

THE LAST ENTRY

(In the Diary of R. Q. P.)

By MEREDITH BEYERS

JANUARY 27th (Near Midnight)

It has been a long, trying, and very unusual evening. I do not understand why I should be treated in this way.

I admit that I was a bit hasty in losing my temper at Bronty; but when a man takes it into his head to talk as he did to my wife, right under my nose, I'm going to rough him up a bit, even though he is my friend and my guest.

I got the worst of it, anyway. We clinched for a moment and then unclined a little too suddenly. My head hit the corner of the mantel and it knocked me out for a second. They lifted me to the couch. And then the strange part . . . They refused to stay in the same room with me! I followed them up but they completely ignored me.

Bronty took his hat and coat and ran indignantly from the house without permitting me even to tell him that I was sorry. And I really was sorry. I had carried the thing too far. It was meant as a joke, probably. I took it entirely too seriously. I always do.

And here's another strange thing. Helen wouldn't have anything to do with me after that. She pretended not to see me, and when I started to apologize she screamed and rushed from the room. And then when I followed her upstairs to bed she carried on so that I had to come down here to the den. There's nothing to do but write, so I'm writing.

Why, even the nurse would have nothing to do with me. I went up to the nursery the way I usually do, to look at the little things asleep in each other's

arms, and she closed the door in my face. I was about to speak to her, but she came out again and brushed right by me without so much as turning her eyes in my direction.

I wanted to cry, the children were so beautiful. That's really the only place to find innocence and happiness and understanding—with little children. I stayed a long while with them, and then the nurse came back, so I slipped out without her seeing me.

It is all very strange. I have a curious feeling that there is something wrong that I don't know. I wonder if I could have done or said anything in that second after my head hit the mantel, something that I don't remember.

I feel all hollow and lonesome as if the whole world were against me. No one understands. Why, if only Helen would listen to me. If she would only tell me the trouble, perhaps I could say something or do something that would make it all right again. No one wants to have things smooth and peaceful more than I do.

I hear her coming down the stairs now. I am going to face her with it calmly, but I'll wait, first, and see what she's going to do. I'll sit here writing as if I didn't hear her, and see if she'll come to me.

She's going to the door. I didn't know the bell rang . . . There's something so queer. She is letting in a lot of people, but I am not going to let them know I even hear them. I am going to keep on writing. They are coming toward the landing here by the den. They are very silent. They are standing looking at me.

I must turn this sheet over so they won't see what I have been writing. . . .

* * * * *

Four minutes later:

Oh, my God! Let me tell you what happened before I faint. . . .

WHEN I turned the sheet of paper over Helen uttered a cry. I stood up in astonishment and found myself facing Helen and Bronty and three or four strange men. Two of them were policemen. They were looking with such ghastly and horrified expressions, not at me, but at the pen I had just laid down.

Oh, God, I am growing weaker. Even now the pen seems to weigh fifteen or twenty pounds. It is like trying to write with a steel rail. But I must tell you what she said—Helen—when they were staring into the den. She pointed with her fingers.

"Did you see it?" she screamed in a hoarse voice.

"The paper moved!"

"Yes, but the pen!" she shrieked, "Oh, God! Bronty, the pen! It was up in the air writing all by itself with nobody to hold it."

Then she fainted and they carried her into the parlor. I can't hold this pen up any longer. Everything is fading before my eyes, and I am seeing such strange things. Why, I can even see through the walls! Helen is stretched on the davenport and the rest are bending over a form on the couch. I wonder who it can be. That's right where Bronty put me after I hit my head on the mantel. They are examining his head. I don't know who it is. It's all like a dream, a horrible—

Table of Contents

The contents of *Weird Tales* is fully protected by copyright and must not be reproduced either wholly or in part without permission from the publishers. All communications should be addressed to the publishers' main office at 854 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Subscription, \$2.00 a year in the United States; \$2.50 in Canada. Single copies, 50c.

Why <i>Weird Tales</i> ?— <i>Editorial</i>	1
Imprisoned With the Pharaohs— <i>Houdini</i>	3
"Whoso Diggeth a Pit"— <i>Vida Taylor Adams</i>	13
Deep Calleth— <i>Gordon Burns</i>	16
The Malignant Entity— <i>Otis Adelbert Kline</i>	19
The Sixth Tree— <i>Edith Lichty Stewart</i>	27
The Haunted Mansion in the Pines— <i>Leonard F. Schumann</i>	29
Spirits— <i>J. M. Alvey</i>	32
Hypnos— <i>H. P. Lovecraft</i>	33
Ebenezer's Casket— <i>J. U. Giesy and Junius B. Smith</i>	36
Draconda— <i>John Martin Leahy</i>	41
The Hand— <i>H. Francis Caskey</i>	50
The Loved Dead— <i>C. M. Eddy, Jr.</i>	54
The Vow on Halloween— <i>Lyllian Huntley Harris</i>	58
Eyes— <i>Galen C. Colin</i>	59
The Man Who Thought He Was Dead— <i>Granville S. Hoss</i>	61
Called Back— <i>Dan W. Totheron</i>	65
The Sunken Land— <i>George W. Bayly</i>	69
The Dancing Partner— <i>Guy L. Helms</i>	74
The Last Entry— <i>Meredith Beyers</i>	76
The Purple Death— <i>Edith Lyle Ragsdale</i>	77
The Impostor— <i>Norman Springer</i>	82
Weird Crimes— <i>Seabury Quinn</i>	87
Just Bones— <i>Samuel Stewart Mims</i>	91
First Degree— <i>Robert Cosmo Harding</i>	96
The Latvian— <i>Herman Fetzer</i>	101
The Machine from Outside— <i>Don Howard</i>	106
Dr. Grant's Experiment— <i>H. A. Youreddin Addis</i>	111
Tea Leaves— <i>Henry S. Whitehead</i>	116
An Egyptian Lotus— <i>Mrs. Chetwood Smith</i>	121
Deep Sea Game— <i>Arthur J. Messier</i>	127
The Soul Mark— <i>H. C. Wire</i>	131
It— <i>E. M. Samson</i>	135
The Man Who Lived Next Door to Himself— <i>Frank Owen</i>	139
Mystery River— <i>Elwin J. Owens</i>	143
The God Ynano— <i>Marjorie Darter</i>	145
The Cellar— <i>Paul L. Anderson</i>	147
In the Weird Light— <i>Edward Everett Wright and Ralph Howard Wright</i>	152
A Glimpse Beyond— <i>H. M. Hamilton</i>	164
Ask Houdini.....	167