

HIGHLAND PARK NEWS-LETTER

My only chance was to engross its attention in some way, so that it would forget me for a little while, and leave me free to speak to the Rajah. I pinned all my hopes on the Rajah. Well, one morning, about a week after it first projected me, I went for a walk in Christ-church Meadow. We were united, and it had actually left me in peace ever since breakfast. I hoped its better feelings were beginning to get the mastery of it, and in order to see, I tried to project it. No it wouldn't move! The creature was still recalcitrant.

Suddenly I saw Bessie Drayton just in front of me. In my delight at seeing her I forgot about it, and quickening my pace, overtook her, and lifted my hat. She smiled divinely, saying: "Why, Mr. Nares, I was just going to write——" At that moment, when I was listening to her sweet voice, it projected me! Could illnature go further? But, luckily, its mind was not really concentrated on what it was doing. I believe it was thinking of Bessie, and consequently it only carried about a hundred yards. I landed behind one of the big elms, where I lay *perdu* till it had gone by. It and Bessie passed me together, and it was grinning from ear to ear, and looked as pleased as Punch, and poor Bessie, who thought she was talking to me, was being most charming to it.

I did not waste time in swearing. I ran like the wind back to college, hoping that Bessie's society would prevent it coming after me till I had spoken to the Rajah. I still retained one pull over it. In order to unite, it had to come where I was; it could not resume me from a distance, as I used to resume it; so if united now it would have to leave Bessie.

By a blessed chance, the Rajah was at home, and in trembling haste I poured my story into his ear. He burst out laughing.

"I was afraid of it!" he gasped, holding his sides. "How splendid!"

I restrained my annoyance, and after a time he became a little more grave.

"Do help me!" I urged. "It may unite at any moment, and project me the deuce knows where!"

"Oh, it'll be all right with the young lady."

"Not for long. She's very particular, and won't let it talk far with her."

"Oh then we must act. You don't feel it yet?"

"No: but do be quick!"

The Rajah sported his oak, took off his coat, lay down on the floor, and went into strong convulsions. I regretted putting him to so much trouble, but my need was urgent, and I knew that he was a good-natured man. Presently he cried (and I was just getting alarmed about him):

"Are you there, Nani-Tal?"

"Certainly," said an old, white-haired gentleman, dressed in a sheet, who sat in the Rajah's arm-chair.

"That's all right," said the Rajah, getting up and putting on his coat. "You were very difficult."

"We're to busy just now," said Nani-Tal, apologetically. "I'm demonstrating three nights a week, and the preparations take all my time."

"Well, you can't have a boom for nothing," said the Rajah, smiling.

"I don't complain," said Nani-Tal; "I only mentioned it to excuse myself for keeping you waiting. I was in New York when you began materializing. It's a lively city."

"You must tell him all about it," said the Rajah to me; "he won't be very hard on us."

Nani-Tal was, however, rather severe. He said it was too bad of the Rajah. How were they to live, if that sort of thing went on? Then he turned to me, and added: "Of course you couldn't manage it. If you'd gone through the course, you would have been all right. But there, it's everything for nothing nowadays!"

"My friend couldn't go to Thibet."

"He might have paid the fees anyhow," grumbled Nani-Tal, "and taken correspondence lessons."

We smoothed him down with the promise of a handsome donation, and at last he consented to help us. It was only just in time, for at that very moment I felt my Astral Body uniting. A second later it made a violent effort to project me; of course, it saw Nani-Tal, and knew it was in for it.

The old gentleman was to quick for it.

"Come out of that!" he cried imperiously, and the wretch stood in the middle of the room.

It did my heart good to hear Nani-Tal fall on the creature. After giving it no end of a lecture, he concluded: "And now young man, you'll just go back to your jackal for a thousand years and learn better manners."

The wretch protested; it asked for an elephant or even a tiger. Nani-Tal was obdurate.

"A jackal will just suit you," he said. "Be off!" The creature vanished. Simultaneously Nani-Tal began to disintegrate.

"Wait a bit!" cried the Rajah.

"I can't. I'm summoned to St. James's Hall. There's a large audience; and the Professor has been in convulsions seven minutes."

I tried to grasp his hand in thanks.

"If you want another," he said, "you must go through the course—the full course. There's no other way. Let this be a lesson to you." And with this parting remark he disintegrated.

The Rajah lit a cigar, and I, lighter at heart than I had been for many days, followed his example.

"It was wrong of me," said the Rajah; "I won't do it again."

"It's a pity it turned out so badly," I remarked.

"It was quite a comfort at first."

"They're all like that, unless you keep a tight hand on them. Shall you take the course?"

"Not I. I've had enough of it."

"Perhaps you're right. Excuse me; I have to go to the Deccan on business."

He fell back on the sofa, apparently in a trance, and went off to the Dean's lecture. It makes all the difference whether you know how to do a thing or not.

L'Envoi of the Authors.

When Earth's last book has been printed and the types are twisted and pied,

When the Smallest Maynard has perished and the Littlest Brown has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it for the Century, at best.

Till the Houghtons cease from Mifflin and the Scribners are at rest.

And those that were good shall be Harpers; they shall sit with the Putnam chaps.

And write on Double day Pages, or an L. C. Page perhaps;

They shall have real Britons to draw from—Macmillan and Kegan Paul.

They shall wait an age for their statements, and never get tired at all!

And only McClure shall praise us, and only McClurg shall bless.

And no one shall write for an Agent, and none for a Private Press.

But each for the joy of the writing, and each in his separate star

Shall write the book as he sees it, for the Dodd of Meads as they are:

—Carolyn Wells, in Bockman

Highland Park

Mr. and Mrs. Mulvihill of Chicago have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Greenslade this week.

Mr. Hartman of Michigan, spent the holidays with his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Levin.

Mr. and Mrs. John Duffy and Master Emmett Duffy were guests of their father, Mr. O'Connor in Chicago for Christmas day.

Saturday evening, December 30th at 8 o'clock the double hammerless shot gun will be raffled at Purdy's Store. Come and take a chance.

Messrs Walter and Gilford Parliament of Watertown, South Dakota, were guests of their uncle, Mr. Samuel Parliament, for Christmas.

The monthly concert of the Highland Park Musical Club will be given in Mrs. Jones studio Monday evening, January 8th, having been postponed one week.

Dr. and Mrs. Enders of Benton Harbor, and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Danforth of St. Joseph, Michigan have been spending the Christmas holidays with their brother, Mr. Jesse Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. George D'Arcy Boulton have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Helen Wray to Mr. Arthur Patton Van Schaick, Tuesday afternoon, January 10th, at 3 o'clock, in Trinity church.

Mr. and Mrs. Boulton and Miss Boulton of Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. James C. Wilson of Ticon, Ontario, visited Mr. and Mrs. Parliament this week on their way from Canada to California.

The Christmas cotillion at the Highland Park Club was danced on Thursday evening and about seventy-five couples participated. On the receiving committee were Mrs. Albert Paul Smith, Mrs. James Prindiville, Mrs. A. E. Bourneque, Miss Buckley and Miss Julia P. Morgan. A number of dinners were given before the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Doty entertained a small party before the affair and Mrs. Kennett Cowan was hostess at dinner in honor of Miss Helen Boulton and Mr. Arthur Van Schaick. Other dinner hostesses were Mrs. W. H. Baldwin, Mrs. A. P. Smith, Mrs. Trigg-Waller, Miss Sadee Buckley, Miss Grace Diehl, Miss Elizabeth Steele, Miss Helen Messenger and Miss Eva Egan.

Weighty Problem

Expert statisticians, working under the direction of competent overseers, are now engaged in the colossal task of discovering how much time, worry, expense, bother, shoe-leather and anxiety are saved by the business man or the housewife who uses a telephone to run errands and transact business. Official invitations are issued to all residents near Chicago to assist in the work by securing a Chicago telephone at the rate of five cents per day. It is known that the aggregate of time and money saving is immense.

Artistic Calendars

I have secured direct from New York a few Art Calendars, containing drawings by such artists as

CHARLES DANA GIBSON,

GILBERT,

WIEDERSEIM,

and UNDERWOOD

These are exceptional values, ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$2.00.

No trouble to show them to you.

ALBERT LARSON

Phone 2454. HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.