

FOR three weeks in the Saturday Clarion Hoag wrote of nothing but dreams. Most of his own dreams he made a practice of telling to Mrs. Bartop—whenever they were thoroughly respectable, and sometimes they were not. He found it easier to talk them than to write them. He made notes of them all, but it was impossible to give a vivid dream, a dream that had more reality than anything in waking experience, its real value without somehow acting and talking it over again. Mere written words were cold. For the benefit of correspondents who wanted him to explain how dreams came to be such a part of human life, he wrote down the various theories such as:

Imagination set free when common will power is asleep;

The real ego liberated when muscles, etc., were at rest;

The brain-cell theory whereby an image regis-



Mrs. Bartop discovers Hoag walking in his sleep.

tered on one cell becomes associated with a totally different one contained in another cell, often producing burlesques;

The supposed influence of the stomach acting on the pneumo-gastric nerves and that again on the cerebellum and the brain;

The mixture of an idea actively in the mind when going to sleep with one registered years and years before, producing romances and adventures and interviews with all sorts of strange people;

The peculiar recurrence of one type of dream such as one's teeth periodically coming out, the boat that voyages in shallow water, or on dry land, the body that swims asleep when it never can awake, the power to vault over high walls and to run like the wind, etc.—all these and many more had been recurrent dreams in his own case;

The phenomena of talking in sleep; of carrying on sleep-conversation with another person awake; of singing in sleep;

The singular and yet commonplace phenomenon in the body actually rising to do things in sleep, making a bed, sleep-walking, dressing; the well-known case of the man who got up, dressed himself and went out and swam a river while he was asleep—when awake he could not swim a stroke.

All these were to him interesting but never convincing. They were but disjointed examples of the one superb realism of the dream world, concerning which he had intimations that he could not reduce to writing, or even to speech.

The Grand Democracy of Dreams, he called it. Because in dreams there were no barriers in caste, in society, in wealth, in knowledge or ignorance, in physical power, in disease.

And after all he secretly believed that the brain might some time under certain conditions control dreams. But only when the body and the soul were in perfect harmony.

"Why," he asked once, "does the child fight sleep when the adult longs for it? Because, perhaps, the child finds himself in a much more wonderful world awake than the spirit world from which he has come; while the man of experience weary of actual life and objects and routine yearns to get back to that dream world. I say—perhaps. But who knows?"

IN all these things Hoag felt himself groping towards knowledge and action. He realized that his dreams and all the intimations he had of the spirit world that hovers round and about men when they are awake, as well as when they are dead or asleep, were all sent to him for a purpose. That one immediate purpose was the overthrow of the enormous and growing power of Henry Markham. This man he knew secretly, without being able to prove it, was a criminal against the commonwealth of Canada, in business, in society, in politics. The wedding for the big house on Rosemount Road would, as he expected, be the biggest show of its kind ever staged in that set. Helen Munro expected this, even when as he knew there were times when she shrank from it. One and but one, pen-and-ink intimation he got of this. It was a letter from Helen written soon after she had removed to Madam Markham-Malone's on Rosemount Road:

Dear Friend:

I shall not be writing to you again. As you know my marriage is all arranged, except the date. The house is almost finished. It is a wonderful place. But you are never to see it except from the outside. I am not complaining of this. You chose to put yourself outside the pale of Markham interests by refusing to work for Mr. Markham. I am sure you had what you call a good reason, even though I think you were wrong. You have your own world, and I am sure it must be to you very wonderful. But my knowledge of you in that world must be very limited. I do not wish you success, because I know how little you value that. At the same time success is what the world expects from all of us. The best we can hope for ourselves and for one another is that success may not spoil us. I know you are working for the good of other people more than for your own happiness or comfort; that you have chosen poverty and human lonesomeness where you might have had comparative wealth and the entree to what we call society—if that means anything to you, and I am afraid it does not.

But please bear in mind that none of us are living absolutely selfish lives. I don't expect to. I mustn't. Only it's so hard to keep from being selfish when one has money, social position and great influence to command. I have always been a hard worker as you know. I must continue to work. I shall find plenty to do outside of myself. Mr. Markham has such a vast number of interests outside of his business. He expects me to look after many of them. The best I can wish is that I could sometimes have the benefit of—oh, some quiet talk with you, or some one like you; because you have mastered the principle of serving other people without expecting any reward or equivalent. But this letter must be the last of our correspondence. You must not answer it. Good-bye. Wish me well, old friend. I shall always need it.

Helen Munro.

HOAG visualized that letter. He looked beyond it to the image of the woman as she wrote it. The undertone of sadness in it he felt but not for himself. That he should not in all probability ever talk to her, perhaps see her again, made no sadness in himself. He had chosen his way of living. Markham might marry her. She would still be more his than Markham's so long as she remained true to the best in her own life. No moneyed magnate could dominate her spiritual life so long as she kept herself free.

But how could she? Money and all the things it meant had the great power. What her body did her soul must agree to. How could she marry and work for Markham while belonging spiritually to another world?

Hoag could not answer that. But he could see in scores of lives a fragmentary answer. He could see it in the divorce courts; in plays; in society; in all the activities that had to do with people who felt themselves bound wrongly by some one act or set of circumstances.

He preferred not to see Helen Munro in the body. He believed that the moment he came within the zone of her physical vibrations the power

he was dreaming about would be gone from him. Her image was all; her presence; her phantom; all that Ezra Poundem, editor, would scoff at. Hoag so accustomed himself to visualizing Helen that she became the only living soul whose image he could instantly command in all its lineaments under any circumstances, no matter where, as perfectly as though the body of the woman were dead or asleep.

"Why," he asked, "should what we call death be the greatest focus we have of the spirit life and its emotions? Why should a mother looking at the lock of hair from her dead son or the silent photograph of him, feel him a million times more vividly than ever she did in his life?"

Helen Munro might not be conscious of the liberties he was taking with her image. But unless he took them he never could hope to carry out his spirit-method of downfalling the man who assumed that he possessed, dominated, personally



Editor Poundem and Hoag have a confab on psychics.

directed this woman as part of his nefarious, underground scheme with all its splendid visionary qualities. Markham had stolen Helen Munro materially. Hoag would spiritually steal her back. At first he only would know this. But in time—perhaps she also would know it. When?

He could not tell.

POUNDEM, the editor, was one of Hoag's worst discouragements. He valued the "psychic stuff" only because it made popular reading for people who never could prove it was wrong. He had no faith in it himself. Privately he considered Hoag as a sort of lunatic whose lunacy he could commercialize. Hoag knew it. Poundem was a middling fat man who ate a good deal, drank whisky, smoked and chewed gum and played poker. Altogether a good sort; but determined not to be buncoed by any influence he could not understand.

One afternoon just after the paper had gone to press and before the press began to run, Poundem banged into Hoag's office with the emphasis of a freight train. His thick fingers and noisy tongue usually threw Hoag off the track. He noticed a couple of big new doctor books on Hoag's desk.

"Anatomy—Physiology, hmph! Hope they're paid for. But what in the name of Psyche—?"

"The pictures are really not fit for my landlady to pry into, so I keep them here," explained Hoag. "But the doctor books of the future will begin where these leave off. There's not a word here about anything you can't weigh or measure or talk about in molecules and atoms."

Hoag showed him the various physical presentations that the human being is supposed to make to the eye of science:

The skin or integument containing the shape of the body;