

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1899

(All rights reserved.)

	PAGE
A CHILD STUDY. Drawn in red crayon by P. H. Miller.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MONASTERIES IN THE AIR. Illustrated with Photographs <i>Vice-Admiral A. H. Markham</i>	211
THE OLD MAN'S PAPERS. Illustrated by Lallie Garett-Charles	<i>Jean Delaire</i> 218
A PLAGUE OF HYACINTHS. Illustrated with Photographs.	<i>Oscar Edgar</i> 222
THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE	<i>Cutcliffe Hyne</i> 226
A QUICK WAY WITH REBELS. Illustrated by Stanley I. Wood.	
SWEET EILEEN	<i>A. de Freitas</i> 239
THE TRAINING OF WILD BEASTS. Illustrated with Photographs.	<i>Raymond Blathwayt</i> 240
REAL GHOST STORIES	<i>E. & H. Heron</i> 247
No. III.—THE STORY OF NO. I, KARMA CRESCENT. Illustrated by B. E. Minns.	
HORSES IN HATS. Illustrated with Photographs	<i>J. R. Creed</i> 256
THE COWARDICE OF THE KING. Illustrated by W. Dewar	<i>J. Malcolm Fraser</i> 258
THE ARMY OF THE INTERIOR.	<i>Robert Macbray & J. Arthur Browne, M. B.</i> 263
Illustrated by D. E. Wilson.	
THE CONVERSION OF THE PROFESSOR. Illustrated by H. Piffard	<i>George Griffith</i> 268
LIFE'S LITTLE MYSTERIES. Illustrated by Hy. Mayer	<i>W. L. Alden</i> 276
NIGHT-ROAD ROMANCES	<i>Halliwel Sutcliffe</i> 281
No. III.—TOUCHING A DEAR FRIEND OF HIS MAJESTY. Illustrated by Powell Chase.	
THE NEW WIZARD OF THE WEST	<i>Chauncey Montgomery M'Govern</i> 291
Illustrated with Drawings and a Photograph.	
THE ART OF THE AGE. Illustrated	298

The front cover design is from a Photograph by Lallie Garett-Charles.

Yearly Subscriptions, 84 Cents, in advance. Single Copies, Eight Cents

NOTICE.—While not holding himself responsible for MSS., drawings and photographs sent on approval, the editor will at all times be ready to consider such contributions, and where stamps are enclosed, every effort will be made to secure their safe return in case of rejection. All MSS. should be typewritten, or in very clear handwriting.

Issued Monthly by

THE PEARSON PUBLISHING CO., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York



A Tale of the Fourth Dimension.

BY GEORGE GRIFFITH.

I.

MISS IDRIS LINCOLN, clad in an easy and yet well-cut and well-fitting boating costume of some soft, grey-looking flannelly stuff, with something like a golf cap to match pinned on to the daintily arranged abundance of rather light chestnut hair which crowned her shapely and well-furnished head, was sitting near an open French window which, as the French say, gave on to a smooth green lawn that sloped down to the right bank of the Thames a mile or two below Richmond.

There was an open book on her lap—a book of exceedingly clever verse written years before by just such another as herself; a girl, beautiful, learned, and yet absolutely womanly, and endowed moreover with that gift so rare among learned women, the gift of humour. Long years before, this girl had taken the fever in Egypt, and died of it; but before she died she wrote a book of poems and verses, which, though forgotten, if ever known, by the multitude, is still treasured and re-read by some, and of these Miss Idris Lincoln, L.I.A., B.Sc. was one. Just now the book was open at the hundred and forty-third page on which there is a portion of a poem entitled "Natural Selection."

Miss Lincoln's eyes alternately rested on the page for a few moments, and then lifted and looked down the lawn towards the river. The verses ran as follows :

But there comes an idealess lad,
With a strut, and a stare, and a smirk ;
And I watch, scientific though sad,
The Law of Selection at work.

Of Science he hasn't a trace,
He seeks not the How and the Why,
But he sings with an amateur's grace,
And he dances much better than I.

And we know the more dandified males
By dance and by song win their wives—
'Tis a law that with *Aves* prevails,
And even in *Homo* survives.

"Just my precious papa's ideas!" she murmured, with a toss of her head and something like a little sniff. "What a nuisance it all is! Aristocracy of intellect, indeed! Just as if any of us, even my poor papa, if he is considered one of the cleverest and most learned men in Europe, were anything more than Newton called himself—little children picking up pebbles and grains of sand on the shore of a boundless and fathomless ocean, and calling them knowledge. I'm not sure that that's quite correct,

but it's something like it. Still, that's not the question. How on earth am I to tell poor Fred? Oh, dear, he'll have to be 'Mr. Herne' now. I suppose. What a shame! I've half a mind to rebel, and vindicate the Law of Selection at any price. Ah, there he is. Well, I suppose I've got to get through it somehow."

As she said this the sharp, varnished nose of a boat swept round the willows at one corner of the garden, and the next moment a light, but roomy and comfortable, half-outrigged pair came into view, and stopped at the end of a little landing-plank which ran about ten feet out from the bank.

With a sigh and a frown she closed the book with a somewhat angry snap, tossed it on to a sofa on the opposite side of the window, and got up.

No daintier or more desirable incarnation of the Eternal Feminine could have been imagined than she presented as she walked with steps now hurried, now halting, down to the river to meet the man whom the Law of Selection had designated as her natural mate, and whom her father, for reasons presently to be made plain, had forbidden her to marry on pain of exile from his affections for ever.

The face he turned towards her as she approached was not exactly handsome as an artist or some women would have defined the word, but it was strong, honest, and open—just the sort of face, in short, to match the broad shoulders, the long, cleanly-shaped athletic limbs and the five feet eleven of young, healthy manhood with which Nature had associated it.

There was a light in his wide-set, blue-grey eyes, and a smile on his strong, well-cut lips which were absolutely boyish in their anticipation of sheer delight as she approached, and then, after one glance at her face, his own changed with a suddenness, which, to a disinterested observer, would have been almost comic.

"I'm awfully sorry, Fred," she began in a tone which literally sent a shiver—a real physical shiver through him, for he was very, very much in love with her.

"What on earth is the matter, Idris?" he said, shipping his other scull and standing

up with the easy, well-balanced motion of a man thoroughly at home in a boat.

"Don't! Wait a minute!" exclaimed Miss Idris, with apparent irrelevance, as she ran down the plank and caught hold of the outrigger. "Now you can get out. I've a lot to say to you and——"

"And I suppose you'd sooner say it to me dry than wet," he replied, stepping out of the boat on to the cross-plank and somewhat needlessly taking her by the arm as he did so.

"Of course," she said, turning back towards the lawn to hide something she didn't want him to see. "Pull your boat up and come into the drawing-room, I've got something to—to—say to you."

And then this learned lady, this Licentiate of Literature and Arts, this Bachelor of Science and Gold-Medallist of London University, finding herself unable to say anything more, walked swiftly up the lawn towards the open French windows. Fred pulled his boat's nose up on the bank with an angry jerk and followed, wondering sadly.

II.

"Well, Idris, what is it? Let's have it out at once. It's a lot better to be shot through the heart than starved to death, you know. I suppose it's something pretty bad or else we should be pulling down the river just now."

"We shall never pull together any more, Fred, I'm afraid. Oh, it's—it's—it's a *beastly* shame, that's what it is, so there." And as she said this, Miss Idris Lincoln, B.Sc., stamped her foot on the carpet and felt inclined to burst out crying, just as a milk-maid might have done.

"Which means," said Fred, pulling himself up, as a man about to face a mortal enemy would do, "that the Professor has said 'No.' In other words, he has decided that his learned and lovely daughter shall not, as I suppose he would put it, mate with an animal of a lower order. Well, Miss Lincoln——"

"Oh, don't; please don't!" she exclaimed, almost piteously, dropping into a big wicker armchair, and putting her hands over her eyes.

He had an awful fear that she was going to begin to cry, and, as the Easterns say, he

felt his heart turning to water within him. But her highly trained intellect came to her aid. She swallowed the sob and looked up at him with clear, dry eyes.

"It isn't quite that, Fred," she continued. "You know I wouldn't stand anything like that even from papa. Much and all as I love him and even, as you know, in some senses almost worship him, it isn't that. It's this theory of heredity of his—this scientific faith, bigotry I call it, for it is just the same to him as Catholicism was to the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. In fact, I told him last night that he reminded me of the Spanish grandee whose daughters were convicted of heresy by the Inquisition and who showed his devotion to the Church by lighting the faggots with his own hands."

"And what did he say to that?" said Fred, not because he wanted to know, but because there was an awkward pause that wanted filling.

"I would rather not tell you, Fred, if you don't mind," she said slowly and looking very straightly and steadily at him. "You know—well, I needn't tell you again what I've told you already. You know I care for you, and I always shall, but I cannot—I dare not—disobey my father. I owe everything to him. He has been father, mother, teacher, friend, companion—everything to me. We are absolutely alone in the world. If I could leave him for anybody, I'd leave him for you, but I won't disobey him and break his heart, as I believe I should, even for you."

"You're perfectly right, Idris, perfectly," said Fred in a tone of steady conviction which inspired her with an almost irresistible impulse to get up and kiss him. "You couldn't honestly do anything else, and I know that the shortest way to make you hate me would be to ask you to do that something else. But still," he went on, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his blazer, "I do think I have a sort of right to have some reason for this decision, and with your permission I shall just ask him for one."

"For goodness sake don't do that, Fred, don't!" she pleaded. "You might as well go and ask a Jewish Rabbi why he wouldn't let his daughter marry a Christian. Wise

and clever and all as he is in other things, papa is simply a fanatic in this and—well, if he did condescend to explain, I'm afraid you might mistake what he would think the correct scientific way of putting it, for an insult, and I couldn't bear to think of you quarrelling. You know you're the only two people in the world I—I—oh dear, what shall I do!"

It was at this point that the Law of Natural Selection stepped in. Natural laws of any sort have very little respect for the refinements of what mortals are pleased to call their philosophy. Professor Lincoln was a very great man—some said he was the greatest scientist of his age—but at this moment he was but as a grain of sand among the wheels of the mighty machine which grinds out human and other destinies.

Frederick Herne took two or three swift strides towards the chair in which Idris Lincoln was leaning back with her hands pressed to her eyes. He picked her up bodily, as he might have picked up a child of seven, put her protesting hands aside and slowly and deliberately kissed her three times squarely on the lips as if he meant it; and the third time her lips moved too. Then he whispered:

"Good-bye, dear, for the present at any rate!"

After which he deposited her tenderly in the chair again, and with just one last look turned and strode out through the open windows and down the lawn, saying some things to himself between his clenched teeth and thinking many more.

He launched his boat, got into her, shipped his sculls, and sent her flying through the water down stream, pulling fiercely and savagely at the oars. Two or three minutes later he heard shouts and screams behind him, then came a crash, followed by more shouts and screams, and the next moment he was in the water. The following three or four minutes were about the busiest in his life, but when they were over there were three other dripping figures beside his own standing on the bank. One was a youth, whose attire and language unmistakably bespoke the Mile End Road and its precincts. The two others were girls, whom he

informally and with much verbal embroidery introduced as his *fiancée* and her sister.

The young man in his rage forgot the fact that the three of them had just been rescued from almost certain death by a wonderful exhibition of strength and skill, and was inclined to be rude, but Herne speedily brought him to a more reasonable frame of mind by picking him up by his collar and his waistband and asking him if he would like to be thrown back. Then he dropped him, apologised handsomely to the young ladies, and ended by inviting the whole party into the house—for the catastrophe had providentially happened just at the bottom of his father's garden.

An hour later they departed dry and joyful, well fed, and with champagne singing merrily in their empty brains, to say nothing of a five-pound note in addition to the assurance that everything would be made right with the owner of the boat.

"Well," said the *fiancée*, as they started off towards Richmond to get the fiver changed, "'e may be a blooming toff and 'e may 'ave rowed a bit careless, as you've done yerself, many a time. Bill, but a *man* from the roots of 'is 'air to the soles of his blooming feet, *that 'e is!*'"

And, as it happened, this identical thought, though, of course, shaping itself in very different words, was just at that moment occupying, to the exclusion of everything

else, the highly cultivated intellect of Miss Idris Lincoln, B.Sc.

III.

Dinner that evening at the Willows—which was the name of the house in which Miss Idris Lincoln had awaited the coming of Mr. Fred Herne—was a distinctly dismal function. The Professor who, in what might be called his non-scientific life, was one of the most genial of men, did his best to be cheerful. Miss Idris did hers, and between them they achieved an unmistakable and oppressive failure, and the result was that they were both glad, in a mournful sort of way, when it was all over.

"I suppose you're going to your room, Papa," said Idris as she rose from the table.

"Yes, dear."

"Then I'll bring you your coffee in a few minutes."

"Thank you, dear, I should be glad if you would."

For some years past the same words had been spoken over the same table, five nights out of every

week, except perhaps when exams. were on. They were a sort of formula, a semi-official intimation that the Professor was about to retire from one of the two worlds in which he lived into the other. They were spoken to-night rather as a relief than otherwise, for both father and daughter were beginning to find the situation impossible.

In about a quarter of an hour Miss Idris



"Good-bye, dear, for the present at any rate."



"Still travelling towards the unknown world, Dad!"

entered the big, low-roofed, book-lined room in which her father had achieved his greatest triumphs. He was already sitting at a big, square writing-table littered with books, some shut and some open, pamphlets, newspaper-cuttings—or more properly, cuttings from scientific journals, because Professor Lionel Lincoln, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., etc., etc., looked upon a newspaper somewhat as an owl might look upon a butterfly—letters, and sheets of paper, some still virgin and some covered with the weird hieroglyphics of the Higher Mathematics.

She didn't care to move any of these, so she put the little silver salver with the coffee-pot and cup on it on to a three-legged table of wicker-work, poured out a cup of coffee and lifted it to within convenient distance of her father's left elbow. Then, laying her hand lightly upon his shoulder, she bent over him and looked at the sheet of figures and diagrams over which he was leaning.

"Still travelling towards the unknown world, Dad?" she said more cheerfully than she had spoken during dinner-time. "Take care, though! You know you may work your way out of the Third Dimension into the Fourth, and then find that you can't get back again. And then what should we—I mean I—do, left all alone in the prison of Three Dimensions."

It was on the Professor's lips to say: "Marry that gold-plated ass Herne, I suppose." But he checked himself and said instead, in a mild, impersonal sort of tone:

"Well really, Idris, I do think I'm getting very near to it now. In fact, the borderland is almost in sight, and once that is crossed who knows what discoveries may be made!"

He felt the light touch of his daughter's fingers on his now somewhat scanty hair, and then she vanished, leaving him, although he didn't know it just then, on the brink of the greatest

discovery he had ever made, albeit not quite of the sort he had anticipated.

He stirred his coffee and drank it in an abstracted sort of way, and then went back to his diagrams and hieroglyphics. After a couple of hours, which had sped like a couple of minutes, the last diagram, containing the essence of all the others, was drawn, the last quadruple set of cubic equations had been reduced to one and that had solved itself, and then the Professor, throwing down his pencil with a sigh of almost ecstatic relief, raised his head, and saw, sitting on the opposite side of the table, which stood in the middle of the room—himself.

"Dear me!" he said, rubbing his hand rather angrily across his eyes, "I'm afraid I must have been overdoing it a little. Of course, a subjective projection of my own sub-consciousness. In short, just what an ignorant person would take for a ghost."

"Not at all, my dear fellow," said his own voice from the other side of the table. "Dear me, what a child you are, after all! You, a man with a universal reputation and, as far as your own plane of existence is concerned, I suppose, as clever a man, relatively speaking, as there is known. By the way, why don't you allow Idris to marry that young fellow Herme? You know, even from your limited point of view, there couldn't be a better man for her."

"Confound it!" said the Professor, brushing his hand across his eyes again, "this is really most extraordinary. Ah! it's gone. I thought it was only an illusion. I shall have to take a week's holiday."

"Excuse me, it isn't," said his own voice from the same place, and the next moment, he saw his Other-self sitting just where it had been. "You must excuse me, my dear Lionel," it went on with irritating calmness, "but I see I shall have to treat you, for the present, as a half-educated person who has just stumbled on to what is, for you, a great discovery; or rather perhaps I should say, as a child who has just managed to reach the horizon of a new world."

For the first time in his life, the Professor felt a thrill of really superstitious fear, the very last emotion that he ever expected to experience. He wanted to say something impatient and rude, but instead, he found himself saying rather weakly:

"Whatever you are, I don't understand, I must say. Are you anything at all, and if so what on earth do you mean?"

"We are not on earth just now," replied the Voice. "At least, not in your sense. You see, you, in the pride of your knowledge, just managed to work yourself to the horizon of the world of four dimensions. You are, in fact, just looking across it, and therefore you must expect to see strange things. Just take up that sheet of paper in front of you and I'll explain what I mean."

The Professor obeyed as meekly as one of his own pupils would have done in the days when he lectured to classes, and the Voice went on:

"Now, you see, that that sheet of paper represents a world of two dimensions. A being living in such a world could only see

or move in two directions, and he would have no knowledge whatever of up and down. Therefore, a being living in a world of three dimensions able to see and move north, south, east, and west, and also up and down could make himself visible or invisible at will to the dweller in two dimensions by just passing through his horizon. Now, you have hitherto lived in a world of three dimensions, but, having reached the borderland of the fourth, you have brought me, your Other-self, into being. I live in four."

"And what is the fourth, may I ask?" exclaimed the Professor, with an eagerness which instantly banished scruples and nervousness alike. "What is it? Have I really found it?"

"Unfortunately," replied his Other-self, with exasperating calmness, "not only is there no word in any language known to you which would express the concept, but the concept itself would be unintelligible to you save by bald experience until you have crossed the border on which you now stand. And so I'm afraid I can only explain it to you by examples. I see you are wearing a couple of rings. Just give them to me, will you?"

"I'm afraid I can't give you this one," said the Professor, putting the thumb and forefinger of his right hand over a plain gold circle, which was the second of the rings on the third finger of his left hand. "This has never left my finger for twenty years."

His Other-self looked across the table at him and smiled, and then it said in a more genial voice than before:

"I know. Your wife's wedding ring. She was the daughter of a somewhat ignorant American who made a fortune by judicious advertising of rather cheap and rubbishy soft goods, wasn't she? And yet you were very fond of her, weren't you? And your daughter—well, she's a long way removed from a soft goods store, isn't she? And after all it was a purely fortuitous union, at least as far as you can see—a mere matter of chance, of natural selection in short, guided by no scientific principles at all.

"Yet in her case—although you, with your limited three-dimensional vision ought to be able to see perfectly clearly that she has chosen exactly the sort of man she ought to

have chosen and in fact must inevitably have chosen—you presume to direct the very laws which you are only just beginning to dimly comprehend! Were *your* father and mother particularly distinguished for mental capacity? You know very well that they were not—and yet you have won a name and a reputation coextensive with latitude and longitude. I suppose you want to marry her to a younger edition of yourself and make her the miserable mother of hydrocephalous offspring! Really, my dear fellow, you are very like a child putting a stone on a railway line in front of an express train."

"I can't quite see where this conversation is leading to!" the Professor interrupted at this point rather angrily. "Are manners unknown in the Fourth Dimension?"

"There is no such thing as polite deceit in the world into which you are just looking," replied the Voice, "and therefore, truth-telling is not only good manners but inevitable. You'll learn that a little later on if you choose to pursue your investigations. Now I know you still have an idea that either you are dreaming or that I, your four-dimensional Other-self, am only, as you said, a subjective projection of your own consciousness, and therefore I must convince you that you're wrong. Excuse me, I want that ring."

As he said this, the Other-self came to the

edge of the table and leant over with outstretched hand. The Professor, whose left hand was then lying on the table, clenched his fist and was just going to say something of a violent nature, when the Other-self took hold of the wedding-ring between his thumb and fore-finger and, without causing the Professor even a sensation of touch, drew the ring through the finger, or the finger through the ring—the Professor couldn't quite make out which it was.

Then, picking up the other ring, which the Professor had already taken off, he passed them through each other, dropped them with a musical clink on the table and said:

"There now. That is of course quite impossible in your world, and yet you see it's perfectly simple. Look at them, they've not been broken."

The Professor took up the two rings with trembling fingers. One was a seal-ring belonging to his father.

big and massive, and set with a carved onyx; the other—well we know what that was. He examined them keenly with wondering eyes. They were absolutely intact, and yet there they were, like two links of forged chain interlocked. He felt himself turning pale under the grave eyes of his Other-self.

"It is a miracle!" he said with something like a gasp.

"Not at all," said the Other-self. "It is



The Other-self leant over with outstretched hand.

simply the result of operations which, if you will allow me to say so, you understand as little as you appear to understand the Law of Natural Selection.

"And yet it is just as simple if you only knew, although it would not be much practical use to you yet. However, in another sense, it has led you to the greatest discovery you have ever made."

"What is that?" said the Professor. "The Fourth Dimension, I suppose."

"No," replied the Other-self, rather drily. "You have discovered your own ignorance. I could work miracle after miracle like that for you. I could put this table through the wall into the garden without your seeing it go and without making a hole in the wall. I could take the works out of your watch without opening the case. I could separate your watch-chain into links without breaking one of them. I could vanish myself and then move the furniture about the room. But what would be the good? You would simply look on like a child watching conjuring tricks.

"Nevertheless, all of this is not only possible, but perfectly commonplace in the world to which you have almost gained an entrance, and everything is done in accordance with laws which are just as simple and just as inevitable as, for instance, that Law of Natural

Selection, which I will now try and make a little plainer to you."

The strange conversation went on hour after hour, and the Professor saw and heard many marvels which the limitations of the language which I write and you read make impossible of description. The last thing he remembered was shaking his Other-self heartily by the hand, and then he fell asleep.

About two o'clock he woke shivering, in spite of the warmth of the summer night. Had it all been a dream, a vision conjured up out of the many speculations which his latest study had inspired him with? No, the lamp was still burning on his table, and there, under the full glow, lay, upon the sheets containing his last calculations, his dead wife's wedding-ring interlinked with his father's seal.

It is hardly necessary to say that he came down to breakfast a humbler, because a wiser man; and there is nothing more to add to the present narrative save the fact that when Miss Idris Lincoln stood before the altar with Mr. Frederick Herne, she wore, instead of a necklace, a piece of black velvet from which hung the two interlinked rings—than which there could have been no better emblem of the mystic union into which she was herself entering.

