

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

# Weird Tales

REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE

Volume 33

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1939

Number 5

Cover Design . . . . .	Harold S. DeLay	
<i>Illustrating a scene in "The Hollow Moon"</i>		
The Hollow Moon . . . . .	Everil Worrell	5
<i>A fascinating tale of a lunar vampire and strange icebergs in the Pacific Ocean</i>		
The Dark Isle . . . . .	Robert Bloch	23
<i>An eldritch tale of the Romans and Druids and strange magic</i>		
Washington Nocturne . . . . .	Seabury Quinn	39
<i>Who was the stranger that vanished before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier?</i>		
The Thinking Machine . . . . .	J. J. Connington	56
<i>Stevenson's uncanny invention had a weird, brute desire to slay</i>		
The Plumed Serpent . . . . .	Howell Calhoun	65
<i>Verse</i>		
Almuric (Part 1) . . . . .	Robert E. Howard	66
<i>An amazing 3-part novel of the demon-haunted world Almuric</i>		
The Dead Host's Welcome . . . . .	John Fletcher	96
<i>Verse</i>		
The Face at Death Corner . . . . .	Paul Ernst	97
<i>The old crone told the reporter he would die before the year was out</i>		
Witch's Hair . . . . .	Mearle Prout	107
<i>An outré story of a gipsy curse, and the lustrous hair of a young gipsy mother</i>		
In a Dark Wood . . . . .	Marion Doyle	114
<i>Verse</i>		
The Phantom Island . . . . .	Arlton Eadie	115
<i>A posthumous ghost-story by a late English master</i>		
Cross of Fire . . . . .	Lester del Rey	124
<i>A brief strange tale of the Undead</i>		
"Where Crafty Gnomes" . . . . .	Virgil Finlay	129
<i>Picturization of a scene in George Sterling's "A Wine of Wizardry"</i>		
The Watcher at the Door . . . . .	Henry Kuttner	130
<i>A weird and uncanny story</i>		
Harbor Whistles . . . . .	H. P. Lovecraft	134
<i>Verse</i>		
"Not Both!" . . . . .	Frances Garfield	135
<i>This spell had unexpected and disastrous results</i>		
Weird Story Reprint:		
The Dead Soul . . . . .	Raoul Lenoir	140
<i>An engrossing story from an early issue of WEIRD TALES</i>		
Dust . . . . .	Edgar Daniel Kramer	149
<i>Verse</i>		
The Eyrie . . . . .		150
<i>The readers discuss the magazine</i>		

Published monthly by Weird Tales, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter September 24, 1938, at the post office at New York, N. Y. Single copies, 25 cents. Subscription rates: One year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, \$2.50; Canada, \$2.75; elsewhere, \$3.00. English Office: Charles Lavell, Limited, 4 Clements Inn, Strand, London W.C.2, England. 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.

Copyright 1939, by Weird Tales  
COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN.

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT, Editor. 178



**WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH**



"He knew his father instantly."

# Washington Nocturne

By SEABURY QUINN

*Who was the stranger that walked before the Tomb and vanished, yet by his mere coming radically changed the lives of three persons?  
—a tale of the Unknown Soldier*

"... that these dead shall not have died in vain."

—Lincoln: *Gettysburg Address*.

but with just sufficient minor differences to support its credibility.

**T**HIS is absolutely *extra ordinem*—outside things' usual and accepted order—as the lawyers say, yet I have the factual and disinterested statement of three people for it, every statement in agreement with the others in essentials,

**T**HE misty, bluish haze that gathers when the sun slants down was falling like a fragile chiffon veil on the Virginia hills and the Potomac. Lamps blossomed into twinkling luminance across the river, defining streets and avenues, bringing the

cold marble buildings into soft relief against the deepening twilight. But here a sort of solemn, breathless stillness seemed to hold the very air in abeyance. As midnight belongs neither to the day that passes nor to the one that presses on, but holds a momentary neutral balance, so it seemed that here was neither day nor night nor dawn nor dusk, but a combination of all four, unreal as a softly lighted stage, other-worldly as the farthest bounds of interstellar space.

Save for the scuttering of dry November leaves across the granite steps and the soft beat of the sentry's feet against the rubber footway stretched on the marble terrace there was no sound, for no planes were rising from the drome in East Potomac Park and the city's subdued noises did not reach across the river.

The Tomb seemed poised against the darkening sky instead of bedded in its solid rock foundations. Silver-white in the pale gathering dusk its marble was; the wreaths of laurel seemed picked out in silvered purple — shade of immortality. Faintly shadowed but distinct the legend showed against the pallid marble:

Here Rests in Honored Glory  
An American Soldier  
Known But to God

Four visitors stood on the terrace by the Tomb. With the instinct of the well bred to respect another's privacy even when a common interest draws them to the same place they stood apart, looking now at the pale simple block of stone that marks the nation's tribute to its fallen chivalry, now at the haze-bound valley of the Potomac and the lights that scintillated like bright jewels as Washington arrayed herself for evening. Different, and yet oddly like they were in looks, these four, this woman from the Middle West, this typical New Yorker, this boyish man who obviously came from

New England and this girl who might have come from anywhere in eastern Europe, or perhaps from hither Asia.

Oddly similar in thought, too. In lightly furrowed brow, in compressed lips, in hard uncompromising eyes that barred the door to sentiment, there was a likeness almost startling; an evidence of dedication of a kind, yet of dedication without exaltation, based in hate more than enthusiasm; habitual hate so long nurtured it had become a way of life and rule of conduct.

**M**RS. AUDREY MATSON-JAMISON —she always used the full name, and the hyphen was her own idea—was smart beyond the usual clubwoman, which is tantamount to saying she expressed the final word in *chic* for middle age. From the pompom of cock feathers on her black-felt tricorn to the platform soles of her suede oxfords she was perfectly turned out; double silver-fox scarf, London smoke-gray redingote, black pigskin gloves, black pin-seal purse, gray hose—precisely what the well-dressed matron ought to wear for business or shopping. She was a mildly stout woman in her late forties who by dint of massage and expensive corsets contrived to seem in her late thirties. Smart, not simply stylish; cultured, not merely educated; international, not narrowly American.

Looking at her modish clothes and coiffure, her intelligent, cold face, you could not help but wonder at the "Mrs." in her name. Emotion seemed as alien to her as it would be to a queen depicted in a "command portrait." You could vision her upon the lecture platform or in committee meeting, poised coolly and efficiently behind a microphone, seated at a glass-topped desk with flowers in a vase, twin fountain pens and telephones and push-buttons upon it. But had those firm, immobile lips been kissed and kissed until the breath came haltingly between them, had those well-

care-for hands once held a man's cheeks in their palms, drawing down his eager mouth to hers; had a pulse beat in her throat until the white skin fluttered like a captive, frightened bird; had she thrilled to swooning as she rested in the circle of a man's arms and with lowered lids and parted, yearning lips repeated love's sweet antiphon? Had she ever held a child against her, felt small hands grope blindly at her breast, brushed her lips across the downy tuft of fuzz on a pink skull? It was easier to conceive Minerva in a housewife's apron cooking pancakes in a cottage kitchen on a frosty morning. Yet . . .

AUDREY MATSON began life in a small Ohio town—on the wrong side of the tracks. She was two years old when Coxey's Army marched on Washington with her father leading a platoon. He never came back, nor was any word had from him, and Mrs. Matson hung a sign on her front porch announcing rooms and table board were to be had within. But this was 1894. Men were out of work, the mills were closed, hoboes outnumbered paying travelers on the railroads. Neither rooms nor board found takers; or, if they did, they were not paid for, and the Matson family lived precariously as beneficiaries of the tub and washboard.

Soon even this failed. Neighbors washed their own clothes in such times as these, laundresses were an uneconomic luxury, and Mrs. Matson went to work as cook in Mrs. Thaddeus Jamison's kitchen.

Audrey finished eight grades in the public school, then donned a smart black uniform, a pert lawn cap and neat white apron as Mrs. Jamison's parlor maid.

Service in the big house was an education. By attentive observation she learned to iron out irregularities of grammar which environment had left in her speech despite her teachers' efforts; which fork to use, and when, how to greet a hostess or receive

a guest; what was smart and what bad taste in dress—these and a hundred other things which marked the boundary separating her world from the world of wealth and fashion Audrey learned.

1916 went, and, the elections safely over, with it went the attitude which made America too proud to fight. Everywhere was excitement, enthusiasm, stimulation. Cakes were baked and socks and sweaters knitted; everyone was talking about doing his bit, conserving fuel and food, giving till it hurt.

Mrs. Jamison was very patriotic. With well-filled bins and pantries fully stocked she exhorted neighbors to observe all heatless and meatless days, to substitute corn meal for white flour, and above all to buy bonds. Her own investments were in railroads, steel and mortgages. Of course, she could not break into these, but a fifty-dollar bond brought a sticker for her window, and she held back enough from her servants' wages to enable each of them to buy a similar bond. Eventually a proud sign notified all who passed her house, "This place has subscribed 100 Per Cent to Liberty Bonds."

War had its social phases, too. There was a cantonment not far away, and when the boys came into town they had to be amused. Mrs. Jamison gave dances for the officers at her house, and approved her servants going out to dance with the enlisted men.

Thaddeus Jamison and Audrey had been classmates till he went East to a fashionable prep school and she graduated to his mother's service. Often as she went about her work she saw his picture, silver-framed, upon her mistress' bureau and, forgetful of her station, wondered what he was like now. He had been a nice lad when they went to school together, gentle, slow-spoken and generous, but no sissy. More than once he'd bought her tidbits—raisin pie or dill pickles—at the penny store;

several times he'd helped her with her books—she had no strap, and geographies and histories are slippery and heavy. Once he thrashed Bill Taylor, who was several years his senior, for splashing mud on her and twitting her with being a domestic servant's daughter. Every time she saw him smiling at her from his mother's dresser she wondered what it would be like to know him now. Not that he'd notice her, of course, but . . . whether dressed in livery or the latest mode, youth has its dreams.

Thaddeus was not a good correspondent. For two months his mother's letters went unanswered. Mrs. Jamison was first indignant, then worried, finally panic-stricken. If Eastern college made him forgetful of home, he'd best be coming back. . . .

**D**ECEMBER 23, 1917: The doorbell rang and Audrey answered it. Upon the porch a soldier stood, not one of the young officers who were always happening in for tea or luncheon, but a ranker, an enlisted man, a private. His chin was sunk deep in the collar of his issue overcoat, his hands thrust elbow-deep into his pockets; beside him on the porch there stood a barrack-bag. Audrey knew just what to do. Tradesmen, servants and enlisted men should be directed to the kitchen door if they forgot themselves so far as to come to the front entrance. But this enlisted man was different. Instead of lifting his hat as so many of the brand-new soldiers did in memory of civilian days, or saluting as the seasoned rookies did, he stepped across the threshold dedicated to his betters, threw both arms round Audrey and kissed her without ceremony.

"Hullo, Audrey, mighty glad to see you!" he exclaimed.

Amazement fought with incredulity as she recognized him. Whether she was more surprised at seeing Thaddeus Jamison

in a private's uniform, or at being kissed by him, was hard to say. But there was no doubting which delighted her the most.

"So this is why you haven't written!" sobbed Mrs. Jamison. "Oh, my poor boy! Running off and enlisting—the idea! Take that hideous uniform right off and put on some decent clothes. I'll write Congressman Phillips this afternoon and have him get you a commission."

"Pardon me for seeming crude, old dear," her son denied, "but I'll be double-damned if you do. Somebody's got to fight this man's war; everyone can't be a shave-tail. And as for this hideous uniform, it's the country's livery, Mater. I'll take it off, all right—when we've won the war, and not a second sooner."

He had only three days' leave, and from his mother's standpoint they were entirely wasted. She couldn't have the officers in to meet him—a pair of gold bars set a barrier impassable between her son and her young friends. The girls had little time for him. Enlisted men were commoner than autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa. Besides, who wanted a beau who had to salute any passing officer and stand stiffly at attention till bidden "as you were" if you stopped to chat with some young captain or lieutenant? Thaddeus spent most of his leave indoors. And Audrey . . .

The clock struck midnight, half-past; one o'clock. Christmas was an hour old, and from the streets downtown there still came echoing faint sounds of horns and bells and shouting. But everything was quiet in the big house. Only a faint creak on the back stairs, the patter of soft bedroom slippers on the waxed floors, a shape which slipped as noiselessly as if it were a shadow written on the wall by the last flickering of the dying fire, disturbed the tomb-like stillness.

Mrs. Jamison deplored the trend toward luxury the lower orders manifested, and at her command all of Audrey's night-

gowns were of serviceable flannelette with high-cut necks and long, substantial sleeves. All but one. The lone exception was a pink georgette creation, low cut and sleeveless as an evening gown, appliquéd above the bosom with a sheaf of lace-and-satin roses. It had cost a whole week's pay, and was well worth it.

The logs that blazed in the big fireplace blazed no longer; the fire was dying, and in its final agony it lashed bright-orange tentacles across the umber tiles of the hearth. Shadows alternated with highlights against the walls. As Audrey stood a-tip-toe to thrust her little gift into the army stocking hanging from the mantel-shelf her slim and almost boyish form was silhouetted in its clinging sheath of georgette against the soft effulgence of the sinking fire.

"Hullo, and *what's* all this?" In quilted dressing-gown and soft morocco slippers, Thaddeus rose from the big Turkish chair where he'd been sitting in a fireside reverie. "Something for the conquering hero, eh? All right. It's already Christmas, Audrey. Let me have it."

"Thad—Mr. Thaddeus—*oh!*" With a little, half-coherent wail Audrey turned to run, felt herself encircled by a pair of arms, had her head bent back until it hurt her neck, and tasted heaven on the lips of Thaddeus Jamison.

"My dear," he pushed the hair back from her ear to whisper in it, "you're the only one who's real; the only one who really cares a damn about me. I'm *déclassé* with all of 'em, even Mater. Just another damned enlisted man——"

"Oh, Mr. Thaddeus—Thad dear, I love you so terribly!" she sobbed.

He held her in his arms for a long time. Then suddenly he laughed. Not a pleasant laugh; low, but not merry. "Go get some clothes on, honey," he commanded.

"Clothes——"

"Surest thing you know. You can't ex-

pect to face a devil-dodger in that get-up. Where's your shame, if any?"

The light was shining through the painted windows of St. Michael and All Angels when they drove up to the church porch. Early service, celebration of the eucharist, was in progress, but when it ended and an usher tiptoed to the chancel with a whispered, "Soldier due in camp tomorrow wants to get married," the smiling rector delayed benediction while he read the service for them.

A wisp of frost lay on the city's window-panes, with mild-eyed stars above and light silvery powder on the ground as they drove from the church. It was to Mendelssohn's music that they marched down the aisle, but not the customary wedding march from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Instead, an older and, it seemed to her, a sweeter, more appropriate tune:

Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth. . . .

It was not until the following October Mrs. Jamison learned of it. Belleau Wood had been fought through, Château-Thierry, then the Argonne. "Mrs. Thaddeus Jamison, Junior?" the postman asked.

"I am Mrs. Thaddeus Jamison; there is no junior," Mrs. Jamison answered.

"If you please, Madame, I think it's for me," said Audrey as she held a trembling hand out for the message.

"You—you?" Amazement made her mistress' voice sound shrill and quite unladylike, but Audrey paid no heed. She was tearing at the envelope, reading the short, formal missive with eyes that somehow couldn't seem to focus properly.

"It—it's——" she thrust the letter at her mother-in-law.

The notice was terse almost to the point of self-consciousness. Almost as if the Government were embarrassed at what it

had to say: "The War Department regrets to inform you . . ."

"Good heavens, this is terrible!" quavered Mrs. Jamison.

"Better look to her, Ma'am," said the postman. "'Pears to me she's fainted."

Audrey said nothing. She had dropped senseless to the floor, a little heap of black alpaca and white linen, with an even whiter face.

WHEN Audrey regained consciousness her mistress had things to say to her. She was unflatteringly compared to the snake in the fable which stung its benefactor, to a wolf that masquerades in sheep's clothing, even to the ladies of light morals who did a thriving trade with soldiers and war workers at the outskirts of the town. Then she was ordered from the house she had defiled.

But Mrs. Jamison could not stop the Government from paying Audrey her war risk insurance, though she besought her congressman to do so. Neither could she stop the payment of insurance policies which Thaddeus had ordered changed to Audrey's name, nor prevent her taking dower rights in the small fortune which his grandfather had left him.

Audrey was young, exceedingly good-looking, and with independent means. Also she was a woman with a mission. Thaddeus had been her first and only love. The war-makers, Mrs. Jamison and her kind, hard, intolerant, hide-bound by tradition, had snatched him from her. What did they care how many women were made widows, how many children orphaned, if only their investments were protected? Gold, property, the sacred rights of caste and class, these all outweighed the blood of men and tears of women. War was murder, war was looting, war was indefensible in any circumstances. There must be no more war!

She studied, achieved education, worked

until her eyes ached and her nerves were frayed to ravelings, always with one goal before her. War must end!

Stenography, French, Latin, elocution, political economy, one by one she mastered them, drove herself, drove others, always onward, never resting, never pausing. There must be no more war!

Let others follow woman suffrage, prohibition, abolition of child labor. These were puny matters, fit for puny minds and puny effort. Only one thing was important, one thing could and should and must be brought to pass. There must be no more war!

Organizing women's clubs, church guilds, parent-teacher groups, first-voters' leagues, young-voters' associations; clasping hands with Nazi-ism, Communism, Fascism, every sort and kind of ism, making allies where she could; urging, wheedling, brow-beating, speaking, writing, broadcasting, she fought on relentlessly, sounding with Catonian persistence her slogan: There must be no more war!

Tonight she was to speak at a mass meeting of the anti-war groups. National defense was to the fore, statesmen talked again of armaments, of rearming till America was invulnerable to attack from sea or air. Cheap deceptions, just one more opiate to lull the unsuspecting people! They were meditating war! No man carried matches if he did not mean to light a fire; no one went walking in the country with a gun unless he meant to kill something. No nation ever armed except to war upon its neighbors. There must be no rearmament, no increase in land or sea or air forces. Let others spend their substance on these vanities. We must set them an example, show them how a truly mighty nation dares walk unarmed amid the madness of an arming world.

She looked again at the pale marble Tomb. Thaddeus . . . Thaddeus . . . maybe . . .

They'd never brought his body home. Dug near the spot he fell, his grave had been plowed and replowed with shell fire. When the G.R.S. men came to take the bodies up, half of them could not be identified. No dog-tags could be found in that field plowed and harrowed by the implements of Mars' husbandry.

Her lips moved, but it was her heart that spoke. "Thaddeus, my dear, my only dear, they took you from me; but they'll never do it to another woman. They'll never make our young men into cannon fodder, or mold our women's tears and men's blood into bullets. . . ."

\* \* \* \* \*

COLONEL JORALEMON VOORHIES was as typical of New York as the Chrysler or Empire State buildings, Rockefeller Center or the Murray Hill Hotel. Somewhere the wrong side of sixty, his thinning hair was gray as burnished pewter, and as smooth, his close-cropped military mustache was white, his manner stiff and brittle as if he were in uniform and on duty. His well-cut dark suit draped a body neither fat nor thin, but which combined the stoutness of good living with the leanness of good care. A line of white piqué edged his waistcoat, a good pearl shone in his black poplin cravat. His black Homburg hat was tilted at a you-be-damned angle, in one gray-gloved hand he held a blackthorn stick. You could read his background and his status easily as you could read a soldier's service from his ribbons: Well born, well educated, a soldier when the country was at war, a lawyer who had foregone practise for banking; one who wielded influence in politics but consistently refused to accept office, though judgeships, nominations to the legislature and Congress, even governorships were offered him.

When war broke out with Spain he was a captain in the regiment to which his

family had belonged since the days when Lord Sterling held the British at Long Island's rim while Washington retreated to the heights of Harlem—one of the few guard units entitled to have tabards on its trumpets.

Flora Voorhies (born Van Buskirk) buckled on her husband's sword, precisely as her great-grandmother buckled on her husband's in 1812, and her grandmother in 1861, and off the young captain, a bridegroom of a year, went to war—at Key West. There enteric fever stopped him, and when he tottered from his bed in convalescent hospital to take the letter with the New York postmark from the mail orderly he found he was a widower and father at once. Service with his company was impossible, but a desk was found for him in Washington, and the brevet rank of colonel.

The old home in East Fifty-seventh Street seemed vast and empty as a mausoleum when Colonel Voorhies came back from departmental duty in the war. His love for Flora had not been a great one, but they'd known each other since childhood, and he was completely used to her. Somehow, he resented her desertion, leaving him without a chatelaine to entertain his guests. Times were changing with breath-taking swiftness in these post-war days, industry was expanding to a size undreamt of, and social contacts were important to an up-and-coming financier. For a while he considered remarrying, but for two reasons gave the idea up. First, he could find no one to meet his requirements. The combination of good looks, good nature, wealth, brains and background he demanded was not procurable in any unattached young woman in his set, and the Voorhies did not look outside the Social Register for mates. Second, he could not bring himself to give Van Buskirk a stepmother.

For Colonel Voorhies loved his son. Not



that anyone would have known it. Van Buskirk had been nearly two years old when he first saw his father; for though the war was long since done, the paperwork in Washington had kept the colonel at his desk until the first half of McKinley's first term passed. "This is your Papa, dear," the governess had introduced when the strange, already graying man came into the nursery, and he had run to throw his chubby arms about the long checked trouser legs.

"How are you, young man?" the tall, strange Papa greeted, bending down to shake hands formally, as though Van were another grown-up. Then, to the governess, "Has he been eating regularly, Miss Smythe? In bed on time? D'ye see he has his airing in the park each morning?"

As Van Buskirk Voorhies grew, relations with his father failed to soften. Never did the "governor" come into his room to talk when lights were out and all the house was still; there were no confidences, no intimacies. Good-conduct rewards were forthcoming when he made good marks at school, or he was soundly rated for a failure, but never did he have a word of praise. The pater seemed to think the checks spoke for themselves. There was no doubt about the dressings-down which he received when things went wrong in class.

After prep school college, then Columbia Law School and a billet in the Old Regiment. If his father pulled some strings he never knew, but his commission came through almost before he learned to shoulder arms. Once when they held a drill-review for the old members of the outfit he glanced out of the corner of his eye as his platoon passed the stand, and saw the gleam of prideful tears upon his father's cheek. When the review was over and dancing was about to start he dashed across the armory impulsively to greet his sire.

"You'd better give that second squad a working over, Lieutenant," said the Colonel coolly. "Number four man was at least six inches out of line when they came to eyes right at the stand."

Nineteen-seventeen: Bands playing, flags awave, wild, feverish activity. First went the regulars, then the Guard. The Colonel knew the right people. He secured a pier pass and was on the dock at Hoboken when the Regiment embarked. "Good luck, youngster, keep your head down," he advised just before Van's platoon marched across the gangway. He put his hand out formally, gripped his son's gloved fingers, shook them as he might have shaken a stranger's.

In the stateroom which he shared with his captain young Lieutenant Voorhies sat upon his berth and drew his hand across his eyes. "Buck up, Van," the skipper comforted, "it's the first hundred years that're hardest. At that," he added, looking wistfully through the porthole, "it's hard to say good-bye to Little Old New York, isn't it?"

Van Buskirk took his lower lip between his teeth, like a little boy determined not to cry. "It isn't that, sir," he replied, "Only——" He didn't finish with his lips, but in his heart there was a wail: "Oh, Dad, Dad, couldn't you have kissed me, or put your arm around my shoulders—just this once?" Twenty-one years old he was, and never had his father kissed him or clapped him on the shoulder in comradery.

He couldn't know the times the Colonel bent above his crib, brushed the tangled, moist hair back and kissed him 'on the brow, the many times he'd tiptoed to his room to look at him a moment as he slept in graceful young-man's beauty; no one ever told him how his father waited up for him when he was out with classmates or fellow officers, sitting in his study, smoking, pretending to himself that he

was reading, till his latch-key clicked in the front door. Such knowledge doesn't come by intuition.

THE air was clear as water from a spring. Tall and gaunt against the argent moonlight the trees through which the front-line trenches pierced were motionless as spires; when you looked up at the July sky the man in the moon was plain as if he had been drawn upon the silver disk with charcoal. So was the woman in the moon. She looked like one of Gibson's drawings in *Life*, Van Buskirk thought, like the girls you saw at Reisenweber's, or the Golden Glades, or Murray's. . . .

"Van," the skipper's whisper broke his reverie, "take your platoon out on scout patrol. Fritz is up to something. We want to find out what he's got tucked up his sleeve."

The line of shadows moved with less noise than the breeze among the wheat as they slipped along the gully, faces darkened, rifles held well out to keep them from betraying *clinks* on buttons, gas masks at alert. They'd left the woods and wire behind. Here had been a wheat field—only mangey stubble now—traversed by this gully washed by last year's rains. Yonder, half a mile, three-quarters, maybe, were the Heinies, keeping mighty still. That was not so good. You had to look sharp when the squareheads sulked. That was when they planned to pull some rough stuff.

"See anything yet, sir?" Sergeant Moeller whispered. "I thought I saw a movement in that line o' timber yonder, but——"

The detonation of a field gun broke the quiet, followed by another, and another, and another. Shells whined with shrill crescendo. The first one dropped a hundred feet or so behind, lay a sullen moment as if meditating whether it would

burst or not, then tore asunder with a deafening roar, sending up a flare of flame and a pompon of dry earth. The second shell fell nearer, and its roar came just before it struck. The fuses were erratically timed—or where they?

Now the air was filled with whistling, shrieking shells, the earth was going crazy, bubbling and bursting like a pot of boiling porridge. "Yea bo; Jerry's comin' over in a hurry!" Moeller yelled.

"Beat it, you guys; back to the works; keep your heads down an' step on it!" shouted Van Buskirk.

"Moeller's got it, sir!" screamed Corporal Minsky as he dropped upon his hands and knees and scuttled like a crab along the dry ditch-bottom.

"The hell he has!" Van Buskirk wheeled and crawled back toward the pile of earth that riffled like a sand dune in the wind. "Hey, Sergeant, where are you? Did they get you bad——"

Sergeant Ernst Moeller lay upon his side, blood gushing from his neck. A shell fragment had struck him just below the ear, crashing through his jawbone as if it had been egg-shell, shattering veins and arteries. Not much chance for first aid here; you couldn't put a tourniquet around a man's neck . . . still, a pad and bandage might . . . Van Buskirk tore his first aid packet open, ripped a length of gauze from it, knotted some of it into a ball, bent over the sergeant. . . .

The earth bounced up like splashing water as a blast of blinding flame struck like a Jovian thunderbolt.

Back in the trench that rimmed the patch of woodland a staff lieutenant took a quick look from the parapet. "It's extraordinary how beautiful that high explosive is when it bursts," he murmured to the captain of B Company.

"Yeah, you'll be seeing prettier things than that in a few minutes. Fritz is getting our range. He'll be comin' over for

a call directly," the skipper answered dryly. "Have to ask you to go back, now. Attack's comin', and orders are all non-combatants must fall back to the second line."

**I**N THE John Street office of Van Buskirk, Voorhies & Joralemon, Colonel Voorhies tore the wrapping from a letter from the War Department. "Wonder what the deuce this is? More Four Minute work, or——"

The letter dropped upon the broadloom carpet of his office. He looked across the sunlit river to the Brooklyn shore, but the piers and passing steamers were as indistinct as shadows in the fog: "The War Department regrets to inform you . . ."

**V**AN BUSKIRK, Voorhies & Joralemon took a dreadful beating in the post-war years. Friends, allies and former enemies alike were borrowing money wholesale in America, and like every other private banking house the old-established firm in which the Colonel was a partner underwrote great blocks of foreign bonds. With what seemed like canny foresight they reserved impressive portions of the issues for themselves. "No need to let the public in on everything; with fees and commissions charged off these things should pay us better than fifteen percent," declared old Commodore Van Buskirk.

So they would have, but for one small unforeseen circumstance. When bond-maturity arrived the debtor nations found it inconvenient to meet obligations. The money had been spent, there was no way to collect it short of war. Let Uncle Shylock stew in his own juices—serve the money-grubbing Yankees right!

So they felt that way, ha? Blasted foreigners welching on their debts, eh? A hatred which became obsession took possession of Colonel Voorhies. Everything that came from overseas, whether grown

or made or born, became the object of his scorn and detestation. When laws restricting immigration were proposed in Congress he led a delegation to the capital to bring pressure on the legislators to write more stringent limitations in the statutes. Build a battlemented wall around the country; keep the blasted scoundrels out; the whole dam' kit-kaboodle of 'em! Don't let 'em overrun America, taking bread from our own citizens, under-selling labor with cheap wages, lowering our living standards!

He had come to Washington that afternoon. Tonight he'd talk with Pendergast and lay the law down to him. This proposal to relax the immigration quotas to permit political refugees from Europe to come in was all a lot of blasted nonsense. Even if the bars were let down for no longer than six months it would be half a year too long. Refugees or not, foreigners were foreigners. Persecuted, were they? Let 'em save themselves. We did it when George III tried to oppress us, didn't we? Let 'em do the same, or dam' well be annihilated.

He had the votes to make his protest stick, too. Pendergast was up for re-election next year; so were Walsh and Richardson and Smiley. If he turned thumbs down on it the bill would never pass.

The Tomb's white marble seemed to shimmer in the deepening dusk, almost as if it had an inward light of its own. Colonel Voorhies faced it and threw back his shoulders instinctively, like one who comes to attention. Van Buskirk . . . perhaps. . . . The shell had torn him and Moeller into shreds; they could not identify him. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

**B**Y HIS pork-pie hat and llama polo coat you knew he was collegiate, by his sometimes sharp-cut, sometimes slurred speech—he pronounced "park" as "pack," "mercury" as "maircury" and "medicine"

as "medsin"—you knew him for a native of New England. When you heard his name was Adams Putnam Breed you placed him definitely as an offshoot of the folks who lived on Beacon Hill behind tall windows glazed with amethyst glass, white doors with silver knobs and a wall of reserve less penetrable than that the Chinese built to hold back wandering Tartar tribes.

He had begun life in a big white-chimneyed house midway between Boston and Lexington, as had his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him. Longfellow and Agassiz, Garrison and Emerson, Phillips Brooks and William Cullen Bryant had been guests in that house; tradition said that General Washington had passed a night there and sat up half of it drinking rum punch and apple toddy with Colonel Hezekiah Breed, but that was never fully verified.

He remembered Grandpa Breed, old and spare, but straight and soldierly; less vividly he recalled Grandma, smelling most divinely of eau de cologne and with a pocket in her black dress filled with sharp but very pleasant lozenges of wintergreen.

Pleasantest of all his childhood memories was his father, a slim pale man in his late twenties with a lock of blond hair that fell down his forehead and had to be constantly pushed back, kindly student's eyes behind neat rimless spectacles, and a pleasant, friendly smile. Everyone liked Ezra Breed. The most striking impression he made was one of instant, effortless friendliness and candor. His son adored him. He loved to walk with him, to ride with him in the shiny black electric run-about; most of all he loved it when Dad came into his room after he was tucked in bed and told him wonderful stories of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, or about the heroes of old Greece and Rome; how Beowulf killed the man-devouring monster Grendel with his bare

hands. The ordinary child would have been frightened to convulsions by these wild tales of the olden days. Not Adams. Dad was with him, and Dad was a full match, and more, for all the monsters in the story books.

He didn't know what it was all about that day in April when the bells began to ring and all the whistles screamed and hooted till it seemed they must go hoarse, but it was not long afterward that Dad came home in a new suit, one of a kind he'd never seen before. The jacket was quite short and had a collar something like the collars on policemen's coats; the trousers were like those the young men wore when they went riding in the park. The buttons looked like oversized pennies, and the hat was like those worn by cowboys in the movies. Adams wasn't sure he liked it, but if it suited Dad it must be perfect. Dad was never wrong about anything.

Then Dad went somewhere and came home only occasionally. He was learning to be a soldier, Mother said, but why anyone as wise and brave and altogether perfect as his Dad should have to go to school to learn anything was more than he could understand.

At last: "Be a good lad and take good care of Mother, son," his father bade, and took him in his arms and kissed him in a way he'd never done before. "Dad has to go away a while——"

"Where to, Daddy?"

"To help to make the world a decent place to live in, son. To make it a safe place for you and other little boys to grow up in and work out your destinies as free men. 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' . . ." Dad's voice was queer and reverent and sort of choked, like the clergyman's when he pronounced the

Creed at Sunday service. Adams recognized the tone; he was a regular attendant at Sunday School. Something needed to be said by him, he felt, Dad was waiting for his response, so he added:

"For ever and ever. Amen."

The pressure of his father's arms was tightened so suddenly that it almost drove the breath from him.

"That's it, son; that's it! Hold tight to that always—'For ever and ever. Amen!'"

MOTHER was reading to him the afternoon the letter came. Mother read extremely well in a rich well-modulated voice, with just the proper emphasis in the proper places, but she couldn't "tell stories freehand" as Dad did. It was one of his favorite stories, the one about Horatius at the Bridge, and she had just come to the part that always gave him goose-flesh of delight:

To every man upon this earth  
Death cometh soon or late;  
And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers  
And the temples of his Gods . . .

Mother looked up from her reading as Maggie tiptoed in. "Yes, Maggie?"

"'Tis a letter from th' Gover'mint in Washin'ton, Ma'am. Maybe Misther Ezra's comin' home . . ."

Mother's gray eyes widened with a look that Adams never saw in them before—like Tom Tidler's when he saw a strange dog in the yard and arched his back and made a bottle-brush tail at it. The pupils seemed to spread and spread until they all but hid the irides.

"Ezra," she whispered in a small, thin voice. "Oh, Ezra, my beloved!"

Adams got up from his hassock and picked up the letter Mother had let fall. Laboriously he spelled its message out: "T-h-e W-a-r D-e-p-a-r-t-m-e-n-t r-e-g-r-e-t-s t-o i-n-f-o-r-m y-o-u . . ."

A GAIN the bells huzzaed and whistles cheered. Flags fluttered, bands blared. "Mademoiselle from Armentieres . . ."; ". . . and we won't be back till it's over Over There!"; ". . . there's a long, long trail a-winding . . ."

But Dad did not come back, not even when the silent, unheralded ships nosed into Hoboken with their freights of chestnut caskets. The creeping barrage preceding the attack in which he took part crept a thought too slowly. Shell fire from their own guns dropped upon the first wave of the infantry advance. . . . Officers wore no dog tags. Even if they had, who could identify a body blown to bloody pulp—handless, legless, headless?

LIFE paused a while in the old house, then started with a jerk, like a freight train bumping into motion after standing on a side track while the express clattered past.

Times were changing, tempo was increasing. Militant virtue sat in the saddle spurred and booted, riding like a buckaroo in a rodeo. America enjoyed the peace, prosperity and health that come from conscious rectitude and sinless living. Drunkenness had been outlawed, poverty had been abolished. Everyone was happy in this golden age that followed the conclusion of the War to end all War. Laborers wore silk shirts and silk underwear; waitresses, shopgirls and motormen were dealing in the market, accumulating paper fortunes greater than their parents could have saved by life-long penny-pinching. Nearly everybody owned a car of some sort, and when the saturation point was finally reached—let's begin all over! This is a two-car country!

There was no sin, no crime, unless you wished to be a spoil-sport and comment on the prevalency of bootlegging, dope-peddling, the accidents from drunken driving that strewed the roads with corpses, the

murders, stick-ups, highway robberies and hijackings which were so common that they seldom made the front page of the papers. And then . . .

The whole grand structure crumbled like a child's sand castle overwhelmed by rising tides. Brokers wailed and wrung their hands. Bankers bleated in dismay. Some shot themselves. Some jumped from windows. A few were sent to prison. Industry was prostrate, labor stunned. Prosperity was just around the corner. And breadlines formed. Men went peddling apples . . . "Brother, can you spare a dime?" . . . Here and there an angry murmur: "Why doesn't Washington do something? What this country needs is a dictator!"

Near the western edge of Asia and in the boot that juts out in the Mediterranean men were working out a new interpretation of the Social Contract. Hitherto a king had ruled despotically or the people took the government in hand and administered it for themselves. The prophets of the new conception brushed these ancient forms aside: Crowned tyrants were uneconomic, democracy was inefficient. The State was paramount, supreme, all-inclusive. Individuals existed in and by and for the State as cells existed in the body. Their only function was the support of the State. They had no right to wish or thought or will as human beings, nor had they any rights the State was bound to respect. Indeed, the State was bound by nothing. God? A concept of the ignorant and superstitious. God was the State; the State was God!

In the cloisters of American universities professors looked on the new theories of the Old World and found them good.

Adams Breed completed grammar school and high school; then his mother's illness kept him home a year. He went to college while the sod was still new on her grave, and in unremitting study found an anodyne for loneliness. The ideas fed him from

the platforms of the lecture halls shocked him with their first impact, but gradually he saw the truth behind them. Where men resigned thought, hope and ambition, giving all up for the State as mediæval friars resigned all to God, there were no business failures, no unemployment; there were no strikes or lockouts in the factories, no armed and organized criminal class. Those people over there were right. Democracy was worn out, antiquated, finished.

He took his baccalaureate degree and then his master's. Now he was working for his doctorate and his thesis was to proclaim the confession of his faith. To get close to things as they were he moved to New York, took a room in Catherine Street, lived and talked and ate and thought with the apostles of the new order. Webster Hall, the old Opera House, the Labor Lyceum, these were his haunts, their habitués his only intimates.

It was in Webster Hall he met Tanechka. The place was packed to suffocation and a hundred smells, none pleasant, mingled in the heavy, vitiated atmosphere. He was leaning forward in his seat, listening with almost hypnotic concentration to the speaker when he felt the hair rise on his neck and turned to find her eyes upon him. Odd eyes they were, black as obsidian, lifted at the corners, topped by brows so thin and black and delicately arched they might have been drawn on with a cosmetic pencil. Her face was calm, composed, dead-white, slashed by the thin line of a scarlet mouth which might have been pretty if it had not been so serious, and hard. She wore no hat, and the hair that skull-capped her small head and gathered in a loose knot at her neck was black and dull as soot. It might have been a wig, or the hair of a dead woman, for it caught and pocketed the faint rays of the lamps without the slightest sheen or reflection. Her black-fur coat was open, and beneath it he

descried a blouse of vivid scarlet worked with gold and blue embroidery. From the lobes of her small ears there dangled disks of antique silver set with uncut turquoise.

She was alluring in a strange way. She had little animal attraction—too cold, too fine-drawn, too aloof and contemptuous—but her slender, flat-hipped, generous-bosomed body, her immobile face and the contrast of the black and white and scarlet of her hair and face and mouth had an appeal almost terrifying. Adams' life had been without a woman since his mother's death, and from the moment of their meeting he was Tanechka's slave. She took possession of him like a drug. From her he learned to smoke long paper-tube-tipped cigarettes, to drink tea so black and strong it almost etched lines in his tongue and throat, to eat strange foods with stranger names, to meet the dark and furtive men who came to visit her and call them comrade, to speak their language measurably well and, most important, think their thoughts.

He'd known her six months when he came to his decision. Why stay here in this soft, effete democracy writing futile protests at the cruelty with which class oppressed class? Why lead a life of pampered ease on money others left him, money minted from the workers' blood and sweat? Why—why, indeed?

He would go with her to her homeland, birthplace of the new concept of society. First-hand he'd learn the technique of the Social Reformation, work with hands as well as brain, imbibe true doctrine at its fountainhead. He'd give his fortune to the Cause, live on the proceeds of his labor and, later, perhaps, come back as a missionary.

On impulse they had come to Washington, and Tanechka had not demurred when he bought chairs in the parlor car and ordered luncheon in the diner. Neither did one of the most expensive suites in the

Mayflower do violence to her proletarian professions. They wanted to see its wide streets and avenues, its great buildings, its tree-set parks. They would take descriptions of it with them, tell what a wealth of spoil lay ready for the taking when the new concept of government had been nurtured to fruition in America.

"March, little strutting puppet, little guardian of the oppressors!" whispered Tanechka as the sentry walked his post. "We'll strip that livery of slavery from you by and by; yes, and fling that monument you guard down in the river, too. Soon your democracy will be as dead as the dead tool of oppression in that grave. Cossack!" She spewed the epithet out furiously, as if it burnt her tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE time had come to change sentries. Old guard and new marched forward on the rubber carpet till they faced each other with the Tomb's width separating them. A young lieutenant stepped between the soldiers, clicked his heels and brought his hand up in salute. Rifles came to the present. On behalf of the Republic, every husband, son and father who had bled and died for America, every widow, child and mother who had wept for them, the soldier-citizens paid soldiers' tribute to the Unknown Soldier and the things for which he died.

Three people caught their breaths.

"Oh, Thad, Thad dear!" the whisper was soundless, but Mrs. Matson-Jamison's discreetly rouged lips formed the words.

"My boy, my boy! If only I'd unbent a little—not let you go to death and glory as if you had been a stranger——" Tears shone with diamond-luster on Colonel Voorhies' cheeks.

"Dad—Dad!" A sob choked Adams' half-articulate ejaculation.

"Cossack swine!" Tanechka murmured.

Thus the witnesses. Three people in

no wise remarkable, typically American, gifted with imagination, but decidedly not imaginative. Anglo-Saxon blood and heritage, not "fey" or second-sighted like the Highland Scots or Irish, yet . . .

All agree on this: At the moment of the changing of the guard a fifth person was with them. Where he came from none knew. He had not been there before, that much was certain. The open terrace round the Tomb afforded no shelter, he could not have come without their seeing him. He did not come. He was simply there.

All agree on his appearance. It was vague, entirely unremarkable. His suit was some dark-colored cloth, conservative and inconspicuous. It might have been the daily costume of a salesman in a large department store or the Sabbath best of a small tradesman or mechanic, typically American and middle-class as attending church or having chicken for Sunday dinner. He was young. His step was firm and graceful and assured, but in spare frame and hollow cheeks there was the mark of vital illness.

As he passed he looked at them in turn. He did not pause, but each one saw his face distinctly. And they stood near enough each other to hear the words his long, calm, searching scrutiny evoked.

Colonel Voorhies and young Breed distinctly heard Mrs. Matson-Jamison's half-breathless, half-incredulous, "Yes, dear—yes! I see it, now. I'll try to undo all——"

The other two are agreed Colonel Voorhies said, "You're right, son. Right! I understand!"

Both Mrs. Matson-Jamison and Colonel Voorhies heard Adams' almost anguished, "I remember, Dad—For ever and ever. Amen!"

So far their testimony agrees line for line and point for point. Then comes a cleavage, sharp and utterly irreconcilable. Each saw the stranger's face distinctly in

the clear light of the rising moon. There was no possibility of error or mistake.

Mrs. Matson-Jamison recognized it. Superimposed upon the memory-picture printed indelibly on her heart it fitted so precisely that the mental and the visual images blent without a flaw or blur. Filled with gentle understanding, but a little pleading, too, she saw Thaddeus Jamison's face between the nondescript dark suit and the commonplace dark hat the stranger wore.

Colonel Voorhies saw him plainly, too, for he passed less than six feet away. The face was young, almost boyish, and bore a strong resemblance to the Colonel's. He could not be mistaken. What father fails to recognize his son?

Adams Breed declares both Mrs. Matson-Jamison and the Colonel were mistaken, for the man wore spectacles, neat rimless lenses joined by a gold bow, and across his forehead drooped a lock of blond hair. He knew his father instantly. The light must have played tricks upon the other two's vision.

So much for the differences in testimony. Then once again they are agreed. The stranger walked the length of the terrace and—vanished. The shadows were pellucid, not impenetrable; they could not have hidden a dry leaf from sight, much less a man, and there was no solid object, no possible obstacle behind which he could have disappeared. Yet where a man had walked a second before there was no one now.

\* \* \* \* \*

"YOU have become mad, Ad-dams?" asked Tanechka as he finished speaking. "Not to go with me, not to help the Cause, nor overthrow the old injustice? You cannot mean you will not join the battle of the classes, tear the tyrants from their thrones upon the people's necks. You must be mad, completely!"

"Saner than I've been in years," he an-



swered evenly. "Lord, what a fool I've been! State supremacy's not progress, it's turning back the clock a thousand years to the Dark Ages. Giving up your soul and body and your manhood to the State's not freedom, it's slavery of the worst kind. What's the difference between kings' tyranny and the tyranny of a bureaucracy? The lash stings just as cruelly if you call the one who wields it comrade or Cossack; slavery's as degrading if you call your master State or Sultan.

"There's no such entity as the State. It's just the people aggregated, and if the people are in bondage the State's despotic, just as it's their servant if they're free. Who gives the State authority? The people. No one else. Any government not based on the consent of the governed is a despotism.

"You talk about destroying the oppressive ruling class. There isn't any such thing here. No man or class of men can rule free people with the ballot in their hands——"

"Freedom!" she spat bitterly. "Freedom to starve——"

"All right. So what? That man back there"—he pointed toward the Tomb—"thought freedom was worth dying for in battle. Washington's soldiers starved for it at Valley Forge—suppose we do starve. We shan't, but just suppose we do. Starvation's better than the bread of slavery!

"I got your message, Dad!" Again he faced the Tomb. "'All men created equal . . . life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness . . . for ever and ever . . .'"

**SENATOR PENDERGAST** was worried. If Voorhies put the pressure on he'd not dare vote to let the immigration quotas down to admit refugees. He had to have the Colonel's support and financial backing in next year's campaign . . . but men were dying out there; women and small children, too. Being starved and plundered, oppressed with a cruelty and

savagery unknown since Sparta ground the Helots' faces in the earth . . .

"Ah, good evening, Voorhies," as his butler ushered in the Colonel. "I hope you've given due consideration to my bill to relax quotas—only for six months, you know——"

"I have, Senator," Colonel Voorhies cut in almost testily. "I've considered it most carefully. Have you read the Declaration of Independence lately?"

"The Declar—I'm afraid I don't quite understand, Colonel."

"Humph. Probably not. You fellows in Washington are so close to things you can't see the forest for the trees. You've probably forgotten Jefferson's assertion that all men are created equal, and entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?"

"No-o, I've not forgotten——"

"Good. Those fellows over there—blasted foreigners!—are trampling everything we hold sacred. If they're killing and despoiling men and women just because they dare affirm the principles on which America is founded, isn't it up to us to provide asylum for their victims? We've always been a refuge for the downtrodden. It's America's tradition——"

"My dear Voorhies!" The Senator could hardly believe that he heard aright. "You can't imagine how delighted I am that you take this view. But—er—didn't you feel differently this spring? What's changed your attitude? These latest inhumanities——"

"My son I saw him this evening, and——"

"God bless my soul!" Senator Pendergast hurried to the tabouret and seized a glass and bottle. "Don't you want a whisky-soda, Colonel?"

**THE** theatre was packed to overflowing. Even standing-room was at a premium. Mrs. Matson-Jamison looked out across the

chiaroscuro of upturned, eager faces, mostly women's, and drew a short deep breath. "My friends," her charmingly developed voice carried to the farthest corner of the upper balconies, and a storm of applause echoed through the house, "my fellow citizens and fellow countrywomen—" Now the applause slackened. These were strange words, falling from her lips. Always she had maintained the women of all countries were a class apart, sisters dedicated to a holy cause unbound by narrow nationalistic fetters.

"My sisters," she began again, and now the volume of applause swelled, "we must face conditions as they are, not as we'd like to have them. Almost two hundred years ago our ancestors set up a new nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are equals and enjoy the right to live and pursue happiness in freedom. We know this proposition to be right; we know unless it is maintained and nurtured mankind will sink once more to savagery, and war, plague, pestilence and famine will take dominion of the earth.

"But there are men across the sea who care nothing for these principles, who call the love of peace a sign of weakness, and deny responsibility to any power, even God's.

"We cannot reason with them nor persuade them any more than we could reason with a mad dog not to bite. When a mad dog rages through the streets men with guns must put an end to it, or dreadful harm will follow. The mad dogs of the world are loosed, my sisters; they have infected half the old world with the virus of their madness, and at any moment they may turn on us. And we have no guns. We are defenseless against them. We have no force to meet their force, no adequate defense to turn them back or beat them down.

"As one who hates war with the bitterest hatred any human heart can harbor, I call on you to arm for peace, to uphold the President and Congress in their effort to rearm America against the assaults of the mad dogs of the world!"

There was no applause as she walked from the stage. Here and there a boo or hiss began, but even these died out in a few seconds.

A silence deep and shocked as that which would lay hold upon a congregation if the priest should start to bawl a ribald ditty at the elevation of the Host held the assemblage spellbound.

Mrs. Matson-Jamison held her head high as she walked through the wings. Her lips were set in a firm line, her eyes gazed straight ahead, but as she passed, a stage-hand heard her whisper: "I've kept the faith, my darling. Please God you and those others may not have died in vain!"

\* \* \* \* \*

THE whole thing's *contra ordinem*, as I said at the beginning. Who the stranger that appeared and walked across the terrace into nothingness was—or even if there were a stranger—I would not pretend to say. Of course, the probabilities . . .

But there is the testimony of three people, substantially agreed, differing just enough to strengthen credibility.

Also, there is the record of three abruptly changed life-patterns.

Is it—might it not be—possible that young soldier of America, known but to God, stands guard eternally above the Potomac, protecting in his immortality those things for which he gave his mortal life?

These three believe so implicitly, and probability to the contrary notwithstanding, bear testimony of the vision they beheld at the Unknown Soldier's Tomb that night.

