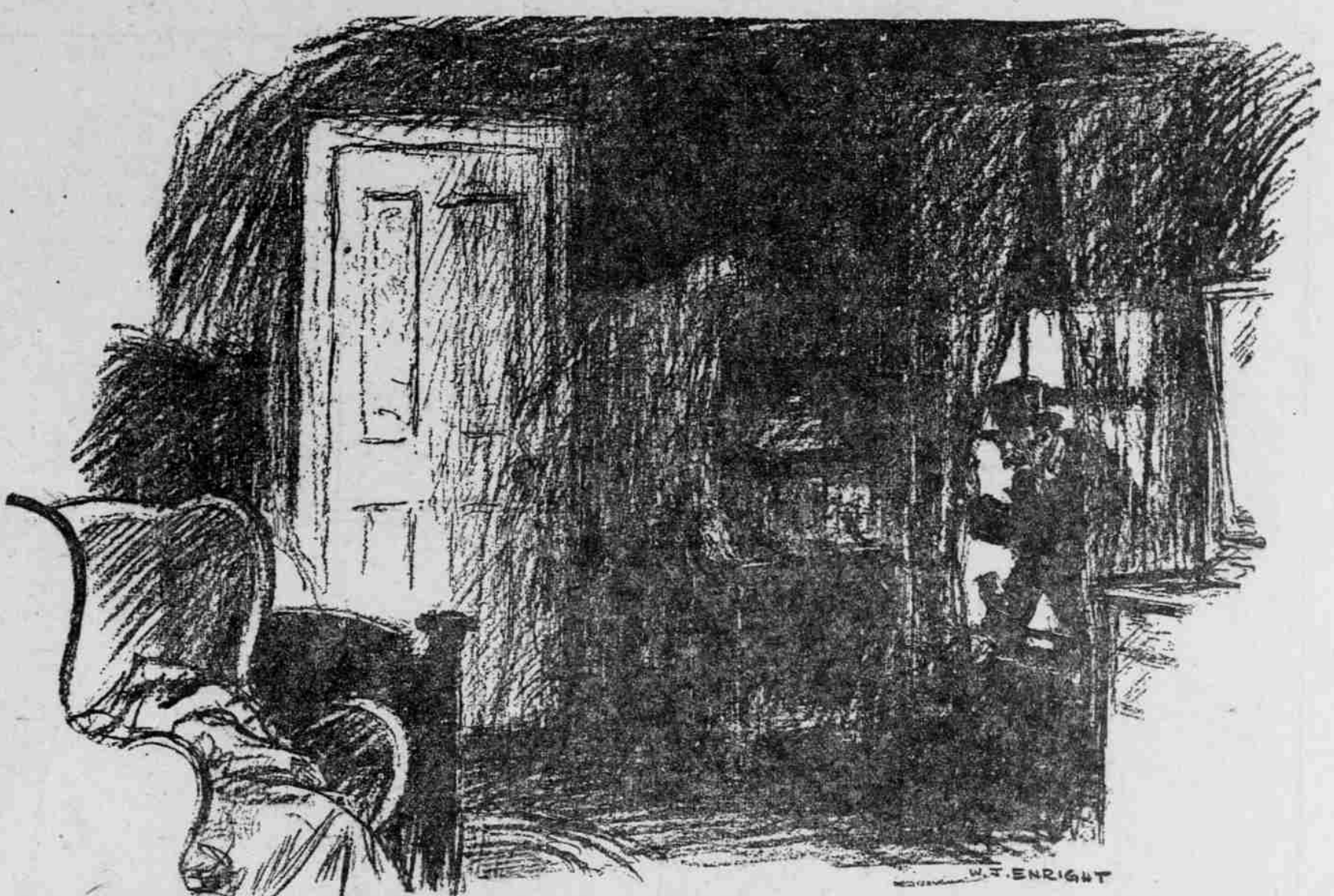


HOW RILEY'S GHOST LOCKED OUT THE UNDERTAKER

Senator New Tells How the Hoosier Poet's Hatred for the Men in Somber Black Caused Consternation in a House of Mourning in a Strange Manner



"So the undertaker went up the narrow stairs. They tried the door to the Riley bedroom, but it still refused to yield."

BY WILLIAM ATHERTON DUPUY. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY believed in ghosts," said Senator New. "Had he lived in those times he would have been called a psychic. He believed in ghosts because he had experience with them. He lived those experiences over in relating them to me. At the end, as he lay dead in his lodgings, there was enacted the final ghost episode in which the spirit of Riley evidently participated. I know the facts, because I collected the first-hand evidence. The sophisticated may offer theories in explanation of these facts. Their theories are but guesses. My story of Riley and his ghosts is a setting down of just what happened."

It was a strange thing to be talking about during those first busy days of congress, right there in the big white office building where United States senators hatch the legislation that governs the nation and evolve plans for the direction of the course of world events. But Senator Harry Stewart New of Indiana had been making such a reputation as a raconteur of mellow, playful ghost stories revolving around his lifelong friend, James Whitcomb Riley, that I asked him for a look at some of those yarns rather than a discussion of governmental economy or tariff reform.

It was restful to watch this intimate friend of President-elect Harding drop into the role of raconteur, so well did it become him. He is a born story-teller, a convivial spirit who likes his hour in the cloak room or with his friends on an evening. To be sure, rumor had been thrusting him first into one cabinet post after another these last two weeks. But, having spent 40 years in active journalism, he was unperturbed in the circumstances. A smooth-faced, middle-aged, blue-eyed, all-American looking man is Senator New, universally called "Harry" by his friends and handy with first names in return. These blue ribbon stories of senatorial circles grew out of a friendship with the Hoosier poet that began "way back in 1878. Harry New was a reporter on the old Indianapolis Jour-

nal when Riley, after finishing many wanderings as a combination barn-stormer and sign painter, went to work for the same paper. Both remained newspaper men in Indianapolis for more than 30 years thereafter and both knew the men and life of their time as only newspaper men may.

Out of these years of friendship grew the fact that Harry New sat long by the bedside of Riley after he had his second stroke and was partially paralyzed. It was not until that time that the poet made himself entirely clear as to ghosts.

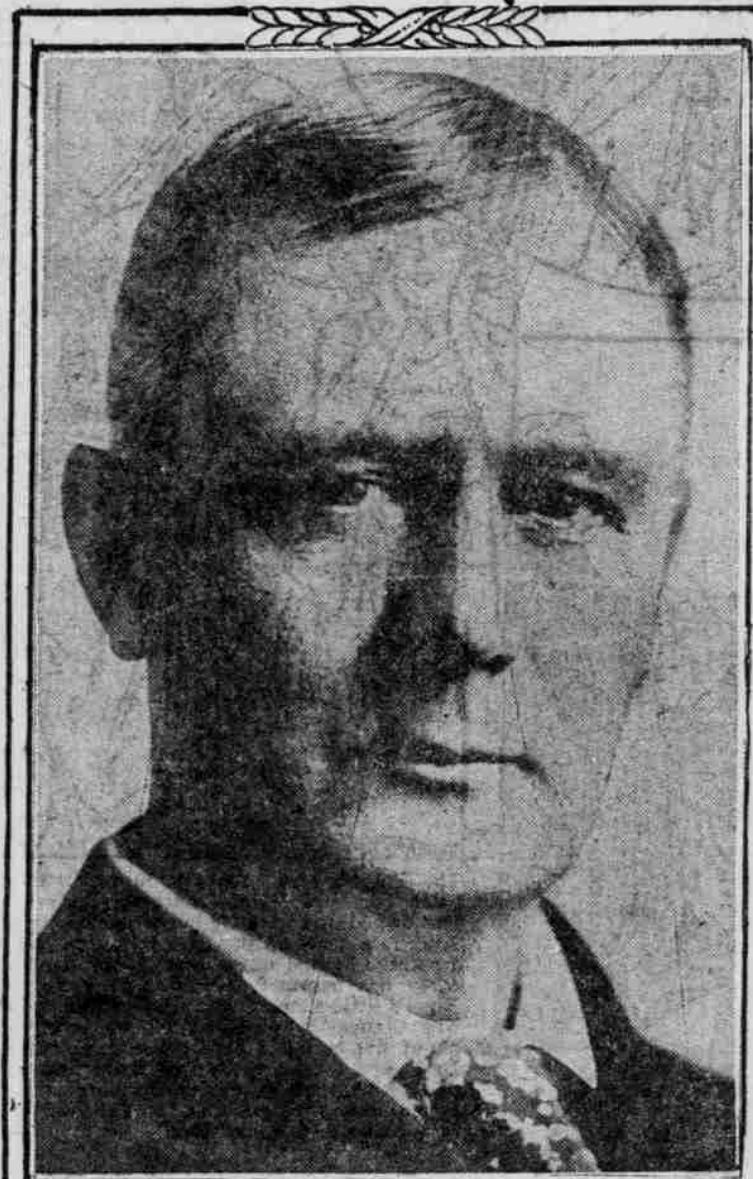
They were talking of the hereafter, discussing the eternal question of the existence beyond the grave. "Riley took the position that he knew positively that there was a hereafter," said the senator in his introduction. "He said he had definite proof of its existence. Of course, this led me to demand the proof, and he told me of two occurrences in his life which reached beyond the grave. "The first concerned Eugene Field, fellow poet and intimate friend of Riley. When Eugene Field died, Riley, who loved him dearly, wrote a bit of verse as a tribute to him. The verse was widely published in the newspapers."

"Francis Wilson was then a very popular actor, is still living, and was a friend of both Field and Riley. After Field had died Wilson sent a volume of his poems to Riley and asked that he write his verse on the flyleaf and sign it. He directed him to forward the book to the Burnett house, in Cincinnati, where he, Wilson, would be playing the next week."

"Riley followed the directions explicitly. Two weeks later he got a letter from Wilson regretting that the book had not been sent as directed, and begging the poet to autograph it and forward it to another address."

"Riley wrote back that he already had sent the book to the Burnett house, suggested that the actor again get in touch with the proprietor and have it hunted up."

"Wilson wrote once or twice afterward, saying that no trace had been found of the book. Riley was sensitive and thought that the tone of Wilson's letters implied a doubt of his having sent the book. He thereupon retired within himself and wrote no more letters."



An all-American looking man is Senator New, of Indiana.

"Nothing happened for a year. dering, he had gone to Chicago. There he had visited a venerable book store. Then, suddenly, there came an explosive letter from Wilson. The great mystery had been solved. Wilson explained that, after much wan-

"The undertaker got a ladder, brought it to the window and entered the Riley room in that way." the book store. The handwriting was that of James Whitcomb Riley. Wilson had hurriedly opened the package and it was the Eugene Field book with the Riley autograph. "But Riley did not know of the existence of the Chicago book store, had never heard of it, had sent the book to Cincinnati."

"When I pressed him for an explanation he beat the arm of his chair excitedly with his sound hand and shouted:

"'Gene Field did that! Gene Field did it! He had been sitting up there on a cloud laughing at Wilson and me all that time.'"

Senator New impresses upon his listeners the great earnestness of the poet, the fact that this was accepted as a concrete happening, just like a fire, a murder or an election. "Then Riley produced the second bit of evidence," continued the senator. "This time the plot revolved around one of those three or four best loved men of their generation, Robert Louis Stevenson."

"When Stevenson died his publishers sent a letter to Riley asking if he would not write for them an appreciation of the author of 'Treasure Island.' Riley did so, and his tribute was widely printed. The publisher thereupon sent Riley a check in liberal payment for his contribution. "It was characteristic of Riley that he sent the check back. He explained that he had paid his tribute to his dead friend because he loved him. He could not accept pay for the thing he had done in the spirit of friendship."

"The publisher replied that a great benefit had been received from the thing Riley had written and that he wanted to proffer some appreciation in return. Had he any set of books that Riley would like?"

"The poet said that he had no complete set of Stevenson, and, since the publisher had all these books modestly bound, he would be glad to accept a set of them."

"Then he waited for the books to arrive, but they did not come. Finally he dismissed the matter from his mind. It was merely one of those little affairs of life that did not work through."

"The months passed by, and finally that season arrived which marked the anniversary of the birth of the poet. Bright and early on his birthday morning the expressman came whis-

ting up the walk of the house in Lockerbie street, and left a large package for Riley. "The poet cut the strings with his old jack-knife and there was the set of Stevenson come to hand at the moment when remembrances are most appropriate."

"'Don't you see?' he insisted, again pounding the chair in great excitement. 'Stevenson had up those books and had them delivered on my birthday. It's a fact! It's a fact!'"

Senator New explained that Jim Riley was one of those genial, lovable, irresponsible individuals who are a law unto themselves. Like most such men, he was very sensitive, and there were certain things that set him off and against which he railed stormily.

"Riley's special abhorrence," said the senator, "was undertakers. He watched the oncoming of age with never-ending dread. He feared death and abhorred and agonized at a contemplation of its inevitable approach. To him the undertaker was a symbol of that death which he dreaded. He shuddered when a hearse passed him in the street. He cursed undertakers as carrion crows, vultures that feed upon the flesh of the dead, harpies that go about in the melancholy garb of men. I have known many a bright afternoon to be spoiled for Riley by the chance meeting of some undertaker on the street."

"Then, finally, there came the time when the poet breathed his last in his modest lodgings in Lockerbie street. He had never married, and there were no members of an immediate family to watch by his bedside when he had departed. "The Hoosier poet passed away during the day. An undertaker was summoned, came to the house, climbed the narrow stairs to the bedroom on the second floor where the body lay. There he performed the initial services in the preparation of the body for the grave."

"Then he went out in his quiet, noiseless way, closed the door softly behind him, told the people of the house that he would return later in the evening and complete his work. "Quietly he returned to the little house and remained unbroken until the hour of the return of the man of shrouds and coffins. Like a mournful specter he appeared at the appointed hour, climbed the stair, lighted dimly by the flicker of a gaslight."

He turned the knob of the door to the Riley bedroom. "But the door failed to open. The undertaker tried again, twisted and pushed one way and another without result. He came to the conclusion that the door had been locked. "He went downstairs and sought out the people who owned the house. He asked them for the key to the Riley room. He told them that the door was locked. "This assertion was denied. No body had been in the house but members of the family. None of them had locked the door. They would go up and show him."

"So the undertaker and the family went up the narrow stairs in the flicker of the gaslight. They tried the door to the Riley bedroom, but it still refused to yield. They attempted to put the passkey into the lock that it might be opened, but the key would not go in."

"There was no other door into the room. The only other entrance was through a window that looked out upon a side yard. The undertaker got a ladder, brought it to the window, entered the Riley room in that way, stolidly, unemotionally. He fumbled about in the dark in the room of the dead, struck a match, lighted the gas."

"There upon the bed lay Riley, cold and composed as he had been left. But in the lock of the Riley door there was a key. It had been put in from the inside, the door had been locked and the key had been left in place."

Senator New declares positively that he personally investigated the whole occurrence, took testimony from all parties concerned, cross-questioned the undertaker, the members of the household. These are the facts as they were revealed.

The senator applies the Riley theory to the circumstances. He takes into account the Field incident, the Stevenson incident. He bears in mind the Riley animosity for undertakers. He recalls the frankness of the Riley nature."

He concludes that the spirit of the poet sag on a blossoming apple bough in the side yard in the dusk of the day of his death and was convulsed with merriment at the discomfiture of the undertaker. And when he reaches this conclusion, the wise heads of his fellow senators are wont to wag in agreement."

MAUD MULLER AND HER RAKE FIGURE IN MODERN ROMANCE

Judge A. Courtin Goes in Automobile and When Bride Is Won in Meadow Honeymoon in Airplane Follows Wedding Ceremony.



MAUD MULLER. Rewritten for the Movies by JAMES J. MONTAGUE. CLOSE-UP of Maud, registering simple beauty and rustic health. 2. Maud rakes hay. Obviously unfamiliar with rake. 3. Judge drives slowly down the lane. Name plate on car left off, as no satisfactory arrangements could be made with manufacturers. 4. Judge stops across fence from Maud. Registers admiration. Subtitle: "Give Us a Kiss, Kid." 5. Maud shoulders rake menacingly. Subtitle: "Nix on the Mush Stuff."

11. Maud registers less alarm than you might suspect. 12. Farmer Muller leaps stone wall, tumbles over fallen limb. Gun goes off. Bang! 13. Judge registers relief. Subtitle: "Just One More Kiss and Then I'll Be Going." 14. Maud registers obstinacy. 15. Farmer Muller picks up gun. Rubs areas of his person. Resumes chase. 16. Judge looks up path. Farmer Muller appears in distance, shotgun in hand. 17. Judge climbs back into car. Speaks to chauffeur. Subtitle: "Home, James." 18. Farmer Muller joins Maud. Both look after departing car. 19. Car containing Judge flies over bridge and up road. 20. Farmer Muller and Maud look up in air. Subtitle: "Revenge in Sight." 21. Handsome aviator driving airplane at rapid pace. Looks down over fuselage. Subtitle: "Water, Water!" 22. Birdseye view of Maud and Farmer Muller, looking up. 23. Birdseye view of Judge and chauffeur in car, also looking up. 24. Airplane alights in field near Maud and Judge. Subtitle: "Need Any Help?" 25. Farmer Muller addresses aviator. Subtitle: "That Man Insulted My Daughter." 26. Aviator cranks motor and sails away. Caption: "Never Fear. He Shall Pay for His Stolen Kisses." 27 to 35. Race between airplane and car. 36. Airplane alights in road in front of car. 37. Car crashes into airplane, smashing car but not harming plane. 38. Judge emerges from wreck and is about to fly. 39. Aviator emerges from wreck and is about to seize him.

40. Chauffeur emerges from wreck and attempts to crown aviator with monkey wrench. 41. Swings wrench too far and crushes Judge, who collapses. 42. Aviator lifts Judge into fuselage, after taking monkey wrench away from chauffeur and patting him on the face with it. 43. Judge and aviator in air. 44. Aviator deposits Judge in field in front of Maud and Farmer Muller. Maud advances and bends over Judge. Subtitle: "Poor Feller. His Head Is All Dented." 45. Judge comes to. Subtitle: "Water, Water!" 46. Maud starts for spring house. Subtitle: "I'll get you some water, sir." 47. Farmer Muller registers disapproval. Subtitle: "Why Was You Kissing My Daughter?" 48. Judge rises and confronts him. Subtitle: "Because I Expect to Make Her My Wife." 49. Maud reappears with the water and gives Judge a drink. Judge looks at her, registering love. Subtitle: "Thanks," said the Judge. "A Sweeter Draught From a Fairer Hand Was Never Quaffed." 50. Judge, Farmer Muller, Maud and aviator in machine, with church spire in distance. 51. Wedding. 52. Subtitle: "A Judge Always Knows the Way to Court."

53. Judge on bench trying important cases. Maud sitting beside him, knitting. Fade out. (Copyright, 1921, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Air Service Now Quite Common.

LONDON.—British and French companies conducting the London-Paris air service carried from September 2, 1919, to October 30, 1920, 3293 passengers, 199,885 pounds' weight of goods and covered altogether a distance of 366,000 miles.

MORAVIAN MISSIONARY BRINGS RARE COLLECTION FROM TIBET

Life and Customs in Remote May Be Studied in American Museum of Natural History.

OUT of Tibet the secret, remote and forbidding, there has come to us a treasure-treasure to which clings a poignant and somewhat sinister atmosphere of oriental mystery and barbarism. Once again has been lifted a little corner of the curtain of silence behind which the strange and colorful drama of Tibet goes on, and we have been given a vivid revelation of life in the secluded land.

Often before, missionaries returning from far off countries have brought back costumes, weapons and implements which have thrown light on the customs and culture of the people who have made them. And now again a missionary—Rev. H. Marx, for 16 years attached to a Moravian mission on the Indian side of the Tibetan border—brings such a collection—large and rich in variety and interest. Through funds provided by J. P. Morgan, the collection has been secured for the American museum of natural history in New York City, and has already been placed on exhibition and examined by many visitors.

There are 320 pieces in the new Tibetan collection, and they cover probably every phase of the life of Tibet. There are native costumes—the men's consisting of a small hat trimmed with artificial flowers, long woolen gown, shawl and belt, coarse woolen trousers and shoes with heavily felted soles. The women's civil dress is much the same, but includes great brass pins and silver filigree ornaments set with turquoise and coral.

There are large ear-rings and finger-rings also of silver and set with turquoise. The necklaces made of very large beads of amber, coral and turquoise are worn as ornaments, but have also a religious significance. For their colors are recognized as symbolical. In some parts of Tibet there are three, in other parts five colors recognized as symbols; yellow for the earth; blue for the water; red for light and warmth; green for the wind, and white for the clouds, or heaven.

The five colors are used in the elaborate costumes of the "Devil Dancers," and in the masks used in the ceremonies for driving away demons. Of these, "Togdram," the five-skull mask, is especially celebrated and sacred. The five skulls surmounting the mask are supposed to be the skulls of slain enemies, trophies of the Devil Dancer, who represents a warrior of the old Tibetan mythology. Also of great religious significance are the "dorje" and the "dorje purbu," representing the thunderbolt. These are powerful weapons for the exorcism of demons. They are hurled to the ground by the lamas, or holy men, to whom they are the most sacred and revered of all religious objects.

Regalia made of human bones, carved elaborately; "potted lamas," made of clay and crushed lama bones; lamaistic rosaries of shell;

amulets and charms against bad dreams and fears in the dark, sickness, and the snow-leopard and wolf; prayer-wheels and sheaves of prayer-leaves; Buddhist idols; dice for use in divination; sacred temple banners—these are among the religious objects collected by Mr. Marx. Supplemented by what we know of Tibetan religious practices, they invoke a striking picture of the sacred temples, the pilgrimages and sacrifices, the self-inflicted mortifications, and the great religious communities in which the lamas, living thousands strong as in a vast, barbaric monastery, carry on their weird traditions and ceremonies.

Of weapons there are in the collection daggers and sabers, ancient bows and arrows, and poisoned implements of war and the hunt. And there is a heavy Tibetan gun, with its attached rest on which the Tibetan always supports his gun when firing. The spark for shooting off the gun is struck from the tinder-box. The favored of all his gods must be that Tibetan who is able to hit a moving target by means of this clumsy firearm. Harness and trappings for their horses, drums and bells are also included in the Tibetan military outfit. Here also belongs the imitation skull, trimmed with artificial teeth and long hair, in which the warrior catches the blood of his slain enemy, which he drinks to gain new vigor for the fight.

In his calmer moments, the Tibetan's savage breast is charmed by the strains of his primitive guitar and three-stringed banjo, the double flute of reed or bamboo, and the oboe, which is particularly the instrument of the beggar. And for his enjoyment he has fashioned pipes for smoking tobacco (both dry and cooled through water) and opium. These are all represented in the new collection in the American museum, as are so books in commercial and the more ornate classical Tibetan writing, and the first Tibetan newspaper, which was printed on the Leh Mission Press of the Moravian Mission.