

## THE MAN FROM BEYOND

By FRANK L. POLLOCK

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PROFESSOR BIGELOW'S expedition, it will be remembered, sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, on May 29. It was dispatched by a Canadian university, assisted by the Dominion government, and its objects were to collect specimens of Arctic natural history and to more accurately map the northern coast of Hudson bay. About the middle of June its members landed on the terribly rugged and forbidding extremity of Baffin's Land and penetrated fifty or sixty miles into the interior, and there, to their unspeakable astonishment, they found a white man, alone, fur-clad, painfully moving south on foot, and apparently demented.

At first they had to use force to make him stay with the party, and it was no easy matter, he being a big man and tremendously strong. They could not determine his nationality, for, though there were good linguists in the party, the man remained sullenly silent.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the man's mania was an irresistible tendency to travel toward the south, and it was only when they went in that direction that he would go willingly. He never was deceived about the direction. He seemed magnetized like a compass needle and could pick out the cardinal points in the darkest night or the blindest snowstorm. He would never sleep save with his head toward the pole, and from his slumber he would sometimes start, crying, "Sood! Sood!"

A few weeks later the expedition came upon a band of Eskimos, who recognized the stranger, and told a vague tale of his having come down from the farthest north—from that unknown region which their fancy peopled with strange beasts and ferocious men. They said he had been wandering southwards for a long time, being always well treated by the aborigines, who attributed to him a supernatural character on account of his madness.

When at the end of the summer the scientists turned homeward, the stranger was, of course, taken with them, and during the southward voyage he was quieter and seemed more content than ever before. He was placed in a hospital, where those in charge decided that the case was not in their line. When his hair and beard were cut a long, reddish scar was revealed, running completely across the top of the head. But it was entirely healed, and as the man seemed in no especial need of medical attention he was removed to an asylum for the insane. He did not prove a very tractable subject, however, for he rebelled against the detention and his great strength made him difficult to control. The impulse of his mental disease still seemed to be an irresistible tendency toward the south, and he made several unsuccessful attempts to escape, with attacks of violent delirium at each failure.

From the first, the scar on the patient's head had attracted the attention of the physicians of the asylum, and they agreed that the man's insanity might very well have resulted from an injury to the brain. When it became evident that the poor fellow could never recover his mental faculties under the mild treatment being pursued, and that his more frequent paroxysms were rapidly wearing out his rugged physique, so that his death was only a matter of time unless relief could be found, the question of an operation to relieve the pressure upon the brain which was thought to exist was seriously considered. As there were no relatives or friends to be consulted, it was decided to perform the operation, with its undoubtedly grave risks, as a humanitarian measure, and not at all from mere curiosity, as the procedure was by no means new.

But the immediate result of the operation, which passed off without a hitch, was quite unexpected and led to a most remarkable discovery. Lieutenant Ross, the only person remaining in the city of those who had brought the man back from the Far North, had been invited to be present. Possibly the patient, on recovering sanity, might recognize him as a link connecting the present with the past, and feel that he was not alone among strangers, especially if unable to rally. Ross remained just outside the operating room, from which after a long time, one of the surgeons emerged, with news of the success of his colleagues, and holding out a thin bit of yellowish metal, as large as half a small knife blade. "See," he said, "squeezed against the left lobe of the brain we found this."

would ever hear from him. Ross knew that the looks and actions of the surgeons, impassive as they were, could mean but one thing.

In about an hour the third physician, who had taken away the bit of metal, came into the ward, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Look here!" he ejaculated in a low tone, exhibiting the fragment taken from the man's skull. "Do you know what this is?"

"Why, brass— isn't it?" answered one of the others, still keeping an eye on the sinking patient.

"Gold, by all the tests, I've just been examining it in the laboratory. It's pure gold—but it's hard as steel! Gentlemen, it's tempered! Tempered gold—who ever heard of such a thing!"

With his pocket knife he hacked at the edge of the bit of yellow metal, which was not notched by the process.

"It's been part of some weapon," continued the doctor, excitedly, but in the same subdued tone. "A knife blade, arrow head or spear point. But where in the world can they harden gold like steel, and make swords and spears out of it?"

The members of the little group looked at one another, and the full wonder of the thing began to grow upon Ross as well as upon the doctor who had made the wonderful discovery.

"Suppose he dies," said Ross. "He mustn't," was the impatient answer, "not till he has told us his story. Think of it! It's a thing that science doesn't dream of. Wait, we'll get the secret out of him!"

The three medical men consulted eagerly together, while the patient, who had ceased his moaning, lay in what seemed to Ross a perfectly comatose condition. A couple of nurses were sent for and a stimulant was administered.

The effect was very soon apparent. The man moved slightly, a spark of pink came into his cheeks, and he wearily opened his eyes with a new intelligence in them. For a moment the doctors debated whether he should be encouraged to speak, but the patient himself cut short the dispute by pronouncing some words, though in a scarcely audible tone. They were unintelligible, moreover, from being in a language which no one present understood.

"Where am I?" he whispered, this time in French.

"In Newfoundland—among friends!" impulsively replied the third physician. A perplexed look crossed the man's face, fading gradually into the blank relapse of unconsciousness.

The doctor looked appealingly at the chief surgeon, asking:

"Before it's too late?" He was answered by a nod of acquiescence, more stimulants were administered, and again the man seemed to revive, but very slightly. His lips moved, but he did not open his eyes.

"Who are your friends—tell us your name?" said the third medical man, speaking very distinctly, close to his ear. The dying man's lips moved again, a barely audible whisper escaped them, but the words were in the unknown former tongue. Their sound was like "Yager on dray." He repeated them twice, and after several minutes of silence again muttered, "Sood! Sood!"

"It's the end," said the third physician, turning away in disappointment. "He'll never speak again." And he was right. At half-past ten the man was dead, having uttered no other word.

The strange mystery of this Arctic castaway's life and death continued to impress most powerfully the imagination of Lieutenant Ross. To fancy where he must have been, into what undiscovered regions he must have penetrated—perhaps the real El Dorado—was a fruitless and exasperating mental exercise, but one which he could not forego. The secret had eluded him, but the evidence of its existence remained. The scrap of yellow metal was gold beyond all doubt.

A month later Ross visited the college, where he told the story just as it is told here to one of the faculty, who chanced to be an authority on the northern languages. When Ross related the unknown man's frequent repetition of the word "Sood," he received an addition to his knowledge of comparative philology.

"None of you seem to have known Swedish," said the linguist. "Sod," pronounced "Sood," is the Swedish for "south."

"Of course, we knew that south was meant," replied Ross, "but none of us identified it as Swedish." Then he went on and repeated the dying man's last words, as he recollected their sound.

"What's that?" cried the professor of languages, sharply.

"Yager on dray" was what it sounded like," repeated Ross. His listener sat literally tongue-tied.

"You pack of idiots!" he finally managed to articulate. "And you don't even seem to have tried to find out what those words meant. Why, you should have got interpreters for every known tongue! And to think you don't know who that man was! You don't know that you've watched one of the heroes of the century die! You—"

"Calm yourself," said Ross, "remember that the man could talk French, and that we could have understood all that he might have said, but for his fatal weakness. But," he added, with a vague premonition of some great loss to the world, "what do the words mean?"

"Jeg er Andree," said the linguist, slowly, "is Swedish for 'I am Andree!'"

## Dainty Scarfs in Brilliant Colors

Attractive Neckwear From Many Countries Now on Display.

It is interesting to see the suggestion of nationality that is expressed in the great variety of things for the neck now shown by all the shops, large and small. On long showcases, says a fashion writer in the New York Times, are gay silk crepe and chiffon scarfs that might be taken for the flags of France, Italy or any other country. These scarfs are either printed in the different colors on one piece, or are made of strips of alternating materials. Stunning effects are given in red, orange, blue or green material in three-inch lengths sewn together. Plaids and checks are equally popular. Many Scotch tartans may be traced in the patterns of the latest and most picturesque neck scarfs.

In the departments of neckwear this idea is illustrated in Roman stripes, Scotch plaids and the printed designs characteristic of many foreign peoples. Now that gowns are worn high in the neck there has been a demand for many forms of neckwear. There are waistcoats of plain goods severely tailored, of showy stripes in two colors, in black and white and in checks that may properly be described as "loud." The small plaid patterns are used also in yokes with little revers, collars and cravat.



Scarf From Scotch Plaid Motif, Conventional Designed Flowers.

ties, Guimpes and bodice fronts in various ingenious forms are made of these contrasting materials. There are many original and attractive sorts of neckwear that are especially suitable for one-piece frocks, adding a touch of trimming that gives a costume a more finished appearance. Collars and cuffs of every conceivable style are made of almost every fabric known to modern fashions—from linen and cotton to metallic brocade and gilded leather.

Black printing on such colors as red, orange, yellow, gray, Nile green and white is a new feature of the scarfs shown for resort wear. The heavy scrollwork seen on the old-fashioned iron gates supplies the theme. The idea in having the design begin at each end of the scarf and taper off toward the center is to allow for enough of the plain material to show when the scarf is wound about the neck and crossed at the back in the new way.

## Gigolo Retains Place at Head of Paris Mode

The gigolo is still the favored hat of the chic Parisienne, and its smartest versions are in solid colors, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Herald-Tribune. Rose Desca's round crowned chapeaux, with no more than two plaits at the back, are also popular. Draped high crowns, square crowns and crowns which suggest the Louis XIV period are combined smartly with capeline brims which turn up sharply in the front.

There will be another attempt to revive the large or picture type of hat at the Paris spring openings, as well as at the spring millinery openings in New York. Probably the enthusiasm of last year for those wide-brimmed hats will be greatly modified at the coming openings, for experience has taught the modiste that bobbed hair and the broad-brimmed hat cannot be united. Until the locks are lengthened the slim-brimmed chapeau need not fear for its laurels. Apropos of the bob, Paris reports a noticeable reaction toward longer tresses, although the movement is not expected to become general.

The algrette, as applied by Reboux, is the smartest trimming, and it is a welcome feminine note. Its favorite place is at the side back. Hatpins are being used in fanciful designs, and in addition to the images of animals there are now pictures of clowns and pierrots, formed by brilliants on the head of the pin.

## Fitted Sports Coat of Heavy Tulle Needlepoint



The fitted sports coat is one of the favorites. This coat is made of heavy tan needlepoint. The collar and band is of wolf, but no fur adorns the sleeves. One button holds the coat together.

## Gayest Dress Trimming Is Favored in London

This season appears to be the season for gay trimmings, according to the majority of the displays, notes a London fashion correspondent.

Dress decoration never has been brighter than now, and dress creators compete with one another in evolving new and original effects. Bold trimmings in elaborate designs in gold and silver, and brocades in many colors in large patterns which scintillate in the artificial light are exceedingly popular, and are to be found on evening and dance frocks worn at clubs.

There is no rule concerning the position of the decoration, and the creator may decide which he thinks best. Although Paris has shown many back treatments, there does not appear to be the same enthusiasm for this mode in London, as there is nothing else so destructive to the fresh look of a frock, flounce or bow as being set upon. Therefore the majority of gowns show all the trimming in front.

As an example, a black evening gown displayed a full apron across the front hemmed with black fur, and almost covered with vivid tangerine-colored beads and paillettes arranged in mass formation on the surface. Another model was covered with a patchwork design executed in bits of different-colored tissues. Patchwork, incidentally, appears to be the most fashionable form of decoration for this season.

Mosaic designs in beads and tassels are gaining in favor, while flower motifs very often are finished in the center with a silk or pearl tassel in an outstanding color. Long streamers are attached to the shoulders of evening gowns, and knotted together in the center of the back.

One feather waving on the shoulder is gaining in popularity in place of the much-worn flowers, for trimming dance frocks.

## Brief Fashion Notes of Interest to All Women

The dictum that the evening toilet must sparkle has been applied to bandeaux as well as to frocks, vanity bags and other evening toilet accessories. The majority of the new bandeaux are made of silver filigree set with rhinestones. Some, however, are mounted on net or gold or silver brocade. The latest examples come well down to the eyebrows in front.

It was thought that it was impossible for designers to get skirts much shorter, but they have done so. They have accomplished this object by shortening the hemline on one side and lengthening it at the other, thus striking the same general balance as before, but giving a glimpse of one knee, which otherwise would be in obscurity. Similar effects without corresponding revelations are accomplished by the use of panels of different lengths.

When it rains or snows it's bad for thin hose. They quickly become spotted in the back, even when walking is confined to crossing a sidewalk. To obviate this trouble an English dealer has originated the "back spat." This is a covering of very thin rubber which matches the stocking and is caught around ankle and calf, appearing only in the back.

Among the many fanciful shoes now popular, none is more eagerly sought than the pump of black patent leather with insertions of real leopard skin at the sides. For evening wear, these insertions are replaced on gold brocade shoes by satin stamped to resemble leopard and outlined with gold kid.

Even though women have long been emancipated they still wear the yoke—with evening costumes. This is one of the newest features of the new year's fashions. The yokes are usually of a different shade than that of the gown. Sometimes they are formed of the most delicate of lace.

## NELLIE REVELL Says:

THE first day I was able to walk after four years' imprisonment in a plaster cast upon a hospital fracture-board I decided to call up a few friends and tell them the good news. Accordingly I made my way down the hospital corridor to the telephone, an instrument I had not used for long years. I was happy. After 48 months I was once more to have the blessed privilege of getting wrong numbers and the busy signal. I didn't mind a bit getting Buttercup 14½ when I wanted Buttercup 1412.

Finally I got the number I had asked for, expecting to hear my friend at the other end of the wire give three cheers and do a Scottish fling when she heard my voice actually at the phone. Instead she cried and I was disgusted. I tried another woman who had bucked me up many a time. She cried, too, and I hung up.

Then I called up my editor and he swore under his breath and ordered me back to bed at once, giving as an excuse that he was afraid I'd overflow. If all I was going to get for my trouble was tears and cusswords, I decided it wasn't worth even a nickel a shot to talk to my friends over the telephone. I must have been talking out of my turn.

"Do you theatrical people pray?" was the question put to me while I was in the hospital recently by one of the most sophisticated nurses I ever met. She was not a student nurse and was far from an uneducated girl. On the contrary, she had graduated from the nursing course and had charge of a hall filled with patients. I inquired if she were asking the question seriously. She said that she was and requested the query. I told her, yes, but that most of us book direct and that I could find as much religion and humanity behind any drop curtain in the world as in any religious institution in the world. I suggested that she drop into St. Malachi's church on East Forty-third street, New York, any Sunday at eleven o'clock, or attend services at the Morocco theater any Wednesday noon or Sunday morning. It is appalling how many still believe that theatrical people are all "Haythen Chinese" as Bret Harte had it.

Pain is a great leveler of rank. In a hospital—and I know whereof I speak for I spent four years in one—there is no such thing as "the colonel's lady" and "Judy O'Grady." Of kindred afflictions we are all brothers and sisters in sorrow, whether in public wards or private rooms. Those of us more fortunate than others assume a big sisterly attitude toward the friendless and lonesome and share with them our books, flowers, magazines and "goodies."

I question if there is any formal sorority or fraternity that brings its members as close together in the bonds of sympathy as that of the patients of the same doctor in the same hospital. This is particularly true of orthopedic (bone) cases, for the reason that they are the longest confined and in consequence become acquainted with each other's ailments. Medical and surgical cases are of comparatively short duration, the average period of hospital treatment being about three weeks, but orthopedics remain anywhere from six months to two or three years, or even longer.

Through the doctor in charge, the internes and the nurses one patient hears about another and becomes as much interested in others' fights for health as in his own. When the senior nurse makes her rounds in the morning taking temperatures, generally the first question asked of her is, "How is number So-and-So this morning?" And in this way is begun what frequently proves a fast and lasting friendship. One of the closest friends I have was a fellow patient, a lady who came from Texas to be treated after years of suffering from infantile paralysis. She now sends me pictures of herself at dances.

It was fish day and Peggy O'Neil placed her order with the waiter and then waited. She waited some more and then some more and finally called the waiter to her.

"Say," she whispered, "you don't seem to be having much luck. What bait are you using?"

Atlantic City was the last place that I visited before I took the count five years ago, and it was the first place that I headed for when I was able to be put on a railroad train, and as I sit looking at the ocean I cannot help but compare this summer with the former summers when I lay in a bare hospital room from which I couldn't even see the sea, and I breathe a prayer of thanks.

Everyone has heard the story about the restaurant proprietor who was out to lunch when the irate customer wanted to complain to him. Nat Vincent, the song writer, thought he had caught the story in real life, the other morning, when he discovered Jim and Jack, owners of the New York restaurant of that name, at breakfast at the St. Regis. Inquiry spelled a good story or else Jim and Jack are quick thinkers.

"Our place," they answered in unison, upon being cross-examined, "isn't open yet."

Headline reads: "Bronx Man Dies as He Rides in Taxi." He probably looked at the meter.

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## Denies That Russians Are Deeply Religious

"In the first place, the Russian people are not so religious as they appear to be; they are primarily mystics. Their habit of continually crossing themselves, their genuflections, their fasts for ritual and processions, the craze for icons and relics are simply an outlet.

"Pierce but a little way into their minds, and all one finds is a faith which is vague and hazy, sentimental and dreamy, almost destitute of intellectual and theological elements, and always on the verge of sinking into sectarian anarchy. One must always also bear in mind the confined and humiliating servitude of czarism has always imposed on the church, a servitude which made the clergy a kind of spiritual police to reinforce the military police."—From "An Ambassador's Memories," by M. Paleologue.

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