

# *The Four Dimensional Escape*

By BOB OLSEN

*This is an interesting story by one of our best known authors, treating of the fourth dimension which has played a part in so many narratives. It has a crisis which is met with the fourth dimension and which is successfully solved. It will be found quite exciting in places.*

Illustrated by MOREY

EVERYONE who knows how to read must be thoroughly familiar with the details of Norman Kemp's preposterous escape from the execution chamber of San Quentin Prison. The story of the condemned man, who, standing on the trap of the gallows with his hands bound behind his back and with the hangman's noose about his neck, melted into thin air before the eyes of the witnesses, was so sensational, that for several days it occupied the front pages of all newspapers, not only in California but in other parts of the world as well.

To account for this seeming miracle all sorts of suggestions have been advanced. Some of these were ingenious, some were weird, others were utterly ridiculous.

Now for the first time I am prepared to make public the correct and complete explanation of Norman Kemp's mysterious disappearance.

How did this knowledge come into my possession?

The answer to that question is simple. You see, I am Norman Kemp!

TO make my story clear, I must start with the day I became acquainted with Newton Schuler. One Saturday

afternoon last fall, I was strolling through the industrial section of Hollywood, just south of Santa Monica Boulevard, when I noticed an unusual building. It was set back at least fifty feet from the sidewalk. The thing that attracted my attention most was an oddly shaped sign. I couldn't quite decipher it from the street, so I wended my way through a no-man's-land of tin cans, broken bottles and miscellaneous junk, until I was close enough to read these words:

"FOUR DIMENSIONS, INC."

Like most people of average intelligence, I had heard about the fourth dimension, but had never devoted any serious thought to the subject. On the other hand, being a graduate mechanical engineer, I naturally had a knowledge of mathematics such as is taught in universities and engineering schools.

Finding this interesting sign in such an incongruous place was too much for my curiosity. Though I had no legitimate reason for doing so, I resolved to find out what was inside the building.

I stepped boldly to the door and tried to enter. It was locked. Though I realized that it was rather an unusual way to gain admittance to what ostensibly was





*"My God! The Thing's haunted!" exclaimed the jailor, as he shrank into a corner to get as far away as possible from the object which was behaving so mysteriously.*



a business building, I pounded lustily on the door with my fist. After a brief delay, during which I had an uncomfortable feeling that I was being watched through some secret peep-hole, the bolt clicked and the door opened.

If the building and its sign were peculiar, the man who confronted me was even more unusual. He was an old man at least sixty years of age I would say—yet there was something in the glint of his eyes, that betokened a mental and physical alertness suggesting vigorous youth.

Overhanging these eyes, like diminutive awnings, were a pair of astonishingly thick, bushy, grey eyebrows. His snowy hair was exceptionally luxuriant. Down both cheeks, this profusion of grey hair seemed to flop, terminating in a pointed Van Dyke beard.

The raiment he wore was nearly as grotesque as his face. It consisted principally of a laboratory frock which was altogether too large for him. Hanging about his spare form in loose folds, it reminded me of the robes of an ancient Grecian philosopher.

Beneath one of these voluminous folds, his right hand was concealed. From the way in which the cloth stuck out straight at the place where his hand should have been, I concluded that he was surreptitiously covering me with a revolver.

"What do you want?" he barked at me.

"Pardon me," I apologized, "As a matter of fact I don't want anything. I was passing by and happened to notice your sign. Since I am somewhat of a mathematician myself, your sign attracted me. I'm afraid I have been too curious. Please pardon me for intruding."

I was about to beat a hasty retreat when he stopped me in my tracks.

"Halt!" There was no mistaking the tone of peremptory command.

I halted.

"Come back here!"

I went back.

With the utmost calmness and deliberation he looked me over. I noticed that his eye lingered for several minutes in the region of my equator. Finally he spoke again:

"Where did you get that Sigma Psi key?"

This was a big surprise to me. Though the man looked scholarly enough, for some reason or another, I had not expected him to know anything about fraternity emblems. I did not answer until he repeated the question in a voice that made me jump.

"From Brown University," I yelled back at him.

"From Brown, eh?" He looked me straight in the eye as if he was trying to hypnotize me, before he added, "Did you ever hear of Henry Parker Manning?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I ought to know something about Professor Manning. I studied calculus under him at Brown."

"Is he still teaching there?"

"I believe not. As I recall it, he retired the year after I got my M. E. degree. But I believe he still lives near the campus in Providence, Rhode Island."

A remarkable change came over the old man. The look of suspicion and antagonism which had distorted his features melted away like lard on a hot skillet, and he smiled at me in a most friendly manner.

"So you studied under Professor Manning, did you?" he exclaimed. "To my mind he is one of the greatest mathematicians that ever lived. Without the guidance of his works on Hyperspace, I should never have been able to accomplish the purposes to which I have devoted my life. Come right in, by all means; and please pardon my seeming lack of hospitality. You see, I am in



grave danger. I have to be extremely careful."

"Danger?" I echoed. "What danger can there be right here in the heart of Hollywood?"

"Please come in and let me get this door locked. I'll tell you about it later."

AFTER we had introduced ourselves, Newton Schuler led me to a room which looked like a combination office and show-room. It was lined on three sides by cabinets with glass doors. On the shelves reposed hundreds of oddly shaped models made out of some transparent material. The third wall was a thin partition with a medium-sized window, through which I caught a glimpse of what looked like a workshop or laboratory.

Some one was working there. At first, I mistook the overall-clad person to be a boy, but it turned out to be a young and rather unattractive woman.

"This is my laboratory," Schuler announced with a tone of pride. "It is devoted exclusively to four dimensional research. Would you care to see some of my inventions?"

"I'd be delighted."

He kicked back a corner of the rug and lifted out a section of the floor, disclosing a small safe embedded in it. Manipulating the dial, he opened the safe and drew forth a peculiar looking object. It resembled a pair of pliers, except that it had four handles and four jaws. Instead of being made of solid pieces of metal, it seemed to be composed of many small spherical parts welded together. The surface of the instrument was covered with tiny lumps, reminding me of a raspberry.

"This," he declared dramatically, "is the Schuler Four-Dimensional Pliers. With it I can remove the contents of a locked safe without unlocking it or making any opening in the walls."

I almost said, "Oh yeah?" but caught my insolent tongue just in time. Instead, I exclaimed, "How remarkable!"

"Yes," he admitted. "To show you how it works, I'll start on this peanut."

Shaking the nut close to my ear so that I could hear the kernels rattling around inside the shell, he said, "You'll notice that it is a good one."

Then he placed the "monkey food" on the table and, holding the four dimensional pliers in both hands, did something to the handles.

An astounding thing happened. Right in front of my eyes in that brilliantly illuminated room the jaws of the tool slowly melted out of sight. A moment later they came back into view and between them I saw the kernel which apparently had been materialized out of thin air. Dropping the kernel on the desk, Schuler asked me to pick up the peanut and shake it. I did so. It felt considerably lighter than a full-sized peanut. When I shook it close to my ear, I heard not the double rattle of a two-kernelled nut, but a noise which sounded like only one hard object knocking against the shell.

Schuler then repeated the performance, producing a second kernel clutched between the jaws of his mysterious pliers. When, in response to his instructions, I lifted the peanut again, I found it to be still lighter. No matter how much I shook it, I could not make it rattle.

"Open the shell," he directed.

"I split the shell into two parts. It was empty."

"See," Schuler observed. "The kernels I removed before you broke the shell fit perfectly into these two hollows."

"Very clever," I grinned. "But I've seen stage conjurers perform more remarkable tricks than that."

"So you think it is a sleight-of-hand trick, do you?" he said in an injured tone. "Perhaps I can find some way to con-



vince you that with this instrument, it is possible either to remove an object from a closed receptacle, or to introduce an article into it, without making use of any opening."

He opened a drawer and produced a hen's egg.

"Perhaps this will convince you," he remarked. Then, as an after thought, he added, "Let's hope it is not too ripe."

"Have you some article that is small enough to fit inside this egg shell?" he asked.

"How will this do?" I asked, detaching from my watch chain a small pen-knife.

"Fine! and now, in order to convince you that this isn't just a conjuror's trick, I'm going to let you operate the four-dimensional pliers yourself." He placed the tool in my hand and showed me how to use it.

"First I want you to examine this specimen and convince yourself that it is a genuine egg and that there are no cracks or openings in the shell."

I assured him that the egg looked O. K.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "The egg is wide open in one direction, but since our eyes are not accustomed to looking in that particular direction, it will be necessary for you to grope for the opening."

Following Schuler's instructions, I manipulated the pliers so that they grasped my tiny knife and then carefully brought it in contact with the egg. After feeling around for a while, I was astounded to see the knife and the jaws of the pliers disappear. They seemed to be swallowed up by the shell of the egg, which closed behind them. Then I opened the handles and withdrew the pliers. The knife had disappeared!

"What has become of my knife?" I exclaimed.

Schuler smiled. "What would you say

if I told you that your knife is now inside that egg?" Without waiting for my reply he held the egg in front of an electric light. I could plainly make out the outline of my knife, shown in shadow of course, but unmistakably enveloped by the shell of the egg.

"If that doesn't convince you, break the egg open yourself," Schuler suggested, as he placed a tin cup in front of me.

I cracked the shell on the edge of the receptacle. Out tumbled my knife, completely surrounded by the white and yolk of the egg.

"What do you say now?" the inventor demanded, triumphantly.

"Unless I'm drunk or hypnotized, I have just witnessed an amazing miracle."

"You don't look as if you were intoxicated. I can assure you that you have not been hypnotized. And there is no such thing as a miracle."

"Then how do you account for it?"

"You introduced that knife inside the egg through the fourth dimension."

When I had recovered from my surprise, I remarked, "Naturally I have heard something about the fourth dimension, but I never took the trouble to make a serious study of the subject. Would you mind explaining it to me?"

"With pleasure."

SCHULER then gave me this brief exposition of the fourth dimension.

In ordinary geometry we sometimes conceive of solid objects as being generated by moving points, lines and figures. For instance, if the point of a pencil is moved twelve inches, it generates a line one foot long. This line can now be moved in a direction at right angles to itself for the same distance and it will generate a square. The next step is to move the square one foot at right angles to its surfaces and we can get a three-dimensional object of cube. At any cor-



ner of the cube, we have three edges, meeting at right angles to each other, and these we call the length, width and thickness of the three-dimensional object.

To understand the fourth dimension we must imagine a fourth line meeting three adjacent edges of a cube at the same corner in such a way as to form a right angle with each of the edges. If we move our cube for a distance of one foot in this new direction we generate a four-dimensional solid, or tesseract.

Such a figure can be described in detail, with mathematical precision. It is even possible to construct a tesseract, as I shall show you presently." He produced a cross-shaped piece of cellophane which was creased in such a way that it formed equal squares.

"Of course you know what this is," he remarked.

"It looks like one of those models the kids cut out of paper in kindergarten. When you glue it together it forms a cube."

"Precisely!" and he deftly folded the piece of cellophane until it assumed a cubical shape. "Now take a look at this model."

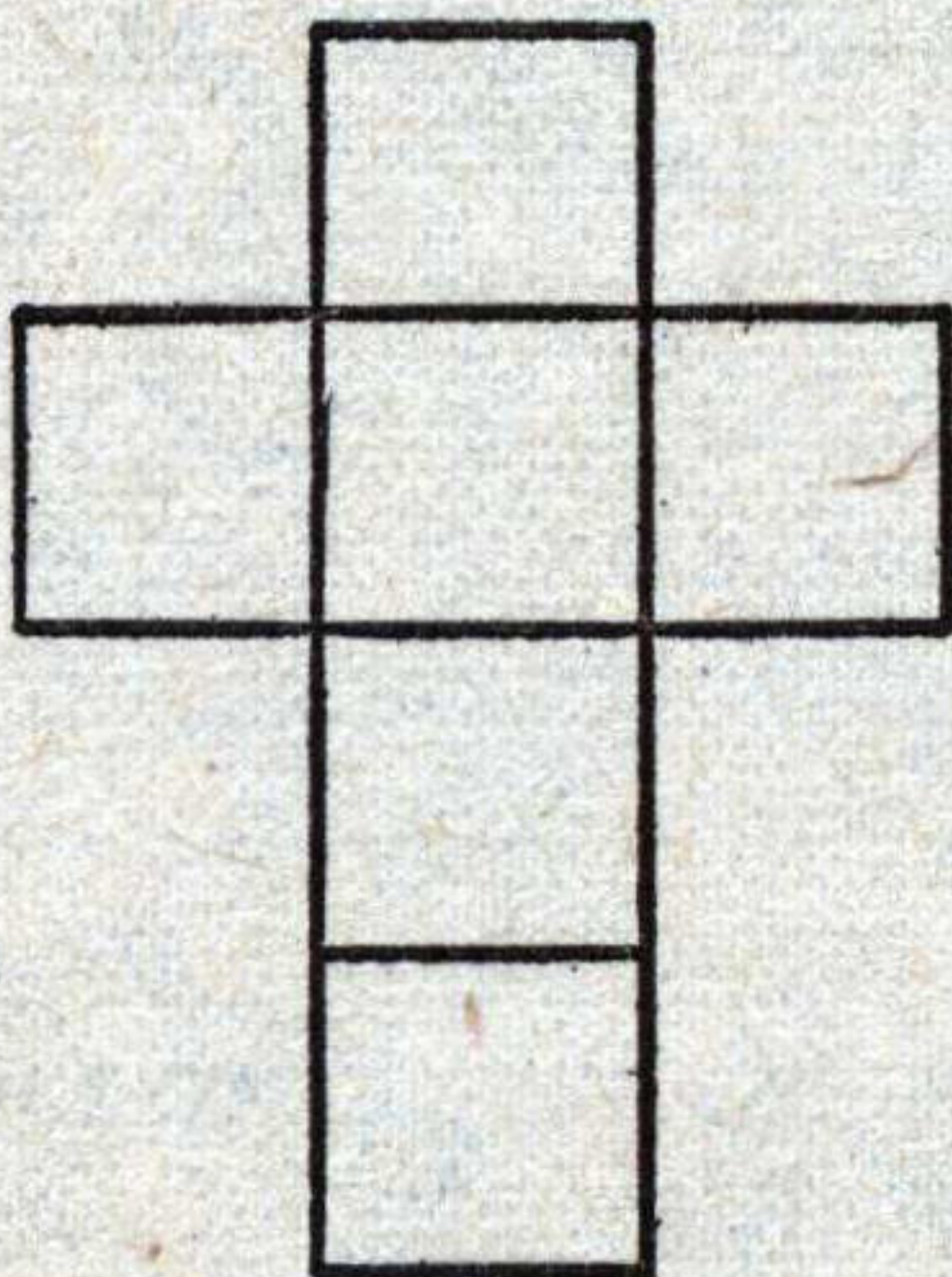
The object he held up was made of a flexible, transparent material. It looked like four cubes placed one on top of another. From each of the four exposed square faces of one of the inside figures, a cube of the same size and material stuck out, making four more cubes, or a total of eight.

"This," explained the inventor, "bears the same relation to a tesseract that the cross-shaped piece of cellophane bears to a cube. Do you get the point?"

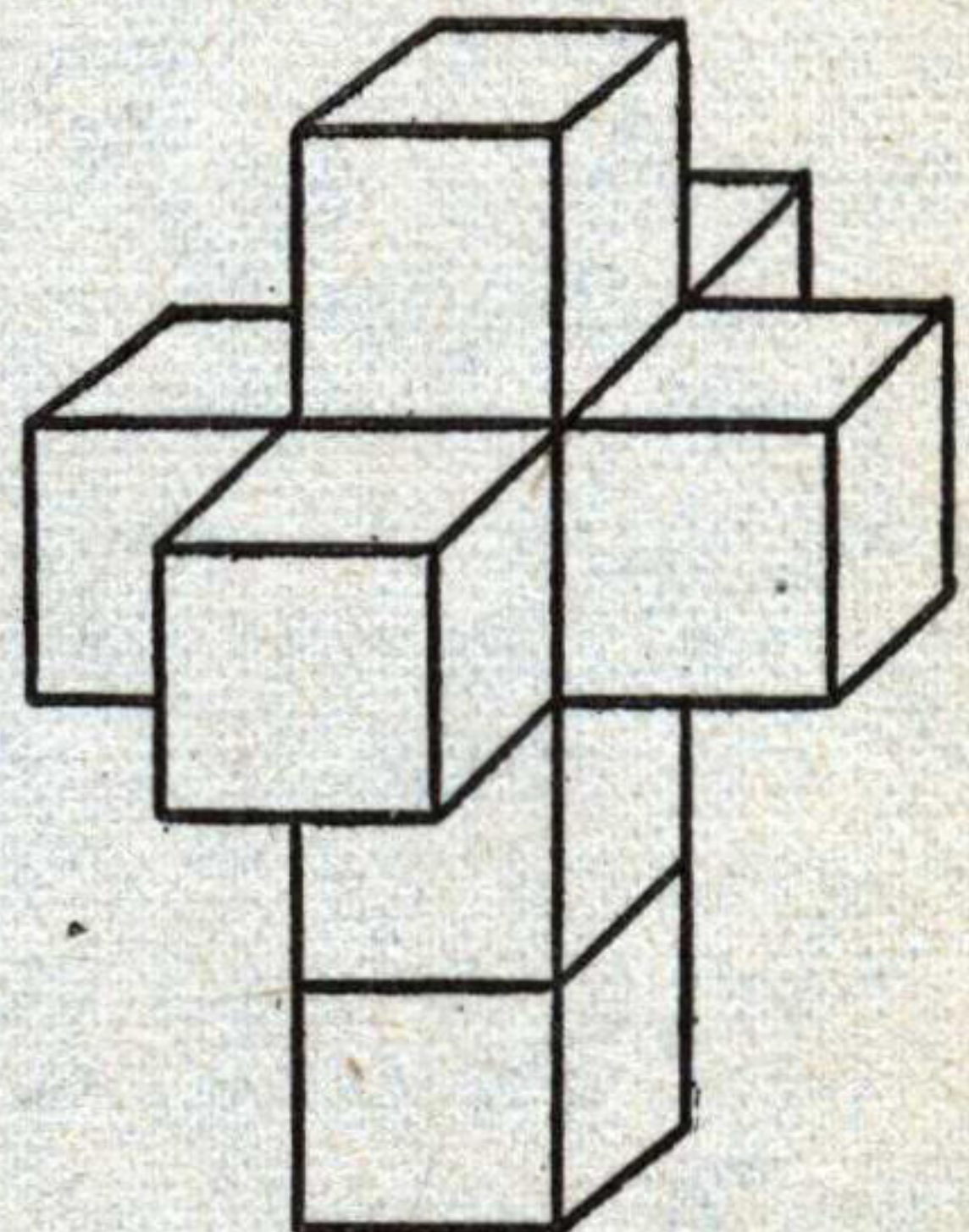
I nodded.

"Very well then. All I have to do is fold this through the fourth dimension just as I folded the two dimensional pieces of cellophane through the third dimension, and I have a tesseract."

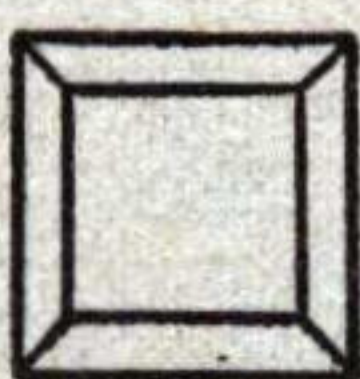
In some preposterous manner he actually succeeded in bending that model around itself until the eight cubes were



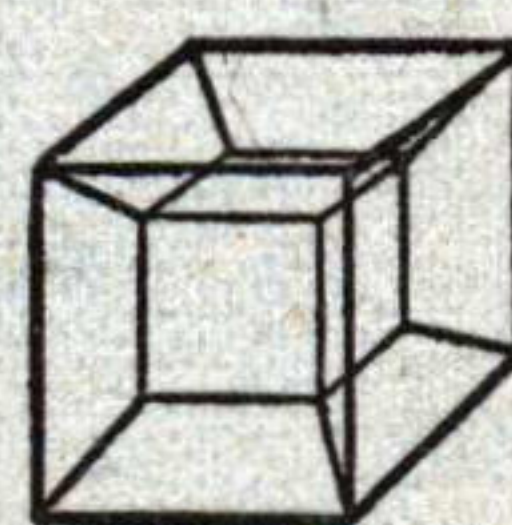
**LEFT:** Two-dimensional pattern from which the three dimensional cube was constructed.



**RIGHT:** Three-dimensional pattern from which the four dimension tesseract was constructed.



**TRANSPARENT CUBE**



**PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF TESSERACT**



arranged in a perfectly symmetrical position with respect to each other.

Though I am not an artist, I shall try to construct a diagram showing how that tesseract looked in perspective. And while I am about it, I may as well draw a likeness of the model from which Schuler constructed the tesseract. For purposes of comparison, I shall also include a picture of the piece of cellophane and the transparent, hollow cube as it looked in perspective similar to that in which the tesseract is represented.

**T**O interpret the diagram of the tesseract it is of course necessary for the observer to use his imagination, just as one has to do in looking at any flat picture drawn in perspective and representing a solid object. For instance, a glass cube, when viewed from directly overhead, looks like a square (the top face of the cube) with another square, somewhat smaller inside it, and with the corners of the two squares connected in straight lines, as is shown in the drawing of the cube. Although the bottom face looks smaller than the top one, because it is further away from the eye, our knowledge of cubes and of perspective tells us that the two squares are the same size. Also the four figures surrounding the central square, which look like trepezoids, are really squares.

Applying a similar interpretation to the diagram of the tesseract, one must bear in mind that the small cube, which looks as if it is inside the larger cube, is exactly the same size as the other one and is not inside it at all, but is separated from it by six additional cubes, represented in the picture by the figures resembling truncated pyramids. In other words, all the solid figures are equal-sized cubes and all the faces are equal squares. It will be noted that at each corner there are four intersecting lines. These lines are all equal in length and

they all meet at right angles to one another. By counting the various elements, one will find that the tesseract is made up of eight cubes, twenty-four square faces, thirty-two lines of edges and sixteen points or corners.

While I was examining the tesseract, Schuler put the four dimensional pliers back in the safe, closed the heavy steel door, replaced the trap door and covered it with the rug.

"Why do you take so much trouble to safeguard the pliers?" I asked.

"Can't you answer that question yourself?"

"Naturally it is very valuable, but—"

"It is not only valuable, but exceedingly dangerous. Can't you imagine what would happen, if that tool should fall into the hands of an unscrupulous person? No safe or strong-box would be secure. Their contents could be removed as easily as if they were left absolutely unprotected."

"I see what you mean."

"Precisely. It is fortunate that Newton Schuler is neither a crook nor the friend of crooks. On the contrary, he is the worst enemy of all criminals. That's why my life is always in danger."

"You mean that you are——"

"Precisely what I said: The worst enemy of all criminals. I have practically completed an invention which will make the detection of crime absolutely certain. It ought to do away with crime for all time. When men and women learn that they can't do anything crooked without being found out, they will be forced to obey the laws."

"But what makes you think your life is in danger?"

"Unfortunately the news of my invention leaked out. At first I wasn't taken seriously, but I have reason to believe that some sinister representatives of the underworld have been spying on me and have learned that my crime de-



lector is anything but a joke. They realize that when my plan is put into effect it will be a death blow to their rackets, and they are prepared to go to any extremes in order to prevent that. They have already tried twice to assassinate me."

I was about to ask him to tell me about these attempts on his life, but he side-tracked my inquiry by embarking on a lengthy explanation of the various models of four dimensional figures which he had constructed. So interested was I in the contents of Schuler's workshop that I did not notice how the time was passing. Finally, when daylight began to wane, I looked at my watch and was astonished to learn that it was after seven o'clock.

Apologizing for staying so long, I was just about to leave when Schuler said to me solemnly: "Mr. Kemp, you must realize that what I have told you and shown you has been in the strictest confidence. Before you leave I want you to swear to me that you will never reveal to anyone the location of my workshop or the nature of the work I am doing here."

"You may depend upon me to keep as mum as a clam," I assured him. "Thank you for your courtesy, and good-bye."

**I**N California there is little twilight. Although the sun had just dropped below the horizon, the pall of night had already fallen by the time I stepped forth from Schuler's laboratory. As I stumbled through the debris that encumbered the space between the building and the street, I fancied I heard footsteps behind me. I turned just in time to distinguish a shadowy form creeping along the side of the building. Whoever it was must have seen me turn, for he quickly ducked back out of sight.

My first impulse was to go back and warn Schuler of the nocturnal prowler, but before doing this, I tried an experi-

ment. Pretending that I had not noticed anything, I strode briskly to the sidewalk and walked in the direction of Santa Monica Boulevard. I passed two vacant lots before I came to a store building. Here I stopped, and, keeping my body well concealed, peeped around the corner of the edifice. I was just in time to see a man creeping stealthily across the lot in front of Schuler's shop. At first I thought it might be the inventor himself or his assistant, but when he reached the sidewalk, he straightened out and I could see that he was much taller than either of the two persons who belonged in that building.

He started toward me at a brisk walk, but when he saw that I was standing still, he slowed up until he was scarcely moving. I decided that the best thing for me to do was to hurry away from that lonely neighborhood. After I had covered a block or two I glanced back. The mysterious stranger was close behind me, following in my wake with the long, swinging stride of an athlete. When I came in sight of the brilliantly lighted thoroughfare, I changed my pace, loitering along in order to allow him to get ahead of me. He declined the opportunity, modifying his speed to correspond with mine.

Even then, I couldn't believe that he was deliberately following me, so I tried another experiment. Quickening my walk until it was almost a jog trot, I completely circumnavigated the first block I came to. At each turn I looked back, only to find that my unwelcome companion was still a few yards behind me.

Remembering what Schuler had told me about the attempts which had been made to murder him, I began to feel a bit nervous. While I was trying to decide what to do about it, I continued to hurry onward until I had left the business section of Hollywood behind me, and found myself in a dimly-lighted side-street



which was overhung with huge, spreading pepper trees.

All at once it dawned on me that the most sensible thing to do was to stop, accost my pursuer, and let him know that he was trailing the wrong man. But deciding what to do and the actual doing of it were two different things. I realized that I had picked a very poor spot to accost a man, who, for all I knew, was a desperate and unscrupulous footpad.

"Why didn't I do that when I was on Hollywood Boulevard?" I kept asking myself. By this time I was but a few blocks away from the apartment building in which my bachelor apartment was located. Panic, blind panic, incited by the fear of death, took possession of me. Spurred by the instinct that prompts a hunted animal to seek the protection of its lair, I made a dash toward home. A gust of wind blew my hat off, but I didn't stop to pick it up.

My sudden and unexpected spurt must have surprised my pursuer and I succeeded in increasing my distance from him by several yards, before he too broke into a run.

The apartment house was built on sloping ground and there was a long, cement stairway leading up to the entrance. Up these stairs I bounded, taking them three at a time.

I was about half way up when I heard what sounded like a pistol shot. It startled me so much that I tumbled and went rolling down the stairs. Though I wasn't hurt in the least, something told me not to move. Lying there with my heart in my mouth, I heard running footsteps. A large shoe was thrust under my body and I felt myself being turned over. Then the horn of an automobile sounded and my assailant beat a hasty retreat.

Several minutes elapsed before I dared to raise my head. The street was de-

serted. Nobody had paid any attention to the shot. Perhaps it wasn't a shot after all, I tried to reassure myself. After all, the sharp crack could just as well have been the back-fire of a motor, or the noise of a tire blow-out. But when I mounted the stairs again I found a steel-nosed bullet flattened against the third step from the top.

THE following day being Sunday, I stayed pretty close to my room. In justice to myself I must state that I wasn't exactly afraid. The word "cautious" would come closer to expressing my true feelings.

On Monday morning as usual, I went to my office in the Roosevelt Building, West Seventh Street, Los-Angeles. That night, when I returned home, the manager of the apartment house called me, as I was about to enter the elevator.

"You had a visitor today, Mr. Kemp," he informed me.

"Is that so? Who was it?"

"Didn't leave his name. Said you'd know who called."

"What did he look like?" I asked.

"Great big chap. Over six feet. Wore a brown suit and a light grey cap. Big jaw, heavy eyebrows—looked like a prize-fighter."

"Was his left shoulder quite a bit higher than his right one?"

"I believe it was."

"Did he wear brown shoes—great big ones?"

"He certainly did."

"And was his shirt unbuttoned at the neck?"

"Yes. Then you know him of course."

"On the contrary—I've never met the man."

"Then how——" the manager started to ask.

But I interrupted him.

"What did he want me for?"

"He brought back your hat."



"Brought back my hat?"

"Yes. He said you left it at his place, Saturday."

"Did he ask for me by name?"

"Of course. I had to take something up to the third floor, and when I came back your friend was looking over the names on the mail boxes."

"That accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?"

"His knowing my name. My initials are stamped on the sweat band of my hat. All he had to do was find a name on your directory board corresponding to those initials."

"Do you really mean that he isn't a friend of yours?"

"Exactly—Why?"

"Because, I let him into your apartment."

This alarmed me and made me angry. "Do you mean to tell me you let a stranger into my apartment?" I cried in an irritated voice. "What in the devil did you do that for?"

"He said he wanted to go up there and leave a note for you. I never thought you'd object. He had your hat. I recognized it. Can you blame me for thinking he was a friend of yours?"

"I suppose not. But you were watching him of course during all the time he was in my rooms?"

"Most of the time. He was out of my sight for a few minutes while I went to get him an envelope."

"How utterly——" I was about to accuse him of being a fool and of helping a crook, but thought better of it and checked myself. After all, the manager was not really to blame.

Without waiting for the automatic elevator I bounded up the stairs and entered my rooms. In the center of the table was the hat I had lost that Saturday evening. Propped against it was a sealed envelope. I opened it and read this brief message:

"Stay away from Schuler's place if you know what's good for you."

This corroborated my suspicion, which had now become a certainty. My mysterious visitor and the very man who had shot at me were one and the same person.

**E**VEN then I was puzzled to know why this man had gone to the trouble and taken the risk of entering my room. If his object was merely to get that warning note into my hands, he could have dropped it in my mail box or left it with the manager. Naturally I thought of robbery but I soon dismissed that as a possible motive. My only valuables consisted of a watch, a stick pin, and a few dollars of change and these were always carried on my person.

While I was sitting there, knitting my brows and trying hard to solve this new mystery, the solution was worked out for me in a most unexpected and dramatic manner.

There was a knock on the door. I opened it to admit the manager and two other men. One of them was a police officer. The other was holding a gun in his right hand.

"Are you Norman Kemp?" he demanded.

"Y-Y-Yes," I stammered.

"You're under arrest! Put the bracelets on him, Cunningham!"

"Arrest?" I gasped. "What for?"

"For the murder of Police Officer Bolton."

At the mention of the name I recollected a sensational news story which had occupied a large portion of the front page in the Sunday morning paper.

At about six forty-five Saturday evening, two men had entered the Green Hat Restaurant on Vine Street, Hollywood, leaving an accomplice sitting at the wheel of a parked automobile. They held up the cashier and also the



customers, robbing them of several hundred dollars.

A passing motorist saw the two thugs as they got out of their car. Noticing that the motor was running, he became suspicious. He drove to the corner of Vine Street and Sunset Boulevard where Officer Bolton was stationed. The policeman hurried to the restaurant, arriving there just as the bandits were about to drive away. In reply to his command to stop, one of the robbers shot at him.

Bolton returned the fire. His first shot put the driver out of commission and stalled the engine. He fired again and winged another of the bandits, just as he was getting out of the front seat. The third crook jumped out of the rear compartment with his gun blazing. Officer Bolton's legs crumpled and he dropped to the pavement with a bullet in his right lung. In the resulting confusion, the murderer got away, although the other two bandits were apprehended.

They turned out to be mere children. The parents of both of them were honest, well-to-do citizens. Joseph Anderson, the younger of the two youthful criminals, was only seventeen years old. The other, Walter Brinkman, was nineteen. Both the boys were students of a public high school in a neighboring city. Their story was that the whole crime had been planned by the third man whose identity they claimed they did not know.

And now, through some unaccountable turn of circumstances, I was suspected of being that third man—the man who had murdered Officer Bolton!

The detective searched my apartment. In the bottom drawer of my dresser he found a Luger pistol and a quantity of small change tied up in one of my handkerchiefs. He separated the coins, putting those of the same denomination together, and counted them.

"Nine half dollars; twenty-one quarters; seventeen dimes and thirty-six

nickels," he announced triumphantly. "That checks exactly."

"What do you mean, checks exactly?" I shouted indignantly.

"It checks exactly with what was taken out of the Green Hat Restaurant's cash register. You see, it happened that the cashier had checked over her cash just before you walked in. She had it all written down on a piece of paper. This accounts for the change. What did you do with the bills?"

"You are barking up the wrong tree if you think this money is mine. I never saw it before," I exclaimed.

"Oh yeah? Well, you're going to have a swell chance to tell that story to the jury."

"But I can prove an *alibi*."

"How interesting. This looks like the work of the Brown Wolf Gang. Their specialty is to furnish *alibis* for any of their mob that gets into trouble. But, just for the fun of it, what is your *alibi*?"

I was about to mention my visit to Schuler's work shop when I suddenly remembered the solemn promise I had made not to tell anyone about him. So, I had to recourse to a fluff.

"Why should I tell you?" I asked. "I refuse to say another word until I've talked with a lawyer."

"That's another favorite gag of the Brown Wolf Gang," the detective declared significantly.

As they were taking me out I remarked casually, "By the way, Inspector, would you mind telling what made you suspect me."

"No, I don't mind. It was a tip from one of your own gang. He's sore at you because you double-crossed him. The man who phoned the tip to me said you'd know who he was, and that he didn't give a damn."

What happened after that was covered pretty well by the accounts in the newspapers, so I shall just summarize



very briefly the events which led to my being sentenced to hang for the murder of Bolton.

It will be remembered that Anderson and Brinkman, in order to save their own necks from the noose, turned State's Evidence and hung the entire responsibility for the crime on me. Though they had at first declared they did not know the name of the man who had enticed them to accompany him on the expedition of banditry, they changed their minds after they had talked with their lawyer. There was no doubt in my mind, but that the plot, to make me the scapegoat and to railroad me to the gallows, had originated in the mind of that same unknown man who had first tried to assassinate me and had afterward planted the gun and the tell-tale coins in my apartment.

At first I didn't realize the seriousness of my predicament. Firm in my belief that I could easily clear myself of this ridiculous charge, I had respected my promise to Schuler and had refused to tell where I was that Saturday afternoon. But when things began to look bad for me, I made a confidant of my lawyer. He tried to find Schuler's laboratory from my directions, but without success. Finally after a great deal of difficulty, I obtained permission to visit the place myself, accompanied of course by a heavy guard of detectives.

I found the building but it was vacant. When we located the owner of the property we learned that Schuler had moved about a week after my interview with him and had left no forwarding address.

With this last hope shattered, my morale was completely broken down. My lawyer advised me not to take the witness stand in my own defence. He said that the story I had told him would only prejudice my case. I had the feeling that he himself didn't believe me. Certainly no one else did.

My trial, sensational as it was, lasted

but a few hours. Almost before I realized what was happening I found myself in San Quentin Prison with the death sentence hanging over me. Anderson and Brinkman were sentenced to two years imprisonment each.

**I**T is a horrible thing to be condemned to die on the gallows—fearsome enough to a person who knows he deserves the supreme punishment—but infinitely more frightful to an innocent man who is being driven to that ignominious death by a ghastly mistake.

You can imagine how I felt as I sat there in my cell in "Murderer's Row," waiting and hoping, hoping and waiting, as the minutes ticked off at a terrific pace, speeding me relentlessly toward my doom.

One afternoon, just two days prior to the date set for my execution—a preposterous thing happened. I was sitting near the rear of my cell when a book was suddenly thrust into my hand. Where it came from was a baffling mystery. Though my quarters were not exactly roomy, I was far enough from the double grating-opening so that no human arm could possibly have reached me.

For at least half an hour I had not taken my eyes off the grated window in the door which revealed the tiny fragment of God's world still left for me to look upon, and it was utterly inconceivable that a stick or other object could have been thrust through that opening without my seeing it.

The possibility that the book might have been *thrown* through the barred window was equally untenable. Even if that could have been done in such a way that the article happened to fall on my hand, I would not have caught it and the book would have fallen to the floor. Instead, the object was gently laid against the tips of my fingers, exactly as if it had been handed to me by someone



close by. And there it remained for several seconds, balanced in a gravity-defying position, while I gazed at it with fearful astonishment. I had a feeling that it was being supported at the other end by something—something, that was alive and conscious but invisible! The instant my thumb closed upon the book, that something relaxed its hold and I felt the full weight of the volume on my hand.

So uncanny was this manifestation that it made my flesh creep. I felt a prickly sensation in my scalp which made me imagine that my hair was standing on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

I stepped to the door and looked out through the grating. Except for the guard pacing along the top of the distant wall, there was no living being in sight. Bewildered and alarmed, I returned to my seat on the bunk and examined the book which had come to me under such weird circumstances.

*It was a treatise on the fourth dimension!*

The title of the work and the name of the author have completely slipped my mind. I cannot repeat any portion of its contents from memory. On the other hand, some of the amazing conceptions, which were explained in it, branded themselves into my memory so deeply that I am sure I can reproduce them substantially as they were presented therein.

Opening the book at a place marked by a slip of paper, I started to read the chapter which was devoted to a consideration of imaginary beings, having less than three dimensions. The idea of this discussion was to show by analogy that, just as a three-dimensional creature can do things that would be regarded as miraculous by a two-dimensional being, so a person who could move through the fourth dimension, would be able to perform feats that would be incomprehen-

sible to an ordinary three-dimensional man.

The writer even went so far as to point out the limitations which would hedge a living creature existing in a world of only *one* dimension. Such a being he called a "Umodim." He compared it to a very thin worm—thinner even than the finest hair. Theoretically, in fact, it would have had neither width nor thickness, but only length. Such an animal could move only along a straight line, either forward or backward, but could not turn to the right or left, nor could it move either up or down. A single grain of dust placed in front of it and another one placed directly behind it would confine it as effectively as if it were placed in a closed box.

The "Duodim," or inhabitant of two-dimensional space would have more freedom of motion than the Unodim, since it could move to the right or left as well as forward and backward, so long as it did not leave the surface of the plane on which it had lived. If you can imagine a turtle so flat that it has no more height than a shadow, you will get an idea of what a Duodim would be like. Such a creature could not move up or down. A rectangle drawn around it with a lead pencil or with ink would constitute a prison cell from which it could not escape without penetrating the graphite or ink which surrounded it.

If a three-dimensional being should happen to see the Duodim inside its confining rectangle and should lift it through the third dimension and place it outside the two-dimensional cell, the Duodim would be utterly at a loss to account for its escape.

In other words, things which are absolutely closed and impenetrable to a two-dimensional object may be wide open in the direction of the third dimension and may therefore be easily penetrated by a three-dimensional being or "Triodim."



By carrying the analogy a step further we may assume that objects which are closed to a three-dimensional being may be open in the direction of the fourth dimension, so that a creature who is able to move in the direction of the fourth dimension may easily pass in or out of the closed space.

AMAZING things could be accomplished by the "Tetradim" or four-dimensional entity. He could walk out of a prison cell as easily as you could step over a chalk line. He could enter a tightly locked safe, remove the contents and depart without opening the door or leaving the slightest scratch to betray his visit. He could eat a watermelon without touching the rind. He could place a lighted bomb inside a locked and sealed trunk without disturbing the outside in any way.

It would be impossible to confine the Tetradim by any means we know of. Ropes, handcuffs, and manacles would be absolutely useless. He would slide out of the most complicated knots as easily as a normal person would slip through a barrel hoop. When I read all these preposterous suppositions you can imagine how they interested me—especially the parts relating to escaping from locked cells, handcuffs and *knotted ropes*!

Another chapter which interested me discussed the possibility of building four-dimensional objects by combining a large number of three-dimensional units. Here again analogies were drawn between two-dimensional and three-dimensional space.

Theoretically the Duodim has no thickness at all, but it would be impossible for such a creature to exist. On the other hand we can easily imagine these "flatlanders," as being composed of some material like tissue paper or gold leaf, which, while having a small amount of thickness, is so extremely thin that it would not know it had more than the

two dimensions of length and width.

It would be entirely conceivable that such a creature could, by piling a large number of two-dimensional objects one on top of the other, build a solid which had an appreciable thickness and which therefore would have all the attributes of three-dimensional space. With such an object, the Duodim would be able to perform feats which would be puzzling and inexplicable to his two-dimensional companions. For instance, by climbing on and off of his three-dimensional object he could make his body disappear and reappear at will.

The author of my book advanced the amazing hypothesis that every object in the universe has a small amount of four-dimensional extension. The reason why we are not ordinarily aware of this fact is that this "Throughth," as it is sometimes called, is so small in comparison with the other three dimensions, that we cannot comprehend it any more than a being no thicker than a piece of tinfoil would be able to perceive the thickness of the objects around him.

But if a large number of three-dimensional solids are combined in such a way that they all project in the same direction into hyperspace, they would form an object having an appreciable amount of four-dimensional extension.

I'm afraid, that to the average reader these quasi-technical explanations have seemed somewhat complicated. To me, however, they were so fascinating and so interesting that I devoured the contents of that mathematical fantasy with the avidity of a man who tastes food for the first time, after a month of fasting. So absorbed was I in my efforts to grasp the principles of hyperspace, that I scarcely noticed how the hours slipped by. Almost before I could realize it, the eve of the day set for my execution was upon me.

The book was still in my hands when



two guards came for me. One of them noticed it and snatched it out of my hand.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded.

But before I had time to answer him an amazing thing happened. Despite the firm grip with which the guard was holding the volume, it seemed to flow out of his hand as if it were made of gas or some other fluid substance. It did not disappear but remained suspended in space about four feet above the floor of my cell.

"My God! The thing's haunted!" exclaimed the jailor, as he shrank into a corner to get as far away as possible from the object which was behaving so mysteriously.

There was plenty of light in my cell for clear vision and all this had happened directly before three pairs of eyes. The other guard had of course noticed it and his face turned a ghastly shade of green. He, too, drew as far away as he could from the levitated book.

Though the incident had astonished me, I could see no reason for being terror-stricken. Instead, I calmly reached out and took hold of the book. It may have been due to an overworked imagination, but I could have sworn that my hand closed over an invisible thumb, which slipped out from under my fingers as I grasped the volume.

As soon as I had it in my hands, the book behaved like any other solid object. I tried to make it float in the air again, but the moment I released my hold, it dropped to the floor with a thud which manifested clearly that it was real and substantial. With the guards watching me in pop-eyed terror, I picked up the book, opened it, thumbed through a few pages, closed it and gave it a few hard blows with my fist to show how solid it really was.

"Do you mind if I keep it now?" I asked the guard.

"Go ahead and keep it," they acquiesced, "but don't let it touch us, please!"

Came then that awful march from my cell to the spacious wooden cage in which I was expected to spend my last night on earth. The execution chamber of San Quentin Prison is on the top floor of a large building used for a workshop and library. It was reached by a wide and tremendously long, wooden stairway which hung to the outside of the building. As I staggered up these stairs, half-carried, half-dragged by the guards, who held me between them, I counted the steps, "One! Two! Three!" until I reached the number eighty-seven. "Almost a hundred!" I told myself—almost a hundred—all but——" and then, the horrible realization suddenly flashed upon me that on the morrow I would have to finish the climb of the thirteen additional stairs to the trap beneath the gallows—which would make the number exactly one hundred.

Strange as it may seem, this was not the first time I had climbed those stairs. Several months previous, while attending a lodge convention at San Raphael, I had joined a party on a tour of inspection of San Quentin Penitentiary. At that time, all the gruesome details of an execution had been explained to us.

We were shown the place where several new ropes hung with heavy weights attached to their ends, so that all the stretch would be taken out of them and there would be no danger of their giving even a fraction of an inch, when used for their grim purpose.

The method used for concealing the identity of the real executioner was also explained to us. The condemned man was forced to stand over a double trap door while the rope was placed around his neck, and the other end was tied firmly to a cross-beam overhead in such a way that there was very little slack.

The trap was tripped by means of an



iron sphere about the style of an old-fashioned cannon ball. This weight and two others like it, were supported by three cords which were drawn taut across a table in a small alcove adjoining the gallows. In that alcove were three prison guards armed with sharp knives. They were concealed from the doomed man, but could see the warden through a small slit in the wall of the room. At a given signal, each of them would sever the particular cord in front of him. Only one of those cords released the weight which in dropping unlatched the trap door; and no one knew which of the three men was the direct cause of the victim's death.

At the time I saw all these things and listened to the explanations of the attendant who was escorting us through the institution, I little thought that I myself would one day walk up those thirteen steps and stand beneath that cross-beam, waiting for the thud of the falling weight that would hurl me into eternity.

On several occasions during a rather eventful life, I have been perilously close to death. I have skated into an open hole and have been sucked under the ice by a turbulent river. I have been in an automobile which turned completely over and was so badly demolished that its body was torn completely away from the chassis. I have seen my comrades mowed down like wheat on all sides of me, as my company charged against a German pill-box. I got out of that river without even catching cold. The automobile accident didn't so much as knock my glasses off—and during all the time I was in France, I wasn't wounded once.

I'm not going to stretch your credulity by telling you that I wasn't frightened on either of those occasions. Being only human, I was scared—thoroughly scared—scared stiff. And yet, I had a most peculiar hunch that I was going to come out all right—because my time to pass on,

had not yet arrived. And I had exactly the same kind of hunch even now, as, with the hempen rope tightly drawn around my neck, I stood on the insecure trap which vibrated beneath my trembling feet.

IT is hardly necessary for me to recite the preposterous events that attended the attempt to execute me. The weird details, as they were described in newspapers throughout the world, are familiar to everybody. Many writers have told, how, right before the eyes of scores of witnesses, my body slowly slipped through the tightly knotted noose and melted into thin air. The ghastly horror, which gripped every person there, has been vividly described, both in words and in pictures. It is already well known that six strong men, including the prison warden, who had witnessed innumerable executions, fainted dead away, and that several reporters and other spectators were seriously injured in the panic which culminated in a mad flight down that long, ominous stairway.

One part of this unbelievable story is now being made public for the first time. It was my own experience, the experience of a man who was snatched from the dire embrace of a shameful death.

As I said before, even up to the time when I felt the noose around my neck, I had one of those mysterious hunches that my time had not yet come. However, I didn't have the slightest inkling as to the way in which my rescue would occur. If I did think about this phase of the matter at all, it was along the more conventional lines—a messenger boy dashing madly into the room, waving a reprieve signed by the Governor—or something of that sort.

What really happened was this: I felt two hands grasp my arms just below the elbows. An instant later my feet were dangling in the air. I thought at first that



the strap had sprung and I wondered why I felt no pain. Then I became conscious of the fact that the rope was no longer about my neck. My hands were bound behind my back and it was of course, impossible for me to pull the blindfold from my eyes. For that reason I couldn't see what was going on, although I was moving through space. The direction of this motion was a most puzzling thing. It was neither horizontal nor vertical, neither up or down—neither forward nor backward—neither to the right nor to the left. Nor did I seem to be moving along a curved or diagonal path.

For ten or fifteen minutes I drifted through space. Then I felt my feet touching something solid and I was gently forced into a sitting position. I heard the whirr of a starter, followed by the grating of gears and a slight jolt, which told me I was in an automobile which had just been set into motion. A moment later the rope about my wrists was untied and the handkerchief was snatched from my eyes.

You may imagine my astonishment when I found myself looking into the face of Newton Schuler!

We were in a small sedan, spinning along the road leading to San Raphael. At the wheel was a young lady. All I could see at first was the back of her head, which was exactly like the backs of thousands of other female heads. The side and rear curtains of the car were drawn.

"Mr. Schuler!" I gasped, as soon as I could get my breath. "How did I get here? What does all this mean?"

"Oh, I see you remember me. Why do you ask me what it means? Can't you understand that I just learned of your predicament, and I came to your rescue in the only way that was feasible—that is by carrying you off into hyperspace."

"You mean you released me by pulling

in the direction of the fourth dimension?"

"Certainly, I thought you would be sure to understand what was happening, especially since I took the trouble to prepare you by smuggling to you that book on the fourth dimension."

"I got the book O. K. and I read it from cover to cover. But even after all the marvelous things you showed me in your laboratory that day, I didn't think it possible for a person to escape like that. And to tell you the truth I don't believe yet that such a thing as the fourth dimension actually exists."

"The best answer to your doubt is this: You are right here, safe and sound, instead of dangling at the end of a rope in the execution chamber of yon penitentiary. The only way I could accomplish this was by carrying you through the fourth dimension, and I'd like to see you figure out any other explanation of it."

"But how in the world were you able to move in the direction of the fourth dimension?"

"With the aid of these four-dimensional stilts and he pointed to a pair of peculiar objects lying in the bottom of the car. They looked something like the stilts I used to strap to my legs when I was a youngster. The only unusual thing about them was that they seemed to be composed of wooden spheres about the size of marbles, which were grouped together like bunches of grapes.

"Just a little invention of mine that I worked out in odd moments," Schuler explained in a matter-of-fact way. "There's not much to them. You remember reading in the book that every three-dimensional object has a small amount of extension in the direction of the fourth dimension. All I did was to combine a large number of three-dimensional solids until I had built up something with an appreciable amount of four-dimensional size. When I put these stilts on



my feet they have the effect of lifting me a foot or so outside of the three-dimensional space. That's all that is needed to make my body entirely invisible to any three-dimensional being. When I am wearing the stilts, a solid building looks to be like a plan drawn on a sheet of paper. I can step over, or through the walls, as easily as I can walk over a chalk mark. When I rescued you, I merely strapped on the stilts, stepped across the prison walls, entered the execution chamber and lifted you far enough into hyperspace to make your body also invisible. Then I carried you to the place where Eunice had the car parked."

"You must have gone to an awful amount of trouble on my account," I said. "What gets me is why you went through all this rigmarole when you might have secured my release by going to the Governor and telling him I was with you at the time the murder was committed."

"But I just found out about it. You see, I pay very little attention to newspapers, and it was only by chance that I saw your picture in the *Chronicle* and recognized it. There was no time to lose. I didn't dare to take chances on being able to convince the Governor. Besides, there are strong reasons why wide-spread notoriety right now would be ruinous to me. So, I decided to use the more direct method of saving you. Luckily the stilts had been perfected and were ready for use."

"I suppose I ought to feel grateful to you," I told him. "There's no question but that you saved my life—for a while at least. But don't you realize that I am still a fugitive from justice—that I am in momentary peril of being apprehended and dragged back to the gallows again? My photographs have been reproduced so many times and in such a multitude of publications, that there is hardly a man, woman or child, in the United States,

who is not familiar with my mug."

"What you say is true," Schuler admitted. "But I couldn't see any other way out of it. However, you may rest assured that I shall do all I can to prevent your being discovered and captured again; and if everything works out according to my expectations, I'll be ready inside of a month to come out in the open and exculpate you."

Just then an ominous sound came to my ears. It was the piercing shriek of a police siren.

"Quick!" exclaimed Schuler. "Put on these stilts!" and with feverish haste he strapped the four-dimensional objects on my legs. "Now stand up!" he commanded.

"How can I stand up without bumping my head?" I asked stupidly.

"Do as I tell you, you idiot!" he yelled, and he fairly shoved me to my feet.

I didn't bump my head. Instead I discovered that most of my body was protruding in a most peculiar position outside the automobile. What I saw is impossible to describe accurately. My head was neither above the roof nor alongside it. The amazing thing about it all was, that, while I seemed to be outside the car, I could still see everything inside the vehicle. Every portion of the exterior was also plainly visible to me. It was as if I was looking at images of the automobile in a series of mirrors which reflected the top, bottom, front, back and both sides all at the same time.

I got a similar "all around" view of the motorcycle officer who had just overtaken us. In response to his command, Eunice pulled over to the side of the road. The officer dismounted and opened the door of the car.

"What's the trouble, Officer," Schuler wanted to know. "Hope we haven't fractured any speed laws."

"No," the policeman assured him. "There was nothing the matter with your



speed. I stopped you because you looked kind of suspicious with all your curtains pulled down. There's been a lot of rum-running and hi-jacking around here and we have orders to stop any car that looks phoney."

"I can easily explain the drawn curtains," Schuler alibied. "You see, I have trouble with my eyes. The doctor told me to keep out of the direct sunlight. That's why I'm sitting back here instead of being on the front seat with my niece. If you think I'm a bootlegger, you are, of course, at liberty to search the car."

"That won't be necessary. It's easy enough to see you are O. K. Sorry to have troubled you, but you know we have to follow orders."

"Why certainly, Officer. I'm glad to see that we have at least one man on the force that is right on the job and looking after the taxpayer's interests."

"Thank you, sir," said the policeman, as he mounted his motorcycle and drove on.

Schuler waited until the officer was out of sight, then, calling me by name he said: "Sit down on the seat of the car and lift your feet off the floor."

I tried my best to obey, but instead of landing inside the car, I sat down with a thud, *right in the middle of the road*. A noisy, ramshackle automobile was bearing down on me at a thirty-mile clip. The driver saw me and swerved just in time to avoid hitting me. With a groaning of brakes the small car came to a quivering stop. Before the men had time to open the door, I stood up on the stilts, which of course made me invisible.

The driver of the car proved to be a middle-aged colored man. If you can imagine a Negro turning pale, you will have a clear idea of how this man's face looked when he found the road vacant. The land adjoining the highway for several hundred yards was flat and barren.

There wasn't a tree or shrub or rock large enough to conceal a man.

The colored man approached the car and addressed Schuler: "Excuse me, suh, but did you-all see what became ob dat feller what was settin' out dere in de middle ob de road jest now?"

"I didn't see anyone in the middle of the road," Schuler lied. "You must have imagined you saw something there."

"Says which?"

"I said, it must have been imagination."

"Well, if dats de case, 'magination muss be wearin' blue pants and a grey shirt, 'cause dats what I don seen out in the middle of de road just now."

"Haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Says which?"

"I asked you if you have been drinking anything."

"Wall, I ain't presactly been drinkin' *anything*. All I had was two little snif-fers ob sympatic gin."

"That's what the trouble it. The liquor went to your eyes. You've been seeing things."

"Says which?"

"You must have seen a ghost that wasn't there."

"Seen a ghost what wasn't dere? Dat's about the scaredest thing I is of, unless it's seeing a ghost what is dere! An'—believe me, if gin is goin' to defect me like dat—I'll never tech another drop as long I lives—no suh!" And with a combined expression of fear and bewilderment still on his ashen countenance he clambered back into his car and was on his way.

Once, again, Schuler told me to resume my seat in the car. "Try again," he directed. "And if you miss the car this time, see to it that you flop on the side furthest from the middle of the road."

I finally managed to locate the cushion



of the car and a moment later Schuler removed the four-dimensional stilts from my feet. We drove on until we had almost reached the outskirts of San Raphael. Here Eunice turned off on a narrow dirt road which led to the edge of a picturesque and sequestered cove.

Of all the astonishing things that had happened that day, the thing that surprised me most was the discovery of a sea-plane moored beside the bank and cleverly concealed by the foliage of the trees and shrubs which fringed the water.

Schuler and I got out of the car and climbed aboard the plane.

"You'd better lie down in the cock-pit," he advised me. "Otherwise someone may see you and turn you in. Eunice will take the car back to San Raphael. It's a 'Drive it-yourself' auto that we rented. I've arranged to pick her up near the garage so she won't have to walk clear back here.

He waited awhile to give Eunice time to reach her destination. Then he started the motor and taxied over the short distance which separated our starting place from San Raphael.

I kept out of sight and for that reason I did not see Eunice, until I felt the nudge of a rowboat against the side of the fuselage and heard her voice say, "Thank you for rowing me out. Here's a quarter for you."

A moment later she was aboard and the sea-plane was roaring along, skimming the water like a frightened duck. When we had reached an altitude of a few hundred feet, I stuck my head out and was surprised to see that we were headed in a northwesterly direction instead of flying over San Francisco Bay.

It was necessary for us to climb quickly in order to gain altitude enough to carry us over Mount Tamalpais, which I recognized by the buildings on its summit and the steep coaster-railway plunging down into the Muir Wood.

ON we droned, high above the giant redwood trees, until we suddenly dipped down into a sequestered valley and came to rest on a beautiful lake which nestled in the midst of an impenetrable forest.

Almost in the exact center of the lake was a picturesque wooded island. Not a sign of human habitation had been visible from the air, but from the surface of the lake we could see three buildings constructed of canvas stretched over light, wooden frames. All of the buildings were cleverly camouflaged to imitate the vegetation of the island.

Schuler ran the sea-plane into the hangar, which was built over the lake. As we stepped ashore, a motherly lady of sixty years or so, appeared at the door of the larger cabin and came to greet us.

"This is my wife," said Schuler. "And by the way," he added, "I guess it's about time I introduced you to my niece, Miss Eunice White. You two young people ought to get acquainted with each other."

Mrs. Schuler turned out to be a most hospitable and charming hostess. Her niece was also very agreeable, although I cannot say sincerely that she made a very favorable impression on me. Like so many young women of these emancipated times, she was as hipless and flat-chested as a boy. Her close-cropped hair and mannish shirt accentuated the sexlessness of her appearance. To me she was anything but attractive, although she subsequently turned out to be an excellent pal.

When the formalities of introduction were disposed of, Schuler said to me, "I suppose you wonder why I selected this out-of-the-way place for my home and my work-shop."

"Naturally I am interested," I told him.

"Things were getting too hot for me in Los Angeles," he explained. "You remember I mentioned the fact that I was working on an invention to make crime



extremely perilous and that sinister influences were opposing me. Well, they located me on the very first day you visited me in my laboratory on Crescent Street. Just after you left, I discovered five sticks of dynamite with a lighted fuse attached to them, under one corner of my building.

"Then and there I decided that it was time for me to depart, so I packed up hurriedly and moved to Burbank. For three weeks we worked there unmolested, then I discovered that I was being spied on again. In the meantime, Eunice and I had been scouting around in an amphibion plane, and had located this lake. It looked like an ideal spot for us to disappear, so I boldly took possession. We moved our equipment up here by installments. We are about twenty miles from the nearest railroad station and twelve miles from an automobile road. The only way to reach this lake is from the air, and I'm thankful to say that my enemies haven't succeeded in locating me—at least not yet. You couldn't find a better place to hide," Schuler continued. "No one would ever find you here. You are welcome to stay with us as long as you wish. Hope you don't mind roughing it. Our accommodations are not exactly like those of a first-class hotel—and on the other hand, you may find them a trifle better than those you enjoyed at San Quentin. We three have been quite comfortable here, and we can easily find room for you without crowding.

"The small cabin you noticed is my laboratory and work-shop. I located a waterfall over in the hills to the north of the lake and we installed a small turbine there which provides all the power we need. We even cook by electricity, so there's no danger of smoke giving our hiding-place away."

"You certainly have a wonderful place here, Mr. Schuler," I complimented him, "and I want you to know that I appre-

ciate all the trouble and the risk you took to help me escape. I suppose there is nothing for me to do but accept your hospitality. At the same time, I don't feel quite right about all this business."

"Why not?"

"Because it means that now I am an outlaw—a fugitive from justice. It's the first time in my life that I've done anything really criminal—anything for which I deserved to be put outside the pale of the law."

"Criminal?" Schuler exclaimed. "Just what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I broke out of prison. That's criminal, isn't it?"

"Perhaps it is. And that means I am a criminal too, since I engineered the whole business. And Miss White became a criminal when she helped you escape."

"Excuse me, I didn't mean to insinuate anything of that sort."

"Then suppose you try to be sensible. In one way it was reprehensible for us to conspire to save you from the gallows, but in a broader sense, we were doing something highly moral and exceedingly good—not only for you, but for everybody else concerned. Imagine how your friends the Warden, the Governor, the Prosecuting Attorney, the Judge, and everybody else, that had anything to do with convicting you and carrying out your sentence, would feel if you had been executed and shortly afterward had been proven innocent. All that grief and remorse has now been spared them. Instead of being the enemies of justice, we have been instrumental in seeing that grave injustice was prevented."

"I guess you're right," I concurred. "But at the same time, I'd like to be in at position to prove my innocence so I can give myself up."

"Don't worry about that," said Schuler. "Within a few weeks I expect to have my new invention ready for use. With it



I shall be able to prove your innocence beyond any possible doubt. It will also establish the identity of the real murderer. In the meantime I suggest that you remain here as my guest. If you feel like it you may join us in our work. Your training ought to be of immense value to us."

I gladly accepted Schuler's suggestion that I help him in his laboratory. I learned to admire Eunice much more when I saw her in action. But my admiration was not that of a man for a maid. It was utterly devoid of sentimentality and was predicated entirely on her skill and resourcefulness. She nearly always dressed in overalls. Since she looked and acted like a man, I treated her as a fellow workman, rather than as a woman companion.

At least twice a week Eunice—who was a licensed pilot—went to Oakland in the sea-plane for supplies.

After I had been on Schuler's Island for about two weeks, I one day begged for permission to accompany Eunice on her foraging trip. Much to my surprise the inventor offered no objections, and Eunice seemed pleased to have me go along.

"Better not go ashore," Schuler admonished me. But with my customary proclivity for refusing to take good advice, I did go ashore at Oakland.

It was just my luck to be seen by a detective who had been working in the District Attorney's office at the time of my arrest, and who knew me well. It was just my luck too, that Eunice had trouble in starting the plane, which delayed us in getting away. It was just my luck that we were close to an airport and that the detective was able to secure an airplane all ready for flight.

When I succeeded in eluding the sleuth long enough to gain the sea-plane I was foolish enough to think I was safe, until I saw the pursuing plane swiftly over-

taking us. In order to make sure that we were being followed, I directed Eunice to change her course several times, and each time the other flyer trailed after us.

It was then that I suddenly reached a momentous decision. Eunice and I were able to converse easily by means of a speaking tube, which penetrated our helmets just outside opposite our ears.

"There's only one thing to do now," I shouted, "and that is to take me back to San Quentin. If I get there, and give myself up before that detective reports me, there may be some chance that they will be lenient with me. On the other hand, if I am captured, they may take a notion to hang me immediately."

"But there is no need for you to be captured," Eunice protested. "I'll take you back to our lake. That plane can't land on water, and there's no other way for them to get down to us. By the time they could get hold of a sea-plane, you could be somewhere else."

"But don't you see that it would never do to give away Mr. Schuler's hiding place? He'd have a flock of detectives and reporters swarming around the place, and the premature publicity would tip the whole thing off to his enemies and would probably ruin him."

"That's right, I never thought of that. It would be a shame for anything like that to happen, especially now when he is so close to the goal line."

"It won't happen if I can help it. Both you and Mr. Schuler have been mighty good friends of mine, and I don't intend to betray him now. So you may as well head for San Quentin. It's lucky that the pen is built at the water's edge. I'm the one they're after and I'm sure they won't bother you after you get rid of me."

It took but a few minutes to cover the distance to the penitentiary, and Eunice made a perfect landing in the little bay adjoining the prison grounds. She taxied



as close as she could to the water's edge, and I leaped out and waded ashore.

The airplane circled around for a moment or two and then attempted to land on a stretch of beach. They made it all right, but hit a bump and broke the propeller, which of course but the plane out of commission. Eunice lost no time in getting into the air again. I saw the flutter of her handkerchief as I stood there upon the bank and watched her melt out of sight beyond the hills to the North.

You may imagine the amazed look which came over the face of the attendant who admitted me to the Warden's office and the equally astonished expression which the head of the prison gave me.

"I came to give myself up!" I announced. "I'm innocent as I have maintained from the start. The story I told was the gospel truth, and the man who helped me escape did it because he knew I was innocent. Rather than get him into

trouble, I decided to give myself up—so here I am."

"Well, I'll be a nasty name!" the Warden exclaimed. "Do you mean to say you haven't heard the news?"

"What news?" I wanted to know.

"Haven't you read the papers?"

"Not for the last three days."

"That accounts for it. The two kids that framed you got scared when we told them about how you made your getaway from the gallows right in front of our eyes. They thought there was something supernatural about it. Ever since it happened they have been hearing things and seeing things. Anderson finally broke and confessed that they framed you and that they had never seen you before. When Brinkman heard that his pal had squealed, he came clean too.

"And I for one, am darn glad we didn't hang you!"

"Me too!" I grinned.

THE END

