

Farther forward we found the passage opened into a chamber of large dimensions, and, as we held the lantern aloft, we saw that the roof was too high for the hand to reach. Suddenly as if by some unseen hand our lantern was extinguished, and unfortunately none of us had a match. To retrace our steps through that low passage and in utter darkness was a problem, we were just about to turn when suddenly from the recess of the cave and out of the darkness came a yell, a howl as of a lost soul. It echoed and echoed throughout the cave, then just as suddenly as it had come it died away, and all was still again. I felt the cold sweat trickle down my cheek, and the hair of my head seemed to stand stiff on end. We could almost hear our hearts beating as we stood there in the darkness waiting for we knew not what. Rumor had told us that the cave was haunted, there were wild tales of a murdered lady, gruesome tales of a white robed spectre that walked and wrung its hands, wailing mournfully as if seeking something that could not be found.

We had laughed at the idea before, but now it had become a reality, in silence we awaited the next move. We did not have long to wait, again the long mournful wail broke the stillness, clutching at each other we ran from the spot, through the low corridor we crawled on our hands and knees until we saw the light of day gleaming at the entrance of the cave.

The party of soldier lads that retraced their steps toward the camp that Sept. afternoon were not the care free boys that had left to explore the countryside earlier in the day.

The question, what was it? seemed to be on every lip.

I am sceptical when it comes to ghosts and so called haunted caves, yet what unseen hand extinguished the lantern, then that horrible long drawn out wail following. To me it will always remain an unsolved mystery, as I have no wish to search deeper into the supernatural.

The Answer

London, Oct. 28th, 1917

To the Editor "Bruce in Khaki"

Dear Mr. Editor:

I have just recently seen a copy of "Bruce in Khaki," and when looking through, noticed an advertisement which I thought would be rather interesting to answer.

Would you, I wonder, be good enough to hand the enclosed note to the boy whom it concerns.

Your magazine is, I think, a splendid idea, and you have my very best wishes for its success.

Thanking you, I remain,

Unknown.

THE NOTE

London, Oct. 31st 1917

My Dear Bachelor Boy,

By your publication in the magazine, I should imagine you are what we call "on your last legs," (otherwise broke) but don't you think that £100 is rather a small item to ask for the loan of? I should have thought that it would have been far better to suggest £200 and certainly not as a loan.

Mess bills are "Horrors" we all know, and it would be such a pity to pay off one bill, only to find yourself in debt in another direction.

Don't you realize that there are heaps of people with untold wealth about, who would, I'm sure, be only too willing to give such wee sums, just for the asking? I am not one myself (worse luck) but I'll keep my eye open for you.

So Cheerio and best luck
From A lass from the back woods of
London, England.