

# Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE



A MAGAZINE of the

BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

VOLUME XII

NUMBER 1

Published monthly by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company, 2457 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second-class matter March 20, 1923, at the post office at Indianapolis, Ind., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription, \$2.50 a year in the United States; \$3.00 a year in Canada. English office: Charles Lavell, 13, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet Street, E. C. 4, London. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, although every care will be taken of such material while in their possession. The contents of this magazine are fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers.

NOTE—All manuscripts and communications should be addressed to the publishers' Chicago office at 460 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill. FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor.

Copyright, 1928, by the Popular Fiction Publishing Company

## Contents for July, 1928

- Cover Design.....C. C. Senf  
*Illustrating a scene in "The Witches' Sabbath"*
- The Eyrie ..... 4  
*A chat with the readers*
- The Witches' Sabbath (Part 1).....Stephen Bagby 6  
*A startling two-part serial tale of devil-worship, witchcraft, and the Black Mass*
- The Green Monster.....Arthur Macom 33  
*Out of the shuddering dark of the university cloisters leapt the Green Monster, to turn at last on its creator*
- Tony the Faithful.....W. K. Mashburn, Jr. 43  
*An appealing little ghost-story of the South, in which a dog is the hero*
- The Three-Storeyed House.....August W. Derleth 46  
*Strangely depressing was the effect of certain houses on Johnson, but there was a valid reason for this*
- Folks Used to Believe:  
Weird Recipes.....Alvin F. Harlow 48  
*Some of the strange beliefs of our ancestors*

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# The GREEN MONSTER by ARTHUR MACOM



"He stared at the professor with fiery eyes."

**A**S I PASSED beneath the dense shadow of Bremlin Tower it seemed that the whole world had suddenly become a place of creeping phantoms, half visible in the heavy fog that hung about me. The complete quietude of the quadrangle palled upon my distraught nerves like the aftermath of an opiate. My feverish imagination created hideous powers in every corner of the old stone cloister that skirted my path. Then, through the curtain of darkness about me, the chimes in the tower rang out with muffled tone. It was only a matter of a few minutes before I should be in the house of my professor, yet I dreaded with unreasoning fear the thought of keeping my path. Nor could I explain the

sensation. But the lights of the professor's house loomed before me; I should be there at once.

I knocked hastily upon the huge oaken door. Presently there came the sound of approaching footsteps, falling softly on the carpets within. I was surprized at the suddenness with which the door was swung open.

"Ah! Good evening, Boreau," the professor greeted me. "I have been expecting you." He glanced at me with an oddly significant air. I trailed him back into his tiny study, where he designated my chair before the remnants of a log fire. For several minutes he stood, staring at me like a cat watching a sparrow. Whatever may have been the purpose of this brief examination, he seemed to

be satisfied as he sat down, facing me at an angle. At last the silence was broken by his low-pitched voice.

"Perhaps you are wondering why I have asked you here tonight?"

The inquisitiveness of my expression was his answer. Again he fell into a profound quiet. There, in the hush of the old house, with the weird atmosphere of the whole evening, I could not restrain my moody thoughts. The flitting shadows of the log fire danced grotesquely upon his long face, changing its shape and mien with every moment. His white beard was visible and invisible by turns. His eyes, too, affected by the play of changing light, gleamed sardonically through the dusk or faded into mysteriously gloomy pits. The spell was again broken by the professor's voice.

"Borreau," he stated, "I have an experiment." I nodded. "You have heard my theory of the concentration of thought? Doubtless it will be better if I go over it briefly, since this experiment is based upon its principles. This is my assumption."

He paused momentarily to collect his thoughts. I leaned forward eagerly, knowing that the professor's opinion was considered authoritative upon the subject.

"The theory of hypnosis holds that a person may easily be convinced of any being or state of being while he is in the hypnotic trance. Under such conditions he can actually perceive with all of his senses the being suggested by the person who has hypnotized him. This part of the theory is incontestable."

As I did not question him, he continued in a dull, ponderous monotone:

"A number of the savants have a still more advanced belief—to which I admit that I subscribe—that if the state of hypnosis has been deep enough, the subject will be open to a number of post-hypnotic influences. That is, when the subject has been

awakened from the actual state of hypnosis, the beings which he has been led to see or to feel while under the influence will recur in his ordinary existence. He will hear voices or see apparitions which a person who has not been in the same state can not hear or see. Furthermore, he will in all probability give some logical reason for his sensations, or at least some acceptable data which will substantiate his statements. Yet he does not know that these are merely the result of the suggestions of the operator, nor is he aware that he has ever experienced them before. In other words, they exist as phantoms of his own brain, which can be dispelled only at the will of the operator who has instilled them."

The professor paused, quietly observing the doubtful expression on my face. I could not see what he was driving at, yet the vague feeling of uneasiness returned to trouble me with renewed insidiousness. The silence became unbearably ominous, and I hastened to ask further questions.

"And exactly what, Professor, is the aim of this experiment?"

"This: I shall deliver in these rooms a lecture to a selected group of students. I shall tell them that there exists in this locality a certain apparition which I have seen. I have chosen a list which, I feel sure, includes only those who will be open to the power of suggestion from my mind. By this experiment we shall determine whether this last premise of mine is actually true, whether these men will encounter the hallucination which I shall picture."

For a moment he seemed to consider giving me some further detail of his plan, but he evidently thought better of it.

"There is," he continued, "a still more fantastic premise, born of the brains of Oriental philosophers—yogis—which holds that the human mind can actually restrain, arrest,

destroy or create matter; but there is no reliable evidence to support this theory, and I have absolutely no faith in it. You may forget it, since it has no part in this experiment."

I stared at the professor in nervous astonishment. The whole scheme seemed fraught with unforeseen dangers. Yet I could not help feeling complimented that he should have told me in advance.

"Then, Professor," I asked, "what is it that you wish me to do?"

I confess that I questioned him with a certain temerity, for I had no desire to become deeply involved in so mysterious an affair. The professor stared into the fire with half-closed eyes. At first I thought he had not heard me. I was mistaken.

"Boreau," he answered, casting off his mantle of silence, "you must gather in this room the men on this list by 10 o'clock tomorrow night. If they question you, tell them that you know absolutely nothing about it."

He shot me a look of warning.

"And remember, Boreau, that you must not listen to my lecture. I shall want you in the room, but if you heed me, the result will be disastrous to the success of the experiment. If you feel an impulse to believe me, throw it off! I shall need you as a witness."

The tone of his voice revived my uncanny mood. The professor had risen from his chair, indicating that the interview was at an end. After murmuring my good-byes, I hastened from the house.

**T**HE day following this strange conversation found my mind filled with forebodings. I had invited the men to come to the professor's house and had maintained complete silence regarding the nature of the meeting. But in spite of my confidence in the professor's judgment, the unearthly nature of the affair had played havoc with my peace of mind.

When the appointed hour arrived, I knocked upon the professor's door. From where I stood I saw that the students had come before me. They were standing in groups of three and four, babbling disconnectedly of what might possibly occur. One of them, a certain Hallmark who was in several of my classes, called out to me from across the room.

"Hullo there, Boreau!" He hurried over to grasp my hand. Then, while I was greeting my fellow students, he whispered in my ear with an inquisitive voice: "The professor left a note for you to come immediately to his study. He was not here when we came in. And say—what's up? D'you know?"

"Not yet, Hallmark," I lied glibly.

"Darn funny he doesn't show up to say hello," he whispered. "Prof's putting on too much mystery for me!"

"He is!" I called over my shoulder, for I was on my way to the professor's study.

I found him sitting at his desk.

"You are on time," he said.

"Yes," I replied. "You wanted me?"

"Yes, Boreau. Take them into the drawing-room. The lights will be off but they can find chairs. Tell them I shall be in at once. And remember"—he laid his hand upon my shoulder with an air of gravity—"you must not believe a word that I say. The cause of science can be materially advanced tonight if you obey me. Remember: don't listen!"

"I won't," I muttered to myself as I returned to the guests.

It was a matter of minutes before I had them seated in the darkened room. The curtains had been drawn, so that there was no light except at the front, where a single beam came through a small pane.

The hum of excited conversation was suddenly interrupted by the creaking of the door. Immediately the head of the professor appeared in

that single ray of light. His body was draped in some black cloth, so that his sardonic face seemed to be floating about in the darkness, from which it stood out with eery definiteness. His eyes darted this way and that until the whispering of the men had died down to a tense hissing of breath between their teeth. Then he began to speak without any apparent change of his features.

"My friends," he murmured heavily, "it is a pleasure to have you here tonight. But you must not be nervous; you must lean back in your chairs. Lean back in your chairs—and rest. Rest! I have something to tell you but you can not understand me if you are nervous or excited. You must rest . . . rest . . . rest!"

The breathing of the men became placid as his words affected them with their gentle persuasiveness. From somewhere outside the room came a low booming sound like the thud of a distant drum. It was warm in the darkness, and I felt a comfortable sensation of drowsiness settling over me.

"That is better," continued the professor. "Now you are quiet. Now you will listen to me. You rest . . . you no longer doubt me!"

The distant booming continued, keeping a sort of rhythm with the professor's gentle voice.

"This thing which I shall tell you is strange . . . strange. Yet you know me," his voice rambled on, "and you shall believe me. What I tell you is true and you believe me. Your minds are at rest with themselves and all shall be as I say that it shall! You believe me!"

The voice, the booming, the warmth of the room, the darkness, all seemed to lull my mind into a shadowy trance, and through the darkness I could feel the tingling of some unknown potency. I felt that I would believe the professor; but while my spirit seemed completely at peace, far

off in the subterranean channels of my intellect I knew that something was wrong. The sensation lay dormant before the rhythm of the distant drum and the deathlike darkness. The professor droned on.

"I have seen a Thing moving about in the darkness . . . a strange and fearsome Thing. First I saw it by the cloisters, cowering in the shadows there. I have seen it again, creeping along by the wall of the great Tower. It seemed like a luminous mist, like an aura in the dusk. While I stood there watching it, it glided away, like a phantom back from the grave."

His voice trailed off into the darkness about him. The booming sound seemed to have blended with the pulsing warmth, yet I could not feel that there was warmth. Even the professor's head, limned against the darkness by that single beam of light, seemed to have fused with the void surrounding him. All consciousness receded from me; I thought that I stood in the shadows of the cloisters with the dim outline of the Thing somewhere in the dusk before me. Then a voice came back from unfathomable distance.

"It towered above me like some monster jinnee from the past. It was entirely green, with trailing shadows of green hanging from its mighty form. And its eyes, great balls of fire gleaming through the night, glared at me with murderous hatred. There was unutterable wickedness in those fiery orbs, wickedness that would have mocked me even as it slew me. When it turned upon me it reached out gigantic talons, groping in the ghoulish twilight for my throat. Then I fled from those haunted cloisters, fled before the Thing that would have slain me even as it would slay you. Oh beware! Beware of the Thing in the cloisters that will strangle you with its hideous talons. And do not look into its flaming eyes, for it will fasten you down with its tensivity

until it can tear the breath from your throat!"

Perspiration broke from my brow. I was seized with a fit of violent trembling. My throat seemed dry and swollen, as though I had felt the terrific clutch of those murderous hands. Fear ran through my heart and burrowed deep into the hidden recesses of my soul; for I knew I should meet this fiend incarnate, this hideous monster that transfixed its victims with gleaming eyes, to tear open their throats with its ghastly talons. My mind could not tell me where I was; I dreaded lest I was standing beside that haunted cloister where this Thing stalked in its deathly course. In vain I strove to move; I was paralyzed by fear of the unknown.

Then from afar came the voice of the professor, piercing the wall of my trance. The cloister, the Tower, seemed to totter in the gloom and go reeling off into a vague mist. All became a chaos as I went whirling through imaginary space at a tremendous velocity. Again came the voice, this time much nearer to me.

"Boreau! Boreau! Awaken! This is the professor!"

The giddiness left me as my senses began to clear, and I saw the professor standing before me in the dark. I gazed at him bewilderedly.

"I told you not to listen," he said, speaking sharply. "I warned you! Now stand here—and do not listen again!"

**M**Y MIND was now quite clear: I understood that I must have fallen into a deep trance, for I was once more aware of the monotonous booming and the sultry room. The professor had glided back into the solitary beam of light. His voice continued, yet now I did not heed what he said, but strained to the sound of tense breathing in the room. Again that ponderous voice:

"Watch for this Thing when the night has come, and such demons are stalking about. Even now I feel the glare of those terrible eyes, boring into my back with their incarnate hatred. Even now I dread to glance over my shoulder, lest its fearsome arms should come stretching through the darkness toward me."

With a tremendous effort the professor forced himself to turn his head up into that beam of light. As he stared into the distance his calm features began to distort themselves with a look of unspeakable terror. His mouth sagged open; his eyes, dilated, seemed to bulge from their sockets. He flung his black-robed arms into the light above him as though to ward off some menacing gesture.

"Look!" he moaned weirdly. "It is there. Its talons are reaching for my throat! Its eyes . . . how fiendishly they gleam in the darkness! Beware of it! Flee from it! It is the Green Monster!"

There came a scrambling of feet, a falling of chairs. Someone, overcome with hysterical fear, screamed wildly. The darkness pulsed with the trembling of human bodies. The rampant horror of that moment was indescribable . . . yet I had seen nothing!

"It is gone," cried the professor loudly, this time in his natural voice. "Awaken, my friends." Then, turning toward me, he called out, "Lights, Boreau, quickly!"

In the dazzling rays of the electric lamp he stood before us as the professor whom we knew in the classroom, having cast aside his black draperies. The guests were sprawling in their chairs in all stages of stupefaction. Some of them stared before them with the effect of that horrible moment stamped on their faces. Some held their heads between their hands as though awakening from a bad dream. Others shuddered, fingering their throats nervously. All were dazed.

The professor continued to command them to awaken until the spell began to wear off. Then he commenced to read rapidly and calmly from a manuscript. The paper was absolutely irrelevant, and I could not restrain an exclamation when he ended without mentioning the singular events of the evening. His conduct bore an astounding similarity to that which he affected in closing his ordinary classroom lectures. At the end, the guests arose, talking complacently on various topics. In a few minutes they began to saunter casually from the house.

I hastened to approach the professor, intent on asking him to explain their peculiar behavior. He must have read my question in my eyes, for as I neared him he whispered to me:

"Not tonight, Boreau. Come in the morning—and good-night!"

At the door I joined Hallmark, and together we started across the campus. Outside of a few trivial remarks we said nothing at all until we reached my door, when he spoke in a casual voice.

"Dry old lecture tonight, wasn't it?" he yawned lazily. "When he acted so queerly about telling us to sit back and rest I thought we were in for something interesting. I fell asleep . . . pretty darn dry . . . glad I woke up in time to say good-bye."

My stare must have disturbed him a bit, for he turned back into the night.

"Well . . . see you tomorrow," he said. "Me for the sheets!"

"Good-night," I managed to utter.

And to think that only fifteen minutes before I had seen him shuddering with fear! Could he remember nothing of what had happened?

I sat in my room for some minutes before the possibility of it could soak into my head. Undoubtedly the whole affair was strange beyond description. I went to sleep with

my brain a whirling mass of doubts, fears and perplexities.

THE next morning I sat through my classes with a maze of questions running through my mind. I could not understand the sudden transition from a state of abject fear to one of complete ignorance. Nor could I understand how I had allowed my mind to slip from my control, sweeping me into those peculiar and terrifying illusions which I had undergone. Why the professor had gone about this experiment in such an odd way was baffling. Why were all the lights off except that single beam in the front of the room? Why had the professor affected that unusual tone of voice? The heat, the strange booming sound, the garb of the professor—all of these were beyond my understanding.

When the last class was over I hastened to the professor's with these questions on my tongue. I found him sitting in his office, busily writing in a memorandum book. He greeted me laconically, waved me into a chair, and continued until he had finished his writing. At last he turned toward me.

"Well, Boreau, what do you think of it?" he asked.

"Why, Professor, I am completely at sea."

The tone of my voice must have forecast the state of my mind, for the professor, smiling faintly, settled back to answer the flood of questions which he knew I would ask. I lost no time in discussing the general scene, but plunged immediately into the mystery.

"First of all," I asked, "why did your pupils act so queerly when they had completely come to? They did not seem to realize that only a few moments before they had been frightened out of their wits. In fact, Hallmark remarked that he had never heard such a dry lecture in his life. He said that he had fallen asleep

soon after you started, and could remember nothing until the end."

"Naturally," he laughed.

I did not understand.

"They remembered nothing because they had been in a deep hypnotic state," he explained. "When I called them into their consciousnesses they assumed that they had been asleep, since they could remember nothing of what had occurred."

He grinned at my amazement.

"But I remember it all!" I exclaimed.

The professor waved the remark aside.

"Certainly, Boreau. I saw that you, too, in spite of my warning were falling into the same state. I hastened to call you back before you had seen the Green Monster. Does that explain the matter?"

I thought this point over for a minute. It seemed that I had caught the professor in a mistake, for, if they remembered nothing upon regaining consciousness, where could the experiment lead to? I put this question to him in a rather triumphant manner.

"Boreau! Boreau!" he cried; "do you forget everything I tell you? I explained that I predict they will suffer from hallucinations caused by post-hypnosis. That is, they will actually see the Green Monster as I have described him, only they will not realize that they are under a foreign influence. If he does appear to them, it will seem to be the first time. This, Boreau, is the entire experiment. We have only prepared our elements; the reaction, if there is to be one, should ensue."

I was crestfallen at my lack of memory, yet my mind was not at peace.

"But, Professor, do you mean to tell me that these visions may continue indefinitely? In that case, you will have done the men a great harm, for they would always be haunted by the Green Monster; and that, I con-

fess, would be a horrible existence. I know, for I almost saw him myself!"

"Oh no," he explained; "I can destroy this hallucination at any time by putting them into the hypnotic state and removing the idea. Then, too, if something should happen that my mental powers failed, the vision would recede, since it exists only in their minds through the directing force of mine!"

This prepared an ultimate solution to the matter. When I asked about the darkness, the solitary beam of light, the dull sound and the heat, the professor explained that these were mere accessories to hypnosis, externals which facilitated his task. Yet now that I had smoothed the mechanical doubts from my mind, I found that my vague uneasiness refused to disappear. I dared not mention this to the professor, since he would have laughed at my groundless presentiment. I paused for a final question.

"Then do you believe the experiment will succeed?" I asked.

"It is still a little early to come to any conclusion," he answered, "yet I believe that within the next few days we shall hear of some strange apparitions in the neighborhood of the Tower or the cloisters. Of course," he added, "the matter is entirely problematical. I can not be sure that they really accepted my suggestion, nor shall I know until we have heard several rumors about the school. But something should happen soon, if my theory is correct."

Again I felt that sensation of uneasiness. The professor had turned to his writing, completely unaware that I was still in the room.

Several days passed in which I heard nothing more of the matter. I began to believe that, after all, the professor had failed to produce any of the effects he had anticipated. I saw a great deal of the men who had been there that night, yet never did



I mention the matter nor signify that I remembered anything of the lecture. I fell into the routine of college life. My uneasiness passed away.

**A**BOUT a week later I was standing in front of my house when Hallmark came walking by. He called in a casual voice, asking if I wanted to walk by the library, and, since I recalled that I had certain research work to do, I accepted, glad of the companionship.

The night was much like that on which I had first gone to the professor's house. A dense fog had settled down over us like a blanket, so that we could not see around us for more than twenty feet. There was a faint wind in the pine trees, which, with the dripping of the water from the limbs above, gave the night a somber tone. Here and there in the gray mist a light glowed dully. All about us was a sullen quiet; our feet crunched harshly upon the graveled path. Hallmark and I, somewhat depressed by the singular hush, walked along without speaking. Then Hallmark whispered:

"That's the cloister, isn't it? I can't make it out from here."

There was nothing unusual in his voice, yet his words sent a faint tingle through my body, recalling, as they did, the professor's warning.

"Yes," I answered; and then, "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know," he returned; "just wondered."

We went on, and since it was closer to the library by way of the cloister, we headed for the spot. I stifled whatever misgivings I might have had, for I knew that it was merely a suspicion that prompted them. We entered the cloisters just as the chimes were beginning to toll the hour. It was 10 o'clock. "About this stuff I've got to dig up," I thought to myself, "I'll need a Schneider & Greve's, and I'd better

glance through Hudson while I'm here."

The crunching of our feet on the gravel intruded on my reverie with an ominous sound and I was recalled to my surroundings.

Suddenly I felt Hallmark's grip tighten convulsively on my arm.

"Look, Boreau!" he muttered tensely. "There by the second arch!"

He stopped dead-still, rooted to the spot. I looked. There was nothing but the eddying fog, moving in a fantastic sort of way. Hallmark's fingers were digging sharply into the biceps of my arm. I glanced at the man; his face was screwed into a look of doubt and perplexity. But even as I watched him his face began to twist into a picture of agony.

"It's coming here, Boreau! God! What is it? Boreau!"

Still I saw nothing!

"What is coming?" I whispered, for I was frightened in spite of my senses.

"Look! Boreau!" he screamed. "This way . . . run!"

He strove futilely to move from his tracks.

"Those blazing eyes!" he shrieked. "Run! Oh God! . . . it's got me . . . help! Help!"

His voice died in his throat as if some monstrous hand had throttled him as he screamed. His eyes seemed to bulge from his head, and his mouth hung open with seeming torment. Even as I stared at him he fell to the ground with a low, hideous moan. Yet I saw nothing!

I bit my teeth into my lips and forced myself to bend over the form of my friend. With an agony of self-restraint I picked him up and fled into the library.

The doors were open, so that I was able to dash in. At the sound of my frightened cries and Hallmark's piteous moaning a crowd swept around us and strove to bring Hallmark to his senses.

"What's happened to him?" someone cried.

All eyes turned toward me. I looked at them with a frightened glance. I could not find my tongue; my palate was parched and dry; my senses reeled.

"I—I don't know," I managed to utter. "He saw something in the cloisters and fell beside me. He is——"

My explanation was cut short by a jumbled flow of words from Hallmark's mouth.

"It was green . . . all green," he moaned, thickly, "with trailing shadows of green. God! It's got me, Boreau! Run——"

His voice trailed off again in a dismal muttering. I stared at him aghast. Those were the professor's words! Trailing shadows of green! I had not foreseen this, nor could I believe I knew its cause. For a moment I thought I should hurl my secret at the throng, but by clenching my nails until they dug into the flesh of my palms I managed to restrain myself. The crowd was whispering excitedly, half frightened by Hallmark's condition and my own dismay.

Someone cut in with an authoritative tone: "He's coming around now."

Hallmark had opened his eyes, and was staring at us in wild amazement.

"Is it gone?" he whispered, tensely.

"What was it?" asked the person with the authoritative voice.

"The . . . the . . . Thing . . . the Green Monster . . . it nearly got me——"

His voice broke into a sob; the man was completely unnerved. The professor's words again!

With the aid of a few of the crowd I carried him home, and there I left him, piteously nervous. And that

night I dreamed of terrible green talons reaching for my throat, and all through my sleep ran the monotone of Hallmark's piteous sobbing.

THE morning paper carried a short account of Hallmark's "Mysterious Encounter." There was nothing definite to the matter: he had seen (so the story ran) a monstrous green thing slithering toward him through the fog. Its eyes had seemed to bore into his very soul, filling him with an unreasoning fear of this giant unknown. Then, as Hallmark had said, it had fastened gruesome talons into his throat, after which he knew nothing until he was revived in the library. The paper mentioned that a Mr. Boreau, who had been with him at the time of the alleged encounter, had absolutely denied having seen anything, although he, too, had confessed that he had felt that inexplicable panic. The article ended with an attempt at editorial satire, commenting upon "those who flee from imaginary bugaboos!" Hallmark was suspected of some nervous disease or a great prankishness—with emphasis on the latter. Poor fools!

With the news in my hand I rushed to the professor's house. He was sitting in his study, the scene of that first terrible night, grimly reading the first result of his unusual experiment. His lips were curved in a satisfied smile; he gloated in his triumph.

"Professor," I cried, "you must destroy this evil hallucination!"

The professor looked amazed. "But, Boreau—it is succeeding!"

"If you had seen Hallmark's face! If you had been there, Professor," I pleaded, "you would not ask for reasons. The man's nerves were shot to pieces. I have never seen such terror!"

The thought of poor Hallmark sent cold shivers coursing up and

down my spine. I could say no more, but only stare at the professor in vain entreaty. He looked coldly at me.

"Boreau, I am disappointed in you. I do not propose," he continued, "to allow this scourge to run on for long. But there must be several occurrences to substantiate the experiment. In a week's time the need will have passed, and I shall release them from their condition."

There was nothing I could do. I must remain a party to the experiment until the professor chose to terminate it. He alone could solve the situation; I was powerless. I felt a revulsion from my former admiration for him. This was too cold-blooded, too completely cruel. The thought that Hallmark might go through the experience again caused me to shudder. I bowed as politely as I could and left the house.

**T**HE week succeeding was one of utmost horror. Six different men, all members of that memorable seance, had seen the Green Monster in the darkness. After twilight the voices of all were hushed or stilled, for in all of them dwelt the fear of this terrible thing. Out of every corner its hideous eyes seemed to stare with murderous glance at passers-by. Grim terror stalked rampant where once had been peace and youthful happiness. And the men, who at first had been ashamed of their fears, had begun determining a hurried exodus from the accursed spot.

I could not go near the professor; the very thought of him filled me with loathing. When I watched the havoc he had wrought in the minds of my comrades, I burned with a singular bitterness, all the more intensified by the knowledge that I was helpless to prevent it. I dared not approach him.

Then the catastrophe occurred. I was in my room, trying to solve a

knotty problem in one of my courses, when I heard the chill night air suddenly rent with terrific screaming. My muscles were temporarily paralyzed; I knew that the Green Monster had appeared again. The screams died off into the darkness and were superseded by violent yells for help, which all the time came closer to my room. I was terrified into action. I rushed pell-mell into the hall, where I found a group of men, all of them staring at each other in dreadful anticipation.

"Come quickly," I cried; "let us help him! The Green Monster has appeared again!"

Their faces writhed in ill-suppressed anguish, but they ran swiftly at my side. We dashed out of the door into the darkened street, flying toward those terrible yells as fast as our legs would carry us. Then, a few hundred yards from the cloister, we met them!

Three men were dragging between them the collapsed body of another. I rushed to their side. Upon their stricken faces I saw the stamp of the monster.

"What has happened?" I shouted, my tongue beyond control.

"The Green Monster . . . we saw it . . . all of us! And it got Bob, here."

I stared at them, aghast. I bent over the prostrate body to give assistance.

God! What was this? This was unbelievable! There was a trickling of blood at the nose. His eyes seemed about to burst from his head; the lips were literally shredded by the champing of his teeth. My reason seemed to totter with the horror of it all. He was dead! Strangled by the Green Monster! So this was the experiment!

"Dead!" I screamed.

A low moan went up from his comrades. The crowd fell back, of-

*(Continued on page 142)*

# The Green Monster

(Continued from page 42)

fering no aid, saying nothing, only stunned by the catastrophe.

"Take him home!" I shrieked, almost hysterically.

Without another word I turned and ran toward the professor's house. The light was still burning in the studio. It would not have mattered had it been otherwise, for I should have torn him from his bed had he been there. I did not knock; I rushed headlong into the study. The professor sat before me with a smile on his cruel lips. He looked at me amusedly.

"Has the Green Monster appeared again?" he laughed.

"It has!" I cried, panting with the intensity of my hate. "It has appeared again, and this time it has slain a man! Strangled him with its monstrous talons, as you said it would."

The professor's face went a pasty white. He stared at me like a man possessed. I knew that the fear of the monster had come over him, too. I gloated in the consternation of that look. Then his expression changed to one of determination; he set his jaws grimly.

"Sit down, Boreau," he commanded. "Tell me about this."

"The Green Monster has appeared again," I shouted. "It was seen by three other men at the same time, and it has strangled Bob Huntingdon. I saw him after it was done!"

For a minute the professor seemed to be working at some idea. Then he leaped to his feet.

"Boreau, this is terrible! Had I foreseen this I would never have started this experiment." His words came hard and fast. "The concentrative power of the minds of the university has created it. Their wills, their rampant fears, have gotten beyond control. Where before it was

only a hallucination, it is now a reality! Run, Boreau, and gather all of those who were at the lecture before. It is a matter of life and death, for at any minute the living fantasm may seize upon one of them—or any one now!"

I turned and fled, but as I ran I heard the professor muttering, "I had not foreseen this. I have heard of the creation of material forces through the exercise of the mind—a Hindoo, a yogi theory—yet I had thought it a fantastic myth . . . a myth—"

His voice was beyond my hearing as I rushed toward the quadrangle.

**I**N FIFTEEN minutes I had collected the majority of his former guests about me, and the others, convinced of the all-importance of the request, were hastening toward the professor's. As we neared the place we saw that the lights were off. From somewhere on the place came that ominous booming sound. I noticed that the shades of the study had been drawn.

As we put our feet within the door we heard a sudden scream, a wild cry for help. So great was our excitement that we dashed back into the study without pausing.

My companions fell back against the door, paralyzed by the vision before them. There, under that solitary beam of light, lay the professor, while over him loomed that hideous Monster I had heard described. I felt the fiendish hate of his glance as he stared at the dying professor with those fiery eyes of his. As I stood there he began to glide through the gloom toward me. I was frozen with horror. The perspiration broke from my brow, blinding me with its scalding sting. Even as I thought it would fasten its tremendous fingers

into my throat, the professor rose from the floor in a semi-crouch.

"Boreau," he moaned, "it shall not touch you! It has broken my neck. I am dying, and when I die it will disappear forever!" He pulled a knife from his garments.

I believe he had anticipated the attack upon himself. The Monster leaped to snatch the knife from his hand—too late! The professor sank back upon the floor, and even as he did so, the green Thing faded into the shuddering dark.

"Lights!" I cried. "For God's sake put on the lights!"

Someone found them. We stood in the study with only the dead professor before us. I turned to my companions in the doorway.

"Let us go," I sobbed. "The professor is dead, and the Green Monster is gone forever."

Blindly groping in the clear light, I staggered from the unholy spectacle. Somehow I reached my room. Then, in the still fearsome night hours which the shadow of the monster seemed to inhabit even now, I wrote a full report of the professor's terrible experiment; I expressed that, with the death of the professor, his power over the minds of his unfortunate subjects had passed away, and with that power the Green Monster. Morning came, and the sun cast a cheerful beam over my fast whitening hair.