

THE INVENTION OF EPHRAIM GADDE.

THE FAITHFUL CHRONICLE OF AN EYE-WITNESS NOW FOR
THE FIRST TIME RECORDED BY

EDGAR TURNER AND REGINALD HODDER.



ADMIT right here that the editor of the great New York newspaper showed me the door when I was three-quarters through with the tale I am now starting in to tell you; but by St. George Washington it's as solemn a fact as the great American Steel Trust. All the same, whenever I think of poor old Ephraim Gadde, I want to pinch myself and remark, wiselike, that there are a sight more things 'twixt heaven and earth than are dreamt of on your bridge, Horatius.

Now, as you know, I'm a bit of an inventor myself, but for all that I guess that I wasn't present when professional jealousy was served out. There are no flies on me in that connection. Ef I see an invention better than mine, I take off my hat to it. I can do no more. Wal, it so turned out that Ephraim's invention *was* better than mine. You'll see that for yourselves when I tell you that it was something for wiping people off the face of the earth, whereas mine was merely something to keep them alive. Yes, the draw was against me. I was nowhere. Ephraim was everywhere. But, mind you, I assumed a sort of equality with him, on the ground that neither his nor my invention had as yet been publicly adopted.

It was on the liner at Frisco that I first met Ephraim Gadde. We were bound for Yokohama, carrying a revised edition of special correspondents and similar panoply of war to the front. According to my custom, I was one of the earliest aboard the boat. I like to watch the other passengers come on, because I've always had a sorter notion that as a passenger comes on, so he is. Wal, I was leaning over the side, when a tall, thin, beady-eyed, hook-nosed man of about fifty-five summers, wearing a soft felt hat, a

morning coat cut considerable loose, and a pair of check trousers that any high-class bank would honour at sight, stepped up the gangway with a box on his shoulder. He had already knocked a porter down for attempting to help him with it, and when he came on deck, he waved aside the stewards and insisted on humping it to his stateroom himself.

It didn't look anything wonderful—merely a long box, with supports like a camera's strapped alongside. But, skin me, it might have been worth over a billion dollars, by the way he locked his door on it to keep us honest. I was attracted wonderful. It sorter seemed to me that if the man wasn't an inventor, and if the darned box didn't contain his invention—wal, you could keep the change. Accordingly, when I had seen the rest of the passengers on and summed them up and set them down, I approached him and introduced myself by guessing that he was a New Englander like me.

"You've hit it off first time," he replied, hooking his voice through his nose.

Then, with a sharp glance at me, he buttoned up his coat—not because he was a New Englander, but because I was.

"And," I guessed again, "maybe 'tain't likely you're on your way to Yokohama, also like me?"

He beady-eyed me seriously, and hoped that the ship wouldn't go anyways except towards Yokohama, and that horizontally. He wasn't taking any perpendicular voyages this trip.

I reckoned this was a good opening to feel his pulse.

"Wal, sir," I said, "I'm preternatural pleased to make your acquaintance, because I reckon I can size you up as a pretty smart inventor in your line, as I am in mine. I know the signs. Shake!"

But, instead of shaking, his hand flew to the outside of the breast pocket of that capacious morning coat of his, and then rapidly went over the buttons, to feel if they were securely fastened. What in bustin' thunder had he got there, that he was so particular nervous about it? Mebbe, I



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thought, if the box contained his invention, the pocket might hold the specifications and formula.

I was a bit rounded up. But presently an idea occurred to me. A cocktail might possibly make him more trusting-like.

"But hang all inventions!" says I. "I'm sick of 'em. Come and have a drink."

He smiled sweetly, and we formed ourselves into a search party for the nearest bar. It was in exactly the same place as I had left it ten minutes before, and we named our poisons in a spirit of increasing friendliness. But, believe me or not, it cost me about two dollars to sift it out that Ephraim Gadde—for that, he informed me, was the way he labelled his luggage—wasn't amenable to cocktails. I couldn't draw from him nohow what his blooming invention was. I explained to

him all about my patent cellular meat-lozenge, which was equivalent in point of condensation to a hundred mammoths in an egg-cup. I told him emphatically that I carried a whole drove of cattle in my pocket-book, and showed them to him. I assured him that by means of this patent lozenge I could stow several thousands of poultry in one waistcoat-pocket, and a reservoir of nourishing soup in the other, on the basis of one grain to the ton.

It was no good. He would not rise, but merely smiled down his scraggy beard, in a grave and superior way. It was like opening oysters with your finger-nails. Ever since I had accused him of being an inventor, and admitted that I was one myself, he was as guarded as a prison, and the most I could get out of him was that he knew something that would throw a new light on the war.

"For the Japs or the Russians?" I asked. "First come, first served," says he. "I'm no considerator of persons—leastways, not under another cocktail."

"Wal, Mr. Gadde," says I, when the drink was served, "what in thunder is your invention? Look here, if it's a food, I'm up against it with my lozenge. The side that gets that starves the other out in the first round. Is it a food, sir?"

"No, it's not."

"Then it's a gun. By General Grant! I'll swear it's a gun."

"Maybe it's a gun," says Ephraim quiet-like, "and maybe it isn't a gun. But you seem to think it is, so that settles it."

There was no getting any further with him. But as the voyage proceeded, we grew more intimate, and I noticed a tendency on his part to argue with me very seriously as to the rights and wrongs of the war. It appeared almost as if he was anxious to be reconciled to his own conscience in the matter. Of course, I stood up in big boots for the Japs, and said it would serve the Russians jolly well right if they all got wiped off the earth.

At this his eyes glittered.

"You really think so?" he asked. "Ah! my friend, I wish I was as certain as you."

"Certain?" says I. "I guess I can convince you in plain dots."

Then I took the deck and showed him in my clear, concise style exactly why it was that the Russians ought to be wiped out. For half an hour I banged at him with picked arguments, until he sighed, and then looked relieved, and at last, gripping my hand, assured me I had lifted a great weight off his mind. The Russians deserved it, and by Moses! as sure as his name was Ephraim Gadde, they'd get it. By means of his invention he would presently kill them off in unburyable numbers. He didn't like taking the life of a standing army by the acre or square mile, but the circumstances demanded it. I had done the Japs a great service in convincing him that they were in the right, and the other lot up to the neck in the wrong.

I began to feel mighty glad that I had been instrumental in saving the life of the little chrysanthemum nation. But the more I thought of it, the more I looked out of the corner of my eye at old Ephraim. He twigg'd me.

"You think I've come unbuttoned in the head?" he says mildly. "But I ain't. You go an' have a double dose of nose-paint

to steady your nerves, an' then come to my stateroom, an' I'll show you. Hang it! I'll show you."

I followed out his instructions to the letter, and rejoined him in the stateroom, ready for anything. I found that he had rigged his box up at the window like a camera on three legs.

"Now," he says, pointing out across the sea, "you observe them seagulls a-skirtin' around over there?"

"Yes, I observe 'em," says I. "About a dozen of 'em."

"It'd be jest the same if they was ten million," says Ephraim. "Now, behold! I lay my cards on the table."

He looked through a peephole at his end of the box, swivelled the thing a bit to get a sight, and then pressed a button—click!

There was a flutter among the seagulls and a chorus of screams. Then suddenly all of 'em went flop into the water and floated toes upwards on the smooth sea. In two secs there wasn't a blessed single or married seagull left in that direction 'twixt us and the circumambidextrous blue.

"Ephraim Gadde!" shouts I, dancin' with excitement, "your cards takes the pool clean! You blooming old, long-legged, morning-coated, check-trousered, mighty-mouthed inventor! An' now that you've been an' done it, tell me how in thunder it was done. How d'you pick up them cards?"

I grips his arm in my eagerness. I was right beside myself with prancin' wonder.

"No, my friend," says Ephraim, shaking me off, "there's only me knows how it's done, and I don't chuck my secrets around promiscuous. I've showed you it *can* be done, and I guess that's enough. When I get to the Jap-Russ prize-ring, it's for the Japs to decide whether they want the invention or not."

I grips his arm again and entreats him most humble to satisfy my ragin' curiosity. But the more I begged, the firmer he got.

"No," he says, "I've listened attentive to the ins and outs of your quintessence of meat invention, and you ought to go easy on that."

He wouldn't even let me survey the inside of the box, but shut it up right there. All the same, I sampled him up as straight wire. And then I flattened it out in my mind that the best thing I could do under the circumstances was to sail my lozenge in under convoy of his popgun. Yes, he was genuwine, and my better self told me to stick to him like a brother.

And I guess I did. From the time of the decease of them unfortunate seagulls we were together from first morning drink to last night drink. He grew confidential on many matters, but never on the invention or the specifications thereof. Which those specifications were clearly in his pocket-book, buttoned up in that capacious morning coat. His dollar bills he kept promiscuous-like about him, an' took no particular care of. But the pocket-book was different. Every now and then he would feel with his hand to see if it was safe. There was no doubt that it contained the key to the situation, and I reckoned it'd make mighty fine readin'.

As the voyage got on, I conceived a great admiration for old Ephraim. He was a livin' wonder in the way of an inventor. I can hump a bit on that trail myself, but his science simply paralysed me. He gave the stewards tips for original grub contrivances, and the barman prescriptions for new double-shock cocktails. He taught a lot about navigation to the captain, and about boilers and cog-wheels to the chief engineer. Such a scientific reputation did he achieve that, when he let on gravely one day at the dinner-table that he was perfecting a machine which, if you fed it with beetroots, would turn out twenty-cent packets of sugar-candy labelled with the maker's name and stamped and addressed to your friends, no one doubted it for a moment. There wasn't a thing, from a needle to an anchor, that he couldn't polish up out of sight. He was a small fortune to me, for he gave away ideas right and left on everything—everything bar his gun. On that he was as silent as a well-conducted deaf-and-dumb asylum on Sundays.

At last we reached Yokohama. Ephraim made as much fuss about getting his box off as he had about getting it on. We found that the Japanese War Office had established a first-class Transport Department in the town, which the same we should have to negotiate before moving on. Wal, we drove straight there, I with my lozenges, and Ephraim with his box and his pocket-book.

When we arrived, he pushed me in first. But I did not stay long. To be plain, my reception was not excessive enthusiastic. I was told that, as the Japanese soldiers were still going strong on rice and cigarettes, my meat lozenges were a matter for mature deliberation. I might leave a sample, and expect to hear concernin' 'em at my American address in the course of a few months.

"It's no good," I says, when I returns to

Ephraim. "They're sick of foreign inventions. They've bin fed up with 'em. Nothing less than the Jappification of Russia by the Japs interests 'em in the slightest."

"Hm!" he replies, "it's like that, is it? Well, I guess I'll have a try, all the same."

And in he goes serious and deliberate, with the box on his shoulder. Ten minutes later, he comes out again, still carrying his box, and accompanied by a Jap in uniform. This man, I learned afterwards, was the Inspector-General of war materials. He was a mighty great pot in his way, and evidently fancied himself a darn sight bigger gun than the one Ephraim had in his box. He was loaded to the muzzle with supercilious smiles, which seemed to express the opinion that an American citizen was always to be treated politely, no matter what no end of a conflagratin' lunatic said citizen might be. Bowing as well as smiling, he opened a door for Ephraim to pass through, and then tracked after him into an enclosure of sorts.

"Blazes!" thinks I, as he shut and locked the door behind them, "old Ephraim's goin' to give the Jap a *séance* with his Gatlin'."

They were gone about five minutes, and when they returned, the Inspector-General was leaning on the other's arm as if he was afraid he might lose him. Ephraim was tall with dignity, but very calm. It was evidently only what he had expected.

"The old boss has done the trick," says I to myself. "He's bin an' gone and killed something *pro bono publico*, so to speak."

He is in favour, and no mistake. The Inspector-General had dropped his supercilious smiles like so many hot bricks, and was beaming most honest and affable. Yet Ephraim wasn't proud. There was no sorter stand-off attitude about him—no feeling that a man with a patent meat-lozenge wasn't in the same universe with a chap who could take life sudden and mysterious. No, he ups and introduces me as if I was part of his invention—or, at all events, a giddy antidote to it. Then he says something about my lozenge, and I begins to feel that he and I have formed a friendly save-and-destroy partnership. The Inspector-General was polite to me, but he was much more concerned about Ephraim.

"Wal, now," he says to him presently, "please come with me, and I'll make out your pass for the front at once."

"Make it out for two," says Ephraim, flourishing his hand at me.

"Certainly," says the Inspector-General, "certainly."

We went in with him to his private room, and in a brace of shakes Ephraim had his pass and also a letter of introduction. I felt things were getting very much up against the Russians.

"There's a transport sailing this afternoon," now says the Inspector-General obsequious-like, "and you can go by that. But no—it's a slow boat, and you don't want to waste any time. There's a destroyer starting to-morrow with despatches for the commanding officer, and she shall take you as well."

"'Nough said," replies Ephraim. "That'll suit us. The sooner we're there, the better for you."

"True," says the Jap. "I almost think"—he hesitated a moment or two, and then made up his mind—"yes, the destroyer shall start to-day. Please come with me, and I'll give the necessary orders."

It seemed as if he was a bit afraid of losing sight of Ephraim. But we didn't mind that, and we followed him quite agreeable into the general rooms.

Soon the whole place was in an all-fired hurry and scuttle. High officials were ordering lower officials about, and lower officials were playing the same games on lower still. Telephones and telegraphs were a-ringin' an' a-clickin'. Messenger boys were flying about like as they were paid by the piece. I tell you I was consumed with admiration, and I broke my bones in Jap style towards Ephraim for having given rise to all this ramping fuss. He nodded some, an' kept his hand on the box containing his invention.

An hour later the Inspector-General saw us to the destroyer. On the way we took stock of this rummy old far-eastern town, and it struck both of us pretty hard what a lot of manners and customs and things we Americans must have borrowed from the Japs without borrowin' them quite right. Between the fluffy trees like you see painted on the fans we could spot two or three transports loadin' in the harbour, an' another one gettin' up steam. There were birds in those trees, singing pretty Japanese songs. And in the streets there were little women who peeped at us under their parasols, and coolies who stopped and spat on their hands quite pleasant and homely-like and then went on again. I had an eye for tea-houses and geisha ornaments, but Ephraim hadn't. In imagination he was already looking for

Cossacks and similar prey, and qualifyin' 'em for funerals.

At last we reached the destroyer, and Ephraim went headlong up the gangway with his box. The Inspector-General introduced us to the commander of the boat, with twenty-five bows to us and two or three to him, and spoke of Ephraim as admirably as if he had already stopped the war. I was run in unlabelled, feeling like accessories, but I didn't mind. My name was on that lozenge I've once or twice mentioned to you, and that was good enough for me.

Wal, presently we were off. And the last person we saw on the wharf in Yokohama was that four aces and a king of an Inspector-General. There he stood, a-coolin' his slippers on the stones, an' a-wavin' his handkerchief after us real affectionate. Ephraim was some pleased at his politeness, I can tell you.

"I'm glad," he remarks to me, "that you put me up to backing the Jap play in this little game over in Manchuria. They're clean strain gentlemen, that's what they are. And my dollars is on 'em every time."

When the destroyer landed us, there was still a considerable quantity of miles between us and the army then lying near Liaoyang. Part of the way was covered by a railroad, but the rest was horseback. With us was a young lieutenant who had come over in the boat in charge of despatches. And he wasn't the only companion we had. Not much. Our old friend the Inspector-General had cabled across that we were to have an escort of a hundred picked men. He didn't want us rounded up unsuspecting-like by no reconnoitring Russians. We was meant to do the rounding up ourselves quite open and free.

We arrived at the camp just on the tail of an engagement of sorts. The Russians, we were informed, had attacked the Japanese lines, but had been repulsed with heavy losses of both men and guns. And they were suffering under another kind of loss as well. A huge flock of sheep and other food supplies, all careful consigned to headquarters, had been intercepted by some Yokohama roughriders, and were now being corralled in. We passed 'em just before we reached the camp. The sheep was most amusin' to watch. There was quite five thousand of 'em, as stupid as could be, an' nary a dog to help manage 'em. I can tell you they was givin' the roughriders a regular strenuous Roosevelt racket of it.

Ephraim patted his box affectionate and smoothed out his straggly beard when we

came in sight of the camp. He and his staff were on the top of a hillock, watching the battle dying out miles away. He looked every inch an all-fired warrior, as he sat his horse straight and bold and held his spy-

bit more on the voyage, and I guessed he was now lettin' on big about it.

In a few moments he comes galloping back and says the General will give us an audience. Up goes old Ephraim, with his box on his shoulder, and hands in his letter of introduction. I follows, and looks on very interested.

When the General had read the letter, he propounded some questions. Ephraim replied short and confident, and then unbuttoned that morning-coat of his. Yes, I had guessed right. Out came a corpulent pocket-book, and from it Ephraim took a bundle of papers. As he flourished 'em about, the General held out his hand for 'em. But the old 'un drew back and replaced 'em in his pocket-book.

"No, sir," he says, "I don't deliver my specifications till the exchequer arrangements between me, as vendor, and you, as purchaser on behalf of your Government, is properly fixed up."

"Wal," says the great soldier, pointing to the box. "let me see what you can do with it."

"Certain," replies Ephraim. "Show me a thousand Russians, and I'll prompt convert 'em into dead 'uns for you."

The General smiled in a wrought-iron sorter way.

"Good," says he short and crisp. "Choose your own target!"

Ephraim says: "Wal, I'm noticing that you ain't quite silenced them Russian guns yet. Some of their shells are still rollin' in hereabouts. That was the last one"—he pointed to a

spot some five hundred yards away where a shell had just burst. "Now oblige me by signifyin' where the battery is which is firin' 'em in, an' I'll wipe out that battery."

"But," objected the General, smiling cynical, "there's a leak in that proposition. The battery's a long range one inside the



"Ephraim was tall with dignity, but very calm."

glass to his eye. Our young lieutenant rode up to him and presented his despatches. Then a bit of a confab ensued. Presently I saw the lieutenant chap point towards us at the bottom of the hillock. Our friend at Yokohama had told him something about Ephraim's invention, and I had weighed in a

Russian lines, and we shan't be able to tell whether it's you or our own guns that have silenced it."

"I see," says Ephraim; "you want to hold an inquest like."

He cogitated a bit. Then he cocked his eyes around and at last settles 'em on to the sheep the Yokohama roughriders had captured. They were about half a mile from us, heaped together on a clear piece of the plain.

"Say, General," he says, "are you settin' any partickler sorter value on them sheep?"

"No," replies the General, "we don't want 'em, so long as they don't get to the Russians. Try your hand on 'em. But be quick."

I could see by his face that he thought old Eph was engaged in a gigantic bluff, and that the Inspector-General of war materials was gettin' dotty, to send him and his wooden gun up to the front.

"They won't get to the Russians none," says Ephraim.

Very deliberate and careful he rigged up his box on its hind-legs and swivelled it in the direction of the sheep. As I watched him I thought of them seagulls that I'd seen him put to sleep so peaceful. I wondered how this affair would come off. A dozen gulls might be easy enough, but five thousand sheep was somethin' different. Old Eph was up against a mighty big handful, no matter how many aces he held in his own hand. Mebbe he would singe the old ram on the off side and make some of the others skip a bit and shake their tails, but, skin me! at half a mile it was a pretty steep slaughterin' order. Somehow or other I began to think the old 'un had bitten off more than he could chew—and, mind you, five thousand live sheep take some chewin' even when they're dead.

Suddenly he straightened himself up. I thought for the moment that he was goin' to say his light had gone wrong, or his fuse had got wet, or some cry off of that kind. But no; there were none of them sorter flies on him.

"Say, General," he proclaims, "I was forgotten." There are some men with them sheep. They must be withdrawn, or they'll be killed. There must be nothing within a hundred yards of the sheep all ways."

The General looked a trifle more interested in the proceedings.

"See to it," he says to one of his staff, who streaks off on horseback immediate.

As for me, I began to smell roast mutton.

"Now, General," says Ephraim, "I'll ask you to stand back. I'm going to give her high pressure, an' it's just a fraction risky."

The General nodded, and, saying that he would give him every chance to show what he could do, withdrew with his staff to another hillock adjacent. Ephraim waved me away also, an' I tracked after 'em.

In about five minutes the men in charge of the sheep had been cleared off, and the bleaters were left grazing lonesome. All was ready, an' old Ephraim stood by his gun lookin' like a photographer takin' a last critical survey of a family group. Just then a shell from the Russian battery, which had evidently fetched the range pretty correct, fell and busted a couple of hundred yards away from him. But he took no notice of it, and simply held up his hand as a signal to us that he was up to the game.

It was an exciting scene. First Ephraim sighted his gun more exact at the flock. Then he stepped back a little, as if he didn't want to be too near when it went off. And then, leaning forward and stretching out his long arm, he touched the button. I looked towards his five thousand peaceful enemies to see what would happen.

My stars! big things happened before you could say "Whizz!" There was a stampede among the sheep, and for once in their lives they ran all in different directions. But it only lasted a moment. Then all of a sudden they collapsed in heaps and lay still. Ephraim had chewed 'em up, every ram's son of 'em. I felt some frightened. I tell you my heart went slick down into my boots at the idea of an ordinary American citizen being able to kill things thus wholesale.

But the General took it differently. He was not frightened—only wild with excitement. Swift and sudden he dashed his glass on the ground, scrubbed off his horse, and started towards Ephraim. He evidently intended to hook the invention at once, no matter how many million dollars was the price. But he was too late. Yes, too late—the Russians hooked it first.

How do I mean? Wal, I'll tell you as soon as I can control my voice. Here! give me a holt o' that cocktail. Thanks. I feel better now, and I can talk about it.

It was the hardest blizzard in the way of luck that it ever waltzed my way to witness. Just as the General came down his hillock, old Ephraim was standin' on the top of his, erect an' imposin' in his capacious morning coat and check trousers, with one hand on the box and the other on the pocket that held the secret. One moment he stood thus. Then whizz! a shell came screaming through the air and, alightin' at his feet,



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burst with a concussion that shook the earth.

The General stopped in his tracks and flung himself on the ground. I, who was following him close, did the same. Presently we got up, safe enough, and rushed on towards the

spot where the shell had fallen. We reached it almost simultaneous and looked around us.

The top of the hillock had been completely smashed up. Pieces of stone and heaps of earth were lying promiscuous all down the slopes and away beyond. It must have been

a big shell, and a big gun that fired it out. And Ephraim—where was he? And where was his invention? We ran here and there, stumbling over stones and into new-born holes, and searching with all our eyes. Nary a sign anywhere. Ephraim, too, had been smashed up. Nary a sign, though we and others who joined us searched fierce and anxious. It was most threatening that he and his wonderful box had been blown to atoms.

"Lost, lost!" cried the General. There was no cynical smile about him now. "But"—he turned to me as he spoke—"but perhaps you—"

I shook my head on it.

"Has he any friends? Is there no one else knows the secret?"

Again I shook my head on it.

"No one," I said. "But I sorter believe it was all set down in that pocket-book of his."

"Quick, quick!" cries the General to some of his men. "Search for that pocket-book. Search for the papers in it. Turn over all the loose earth. There must be something."

But there was not. They grubbed round and raked and sieved as if they was after big diamonds. There was not so much as a bit of cloth that could be identified. Poor old Ephraim, with his box and his pocket-book, was clean disintegrated.

The General was full up with despair. One of his aide-de-camps tried to console him by saying—

"But there's one fortunate thing, General. If that shell had come a little later, it would have killed you too, and we should have lost our best leader."

The General turned on him sharply.

"And what if you had?" he cried. "Better that all of us should have perished than this one man."

Then, turning in the direction of the battery that had done the mischief, he cried—

"Ah! if I had only let him do as he wished, that shell would never have been fired. But they won't fire many more. Ride! Ride! some of you. Order a general advance. But concentrate on that battery. I order that it be taken at all costs. Let the cavalry work round towards it, and then, covered by artillery, charge it. Ah! it must—it shall be taken!"

He lashed the words out fine, and stretched out his crooked fingers towards the Russian lines. At that moment I believe he could have strangled the men responsible for that shell most cheerful.

Presently the general advance began. But there was no advance about me. I circled round that hillock a bit more, and then strolled over to the sheep. As I fetched up to 'em, they looked as if they might be asleep, barrin' that they were piled together somewhat uncomfortable. But when I got in among 'em, I saw that they were dead sure enough. I kicked two or three of 'em—nary a bleat. I felt the pulses of some more—nary a beat. They were dead—as dead as mutton.

I stood right there in the midst of the biggest slaughteration that ever was, and, while the renewed battle blazed away in the distance, I asked myself what all-fired process it was by which Ephraim Galde had been able to slay like this by a mere click half a mile off. Was it a sort of wireless lightning streak or two ahead of Marconi? Was it some force which would fly straight to the nerve-centres of living things at which it was directed? Was it, mebbe, something of the *evil* kind?

I couldn't say then, and I can't say now. You can't say. I guess Ephraim alone knew, and I also guess his secret died with him.