

THE MYSTERY OF THE DISAPPEARANCE

of STUART CRANE'S BED CLOTHES

STUART CRANE, traveler for a Cincinnati shoe house, is in a hospital at Youngstown, suffering from complete nervous breakdown, the result of a series of mysterious, inexplicable happenings which have driven him almost to madness.

Twice before in the last two years this man, who is renowned for his nerve, his free and easy style, his "busting" ability, has been driven almost insane by worry and the mystery that surrounds him, and to which neither he nor those with whom he is associated are able to discover the slightest clue.

The entire mystery which may drive him to death unless it is explained—hinges on one thing. Sometimes once a week, sometimes every day for a week, sometimes once a month, the bed clothes from the bed in which he is sleeping have mysteriously disappeared, and never yet has any trace of them—so far as he can discover—been found.

The repetition of the mysterious disappearance of the bed clothes has changed the man from a jolly, care free, hard working business man, intent on beating the other fellow and making a sale in face of all obstacles, to a half insane, nervous, trembling individual. Yet the firm which employs him has insisted that he shall remain at work until the mystery is solved and the cause for the disappearance of the bed clothes is found.

drinking habits. He never had been a hard drinker, but he had been in the habit of taking a few glasses of beer before going to bed, and, because of the mysterious disappearance of the bed clothes, he stopped even that. Until September there was nothing unusual in his life, and he had one of the most prosperous seasons of his career. Sales were large and his commissions big, so he began to plan to marry a girl with whom he was in love, believing that his income at last justified the step.

On Sept. 10, 1903, Crane was in Lexington, Ky. He had little business and met few people, as Lexington had just been added to his territory, and he retired, worn out, about 11 o'clock. Before 12 o'clock the bed clothes had disappeared. He confessed that on that occasion he was frightened. He did not ring for more bed clothes, as the night was warm, and he left the hotel without saying anything to the clerks. The loss of the bed linen and a handsome coverlet was discovered and Crane was charged with packing them in his trunk. He of course denied the charges, but offered to pay the full cost price of the missing articles, returning to Lexington from Frankfort to settle the claim and sleeping there. That night the bed clothes disappeared again. He invited the hotel people to search his baggage, and they were as puzzled as he.

Business required that he remain in Lexington for several days, and, after paying the hotel people for the two sets of bed clothes, he moved over to the Phoenix—and that night his bed clothes disappeared again.

Suspects a Mysterious Enemy.

Crane by that time was in a state of panic. He concluded that he was being pursued by some mysterious enemy. He

even thought that there was something supernatural in the disappearance of the sheets and shams, and began to wonder about ghosts.

On Sept. 15 he went to Louisville and put up at the Gault house. That night the bed clothes disappeared again, and he was thrown into a condition of terror. He left his trunk in his room at the Gault and went to sleep that night at the Louisville hotel, further down the street, and the bed clothes disappeared again. He had looked and barred every door and window of his room, and he found them locked and barred again in the morning—but the bed clothes were gone.

He was frantic over the mysterious affairs, but even his wildest imaginations could not reach a satisfactory solution of the case. He was planning to be married in October, but, after much deliberation and consultation with the young woman who was to become his wife, and explanation of his strange case, they agreed to postpone the marriage until the mystery could be solved.

There were no further developments until June of 1904, and Crane was beginning to think of the matter as a freak of sleep walking on his part, when one night he stopped at the Warner house in Chillicothe, O. It happened that there was a street car on and the hotel was crowded, so Crane doubled up with his friend, "Bud" McKeenan, a grocery salesman. They retired at 11 o'clock, and at 1 o'clock "Bud" kicked him and accused him of pulling off the covers. They had an argument, and finally both fully awake, got up to search for the bed clothes. They had disappeared utterly. Not a trace of them could be found. McKeenan was mad, declaring Crane had played a trick on him, but when he saw the frightened condition of his companion he cooled down and tried to treat the matter as a jest.

Bellboy Frightened by Disappearance.

It was no jest for Crane, however. He worried over the removal of the occurrence and could not forget it. Two nights later, in the Healy house at New Vienna, O., the bed clothes disappeared again, and Crane, reduced to a condition of nervous excitement, was ready for anything. The next night he arrived at Blanchester a fit subject for a hospital bed.

He appealed to the landlord, Eddie Hawk of the Bindley

When They First Disappeared.

The first experience Crane had in losing his bed clothes was in February, 1903, when Crane was selling goods in Hillsboro, a country town in Highland county, Ohio. Crane had sold a big bill of goods to Fybel Bros., one of the leading stores of the town, and, of course, went out in the evening with members of the firm, Harry Gordon and Irving Smith and El Hough were with him until late in the evening, when he retired to his room in the Parker house.

The night was bitterly cold, and he left the steam turned on in full force, yet, before daylight, he was awakened by a sense of chilliness and discovered that he was lying on the bed without a stitch of bed clothing. He was angry. He suspected that some of the crowd with whom he had foregathered in the evening had played a joke upon him, and he rang for the bellboy, demanding bed clothes. He left Hillsboro convinced that Smith and Gordon had played a joke on him—but he concluded that it would be wise to say nothing about it, for fear of arousing resentment and "queering" his trade in the town.

The next night he made Greenfield and stopped at the Harper house, forgetting all about the bed clothes. He sold a big bill of goods to Max Grunenthaler, and that evening "set them up" to the boys around Carruthers' place for a couple of hours, as was his custom, before retiring to his bed in the hotel. He retired somewhere about midnight, and before 2 o'clock waked up and found that all his bed clothes had disappeared.

Thought It Was a Joke.

This time he was puzzled. He rang for more bed clothes and denounced the fellows with whom he had enjoyed the evening. He believed, according to his story, that he had inadvertently mentioned his adventure at Hillsboro to the crowd, and that some of them had decided the joke was good enough to repeat.

He determined to have revenge in some way on the jokers, and filed the matter away for future reference in his mind, plotting to "get even" when he returned to those towns. He went his way in peace for several weeks, and had no more adventures until in March he stopped at the Arlington in Washington Court House. He arrived in the town late in the evening, stepped into the bar for a minute after registering, and, being tired, went direct to his room. He waked up at 5 a. m., and the bed clothes were gone again. Astonished and angry, he demanded more clothes, and, receiving them, went to bed again and slept until morning.

He came downstairs and, taking the clerk aside, he made diligent inquiries as to whether any of his "friends" either from Greenfield or Hillsboro had seen the register and decided to repeat the joke. There was no trace of any person, who ever heard of the two other adventures.

Possibility of Its Being Joke Removed.

Crane, on that trip, visited both Hillsboro and Greenfield and sounded out his acquaintances as to the "joke," but they were amazed at the idea of such a thing, and declared they never had thought of playing any joke upon him, much less such a trick as exposing him to catching cold.

Puzzled and only half satisfied, Crane returned to Cincinnati and went to his home in Dayton street, where he lived with his mother and sister.

That night the bed clothes were stolen again. He waked up feeling cold and the clothes were gone. His sister and mother both looked suspiciously upon him when he told the story at breakfast, and gave him to understand that they thought he had staid out too late and had hidden the clothes himself.

Crane was angry by that time, but his anger cooled and he commenced to worry. He could not understand it at all, because the stealing of the bed clothes off his own bed in his own home seemed to preclude the possibility of any outsider doing the deed. For several weeks he puzzled himself about the matter, when he half began to accept his sister's theory that he had been the guilty party and had hidden the bed clothes while sleep walking or while under the influence of undue stimulants.

He was extremely careful for several months about his



house, to protect him, and, to satisfy his guest, Hawk sent Ben Kent, one of the bellboys, to sit up in the room with Crane while he slept.

At 2 o'clock in the morning Kent rushed downstairs, frightened almost white, declaring that the bed clothes were gone. He vowed he had not fallen asleep, but that he had turned his head for a few minutes and shut his eyes, and, when he looked up, the bed clothes were gone.

That experience proved the undoing of Crane. He went home, and for weeks was sick with brain fever. When he recovered he told the entire story to the head of his firm—and, because he was the best salesman they had, the firm requested him to resume work and try to solve the mystery.

In his efforts to find the key to the strange occurrences Crane wrote as much as he could remember of the details of his experiences during the first year of losing bed clothes, and the facts given herein are taken from his memoranda.

Since then there have been nine recurrences of the disappearance of bed clothes, but they ceased suddenly in Oc-



tober of 1904, and Crane had no more trouble until May 3 of this year, when he was stopping at the Chardon in Zanesville, O. Then the bed clothes went away suddenly.

Pinned Them to Mattress in Vain.

Determined to solve the mystery, Crane on the next night slept at the Todd house in Jackson, O., and pinned the bed clothes to the sheet under him with safety pins, crawling into a sort of sleeping bag. He remained awake, partly from nervousness, until after midnight, when he dropped off into a slight doze. He awakened again shortly after 3 o'clock and the bed clothes were all right. At 3:35, according to his watch, he wakened again and the bed clothes were gone—and he was lying on the bare mattress.

For the next three nights—in Caldwell, Cambridge, and New Philadelphia—the bed clothes disappeared, and he arrived in Youngstown in a condition of physical and mental collapse.

He was taken to a hospital, and, that night, although there were four nurses in the ward, the bed clothes disappeared from his cot, and the next morning he was raving, being driven temporarily insane.

Two days later he recovered sufficiently to explain to the physicians and tell his queer story. He does not know whether he takes the bed clothes himself and hides them, whether he is being pursued by some relentless enemy, determined to drive him mad, or whether the bed clothes are snatched from under him by some superhuman force.

He declares that—if he lives—he will solve the mystery and marry the girl he loves.

How the Ideal Girl Should Look

COMPOSITE BUILT ON SPECIFICATIONS OBTAINED FROM EXAMINATION OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MODELS OF NEW YORK

HERE are the specifications of the ideal girl of the future.

Languid, with long violet eyes.

Her cheeks will be round and there will be a dimple in her chin.

Slightly above medium height, she will be plump, but not fat.

Her forehead will be high, and she will be inclined to be intellectual.

An Italian artist, Hector de Jurio, has discovered the ideal girl. Her features are found in real life. She is a composite picture. She is an ideal gathered from the best features of the best looking girls in the world. She is a group as it were of the seven prettiest girls in the universe. She combines the nose of one, with the mouth of another, and the throat of a third, the eyes of a fourth, the dimples of a fifth, the chin of a sixth, and the forehead of a seventh. She is a composite ideal.

Changes to American Ideals.

When Mr. de Jurio came to this country he saw at once the necessity of changing his models. He had worked with his eyes upon the old masters, and his pictures were classical. They were severe. They were hard in feature and rigid in outline. They were too sharp. They were too angular. The Minervas, the Junos, and the Venuses which he drew were not the lovable, soft type of today. He saw that he would have to recreate his ideals.

So he entered an art school, and for awhile he studied there, and here his model became, not the statues of the art galleries, but the living, breathing American girl. No longer did the Venus de Milo seem to him the prettiest girl in the world of art. His ideal became the soft faced American girl.

Gibson Girl Near His Ideal.

"I think of all the girls now being drawn," he says, "the Gibson girl is the nearest the ideal. She is feminine and pretty. She is big and handsome, but with it all she does not lose her girlish lines. She is far from being masculine. Not even her height and her erect bearing make her anything but feminine."

Mr. de Jurio made a study of the heads of all the best models in New York. And in doing this, he took pains to select no one particular type. He took the seven prettiest girls in New York in the model life, and was particular to see that they were not only beautiful but varied. One of the models was a Canadian-American girl. She had the high, haughty carriage of the English girl. Another was a southern girl, with the soft, round mouth of the girl of the south, with the dimples in the chin. In selecting the others he took the California girl, a girl from the middle west, a girl from the French type, with her patrician nose and handsome, oval

checks. He studied his types well, and from them he made his ideal.

How Ideal Will Be Made.

The ideal girl is to be, to a great extent, the self-made girl. She will not be born an ideal, nor will idealism be forced upon her. She will grow into the ideal, and the state of utter beauty will be largely dependent upon herself. She will become ideal by stages. She will realize her beautiful possibilities and will work for them.

And here, according to this artist, are the points which she will possess:

She will be Gibsonesque in type, like the Gibson girls, but a little different. She will be younger than the oldest Gibson girls, but a great deal more modern. She will show many of the best features of the newer types of girl.

Her complexion will be the newest thing about her. It will not be a peaches-and-cream complexion. Its hue will be more on the olive. The ideal girl, with the olive skin, will last a long time. Her skin will actually grow more beautiful as she grows older. At 30 it will be perfectly smooth, perfectly clear, without flaw or blemish of any kind, lovely as the petals of a cream rose.

The peaches-and-cream girl, the girl who is perfectly fair in real life, is one whose complexion is not always good, and when it is bad it is bad indeed. It fades and it changes, and it becomes gray and wilted. But the olive skinned girl endures forever.

How to Get Olive Complexion.

A physical culturist, teaching some golf girls how to get the olive complexion, advised them to play the game without a hat. "You will not feel the sun so much," said he, "and your color will be better."

"The hat," said he, "shades the forehead and keeps it from burning. It also protects the cheek bones. It preserves the color of the upper part of the face, but leaves the lower part exposed to the action of the elements."

"And what is the result? When a golf girl takes off her hat she reveals her face, which has been exposed in certain ways and protected in other ways. Across the forehead and on the upper cheek bones she is a cream white, often a pure milk white. But the lower part of the face is burned scarlet. Her nose is bright red; her chin is a vivid poppy; her neck and cheeks are all burned a bright shade. Across the middle of her face there is a divided line, and above this she is a cream white. She is disgraced."

"And the same with her hair. It is protected under her hat, while the back of her hair is burned to a light shade. She is spoiled, and she must wait until midwinter before she will look nice again."

Olive Complexion Made to Order.

There is a story told this London season of a society

beauty who desired an olive skin. Her face was tanned in spots, and her complexion was not good. "I shall stain it olive," said she.

Getting a jar of cold cream, she rubbed a little vegetable rouge into it, and when it was all a light brown, she applied it generously to her face. And then into this she rubbed an olive face powder. The result was a deep olive skin, a lovely tone which went well with every color under the sun. That night she made her bow at court, dressed in creamy white, with her ruddy olive skin showing above the gloss of her gown. She made a great sensation and the next day the papers were filled with glowing accounts of her beauty.

The eyes of the coming ideal girl will be languid eyes. They will be deep and not too alert. The brilliant questioning type will disappear from the world of art and the languid, contented type will come in. The girl who was once admired, the wide awake girl, the girl whose soul was in her eyes, inquisitive, inquiring, and eager, will disappear and in her place will come a more beautiful type.

The intellectual girl will go, too, the girl with educated eyes and a cold gaze. The languid eyes are the restful eyes, they are the eyes of the girl who is not always anxious to be on the go. They are the eyes of the girl who is not always ambitious, not always envious, not always wanting this or that. They are the dreamy, contented eyes of romance, the eyes that can look at you and enjoy you. They are not always thinking of something better than you are.

Eyes Can Be Made Beautiful.

"How can a girl make her eyes beautiful?" asked a woman of a painter. "She cannot paint them, but she can remodel them and change her thoughts so as to recolor them."

A woman can recolor her eyes by thinking beautiful thoughts. Angry thoughts make the eyes dark and snappy. Dull thoughts make them pale. In maturity, when cares come, the eyes grow into a brown. When one is happy they are violet. Happy, tranquil thoughts will make the eyes a deep, beautiful violet, and health will throw just the right amount of shadow under them.

Here are the things which Artist de Jurio says will distinguish the face of the coming ideal woman:

Her forehead will be high, smooth, creamy in tone, and of the intellectual kind.

Her eyes will be deep and dreamy. Possibly they will be of the Hebrew type. Her eyes will shade into violet. The chin of the ideal girl will be beautifully rounded. It will not be sharp nor hard nor masculine. It will be curved and there will be always a certain childish delicacy about it. It will be dimpled.

The skin of the ideal woman will be creamy and even in tone, with a tendency toward an olive.

The contour of the face will be Gibsonesque, soft and round, with nothing of the masculine in it.



Composite of Seven Prettiest Models, Each Furnishing Different Features: Eyes, Nose, Mouth, Chin, Forehead, Hair, and Shoulders