

The RED LAMP

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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June 28.

I slept very little last night, and this morning made an excuse to go up to town with the letter. Larkin had telephoned me that he had an inquiry on the house through Cameron, and this gave me a pretext.

Larkin is impressed with the letter, but does not necessarily see its connection with Uncle Horace's death. "You haven't an idea who it's meant for, you say?"

"Not the slightest. He hadn't any friends, intimates, so far as I know. The Livingstones, very decent people with a big place about six miles from him, his doctor, and myself—that's about all."

"Enormity of the idea," he read again. "Of course that might be a new poison gas, or this thing the press is always scaring up. The death ray. Some fellow with a bee in his bonnet, you may be sure."

"That wouldn't imply danger to himself."

"Any fellow with a bee in his bonnet is dangerous," he said, and gave me back the letter.

"Of course," he went on, "you've made a nice point about the stain on the corner. If it's blood, it's hardly likely he got up again and put it where you found it. But I think you'll find the servant there, what's her name, picked it up in her excitement and threw it into the drawer. However, if you like, I'll have that stain tested and see what it is."

I tore off the corner, and left him putting it carefully into an envelope. He glanced up as I prepared to go. "What's this I hear about your keeping off demons by drawing some sort of a cabalistic design around yourself?" he asked. "You'd better let me in on it; I need a refuge now and then."

Which proves that a man may about the eternal virtues and be unheard forever, but if he babble nonsense in a wilderness it will travel around the world.

We have settled down into our routine here very comfortably. Our eggs and milk are brought each morning by a buxom farmer's daughter, one Maggie Morrison, a sturdy red-cheeked girl.

With the lawns cut and the shrubbery trimmed, the place grows increasingly lovely. At low tide the beach is covered with odds and ends from the mysterious life of the sea. Red and white starfish, sea urchins, and disintegrated jelly fish. Sea-gulls pick up mussels, hover over a flat-topped rock, drop them onto its surface and then swoop down upon the broken shell, with a warning cry to other gulls to keep away.

Easter Eve

I saw two women weeping by the tomb Of One new-buried, in a fair green place Bowered with shrubs; the eve retained no trace Of aught that day performed; but the hazy gloom

Of dying day was spread upon the sky; The moon was broad and bright above the wood;

The breeze brought token of a multitude, Music, and shout, and mingled revelry. At length came gleaming through the thicket-shade

Helmet and casque, and a steel-armed band Watched round the sepulch in solemn stand; The night-word past, from man to man conveyed;

And I could see those women rise and go Under the dark trees, moving and slow. —Henry Alford, D. D., in Kansas City Star.

Yaqui Tribal Dance

an Old Easter Custom

The dawn of a new Easter breaks over Superstition mountain, near Phoenix, Ariz., as a small group of exhausted Yaqui Indian dancers end their weird movements of "Dia di Gloria" and totter off to their wickiups and hogans.

The colorful spectacle, which reaches its climax just before dawn, is witnessed by thousands of tourists and residents of Phoenix. Police with double-barreled shotguns stand guard by the throng and spectators as the dance is near its end.

As the rites progress, bronze figures flash in the light of smoked oil lamps and the grotesque headdress of the dancers nods and topples.

When the tribal dance ends the Indians move away from a bank of smoldering embers, all that remains of fires kindled at sundown the day before, and the scene shifts to a little adobe chapel covered with twigs from a thousand mesquite bushes.

Here services for the penitent Indians are held. The self-confessed sinners, wrapped in blankets and prostrate before a shrine, have prayed since Sunday the day before.

"I hear that you have lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Taylor. 'Yaas, in a railway accident. I was saved but the dog was killed.' 'What a pity!'"

The boathouse is ready for young Halliday. Edith has put in it a great deal of love and one or two of my most treasured personal possessions.

"That isn't by any chance my smoking stand?"

"But you aren't going to smoke much this summer, Father William," she says, and tucks a hand into my arm. "I heard you say so yourself."

It has a sitting room, bedroom and kitchenette, but no bath.

"He can use the sea," says Edith, easily. "And take a cake of soap in with him."

"And wash himself ashore," I suggest, and am frowned down, probably too old for such ribaldry.

Jane is very serene. Now and then, as she sits on our small veranda with her tapestry, I see her raise her eyes and glance toward the other house, but she does not mention it, nor do I.

But she absolutely refused to take the pictures of the house Larkin had asked for. Not that she put it like that.

"I haven't had any luck with the camera lately," she said. "You take them, or let Edith do it."

The result of the collaboration, which followed early this afternoon is still in doubt. Jane intends to develop and print them this evening.

And so our life goes on. We retire early, I generally slightly scented from the cold cream of Edith's good-night kiss. Clara, our household staff, too, goes up early, probably looking under her bed before retiring into it. And Jane sits and sews while I make my nightly entry in this Journal; she is, I think, both jealous and faintly suspicious of it!

At ten o'clock or so we let Jock out, and he turns toward the main house and then toward the gates and into the highroad, where for a half hour or so he chases rabbits and possibly looks for a bear. At ten-thirty he scratches at the door, and we admit him and go up to bed.

Later: I have just had a surprise amounting to shock. Jane finds she has forgotten the black japanned lantern with a red slide which she uses in the mysterious rites of developing pictures, and suggests that we go to the other house and use the red lamp there.

"But I can bring it here."

"I am through being silly about the other house, William," she says with an air of resolution. "Anyhow, the pantry there is better, and you can sit in the kitchen. Bring a book or something."

She has, poor Jane, very much the air of Helena Lear's kitten the day Jock cornered it and it came out resolutely and looked him in the eye. In effect, Jane is going out to meet her bugaboo and stare it down.

June 29.

Jane is in bed today, and I am not all I might be, although I managed to get an indifferent print or two to Larkin this morning.

It is well enough for cold-blooded and nerveless individuals to speak of fear as a survival of that time when, in our savage state, we were surrounded by enemies, dangers, and a thousand portents in skies we could not comprehend, and to insist that when knowledge comes in at the door, fear and superstition fly out of the window.

It is only in his head that man is heroic; in the pit of his stomach he is always a coward.

Yet, stripped of its trimmings—the empty, echoing house, its reputation, and my own private thoughts about its possible tragedy, the incident loses much of its terror; is capable, indeed, of a quite normal explanation.

That is, that Jane either saw some one outside the pantry window, or was the victim of a subjective image of her own producing.

To put the affair in consecutive shape.

At eleven o'clock I had moved the red lamp from the den in the other house to the pantry and there connected it. Jane seemed to be going very well beyond the pantry door, and after a time I ceased the reassuring whistling with which I had been affirming my continued presence within call, and grew absorbed in a book.

It must have been 11:15 when she called out to me sharply to know where a cold wind was coming from, and although I felt no such air I closed the kitchen door. It was within a couple of minutes of that, or thereabouts, that I suddenly heard her give a low moan, and the next instant there was the crash of a falling body.

When I opened the pantry door I found her in a dead faint, underneath the window. When she revived, she

maintained that she had seen Uncle Horace.

Her statement runs about as follows: She had not felt particularly uneasy on entering the house, "although I had expected to," she admits. Nor at the beginning of operations in the pantry. The cold air, however, had had a peculiar quality to it; it "froze" her, she says; she felt rigid with it.

And it continued after she heard me close the kitchen door.

This wind, she says, was not only so cold that she called to me, but she had an impression that it was coming from somewhere near at hand, and she seemed to see the curtains blowing out at the window. The lower sash was down, as she could tell by the reflection of the red lamp in it, but she went to the window to see if the upper sash had been lowered.

With the darkness outside, the glass had become a sort of mirror, and she said her own figure in it started her for a moment. She stood staring at it, when she realized that she was not alone in the room. Clearly reflected, behind and over her right shoulder, was a face.

It disappeared almost immediately, and I have my own private doubts about her recognition of it as Uncle Horace, which I believe is post facto. But I am obliged to admit that Jane saw something, either outside the window and looking in, or the creation of her own excited fancy.

As soon as I could leave her I went outside, but I could find no one there, and this morning I find that my own footprints under the window have entirely obliterated anything else that may have been there.

Jane herself believes it was Uncle Horace, but I cannot find that she received anything more than an indistinct impression of a face. She rather startled me this morning, however, by asking me if I had ever thought that Uncle Horace had not died a natural death.

"Why in the world should I think such a thing?"

But pressed for an explanation she merely said she had heard that the spirits of those who have died violent deaths are more likely to appear than of others who have passed peacefully away; that the desire to acquaint the world with the circumstances of the tragedy is overwhelming!

What seems much more likely is that she has caught from me, with that queer gift of hers, some inkling of my own anxiety.

Larkin's report from the laboratory shows that the stain on the corner of the letter is blood. One lives and learns. Not only does the report state that it is blood, but that it is human blood. Moreover, that it is about a year old, and that it is the imprint of a human finger, but is too badly blurred for identification, as it was made while the blood was fresh.

So does science come to the aid of the police today. Truly one lives and learns.

June 30.

I have been brought today, for the first time, into active contact with the feeling of the country people against my house, and especially against the red lamp. It is an amazing situation.

Thomas came to the doorway this morning while I was at breakfast, followed by Starr the constable, who remained somewhat uneasily behind him. It developed that half a dozen sheep in a meadow beyond Robinson's point, were found the night before last with their throats cut. The farmer who owned them heard them milling about and ran out, and he declares he saw a dark figure dart out of the field and run into my woods at the head of Robinson's point.

It appears that the farmer, whose name is Nylie, abandoned the pursuit as soon as he saw where the fugitive was heading, and went back to his dead sheep. They were neatly laid out in a row.

"At what time was all this?" I asked.

"Eleven o'clock, or thereabouts."

"How about a dog?" I asked. "They kill sheep, don't they? Catch them by the throat or something?"

"They don't stab them with a knife. Not around here, anyhow," said Starr. The ostensible object of the visit was to ask if we had been disturbed that night, and for some reason or other I did not at once connect the situation with Jane's curious experience.

"No," I said. "You'll probably find that Nylie has an enemy somewhere, some hand he has discharged, perhaps."

Starr took himself away very soon after that, but before he left he exchanged a glance with Thomas, and I had a feeling that something lay behind this morning visit. It was not long before Thomas brought it out. It appears that Nylie ran after the figure, to the edge of the wood, and there stood hesitating. The woods, I gather, share in the ill-repute of the house. And as he stood there, although everyone knew the house was empty, he distinctly saw the evil glow of the red lamp from it!

I dare say Jane is right, and my sense of humor is perverted, but I could not resist the opportunity of halting Thomas. In which I realize now I made a tactical error.

"Really?" I said. "Nylie was certain of that, was he?"

"Saw it as plain as I see you," said Thomas. "I know you don't believe me."

"But I do believe you. What about the red lamp?"

"Well," he said, "it's pretty well known about these parts that that lamp ain't healthy. Some say on 'ting and some say another, but most folks is agreed on that."

(Continued Next Week)

DOG'S HEAD LIVES FOR HOURS AFTER CUT OFF

A German scientist announces that he has been able to keep a dog's head alive for hours after it had been severed from the body. Commenting on the incident George Bernard Shaw, Irish novelist and playwright, said that he was tempted to have his own head cut off so that he could go on thinking and dictating plays without the impediment of bodily illness. However, the old Irish wit says he would expect one or two other men to undergo the experiment first to prove that "it is not dangerous."

AL SMITH MAY BECOME HEAD OF TAMMANY HALL

George Washington Olvany, big chief of Tammany Hall for several years, unexpectedly resigned last week, leaving that century old club without a titular head. Among those prominently mentioned to succeed him are two former governors, James A. Foley and Alfred E. Smith.

TO SELL 'EM—TELL 'EM

The newspaper was placed at the head of the four factors that make the community, in an address by Dr. C. D. Curran, business builder and psychologist, before the Inglewood Lions' club. After the newspaper he placed the bank, the school and last, but not least, the church, "for" he said, "the strong foundation of every community rests upon religion."

"How much," he asked, "have you business men set aside for an advertising budget this year? If you haven't set aside very much, on the pretext that your newspaper isn't very large, let me say that it will grow just as fast as you permit it to grow by your advertising."

If you are going to sell 'em, you've got to tell 'em," Doctor Curran declared, "and keep on telling 'em, through your newspaper, and more than ever in slack times."—Reseda (Calif.) Banner.

Even if a man's good deeds live after him, he isn't in a position to care.

SANFORD BOOSTING ITS ADVANTAGES IN SURVEY

An industrial survey supplement, setting forth the advantages of Sanford as a town in which to live and do business, was published last Thursday in the Sanford Express and the Raleigh Times. The mechanical work, printing, etc., was done in the Times shop and it is an attractive job. The twenty-four pages of the supplement are illustrated with half-tone cuts of Sanford homes, business houses and citizens. Advertising patronage was liberal.

Instead of regretting yesterday get busy and prepare for tomorrow. Some men will stand up for the fair sex everywhere—except in a street car.

A manicure artist who could also polish men's brains would fill a long felt want.

Any man who works only for pay seldom does his best. Climb a little higher than the crowd and you will be a target for the knockers.

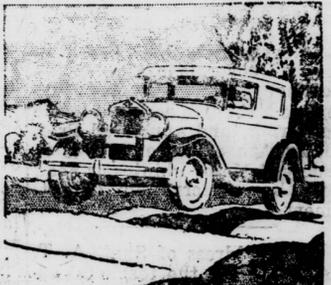
Mental pictures every car buyer should have

SOME DAY you will consider buying a new car.

Keep in mind these pictures made from photographs of scenes at General Motors' 1268-acre Proving Ground. A car wallowing in a sunken road with water over the hubs... a car bucking a long stretch of cruel bumps and potholes... a car straining to reach the top of a heart-breaking hill... a car doing twists and turns and other acrobatics that few cars are ever called upon to do.

Such are the tests given advance models of a General Motors car at the Proving Ground. The tests involve speed, power, endurance, braking, riding comfort, handling ease; fuel, oil and tire economy, body strength—every phase of car construction and performance. When every test has been met, the factory goes ahead and builds your car like these proved models.

Keep these pictures in your mind. They will come in handy next time you are buying a car.



Rough going on a Proving Ground road, made had to test various parts of General Motors cars under hardest possible conditions.



A scientific "bath tub"—not to wash cars, but to show the Proving Ground engineers exactly what happens when a car is driven through water.



Very seldom are hills as steep as this. The average grade of highway hills is seven per cent. This hill is 25 per cent and a car must be good to make it.



On this four-mile test track the engineers can run a car night and day, at any speed, to learn just how it stands the pace.

- CHEVROLET, 7 models. \$725—\$725. A six in the price range of the four. Smooth, powerful 6-cylinder valve-in-head engine. Beautiful new Fisher Bodies. Also Light delivery chassis. Sedan delivery model. 1 1/2 ton chassis and 1 1/2 ton chassis with cab, both with four speeds forward.
- PONTIAC, 7 models. \$745—\$895. Now offers "big six" motoring luxury at low cost. Larger L-head engine; larger Bodies by Fisher. New attractive colors and stylish line.
- OLDSMOBILE, 7 models. \$875—\$1035. The Fine Car at Low Price. New models offer further refinements, mechanically and in the Fisher Bodies—yet at reduced prices. Also new Special and De Luxe models.
- OAKLAND, 8 models. \$1145—\$1375. New Oakland All American Six. Distinctively original appearance. Splendid performance. Luxurious appointments. Attractive colors. Bodies by Fisher.
- BUICK, 19 models. \$1195—\$2145. The Silver Anniversary Buick. Three wheel-bases from 115 to 128 inches. Masterpiece bodies by Fisher. More powerful, vibrationless motor. Comfort and luxury in every mile.
- LASALLE, 14 models. \$2295—\$2875. Companion car to Cadillac. Continental lines. Distinctive appearance. 90 degree V-type 8-cylinder engine. Striking color combinations in beautiful bodies by Fisher.
- CADILLAC, 25 models. \$3295—\$7000. The Standard of the world. Famous efficient 8-cylinder 90-degree V-type engine. Luxurious bodies by Fisher and Fleetwood. Extensive range of color and upholstery combinations. (All Prices f. o. b. Factories. Time payments may be made on the low-cost GMAC Plan.)

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