did not pass—it would lead another trial existence.

If the corporal body that the soul had vacated at death was not in a good state of preservation, the soul would then enter the body of some other person.

But between death and resurrection there intervened a period varying from 3000 to 10,000 years, during which the soul performed a painful proba-

tionary pilgrimage through the mysterious underworld.

Therefore, in order that the body should await intact the return of the soul whose habitation it was, it had to be preserved from corruption and every danger. Hence the extraordinary measures taken to ensure the



Egyptian mourners strewing ashes on their heads

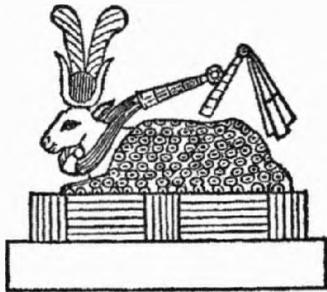


Truths. From left to right are Anubis, the judge; the Four Genii; the Devourer of Souls; Thoth, the Ma, Goddess of Justice; and the Defunct, with hands upraised

of Egypt

Including the Countless Curious Methods and Ceremonies of Burial

preservation of the corpse and the inviolability of the sepulchre; hence the huge pyramid, the secret pit, and the subterranean labyrinth.



Egyptian calf idol

All classes were embalmed, even malefactors. And those who were drowned in the Nile, or killed by crocodiles, received an embalmment from

the city nearest to which the accident occurred.

As the art existed for many centuries, however, it may be easily conceived that mummies were preserved by very different means. Those made at Memphis are found to be black, dry and brittle, whereas those of the best Theban epoch are yellowish, flexible, and so elastic that the flesh yields to the touch of the finger, and the limbs may be bent without breaking.

This latter exquisite softness and elasticity has been attributed to the injection of costly chemical liquids into the veins, whereby the substance of the flesh was preserved. The natron process, on the contrary, destroyed the flesh, leaving only the skin and the bones.

In the ceremony of embalming, a scribe marked with a reed-pen a line on the left side beneath the ribs, down which line a deep incision was made. Another embalmer then removed the entrails and lungs, with the exception of the heart and kidneys.



Typical mummy

Yet another man extracted the brain by means of a crooked instrument through the nose. All this having been effected, the body was ready for the salts and spices necessary for its preservation, the thoroughness of which operations depending upon the sum to be expended on the task.

ESTABLISHMENTS for the reception and mummification of the dead were attached to all the great cemeteries. These mortuary suburbs were in-

habited by a large population of embalmers, mummy-case makers, painters, scribes, priests, and the like.

It has been calculated that from 500 to 800 corpses must always have been on hand in the workshops attached to the necropolis of Memphis. To prevent mistakes in delivering the mummies to their families, the bandagers were in the habit of marking the wrappings with the name and age of the deceased, sometimes adding the name and regnal year of the king in whose time he died.



The Osirian Trinity

The bandages were of linen only. The texture varied with the rank of the mummy, some being as fine as the finest India muslin, and some extremely coarse. The quantity used was enormous, and persons used to save their old linen for this purpose all their lives long.

Each limb, finger, and toe was separately swathed; and finally the whole body was enveloped in numberless convolutions, the contours of the shrunken form being skillfully restored by means of padding. From 700 to 1250 yards of bandages, in strips of 3 to 4 inches wide, have been found on mummies. Sacred animals were also embalmed and wrapped.



Osiris

Into each sarcophagus with the mummy was placed the Egyptian Book of the Dead. This was a papyrus roll that bore instructions in hieroglyphic and hieratic characters for the guidance of the soul of the dead man. Sometimes it was placed under the winding-cloth itself. Professional transcribers made copies of the Book

of the Dead, and sold them to relatives of the mummy.

Texts from this book were also inscribed on the sarcophagus and on the tomb. Many of these texts were for the protection of the dead, and it is a belief, strong but difficult to verify, of many Egyptologists who have studied the occult side of the matter that these texts have acted as evil spells, causing harm to befall the violator of a tomb.

SUCH punishment may also have been administered by the dead



Isis, sister-wife of Osiris, with son, Horus

man's "ka," or personality. The living man was considered to consist of a body, a soul, an intelligence, and an appearance, or personality, called, in Egyptian, a ka.

And this shadowy and impalpable ka—the mere aspect, be it remembered, of the man—was supposed to dwell in the tomb with the mummified body. This fragile essence was not, however, indestructible like the soul, and if the body which it represented was destroyed or damaged, the ka was liable to the like mischance.

In view of this



Ready for the Sarcophagus

danger, the Egyptian, by stocking his sepulchre with portrait-statues of the dead man, sought to provide the ka with other chances of continuance by penetrating into any one of them.

The funeral portrait-statues of the ancient empire are marvels of realistic art in basalt, diorite, limestone, and wood. As many as twenty duplicates have been found in a single tomb, and always secreted in hidden chambers constructed in the thickness of the walls of the sepulchre.

The Egyptians worshipped many gods, many local to a district, but the worship of some was universal, and of these latter at the head was the triad of Osiris, his sister-wife, Isis, and Horus, their son.

Not a very great deal of the religion of ancient Egypt is known, but that which is known is enough to thrill the mind of every earnest seeker of truth.

The religion of ancient Egypt perished because its inner mysteries were kept from the people, and shared only by the initiated few. And who, can say whether or not there perished with this religion secrets which if known today would astound the world?

Certainly of the mysteries of ancient Egypt there is much yet to learn.



Mummy of a Cat



For the sake of old times he clambered into the buckboard and sat there

The Magic Cart

NOW Brigsley was a little more tired than the usual

tired business man; and he was tired in a different way. For twenty-five years he had devoted his time to something he disliked at heart. And when he was almost in a position to retire, instead of feeling the pleasant fatigue which follows work well done, he was overtaken by that vacant and restless weariness indicative of things gone wrong, or of the loss of something more valuable than mere accumulated possessions.

On this particular evening, Brigsley declined to go to the theater with his wife and grown-up daughter. Mrs. Brigsley, who possessed a practical mind, believed her husband had had a trying day at the office, whereas it was really his life that was amiss.

The car had hardly driven away before Brigsley realized that his unrest was such that he would not be able to sleep. Then, all in a moment, it occurred to him that he had spent too much of his life indoors, and that he might find some diversion in walking about comparatively deserted and unfamiliar streets. Putting on a light overcoat and soft hat, he went out, not forgetting to take his latchkey with him. Then he walked, quite at random, yet bearing off to the north of High street.

From the deep abstraction into which he had fallen he at last aroused himself and took note of his surroundings. For a moment he was puzzled. He found himself in a street near the wholesale district, flanked by high, gloomy buildings, lighted only in their

By ARCHIE BINNS

topmost stories. Here and there large motor cars were drawn up at the curb. But the street was quiet, and there were few passersby. This was King street, of course! Brigsley had not had occasion to go there for years. He walked on, listening to the endless cadence of his own footsteps.

With an unaccountable thrill of emotion, he stopped abruptly. There in the shadow of those great buildings, among the parked cars, stood an old, white horse hitched to a buckboard, in a halo of light from a tin lantern tied on behind.

It was an emotion understandable only by one who has been raised on a farm, close to the mother of us all. For some time Brigsley stood there, among the motor cars, rubbing the warm nose of the horse. How many evenings, as a boy, he had completed his errands in town and come, with a strange sense of warmth and certainty, to where the farm horse stood patiently awaiting him. Then he had driven home, to his parents sitting by the fire, their work done—his parents who had been dead such a long while. Quite suddenly he was engulfed by a feeling of homesickness for that which no longer existed. For the sake of old times he climbed into the buckboard and sat there, with his face resting in his hands.

HE awoke to find the buckboard in motion. The white horse was trotting steadily through the suburbs, which were lighted here and there by occasional street lamps. At first, he could not remember what had hap-



One evening a week later he again went walking alone

pened. Yet there was something familiar about the setting. A great, desolate wooden building loomed on the right. The old mill! They turned to the left, into a dirt road. Of course, he had been in town and was driving home! The horse was walking, now, with the noise of his hoofs muffled in the white dust of the road. The last

straggling houses were past. The moon was setting beyond the hills, but a soft, gray light lingered over the fields. They passed long fences and dark clusters of trees. How good it all seemed! Now they entered the tunnel of darkness where the road led through a big grove. As a boy, he had always been a little fearful of the spot; but now there was an infinite, soothing peace in being enveloped in the cool blackness. At last, the trees thinned, the sky broke through, and the old dust-whitened road appeared again.

They passed a weathered, zigzag fence and turned into a narrow road on the right, worn into two deep tracks. The horse stopped, and Brigsley clambered down to open the big gate. . . . They went on, under the pear trees and through the orchard. A collie came racing to meet them, bounding along beside the vehicle. At the edge of the unfenced yard, the old horse stopped, knowingly. Brigsley climbed out, and tied him to a big plum tree with the hitching rope. He went up the hard-beaten clay path to the house, opened the door quietly, and slipped in. The hall was nearly dark, and the only light in the living room came from the wood fire, where great shadows danced on the walls. His parents were sitting by the hearth. His father smoked a pipe, and his mother, who sat opposite, was sewing. Both turned with a welcoming look as Brigsley entered. And neither said anything about his coming home late.

After his old custom, he sat at the hearth, between the two, and leaned his head against his mother's knee.

"Mother," he said, "I'm tired."

"Then rest here," she answered, smoothing his forehead and hair with her worn hands.

In her face was the old, caressing look, radiant yet sad. As she continued to stroke his face and hair, much of

the old weariness appeared to fall away from him.

"And do you like living in the city?" his father asked, putting the pipe away and leaning forward.

"Not for always," Brigsley responded. "You may think you have gotten used to it, and live in the city for years, but at heart you are always wanting to come back to your early memories: the woods and the little stream under the bridge, and the peace of the fields, and the frogs crying from the pond in the dark spring evenings. You even long for the patient dust in the road, under the stars."

For a long time they were silent.

"Mother," Brigsley said at last.

"Yes, boy."

"Do you remember how you used to tell us about being born at sea and living your first years on a ship, and how you thought at first there was nothing else in the world but a ship on a great sea? Didn't you ever long for that again?" he asked dreamily.

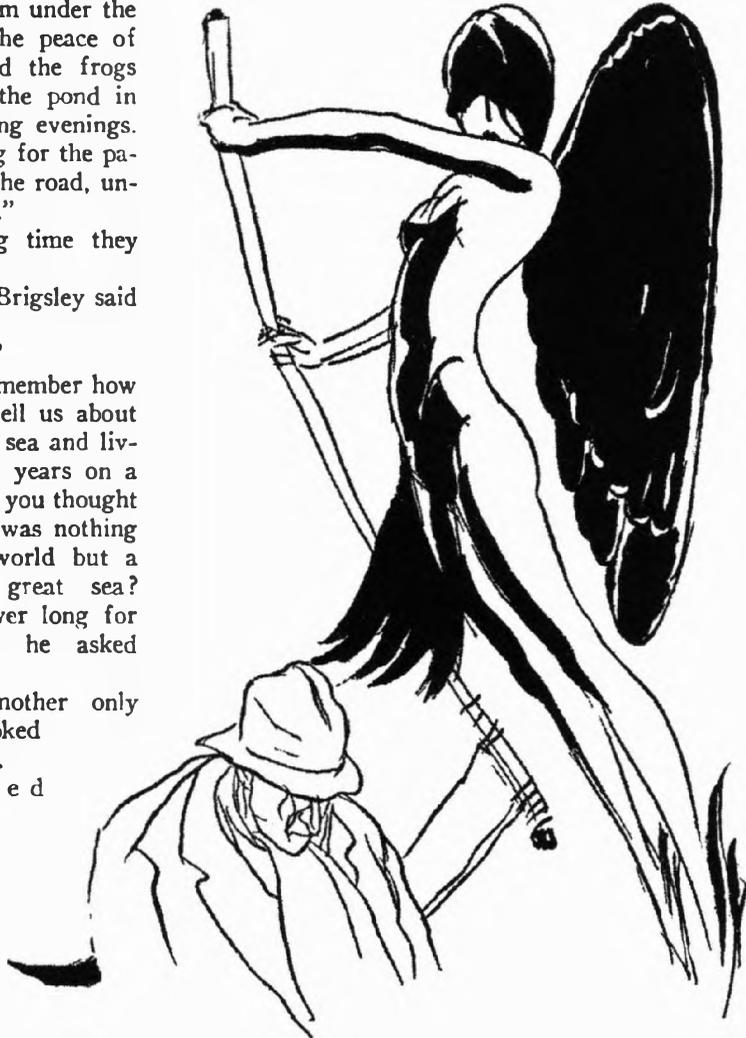
But the mother only smiled and stroked back his hair.

He dozed lightly, waking as an ember burst in the dying fire, and a thin wisp of smoke stole up into the room and

disappeared. The clock on the mantelpiece whirred and struck one. Brigsley was all at once possessed with the feeling that he must return to the city. His father, seeming to read his thought, bent his head slightly, as if to say that he must indeed leave.

"Little mother," Brigsley asked, "do I have to go now?"

And his mother bent down and



He felt now that life was like thin ice, over which he must pass rapidly to avoid breaking through

kissed him softly on the forehead. He arose and went out quietly, the parents turning to look after him. In the dim mirror of the hall he caught a glimpse of his own face as he passed—a boyish, wistful, half-forgotten face.

Outside, under the plum tree by the road, the white horse and buckboard awaited him.

BRIGSLEY must have fallen asleep on the way back to town, for he awoke to find himself sitting among the huge, parked cars on King street, with the horse drowsing at the curb. He got down stiffly and found his way home. His wife had just returned from the theater.

She stopped short in the act of removing her cloak. "Why Arthur, *where* have you been?"

He only passed his hand over his forehead. *Where*, indeed?

During the next few days he was steadily occupied with business. But the more he dealt with realities, the more unsubstantial they seemed. He felt now that life was like thin ice, over which he must pass rapidly to avoid breaking through.

One evening a week later, he again went walking alone. Without in the least intending to go there, he found himself in King street. Unconsciously he quickened his pace. There was the old white horse, with the buckboard, waiting. For a long while he lingered there, patting the nose of the friendly beast and falling into dreams. At length, overcome with drowsiness, he climbed into the vehicle and sat with his elbows on his knees and his face resting in his hands. He was not aroused until the horse stopped at the big farm gate.

As before, his parents were sitting by the hearth in the firelight, as if awaiting him. They talked of varied things, now and again falling into an

understanding silence as they gazed into the glowing coals. Brigsley found himself experiencing the subtle, almost forgotten childhood feeling that his parents saw more than he did, and understood deeper things, which he could only grasp faintly. But after the clock had struck one, he was obsessed with the thought that he must reach the city before daylight. Again, he fell asleep on the way back, awakening in the buckboard in King street.

Six times he repeated this experience. And each time he had less desire to return. During the intervening days he went through the routine of business, responding properly to every external stimulus, but only as one responds and acts in a dream. The world of business became a fantasy and his actual existence was in the country, where he was carried by the white horse. And there was a soothing magic in these journeys that grew upon him with each experience.

By the night of the sixth adventure, when he had just enough power of will to leave the hearth of his parents in time to reach the city before daybreak, the change in him was become apparent. Business associates began to speak about diet and overwork. And, in time, his wife realized there was something wrong. One evening she suggested that they leave the city as soon as arrangements could be made to temporarily drop business. As an afterthought, she suggested that they spend a few weeks in the country where Brigsley had passed his boyhood; at the old farm, perhaps.

"A good idea," he agreed absently. "We will drive there some evening."

"Some *evening*!" There was something of an awakening horror in his wife's look. "Some evening! But it's a three-day journey!"

"So it is," Brigsley agreed pleasantly.

AND while his wife was arranging for a consultation with the family physician, Briggsley slipped away again. This time he went directly and deliberately to King street. There he found the white horse and buckboard waiting in the halo of light from the tin lantern. He climbed in immediately and prepared for the drive.

With the skill of old but unforgotten experience, he backed the vehicle out from between the cars and started down the street.

But where was he going? He had no idea of the way, and the horse appeared puzzled. After half a block, he drew up at the curb and buried his face in his hands. He had forgotten the way, and might never find it again! Swallowed up in grief, he saw himself caught in a city of steel and stone and unresponsive machines, without means of escape. Still grieving that he had ever left his parents, who had been dead so long and whom he had yet found alive and well, he fell asleep.

Soon he was awakened by the deepening darkness around him. Sitting upright, he peered ahead, but could see nothing save the blurred whiteness of the old horse, moving steadily before him. Then he remembered. He was passing through the big grove on the way home.

Briggsley tied the horse to the plum tree and went up the path and into the house. As he had done that first time, he sat on the hearth and leaned his head against his mother's knee.

"Mother," he said, "I'm tired, tired ——"

And she smoothed his forehead and hair with her worn hands.

"Father," Briggsley said all at once, "what are we going to do tomorrow?"

The mother's hand lingered longingly over his face, but the father shook his head as at the mention of a forbidden subject.

To satisfy himself of the reality of home, Briggsley got up and went to the east window. Drawing aside the curtain, he raised the sash. At the foot of the slope, below the house, the pond shone like a great, dull splotch of silver among the dark trees that reared against the stars and there rose the swelling chorus of frogs, crying in the full ecstasy of spring. That was the first thing he had ever remembered—a spring night and the crying of frogs. He exhaled a deep breath that suddenly ended in a sob. Closing the window, he returned to the fireplace. With one arm propped against the mantelpiece, he idly watched the clock. It was about to strike twelve. Another hour, and it would be time for him to go. The hands met at the black mark. The clock would strike, now. The minute hand crept past the hour. Still it did not strike. Briggsley caught his breath. His father had forgotten to wind the striking side on Saturday night, and it had run down! Now was his time, for they were looking into the fire and not watching him. Noiselessly, he opened the old clock door and moved back the hands.

Still they had not seen him. He sat down at the hearth and suddenly became gay and talkative.

"Folks," he said, "do you know this is my birthday?"

"Have I ever forgotten?" the mother asked, holding his face between her hands. Then she was suddenly troubled, as if there was some reason why she could not give him a gift to carry away.

Turning his head on one side, he smiled boyishly at his parents. "Since it is my birthday, won't you let me stay awhile longer tonight?"

"Well," said his father, slowly, smiling a little, "perhaps you can stay until one, but only if you promise to hurry back to town."

"And what time is it now?" his mother asked looking towards the clock. "Not much after ten. Dear me! I thought it was later."

"I came early because it was my birthday," Brigsley declared.

Still smiling up at his parents, he was overcome with a happy drowsiness. And, presently, he fell asleep.

He was finally aroused by his father's voice. "Boy, it's time for you to go now; it's near two o'clock.

Brigsley did not stir, but only looked up in happy triumph.

"Folks," he exclaimed, "I'm going to surprise you! it isn't two o'clock, it's *four!* I turned the hands back, and you didn't see. It's too late to get back to the city, now. I have come home to stay!"

His father strode across to the window and drew aside the curtain. Low in the east, the sky was pink with the

first daylight. The pond and trees were visible through a thin veil of white mist. It was morning, indeed.

The mother gathered Brigsley in her arms as if he were a child. For even the first faint light that came into the room was too radiant for him to bear. The father gave a sudden cry. And the world crashed and went out.

WHEN Brigsley was found in King street early the next morning, sitting dead in the buckboard of a belated farmer, all his friends and business associates were shocked at the strange and painful circumstances surrounding his end. But there was no one who could explain the look of ecstasy on his face. No one knew how he had fallen asleep at the hearth of his parents—or how the white horse and buckboard had come to take him home.



THE ATHENIAN GHOST

BELIEF in ghosts dates back to antiquity; and ghost stories were known by the ancients. Pliny the Younger, a famous Roman author, recounts the tale of the philosopher Athenodorus, and the Athenian ghost.

The philosopher bought a house which was reputed to be haunted. On the first night of his residence, he heard the sound of chains and was startled by the appearance of an old man, locked with irons, who beckoned to him.

The philosopher followed the strange visitant, and when they reached the yard outside the house, the phantom disappeared. The yard was later dug up, and a skeleton, bound with chains, was discovered. The remains were properly buried, and the house was no longer haunted.

This story was thoroughly believed, and was told on good authority, for the philosopher Athenodorus was the tutor of Augustus, and a man of high repute.

MAGIC PICTORIAL



HERE is a group of Indian magicians—wonder-workers of the Orient—as they appear in their native costumes. These are typical fakirs: the men who perform the "Mango Tree" and "Basket Trick" as well as other celebrated mysteries. The magician second from the reader's left is playing the "bean," or fageolet, which is used by nearly every native magician.

These magicians form a troupe of performers, each one having his favorite tricks which he can present especially well. Many of the fakirs of India travel in companies.



AMONG the magicians of the twentieth century, the name of the late John W. Sargent will be long remembered. He was an outstanding member of the Society of American Magicians, and possessed a remarkable personality that was truly magical. He owned a large collection of magical books and literature and was for many years secretary to the famous Harry Houdini.





MAGIC in Zululand! The picture shows a witch doctor who with the aid of his "divining rod" foretells the future of two holdouts of the tribe. The witch doctor is an important personage in all Zulu communities. He cures aches and pains, drives out devils and administers love potions.

ON THE right is a dwarf yogi of India riding a cart of spikes. Religious devotees of the Orient who claim to possess supernatural powers demonstrate their superiority over other mortals by forms of self torture. Many of these fanatic willingly undergo great pain.



WE PRESENT herewith a world famous sword dancer demonstrating his ability as a sword swallower. Iron-clad champion sword dancer, does not confine his efforts to dancing with edged weapons but swallows them as well. He is one of a troupe of Russian Circuses who recently arrived in America. They will tour the country giving demonstrations of their ability as horsemen, swordsmen, and dancers. I recall to one of the principal performers of this aggregation and his apparent immunity to swords is seemingly miraculous. Sword swallowing is an Oriental art which has spread throughout the world.



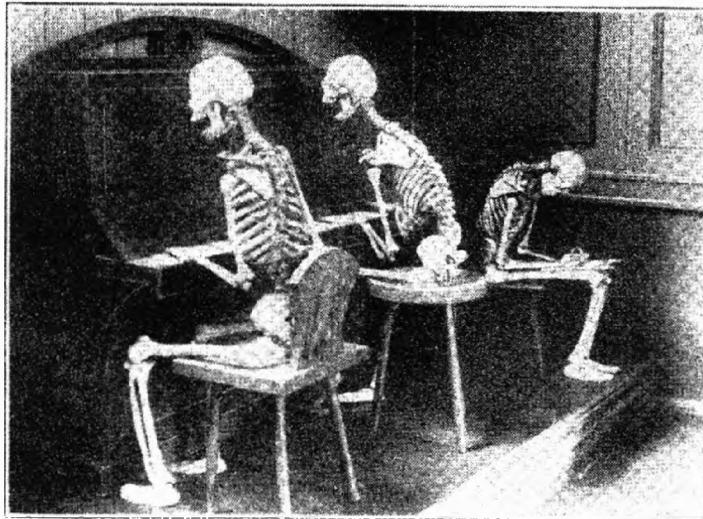


AN ORIENTAL "ghost house." This grotesque structure is located on one of the islands of the Bismarck Archipelago in the South Pacific Ocean. Herein dwells the real master of his tribe, the medicine man, whose reputed magic art commands considerable reverence and power. The exterior decorations of his dwelling serve to drive away evil spirits.



AMAZING photograph of an exhibition of living skeletons. These visitors from the tomb have returned to the classroom and are shown at work. The exhibit was recently produced in Germany to demonstrate the skeleton's normal positions in daily life. By clever mechanical arrangements they were made to assume their life-like poses. Imagine a room-full of these grotesque creatures at work late at night!

HERE are more of the weird skeletons playing a duet on a piano while they sing a spectral tune. This is one of the scenes from the famous Berlin exhibit of skeletons which perform many of the actions of living beings.



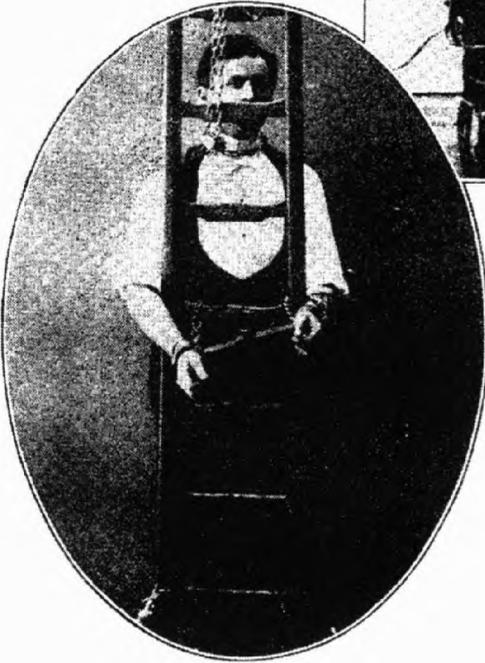
IN THE oval is pictured Andrew Macallister, the famous Scotch magician who appeared in New York in 1848. He was a pupil of the celebrated conjurer Philippe, and performed the astounding feat of pouring twenty-two varieties of liquors from one bottle.



BELOW we have the magical den of Harry J. Alpigini, a prominent professional magician of Philadelphia. This studio is now located in Oaklyn, N. J., and it contains mystic curios from all quarters of the globe. The photo shows Alpigini engaged in conversation with his "Talking Skull."



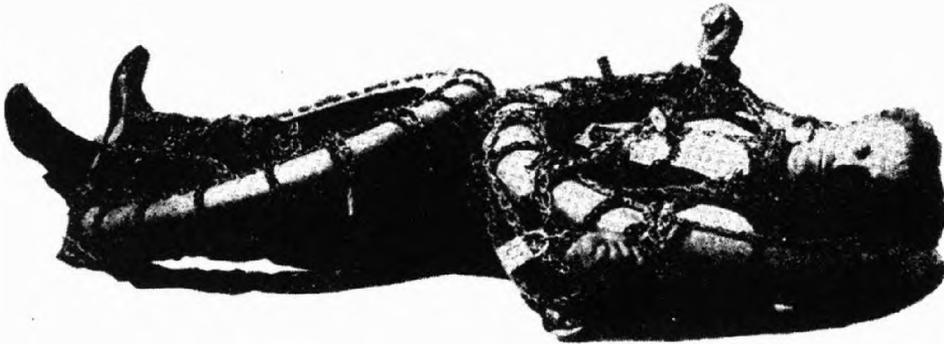
HOUDINI was noted for his ability to escape from prison cells and other places of confinement. This picture shows him in Paris more than twenty years ago. Tied firmly to a chair and guarded by a policeman, Houdini was challenged to make his escape—which he did.

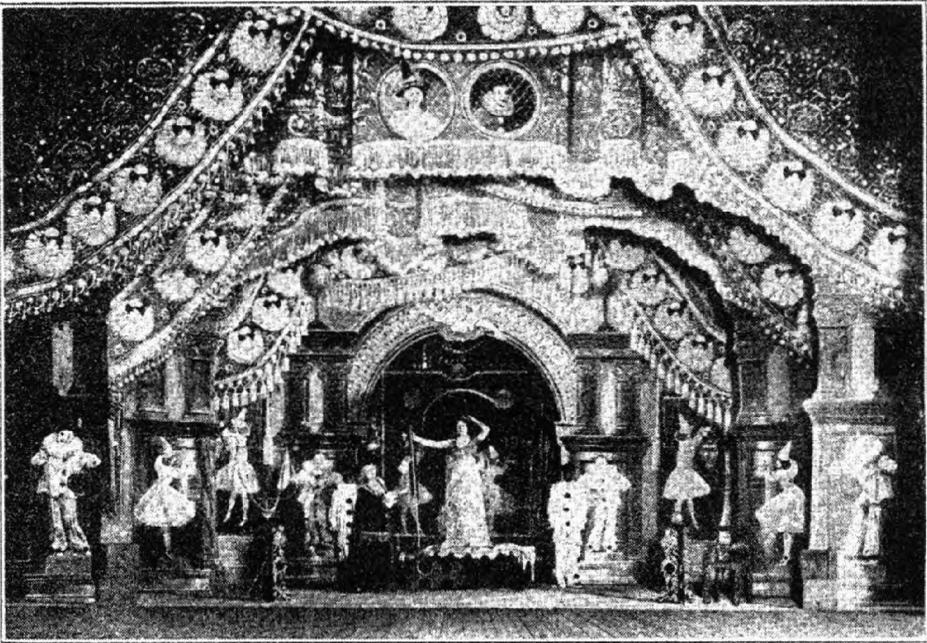


AN UNUSUAL photograph of Houdini locked to a ladder. Note that his wrists, ankles, and legs are firmly chained and that the rungs of the ladder prevent him from changing the position of his body. This was one of his early challenges that resulted in a successful escape.



ONE of Houdini's most remarkable escapes was effected from a tangle of Weed chains, with his head and feet through automobile tires. The difficulty of the escape is plainly evident to everyone who views the picture. This escape followed a challenge by the makers of the chains.





ABOVE is the beautiful stage setting used by Adelaide Herrmann, widow of Herrmann the Great, in her vaudeville performances. Madame Herrmann appears at the left center attired as Cagliostro. This is one of the most spectacular magical acts ever presented on the stage.



WHOO is this?
Guess the name of the famous magician shown in the accompanying picture. Wrong! Guess again!

It is a photograph of none other than the famous Harry Kellar, taken in the early nineties. In later years he appeared in public without the high hat or the moustache, so only the old-timers will recognize this photograph. A portrait of Kellar as he appeared later is shown on another page.





HOWARD THURSTON, world's master magician, whose amazing experiences and adventures are a monthly feature of this magazine. In the accompanying article Thurston tells of a thrilling episode which occurred during his visit to India twenty years ago.

Further Adventures in India

By HOWARD THURSTON

IN CALCUTTA, India, I encountered an adventure which proved one of the outstanding events of my life. More than once I have faced difficult situations; but there I was surrounded by danger that seemed insurmountable.

I shall first relate the circumstances that led up to the event; then my readers will realize something of the peril that surrounded me.

After playing four weeks at the Theatre Royal, I leased the Classic Theatre, on Beadon Street, in the heart of the native district. The Classic Theatre was an old native play-house which had been condemned five years before. I took it for six weeks, and started immediately on repairs. Sixteen wagon-loads of dirt were taken from the stage and dressing rooms. The balcony was shored up; seats were put in, and lights were installed.

On the opening day, the compound surrounding the theatre was filled with people at five o'clock in the morning. They were waiting for the box office to open for the evening's performance. We turned away hundreds of people at every show, and our phenomenal success was the cause of much annoyance to nearby native theatres although

we charged five times as much admission.

The native journals of Calcutta gave rather amazing attention to my show. One newspaper described me as an angel sent down from heaven to indicate to all believers some of the powers that would be theirs if they remained true to their religion. This report was widely read, and I was conceded by many to be endowed with supernatural powers. I smiled at the newspaper story, for I did not realize at the moment of what vast importance it would shortly prove to be.

The natives were, at this time, supporting a movement to boycott British goods. There had been some talk of placing my show under the ban, but I paid little attention to these rumors, until, one Saturday evening, I observed a great mob gathering in the streets.

I was on my way to the Classic Theatre, so I told my driver to hurry, as I thought there would be difficulty holding the mob at the box office. When I reached the theatre the owner met me and frantically urged me away. He said it would be dangerous for me to get out of my carriage, and explained that the representatives of the other theatres had spread the news that

I was an Englishman, and that my show should come under the boycott.

Night was falling, and by the light of flaming torches I could perceive the faces of the mob, grim and defiant. Men were brandishing torches, and the shouted imprecations of the crowd added to its formidable aspect.

Nevertheless, I disregarded the advice of the owner of the theatre and pushed my way through a side gate, where I found the attachés in great fear. They advised me to close immediately. Instead I telephoned the Commissioner of Police, and asked him to send a squad of policemen. He replied that I should not have come to a native theatre, but should have been content with my engagement at the

Theatre Royal; but I persisted, and he finally agreed to send twenty men.

We waited inside the theatre, while the mob stormed at the gates. It appeared certain they would soon break through, and we counted the moments anxiously, fully realizing the danger of the situation. After a brief space of time that yet seemed many hours, the native policemen arrived. I left the stage door and met them, feeling confident that they would disperse the mob and end our difficulties.

Instead, the great crowd attacked the policemen, took away their swords, helmets and badges, and drove them away! This unexpected turn of events left me alone and unprotected, virtually surrounded, and with no means of escape! The mob was exultant at its success, and became more unruly than before.

I knew that I was in immediate peril. One desperate course seemed before



me. That was to address the mob and work the angry men into a friendly humor. Before anyone could interfere, I pushed my way through the crowd and mounted a stone base which supported a large iron fence separating the theatre from the street. There I held up my hand for silence. I was greeted with jeers, and the brandishing of knives, clubs and torches. I had become a target for the crowd.

I REALIZED then that the mob consisted of natives of the lower caste, who could not understand English—and I could not speak their language! Near me was a babu, or native business man. Quick as a flash I seized him by the collar and pulled him up beside me. This procedure partially quieted the mob; but the babu was nervous, and essayed to desert me. I held him firmly and insisted that he interpret my remarks.

I said: "I am not an Englishman. I am an American. I am your friend. Two weeks ago I gave sixteen hundred rupees to the flood sufferers outside of Calcutta."

The babu endeavored to interpret my words. Then one man shouted something in Hindustanee, and the whole mob took up the cry. I asked

the babu what they were saying, and he told me that their words were: "We want sixteen thousand rupees! We want sixteen thousand rupees!"

I acted on the suggestion. I told the mob, through the babu, that if they would buy tickets to the show, I would give all the receipts of that night to the flood sufferers. This had a temporary quieting effect on them, until one ugly looking fellow shouted: "We want the money now".

Then he leaped toward me and brandished his torch in my face. Instead of attempting to pacify him, I seized his torch and threw it on the ground. He pressed toward me with fearful gesticulations, and I placed my hand against his face and shoved him back. It was the worst thing I could possibly have done. Instantly the mob became furious, and dozens of men surged around me, shouting threatening words at the top of their voices.

I asked the babu what they were saying.

He exclaimed: "They are crying 'Why did you strike him? Why did you strike him? We want sixteen thousand rupees! Down with the Englishman!'"

With those words, he jumped down from the stone, and I stood there, with my back against the iron fence, watching every movement of those pressing close to me, fearful that at any moment someone would start the attack. I knew that I was physically powerless against the mob; and that I was in truth in the greatest danger of my life. I was certain that if one person as much as laid a hand upon me, it would be the end.

I hesitated for an instant. Then I decided upon becoming the aggressor. I raised my right hand in the air, assumed a bold attitude, and shouted:

Instantly the mob became furious. It surged around me shouting threatening words



"I am an American! I am your friend! Stop! I will give you sixteen thousand rupees!"

Either the mob sensed the meaning of my words, or was impressed by my attitude of defiance. Those near me stopped to listen, and the men began to quiet down. Grasping my opportunity, I seized the babu by the coat collar and drew him up on the step. I made him tell the crowd that all the money that came in that night would be given, not to the flood sufferers, but to them personally.

He interpreted my words, and they worked like a charm. The mob subsided enough for me to tell them that the box office was open, and that all who bought tickets would get their money back after the performance.

On the outskirts of the crowd were many natives who were not part of the mob, but people who had come to see my show. I requested the unruly ones to stand quietly while they passed in. But now the most difficult part of my task lay before me. I had won a temporary victory in quieting the mob; but unless I could completely satisfy them, all my efforts would be as nothing. I was still surrounded. Any attempt to make a hasty departure would produce a new outburst, and my control of the situation would be utterly lost.

Like an inspiration, the story published in the native daily came to my mind. These people themselves had credited me with occult powers. There lay my path to victory. Through the babu I began to talk to the crowd. Silence reigned as I repeated that I was an American; that I was the great magician who could make people float in the air; who could pass living persons from one place to another; who could cut off a duck's head and place it on a rooster.

I mentioned that I could cast strange spells of good luck or of misfortune; and that as I had the power to bring happiness to them, so could I cast evil spells upon them; but as I knew they had been misinformed by the theatre owners, who were afraid of my power, I would not injure them, but would cast my spell over the men who had misled them!

Then I added that I would reward them greatly because they had believed me, and that if they went home immediately, and caused no further disorder, I would give them good luck, happiness and wealth, and they would all live to a very old age.

This speech had an amazing effect. Many of them had been influenced by the story in the newspaper and believed that I was endowed with supernatural powers. Those who were nearest to me felt that they would be the chief recipients of the promised favors, and they began to walk away, passing the babu's words to those on the outskirts. A subdued murmur ran through the crowd. All enmity was forgotten, and these poor, simple, superstitious people gradually dispersed, leaving me alone with the babu.

My troubles were ended, and I walked quietly into the theatre, where the delayed performance began, before a large and enthusiastic audience. I continued my twelve weeks' engagement at Calcutta with capacity crowds every night, and from that time on there was not even the smallest disturbance.

But I shall never forget the overwhelming sense of danger that swept over me as the crowd surged forward, when I pushed my hand in the ruffian's face. The flaming torches, the excited faces, and the weird, terrifying shouts will remain forever in my memory.

The Onyx Vase

Kaid Ali ben Achmet Has Become the Proud Possessor of an Ancient Vase Once Owned by the Queen of Sheba. It Suddenly Develops Amazing Properties and the Wisdom of Sage and Seer is Put to a Test

By CARL M. ROSENQUIST

"MY MOST excellent friends," said Kaid Ali ben Achmet, when conversation flagged under the genial soporific of cigarette smoke, "come with me to the garden; I have a treasure newly arrived from Alexandria—a vase, three cubits in height, wrought from a single piece of onyx. Hiram, king of Tyre, sent it to the queen of Sheba full of the red gold of Ophir, and the young queen chose it as her most acceptable offering to King Solomon. She hid herself within it and covered it with purple curtains and had it borne on the strong shoulders of slaves to the throne of King Solomon."

"I have heard of that vase from Babylonian archeology," said the professor, interested. "Did not one of Nebopolassar's spies conceal himself in it and learn the secrets which led to the fall of Nineveh?"

"Yes, my esteemed friend, the same. It was carried away to Babylon with the spoils of war. Generations later Cyrus the Persian gave it to a captain of his army, who sold it into Byzantium for a thousand pieces of silver. From that day it stood in the palace of the sultans till Suleiman the Magnificent, seeking a reward for a man who had saved his life, gave him the

vase. The man who saved the life of the sultan was my forefather. To this day the vase has passed from father to son, and now my father, being old, has given the treasure to me."

The kaid and his guests—Vice-Consul Smith, Dr. Oldfather, professor of Egyptology, and Hadj Youssouf, a holy man, thrice a pilgrim to Mecca—passed out of the cool house to the white-sanded paths of the garden. They walked between smooth-clipped hedges of tamarisk and myrtle, among flowering beds of poppy, iria and exotic convolvuli, till they came to an open space where, poised on a cube of polished black marble, stood the onyx vase.

The four men were held for a minute in wordless admiration. The vase was nearly as tall as a man. Its shining surface vibrated in the bright afternoon sun as if alive. Its quivering hue wavered from the ethereal blue-green of chrysolite and lapis-lazuli to the deep, mysterious blue-purple of beryl and aquamarine. It bore no figures or design, no ornamentation to detract from its superb loveliness.

Smith, the practical, matter-of-fact American, stepped up for a closer examination. The waxy luster of the blue-veined stone invited his touch. He

put out his hand. As his finger-tips met the smooth surface he jerked back suddenly.

"Well, I'll be — Excuse me, gentlemen, but that thing's *hot*," he said defensively, in answer to the surprised looks on the faces of the other men.

"But did you not touch the shaded side?" asked the kaid, polite but unbelieving. With his own hands he felt the vase. As he touched it in various spots, his eyes grew wide with astonishment.

"How strange! The vase is cool in the sun and hot on the side of the shadow."

The aged pilgrim from Mecca and the professor of Egyptology withheld their nods of agreement until they, too, had touched both sides of the vase. The professor compressed his thin lips and muttered "hm" very impressively.

Vice-Consul Smith refused to be mystified for long. "It's some kind of trick—if you'll excuse my saying

so—hot-water pipes or steam or something inside of it. Common sense tells me you can't have heat on the shady side without machinery to make it. And more likely the sunny side has cold water circulating through."

The kaid bowed to the vice-consul. "My most esteemed friend," he submitted warmly, "pray forgive a host's presumption. That vase was old, three thousand years old, before Americans came with their steam heat. In that long span of years, princes and potentates without number have beheld it and found it a thing of beauty. If it be not destroyed, it will give joy to men a thousand years after steam heat has been forgotten. Do you think I would mar its perfect beauty with pipes of iron? No, I should not dare change its faintest line."

"I give up," Smith conceded after mounting the block of marble and peering into the empty vase. "But anyhow, Ali ben Achmet, it's queer; the exact opposite of what you'd expect. How do you explain it?"

"This vase has survived war and flame and earthquake. It has beheld the rise and fall of kings; it has out-lived many kingdoms. It has seen hope and victory and joy; it has seen suffering and defeat and black despair. Could all this be without effect? Nay, my friends, the vase has been too close to life not to feel and change, even as we feel and change. The essence of life has entered into it and become a part of it—something of what the Hindu philosophers call *Atma*, the soul of the universe. . . . The sight of a palm quickens the breath of a traveler; a maiden's thought brings a blush to her cheek; the onyx vase has responded to our admiration in the way we have seen."

"Exceedingly fanciful — exceedingly," Professor Oldfather observed, "but at odds with all scientific knowl-



The kaid was silent in thought
for a few seconds



"How strange! The vase is cool in the sun and hot on the side of the shadow"

edge. One might ask why the blush does not extend to the sunny side. Surely you will admit your explanation is inadequate."

The kaid was silent in thought for a few seconds. "A host is never wiser than his guest," he answered slowly. "I do not understand it. But perhaps you have the solution?" He thus gracefully yielded the floor.

THE professor was quick to follow up the kaid's admission.

"Now that two explanations have failed," he began pompously, "may I suggest the application of science? This vase is made of a variety of—ah, let's see—onyx, or chalcedony, perhaps; a quartz, a crystalline silica. You are aware of the enormous amount of energy stored in a crystalline molecule.

It is quite probable that after so many years—three thousand, did you say, sir?—the molecules are disintegrating, breaking up into the original elements. In this process much energy is released and naturally appears in the form of heat, as we have just seen.”

“But, professor,” Kaid Ali ben Achmet objected mildly, “the coolness of the sunny side—are you not forgetting that, too?”

“Hm, yes,” the professor smiled indulgently, “this phenomenon must seem strange indeed to the lay mind. Permit me to add that the vibrations of the sun’s ray may prevent the disintegration of the molecules. That will explain it satisfactorily.”

The professor put his finger-tips together and rocked slowly back and forth on his heels.

“Aren’t you slipping up a little there, doctor?” Smith put in. “Of course I’m strong for science and all that, but I can’t swallow this stuff about the sun. I’ve been hearing all my life that the sun generally hastens disintegration. How about it?”

“Oh, yes, to be sure, to be sure,” the professor retreated. “One is likely to overlook some things now and then. The disintegration theory obviously does not apply in this instance or the vase would be hot in every part. Cool in the sun and hot in the shade—a most remarkable phenomenon. Is there another explanation?”

The kaid spoke. “The mechanical genius and the learning of the West have failed,” he said. “My own explanation proved wrong. Let us try the wisdom of the East. We have not yet heard it. Tell us, Hadj Youssof, why is the vase cool where it should be hot and hot where it should be cool?”

The holy man stirred slightly, as one being called from a deep sleep. It was long before he answered. His

voice sounded low and distant, like that of a man in a deep cavern. His first words rustled in his throat like autumn leaves in the wind. The listeners bent nearer. “—And wisdom comes only by prayer and fasting, and then alone to True Believers. No less than diligent reading of the Most Per-spicious Book will yield the answer. And perhaps not even that. Allah is great and his ways are inscrutable.”

“We are grateful to you, Haj Youssof,” said the host reverently. “Does the answer please our American friends?”

“I don’t mean to be disrespectful, but I must say I don’t take much stock in the supernatural,” argued Smith. “This is harder to believe than anything we’ve heard so far. As a matter of fact, it’s no explanation at all.”

“The young man has spoken well,” said Hadj Youssof very slowly. “I cannot tell why the sun shines coldly and the warmth gathers in the shadow. It is beyond my knowledge and contrary to the ways of nature.”

“Well, gentlemen, this is certainly queer,” Smith reflected. “We’ve all had our say and not one of us has made it a bit clearer than it was in the beginning. I can see with my own eyes there’s no artificial heat. The doctor’s theory kills itself. The kaid backs out and Hadj Youssof reveals his wisdom by giving up without first making a fool of himself. It’s queer, darned queer.”

The four men felt the vase again and again, marveling.

“What do you suppose can be the cause of this strange condition?” asked the professor of no one in particular. His assurance was gone, his well-ordered faith in the omniscience of science had given way to genuine bewilderment. He looked anxiously at the faces about him. But no one answered his question.

"I had hoped it was a dream," said the kaid after feeling both sides of the vase for the tenth time. "It almost frightens me."

His knitted brows and taut lips indicated that the mystery worried him. His hand trembled as he touched the vase.

The vice-consul ran around minutely examining everything in the immediate vicinity, like an amateur detective looking for finger prints. From time to time he ejaculated, "Queer, darned queer, isn't it?"

Only Hadj Youssouf remained calm. He had given up and would not waste his time in fruitless questions. He was content to let the hot shade and the cool sun of the vase remain a mystery, forever unexplained.

"I can't stand this," exclaimed Smith at last. "It's uncanny. It's like the universe slipping gears." And he glanced quickly around as if he expected to catch an evil spirit creeping

stealthily up on him from away behind.

"Yes, let us go away," agreed the professor in a dry whisper. But he made no move to go alone.

A slight noise startled them like a lightning flash in the dark. It was only the step of a plodding Berber servant coming into the garden to trim the hedges. The strange actions of the men about the vase caught his eye and he stopped for a moment to look at them. Then, frightened by the expression on the face of his master, he ran up and threw himself prostrate before the kaid.

"Forgive me, *sidi*; I meant no harm," he pleaded abjectly.

"Rise up, M'Barak," commanded the kaid hoarsely. "What have you done to displease me?"

"I meant no harm. I only touched the vase because it was so beautiful. It was so hot in the sun I was afraid it would break. So I turned it around, but I handled it gently, very gently."

MECHANICAL MEN

MANY fanciful stories have been told of marvelous mechanical men, but few persons realize that such figures were actually constructed and operated more than one hundred and fifty years ago!

Pierre Jacquet-Droz, and his son, Henri-Louis, were skilled mechanics who lived in Switzerland, and who were two of the most ingenious men of their time. They built various automatic figures, among which were two automata that represented small children. One of these figures wrote words and sentences with its hand; the other drew pictures, and so perfect was the mechanism that the drawing figure could even draw special figures upon certain occasions.

Henri-Louis took these inventions to Spain, where the figures performed so remarkably that the owner was arrested, due to a claim of his English manager that the automata were possessed of supernatural power. Jacquet-Droz was freed, but the figures were actually brought to trial! As they did not act of their own accord, the case was dropped, and the English manager, who had remained in Spain, took them with him and sold them to a French nobleman.

The figures remained in obscurity for some years, and were finally brought forth for exhibition after their forgotten secret of operation had been rediscovered. As late as 1907 they were on exhibition in France, and in all probability they still exist.



The window-shutters, which I had fastened the day before, were wide open, and the daylight, streaming in, fell upon a disordered bed

The Soul That Could Leave Its Body

By LUDWIG HAUPT

ALBERT LACHNER was my particular friend and fellow-student. We studied together at Heidelberg; we lived together; we had no secrets from each other.

On leaving the university, Albert decided on following the profession of medicine. I was possessed of a moderate competence and a little estate at Ems, on the Lahn; so I devoted myself to the tranquil life of a *propriétaire* and a book-dreamer.

Albert went to reside with a physician, as pupil and assistant, at the little town of Cassel; I established myself in my inheritance.

I was delighted with my home; with my garden, sloping down to the rushy margin of the river; with the view of Ems, the turreted old *Kürhaus*, the suspension-bridge, and, further away, the dark wooded hills, closing in the little colony on every side. I planted my garden in the English style; fitted up my library and smoking-room; and furnished one bed-chamber especially for my friend. This room overlooked the water, and a clematis grew up round the window. I placed there a book-case, and filled it with his favorite books; hung the walls with engravings which I knew he admired, and chose draperies of his favorite color. When all was complete, I wrote to him, and bade him come and spend

his summer-holiday with me at Ems.

He came; but I found him greatly altered. He was a dark, pale man; always somewhat taciturn and sickly, he was now paler, more silent, more delicate than ever. He seemed subject to fits of melancholy abstraction, and appeared as if some all-absorbing subject weighed upon his mind—some haunting care, from which even I was excluded.

He had never been gay, it is true; he had never mingled in our Heidelberg extravagances—never been one of the fellowship of Foxes—never boated, and quarreled, and gambled like the rest of us. But then he was constitutionally unfitted for such violent sports; and a lameness which dated from his early childhood proved an effectual bar to the practice of athletic exercises.

Still, he was strangely altered; and it cut me to the heart to see him so sad, and not to be permitted to partake of his anxieties. At first I thought he had been studying too closely; but this he protested was not the case. Sometimes I fancied that he was in love, but I was soon convinced of my error: he was changed—but how or why, I found it impossible to discover.

After he had been with me about a week, I chanced one day to allude to the subject of mesmerism, and added

some light words of incredulity as I spoke. To my surprise, he expressed his absolute faith in every department of the science, and defended all its phenomena, even to clairvoyance and mesmeric revelation, with the fervor of a determined believer.



I found his views on the subject more extended than any I had previously heard. To mesmeric influences he attributed all those spectral appearances, such as ghosts, wraiths, and doppelgängers; all those noises and troubled spirits; all those banshees or family apparitions; all those hauntings and miscellaneous phenomena, which have from the earliest ages occupied the fears, the thoughts, and the inquiries of the human race.

After about three weeks' stay, he left me, and returned to his medical studies at Cassel, promising to visit me in the autumn, when the grape-harvest should be in progress. His parting words were earnest and remarkable: "Good-bye, Heinrich, 'till the gathering-season. In thought, I shall be often with you."

He was holding my hands in both his own as he said this, and a peculiar expression flitted across his countenance; the next moment, he had stepped into the diligence, and was gone.

Feeling disturbed, yet without knowing why, I made my way slowly back to my cottage. This visit of Albert's had strangely unsettled me, and I found that, for some days after his departure, I could not return to the old quiet round of studies which had been my occupation and delight before he came. Somehow our long arguments dwelt unpleasantly upon my mind, and induced a nervous sensation of which I felt ashamed.

I had no wish to believe; I strug-

gled against conviction, and the very struggle caused me to think of it the more. At last the effect wore away; and when my friend had been gone about a fortnight, I returned almost insensibly to my former routine of thought and occupation.

Thus the season slowly advanced. Ems became crowded with tourists, attracted thither by the fame of our medicinal springs; and what with frequenting concerts, promenades, and gardens, reading, receiving a few friends, occasionally taking part in the music-meetings which are so much the fashion here, and entering altogether into a little more society than had hitherto been my habit, I succeeded in banishing entirely from my mind the doubts and reflections which had so much disturbed me.



ONE evening, as I was returning homeward from the house of a friend in the town, I experienced a delusion, which, to say the least of it, caused me a very disagreeable sensation.

I have stated that my cottage was situated on the banks of the river, and was surrounded by a garden. The entrance lay at the other side, by the high road; but I am fond of boating, and I had constructed, therefore, a little wicket, with a flight of wooden steps leading down to the water's edge, near which my small row-boat lay moored.



This evening I came along by the meadows which skirt the stream; these meadows are here and there intercepted by villas and private inclosures. Now, mine was the first; and I could

walk from the town to my own garden-fence without once diverging from the river-path.

I was musing, and humming to myself some bars of a popular melody, when, all at once, I began thinking of Albert and his theories. This was the first time he had even entered my mind for at least two days. Thus going along, my arms folded, and my eyes fixed on the ground, I reached the boundaries of my little domain before I knew that I had traversed half the distance.

Smiling at my own abstraction, I paused to go round by the entrance, when suddenly, and to my great surprise, I saw my friend standing by the wicket, and looking over the river toward the sunset!

Astonishment and delight deprived me at the first of all power of speech; at last—"Albert!" I cried, "this is kind of you. When did you arrive?"

He seemed not to hear me, and remained in the same attitude. I repeated the words, and with a similar result. "Albert, I say, old fellow!"

Slowly he turned his head and looked me in the face; and then, even as I stood looking at him, he vanished. He did not fade away; he did not fall; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he was not there.

Trembling and awe-struck, I went into the house and strove to compose my nerves. Was Albert dead, and were apparitions truths? I dared not think—I dared not ask myself the question. I passed a wretched night; and the next day I was as unsettled as when first he left me.

It was about four days from this time when a circumstance wholly inexplicable occurred in my house. I was sitting at breakfast in the library, with

a volume of Plato beside me, when my servant entered the room, and courtesied for permission to speak.

I looked up, and supposing that she needed money for domestic purposes, drew out my purse from my pocket, saying, "Well, Katrine, what do you want now?"



She courtesied again, and shook her head. "Thank you, sir; but it is not that."

Something in the old woman's tone of voice caused me to look up hastily. "What is the matter, Katrine? Has anything alarmed you?"

"If you please, sir—if it is not a rude question, has—has any one been here lately?"

"Here!" I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"In the bed up stairs, sir."

I sprang to my feet, and turned as cold as a statue.

"The bed has been slept in, sir, for the last four nights."

I flew to the door, thrust her aside, and in a moment sprang up the staircase, and into Albert's bedroom; and there, plainly, plainly, I beheld the impression of a heavy body left upon the bed!

Yes, there, on the pillow, was the mark where his head had been laid; there the deep groove pressed by his body! It was no deception this, but a strange, an incomprehensible reality.

"It has been like this for four nights, sir," said the old woman. "Each morning I have made the bed, thinking, perhaps, that you had been in there to lie down during the day; but this time I thought I would speak to you about it."

"Well, Katrine, make the bed once more; let us give it another trial; and then —"



I said no more, but walked away. When all was in order, I returned, bringing with me a basin of fine sand. First of all, I closed and barred the shutters; then sprinkled the floor round the bed with sand; shut and locked the chamber door, and left the key, under some trivial pretext, at the house of a friend in the town. Katrine was witness to all this.

That night I lay awake and restless; not a sound disturbed the utter silence of the autumn night; not a breath stirred the leaves against my casement.

I rose early the next morning; and by the time Katrine was up and at her work, I returned from Ems with the key. "Comewithme, Katrine," I said; "and we shall see what we shall see."

At the door we paused and looked, half-terrified, in each other's faces; then I summoned courage, turned the key, and entered. The window-shutters, which I had fastened the day before, were wide open—unclosed by no mortal hand; and the daylight, streaming in, fell upon a disordered bed—upon footmarks in the sand! Looking attentively at these latter, I saw that the impressions were alternately light and heavy, as if the walker had rested longer upon one foot than the other, like a lame man.

I will not here delay my narrative

with an account of the mental anguish which this circumstance caused me; suffice it, that I left that room, locked the door again, and resolved never to re-enter it till I had learned the fate of my friend.

THE next day I set off for Cassel. The journey was long and fatiguing, and only a portion could be achieved by train. Though I started very early in the morning, it was quite night before the diligence by which the transit was completed entered the streets of the town. Faint and weary

though I was, I could not delay at the inn to partake of any refreshment, but hired a youth to show me the way to Albert's lodgings, and proceeded at once upon my search.

He led me through a labyrinth of narrow, old-fashioned streets, and paused at length before a high, red-brick dwelling, with projecting stories and a curiously-carved doorway. An old man with a lantern answered my summons; and, on my inquiring if Lachner lodged there, desired me to walk up stairs to the third floor.

"Then he is liv-

ing!" I cried, eagerly.

"Living!" echoed the man, as he held the lantern at the foot of the staircase to light me on my way—"living!



He led me through narrow, old-fashioned streets

Mein Gott, we want no dead lodgers here!"

After the first flight, I found myself in darkness, and went on, feeling my way step by step, and holding by the broad balusters. As I ascended the third flight, a door on the landing suddenly opened, and a voice exclaimed: "Welcome, Heinrich! Take care; there is a loose plank on the last step but one."

It was Albert, holding a candle in his hand—as well, as real, as substantial as ever. I cleared the remaining interval with a bound, and threw myself upon him.

"Albert, Albert, my friend and companion, alive—alive and well!"

"Yes, alive," he replied, drawing me into the room, and closing the door. "You thought me dead?"

"I did indeed," said I. Then glancing round at the blazing hearth—for now the nights were chill—the cheerful lights, and the well-spread supper-table: "Why, Albert," I exclaimed, "you live here like a king."

"Not always thus," he replied, with a melancholy smile. "I lead in general a very sparing, bachelor-like existence. But it is not often I have a visitor to entertain; and you have never before partaken of my hospitality."

"How!" I exclaimed, quite stupefied; "you knew that I was coming?"

"Certainly. I have even prepared a bed for you in my own apartment."

I gasped for breath, and dropped into a seat.

"And this power—this spiritual knowledge——"

"Is simply the effect of magnetic relation—of what is called *rapport*."

"Explain yourself."

"Not now, Heinrich. You are exhausted by the mental and bodily excitement which you have undergone. Eat now; eat and rest. After supper, we will talk the subject over."



"Mein Gott, we want no dead lodgers here!"

Wearied as I was, curiosity, and a vague sort of horror which I found it impossible to control, deprived me of appetite, and I rejoiced when, drawing toward the hearth with our *meerschau*ms and Rhine-wine, we resumed the former conversation.

"YOU are, of course, aware," began my friend, "that in those cases where a mesmeric power has been established by one mind over another, a certain *rapport*, or intimate spiritual relationship, becomes the mysterious link between those two natures.

"This *rapport* does not consist in the mere sleep-producing power; that is but the primary form, the simplest stage of its influence, and in many in-

stances may be altogether omitted. By this I mean that the mesmerist may, by a supreme act of volition, step at once to the highest power of control over the patient, without traversing the intermediate gradations of somnolency or even clairvoyance.

"This highest power lies in the will of the operator, and enables him to present images to the mind of the other, even as they are produced in his own. I can not better describe my subject than by comparing the mind of the patient to a mirror, which reflects that of the operator as long, as often, and as fully as he may desire. This rapport I have long sought to establish between us."

"But you have not succeeded."

"Not altogether; neither have my efforts been quite in vain. You have struggled to resist me, and I have felt the opposing power baffling me at every step; yet sometimes I have prevailed, if but for a short time. For instance, during many days after leaving Ems, I left a strong impression upon your mind."

"Which I tried to shake off, and did."

"True; but it was a contended point for some days. Let me recall another instance to your memory. About five days ago, you were suddenly, and for some moments, forced to succumb to my influence, although but an instant previous you were completely a free agent."

"At what time in the day was that?" I asked, falteringly.

"About half past eight o'clock in the evening."

I shuddered, grew strangely faint, and pushed my chair back.

"But where were you, Albert?" I muttered, in a half-audible voice.

He looked up, surprised at my emotion; then, as if catching the reflex of my agitation from my countenance,

he turned pale, even to his lips, and drops of cold sweat started on his forehead.

"I—was—here," he said, with a slow and labored articulation, that added to my dismay.

"But I saw you—I saw you standing in my garden, just as I was thinking of you, or, rather, just as the thought of you had been forced upon me."



Suddenly, as if by a last spasmodic effort, glowed with a

"And did you speak to—to the figure?"

"Twice, without being heard. The third time I cried ——"

"'Albert, I say, old fellow!'" interrupted my friend, in a hoarse, quick tone.

"My very words! Then you heard me?"

"But when you had spoken them,"

he continued, without heeding my question—"when you had spoken them, what then?"

"It vanished—where and how, I do not know."

Albert covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

"Great God!" he said feebly, "then I am not mad!" He was the color of chalk, and visibly shaken.



he turned his head in the direction of the door. The power of speech was gone, but his eyes light more vivid than that of life

I was so horror-struck that I remained silent. Presently he raised his head, poured out half a tumblerful of brandy, drank it at a draught, and then turning his face partly aside, and speaking in a low and preternaturally even tone, related to me the following amazing narrative:

"Dr. Kelvin, under whom I have been studying for the last year here in Cassel, first convinced me of the reality of the mesmeric doctrine; before then, I was as hardened a skeptic as yourself. As is frequently the case in these matters, the pupil—being, perhaps, constitutionally inclined more toward those influences—soon penetrated deeper into the paths of mesmeric search than the master.

"By a rapidity of conviction that seems almost miraculous, I pierced at once to the essence of the doctrine, and, passing from the condition of patient to that of operator, became sensible of great internal power, and of a strength of volition which enabled me to establish the most extraordinary raptures between my patients and myself, even when separated from them by any distance, however considerable.

"Shortly after the discovery of this new power, I became aware of another and a still more singular phenomenon within myself. In order to convey to you a proper idea of this phenomenon, I must beg you to analyze with me the ordinary process of memory. Memory is the reproduction or summoning back of past places and events. With some, this mental vision is so vivid as actually to produce the effect of painting the place or thing remembered upon the retina of the eye, so as to present it with all its substantive form, its lights, its colors, and its shadows.

"Such is our so-called memory—who shall say whether it be memory or reality? I had always commanded this faculty in a high degree; indeed, so

remarkably, that if I but related a passage from any book, the very page, the printed characters, were spread before my mental vision, and I read from them as from the volume. My recollection was therefore said to be wondrously faithful, and, as you will remember, I never erred in a single syllable.

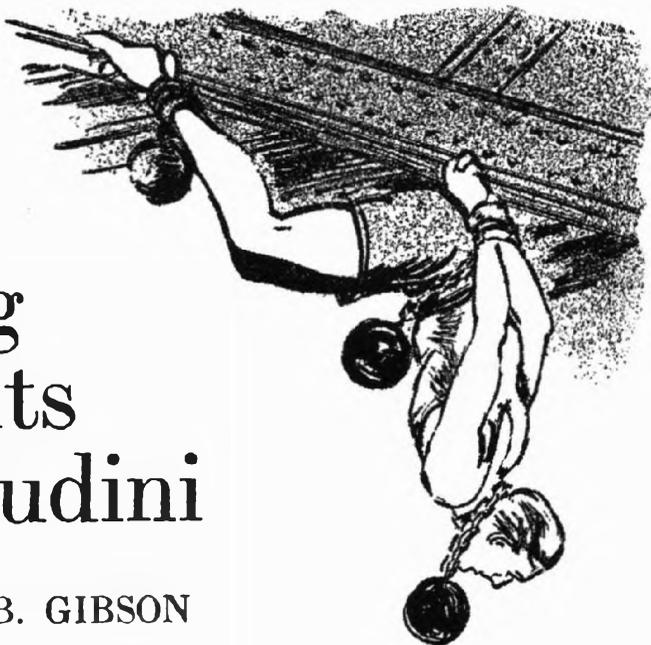
"Since my recent investigations, this faculty has increased in a very unusual manner. I have twice felt as though my inner self, my spiritual self, were a *distinct body*—yet scarcely so much a body as a nervous essence or ether; and as if this second being, in moments of earnest thought, went from me, and visited the people, the places, the objects of external life.

"No," he continued, observing my extreme agitation, "this thing is not wholly new in the history of magnetic phenomena—but it is rare. We call it, psychologically speaking, the power of far-working. But there is yet another and a more appalling phase of far-working—that of a visible appearance out of the body—that of being here and elsewhere at the same time—that of becoming, in short, a doppelganger. The irrefragable evidence of this truth I have never dared to doubt, but it has always impressed me with an unparalleled horror.

"I believed, but I dreaded; yet twice I have for a few moments trembled at the thought that I—I also may be— Oh, I can tell you, old chap, I would rather believe myself deluded, dreaming—even mad! Twice have I felt a consciousness of self-absence—once, a consciousness of self-seeing! All knowledge, all perception was transferred to my spiritual self, while a sort of drowsy numbness and inaction weighed upon my bodily part.

"The first time was about a fortnight before I visited you at Ems;
(Continued on Page 64)

It was fifty feet from the top of the bridge to the level of the water, and Houdini was heavily shackled—yet he made the leap!



Daring Exploits of Houdini

By WALTER B. GIBSON

UNDER water and in the air, Houdini performed feats of daring that were quite as spectacular as his exhibitions on the stage. His versatility amazed the public; yet his ability to perform these exploits can be traced directly to his early training.

At the age of twelve, he swam across the East River, and his interest in outdoor exercises produced in him a powerful physical development. In the year 1910, he achieved the distinction of being the first man in Australia to fly in an airplane.

This flight stands as evidence of Houdini's early interest in aviation. When he appeared in motion pictures a few years later he performed some remarkable stunts while in the air, and stated emphatically that all his feats were genuine. The doubles and fake photography used in so many pictures were tabooed by Houdini, but unfortunately the average persons who witness motion pictures are unable to dis-

tinguish between the real and the imitation.

In "The Grim Game", Houdini had a narrow escape from death while doing a stunt in the air that had an unexpected conclusion. He related his story as follows:

"During the screening of this picture, I thought at one time that my end had come. I was three thousand feet up in the airplane, circling over another machine. The plan was for me to drop from my plane into the cockpit of the other by means of a rope. I was dangling from the rope-end, ready for the leap.

"Suddenly a strong wind turned the lower plane upwards. The two machines crashed together, nearly amputating my limbs, the propellers locked in a deadly embrace, and we were spun around and around.

"But by a miracle the planes were righted into a half-glide, and though they were considerably smashed by

their impact, I managed to escape unhurt."

When the picture appeared, the story had been rearranged so as to include the action of the crashing and falling planes, which reached the ground in a shattered condition. This stands on record as one of the most spectacular scenes of motion picture photography ever produced.

Houdini's ease in the water served him well in his escapes. An interesting story is told of an experience which he encountered on his return from Australia. The ship stopped at Suava, one of the Fiji Islands, a place that is infested with huge man-eating sharks.

The natives were diving for coins, thrown overboard by the passengers, and it was said that their black skins rendered them immune from the attacks of sharks. One of these divers won the applause of the



The native diver could not free his hands to catch the coin; but Houdini could—and did

ship's passengers by coming up with a coin in his mouth, apparently having caught the money in that manner.

In the discussion that followed, Houdini stated that the man caught the coins in his hand and placed them in his mouth. Other persons doubted this statement, so someone suggested that the diver make the attempt with his hands tied behind his back.

At the same time, Houdini agreed to try the feat himself, and it was stipulated that he should be handcuffed.

Everything was set for the test, but

before the dive was made the captain of the steamer stepped forward and cautioned Houdini not to attempt it, due to the presence of the sharks, which were a great danger. Nevertheless, Houdini persisted, and his hands were locked behind him. The native diver preferred a rope to the cuffs, because of their additional weight.

The coins were tossed into the sea, and quick as a flash both divers were after them. Down into the depths they went, while the passengers waited breathlessly. A minute passed before the native diver made his reappearance. He came up, gasping for air—without his coin.

Perhaps twenty seconds later Houdini reappeared on the surface, just as the spectators were beginning to express doubts about his safety. His hands were firmly locked; but in his mouth were *both of the coins!*

He was drawn on board the ship a few seconds before the fins of the ever watchful sharks were sighted, making their rapid approach. Houdini presented the money he won by wager to the native diver he had defeated.

In an interview Houdini later explained his feat.

"In a tank," he said, "you can pick up a coin with your hands tied behind your back, because you can use your mouth, teeth and tongue to manipulate the coin. But when you are in the ocean, it is next to impossible to catch a coin and bring it up in your mouth.

"You ask me how I did it? I will let you in the secret—I didn't do it at all! When I was under water, I released one of my hands, which gave me the use of both of them; I caught my coin and observed meanwhile that the black was unable to get his. I swam after him until he had given up trying for it, and we had gone down to such a depth that my ears rang, and my head was splitting, and all I could

see was the white, shining piece of money.

"Eventually I grabbed the coin, put it in my mouth, and propelled myself violently upward. As I rose toward the surface my hands were still free, so I turned around and came up feet first. This allowed me to get my hands behind and into the cuffs, which naturally gave the impression of having been locked during the entire feat. Which is why I gave the Fiji Islander the entire amount at stake.

"I would not care to do it again; it was not for the money, I merely wanted to show that I was as good a swimmer as some of those Fiji Islanders."

UNQUESTIONABLY the underwater feats performed by Houdini were thrilling to all who witnessed them. That was probably why he devised his famous water torture cell, in which he was imprisoned upside down in a tank of water with a glass front. The audience could see him there before the cabinet was lowered over him, and the escape which he made in a few minutes was most spectacular.

But before he produced this master escape, Houdini customarily gave outdoor exhibitions. Sometimes he was lowered into deep water while handcuffed and imprisoned in a box from which he made his escape; on other occasions he leaped from a bridge, while heavily manacled.

He did this in Berlin, Germany, from the Fredrichstrasse Bridge, on the fifth of September, 1908. At Bremen, he plunged into the Weser, which was covered with a thin layer of ice, through which he broke, and then released himself. On the seventh of December, 1908, he dived, manacled, into the Mersey River at Liverpool; and eight days later he took a similar plunge into the Egbaston River at Bir-

mingham. On the nineteenth of April, the year following, he dived from the roof of the Morgue in Paris, into the Seine, and again effected his release. On the eighteenth of February, 1910, he performed a similar test in Melbourne, Australia, when he dived head-first from Queen's Bridge into the Yarra River.

Each of these exhibitions was filled with danger; but the greatest test of Houdini's iron nerve was in Portland, Maine, where he encountered unexpected difficulties. In one of his last interviews Houdini recounted the circumstances surrounding that eventful achievement.

"While in Portland," said he, "I advertised that I would dive, handcuffed, from a bridge. I went out to look the situation over, and found that the water was deep enough; and as the bridge was not very high, I decided that I could attempt the plunge from the superstructure, which was much higher, making the distance to the water as great as on some of my other famous plunges. So I advertised the feat that way, and stated the time at which it would take place."

The water in which Houdini intended to make his escape was an inlet of the ocean. Possibly he had forgotten this; at any rate, he was due for a great surprise.

"When I went out to make the jump," he continued, "a large crowd was there; but the tide was low. I had made my calculations while the water was at high tide, and I was in a predicament. I had a much longer jump to make, and much less water to do it in."

Houdini did not state the actual measurements; but the tides in Portland Harbor are by no means meagre. From his description, the leap at high tide from the superstructure was at least twenty-five feet. The tide on the

coast of Maine is very great, exceeding thirty feet in some localities, and the leap which then confronted Houdini must have been very nearly fifty feet—to which was added the grave danger of shallow water. A leap while manacled carries the diver deep beneath the surface, and the bottom of the channel loomed as a further hazard.

A man of less daring would either have abandoned the attempt or would have jumped from the lower level of the bridge; but not Houdini! He had advertised that the plunge would be taken from the superstructure, and the crowd was there to see it. So up he went, on the superstructure, and gazed down at the water far beneath him, ready to take what might prove to be a fatal plunge.

"The time had come," he said, "And so I risked everything and made the leap. It was a most dangerous thing to do, but I was successful, and the crowd was more than satisfied.

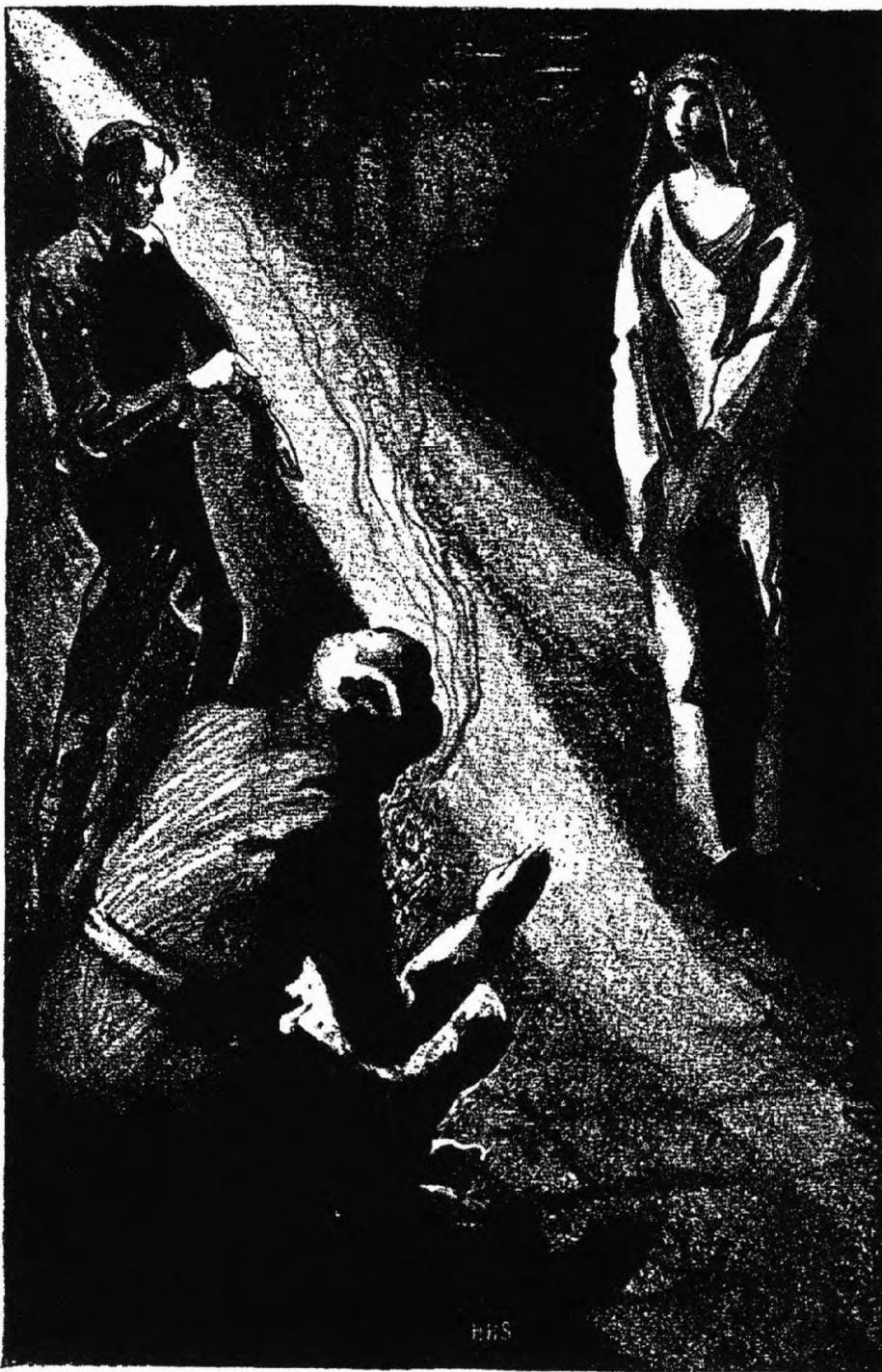
"Nevertheless," he added quietly, "I was glad when it was over!"

Just how dangerous the under water escape was is proven by the disasters which befell those imitators who sought to emulate Houdini. Two daring performers were rescued when their plans went wrong—one by the life guards at Atlantic City; another from a river in which he lay unconscious. A third performer, Ricardo by name, jumped handcuffed from the Luippold Bridge, in Landshut, Bavaria, on the fourteenth of April, 1909, and was drowned. It is probable that many others have lost their lives in similar attempts. Obviously the exploits of escape artists are only for men of stout heart and supple strength.

Further adventures of Houdini will be related in the March issue. His amazing escape from death while lashed to a falling wind-mill bordered upon the miraculous. Do not miss this thrilling event in the life of the great escape wizard.



Two of Houdini's greatest tricks are illustrated here. The four steps in the "Needle Trick" are shown in detail. The larger drawings tell the story of the "Chinese Water Torture Cell" which was Houdini's last and greatest escape. In this mystery Houdini was lowered into the tank of water in full view of the audience



He appeared to be going into a trance . . . and then, gradually evolving from the dusk, appeared the most weirdly beautiful creature it is possible to imagine

The Black Pagoda

The Third and Concluding Installment of One of the Best Mystery Stories of the Year—in Which the Amazing Adventures of David Keating in the Lost Land of the Princess Laila Are Brought to a Close

By PETER CHANCE

IN TURKESTAN, in the home of the Englishman to whom he had been carried, David Keating lay close to death. Through the long night of pain the young explorer told his strange story.

"We started," he said, "in search of a lost city in the desert. But I left the others to pursue Swamindrath, the Hindu archaeologist, who had stolen our last water jugs. As we struggled in a terrific battle, two dark skinned, white turbanned figures appeared and carried us away to a strange, forgotten city. There to our amazement we found ourselves in the presence of none other than Captain Fitzpatrick, an English explorer who had gone into the desert twelve years before, but never returned. He had remained here a captive to the charms of the high priestess Laila, a creature of unbelievable mystery and beauty.

"We were fed and given rooms overlooking the court, where I retired. I was awakened from a long sleep by a curious chanting, and looking down into the court yard, I beheld a funeral pyre. Swamindrath and I found our way to an underground temple, and there we came upon—the black pagoda.

"That pagoda covered the ashes of Captain Fitzpatrick. He had killed himself for shame at his desertion of the world, his duty and his regiment that had been wiped out during the war. As we pondered on his tragic death, Laila came, barbaric and beautiful, with a slinking snake for a pet. And at sight of her I understood—yes, even envied Fitzpatrick.

"She sent for us next morning. She was in an intimate mood. She conversed with us on magic and invited Swamindrath to pursue his studies of the occult sciences with one of her priests, a man famous for his ability to project his astral body into space. Dismissing Swamindrath on the pretext of his visiting this priest, she turned to me with a proposition—a command. I was to become her husband in place of the dead Captain Fitzpatrick. There was something fascinating, something horrible about her—I was ashamed at the thought of loving her, yet I could scarcely resist her charm. I told her no, no! I would have none of her; rather escape to death in the desert than succumb to her sinister lure. Then, as I struggled to resist her overtures, she kissed me. 'Tonight,' she whispered tensely, 'at sundown, you will come.'"

VIII

Mental Conflict

I TORE myself away from her. My head was swirling. In panic terror



Swamindrath stood watching me with a sinister smile on his face.
I looked around

I fled from that room. This woman, this she-devil, was casting her insidious spell upon me. She was robbing me of all self-respect, all power to resist. Even when I got back to my own room I found my limbs were trembling.

I began to pace the floor. I struggled to recover some composure, some element of self-control. I forced my-

self to think of her as I had seen her in the black pagoda with that horrible green and bronze serpent coiled about her. I forced myself to think of those maimed handmaidens of hers, of the funeral pyre, of her other husband whose ashes rested in the alabaster vase. I tried to recall everything about her that would make her seem repulsive and bolster up my resolution to resist her diabolic charm.

But always my mind snapped back to that moment when she had put her arms about me and when her soft red clinging lips had been pressed passionately on mine.

"Tonight," she had said, "at sundown, you will come. . . ."

In imagination I tried to rehearse my next interview with her. I resolved to defy her, submit to death, torture, anything rather than become her lover.

"Tonight, at sundown. . . ."

Ah! When sundown came, would I still have the power to defy her? Already it seemed to

me I could feel my resolution crumbling at the touch of those slim hands.

How long I paced the floor I do not know. But it was late in the afternoon when Swamindrath returned. He looked at me for a long moment without speaking.

"Well," he inquired cynically at last, "have you become Captain Fitzpatrick's successor?"

Miserably I told him what had happened. He listened with a superior smile until I spoke of the appointment Laila had given me. Then his tongue slid over his thin lips and I saw the jealous light in his eyes.

"Do you mean to say you don't want —?" he began and then, at sight of my face, broke into a contemptuous laugh. "Oh, you prudish Englishmen with your absurd sense of honor! . . . But you'll go, all right. I only wish she'd taken me in your place."

I changed the conversation. There were some things I preferred not to discuss with Swamindrath.

"What about the head priest?" I asked. "Did he show you the library?"

Immediately Swamindrath became alert.

"It was amazing," he confided. "In that library there are records of an Indo-Aryan civilization that we never dreamed of. There is a lost lore of forgotten races. With my own eyes I saw old tomes in Sanskrit, Prakrit, Tibetan, Khotanese and Sogdian. There are even manuscripts on silk, linen and some strange felted paper of vegetable fiber in the Vedic and Zend languages. I tell you, Keating, these Indo-Aryans once attained a knowledge of mysticism so vast in its extent and so profound in its depth as to be utterly beyond the limits of our comprehension!"

"But this business of separating their astral bodies from the flesh —?"

"Apparently they actually do it. When I was skeptical and asked for physical evidence of it the old priest merely inquired what I would find if I cut up a human body.

"'Blood and flesh and bone,' I told him, 'and a nervous system culminating in the brain.'

"'But would you find any physical



Asokan, the giant steward, had just come out of Laila's quarters and was walking slowly toward the wing of the palace in which our rooms were located

evidence of the thing that you call mind,' he asked, 'or of the soul, the spirit that animated the body during life?'

"He had me, of course. We know there's some such thing, even if we have no tangible evidence of it. That's what they mean by their astral bodies—a sort of spirit self that they can separate from the flesh and that leaves their bodies at death, in any case, to merge with the universal spirit force out of which all life is recreated. . . .

Believe me, Keating, I intend to do some damn interesting research work while you're making yourself agreeable to Laila."



I was standing at the window. Already long shadows reached across the court and were beginning to creep slowly up the walls of the opposite wing of the palace.

"Tonight, at sundown.

..."

I was thinking of Captain Fitzpatrick. I felt a tremendous sympathy for him at that moment. I understood now the gesture of impotent rage with which he had raised his clenched fists toward the dome of Laila's palace. In a measure it was my arrival that had been responsible for his death.

Suddenly it seemed to me that I might draw courage from again visiting the tomb of that intrepid explorer. At least, I told myself, I should be better able to resist Laila's temptations after gazing once more upon that barbaric monument to her cruel, cold-blooded vanity. I turned to Swamin-drath.

"She's not going to find me agreeable," I announced. "Before I go to her I'm going down once more into the black pagoda."

He followed me into the court. The massive door that led to the black pagoda was locked from the outside and I had to work for several minutes over the stiff, rusty bolts. Swamin-drath stood watching me with a sinister smile on his face. At last the door swung open.

I looked around.

At the far end of the court Asokan, the giant steward, had just come out of Laila's quarters and was walking slowly toward the wing of the palace in which our rooms were located. He did not see us.

"Leave the door ajar," I said to Swamin-drath and slipped hurriedly inside.

But I scarcely started down the stairs before I heard the dull reverberation of the door thrown shut! Faintly there came to me the sound of bolts thrust into their places. . . .

IX

Entombed

MY HEART gave one sickening leap. Then it seemed to settle like a dry sponge in my throat. I stood there for an instant struggling for my breath, incapable of moving. There swept over me a blind terror of the cavern below me, a frantic desire for sunlight and for open air.



I dashed back to the door and kicked it. I beat upon it with my fists. I shouted.

...

From the depths below me came a mocking echo of those blows and cries.

In that instant I visualized the whole courtyard outside the door—its fountains, its olive trees and pomegranates. In imagination I saw it all in tantalizing detail; it had never seemed so beautiful before. Almost I could see Swamin-drath as I knew he must be standing there, the sinister smile still on his face. . . . Then, as I recalled his jealousy, his contempt for my decision to defy Laila, the full significance of his act began to dawn upon me.

I was entombed. He was the only man who knew it. And he would never tell.

I could picture Asokan going into my room to summon me to Laila. I could picture the search of the palace when they found I was not there. Laila would think I had carried out

the threat I had made about escaping. If she questioned Swamindrath he would only encourage her in that belief. It might be days, weeks, months before anyone visited the tomb.

I had a feeling of nausea. It was followed by a fit of shivering that swept over my whole body. I tried to get control of myself, to *think* what I could do. But I could not think. Hysterically I began to beat upon that ponderous door.

It yielded as little as a stone wall.

When my voice was hoarse and my hands cut and bleeding, I desisted. A horror of the darkness seized me and I groped my way down the long flights of stairs and into the black pagoda.

It was strange how short a time ago I had wanted to come there and how terrible it seemed now. The great lamps that hung suspended between the huge pillars were still burning. But their points of light, instead of dispelling the darkness, seemed only to reveal in it a host of grotesque shadows that intensified my terror. I stood a long time staring at the alabaster vase. In it alone I seemed to feel some steady influence.

"Fitzpatrick. . . ."

Fitzpatrick. . . ."
It was almost as if I could feel his presence there beside me.



Then I noted the food piled at the base of his vase—the melons, the thick loaves of bread, the spiced meat to nourish his astral body on its journey to the next world. I thought suddenly of the lamps. Extinguishing one of them, I tasted the oil with which it was filled. It was made from olives, as I had half expected. For the first time I really got a grip on myself and began to plan. If I could get water there was no reason why I could not live in that cave for days.

I recalled what Swamindrath had said on our first visit about this cavern opening into the ravine between the palace and the mountains. The sound of rushing water had been quite audible from the base of the stairs. I took one of the lamps and went to explore the cavern.

It seemed to have been eaten out of solid sandstone at some time by the action of water. Suddenly I came upon a place where it opened into the ravine. By craning my neck I could see far, far above me a little streak of sky. But, from where I stood, there rose for perhaps five hundred feet a smooth, sheer wall of sandstone. A lizard hardly could have scaled it.



I looked down. Scarcely twenty feet below me rushed a turbid river. A little upstream a cascade poured into it from the opposite side of the ravine. I tried to imagine what would happen if I dived into that river. Would it carry me past other cascades, over waterfalls, perhaps? Or would it sweep me along between those confining walls of rock until, at last, the river broadened out and I should be able to crawl out on land? A desperate chance! But if the worst came to the worst I determined to attempt it.

In the meantime, by emptying the oil of one of those lamps and lowering it on its own chain, I would be able to get water.

I returned to the black pagoda and discovered suddenly that I was hungry. I ate one of the melons and a little bread. Then I lighted a cigarette. One of those Gold Flakes, it was, that Captain Fitzpatrick had relished so.

By this time Asokan must have told Laïla that I had escaped. I wondered if her feminine pride were hurt. Had

she already summoned Swamindrath in my place? That was evidently what he had been counting on and I had little doubt that he was right. Somehow the thought of her in the arms of that Bengali filled me with a jealous rage.

Oh, inconsistency of human nature!

I had come into that cavern in order to fortify my resolution to have nothing to do with her. Now the idea that Swamindrath was usurping the privilege that might have been mine made me suffer the tortures of the damned. I saw her again in my mind's eye: her exquisite face, the soft curves of her body. Once more I felt the touch of her lips against mine. I had never wanted her so much as now that I had lost her!

DURING the long watches of the night that desire grew on me. Always her image danced before me. I was half mad with love of her and with jealousy of Swamindrath.

At last I fell into a troubled sleep.

I was awakened by a sound. It seemed to me that it had been going on for several minutes and that it was remotely familiar although I did not at first recognize it. It was continuous and yet muffled, as though it came from a great distance. All at once I realized that it was the hymn to the sun—that colossal, morning chant of all those hundreds of white-robed priests. My first night in the tomb was ended.

Thereafter the hours and days dragged by on leaden feet. In the awful obscurity of that cavern day and night merged into one. Little by little my supply of food grew less. Little by little the solitude, the shadows, the horrors of that tomb were breaking down my mind.

I no longer slept except by snatches. I awoke with cold fear clutching at my heart. Always I dreamed of Laila, of food and of sunlit open spaces. Then I would awake to find myself facing that white alabaster vase.

I began to have hallucinations. What Swamindrath had told me about the Yogi mystics took hold of my imagination until I fancied I heard ghostly voices and saw the spirit of Fitzpatrick. I spent hours staring down into the river or up at the narrow streak of sky. Often I was



And then I sprang upon him. "Go back!" I shrieked. "Go back to her!"

tempted to plunge into the river, to take my chance of death or of escape.

But always my passionate desire for Laila and the hope that they might still open the tomb made me refrain.

One night I was awakened by the chanting of the priests. Another day, I thought. Then, suddenly, I sat up, straining my ears.

This time it was not the hymn to the sun. It was the chant that I had heard the night Fitzpatrick died. It was—oh, God—*it was the hymn of death!*

Whose death? A sudden hope sprang up in my heart. If it was Swamindrath who had died they would again open the black pagoda and I would be free. In an instant that hope had become conviction. For whom but a lover of Laila would they sing a hymn like that?

It is impossible to describe my joy. I sprang to my feet. The walls of the black pagoda echoed my mad laughter. With tears streaming down my cheeks I capered over the floor of that ghoul-ish shrine. . . . Sunlight! Liberty! Laila. . . . Then I dashed headlong up the stairs.

Crouching behind the heavy door I listened once more to that magnificent chant. As the sound grew in volume I could picture the whole scene. The funeral pyre would be ablaze now, the courtyard bright as day. Again I saw in my imagination the barbaric dance, the sparks streaming up into the velvet night like trailing necklaces of fire.

At intervals the hymn stopped and the hills sent

back its echo. Then it recommenced. Despite my unholy joy, that music sobered me. It was a dirge for no mere man. It was a requiem fit for the gods, a hymn to reconcile mankind with death.

Gradually the chant subsided and I knew the funeral pyre was burning out. Swamindrath's day was over and now my turn was coming. In my mind was only one thought, one desire, Laila! Again I pictured her as I first had seen her. Would she come this time wearing that same emerald scarf and with that serpent coiled about her?

(Continued on
page 68)



Easy Magic You Can Do

Impromptu Tricks With Cigarettes

A Complete Act that Anyone Can Perform

THE following tricks have been arranged so they may be presented in a routine, one following the other. They form a complete impromptu act for the magician. Each item, however, may be shown inde-



Fig. 1. How the cigarette appears when it rises from the package

pendently of the others, as each is a trick in itself.

Briefly, the act appears as follows: the magician holds up a pack of cigarettes, and at his command a cigarette rises slowly from the pack, from which he removes it. Taking a needle and thread, the magician pierces the center of the cigarette, drawing the thread through it, and then requests two people to hold the ends of the thread, while he covers the cigarette with a handkerchief. He then reaches beneath the cloth for a moment, where-

upon the handkerchief is removed, and the cigarette is seen tied to the thread. In full view the magician removes the cigarette from the thread, without tearing the cigarette or breaking the thread!

In the pack the magician finds a cork-tipped cigarette. He pushes it into his left fist, cork end first, and it comes out the other side, *cork end last!* The cigarette is replaced in the pack.

He then produces a paper tube, slightly longer than a cigarette, and pushes a plain cigarette into it, until the end appears. He holds the paper tube between his hands, and lets someone cut it in half; but when the pieces of the tube are pulled away the cigarette is quite whole.

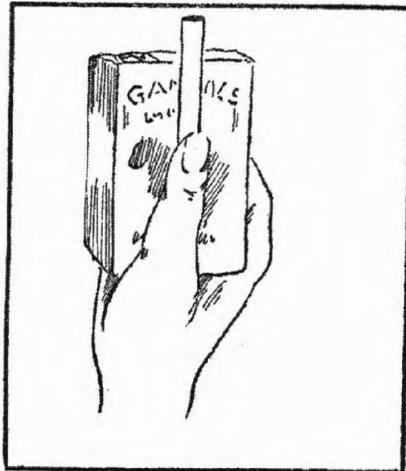


Fig. 2. The thumb does the work pushing the cigarette up in back of the pack

To conclude this series of surprises the magician takes the cigarette in his left hand, where all can see it, and it is rolled up in the hand, from which it disappears! The right hand reproduces the cigarette from the pocket, and the magician lights it and smokes it.

Explanation:

(1) *The Self Rising Cigarette*

Figure 1 shows how the cigarette apparently rises from the pack. It is not in the pack at all, but is *behind* the pack, which has been opened at the top. Fig. 2 shows how the thumb pushes up the cigarette, so it appears to rise from the pack. This is a perfect illusion, especially when the pack is not entirely full, so the rear can be pressed in slightly.

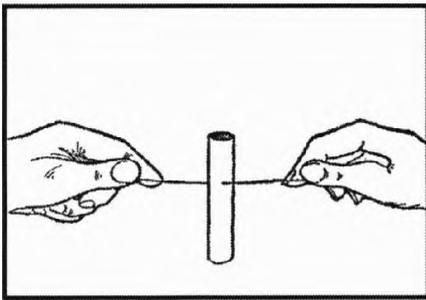


Fig. 3. A cigarette is threaded in the manner illustrated. Spectators hold the ends

(2) *Cigarette and Thread*

The cigarette is fairly placed on the thread, as shown in fig. 3. In the handkerchief is a duplicate cigarette (with two tiny needle holes in the sides). Under cover of the handkerchief the magician tears the original cigarette from the thread, as shown in fig. 4, and loops on the duplicate by twisting the thread around it. The pieces of the torn cigarette are pocketed with the handkerchief, revealing the duplicate, as shown in fig. 5. The

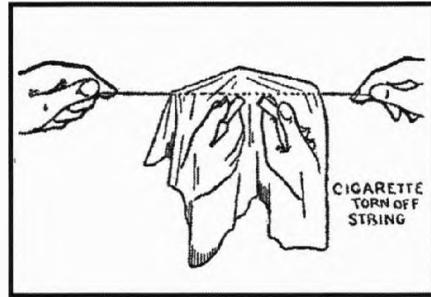


Fig. 4. What happens under the cloth

duplicate cigarette is removed from the thread without injury.

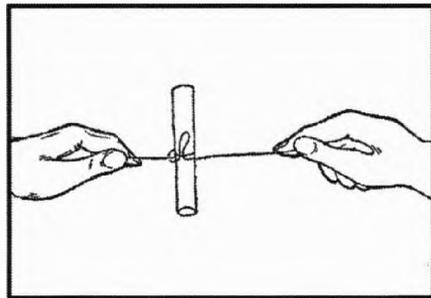


Fig. 5. Duplicate cigarette looped on

(4) *Self-Reversing Cigarette*

The cigarette used in this trick has a loose cork-tip, which is fitted on an ordinary cigarette. Fig. 6 shows how

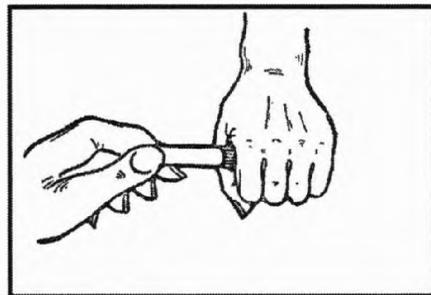


Fig. 6. Pushing the cork-tipped cigarette into the left flat

it is pushed into the left hand, and as it emerges from the fist (as in fig. 7), the hand retains the cork-tip tem-

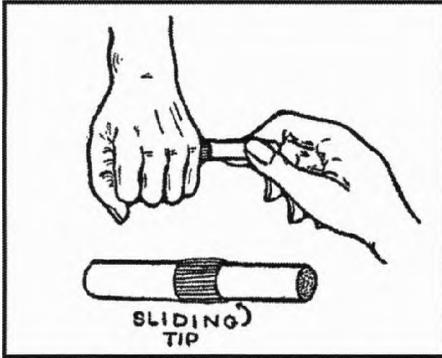


Fig. 7. Showing the cigarette coming from the hand. Also the loose tip

porarily, so that the cigarette slides through it and the tip appears on the other end. Fig. 7 shows the sliding tip.

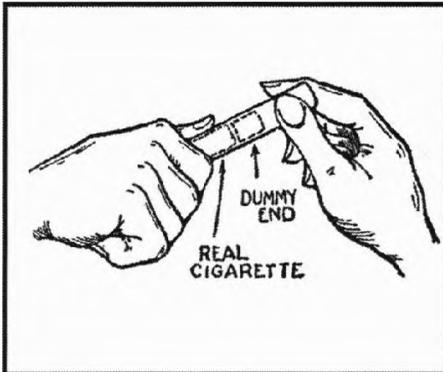


Fig. 8. The dummy end of a cigarette is previously put in the paper tube

(5) Cutting Through a Cigarette

In the paper tube which the magician uses is the dummy end of a cigarette. When the real cigarette is inserted in the tube, it pushes up the dummy end, which appears to be the end of the cigarette. (See fig. 8.) When the dummy end appears, the left hand grips the end of the tube to keep it

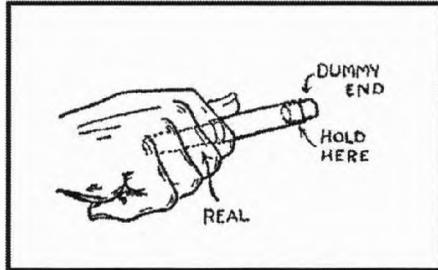


Fig. 9. The cigarette is hidden in the right hand while the left holds the dummy end

there, while the real cigarette slides back into the right hand (as in fig. 9).

At this stage the tube of paper is cut in the center, as shown in fig. 10. The right hand is raised, letting the

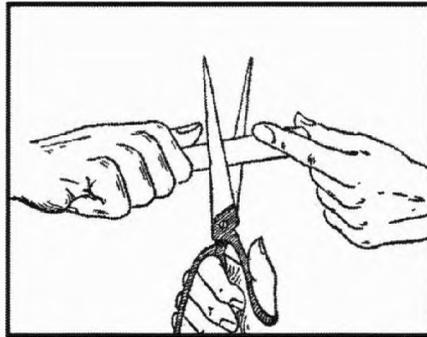


Fig. 10. Cutting the cigarette

cigarette slide back into the cut tube (which is held together), and the pieces of the tube are then drawn apart revealing the cigarette entire. The pieces of the tube are crumpled and thrown away, the dummy end going with them. (See fig. 11.)

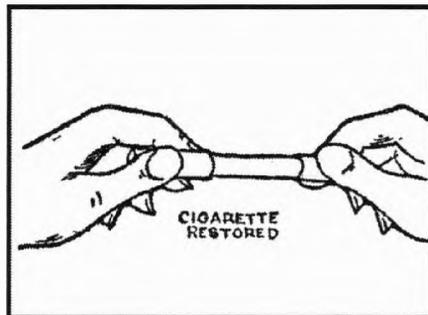


Fig. 11. Showing the cigarette restored

(6) *Vanishing and Reappearing Cigarette*

This is a clever little mystery. The hands are shown empty, and the right hand holds the cigarette as shown in fig. 12, while the left hand approaches to remove it.

But the left fingers merely tear off the very tip of the cigarette, letting the rest remain hidden in the right hand. Fig. 13 shows how this appears

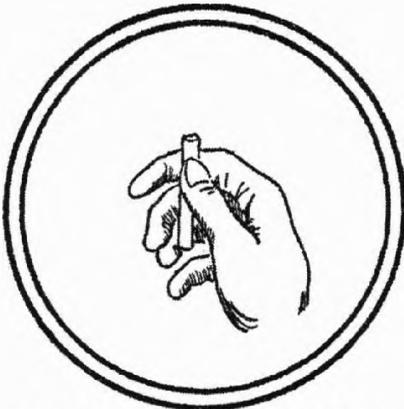


Fig. 12. Cigarette held in right hand

to the performer, but as the left hand carries the visible end away, the spectators naturally suppose the cigarette to be in the left hand.

The left hand rolls up the tip of the cigarette, dropping most of the tobacco, so that the little paper that



Fig. 13. Left hand tears off tip

remains can be easily concealed at the base of the thumb, or between the fingers. Then the left hand is shown

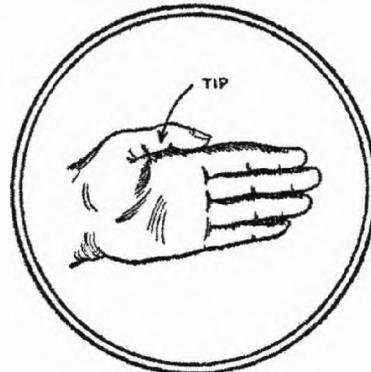
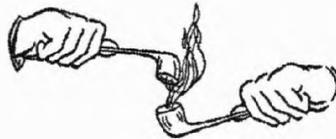


Fig. 14. Showing left hand empty

empty. (See fig. 14.) The right hand reaches in the pocket and brings out the cigarette, which is immediately lighted; or, if preferred, the right hand can drop the mutilated cigarette in the pocket, and bring out another cigarette which has been placed there beforehand.

The Clay Pipe Trick

TWO clay pipes are used in this perplexing problem. The magician shows that both are empty, and



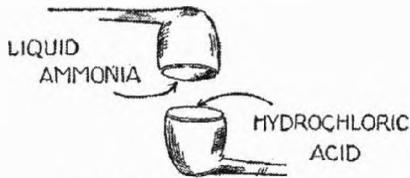
When the pipe bowls are placed together a quantity of smoke appears

then he places the bowls of the pipes mouth to mouth.

He immediately demonstrates that smoke is possible without fire, for as he takes the pipes apart smoke issues forth, and continues to form when the bowls are placed together.

The pipes are quite ordinary, but a special preparation is made. In the

bowl of one pipe place a few drops of liquid ammonia; in the bowl of the other some spirits of salts (known also



How the pipes are prepared

as hydrochloric acid or muriatic acid.)

When the bowls are placed together a chemical reaction takes place and smoke is formed.



Marking the thumb nail

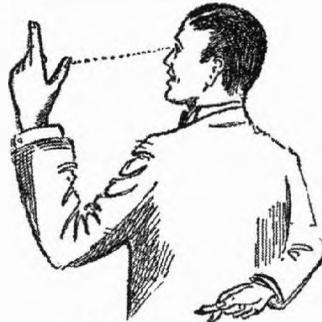
Colored Crayons

SEVERAL colored crayons are used in this trick. The magician turns his back while various members of the audience select one of the crayons and

place it in his hands, which are held behind his back.

Turning toward the spectators the magician tells them to think of the color of the crayon which he holds behind him. Then he immediately names the chosen color!

The method used is quite clever. The performer takes the crayon in both hands, and as he turns to face the audience, he marks his left thumb-nail



Detecting the color

with the point of the crayon. Holding the crayon behind him, with his right hand, he extends his left and points at the spectators as he tells them to remember the color. Thus he catches a glimpse of the colored mark on his thumb-nail.

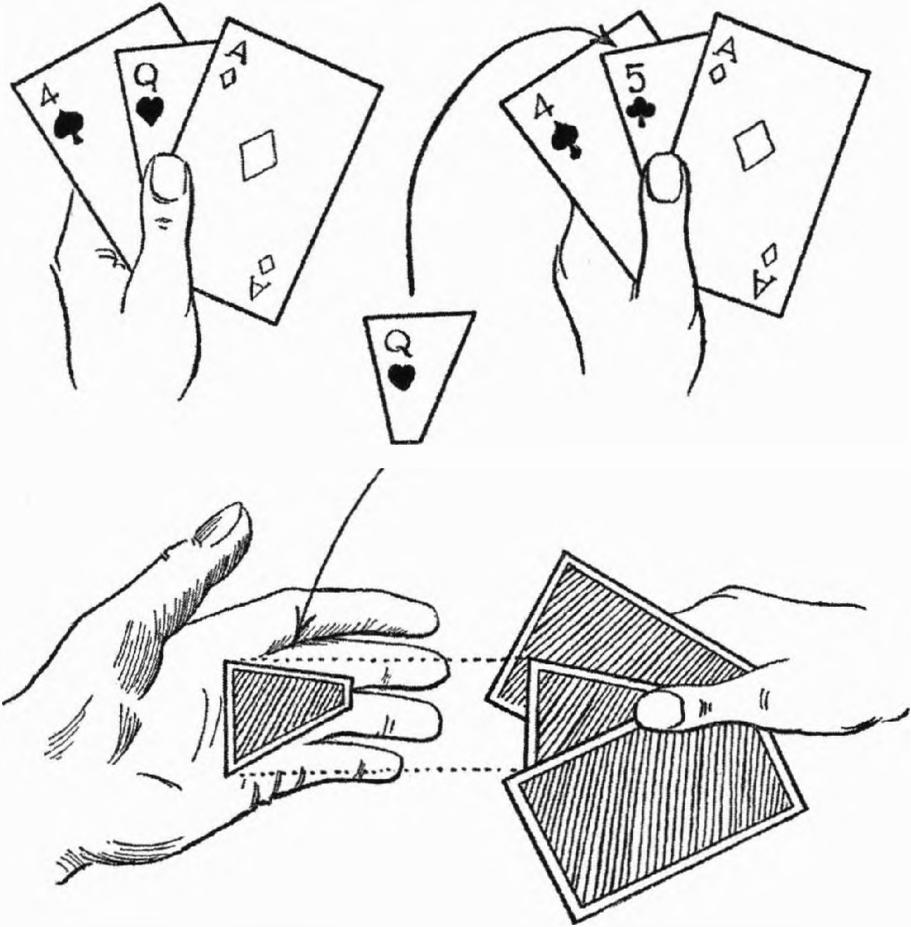
When returning the crayon the magician rubs the color off his thumb-nail with his forefinger, and he can then repeat the trick.

Matches From Nowhere

THE magician exhibits a package of paper matches—but there are no matches in it.



How the pack is shown and where the matches are concealed



Upper left—How the three cards are shown with the queen in the center. Upper right—How the corner of the queen camouflages the five of clubs. Lower—Secretly removing the corner when the cards are laid on the table

He closes the pack, blows upon it, and reopens the flap. The pack is entirely filled with matches!

To perform this surprising trick take an ordinary pack of paper matches, open it, and bend the matches down in front concealing them behind the fingers of the right hand, which holds the pack. The bent ends of the matches may be in view—for they will appear to be the stumps of an empty pack.

When the left hand brings the flap forward to close the pack, it is a simple matter to push the matches up, unobserved, without letting anyone glimpse them. Hence they are now enclosed in the pack, and appear there when the flap is again opened.

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The magician takes three cards from a borrowed pack and holds them in a fan. The center card is a queen. He shows the fan back and front—everything appears to be quite all right.

He lays the fan face down on his left hand, draws the cards away with the right and lays them face down on the table, side by side. Then he asks anyone to "find the lady"—that is, to point out the queen.

No matter what card is chosen it will not be the queen. All the cards may be turned face up, and the queen will not be there! The magician can then draw it from his pocket.

For this trick you need just the corner of a queen of hearts, which you can cut from an old card. Borrow a pack, turn your back, and remove the queen of hearts, putting it in your pocket. Take three other cards and arrange them in a fan, and over the corner of the middle card place the extra index corner. The drawings show how this makes the center card appear to be a queen of hearts.

When the right hand draws the three cards from the left, the left fingers retain the fake corner, which is small and easily concealed. Thus none of the three cards is the queen, and the queen can be produced from the pocket.

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THE SOUL THAT COULD LEAVE ITS BODY

(Continued from page 42)

the period of which you have spoken. On that second evening, Heinrich"—here his voice trembled audibly—"I felt myself in possession of an unusual mesmeric power. I thought of you, and impelled the influence, as it were, from my mind upon yours. This time, I found no resisting force opposed to mine; you yielded to my dominion—you believed."

"It was so," I murmured faintly.

"At the same time I felt the most earnest desire to be once more near you, to hear your voice, to see your frank and friendly face, to be standing again in your pretty garden beside the running river. It was sunset, and I pictured to myself the scene from that spot. Even as I did so, a dullness came over my senses—the picture on my memory grew wider, brighter; I felt the cool breeze from the water; I saw the red sun sinking over the far woods; I heard the vesper-bells ringing from the steeples; in a word, I was spiritually there.

"Presently I became aware as of the approach of something, I knew not what—but a something not of the same nature as myself—something that filled me with a shivering, half compounded of fear and half of pleasure. Then a sound, smothered and strange, as if unfitted for the organs of my spiritual sense, seemed to fill the space around—a sound resembling speech, yet reverberating and confused, like distant thunder. I felt paralyzed, and unable to turn. It came and died away a second time, yet more distinctly. I distinguished words, but not their sense. It came a third time, vibrating, clear, and loud—'Albert, I say, old fellow!'

"Making a terrible effort to overcome the bonds which seemed to hold

me, I turned—I saw you! The next moment a sharp pain wrung me in every limb; there came a brief darkness, and I then found myself, without any apparent lapse of time or sensible motion, sitting by yonder window, where, gazing on the sunset, I had begun to think of you. The sound of your voice yet rang in my ears; the sight of your face was still before me; I shuddered—I tried to think that all had been a dream.

"I lifted my hands to my brow: they were numbed and heavy. I strove to rise; but a rigid torpor seemed to weigh upon my limbs. You say that I was visibly present in your garden; I know that I was bodily present in this room. Can it be that my worst fears are confirmed—that I possess a double being?"

WE WERE both silent for some moments. At last I told him the circumstances of the bed and of the footmarks on the sand. He was shocked, but scarcely surprised.

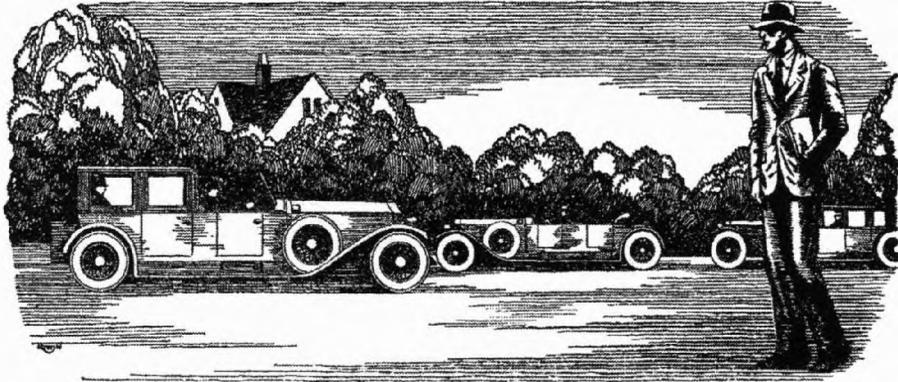
"I have been thinking much of you," he said; "and for several successive nights I have dreamed of you and of my stay—even of that very bedroom. Yet I have been conscious of none of these symptoms of far-working. It is true that I have awaked each morning unrefreshed and weary, as if from bodily fatigue; but this I attributed to over-study and constitutional weakness."

"Will you not tell me the particulars of your first experience of this spiritual absence?"

Albert sat pale and silent, as if he had not heard. I repeated the question.

"Give me some more brandy," he said, "and I will tell you."

I did so. He remained for a few moments looking at the fire before he spoke; at last he proceeded, but in a still lower voice than before.



Many times in the old days, while I trudged home after work to save carfare, I used to gaze enviously at the shining cars gliding by me, the prosperous men and women within. Little did I think that inside of a year, I too should have my own car, a decent bank account, the good things of life that make it worth living.

I Thought Success Was For Others

Believe It Or Not, Just Twelve Months Ago I Was Next Thing To "Down-and-Out"

TODAY I'm sole owner of the fastest growing Radio store in town. My wife and I live in the snuggest little home you ever saw, right in one of the best neighborhoods. And I'm on good terms with my banker, too—not like the old days only a year ago, when often I didn't have one dollar to knock against another in my pocket.

It all seems like a dream now, as I look back over the past twelve short months, and think how discouraged I was then, at the "end of a blind alley." I thought I never had had a good chance in my life, and I thought I never would have one. But it was waking up that I needed, and here's the story of how I got it.

I WAS a clerk, working at the usual miserable salary such jobs pay. Somehow I'd never found any way to get into a line where I could make good money.

Other fellows seemed to find opportunities. But—much as I wanted the good things that go with success and a decent income—all the really well-paid vacancies I ever heard of seemed to be out of my line, to call for some kind of knowledge I didn't have.

And I wanted to get married. A fine situation, wasn't it? Mary would have agreed to try it—but it wouldn't have been fair to her.

Mary had told me, "You can't get ahead where you are. Why don't you get into another line of work, somewhere that you can advance?"

"That's fine, Mary," I replied, "but what line? I've always got my eyes open for a better job, but I never seem to hear of a really good job that I can handle." Mary didn't seem to be satisfied with the answer, but I didn't know what else to tell her.

It was on the way home that night that I stopped off in the neighborhood drug store, where I overheard a scrap of conversation about myself. A few burning words that were the cause of the turning point in my life!

With a hot flush of shame I turned and left the store, and walked rapidly home. So that was what my neighbors—the people who knew me best—really thought of me!

"Bargain counter sheik—look how that suit fits," one fellow had said in a low voice. "But he hasn't got a dollar in those pockets." "Oh, it's just 'Useless' Anderson," said another. "He's got a wish-bone where his back-bone ought to be."

As I thought over the words in deep humiliation, a sudden thought made me catch my breath. Why had Mary been so dissatisfied with my answer that "I hadn't had a chance?" *Did Mary secretly think that too?*

With a new determination I thumbed the pages of a magazine on the table, searching for an advertisement that I'd seen many times but passed up without thinking, an advertisement telling of big opportunities for trained men to succeed in the great new Radio field. I sent the coupon in, and in a few days received a handsome 84-page book, printed in two colors, telling all about the opportunities in the radio field and how a man can prepare quickly and easily at home to take advantage of these opportunities. I read the book carefully, and when I finished it I made my decision.

WHAT'S happened in the twelve months since that day, as I've already told you, seems almost like a dream to me now. For ten of those twelve months, I've had a Radio business of my own! At first, of course, I started it as a little proposition on the side, under the guidance of the National Radio Institute, the outfit that gave me my Radio training. It wasn't long before I was getting so much to do in the Radio line that I quit my measly little clerical job, and devoted my full time to my Radio business.

Since that time I've gone right on up, always under the watchful guidance of my friends at the National Radio Institute. They would have given me just as much help, too, if I had wanted to follow some other line of Radio besides building my own retail business—such as broadcasting, manufacturing, experimenting, sea operating, or any one of the score of lines they prepare you for. And to think that until that day I sent for their eye-opening book, I'd been walling "I never had a chance!"

NOW I'm making real money. I drive a good-looking car of my own. Mary and I don't own the house in full yet, but I've made a substantial down payment, and I'm not straining myself any to meet the installments.

Here's a real tip. You may not be as bad-off as I was. But think it over—are you satisfied? Would you sign a contract to stay where you are now for the next ten years, making the same money? If not, you'd better be doing something about it instead of drifting.

This new Radio game is a live-wire field of golden rewards. The work, in any of the 20 different lines of Radio, is fascinating, absorbing, well-paid. The National Radio Institute—oldest and largest Radio home-study school in the world—will train you inexpensively in your own home to know Radio from A to Z and to increase your earnings in the Radio field.

Take another tip—No matter what your plans are, no matter how much or how little you know about Radio—clip the coupon below and look that free book over. It is filled with interesting facts, figures, and photos, and the information it will give you is worth a few minutes of anybody's time. You will place yourself under no obligation—the book is free, and is gladly sent to anyone who wants to know about Radio. Just address J. E. Smith, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 2-M1, Washington, D. C.

J. E. Smith, President,
National Radio Institute,
Dept. 2-M1, Washington, D. C.

Please send me your 84-page free book, printed in two colors, giving all information about the opportunities in Radio and how I can learn quickly and easily at home to take advantage of them. I understand this request places me under no obligation, and that no salesman will call on me.

Name

Occupation

Address

Town State

"The first time was also in this room; but how much more terrible than the second. I had been reading—reading a metaphysical work upon the nature of the soul—when I experienced, quite suddenly, a sensation of extreme lassitude. The book grew dim before my eyes; the room darkened; I appeared to find myself in the streets of the town.

"Plainly I saw the churches in the gray evening dusk; plainly the hurrying pedestrians; plainly the faces of many whom I knew. Now it was the market-place; now the bridge; now the well-known street in which I live. Then I came to the door; it stood wide open to admit me. I passed slowly up the gloomy staircase; I entered my own room; and there ——"

He paused; his voice grew husky, and his face assumed a stony, almost a distorted appearance.

"And there you saw," I urged, "you saw ——"

"*Myself!* Myself, sitting in this very chair. Yes, yes; myself stood gazing on myself! We looked—we looked into each—each other's eyes—we—we—we ——"

His voice failed; the hand holding the wine-glass grew stiff, and the brittle vessel fell upon the hearth, and was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Albert! Albert!" I shouted.

I hung frantically over him; I seized his hands in mine; they were cold as marble. Suddenly, as if by a last spasmodic effort, he turned his head in the direction of the door. The power of speech was gone, but his eyes glowed with a light more vivid than that of life.

Struck with an appalling idea, I followed the course of his gaze. Hark! a dull, dull sound—measured, distinct, and slow, as if of feet ascending.

My blood froze; I could not remove my eyes from the doorway; I could

hardly breathe. Nearer and nearer came the steps—alternately light and heavy, light and heavy, as the tread of a lame man—across the landing they came—upon the very threshold of the chamber! And then the door opened.

A figure entered. It was Albert Lachner. And as he started—this second Albert—to cross the room, the real Albert rose stiffly from his chair. Slowly, mechanically, almost involuntarily, he went to meet him.

With dilated eyes and open mouth I stood there—crouched almost—and watched them. I could not move. I could not speak.

And then, before my staring eyes, these two Albert Lachners blended, and the remaining figure—my friend—dropped with instant suddenness to the floor.

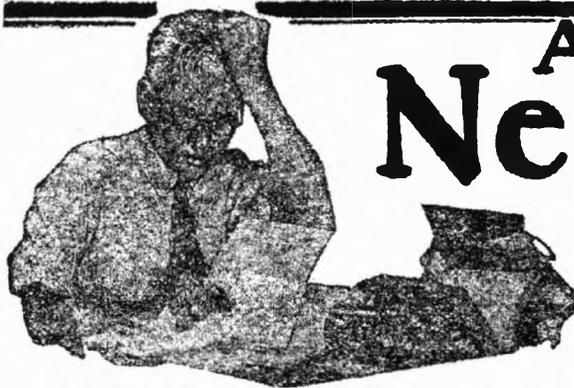
The crash awoke me to my wits. I rushed to his side and knelt over him. He was as rigid as a corpse. But—thank God!—I was able to see that he still breathed.

As a matter of fact, it had been merely a cataleptoid seizure, and he was soon around again.

But strangely and happily to say, after this event Albert experienced a sudden dislike for his investigations of the soul, which grew even stronger than his former interest had been.

I can offer no explanation of what occurred. I merely relate events. I fully believe, however, that Albert himself could have provided the proper elucidation. But I did not ask him. I was only too glad to see that he had abandoned inquiries attended with such terrible results.

But personally I am ready to believe that in this vast, wonderful universe there are things beyond man's power to grasp, things that will always baffle the keenest searchers, and of which the casual observer could have not the slightest perception.



Are Your Nerves all ragged!

Only Half Alive—and don't know it!

THE Present "High Pressure" living will be the end of you if you don't take heed. **WATCH YOUR NERVES**—Neglect means a total collapse. The following symptoms are nature's warning—stop—correct these handicaps before it is too late.

- Do you get excited easily?
- Do you become fatigued after slight exertion?
- Are your hands and feet cold?
- Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?
- Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?
- Have you spells of irritability?
- Are you often gloomy and pessimistic?
- Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

Career and Home Wrecked!

Many a promising career and happy home has been ruined by some impulsive word or act. Over 90% of all the misery of unhap-

pily married life is caused by Nerves. When people lose their tempers and flare up, women begin to worry and nag, children become unmanageable and shy the reason is always the same—"IRRITATED NERVES."

Misery Can Be Avoided!

There is not one in a hundred persons that really knows how to keep his or her nerves sound and healthy. Women leading an ever-active emotional life, filled with the drudgeries of daily household duties; and men through worries, intense concentration, stresses and vices, quickly begin to show signs of nerve exhaustion. **Be On Your Guard! Nerve Exhaustion** comes on very gradually, deceiving thousands of men and women who appear to be in good health. Now, through the famous Blackstone system, it is possible for you to recharge your run-down ragged nerves and live a full, happy and glorious life.

How to Strengthen Your Nerves

No tonics, drugs or magic system of exercises can ever restore the health and vigor to weak, sick, unbalanced nerves. To regenerate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

Have You These Symptoms?

- Get Excited Easily?
- Become fatigued after slight exertion?
- Hands and feet cold?
- Suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?
- Sleeplessness?
- Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?
- Have you spells of irritability, gloominess, pessimism?
- Suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, dizzy spells?
- Are you bashful—shy—afraid?
- Do you suffer from sex weakness?
- Are you troubled with pains?

Read This Wonder Book "New Nerves for Old"

Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous author, Richard Blackstone, has written a remarkable book entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy and to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality. It enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to bring back your lost nerve power. "New Nerves for Old" is worth its weight in gold—and yet its cost is only 25c, stamps or coin. This book will prove a revelation to you. It will help you throughout your entire life. It will help you to build for yourself a solid foundation for your future success and happiness. Mail coupon for your copy today.

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THE BLACK PAGODA

(Continued from page 55)

I had a sudden impulse to hide in the shadows of the black pagoda until her handmaidens had come and gone on their grim errand. It would be a delicate pleasure to contemplate the vase in which my rival's ashes rested. Then, when Laila herself appeared, I would step out and meet her. In that shrine of love and death I would confront her.

When no more sound came through the door I stole silently downstairs. Trembling with eagerness I concealed myself in the deep shadow of a cloister. It seemed hours that I waited there. I began to fear that the hymn of death might not have been for Swamindrath at all, but only for some priest who had died. In that case I might never escape, for Laila had said that only the ashes of the men whom she had loved were entitled to a place in the black pagoda.

But at last, from far above, came the sound of the great door being opened. Minutes passed and I was seized with spasmodic fits of trembling. Then I heard a gibbering noise which grew steadily louder and a sound of sandals shuffling over the bare floor. I looked out.

Once more those gray shrouded harpies had come with the ashes of the dead!

As they withdrew I crept out. There was indeed a new vase in the black pagoda. It was not made of alabaster, but of a reddish bronze. At the bottom it curved out gently like a woman's hips; then it narrowed in the middle and came to the lip in a soft, round curve. In it stood a single yellow champak flower.

While I wondered why Swamindrath should have been so honored

there came from the outer cavern a sound of footsteps. I turned. I was mad to see Laila again, to hold her in my arms. It seemed as if those footsteps were never coming nearer. Then, suddenly, they were there.

Into the black pagoda came a white robed figure, wearing the turban of the Yogi. It was not Laila. It was Swamindrath!

Black Magic

AS HE caught sight of me he stopped. He could scarcely have expected to find me alive. But even so his dark face showed no flicker of surprise. As he came toward me, I saw that his eyes were glazed as if with grief, his cheeks hollow, the muscles of his face relaxed. His whole figure had grown perceptibly thinner.

"Laila!" I gasped. "Where—where is she?"

He looked from me to the great bronze vase. Mutely he pointed to it.

"Not—not dead?" I whispered.

He nodded gravely.

The floor seemed to rise up before me, the whole pagoda to revolve. I was as dazed as if he had struck me a blow. . . . Laila dead! But why—how—? . . .

Then through my inner turmoil I became conscious of Swamindrath's furtive scrutiny. An idea, a suspicion grazed my mind. The next instant it had become a blazing certainty:

"You killed her!"

I fairly shrieked the accusation at him.

"You traitor! You coward! You weren't content to be her slave!"

"She would have kept me here forever," he retorted sullenly. "Now I am master. I can return to civilization."

Something snapped in my brain. For days the only thing that had kept me alive was the hope of seeing Laila.

Now this shock, after the nervous strain of my imprisonment, and the agonies of jealousy I had suffered, drove me temporarily insane. I sprang upon him.

Together we crashed to the floor. Over and over we rolled. His turban fell off and trailed after us. It was entangled with my feet. His long, lean muscular arms were everywhere. He was battering my head against the floor. Then everything went black.

Next thing I knew he was kneeling on my chest, his fingers at my throat. He was panting and I could feel his hot breath in my face. . . . Far above him the bronze lamps seemed slowly to revolve.

"You fool!" he was crying over and over. "Don't you know that I—*that I alone can bring you into her presence?*"

His voice seemed to come from a great distance. He was talking rapidly, excitedly. At intervals he shook me savagely as if to make me understand. He was explaining something about Yogi mystics and the liberation of the astral body. I was too dazed to follow him. I only grasped that first incredible idea. . . . Laila was dead. Yet Swamindrath could bring me again into her presence!

When he released me I lay there weakly. I saw him approach the great bronze vase containing Laila's ashes. He sat down cross-legged before it and stared at it as if hypnotized.

He appeared to be going into a trance. I watched him dazedly. Above me the lamps seemed still to oscillate; all about me the black marble columns were slowly revolving. Then, I, too, stared at Laila's vase and at the champak flower above it.

Something sank within me.

For where that vase had stood was now gradually evolving from the dusk the most weirdly beautiful creature it is possible to imagine. She stood there

like some statue of Corinthian bronze and in her luxuriant blue-black hair gleamed the golden champak flower. Then I recognized her:

Laila!

I SAY she was like a statue. But her skin was so fresh and delicate, her whole body so ephemeral and so *light* as to belong to no statue on earth.

I looked at Swamindrath and saw that he was undergoing a similar transformation. His body had fallen forward as if dead or asleep. But attached to that body was a *fluid shadow shape* that was also Swamindrath. It struggled to free itself from his corporal being!

Laila stirred. I saw her bosom heave. With dainty, silent steps she moved out of the shadow and into the circle of lamp light before me. In those heavy lidded tourmaline green eyes I saw again the mocking light they held in life. She smiled languidly.

There was a dull ache of longing in my breast. I rose and held out my arms to her.

My fingers stole caressingly around her head until they closed upon the champak flower in her hair. Then, with no apparent effort, she passed through my arms!

Swamindrath's astral shape moved toward her. He, too, held out his arms. I experienced a sickening pang of jealousy, of indescribable rage. For I knew suddenly that they had passed into a spirit world where I was powerless to follow.

But as he clasped her my heart seemed to stop. I almost shrieked with horror. She was—*she was turning to decay in his arms!*

Her hair, which had been luxurious and silky, hung down in matted strands. She was becoming—*she had become* a hideous, withered hag. Over

(Continued on page 72)

MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES

If you can show America's finest line of dresses, coats and lingerie, we will show you how to make \$25 to \$125 a week. Write book and details free. Write Harland Frocks, 215 Walnut Street, Indianapolis, Ind. (A subsidiary of Real Silk Hosiery Mills.)

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her protruding bones stretched a skin both mottled and worn. She held out her arms and into her bleary eyes crept a wicked gleam. Her toothless mouth dropped open in a laugh I could not hear. The face she lifted up to him was older than time. It was—it was the mask of Lust!

He recoiled as from contamination. He fled back toward his body. But before he reached it I had sprung upon it. I snatched up the turban that had fallen to the floor. I twisted it about the neck of that inert, but living body.

"Go back!" I shrieked. "*Go back to her!*"

Ha! Ha! He didn't like the spirit world he had been so anxious to discover. He wanted to return again to his body. But that body was in my power now, as Laïla's had once been in his. I saw his fluid shape fighting to merge with it. I could divine his struggles to grow part of it again.

"Go back to her!" I screamed and twisted harder on the turban.

His dark face grew purple. He gasped like a fish out of water. Yet still his spirit struggled to regain possession of his body.

One eyelid fluttered open. For a moment he regarded me with a look of living terror. And well he might!

Then that bulging eye glazed. Slowly the muscles of his face relaxed. His whole frame shuddered—and was still.

Swamindrath had rejoined his Laïla!

Then from that weird cave, from that tomb of love and death, I fled. I fled aghast, shrieking with laughter and with fear. If you ask me how I came here I can scarcely tell you. But this I know:

The whole way she was with me—*she*, the beautiful Laïla whom I first had known. . . . Surely, surely you don't think me mad? . . . I tell you her voice mingled with the whisper

of the wind in the deodars; I saw her form in the mists on the river. . . .

HERE ends the narrative of David Keating as he told it to me during that long night of pain. Only the restoratives I administered and his own colossal determination could have sustained him for so long. Now he collapsed upon the cot and lay there as if dead.

But at the first hint of dawn he stirred. His face grew tense. He cupped one emaciated hand upon his ear.

"Listen!" he cried. "Don't you hear it? . . . They're singing the hymn to the sun!"

Abruptly he raised himself upon one elbow. He was staring incredulously into the gray mist that swirled beyond the flaps of my tent.

Suddenly his facial muscles shivered and unearthly light leaped into his wide, blue, English eyes. One hand crawled like a crippled beetle to the breast of his shirt. It fumbled there for an instant, then dragged out a withered, yellow thing.

"I'm coming," he whispered humbly, his eyes still fixed upon the mist. "Sec, here it is. I brought it from the black pagoda. It is the flower—the champak flower that *you wore in your hair!*"

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