

# The Strange Case of Lemuel Jenkins.



by Philip M.  
Fisher Jr.

WE were just getting into the full swing of our morning constitutional through the campus when suddenly, without any reason that I could see, Burns came to an abrupt halt. A moment he stood thus, stiff, alert, questioning, as a good pointer will in the sage. Then he half raised his cane and pointed.

“Do you see that chap on the bench over there, P. M.?” he questioned.

I followed his direction, and smiled.

“If you mean that rather forlorn and washed-out rag some careless keeper has thrown over the green slats—why, yes,” I answered.

“Well,” he went on— “that rag, as you call it, is a man for all your brilliant wit—and a queer enough one, too. It is Lemuel Jenkins.”

Burns whispered this last bit of information as though he expected me to start with wonder at the announcement.

“Ah—Lemuel Jenkins,” I repeated dryly. Yet, nevertheless, I surveyed with some

curiosity the woebegone individual of whom we spoke, for I knew something of my companion’s propensity for forming strange friendships. And I could not help but add, for the sake of bringing the story I suspected: “Rather extraordinary name that—Lemuel Jenkins, Must be a Russian platinum prince at least. Or some other of the experienced persons you so love to—”

“Stop!” whispered my friend fiercely. Then he seized my arm. “Come over and meet the man. Observe the way he greets me—observe it carefully, every detail. I’ll talk a bit so you can do it. Then we’ll leave him to his bench and I’ll tell you something—something more.”

I shrugged my shoulders, for I never cared to show too sudden an interest in Burn’s adventures. I did that, once, and in ten seconds he had sputtered excitedly an extraordinary tale with a metaphysical background, that, properly worked up, should have kept me on edge for a good solid hour. If there is anything about this limp, thin-backed scarecrow huddled before us,

I reflected now, let it come slowly and with relish.

“Watch everything he does”—cautioned Burns once more, as he stepped into the crunching sand of the drive— “his manner— everything.”

At the sound of our feet a tremor ran over the stranger. Then slowly, still gathered into himself like a scared rabbit, he twisted his head about, and his eyes met mine. Those eyes! Shall I ever forget the look of wild pleading, the haunting fear, the desperate hope, that swam in those deep-set, glowing eyes. The desperate hope—then as my own eyes held steadily upon them, as in truth I could not now prevent, the sudden terror which sub-merged that hope, and flooded out what rational light the stranger’s eyes had held. I felt Burn’s fingers press tighter on my arm.

Then the tortured eyes flitted fearfully to my companion, and behold—another transformation! For they lit up on the instant: the terror was overflowed by such swift relief as might shine in those of a sea-maddened castaway when at last he spies the sail. This light brightened, burned with a joy that was good to see, and my heart gave a great throb of sympathy, though as yet I did not understand.

I glanced at my companion. Was Burns not going to speak to the man? Why did he stare at the unhappy creature so blankly—as if he were not before us at all? I shifted back to the stranger on the bench, in time to see the light in his eyes grow dark again beneath a smooth black wave of returning desperation, of fear, of blasted hope.

A moment thus, I know not why, I was in agony for him as Burns’s steady stare concentrated on the shrubbery immediately behind the bench. Then suddenly Burns pressed my arm again, started rather violently, and precipitously thrust out his hand.

“Why” —he cried explosively— “why there you are—Jenkins! Good old Lem Jenkins!

I didn’t expect you would be here.”

The tide of eager joy that swept all else from the man’s face then was glorious. Lemuel Jenkins untangled himself and snapped up as though my companion’s words had touched a hidden spring. He seized Burn’s hands both in his and wrung them in feverish joviality.

“Oh!” he gasped— “I was afraid—”

Burns withdrew one hand and clapped it on the other’s shoulder. He seemed quite to ignore the man’s words.

“I am glad you’re here,” he cried. Then he seized my arm with an extra pressure I understood. “Here” —he said to the man— “I want you two good friends of mine to meet.” He introduced us.

The hand I pressed clung to mine an appreciably longer moment than was necessary, and the man’s eyes glowed on mine rather strangely until I nodded and smiled. Then Mr. Jenkins smiled, too—brightly, then loosened his grip and seized Burns’s hand again. With a glance at me my companion engaged him in a bit of light chatter, in which, in Burns’s voice at least, I thought I discerned a slight undercurrent of effort to put the stranger at his ease. Then he held out his hand again.

“Good-by, Lem,” he said, smiling peculiarly. Then added— “Awfully glad to have seen you.”

I was watching Mr. Jenkins as Burns said these last words. The man started again, and I saw once more a flash of pain flit across his eyes. Then his mouth tightened, he stiffened his shoulders, and returned with emphasis:

“Yes, my friend, I am glad you saw me.”

I then muttered some sort of appreciation of our meeting, and we left. After a dozen paces or so I followed Burns’s hint and glanced back. The man was still standing with his eager eyes yet fixed upon us. Burns nudged me again.

“Wave to him—quick!” he almost ordered. And as we did, the man’s face lit up

again with that most curiously happy smile. His arm went up spasmodically in answer—then dropped wearily as he slumped back to his bench.

We crunched on, I deep in thought. So this was Lemuel Jenkins, was it? Well, who is Lemuel Jenkins, anyway. Why does he huddle shabbily on a campus bench at this early morning hour? Why that appealing shadow in his eyes, that hope that seemed so often to have met rebuff, that look that one so often sees in a lost dog searching for his master, or just for a friendly face? Why the sudden light in them when at last Burns spoke? And why the man's manner toward me, a manner that was suggestive of apprehension lest I refuse to notice him, or to shake his hand? Why the pain at Burn's last words—and the misplaced emphasis of Jenkins's own farewell when he had repeated after Bums:

“Yes, my friend, I am glad you saw me.”

I shrugged my shoulders—just another of Burns's haphazard pickups, I decided. Just another stranded individual who at one time or another had poured his story into the ever eager ears of my friend. I found myself wondering what that story might be. Just another—a quick sigh from my companion interrupted my thoughts.

“Well,” he said, as I turned to him questioningly, “that was Lemuel Jenkins.”

Evidently no answer was desired, or was necessary. I simply nodded and walked on.

“You watched him?” Burns continued.

In noncommittal silence I nodded again.

“Then you saw what I wanted you to see, of course,” my friend went on. “You saw the changes while I paused before him as though in doubt whether to recognize him or not. You saw—”

It was my turn to interrupt.

“You did that on purpose?” I could not help but cry. “You tortured him on?”

Burns seized my arm again.

“I wanted you to believe what I'm about to tell you,” he declared earnestly. “I wanted you to believe. And in order to believe, you must see—see for yourself. So I held poor Jenkins in suspense a few moments before I let him know I saw him. And he acted as I suspected he would—and you saw.”

I could hardly withhold my temper at the almost cold-blooded manner in which Burns recited his case.

“But his eyes?” I cried. “The desperation, the hope, then the horrible terror when you stared straight through him. It wasn't right, man, to treat him so: to cut an old acquaintance as you say—”

Burns swung upon me.

“Cut him!” he exploded, his face suddenly red, and his eyes snapping angrily. “I wasn't going to cut Jenkins—I wasn't even cutting him for the moment. We're too old friends for that. Why, Jenkins wasn't hurt because he thought I was going to cut him, or because he thought that I didn't for the moment recognize him. Jenkins knows that as well as I do. Jenkins—”

“Then why did he palpitate so?” I persisted. “What was it held him in suspense that way? And why was he suddenly so happy when finally you spoke, if it was not because he thought at first that you wouldn't notice him hunched there on his bench?”

Burns smiled gravely.

“Now you're getting to the point, old man,” he said. “Jenkins didn't fear that I wouldn't recognize him—hardly. But Jenkins *did* fear that I wouldn't notice him.”

I jerked my shoulders.

“What's the difference?”

“Difference, P. M.?” Burns went on coolly. “Well, I'll ask you a question: does one ever notice something which one cannot see?”

I stared.

“Which one cannot see?” I repeated.

“That's what I said.” nodded my

companion gravely. "And Jenkins—"

I interrupted with great scorn.

"And Jenkins was afraid you couldn't see him, eh? Not afraid you wouldn't, but couldn't. Hah! I've heard other yarns of yours, remember. The next thing you'll be telling me is that Jenkins thought you were mad, or blind, or some such. Or else—" I paused a moment before throwing my capping bit of sarcasm.

"Go on," ordered Burns gravely. "Be logical—go on."

"Or else that Jenkins thought that he himself could not be seen. That he himself was—oh, nonsense! You're gaming me, old fellow, and I don't like it; particularly after seeing the real pain in that poor chap's eyes."

Burns swung about.

"We will take this other path back through the campus and I'll tell you about our friend yonder." he answered. "You saw how Jenkins acted—that at least you saw, and must believe. Now I'll tell you why." Burns glanced across the eucalyptus Campanile clock. "We have time a plenty, and I'll tell you why.

"Jenkins was, or rather is, a biologist here at the university, and very sane about his work—as he was, and still is, about everything he does. Too sane, almost, and too determined to make himself a name in it. A man can be that way, you know—too sane; too sanely strong in his beliefs."

Burns struck his stick at a bit of shrubbery. Then shrugged his shoulders, and muttered once more: "Yes, too sane, the man is. And too deadly logical. That's what put that look in his eyes, or rather helped put it there"

I interrupted.

"You mean he—overworked?"

My companion shook his head "No—not that. It was due to his logic that he drew the conclusion which made him what he is. You see, not only is he so sanely logical, so doggedly in earnest when on the trail of a great idea, but he is also impressionable. You saw

that."

I nodded and reflected in memory upon the strange man's eyes.

"Yes," I repeated. "I saw that. The man is impressionable—now at least."

Burns looked at me gravely.

"He was then, too. Sanity, logic, imagination, impressionability—characteristics that make great scientists—he had them all. And they made him grow in his work even as they should—and his promise was great: Hall of Fame, you know, and all that. Then came the final irony of their concerted action—or reaction, whatever you may call it." Burns swung his stick again and carefully lifted a curling bit of eucalyptus bark from our path. Then, as if to himself: "And now—poor Jenkins, poor chap." Then louder— "And yet he still hangs on here at the university—and he's going to make out. Getting over it right along. You should have seen him, his eyes, a month ago."

I muttered something to the effect that for my own sanity's sake I was glad I had not.

"You know," Burns ran on. "It happened only a month ago—or just over it. Four weeks last Tuesday, to be exact. That's why I thought maybe you'd heard."

"In the depths of the Humbolt redwoods one doesn't hear much," I answered. "Stage once a week, not even papers—"

"Of course, I had forgotten," my companion apologized quickly. "And we kept it out of the papers," he exclaimed rather bitterly. "No use having them make fools of us all. And we had to think of poor Jenkins, too. His position—we had to keep it from the papers. We had to—"

"We could do it easily enough, too. It happened at the club, you know—in the low-ceilinged, walnut, smoking-room. You know how secluded that dark paneled retreat is—and how cool and soothing. And how soft are the lights, and all. I never sink into one of those

deep-cushioned lounge chairs by that heavy, deep toned table that I don't feel a great peace stealing over me. It even mellows men's voices—mellows their thoughts, too—allows the imagination to slide smoothly along without the slightest hitch. If one of the boys wants to untangle a business snarl, or work out his lectures, or get inspiration and quiet for a story—that's the place. And that's where this thing occurred to Lemuel Jenkins. That's the place—cool, dark, soothing."

Burns eyed me gravely, reflectively.

"You saw his eyes—you believe them at least. I wonder if you—"

"Go on!" I cried. "Go on!"

"Well," said Burns, after a deep breath, as we passed a clump of fragrant golden acacia, "we were lounging in the half gloom pulling slowly on our cigars, and just saturated with the calm and comfort of it all. It was early in the evening. Dinner had been soul-satisfying, digestions were content, the mutual satisfaction of mutual peace and physical ease did not lend itself to conversation. Now and then one of the fellows—there were only the usual half dozen, you know—would drop a single word and a low chuckle would run about the group, a chuckle that was as rich and low and soothing, too, as of waters in one of your deep-hid redwood cañons, P. M. This, with an occasional long-drawn sigh, or the light shift of cushion springs as one leaned to flick his ash, were the only sounds.

"Suddenly—and it broke as startlingly loud as a lion's scream from that same black Humbolt cañon of yours, old man—suddenly, I say, from the depths of his own precious chair, Jenkins's fist leaped out and crashed down upon the table. At the same time he cried explosively:

"'It can be done—it can be! I say it is possible—it can be done!'"

Burns paused a moment reflectively, then turned, to me with a dry smile.

"Do you think that lion's screech would startle you," he asked softly. "Coming in the

everlasting peace of a damp, gloomy, Humbolt forest?"

My appreciative smile was sufficient answer.

"Then," —my companion went on— "then you will understand how that crashing first hit us. And understand, too, just why we tried the trick on him a few minutes later—the trick that turned out so weirdly awful, and that brought Jenkins to what you saw on the bench back there."

"Go on," I said again.

"Well," Burns continued, "I can still see the startled white faces and staring eyes against the dark of the half-lit room as every man-jack of us was jerked bolt upright out of his reverie. Then, as we stared, the man's fist came down again, and once more, as though half in argument with his own doubts, Jenkins cried:

"'I say it is possible—it can be done. And, by Heaven, I'll find the way!'"

"Ridges-Ridges, M.D., you know him, P. M.—finally lay back among his cushions, drew a long breath through his black cigar, and drawled in as insulting a tone as he could muster:

"'Have it your own way, my unfortunate biologist. Have it your own way.'"

"Jenkins's eyes snapped.

"'You don't believe it?' he cried.

"Ridges chuckled. Harvey Gilson, opposite me, laughed loudly.

"'Been dissecting somethin' extra old this aft', old man? Fumes, or somethin', seem to have—'"

"Ridges cut in again with a chuckle.

"'Perhaps,' he drawled again— 'perhaps if our vehement friend would propound his argument without first half stunning us, and would explain just what it is that can be done, and why, we might understand why he is so certain of his own ability to find the way.'"

"Ridges could talk thus to him, you

know," Burns went on in an aside to me—"he had introduced Jenkins to our little circle and felt responsible—naturally. And Jenkins we had come to like, he was, still is so deucedly earnest about things— You saw his eyes."

I nodded, for the vision of them was yet clear; too clear.

"Well," my friend went on, "Jenkins blinked rather wildly at Ridges a moment then with his hands clutching at the chair arms as though he were about to leap at us, he turned slowly about and tersely looked each of us in the eye. Then abruptly he nodded. He leaned toward.

" 'Give me your glasses,' he demanded with a snap.

"I drew them from my case, and handed them over. Jenkins held them high, that all might see.

" 'There!' he cried, and waved his other hand dramatically.

"Ridges chuckled again.

" 'Ah, yes,' he murmured—there—there.'

" 'Can't you see?' shouted Jenkins, appealing to the rest of us.

"I nodded.

" 'If you drop those glasses I'll have to see something pretty substantial, my friend,' I said, for the thunder of his first explosion still jangled on my nerves.

" 'But you can see right through these,' cried Jenkins as he belittled my attempt at wit with a deprecatory wave of his hand. 'You put them over your eyes to aid your sight. You see right through them. And yet they're made of a solid substance, concrete, hard, one of the densest compounds known, glass is. And yet you use it to aid your sight—to *aid* it.'

"Well, for a moment I thought the man's study had made him suddenly mad. Then his eyes turned steadily again upon mine, and I saw that I was wrong—quite wrong.

"Gilson laughed loudly again.

" 'Burns certainly doesn't use them for blinders, Mr. Jenkins,' he bellowed heartlessly.

"Ridges was silent. Yet when at last Jenkins's gaze drifted from mine I saw that Ridges was chewing his cigar very selectively. He knew Lemuel Jenkins better than we, then.

" 'And yet,' the little biologist went on, still holding my glasses high—and yet you can see through the stuff—a solid mineral substance.'

"This time we all nodded. I don't know why, but I suppose it was because we all felt the man was in dead earnest about something. We nodded. And Jenkins smiled.

" 'And so,' he went on— 'and so I say: it can be done—it is possible.'

"He smiled again upon us, and with such an air of gentle condescension that I felt a renewed resentment over our sudden disturbance arise. I glanced about at the others and saw enough to convince me that they, too, felt as did I. Our peace had been interrupted. Yet Hathaway, who had not yet spoken, fidgeted in his chair, and turned his cigar over and over in his hands as he stared at the glasses Jenkins had laid upon the table.

" 'You mean-?' he hinted.

" 'Did you ever see a jelly-fish?' demanded Jenkins.

" 'Yes—yes!' exclaimed Hathaway.

" 'Umph!' came a soft grunt from Ridges as he pulled at his cigar.

" 'Like glass—' Jenkins went on.

"Young Gilson roared.

" 'He's going to make eye-glasses out of jelly-fish! Oh, Lord—ha, ha, ha. Eyeglasses out of jellyfish!'

"Hathaway speared the youngster a glance. Then turned back to Jenkins, who was restlessly tapping the table top, and spoke quickly:

" 'And the jellyfish is as transparent as the glass—and yet is not a mineral substance-like that lense, but is organic, is animal!' he

prompted quickly.

“Jenkins smiled.

“ ‘You’ve got my point,’ he commended, and nodded again in his new, condescending way. ‘The jellyfish is as clear as glass, and yet is a live animal organism, a living body. I was working on one this morning and the thought occurred to me.’

“He paused a moment. Ridges gave another soft grunt. Gilson turned upon me his humorous eye. Thoughtful Hathaway groped among the rugs for his cigar. I began to feel slightly uncomfortable. Then Jenkins went on.

“ ‘As I cut the thing up it occurred to me: if this animal can live and be transparent, quite invisible indeed when in its natural element, then why are there not other animals existing in the same condition?’

“Hathaway leaned forward.

“ ‘Yes, yes!’ he breathed again.

“Jenkins waved his hand melodramatically now.

“ ‘And why cannot there be found, say by a more open-minded organic chemistry, or a more profound and analytical study of biological processes, some substance which will render any animal body—even your own, say—absolutely invisible. Invisible,’ he repeated, ‘and yet, nevertheless, allow it yet to live,’

“Having delivered himself of this rather astounding notion, he leaned back, picked up his forgotten cigar, and calmly surveyed us as we stared. Gilson it was who first broke the silence with some absurd criticism—but he subsided at another glance from Hathaway.

“ ‘That’s what I mean when I say: it can be done!’ repeated Jenkins smoothly again. ‘And I believe it, I believe it—the thing can be done. The only question is: how?’ He paused a moment, then shot another question. ‘Did you ever see one of these little lizards that take on the color of their surroundings?’

“Hathaway leaned forward.

“ ‘A chameleon?’ he exclaimed. ‘You

put one on a green leaf and he turns green; on yellow sand and he becomes yellow; in mottled shadow and he at once changes color to suit? I’ve seen them, yes.’

“Jenkins leaned back in satisfaction.

“ ‘What’s to prevent them becoming quite transparent then, if that will help them any better?’ he said quietly, cocking one eyebrow sagely.

“Gilson broke into another roar of laughter—yet, somehow, in it I felt I discerned an undercurrent of something that was not his usual whole-hearted fun. Gilson was beginning to think, perhaps, and the laughter was a cover. That, however, I cannot say. At any rate, he leaned forward and cried, with well dissembled horror in his voice:

“ ‘And you could feel it wriggle in your hand, that slimy lizard, and yet not be able to see it?’

“Ridges shivered in his chair. Jenkins’s eyes lit up—as they did when I recognized him at last to-day.

“ ‘Why not?’ he snapped.

“Ridge cleared his throat.

“ ‘Then,’ —he said speaking for the first time since Jenkins’s idea had really dawned upon us— ‘then you believe that a human being could be by some means become transparent and yet still live? In other words, that he might sit just as you are sitting in that chair there, and we could see the sinking of the cushions, the depression made by his body—and yet he, himself, or you, could not be seen. Would he be invisible?’

“Jenkins nodded, and let his eye move about the group. Hathaway appeared lost in thought. Even Gilson said no word. The others simply stared at the little biologist as though he had suddenly lost his wits.

“ ‘Why not?’ snapped Jenkins again.

“Ridges shifted in his chair.

“ ‘And so you believe something could be found that, injected into a man, say, or if he

were bathed in it, would do him no harm, and yet would make him invisible?’ he questioned earnestly.

“ ‘Place some oil on paper, and it makes it almost transparent, doesn’t it?’ Jenkins defended eagerly. ‘If something that would so affect animal bodies could be found, and a man would work his mind to accept the thing, really deep in his subconscious mind and without that ever-present subconscious doubt with which we are so prone to unconsciously combat new ideas, accept it, believe it—the thing could be done, like the jellyfish, the oiled paper, the chameleon—he would become quite invisible. That’ —concluded Jenkins with a grave nod—that is the idea that came to me in the lab’ this morning. And the impression of that new idea was so strong that I found myself wondering how it was that I had never thought of the thing before. So strong, that I can say that I for one, deep down really do believe the thing is possible.’

“Hathaway looked up squarely at Jenkins a moment, then just as gravely nodded and spoke.

“ ‘Nothing’ —he said in a quiet tone— ‘nothing, in this day and age, absolutely nothing is impossible.’

“So solemnly did the words follow Jenkins’s declaration that I felt a curious little tingling all over my skin. Even Gilson stared moodily at the table top. Then abruptly Jenkins stood up and stretched.

“ ‘I phoned Santa Cruz for some white jellyfish at noon to-day, just after I became convinced about it. They have made no answer yet, as I required. If—if you gentlemen will excuse me just a moment. I—I wish to—to—’

“When the heavy door had rumbled shut behind him, and the smoke-hazed room once more become the silent, cave-like haunt of soothing quiet, we looked into each other’s eyes. As I reflected on the dim-lit faces before me I wondered what was going on in the mind

behind each. I wondered what the calmly puffing Ridges thought in that deep well of sarcasm and mockery hid behind his snapping black eyes. I wondered what Hathaway saw with that far-away look he directed toward a half-observed corner of the ceiling as idly he twisted the cigar in his two hands. I wondered just what care-free witticism was ready to leap from the tip of Harvey Gilson’s ready tongue as he stared down at the table top. I wondered if the sobering influence of Jenkins’s earnestness was yet upon him.

“As for my own conclusion. P. M., as to that, I must confess I really had none. I hadn’t yet had time. Jenkins, so Ridges had told us all often enough before finally we bid the biologist into the club, was highly imaginative, most sensitively impressionable; as open-minded as nature itself, and ever ready to receive any new development of modern science I knew one thing, of course, and of that was absolutely certain—Jenkins was not playing with us. He really did believe in his new idea. But as yet all I could do was simply to keep open minded myself and await developments.

“And then against the soothing twilight silence of our room was broken. This time by Ridges at the far opposite angle of the great walnut table.

“ ‘Well?’ he questioned. And with the one word was silent.

“All cleared their throats.

“ ‘What do you think?’ Again the drawling voice was that of Ridges.

“For several minutes again there was deep, thinking, silence. Then, with a harsh laugh, Gilson spoke.

“ ‘I’ve an idea—might do some good.’ The words were directed at Ridges.

“ ‘Some good?’ questioned the latter, as he raised his brows.

“Gilson laughed again—this time a delicious laugh that rounded out into a deep chuckle of pure enjoyment that was a relief to

all of us. The tingling of my skin was swept away by a general feeling of certainty and saneness.

“ ‘Humph, humph,’ chuckled Gilson again. ‘He says things can be made invisible, Jenkins does—and believes it. *Believes it*. Says he’s going to practise on jellyfish ’til he finds the cause of their transparency, and then is goin’ to apply it to other animals. Humph—I’ve got the idea all right.’

“Ridges lay down his cigar and carefully wiped his lips with his handkerchief.

“ ‘Well?’ he hinted, with his old sarcastic drawl again in evidence.

“ ‘Old Jenkins believes it can be done,’ repeated young Gilson. ‘Believes animals, men, could be quite invisible. Lucky he’s so mad to get those jellyfish people on the phone. Gives us our chance.’

“Gilson paused and surveyed us with a widespread grin. Hathaway frowned. Ridges tapped the table.

“ ‘Well?’ the latter hinted again, his black little eyes intent upon the youngster beside me.

“ ‘He believes it might be done even by himself,’ repeated Gilson. Then threw out his arms— ‘Well, why not?’

“We stared, and the man chuckled.

“ ‘Say!’ he cried— ‘the way his fist crashed down on that table left me half deaf. And here’s our chance. When Jenkins comes back we won’t see him, see? He may talk, and we’ll look surprised. But we can’t see him. He’ll have suddenly become invisible, see? Just work that game on him and soon enough he’ll get sick of the idea—and we’ll get even to boot His-’

“A loud cry suddenly broke in upon the would-be joker. It was Hathaway, his face as white against the somber background as the moon behind scudding clouds, his cigar crushed in his fist.

“ ‘No, no, no! Not that, not that!’ he

cried, actual agony in his voice— ‘I wouldn’t do *that!*’

“Gilson’s jaw dropped. Then he threw back his head and whooped.

“ ‘You’ll make the best actor of the bunch,’ he cried, ‘if you keep that face and that voice.’

“Hathaway swallowed convulsively.

“ ‘But—but I mean it I—I—’

“Gilson turned from him with a nod and a grin.

“ ‘You fellows get me, then? When we hear Jenkins at the door we’ll all be looking at something else. Then when we turn about we’ll expect to see Jenkins, and—he won’t be there.’

“ ‘Oh!’ gasped Hathaway, staring with his white face. I was not so sure as Gilson that the man was acting—it was too real. But the joker ran on.

“ ‘We’ll be horribly surprised at his condition, of course, And talk. And poor Jenkins, he’ll sit there, and—oh, I tell you, he’ll soon get enough—’

“Again came a cry from Hathaway.

“ ‘No, no, gentlemen, don’t do that. Don’t do it. Jenkins might—Jenkins believes—he—’ The man’s voice broke.

“Ridges caught my eye a moment, and elevated a brow. Then he nodded questioningly toward Hathaway. I shrugged my shoulders—I felt it would be better to let things take their course without my interference, and would rather leave the matter in Ridge’s hands—he knew Jenkins. Ridges contemplated the half-frightened man a moment, then spoke decidedly.

“ ‘It can do no harm. Besides, we do owe friend Lemuel Jenkins something for scaring us with that crash upon the table. It can do no harm. And I know Lem Jenkins. I know—’

“ ‘Great!’ cried Gilson. ‘It’s a go, then. And it’ll cure the man of this fool notion as well. Jenkins—’

“Hathaway leaned forward almost pleadingly.

“‘Don’t do it,’ he whispered huskily.

“‘But why not?’ snapped Gilson.

“Hathaway shrugged his shoulders.

“‘I don’t know—I can’t quite understand myself. I-I just wouldn’t, that’s all. Oh, I wouldn’t—’

“‘Nonsense!’ cried Gilson, determined now to carry his point through.

“Hathaway threw up his hands and leaned stiffly back in his chair. The rest of us stared thoughtfully at the ceiling a moment. Then Gilson, all enthusiasm again, continued.

“‘See what he does,’ he cried. ‘See if he thinks of this morning’s idea. See how he likes it all. And above all, be serious about it. You fellows must act your parts.’

“Ridges cleared his throat. One of the other two men, I forget which, lit a new cigar, and I saw his hand tremble with the match. Then we heard softly muffled steps approaching. Ridges sprang up and poked at the coals on the hearth. Gilson leaped up to his side.

“‘He’s coming,’ he whispered, and his voice had become suddenly quite serious. ‘Remember everybody—don’t give the thing away—serious—serious.’

“Hathaway stiffened forward.

“‘I wouldn’t—I—’

“But Ridges turned from the hearth and snapped his black eyes, and Hathaway leaned back once more. Then, as the door slid open, Ridges spoke as if in answer to me.

“‘If a man believes a thing strongly enough, then, you would say he could do, or be, what he believes. That about right?’

“I nodded dumbly. Then I caught the point.

“‘Absolutely.’ I agreed. Then I quoted: ‘That which a man in his heart believes, he is.’ There’s more in some of those ancient sayings than we think. It’s not all surface talk. It’s not all figurative language. Some of it is meant to

be taken literally, and I believe that little saying is one of that kind—a man really is, or does in time become, that which he persistently and consistently thinks he is. It’s absolutely literal truth. It’s the same old thing of the mind dominating the body—the world-old truth.

“No one paid the slightest attention to Jenkins, who had slid in a quietly preoccupied manner into his deep chair, and was now intently gazing at the wrapper of his cigar.

“Gilson by the hearth chuckled. Hathaway had risen stiffly, and his back was toward me as he faced the glowing hearth with the others. Gilson questioned softly.

“‘Power of the mind, you say—even to turning invisible?’

“That was the cue. Ridges gave a queer hunch and bent over the fire, at which he began to assiduously poke with the tongs.

“‘Ask Jenkins; he tossed carelessly over his shoulder.

“Jenkins, slumped in his chair, and, as I could see from the tail of my eye, had really been following the conversation, trying to get the thread of it, now raised his head.

“‘Ask what?’ he queried in a low voice.

“Ridges bent and picked at the coals.

“‘Yes,’ he repeated, as though an answer had been made by any one— ‘ask Jenkins.

“Gilson half turned and gave me a twinkling glance. Jenkins had fallen back into his cushions again.

“‘I would if he were here,’ I answered with a slight yawn.

“Jenkins, who was seated not two steps down the table, looked up quickly. “‘Well?’ he hinted, staring at me.

“Ridges turned slowly, and blinkingly surveyed the darkened room. His eyes even rested a moment upon the unsuspecting little biologist.

“‘Why,’ he muttered half apologetically, ‘I thought Jenkins had come

back.’ Jenkins’s face charged slightly, and a queer bit of interest flickered in his eyes. ‘I thought he’d come back. That’s strange. Surely—’ Ridges hesitated a moment, and glared absently at Jenkins’s chair. Then quickly continued: ‘But when he does come we’ll get an opinion worth while. I tell you, gentlemen, and I tell it in all seriousness, when Lemuel Jenkins gets a hunch, as Gilson here would say, why look out! He generally knows what he’s talking about. And when he says now that a thing can live and yet be invisible, he means it—and it’s mighty likely to be truth. When he comes back—’

“Jenkins looked up rather puzzled a moment. Then laughed—a bit loudly. Ridges looked about and frowned.

“‘That door’—he hesitated again—‘I’d swear I heard it open a moment ago.’

“He stared about at us.

“‘Who laughed just now?’ he demanded harshly, and his voice held a frightened note. His acting was perfect, his face a marvel of expression. ‘Who laughed—which one of you?’ he cried.

“Jenkins cackled queerly. Then as our eyes all centered unseeingly upon him, his eyes widened upon us in a way that was more than bewildered.

“‘There!’ cried Ridges again, coming back from the door. ‘Again!’ He glared at us savagely. ‘Who did that? Who’s playing a joke on us, anyway? That door—Jenkins must have come in. Must be something of a ventriloquist, though I never suspected it. Or are you fellows putting up a game on *me*?’ He paused a moment, then suddenly cried: ‘Look back of that screen, Hathaway. You, Burns, over behind those heavy portieres. He must—’ Ridges broke off again and stared again directly at Jenkins. The latter’s face was quite pale now, and held such a half-bewildered, half-frightened expression, that my heart almost played me false. His mouth opened and closed

convulsively, and he appeared to be trying to swallow. But whether it was from actual fright, or overwhelming anger at us for attempting a practical joke, I could not then guess. If I had known then, certainly I would not have allowed things to go on.

“Ridges bent and glanced under the table. When he straightened up his own face was red and angry, and his eyes flashed.

“‘Jenkins!’ he cried, with his eyes roving wildly about the room. ‘Here, you, Lee, turn up all the lights. Damned if that madman’s talk about invisibility hasn’t put the creeps into my bones. Jenkins! Jenkins!’

“By now the little biologist had shrunk back a huddled heap in his great chair. His eyes shone white, and his hands were fastened talonlike upon the upholstery of the chair-arms. I saw now that the man’s impressionability had gotten away with him—either that or terrible rage. At any rate, I knew now that we had gone too far.

“‘I say,’ I huskily whispered to Ridges; ‘I say, we’ve gone far enough.’

“Ridges purposely misunderstood my words.

“‘I should say he has. Lord—all the lights on, Lee! I said all. I want to see, Jenkins! *Jenkins!* By all that’s holy I’ll—’

“He stopped short, for he had rested his hand over that of the shrunken scientist as it so whitely gripped the chair-arm. His face then positively awed me. The surprise, the fear, then the utter horror that shone in it as his hand closed upon that of Jenkins. His breath came short. All the others stared, too. Their acting was more than admirable, though it was to be expected in a group of men of the university type, perhaps. Even Hathaway—white-faced.

“‘God!’ gasped Ridges, and his other hand leaped out to me. ‘Feel—feel!’ Then loudly, harshly: ‘Jenkins!’

The miserable man in the chair at last found his voice.

“ ‘Here—here I am. Here—don’t you see me? *Can’t* you see me?’ Then as we all stared wildly unbelieving: ‘Oh, for God’s sake some one say you’re just gaming me: oh, say it, say it!’

“I started forward to seize the man by his hand and assure him that I did indeed see him. But Ridges held my arm. Jenkins sank back with his hands over his eyes. ‘Oh, my God!’ he moaned. ‘What has happened to me, what has happened to me?’

“Ridges felt blindly for the huddled form. Then as his hands again encountered Jenkins’s body, he gave a startled exclamation, and fell back.

“ ‘Lem—Lemuel—is—is—it—you?’ he gasped. ‘You—there?’

“The little biologist in the chair sobbed.

“They can’t—can’t see me. They can’t—can’t—they—they—’

“The others burst into excited chatter. But I could stand the foolery no longer. I seized one of Jenkins’s hands and turned to Ridges.

“ ‘This must stop now!’ I whispered hotly. ‘It’s gone far enough. You’ll have the man mad in another moment. You’ll—’

“Then I was aware that Ridges’ eyes were not upon mine, but were fixed glassily upon Jenkins’s beside me. Glassily with real and not simulated horror and consternation and unbelief. And the room was suddenly quite still. I glanced at the others unconsciously and beheld them, too, with eyes intent, as in hypnosis, upon Jenkins. Then came another loud cry. It was Hathaway, though how I recognized his voice I do not know; for it was not his own, but a veritable wail of pain and pity.

“ ‘Ah—look! Look! He’s going—go—’

“My own eyes shifted dully to sooth the man in the chair. That queer prickling sensation I had felt before crept over me again. I wheeled quickly about. Then with my heart bounding within me, and my vocal chords suddenly paralyzed, I realized that I could not, in truth,

see the man in the chair. Distinctly, as I stared at the others, came Jenkins’s voice at my back.

“ ‘My hand—you’ve twisted it!’

“Still I had the man’s hand in mine. I looked down at it—and saw nothing. My clutch froze spasmodically about some solid object in its grip—yet that object, solid, warm, throbbing with life, I could not see. All Hathaway’s words of warning, all memories of Jenkins’s own impressionable nature, all his theory of man’s mental powers over his own body, came rushing in upon me. One word tore from him in a loud scream:

“ ‘*Jenkins!*’

“ ‘Oh!’ came the voice from the empty chair beside me. ‘They can’t see me—they can’t see me. They can’t!’ Then, in sudden shriek of horror: ‘And I can’t see myself. I can’t—ah-h—’

“Jenkins’s voice trailed off in a sob.

“Gilson, pale as death now, sweat glistening on his face, stood with hands outstretched and quivering. A single drop of blood stood out in vivid contrast upon his lower lip. Ridges was on his knees in an instant pawing madly at what seemed the space between the arms of Jenkins’s chair. Hathaway had sunk down, and with head buried in his arms moaned over and over and over again:

“ ‘I knew it! I warned you! Oh, fool that I was to even let you try. Fool, fool, fool! Poor Jenkins. It was not right—not right. I told you—it was not good to try it. He was so in earnest—he believed. We should not have done it—I—I—we—oh, my God, what have we done! What have we done!’

“His words were more in a prayer than fear or reproach. Had a stranger at that moment entered the room he must have put us down at once as a group of men suddenly gone mad. By this time I, too, was desperately patting and shaking the thing that was so warmly alive beneath my hands, the thing that we could not see and yet which must be Lemuel Jenkins—

Lemuel Jenkins, stricken with terror and woe and desperation, and as invisible to our sight as the very air itself.”

Burns paused in his story and swung his stick at a twig projecting from the golden acacia beside the path. He turned gravely to me then, for I had given a slight exclamation of incredulity. Then he said quickly:

“You saw him there on the bench, P.M. You saw what he is now. His eyes—you saw.”

“Yes,” I repeated. “I saw his eyes.”

“You saw the desperation in them, the terror, then the hope as he searched our faces. Then the utter torture in them as I stared unseeingly at the bushes behind him.”

“Yes,” I repeated again. “I saw that.”

Burned nodded gravely

“I—we could not at first believe ourselves. Thought Jenkins had seen through our joke and was turning the trick on us. Had hypnotized us into really believing we couldn’t see him—he liked to dabble in hypnotism, you know; anything psychological, mental. But it wasn’t so—Jenkins wasn’t playing any trick—he had suspected us of none. He had taken our own play in undoubting seriousness. The thing gripped his mind, conscious and subconscious. And we’ve never told him either. Never will—at least, I won’t.

“I remember Ridges turning to me with a face like grey death.

“‘We’ve done it now,’ he whispered, brokenly fierce. ‘We’ve done it now. I didn’t dream of—of this.’ He shot a glance at Gilson, who now, too, was frantically pawing at Jenkins’s chair. ‘Young fool,’ he exclaimed bitterly. ‘He’d better be conscience stricken—we all had.’ A moment Ridges paused. Then, turning quickly: ‘Jenkins!’ he said quietly. ‘Jenkins, can you see me?’

“A sobbing voice answered from the seemingly empty chair.

“‘Y-e-e-es; but I can’t see my—myself. I’ve gone crazy, or something. Or that fool idea

of mine has made me this way. I don’t know—oh, I don’t know. I didn’t understand at first what you fellows were talking about—I thought you had gone mad yourselves. But now I can’t see my—my—’

“‘Here’s my hand,’ said Ridges, sweeping his hand before the chair as though he himself were blind, ‘Take hold of it. There—ah, good Heavens!’

“Ridges gasped as he tightened his fingers about what was evidently Jenkins’s hand. It was horribly uncanny to see Ridges’s knuckles whiten about what appeared to be empty air.

“‘Now get up.’ he went on.

“The cushions of the chair squeaked a bit, and the upholstery rose—that was the only sign that Jenkins had complied and left his seat. Ridges then locked his arm awkwardly about Jenkins’s form apparently, and stepped toward the fire. I remember the awful look Hathaway turned upon me as we say [sic] only Ridges moving and yet heard two muffled sets of footsteps on the rugs. I remember, too, staring fascinatedly to see if between me and the glow of the coals I could discern anything of the stricken man. But I could not—not even the slightest shadow or outline could I see.

“‘There,’ said Ridges, pausing before the hearth. ‘Do you feel its warmth?’

“‘Of course I do,’ came a hollow cry from his side. ‘But I can’t see my—’ The voice ended in a groan.

“Ridges’s grip tightened convulsively on the unseen hand. Then all at once the arm he had hooked about Jenkins sagged as if a weight had suddenly been imposed upon it. And at the same time his face went a shade grayer and hardened anxiously.

“‘Quick! Quick!’ he cried. ‘The man’s fainted or something. He’s gone limp as a rag. Here—here, help me with him. Get him upon the table. You, Hathaway—’

“Hathaway drew back a moment, then,

with his eyes suddenly filled with tears, reached down and gathered into his own arms the limbs we could not see. Then lifted—and the strained cords about his neck stood out.

“‘A cushion,’ cried Ridges.

“Gilson jerked out of his trance, and snatched one from a chair. Then while Ridges lifted, placed it gingerly near his hand. Gilson exploded wrathfully in quite excusable anger.

“‘Not there, you young fool! Here, here,’ and with his arm still held supportingly, he jerked the cushion nearer him, gently lowered his arm. At once a roundish depression slowly sank into the softness of it—but the head that made that hollow we could not see. ‘Now water—quick!’ ordered Gilson.

“‘God!’ cried Gilson. ‘Is—is—he only fainted?’

“‘Here!’ cried Ridges. He seized Gilson’s hand roughly, and held it down hard about ten inches above the table just below the cushion, ‘There,’ he said in a cold, hard voice, ‘feel him breathe—his heart—’

“Gilson’s hand and arm moved slowly up and down to the respiration of the unseen man upon the table—and his own breath came rather harshly.

“‘The water!’ cried Ridges—Ridges always takes the lead in giving help despite his mocking and oftentimes cruel sarcasm, He nodded to Lee, who had ran to get that best of nature’s restoratives. ‘You said nothing about this to any one?’ Ridges questioned.

“The man shook his head.

“‘Not a word,’ he declared.

“‘Good!’ commended Ridges.

“And Gilson, his responsibility for all this resting heavily upon him, half sobbed:

“‘Thank God!’ Then he cried: ‘But if—if anything—hap—happens—I—I’m here. Right here, and—’

“‘Shut up!’ snapped Ridges. ‘Shut up and help me give him water. Here, hold up his head. No, no, no—not there, not that way.

Here—’

“He took Gilson’s hands and held them, palms toward each other, about a foot apart and just above the depression of Jenkins’s head in the cushion. ‘Hold them so,’ he ordered, then withdrew his own and moved them until they stopped above the little hollow. ‘Now bring them on either side of mine—quick, man, we’re wasting time. Now slowly towards each other—it wouldn’t do to shock him while he’s this way—we can’t tell—’

“Gilson’s trembling hands came to an abrupt stop.

“‘I—they’ve struck something—feels like hair. Yes, yes its his head.’ His hand felt vaguely lower, and cupped, ‘Ready,’ he said. ‘I’ve got Jenkins’s poor head.’

“‘Hang Jenkins’s poor head!’ exploded Ridges. ‘Lift.’

“Gilson lifted, and Ridges felt for Jenkins’s mouth with his fingers, then gently tipped the glass. That was perhaps the most uncanny sight of all that awful evening. You see, P. M., he was pouring water. We could see its level dip. We could see it leave the glass—and then, you know, it—disappeared. It seemed poured into the air—one would expect to see it splash to the table-top. But instead, as if it had instantaneously evaporated—it disappeared. The thought that struck me then was queer enough. I bent down and examined the table-top, and saw that I was right.

“Where Jenkins’s body touched the hard, polished walnut was a slight depression. With suspicion developing I put out a hand as if to assist Gilson, and saw that where my fingers touched that unseen body the tips of them, too, became invisible. It was as though an eighth inch of them had been by that contact dipped off. I bent and examined Gilson’s hands and saw that they, too, were in the same condition. I nudged Hathaway, and called his attention to this extraordinary appearance. He stared silently, then burst out:

“ ‘That is what I feared—why I was afraid. Whatever it is that makes poor Jenkins this way is probably in the nature of vibration—and Jenkins’s belief could bring that on—that is what I feared we would bring him to. And each minute particle of his body is vibrating so as to be quite invisible—just like the blades of an electric fan. And that vibration is communicated to his clothing. That’s why we can’t see it—I’ve been thinking about it ever since it—it happened. And it’s the same with the surface of anything his body touches—so, of course, those become invisible, too. Oh, I was afraid of this very thing occurring—Jenkins takes impressions so strongly, and believes, believes, believes—so profoundly in some of his weird ideas that he’s just—’

“A startled exclamation from Ridges interrupted.

“ ‘He’s coming back?’ he whirred then.

“ ‘Coming back—can you see him?’ shouted Gilson, though his mouth was within a foot of Ridges’s ear. ‘Oh, thank—’

“Ridges glared.

“ ‘Now everybody,’ he cautioned in a deadly, quiet voice, ‘when I give the word, swear by all that’s holy that you can see his hand. You acted before—and got him into this. For God’s sake play up now, and get him out of it. It’s the only way—to work it by his own belief. Jenkins’s very life may depend upon it. He’s got himself into this condition because of his belief in his idiotic theory, and his acceptance of our jesting as serious fact. The only way to get him back is to make him believe just as strongly that we can see him again. Then he’ll begin—but there, he’s moving—he is coming back to consciousness—sh! everybody! And remember.’

“Ridges paused and stared at the unseen hand he held. Then turned fiercely upon us, and cried loudly:

“ ‘Look, look—his hand! Jenkins’s hand. The fingers—see? Now the hand, the

whole hand. The wrist—they’re coming visible again—thank God, they’re coming back!’ Ridges fairly shouted now. ‘Look, Jenkins, you look; see for yourself. Ah, thank God, thank God, old man, you’re going to be with us again!’

“As yet I myself could see nothing—and knew that Ridges did not. But I added my voice to the rest—putting into it a gladness that I did not feel, things looked so hopeless. Then Ridges’s hand jerked as though the unseen hand it gripped had moved.

Then weakly came a voice we recognized as Jenkins’s.

“ ‘I can’t see—’ it sobbed pathetically, and Ridges’s arms moved upward as though the body they were supporting had sat up.

“ ‘Madman—*look!*’ stormed Ridges. ‘Look at that hand!’

“Then Jenkins again: ‘Oh, but I can’t, I can’t—’

“ ‘Thank God, thank God, you’re coming back!’ came in real sobs from Ridges, and I could feel the aching, throbbing sympathy in the cry. We gasped a similar declaration—yet stared all the time in trembling fear that the ruse might not prove as efficacious now as our boomerang practical joke had before.

“ ‘I can’t,’ cried Jenkins, half hysterical.

“ ‘Quick,’ whispered Ridges fiercely to us. ‘His pulse is horribly low. For the sake of the little man’s very life, make it go!’

“ ‘Oh, I can’t—I—I—’ sobbed Jenkins once more.

“ ‘But you must—you *must!*’ shrieked Gilson, the joker. ‘You must see it. You can’t help it—we see it, we do. You *must*. Only look—’

“Jenkins’s voice broke in again, a bit stronger, and with now a lurking bit of confidence and belief.

“ ‘You—you’re sure? Sure?’ I imagined him wildly looking about at us with his frightened eyes. Then, with a heart-piercing

little scream: 'Why—my hand, there are the fingers—growing, growing—I can—I believe I can—'

"A great sigh came from Ridges. Ours were not far behind. Weakly we joined in with his congratulations.

"For there, as a photograph develops out of the clear paper, as frost grows upon the window-pane, as salt crystallizes out of a clear solution, there did Jenkins become visible to our sight again. First the fingertips as we made him believe. Then the hand that Ridges held. Then the good solid right arm creeping weirdly upward to the shoulder. Then, as Jenkins's full belief came back, his whole body rushed out of nothingness into the world of normal vision.

"I for one sank into a great, soothing chair, and allowed my own trembling body to quiver slowly back to peace again. I believe all must have done the same—I could bear Gilson sobbing hysterically next to me with his head hidden in his arms, and his body jerking with the violence of his emotion. Ridges sat upon the table-edge with his friend half in his arms, cuddling and consoling and heartening him as does a mother her nightmare-ridden child. Hathaway, stiff in his chair, twiddling a new cigar about in his hands, watched Jenkins's every move, the tears trickling unheeded down his cheeks.

"A long while, hours it seemed to me, we sat thus. Once we had a horrid scare. Jenkins, in a fit of doubt, suddenly declared he was going back again, and held out a fingerless hand in proof. But by calling in a page with water we downed his doubts, for the boy, when told for whom the drink was for, stepped straight up to the tremulous little biologist and held out the glass. And as Jenkins reached fearfully for it the hand flashed visible again—Jenkins *had* to believe then, for the lad had made no sign that he noticed anything unusual. After this we waited half an hour or so longer, and tried a desultory conversation about Sierra

fishing that was decidedly not a success.

"Then we went home—Ridges going with the still quaking Jenkins, who pleaded that he stay the night over with him."

Burns's voice stopped abruptly. Our walk had brought us down to the Campanile, and the library where my companion was due, shone just a hundred paces further, its white, glistening granite contrasting gloriously with the clear California blue above, and the delicate green and gorgeous gold of the spring acacia rising along the pathways below.

Even as we paused Burns thrust out his hand as if in afterthought.

"See that hand?" he said quietly. "Notice the dried skin on the finger-tips, and the shriveled appearance of the palm. Ridges's hands looked like that, and Gilson's—so with each one of us who touched Jenkins while he was that way. Almost as if they were blistered. But they were not painful, even though that same night when I washed, a good part of the surface cuticle crumbled off. The table-top where Jenkins lay was thus curiously rotted to the depth of an eighth-inch or so, too. And even the tapestry upholstery of Jenkins's chair. Not burned exactly, not really rotted, but crisped, dried, discolored.

"Hathaway came as near hitting the cause of it as any of us when we discussed the phenomenon afterward. The vibration of Jenkins's body, communicating its almost infinitely rapid trembling to everything his body touched, crystallized skin, wood, cloth. Something like heat, perhaps; or better yet, just as the metal parts of an automobile are crystallized by the vibration of the engine and road, Ridges told us next day, too, what a time he had in getting Jenkins home in even decent condition; for the little man's own clothing crumbled and broke and was shed at every step."

We were at the library entrance now, and Burns paused once more and stared up at

the gracefully stretching eucalyptus across the roadway. Then turned and his gaze covered the splendid granite pile before us. A few words he muttered then; I could make out but one or two.

“Sierran stone—solid—solid—and like Jenkins—” Came some words I could not get. Then with a curious shrug of his shoulders:

“Who can tell—who can tell—“

Abruptly he swung to me again.

“That,” he said, “explains Lemuel Jenkins’s eyes—and the almost holy joy in them when he knew that we could see him. He lives in continual fear, you know that his doubts will run away with him once more, and he—and the

same thing happen another time. Has an utter horror of it—but is getting better, thank God, better every day. By the way” —Burns turned with one foot on the step— “Jenkins will remember you. Next time you see him, for the sake of his very soul, go straight up and hold out your hand, and smile your pleasure at seeing him right into his eyes. Don’t forget, P. M., don’t forget”

I gripped his hand with sympathy, and nodded. After seeing Jenkins’s eyes as had I that morning—how could I forget? How could I?