

he, to his knowledge, seen a portrait of her. Notwithstanding which, he says:

"A night or two afterward, as I was sleeping with my wife, a fire brightly burning in the room and a candle alight, I suddenly awoke, and saw a lady sitting by the side of the bed where my wife was sleeping soundly. At once I sat up in the bed, and gazed so intently that even now I can recall her form and features. I remember that I was much struck with the careful arrangement of her coiffure, every single hair being most carefully brushed down.

"How long I sat and gazed I can not say; but directly the apparition ceased to be, I got out of bed to see if any of my wife's garments had by any means optically deluded me. I found nothing in the line of vision but a bare wall. Returning to bed, I lay till my wife, some hours after, awoke;

and then I gave her an account of her friend's appearance. I described her color, form, etc., all of which exactly tallied with my wife's recollection of her. Finally I asked, 'But was there any special point to strike one in her appearance?' 'Yes,' my wife promptly replied, 'we girls used to tease her at school for devoting so much time to the arrangement of her hair.' This was the very thing which I have said so much struck me."

In former times there would have been no alternative between accepting such narratives as the above as actual evidences of supernatural activity, and rejecting them as the fabrications of a diseased imagination. But modern psychological investigation, and especially the investigation of the state of the mind during the transition period between sleep and full wakefulness, has made clear the fact that it is quite

unnecessary, in seeking for an explanation, to resort to either the hypothesis of fraud or the hypothesis of spirit action. "The boy may lie;" but if he is telling the truth, there is, as modern psychology sees it, no need of leaping to the other extreme and raising the cry of "Ghosts!" At most, it is necessary to postulate merely telepathy between living minds. More frequently the solution of the mystery is at hand in a certain well-established peculiarity of the hypnoidal state, as the transition period between sleeping and waking is technically designated.

This peculiarity is that the hypnoidal state is very apt to permit the emergence, from the depths of the sleeper's "subconsciousness" of memories which rise above the threshold of consciousness in the form of unusually vivid dreams or of hallucinations that may readily impose themselves. (Continued on Page 18)



N

OW, IN HER younger days, Eve was quite content to be Adam's Little Know-Nothing.

She was the same sort of child-wife as Dora Copperfield, only she didn't call her husband Dandy.

Adam, being a man, well liked her to be that way, and loved her for her docile, trusting, adoring nature. He didn't want a Cultured Highbrow or a Suffragette for his mate; he wanted the gentle, ignorant little girl that was bestowed upon him.

And Eve loved Adam most exceedingly; she deferred to him always, with a pleasant meekness, and desired greatly to learn knowledge of him. But of a truth, Adam was all unable to teach her many of the traits she wished to acquire; and much more that she could have welcomed, he was at a loss or unwilling to impart to her.

So Eve wandered about the Garden of Eden and pondered right mournfully on the vastness of her ignorance and her woeful lack of worldly wisdom. And as she strolled, there came and strutted by her side a great Peacock, dignified, yet flaunting of mien and vastly beautiful.

"How wonderful you are!" said Eve, admiringly; "I am not of such beauty."

"You are beautiful," returned the Peacock, "but you are ignorant."

"Too true," wailed Eve, in most sad accents. "But I have no Tutors to tute me. How may I acquire worldly wisdom in this Garden?"

"There are many Tutors about, Oh, Eve!" replied the Peacock; "but you fail to recognize them as such. Many of the creatures in this Garden have traits and knowledge, which, learned by you, would be of inestimable value to you; and so, to womankind for ever."

Eve's eyes sparkled, and her countenance grew bright in anticipation of this coveted knowledge that might yet be hers.

"Explain, Oh, Peacock!" she begged of the beautiful bird.

"I, myself, will teach you vanity," he responded, and he proudly flaunted his gorgeous plumage before her eyes. "Vanity is one of the most useful studies in a woman's curriculum. Be vain and you will be happy. Be convinced of your own beauty and you have already convinced others of it. Be vain of your own accomplishments and you have already forced men to admire them, and women to be jealous of them. Vanity produces little arts and graces hitherto undreamed of; it makes you charming, alluring and altogether desirable."

The Peacock twisted his neck proudly, and the sun touched with gold the blue-green sheen.

"I am accounted beautiful, yes," he went on; "but mostly am I so accounted because I am vain of my beauty. Vanity brings haughtiness, scornful demeanor and supercilious ways, all of which are useful, even indispensable, to the worldly-wise woman."

Now, Eve was of a fine receptiveness, and the

words of the Peacock fell on fertile soil. Vain she became at once. Proud of her own beauty, she twined her long tresses with wild flowers, and stuck poppies coquettishly over her ears. She chose the finest and best shaped fig leaves for her new apron, and bordered it with a fringe of bright blossoms.

Vanity became an ineradicable trait of her nature, and she besought Adam for extravagant expressions of admiration.

Adam, poor man, was a bit bewildered. He had never seen a vain woman before, and he didn't quite know how to treat one. He did his best to please her, and at last he exclaimed in baffled astonishment: "Why, you're as vain as a Peacock!"

Then was Eve full content, for what more may one ask than to equal one's teacher?

Next, turned she to the Tiger for enlightenment and wisdom.

"My child, you have much to learn," said the great beast, looking benevolently from 'neath shaggy brows at the beautiful woman.

"Vain you are, but other feminine traits should be yours. Learn, then, of me. Acquire my soft, velvet-padded caress, which yet conceals sharp claws. Acquire my purring, indolent manner, which only masks a most alert attention. Learn my stealthy, secret mode of approach, even while all prepared for a sudden, deadly spring. This is the spirit of the lore I would teach you."

READILY, Eve understood. Even the treachery of the Tiger's nature was imparted to her, and stored away in her waking brain for the use of the Eternal Feminine.

Then came a Lamb, gamboling.

"Oh, pshaw, Tiger!" called the Lamb, gaily; "you're teaching Eve too much of your deceitful nature. Look here, Madam Eve; Man admires in woman the meekness and playfulness of the Lamb. A merry gentleness and docility doth at times please him greatly."

"Teach me," said Eve, tranquilly. "All of these things I fain would learn, that I may use them at my discretion."

So, from the Lamb, learned Eve all gentleness and docility of manner, which, of a truth, well became her.

Now, when that Eve exploited these newly acquired traits in her home, the house cat looked at her critically.

EVE'S TUTORS

Reviewing Some Kindergarten Days
in EDEN By CAROLYN WELLS
Drawings by Elizabeth Ivins Jones



"Much hast thou learned, Oh, Eve!" she spake, sarcastically; "but more yet can I teach thee."

So Eve learned from the cat.

She acquired an elusiveness that was most tantalizing. She learned to walk away when called, and to sidle up unexpectedly. She learned to select the best seat, and she learned thoroughly the vice of curiosity. She acquired slyness, secret vindictiveness, and other caty attributes, which she stored away in her brain against the time when there should be other women in the world.

AND more yet, learned Eve. Of the Donkey, she acquired a fine stubbornness (this she determined to use with great moderation, but with decided effect).

From the Hen she learned domestic science, and a certain very feminine quality known as hen-mindedness. From the Chameleon, she discovered how to take color from her surroundings, which is a fine art. Even the Crocodile taught her a pretty trick.

"Eve," said he, "weeping is a great thing to understand. Not for a real sorrow—such tears need no teaching. But tears for a purpose are among a woman's best weapons, in the unequal fight she must wage against men. It's mighty handy to be able to shed tears at will."

Eve greatly thanked the kind Crocodile, and soon learned to perfection the art of letting her beautiful eyes fill with big tears, and then rolling them in pearly drops slowly down her pink cheeks.

Now, the Serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field. And when that the others, of their love, had taught Eve much, then glided to her the Serpent and finished her education. He imparted to her the secrets of his sinuous grace, his mysterious, insinuating charm, and his persuasive and fascinating allurements. So, Eve learned the wisdom of the Serpent, and now was she wise indeed. Of such a wisdom was she that she tempted Adam; and by the inheritance of her wisdom, the daughters of Eve have ever possessed Knowledge, Wisdom and Power all unparalleled by that of man.



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