

In the final analysis success consists of achieving what one desires, whatever that may be. The difference between success and failure is an open book; it is the text of all the writings of the ages. —Arnold Abbott

Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And ever more be merry.
—Withers Juvenilia.

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THIRD SECTION—Pages 11 to 14

Gifts of one who loved me,—
'Twas high time they came;
When he ceased to love me,
Time they stopped for shame.
—Emerson.

THREE SECTIONS—Section Three

I WON'T deny that I had some expectation from the old man myself."

Kennedy's client was speaking in a low, full-chested, vibrating voice, with some emotion, so low that I had entered the room without being aware that any one was there until it was too late to retreat.

"Dr. Burnham, I should like to have you know Mr. Jameson," introduced Craig. "You can talk as freely before him as you have to me alone. We always work together."

I shook hands with the visitor. The doctor has succeeded in interesting me greatly in a case which has some unique features," Kennedy explained. "It has to do with Stephen Haswell, the eccentric old millionaire of Brooklyn. Have you ever heard of him?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, recalling an occasional article which had appeared in the newspapers regarding a dusty and dirty old house in that part of the Heights in Brooklyn whence all that is fashionable had not yet taken flight, a house of mystery, yet not more mysterious than its owner in his secretive comings and goings in the affairs of men of a generation beyond his time.

"About a week ago," reported the doctor, in answer to a nod of encouragement from Kennedy, "I was summoned in the middle of the night to attend Mr. Haswell, who, as I have been telling Professor Kennedy, had been a patient of mine for over twelve years. He had been suddenly stricken with total blindness. Since then he appears to be failing fast, that is, he appeared so the last time I saw him, a few days ago, after I had been superseded by a younger man. It is a curious case and I have thought about it a great deal. The more I have thought about it the more I have felt it my duty to say something to somebody, and so, having heard of Professor Kennedy, I decided to consult him. The fact of the matter is, I very much fear that there are circumstances which will bear sharp looking into, perhaps a scheme to get control of the old man's fortune."

The doctor paused, and Craig inclined his head, as much as to signify his appreciation of the delicate position in which Burnham stood in the case. Before the doctor could proceed further, Kennedy handed me a letter which had been lying before him on the table. It had evidently been torn into small pieces and then carefully pasted together.

The subscription gave a small town in Ohio and a date about a fortnight previous.

Dear Father (it read): I hope you will pardon me for writing, but I cannot let the occasion of your seventy-fifth birthday pass without a word of affection and congratulation. I am alive and well—Time has dealt leniently with me in that respect, if not in money matters. I do not say this in the hope of reconciling you to me. I know that is impossible after all these cruel years. But I do wish that I could see you again. Remember, I am your only child and even if you still think I have been a foolish one, please let me come to see you once before it is too late. We are constantly travelling from place to place, but shall be here for a few days.

Your loving daughter,
Grace Haswell Martin.

"Some fourteen or fifteen years ago," explained the doctor as I looked up from reading the note, "Mr. Haswell's only daughter eloped with an artist named Martin. He had been engaged to paint a portrait of the late Mrs. Haswell from a photograph. Mrs. Haswell saw the growing intimacy of his daughter and the artist. His bent of mind was solely toward money and material things, and he at once conceived a bitter and unreasoning hatred for Martin. Nevertheless they went ahead and married, and, well, it resulted in the old man disinheriting the girl. Haswell made a new will and I have always understood that he devoted all of his fortune to be devoted in founding the technology department in a projected university of Brooklyn."

"You have never seen this Mrs. Martin or her husband?" asked Kennedy.

"No, never. But in some way she must have learned that I had some influence with her father, for she wrote to me not long ago, enclosing a note for him and asking me to intercede for her. I did so. I took the letter to him as diplomatically as I could. The old man flew in a towering rage, refused even to look at the letter, tore it up into bits, and ordered me never to mention the subject to him again. That is her note, which I saved."

The physician folded up the patched letter carefully before he continued. "Mr. Haswell, as you perhaps know, has for many years been a prominent figure in various curious speculations, or rather in loaning money to many curious speculators. Not long ago he became interested in the work of an obscure chemist over in Brooklyn, Morgan Prescott. Prescott claims, as I understand, to be able to transmute copper into gold. He does not stop with matter. He believes that he has the secret of life also, that he can make the transition from the inorganic to the organic, from inert matter to living protoplasm, and thence from protoplasm to mind and what we call soul, whatever that may be."

"And here is where the weird and uncanny part of it comes in," commented Craig, turning from the doctor to me to call my attention particularly to what was about to follow.

"Having arrived at the point where he asserts that he can create and destroy matter, life, and mind," continued the doctor, as if himself fascinated by the idea, "Prescott very naturally does not have to go far before he also claims a control over telepathy and even a communication with the dead. He even calls the messages which he receives by a word which he has coined himself, 'telegrams.'"

The doctor paused again, then resumed. "One afternoon, about a week ago, apparently, as far as I am able to piece together the story, Prescott was demonstrating his marvellous discovery of the unity of nature. Suddenly he faced Mr. Haswell."

"Shall I tell you a fact, sir, about yourself?" he asked quickly. "The truth as I see it by means of my wonderful invention? If it is the truth, will you believe in me? Will you put money into my invention? Will you share in becoming fabulously rich?"

"Haswell made some noncommittal answer. But Prescott seemed to look into the machine through a very thick plate-glass window, with Haswell placed directly before it. He gave a cry. 'Mr. Haswell,' he exclaimed, 'I regret to tell you what I see. You have disinherited your daughter; she has passed out of your life and at the present moment you do not know where she is.'"

"That's true," replied the old man bitterly, "and more than that I don't care. Is that all you see? That's nothing new."

"No, unfortunately, that is not all I see. Can you bear something further? I think you ought to know it. I have here a most mysterious telegram."

"Yes. What is it? Is she dead?"

"No, it is not about her. It is about yourself. Tonight at midnight or perhaps a little later, repeated Prescott solemnly, you will lose your sight as a punishment for your action."

"Pouf!" exclaimed the old man in a dudgeon, "if that is all your invention can tell me, good-bye. I'm a practical man." And with that he stamped out of the laboratory.

"Well, that night, about one o'clock, in the silence of the lonely old house, the aged caretaker, Jane, whom he had hired after he banished his daughter from his life, heard a wild shout of 'Help! Help!' Haswell, alone in his room on the second floor, was groping about in the dark."

"Jane," he ordered, "a light—a light!"

"I have lighted the gas, Mr. Haswell," she cried.

Newest Adventures of Craig Kennedy, Scientific Detective

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

THE INVISIBLE RAY

"A groan followed. He had himself found a match, and struck it, had even burnt his fingers with it, yet he saw nothing."

"I'm blind," he gasped. 'Send for Dr. Burnham.'"

"I went to him immediately when the maid roused me, but there was nothing I could do except prescribe perfect rest for his eyes and keeping in a dark room in the hope that his sight might be restored as suddenly and miraculously as it had been taken away."

"The next morning, with his own hand trembling and scrawl-

town in Indiana. It read simply: 'Dear Father: Am starting for Brooklyn today. Grace.'"

"The upshot was that Grace Haswell, or rather Grace Martin, appeared the next day, forgave and was forgiven with much weeping, although the old man still refused resolutely to be reconciled with and receive the husband."

"Everything was changed. The old man was taken care of as never before. Nothing was too good for him. The change was complete. It even extended to me. Some friend had told her of an

here he lowered his voice earnestly—"practically every misfortune that has overtaken Mr. Haswell has been since the advent of this new Dr. Scott."

"Would it be possible, do you think, for us to see Mr. Haswell?" asked Kennedy, when Dr. Burnham had come to a full stop after pouring forth his suspicions.

The doctor was thoughtful. "You'll have to arrange that yourself," he answered. "Can't you think up a scheme? For instance go to him with a proposal like the old schemes he used to finance."

"An excellent idea," exclaimed



"Your father has a good deal of strength yet, Mrs. Martin."

ing in his blindness, he wrote the following on a piece of paper:

"Mrs. Grace Martin—Information wanted about the present whereabouts of Mrs. Grace Martin, formerly Grace Haswell of Brooklyn."

STEPHEN HASWELL, —Pierrepont St., Brooklyn. "This advertisement he caused to be placed in all the New York papers and to be wired to the leading Western papers. Haswell himself was a changed man after his experience. He spoke bitterly of Prescott, yet his attitude toward his daughter was completely reversed. Whether he admitted to himself a belief in the prediction of the inventor, I do not know. Certainly he scouted such an idea in telling me about it."

"A day or two after the advertisements appeared a telegram came to the old man from a little

eye and ear specialist, a Dr. Scott, who was engaged."

"But what has happened since to arouse suspicion?" asked Kennedy, watching the doctor furtively.

"Why, the fact is, in spite of all this added care, the old man is failing more rapidly than ever. The other day I happened to meet Jane on the street. More from the way she said it than from what she said I gained the impression that something was going on which should be looked into."

"Then you perhaps think that Prescott and Mrs. Martin are in some way connected in this case?" I hazarded.

I had scarcely framed the question before he replied in an emphatic negative. "On the contrary, it seems to me that if they know each other at all it is with hostility. With the exception of the first stroke of blindness"—

rection almost as if he saw.

Kennedy had already begun to repeat and elaborate the story which he had already told regarding his mythical friend who had at last a commercial wireless "tele-rue," as he called it on the spur of the moment, when Jane announced Dr. Scott. The new doctor was a youthfully dressed man, clean shaven, but with an undefinable air of being much older than his smooth face led one to suppose.

It needed no great powers of observation to see that the old man placed great reliance on his new doctor and that the visit par-took of a social as well as a professional nature. Dr. Scott bent down and examined the eyes of his patient casually. It was difficult to believe that they saw nothing, so bright was the blue of the iris.

"Perfect rest for the present," the doctor directed, talking more to Mrs. Martin than to the old man. "Perfect rest, and then, when his health is good, we shall see what can be done with that cataract."

He was about to leave, when the old man reached up and restrained him, taking hold of the doctor's wrist tightly, as if to pull him nearer in order to whisper to him without being overheard. Kennedy was sitting in a chair near the head of the bed, some feet away, as the doctor leaned down. Haswell, still holding his wrist, pulled him closer. I could not hear what was said, though somehow I had an impression that they were talking about Prescott, for it would not have been at all strange if the old man had been greatly impressed by the alchemist.

Kennedy, I noticed, had pulled an old envelope from his pocket and was apparently engaged in jotting down some notes, glancing now and then from his writing to the doctor and then to Mr. Haswell.

The doctor stood erect in a few moments and rubbed his wrist thoughtfully with the other hand, as if it hurt. At the same time he smiled on Mrs. Martin. "Your father has a good deal of strength yet, Mrs. Martin," he remarked. "He has a wonderful constitution. I feel sure that we can pull him out of this and that he has many years to live."

Mr. Haswell, who caught the words eagerly, brightened visibly, and the doctor passed out. Kennedy resumed his description of the supposed wireless picture apparatus which was to revolutionize the newspaper, the theatre, and daily life in general. The old man did not seem enthusiastic and turned to his daughter with some remark.

"Just at present," commented the daughter, with an air of finality, "the only thing my father is much interested in is a way in which to recover his sight without an operation. He has just had a rather unpleasant experience with one inventor. I think it will be some time before he cares to embark in any other such schemes."

Kennedy and I excused ourselves with appropriate remarks of disappointment.

"Let us drop in on Dr. Burnham since we are over here," he said when we had reached the street. "I have some questions to ask him."

The former physician of Mr. Haswell lived not very far from the house we had just left.

"Who is this Dr. Scott?" asked Craig when we were seated in the comfortable leather chairs of the old-fashioned consulting-room.

"Really, I know no more about him than you do," replied Burnham. "He has hired a small office in a new building devoted entirely to doctors and they tell me that he is an eye and ear specialist, though I cannot see that he has any practice. Beyond that I know nothing about him."

"Your friend Prescott interests me, too," remarked Kennedy, changing the subject quickly.

"Oh, he is no friend of mine," returned the doctor, fumbling in a drawer of his desk. "But I think I have one of his cards here which he gave me when we were introduced some time ago at Mr.

Haswell's. When are you going to see him?"

"The first thing in the morning," replied Kennedy. "After I have seen him I shall drop in for another chat with you. Will you be here?"

The doctor promised and we took our departure.

Prescott's laboratory, which we found the next day from the address on the card, proved to be situated in one of the streets near the waterfront under the bridge approach, where the factories and warehouses clustered thickly. We had nearly reached the place when Kennedy paused and pulled out two pairs of glasses, those huge round tortoiseshell affairs.

"You needn't mind these, Walter," he explained. "They are only plain glass, that is, not ground. We must be careful not to excite suspicion. Perhaps a disguise might have been better, but I think this will do. You look as scholarly as a Chinese mandarin. Remember, let me do the talking and do just as I do."

We had now entered the shop, stumbled up the dark stair, and presented Dr. Burnham's cards. Prescott, surrounded by his reports, crucibles, barettes and condensers, received us much more graciously than I had any reason to anticipate. He was a man in the late forties, his face covered with a thick beard, and his eyes, which seemed a little weak, were helped out with glasses almost as scholarly as ours.

Kennedy seated himself some distance from a curious piece or rather a collection of apparatus over which Prescott was working. It consisted of numerous coils and tubes.

"It may seem strange to you, gentlemen," Prescott said, "that a man who is able to produce gold from, say, copper should be seeking capital from other people. My best answer to that old objection is that I am not seeking capital as such. The situation with me is simply this. Twice I have applied to the patent office for a patent on my invention. They not only refused to grant it, but they refused to consider the application or even to give me a chance to demonstrate my process to them. I am looking for some one who can be trusted to the last limit to join with me, furnish the influence and standing while I furnish the brains and the invention. Either we must get the government interested and sell the invention to it, or we must get government protection and special legislation. I am not seeking capital; I am seeking protection. First let me show you something."

He turned a switch, and a part of the collection of apparatus began to vibrate.

"You are undoubtedly acquainted with the modern theories of matter," he began, plunging into the explanation of his process.

"Starting with the atom, we believe no longer that it is indivisible. Atoms are composed of thousands of ions, as they are called—really little electric charges. Again, you know that we have found that all the elements fall into groups. Each group has a certain related atomic weights and properties which can be and have been predicted in advance of the discovery of missing elements in the group. I started with the reasonable assumption that the atom of one element in a group could be modified so as to become the atom of another element in the group, that one group could perhaps be transformed into another, and so on, if only I knew the forces that would change the number or modify the vibrations of these ions composing the various atoms."

"Now for years I have been seeking that force or combination of forces that would enable me to produce this change in the elements—raising or lowering them in the scale, so to speak. I have found it. I am not going to tell you or any other man whom you may interest the secret of how it is done until I find some one I can trust as I trust myself. But I am none the less willing that you should see the results. If they are not convincing, then nothing can be."

(To be concluded next week)

He couldn't hurt a fly.

It gave way. But the moment crashed in the laughing through the opening, so he caught sight of the falling figure on the brink of the runaway. As he saw of a woman flung headlong open sluiceway he leaped out toward the one-armed stood on its brink. But that man, with a lightninglike whip, swung round on the in-

Laughing Mask wheeled half, staggered a step or two, fell forward on his face. The-eyed Peggy O'Mara, following his heels, saw both that the fact that the Iron Claw leaped toward the control of the water mangie. Peg-

med aloud, shrilly and belatedly, as she leaped for the man before the control board. She hit him, claving at his up-

per, fought him with every thin-blooded girlish body. She was no match for the de-

and malignant opponent. She could do was to distract him for a precious moment. Then, realizing she was a

he eliminated without scrupled her body up from the and her above his head, and

leaping thud, sent her body the solid masonry of the fac-

ly there stunned, without moaning brokenly with pain, darted back to the control

the mangle drums and that lever to the spot marked. The next moment he had

over the switch of the sluiceway. He stared one triumphant glance

direction of the whirling man-

and the slowly ascending then, with a grin of satis-

he leaped over the inert body

Laughing Mask, ran to the

and disappeared in the dark-

that flight been less hurried

might have observed that the

the Laughing Mask were

the inert body, weak as it

in the loss of blood from a

pound in the hip, was already

gathering itself together for

redetermined movement. That

ent, wavering and unsteady as

took the crawling man di-

rect to the control board of the

mangle.

by a supreme effort, he

himself to his feet, groped

with an unsteady hand and

back the lever.

next moment the roar of the

ery stopped, the thrashing

stood poised. But it had been

the nick of time. For Mar-

golden, who had clung to the

ate until its withdrawing bars

impelled her to relax her last

clutch on its rails and drop

to the black tide carrying her

and closer to those falling

of death, now caught and

to a graphite-covered driving

little more than a yard from

remotest mangle drum which

above her like an open jaw.

as she clung there a renewing

of hope swept through her

for from the sluiceway wall

her she could hear a reassur-

somewhat unsteady voice call-

own to her. And that voice,

new, was the voice of the

ing Mask!

to be continued next week.)

theatre