

## THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW

I know that some time, perhaps a month, perhaps a year ago—possibly longer than that—a man was lost. A man of education, certainly, and, I am inclined to think, a man who occupied no unimportant niche in the world's affairs. That man lived in my body, thought with my mind, was actually myself. It is my task to find him.

I feel, as I write this, like one who builds a house of cards, which a breath or the brush of a careless sleeve may bring to utter wreck. I mean to commit to paper these memories of the past few days and also those pictures, which I hardly dare call memories, in order to have them safe, in case the obliterating hand which has once before passed over the tablets of my mind shall come my way again.

I said my task was almost impossible. That statement may have a strange sound. Surely, one would say, I must have friends eager to welcome me back to my old place. It may be. I have found none yet, and I have found enemies—or an enemy, for the web around me seems to have been woven by one master mind. If so, he will have taken care that no friendly hand shall ever be stretched out to my rescue.

If ever I escape from this cell into which malign chance has delivered me, this cell of utter hopeless oblivion, it will be through my own efforts;