

CHRONICLES OF JOYOUS JANE

She Sees Green Flames and Blue Lightning

By Dorothy L. Warner

Chapter I.—SHE DODGES CUTHBERT

My hands and limbs are trembling; I am only able to play with a little nourishment. Wait and I'll tell you the reason.

Last Saturday Private Niceboy told me he'd be charmed if I'd accept his invitation to a fish and chip supper. Now if there's one thing I love it is fish and chips, consequently I beamed, and accepted with unmaidenly alacrity. Not half an hour afterwards someone brought me a note which read as follows:—

Dear Jane, Are you game for the movies to-night? If the answer is the longed for "Yes," then wear a blue ribbon in your hair this afternoon; if otherwise, then a carrot above your ear shall be the sign, and I shall suffer in silence.
Yours excruciatingly, CUTHBERT.

This effusion came from Sergeant Iamit. Directly I got it I flew down to borrow two cents from Private Niceboy to buy the carrot. Now, to reach the office where he hangs out one has to pass along a corridor studded with doors, behind which the Granville miracles take place. I had got half-way along when I saw a form looming up. Conscientious Cuthbert! What on earth could I say? Seeing that the corridor was deserted, he was sure to inquire about his wretched note. Ah, salvation—in the form of a half-open door—appeared, and I slipped in, feeling exultingly safe in the darkness, as the lock caught with a vicious snap.

Chapter II.—IN THE DEMON'S CAVE

I waited several minutes, then feeling that the amorous Sergeant must be well out of the road, ventured to grope for the door. I stepped gingerly and made passes in the air. Joy! my fingers came in contact with a knobby bit of brass. I clutched it—Ye gods! Two flames a yard long shot out. *What* had happened? Had my weird hand passes awakened some dormant Granvillian genii?

Something began to whiz, and whizzed out awful green and blue lights. My knees quivered; I couldn't scream; these terrifying lightnings came from everywhere. A thought struck me: Was Cuthbert a practiser of things occult, and was he frightening me? And now buzzing was increasing; it grew in fury till it became a deafening roar, and flames shot out everywhere from nothingness. Dante's *Inferno* was child's play to this. With a screech of agony I fainted.

I awoke with Pte. Niceboy pillowing my head, and it was so nice that I fainted again. They told me afterwards, when I was able to bear it, that I had been found in the High Frequency Room with the apparatus going at full speed.

Conscientious Cuthbert still wonders why it was left to Private Niceboy to rescue me.