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**D. CLEM DEEVER, GENERAL AGENT,**  
Land Seekers Information Bureau, Omaha, Neb.  
1004 Farnam St., Omaha, Nebr.



# The White Arm

By Horatio Winslow

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As for me I have no theories about it whatever, for though I am a medical student such a thing as the death of Anje lies out of our province; we deal only with things observed and noted down and approved. So if I tell the events as I saw them that is all that can be expected, for I am neither a theory spinner nor a student of psychological research.

It began in the laboratories when Thompson called me in to the end room which we used for topographical anatomy and where sometimes the cadavers lie for a day or so before they are disturbed.

"I have an idea," said Thompson, "for a practical joke on Anje. You know how Anje has always set himself up as a heart-breaker among the ladies?"

"Yes."

And how he has told of his conquests until everyone of us is sick of them and him? Well, this is the joke. He threw back a cloth from the bench at his knees. For a good minute I stared at the body as if I had never seen a corpse before—and for that matter I had never seen one like this.

In our dissecting rooms we get the bodies black with preserving fluids and looking less like modern beings than Egyptian mummies. But this was as white as a living body; whiter, for it was rather like marble. It was a girl, not such a bad looking girl in her time, with regular features and neither fat nor thin. And she lay on that bench as if she were a piece of statuary fresh from the sculptor's hands.

"Suicide," Thompson said, "but they took her out of the river soon after she jumped in. What do you think of this new preserving process?"

"Lord!" I said. "It makes you think you are looking at a piece of statuary and that right arm is especially perfect."

He broke in on my speech. "I knew you would notice that right arm. Isn't it beautifully turned and chiseled? It is a masterpiece and with it we shall play a joke on Anje that will be a masterpiece. You know Anje has always been so infernally conceited about his love affairs and his strong stomach. Now this is my idea. We will take the white arm and put it in Anje's bed with the hand sticking out from the bed clothes. We will get Anje drunk and then we will let him go to bed and wake up and find the arm there and then while he is still dizzy reason things out for himself. Won't that hit him?"

There was no opposition from me, for, like the rest, I was rather sick of Anje's love tales. Moreover I thought since he had been so melancholy and depressed for the past week or two an uncanny shock like this might wake him out of his brooding and make him cheerful again. A merry cad is very much more enjoyable than a sad one. And then the idea of Anje waking up in bed with the arm appealed to me.

So the practical joke gathered headway and in due course of time it became known to everyone at the boarding house—that is, to everyone except Anje.

On the night on which it was to be perpetrated I took Anje up into my room and talked to him till eight o'clock, when Thompson came up and winked signifying that the arm was in place. Whereupon the three of us sallied forth into the night.

As the liquor rose in Anje he became communicative but he remained unutterably sad and dreary. He was no longer boasting of his conquests; instead he was reproaching himself because he had played too fast and loose with some woman.

"Now it's no use," he kept repeating. "It's too late. It's no use. She might have given me a chance."

And then as he got drunker: "She didn't have any reason to do what she did. I treated her right. I never was any worse than anybody else."

And when he was still farther gone he repeated: "Ellen, Ellen, Ellen," as though it were a charm.

Thompson became very much disgusted with him.

"What's the use?" he said, drawing me aside. "We can't get him decently under. Let's take him home the way he is."

So we shifted Anje into a cab and, once more back at the house, we watched outside his door while he undressed. But there came no cry nor word nor movement of surprise from Anje's room.

After his light went out we heard him creeping into bed.

We waited a little longer but since Anje made no sound we climbed away to our bedrooms.

As to Anje's death, no doubt you have read in the papers the details of that very unsatisfactory affair; how he was found the next morning; how the detectives and the police rummaged about the house and the neighborhood looking for clues; how all the suspects arrested proved their innocence completely.

But only two of us know what it was that really killed Anje.

When Thompson and I on that Sunday morning first knocked on his door and then broke our way in, we saw him still lying in the bed, his face black from suffocation, his features twisted in agony and about his neck, clenching the throat with a grip that seemed to personify hatred implacable, stretched the thumb and fingers of the white arm.

# "HER SECOND WIND"

By W. C. SCOTT

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Out of the night that covers me. Black as the pit from pole to pole, I think whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul.

She stood at the window and looked out into the street, her form displayed to advantage in a close-fitting suit (her last; all the others had been sold) of stylish cut, against the daylight glare.

"Wait for my second wind?" she scornfully cried; "I'd starve!"

"There's Van Court; but not that!" She gazed into the mirror at a white, haggard face, illuminated by two wild eyes. The reflection startled her. She impulsively pressed her fingers to her eyes and shuddered. Then she clenched her white hands—fear should not shake her resolve. Death must be welcome; the uncertainty of the nature of the hereafter could not alter her intention. The frowns of Fortune had driven her on. Surely it was not her fault if she was not superior to the ills of life that menaced her. Her life was her own; she had no further use for it, and would end it all. With a steady hand she opened the dresser drawer (empty) and took out a small bottle. Fascinated, she gazed at the label, and with a strange exultation she read: "Carbolic acid."

"It was the cheapest—and it is certain!" She put the bottle down and her eyes fell upon her check book. She smiled bitterly. "Oh, I'm so hungry, but of what use are you to me?" She picked the book up aimlessly, and at the contact a hot thought hissed into her bewildered brain. Her eyes glared and her cheeks flared a dull red. "Why not? Why not?" she panted. Now her limbs were trembling, and she sat down abruptly. But in an instant she stood up rigid, the thought still hissing in her brain.

"I'll do it!—it—is—my—second—wind!"

And then a hopeless expression clouded the glitter in her eyes and she sank limply back into the chair moaning: "No, no! Let me think!"

Suddenly a harsh exclamation leaped from her dry lips. She leaped to her feet and ran across the room to the dresser.

"I'm getting it—my second wind," the woman panted.

She looked at the face in the mirror with new interest. It was pale, but calm, determined; and the large eyes were steady, resolute and fearless. Deftly she rearranged her hair; put on her hat and veil, and taking the check book went out into the hall. She tapped on a door to the left. A middle-aged lady opened it.

"Oh, Mrs. Warner, I wonder if you would allow me to wear your furs downtown. I have some good news. You know where my own are."

"Why, my dear girl, of course you can. I hope it will be your second wind, as you call it. And, now, when you come back I want you to stay for supper, Miss Roberts," invited Mrs. Warner, as she brought the furs.

"Thank you; oh, thank you so much! I know this will turn out all right. It has got to," she whispered to herself as she ran down to the street. She looked very stylish, and as she turned into Macbeth-Ward's piano store, the manager himself sprang forward to open the door.

"A piano? Ah, yes. Please step this way, lady. Here is an elegant upright, mahogany, for \$800, five per cent. off for cash."

"Yes, lady, the first tuning is free of charge. You would like to hear it tone? Simpson; here, please."

"I would like a higher tone," declared Miss Roberts.

"We will change it," said the manager.

"Thank you. Then, I'll take this instrument. You will deliver it tomorrow? Oh, the next day; very well. The address—Miss Nanie Roberts, 1728 Fairview place. You said five per cent. off for cash? I'll pay you now; the amount is, let me see—\$760. Isn't that right?" she asked as she produced the check book. The manager bowed and handed her an elegant fountain pen. She smiled deprecatingly, and pushed the check book over to him.

"Would you mind filling it out? I'm not familiar with the—thank you so much." He wrote the check and she signed it. Then, smiling, he bowed her out with an elaborate flourish.

"I don't know her, and she was easy, so I just raised it a hundred," laughed the manager to his assistant. "Good instrument, though."

At four o'clock the next day there was a hurried rap on Miss Roberts' door. She drew a quick breath, opened it and confronted a small boy who thrust an envelope into her hand. She broke the seal.

It contained a note and her check. The note ran: "Some error—no funds; please call, Macbeth-Ward's Piano Co."

"I'll arrange to drop in to-morrow," she said to the boy, and closed the door. Flushed and trembling, she rushed to the window and inspected the returned check. Yes, thank goodness!—there was the piano company's bold indorsement on the back; and the bank teller had neglected to mark the check. She hurried out and down to the bank (not the same bank). In an hour she was seated in a parlor car steaming away from self-destruction and the town she hated to think about. On her pale face was a happy smile, and the cause in her pocket, a roll of greenbacks she had wisely exchanged gold for. "Of two sins I chose the lesser, and one I can undo some day," and, she added, softly: "I have my second wind."

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