



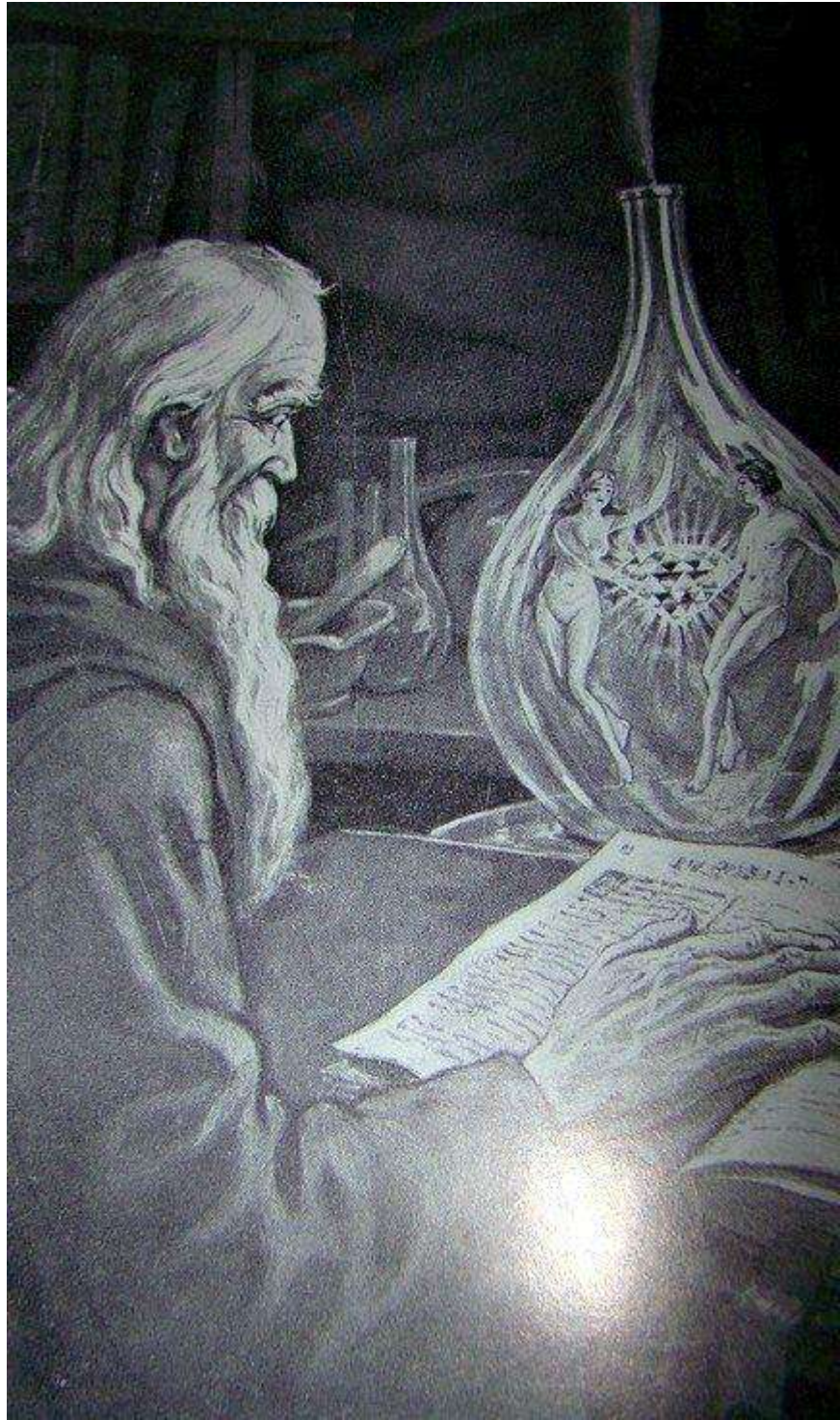
Джон Август Кнапп 

Художник-оккультист
John Augustus Knapp
(1853-1938)



THE VIGIL IN THE KING'S CHAMBER

The soul in the form of a man-headed hawk departing for Amenti



Теософия

Кнапп был глубоко вовлечен в деятельность Теософского общества Цинциннати и читал лекции для его членов в рамках серии вечерних лекций, эссе и чтений по вторникам. Кнапп также внес свой вклад в искусство – в IX томе Theosophist journal, The Path содержался рисунок Кнаппа "Дом, в котором была написана "Разоблаченная Изида"", иллюстрирующий отчет о резиденциях Елены Блаватской. В апреле 1896 года газета Cincinnati Enquirer сообщила, что Кнапп собирался сопровождать доктора Джиру Дьюи Бака на Теософский съезд в Нью-Йорке, который состоится через две недели. Ожидалось, что Бак станет - и был должным образом избран - следующим президентом Общества. Жена Кнаппа Эмили и их дочь Этель сопровождали его на съезд. The Cincinnati Inquirer сообщила, что портрет Блаватской, сделанный Кнаппом, был выставлен перед сценой.

Отношения с Джоном Ури Ллойдом

Кнапп впервые работал на Джона Ллойда в 1892 или 1893 году, создавая изящные иллюстрации американской флоры для первого тома «Лекарств и медицины» Ллойда, который был опубликован в 1894 году, а второй том вышел в 1886 году. Ллойд нанял Кнаппа для иллюстрации своего первого романа «АТИДОРФА», опубликованного в 1895 году. «АТИДОРФА» — необычное произведение научной фантастики и оккультизма XIX века, но это также и ранний рассказ о психоделическом

опыте, а изобретательные иллюстрации Кнаппа — одни из первых примеров англо-американского психоделического искусства. «АТИДОРФА» стала популярным и получившим признание критиков произведением, которое было напечатано восемнадцатью изданиями, а иллюстрации принесли Кнаппу известность. В 1896 году его иллюстрации к «АТИДОРФЫ» были опубликованы в виде серии стереоскопических слайдов компанией Pettibone Brothers. В апреле 1901 года газета «Бруклин Дейли Игл» сообщила, что было опубликовано новое издание «АТИДОРФЫ» и что «иллюстрации Дж. Огастеса Кнаппа особенно необычны и поразительны». Рецензент «Бруклин Таймс Юнион» похвалил новое издание за текст Ллойда и иллюстрации Кнаппа, сказав: «Иллюстрации необычайно удачно подчёркивают странную жуть, пронизывающую эту историю».

Ллойд попросил Кнаппа проиллюстрировать его повесть "Правая сторона автомобиля", опубликованную в 1897 году. Кнапп изобразил изящный пейзаж льда на горе Такома и три фотографии главных героев в оттенках серого.

Где-то между 1910 и 1920 годами Кнапп нарисовал для Кёртиса Ллойда сорок две акварели с изображением грибов, которые сейчас находятся в коллекции Библиотеки Ллойда.

1 января 1930 года была опубликована книга Джона Ури Ллойда «Феликс Моисей, любимый еврей из Стрингтауна» с многочисленными иллюстрациями Кнаппа.

В январе 1935 года Ллойд написал Кнаппу письмо, в котором обсуждал свои идеи для «Земли, которая была, но всё ещё существует», продолжения «АТИДОРФЫ».

Ллойд умер 9 апреля 1936 года в доме своей дочери в Ван-Найсе в возрасте 86 лет.

Перед смертью он поручил Кнаппу завершить «Землю, которой не было», но проект так и не был закончен.



Флоренс Видор позирует для афиши американского драматического фильма «Да здравствует женщина» (1921), которую нарисовал Джон Огастес Кнапп (сзади), а режиссёр Томас Х. Инс наблюдает за процессом, на странице 161 журнала «Examiners Herald» от 24 декабря 1921 года.



Artist J. A. Knapp making a painting for a twenty-four sheet for Thomas H. Ince's "Hail the Woman." Florence Vidor, feminine lead in the picture, posed for the poster.

Good, keeps them guessing as to the outcome.—C. M. Hartman, Liberty theatre, Carnegie, Okla.—Small town patronage.

Black Beauty, with Jean Paige.—Exploited this with **Black Beauty** drawing contest in the schools and sure had them talking about it. Bad weather cut down attendance. No fault of the picture.—Horn & Morgan, Star theatre, Hay Springs, Nebr.—Small town patronage.

The Fortune Hunter, with Earle Williams.—Not a new one, by any means, but it pleased our audience better than some specials we had just finished playing which cost more than twice as much.—J. L. Meyer, Liberty theatre, Ivesdale, Ill.—Small town patronage.

What's Your Reputation Worth? with Corinne Griffith.—Some picture. Was afraid from the title that it might be a little raw, but it isn't.—C. M. Hartman, Liberty theatre, Carnegie, Okla.—Small town patronage.

Black Beauty, with Jean Paige.—Patrons all pleased and they got their money's worth. A very good production. Drew fine.—A. Chasansa, Grand theatre, Cambridge City, Ind.—Neighborhood patronage.

Black Beauty, with Jean Paige.—A good picture for women and children. The men didn't seem to care much for this class of picture.—P. G. Held, Sterling theatre, Fairmont, Nebr.—Neighborhood patronage.

Wid Gunning, Inc.

The Girl from God's Country, with Nell Shipman.—This is a peach. I used this one as the first of a special feature week, and I am glad I did, as it pleased them all. Miss Shipman very good, while animal stuff was way above the average. This one can safely be exploited as a special.—W. Ray Erno, Arcade theatre, Charlotte, Mich.—Small town patronage.

The Blot, a Lois Weber production.—Good. This was second on my special feature week, and although business was slim it was due to its being Monday.

Wonderful chances for "be-ups" here. I have still to play **Quo Vadis** and **Home-spun Folks** on this week and I claim they have had some real specials.—W. Ray Erno, Arcade theatre, Charlotte, Mich.—Small town patronage.

The Girl from God's Country, with Nell Shipman.—Some picture. If you want a real picture grab this. There are no better pictures than this one.—Jos. O. Rickli, Eagle theatre, Pana, Ill.—Neighborhood patronage.

The Blot, a Lois Weber production.—Consider this a very good picture that will please at least 90 per cent. A great picture for the teachers and preachers. They like it.—C. L. White, Arleta theatre, Portland, Ore.—Neighborhood patronage.

Quo Vadis, with a special cast.—Drew a few extra that only come once in three years. Has quite a fine scene about the fourth reel. Also, when the lions are turned loose on the Christians, you will hang on to your seat. Pleased 95 per cent.—G. F. Rediske, Star theatre, Ryegate, Mont.—Small town patronage.

The Blot, a Lois Weber production.—Here is a good picture with only fair box office value due to the meaningless title. Why do they tack such titles on good pictures?—Charles H. Ryan, Garfield theatre, Chicago, Ill.

Quo Vadis, with a special cast.—A remarkable production that is an education in itself. A picture that no student of the Bible or of history can afford to miss. If your church element is "for you" get their help in putting it over.—W. Ray Erno, Arcade theatre, Charlotte, Mich.—Small town patronage.

The Blot, a Lois Weber production.—A wonderful picture. Should go over anywhere. Lost money on it here. Weather bad.—Jos. O. Rickli, Eagle theatre, Pana, Ill.—Neighborhood patronage.

State Rights

A Western Adventurer, (Pioneer) with William Fairbanks.—A western that

is full of pep and absolutely clean, and the young lady starring was sure good and her looks were very pleasing. She should be a star on her own. Full of thrills. Patrons (some of the well-to-do) say they hate old westerns, but you put one on and the very night that they come of course you have a western.—It's sure funny? They all like them.—Elbert I. Conroe, Conroe Playhouse, Conroe, Tex.—General patronage.

The Man From Nowhere, (Arrow) with Jack Hoxie.—Great picture. Has lots of Western stuff.—A. J. Florio, Son theatre, Newark, N. J.—Neighborhood patronage.

The Barbarian, (Pioneer) with Monroe Salisbury.—I consider it one of the best Westerns I have ever run and the comments on it were all satisfactory. It is a special production that is really above the average.—Charles Lee Hyde, Grand theatre, Pierre, So. Dakota.—General patronage.

The Dempsey-Carpentier Fight, (Rickard)—I saw faces at this one never seen in my house before. Didn't know there were so many men in the town.—W. C. Whitt, Hume theatre, Anderson, Calif.—Small town patronage.

Bonnie May, (Federated), with Bessie Love.—A disappointment. Bessie Love has been much better than in this. Story too silly. Pleased only a few.—Chas. Kochan, Idylhour theatre, Canton, Ill.—General patronage.

Fiddle Women, (D. N. Schwab), with David Butler.—I was not very much enthused with this one at the start but it improved with each reel and has a real punch at the finish. Just enough rural stuff to make it go over well.—J. W. Joerger, and H. M. Maloney, O. K. theatre, Enterprise, Ore.—Neighborhood patronage.

Bonnie May, (Federated), with Bessie Love.—Fair program picture.—E. A. Baradell, Palace theatre, McGee, Ark.—Small town patronage.

The County Fair, (Tourneur), with a special cast.—It's awful how we were held up on this so called special. It's nothing but a very common program picture. We gave \$15 for this for our town and it's worth about \$15, hardly that. Struck one bad night and lost money on this. Never again for us, buying these high pictures for winter time and running the risk.—Comique theatre, Jamesport, Mo.—Neighborhood patronage.

Eyes of the World, (Clune), with a special cast.—A picture that pleased everyone that saw it. A dandy picture for an off night. Drew good, in fact broke all house records.—W. C. Martin, Limber Lost theatre, Geneva, Ind.—Neighborhood patronage.

Bubbles, (Pioneer), with Mary Anderson.—Lay off of this one. I feel certain any company would make money by

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The Revenue Manufacturing Co., 717 Southern St., Cincinnati, O.

АТИДОРФА

Описание

Джон Ури Ллойд (Ллевелин Друри): АТИДОРФА, или край Земли. Странная история таинственного существа и рассказ об удивительном путешествии.

Книга повествует о путешествии, которое совершил человек под руководством загадочного существа во внутренность Земли. События этого путешествия оттеняют всё, что было написано Жюль Верном в его лучшие дни.

Но, вероятно, самой исключительной ее частью является то, что всё в ней написанное опирается на научный базис.

Доктор Ллойд, автор книги, есть один из самых глубоких исследователей. Он хорошо известен в качестве писателя по предметам, принадлежащим его профессии.

Ллойд описывает видения, вызванные неизвестным науке грибом, который герой романа обнаружил во время путешествия по обширной пещерной системе, протянувшейся под штатом Кентукки.

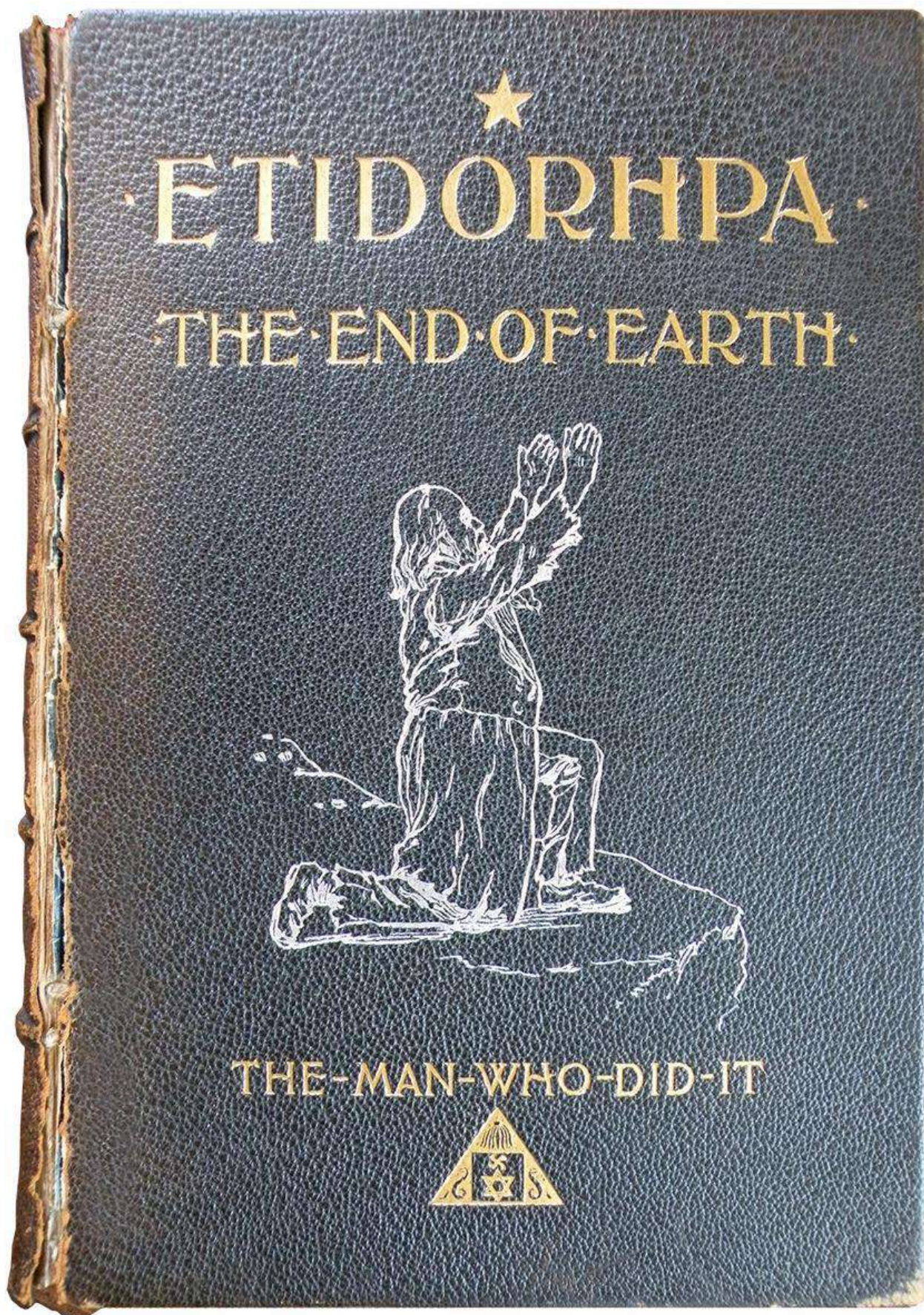
По своему размаху книга охватывает алхимию, химию, науку в целом, философию, метафизику, мораль, биологию, социологию, теософию, материализм и теизм — естественный и сверхъестественный.

Почти невозможно описать жанр этой книги. Она реалистична по выражению и фантастична за пределами высочайших полетов воображения.

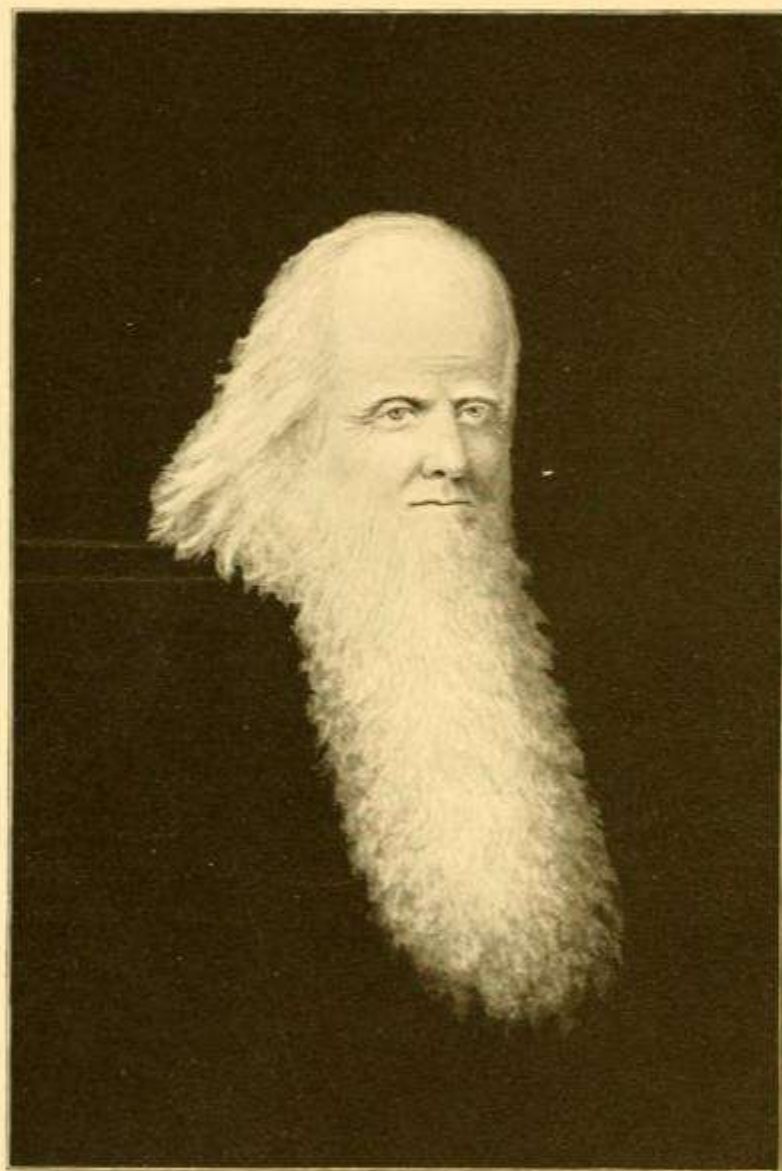
Елена Рерих давала этой книге самую высокую оценку.

Сюжет

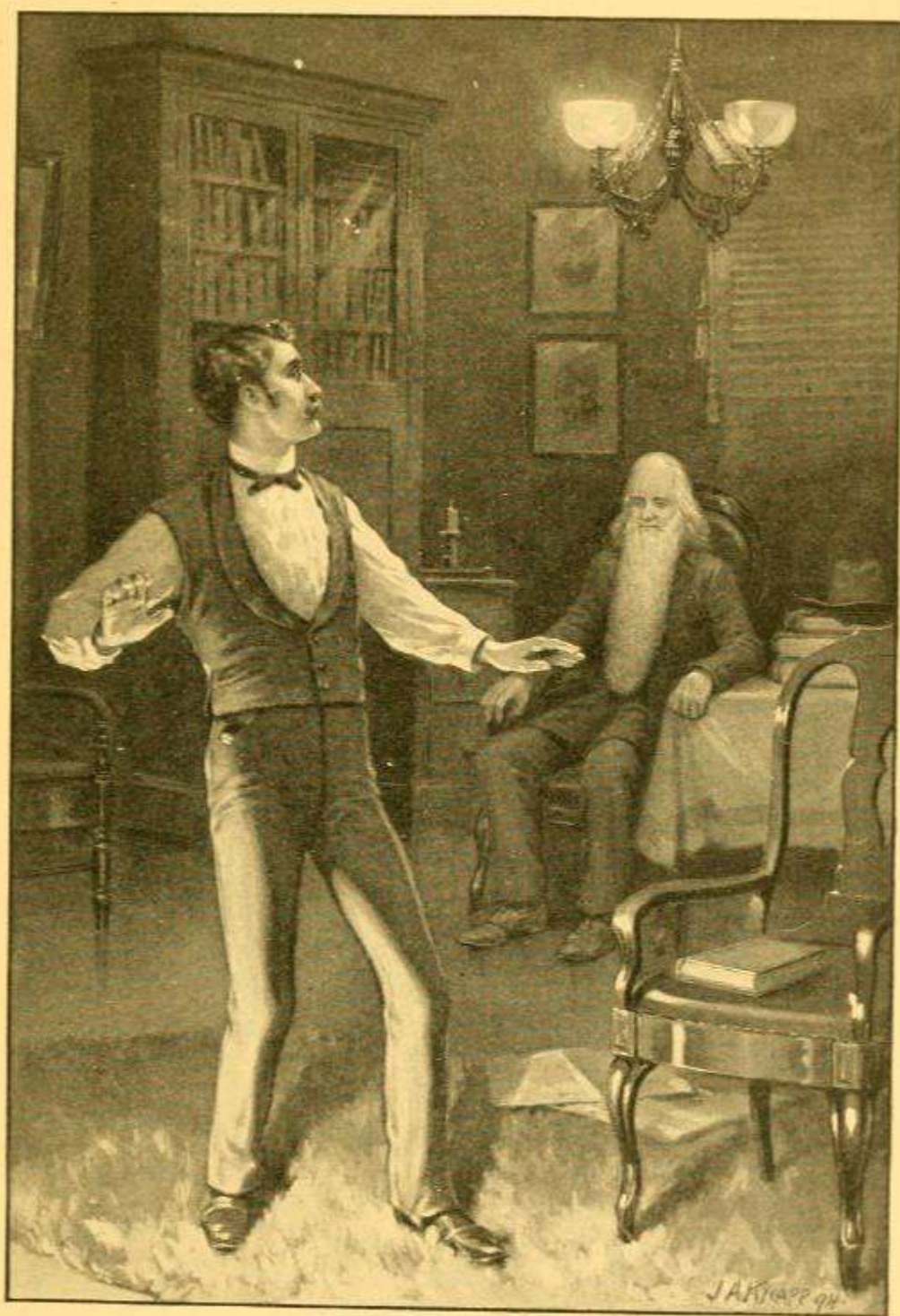
Герой романа, член тайного мистического ордена, совершает преступление против Братства и приговаривается к наказанию — отныне он становится изгоем из общества. Он отправляется в карстовые провалы штата Кентукки, где обязан будет пройти пещерами внутрь планеты в качестве посланца от людей нашего мира к обитателям Полной Земли, то есть мира подземного. Провожатым ему служит некое странное создание — получеловек-полурыба.



1895 год



I am the man

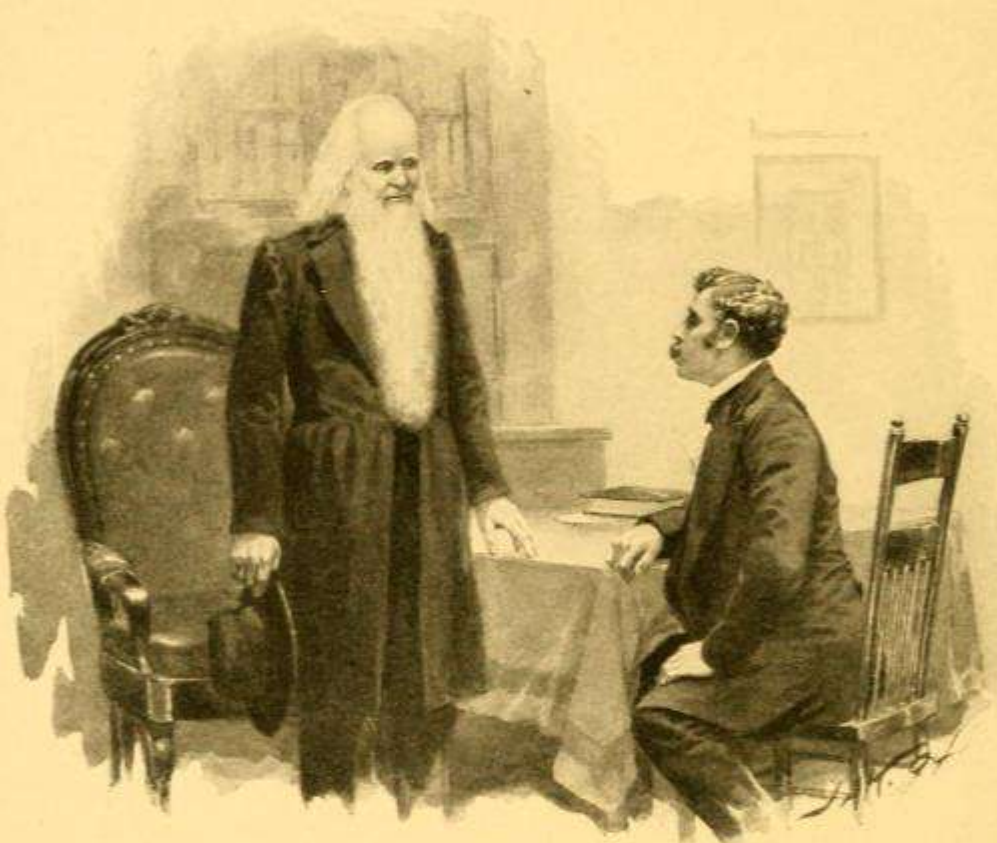


"AND TO MY AMAZEMENT SAW A WHITE-HAIRED MAN."

I debated the matter no further, but answered: "I accept, conditionally."

"Name your conditions," the guest replied.

"I will either publish the work, or induce some other man to do so."



"LET ME HAVE YOUR ANSWER NOW."

"Good," he said; "I will see you again," with a polite bow; and turning to the door which I had previously locked, he opened it softly, and with a quiet "Good night" disappeared in the hall-way.

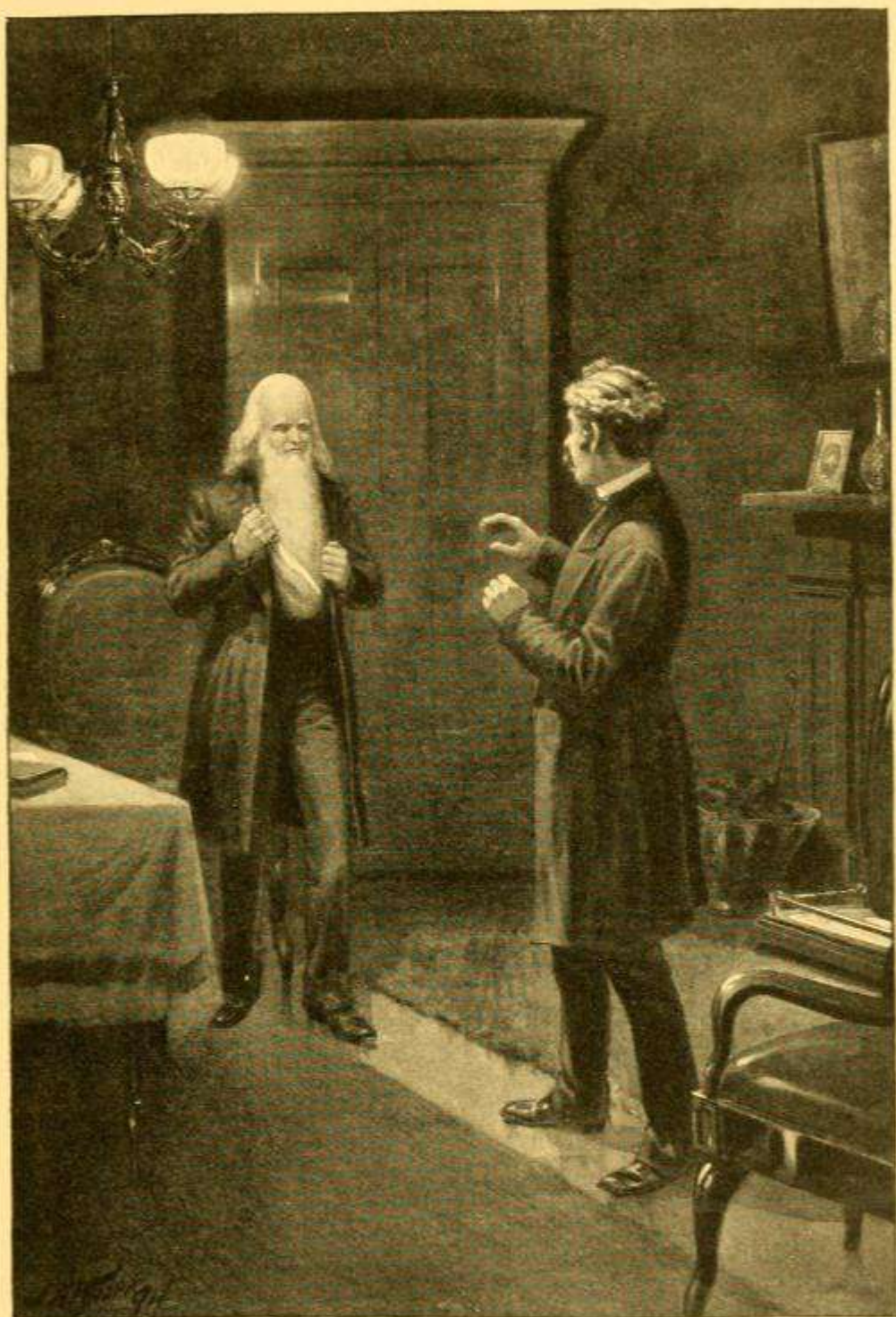
I looked after him with bewildered senses; but a sudden impulse caused me to glance toward the table, when I saw that he had forgotten his knife. With the view of returning this, I reached to pick it up, but my finger tips no sooner touched the handle than a sudden chill shivered along my nerves. Not as an electric shock, but rather as a sensation of extreme cold was the current that ran through me in an instant. Rushing into the hall-way to

found that day was breaking. Hastily undressing I went to bed, and closed my eyes, vaguely conscious of some soothing guardianship. Perhaps because I was physically exhausted, I soon lost myself in the oblivion of sleep.



"I ESPIED UPON THE TABLE A LONG WHITE HAIR."

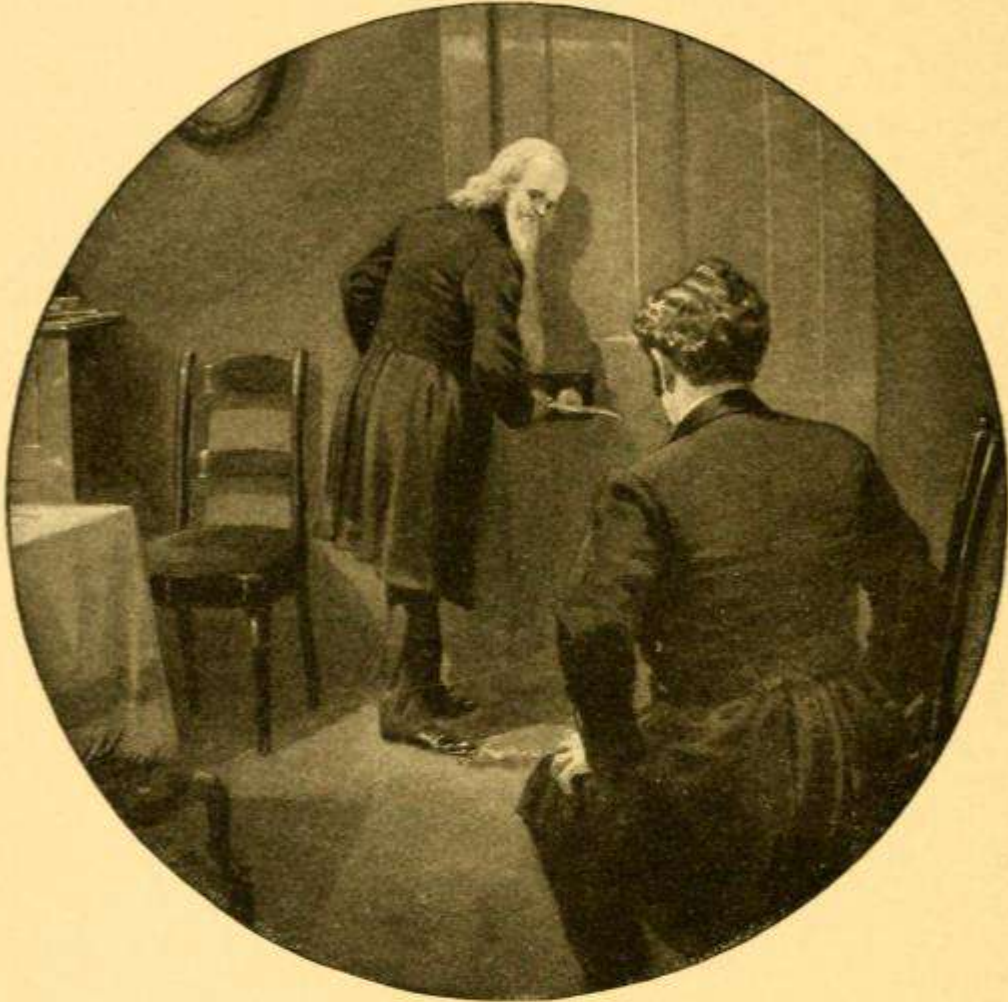
I did not dream,—at least I could not afterwards remember my dream if I had one, but I recollect thinking that somebody struck ten distinct blows on my door, which seemed to me to be of metal and very sonorous. These ten blows in my semi-conscious state I counted. I lay very quiet for a time collecting my thoughts and noting various objects about the room, until my eye caught the dial of a French clock upon the



"THE SAME GLITTERING, MYSTERIOUS KNIFE."

"Very good," he replied, "you have the idea exactly; proceed."

"I agreed that when the reading had been completed, I would seal the complete manuscript securely, deposit it in some safe place, there to remain for thirty years, when it must be published."



"DREW HIS KNIFE TWICE ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE DOOR-KNOB."

"Just so," he answered; "we understand each other as we should. Before we proceed further, however, can you think of any point on which you need enlightenment? If so, ask such questions as you choose, and I will answer them."

I thought for a moment, but no query occurred to me; after a pause he said: "Well, if you think of nothing now, perhaps hereafter questions will occur to you which you can ask; but as it is late, and you are tired, we will not commence now. I will



"MY ARMS WERE FIRMLY GRASPED BY TWO PERSONS."

voluntarily made to the craft, and now that they held me powerless, I well knew that, whatever the punishment assigned, I had invited it, and could not prevent its fulfillment. That it would be severe, I realized; that it would not be in accordance with ordinary human law, I accepted.

Had I not in secret, in my little room in that obscure Stone Tavern, engrossed on paper the mystic sentences that never



"I WAS TAKEN FROM THE VEHICLE, AND TRANSFERRED TO A BLOCK-HOUSE."

before had been penned, and were unknown excepting to persons initiated into our sacred mysteries? Had I not previously, in the most solemn manner, before these words had been imparted to my keeping, sworn to keep them inviolate and secret? and had I not deliberately broken that sacred vow, and scattered the hoarded sentences broadcast? My part as a brother in this fraternal organization was that of the holder only of property that belonged to no man, that had been handed from one to another through the ages, sacredly cherished, and faithfully protected by men of many tongues, always considered a trust,

was continued I believe for fully two days. I was again confined in another log cabin, with but one door, and destitute of windows. My attendants were masked, they neither spoke to me as they day after day supplied my wants, nor did they give me the least information on any subject, until at last I abandoned all hope of ever regaining my liberty.



"THE DEAD MAN WAS THROWN OVERBOARD."

which he lighted with a taper; the flame that resulted, first pale blue, then yellow, next violet and finally red, seemed to become more weird and ghastly with each mutation, as I gazed spell-bound upon its fantastic changes. Then, after these transformations, it burned steadily with the final strange blood-red hue,



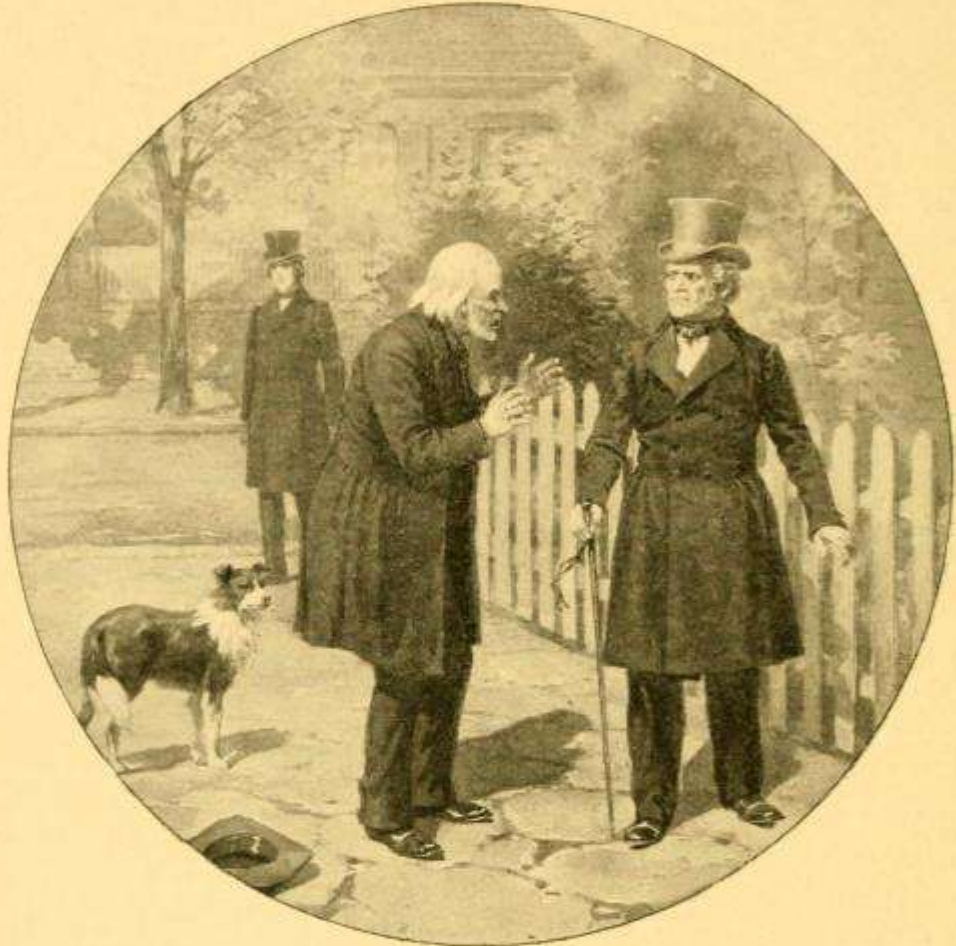
"A MIRROR WAS THRUST BENEATH MY GAZE."

and he now held over the blaze a tiny cup, which, in a few moments, commenced to sputter and then smoked, exhaling a curious, epipolic, semi-luminous vapor. I was commanded to inhale the vapor.

I hesitated; the thought rushed upon me, "Now I am another person, so cleverly disguised that even my own friends would perhaps not know me, this vapor is designed to suffocate me, and my body, if found, will not now be known, and could not be identified when discovered."

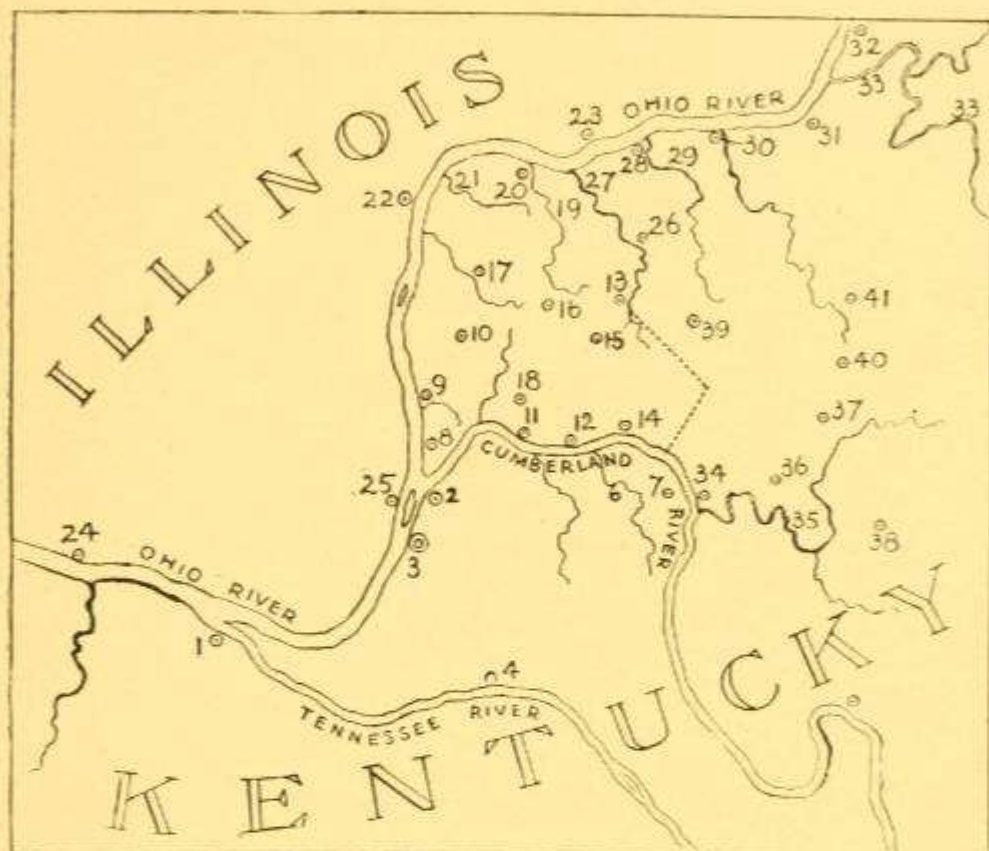
"Do not fear," said the spokesman, as if divining my thought, "there is no danger," and at once I realized, by quick reasoning, that if my death were demanded, my body might long

a drowning man might exert to grasp a passing object, I tried to control my voice, and preserve my identity by so doing, vehemently imploring him, begging him to listen to my story. "I am the man you seek; I am the prisoner who, a few days



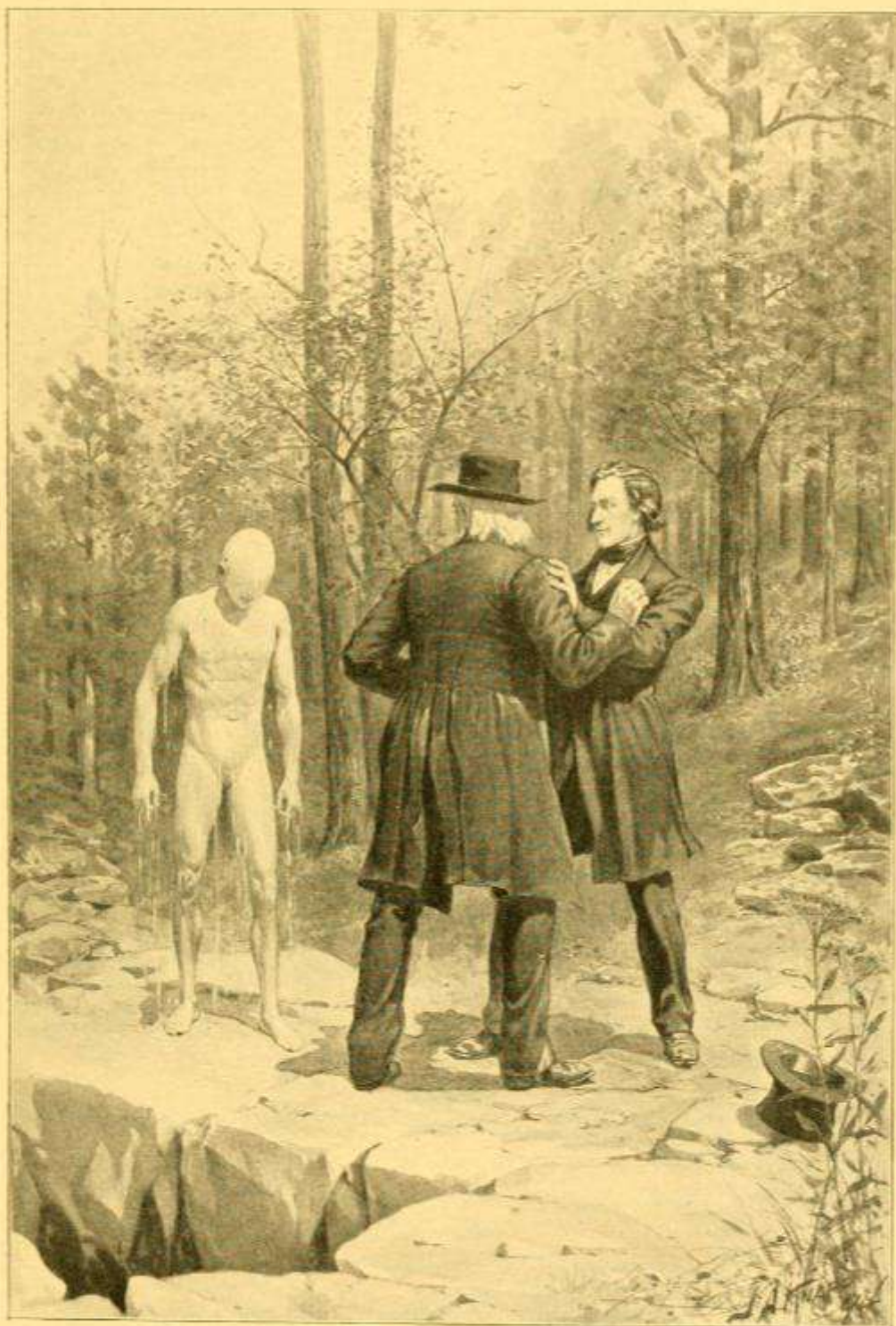
"I AM THE MAN YOU SEEK."

ago, stood in the prime of life before you. I have been spirited away from you by men who are leagued with occult forces, which extend forward among hidden mysteries, into forces which illuminate the present, and reach backward into the past unseen. These persons, by artful and damnable manipulations under the guidance of a power that has been evolved in the secrecy of past ages, and transmitted only to a favored few, have changed the strong man you knew into the one apparently feeble, who now confronts you. Only a short period has passed

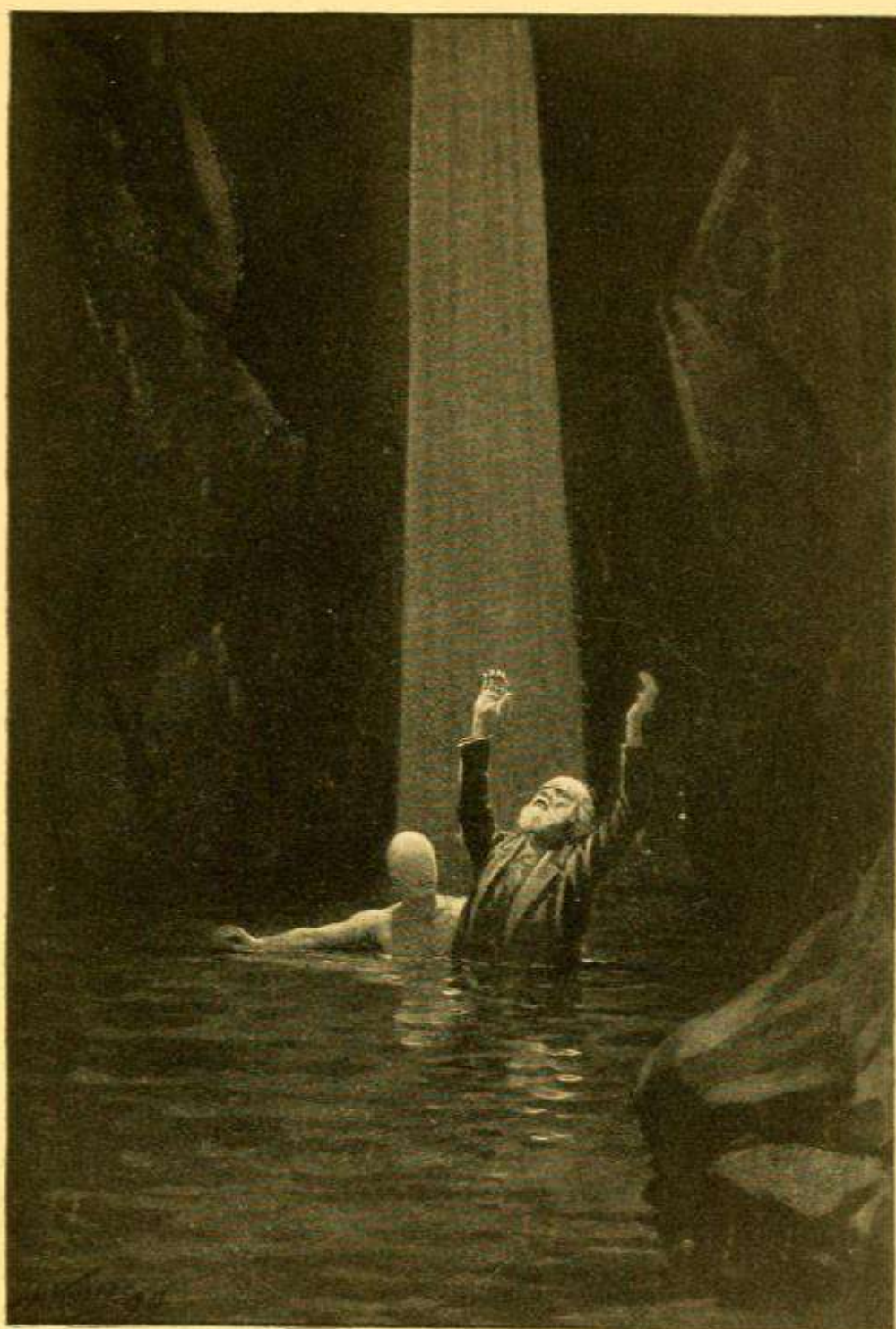


SECTION OF KENTUCKY, NEAR SMITHLAND, IN WHICH THE ENTRANCE TO THE KENTUCKY CAVERN IS SAID TO BE LOCATED.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Paducah. | 15. Salem. | 29. Hurricane Creek. |
| 2. Smithland. | 16. Hampton. | 30. Ford's Ferry. |
| 3. Old Smithland. | 17. Faulkner. | 31. Weston. |
| 4. Patterson. | 18. Mullikin. | 32. Caseyville. |
| 5. Frenchtown. | 19. Back Creek. | 33. Tradewater River. |
| 6. Hickory Creek. | 20. Carrsville. | 34. Dycusburgh. |
| 7. Underwood. | 21. Given's Creek. | 35. Livingstone Creek. |
| 8. Birdsville. | 22. Golconda. | 36. Francis. |
| 9. Bayou Mills. | 23. Elizabethtown. | 37. Harrold. (View.) |
| 10. Oak Ridge. | 24. Metropolis City. | 38. Crider. |
| 11. Moxley's Landing. | 25. Hamletsburgh. | 39. Levias. |
| 12. Kildare. | 26. Sheridan. | 40. Crayneville. |
| 13. Lola. | 27. Deer Creek. | 41. Marion. |
| 14. Pinckneyville. | 28. Hurricane. | |



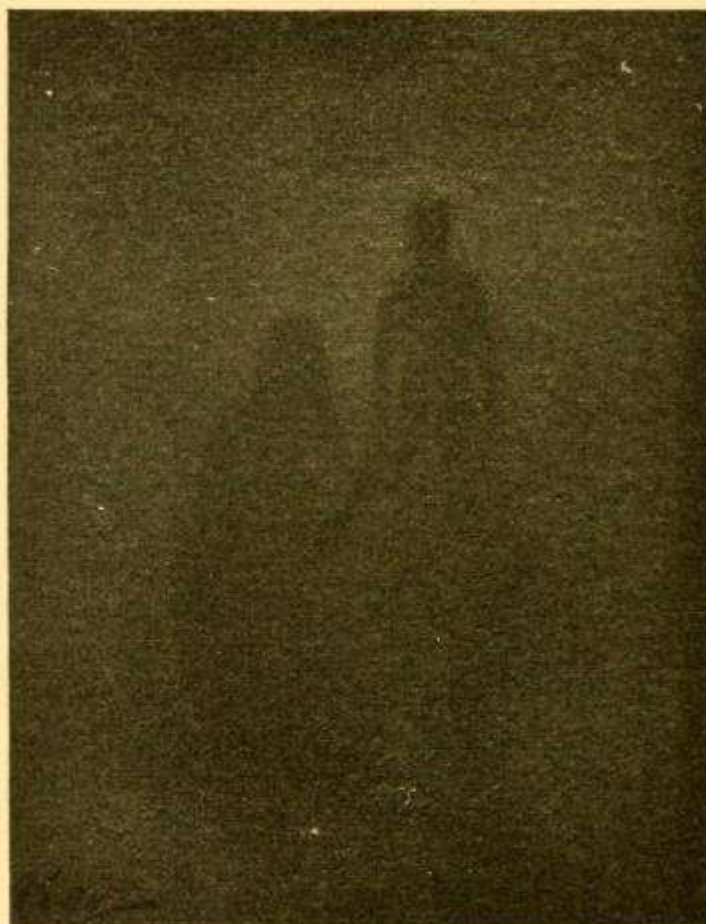
"CONFRONTED BY A SINGULAR LOOKING BEING."



"THIS STRUGGLING RAY OF SUNLIGHT IS TO BE YOUR LAST
FOR YEARS."

"But we approach the earth's surface? Soon I will be back in the sunshine again."

"Upon the contrary, we have been continually descending into the earth, and we are now ten miles or more beneath the level of the ocean."



"WE APPROACH DAYLIGHT, I CAN SEE YOUR FORM."

I shrank back, hesitated, and in despondency gazed at his hazy outline, then, as if palsied, sank upon the stony floor; but as I saw the light before me, I leaped up and shouted:

"What you say is not true; we approach daylight, I can see your form."

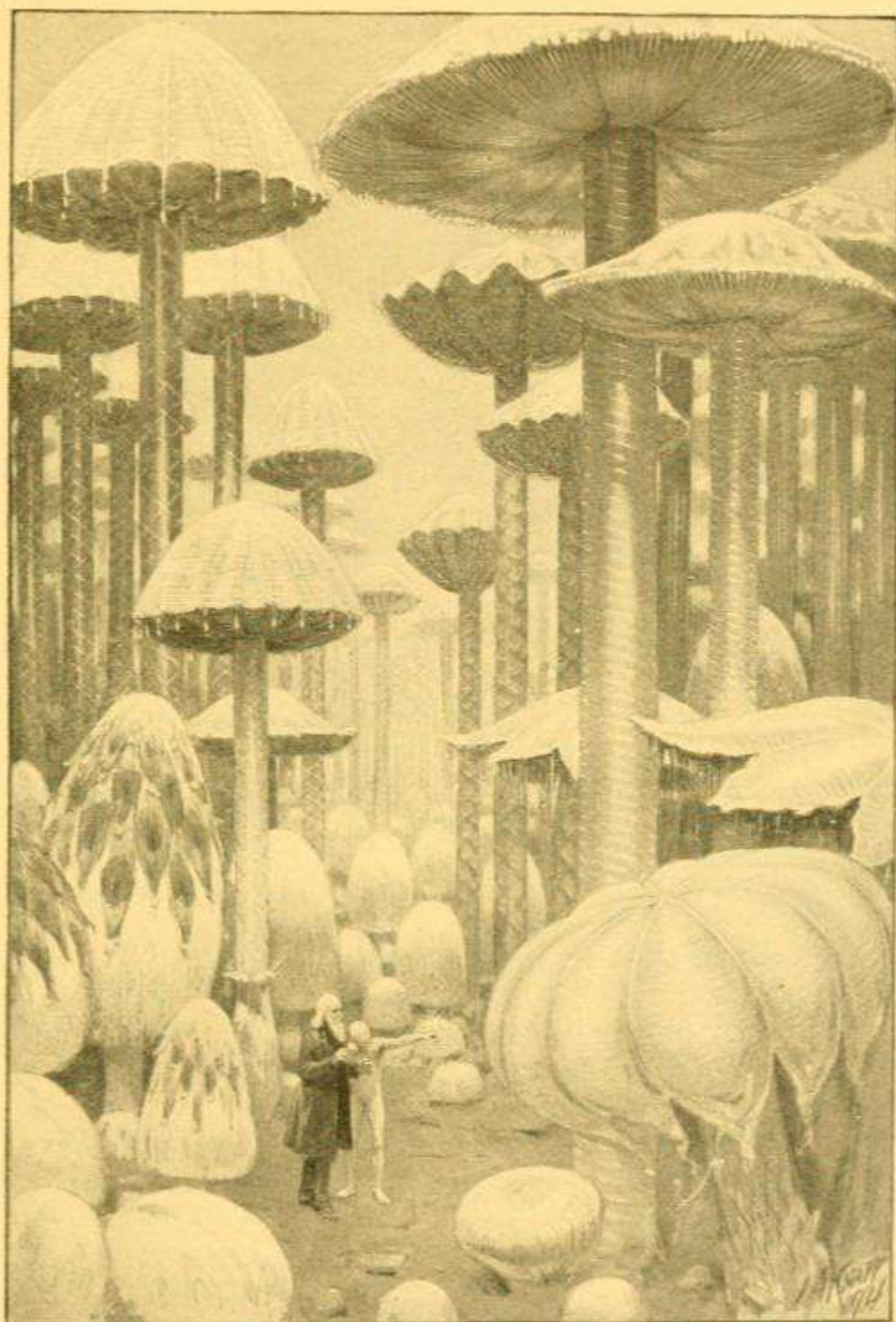
"Listen to me," he said. "Can not you understand that I have led you continually down a steep descent, and that for hours there has been no step upward? With but little exertion

occurring occasionally reminded me of travelers' stories, but these objects were not so abundant as might be supposed. Such accretions or deposits of saline substances as I noticed were also disappointing, in that, instead of having a dazzling brilliancy, like frosted snow crystals, they were of a uniform gray or brown hue. Indeed, my former imaginative mental creations regarding underground caverns were dispelled in this somber stone temple, for even the floor and the fragments of stone that, in considerable



"SEATED HIMSELF ON A NATURAL BENCH OF STONE."

quantities, strewed the floor, were of the usual rock formations of upper earth. The glittering crystals of snowy white or rainbow tints (fairy caverns) pictured by travelers, and described as inexpressibly grand and beautiful in other cavern labyrinths, were wanting here, and I saw only occasional small clusters of quartz crystals that were other than of a dull gray color. Finally, after hours or perhaps days of travel, interspersed with restings, conversations, and arguments, amid which I could form no idea of the flight of time, my companion seated himself on a natural bench of stone, and directed me to rest likewise. He broke the silence, and spoke as follows:



"I WAS IN A FOREST OF COLOSSAL FUNGI."

I grasped him by the arm and said slowly, determinedly, and in a suppressed tone: "I have come far enough into the secret caverns of the earth, without knowing our destination; acquaint me now with the object of this mysterious journey, I demand, and at once relieve this sense of uncertainty; otherwise I shall go no farther."



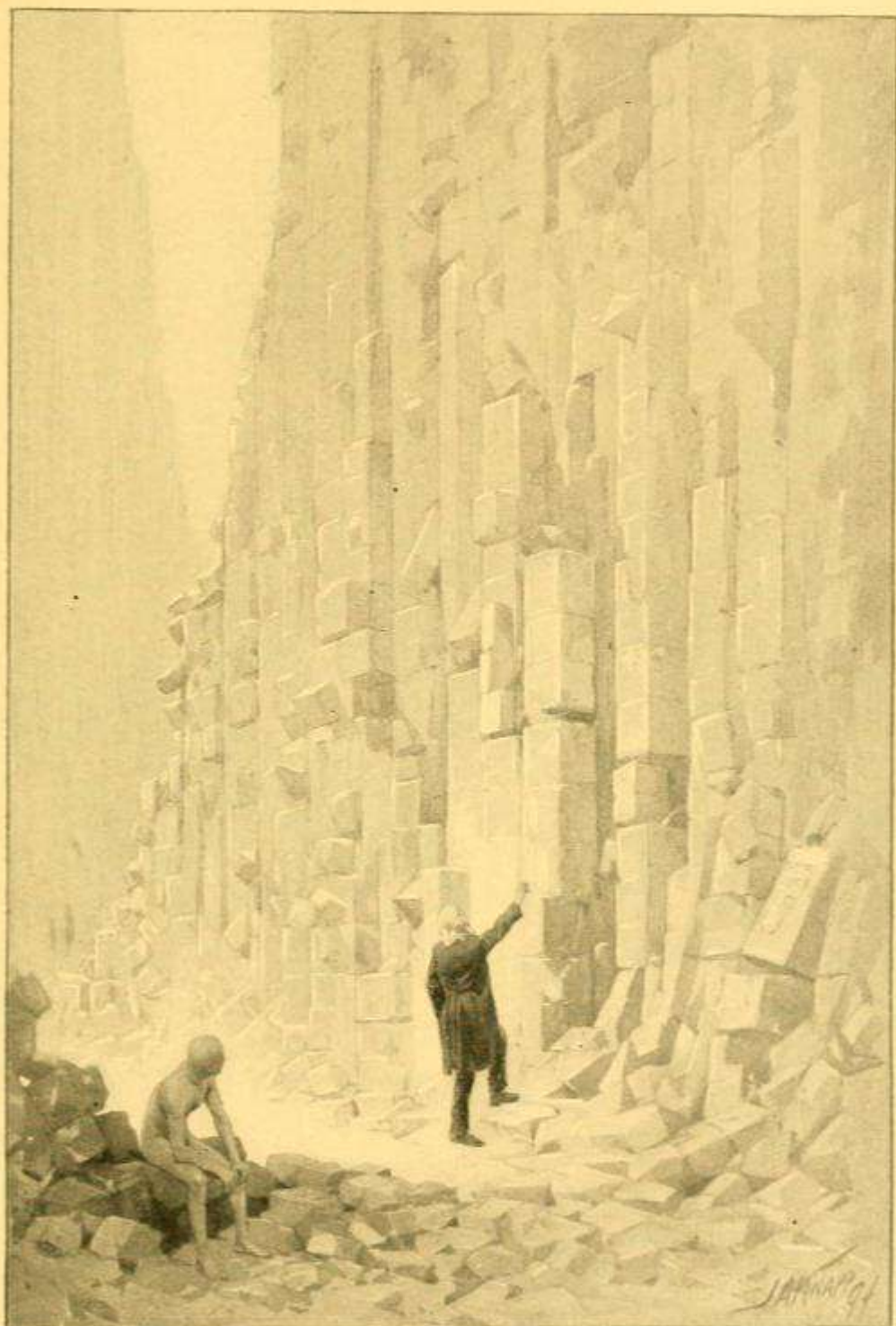
"AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF STONY FIGURES."

"You are to proceed to the Sphere of Rest with me," he replied, "and in safety. Beyond that an Unknown Country lies, into which I have never ventured."

"You speak in enigmas; what is this Sphere of Rest? Where is it?"

"Your eyes have never seen anything similar; human philosophy has no conception of it, and I can not describe it," he said. "It is located in the body of the earth, and we will meet it about one thousand miles beyond the North Pole."

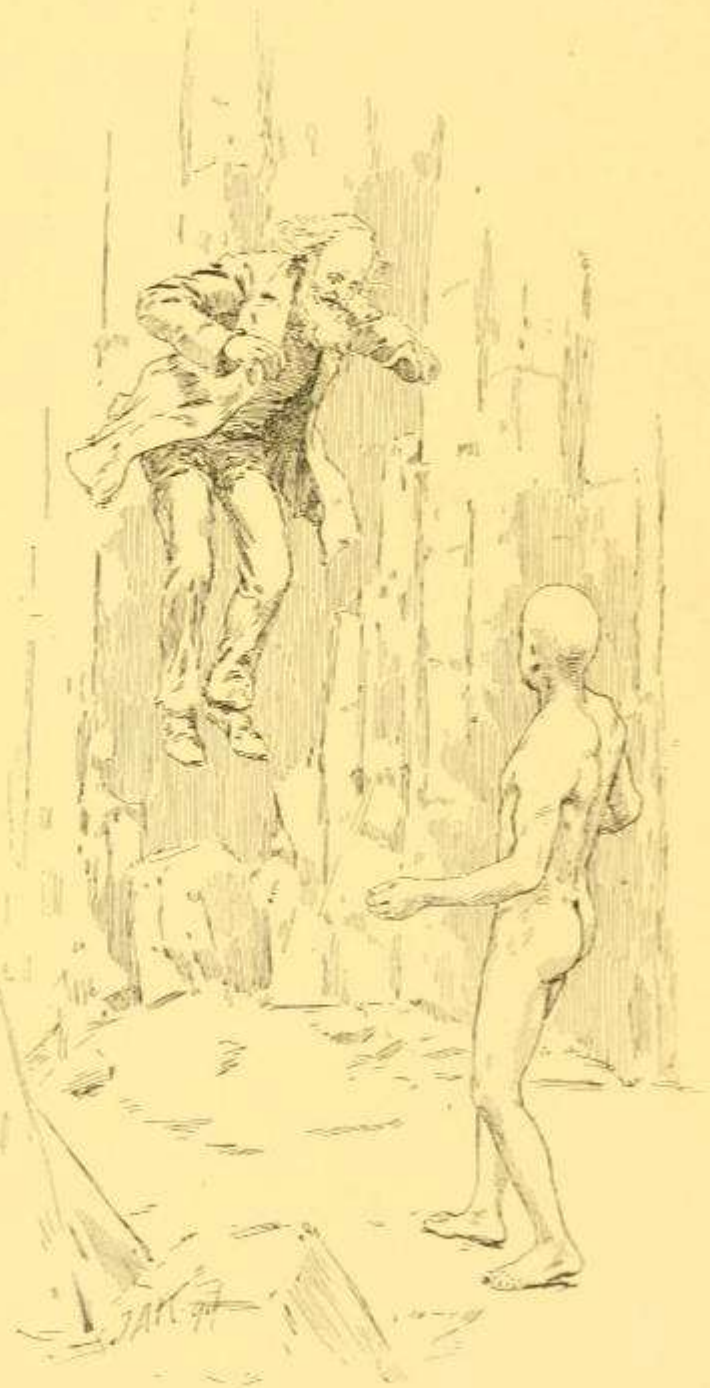
"But I am in Kentucky," I replied; "do you think that I propose to walk to the North Pole, man—if man you be; that unreachd goal is thousands of miles away."



"MONSTROUS CUBICAL CRYSTALS."

would long before this have been completely exhausted. You have been gaining strength for some hours; have really been growing younger. Your wrinkled face has become more smooth, and your voice is again natural. You were prematurely aged by your brothers on the surface of the earth, in order that when you pass the line of gravity, you might be vigorous and enjoying manhood again. Had this aging process not been accomplished you would now have become as a child in many respects."

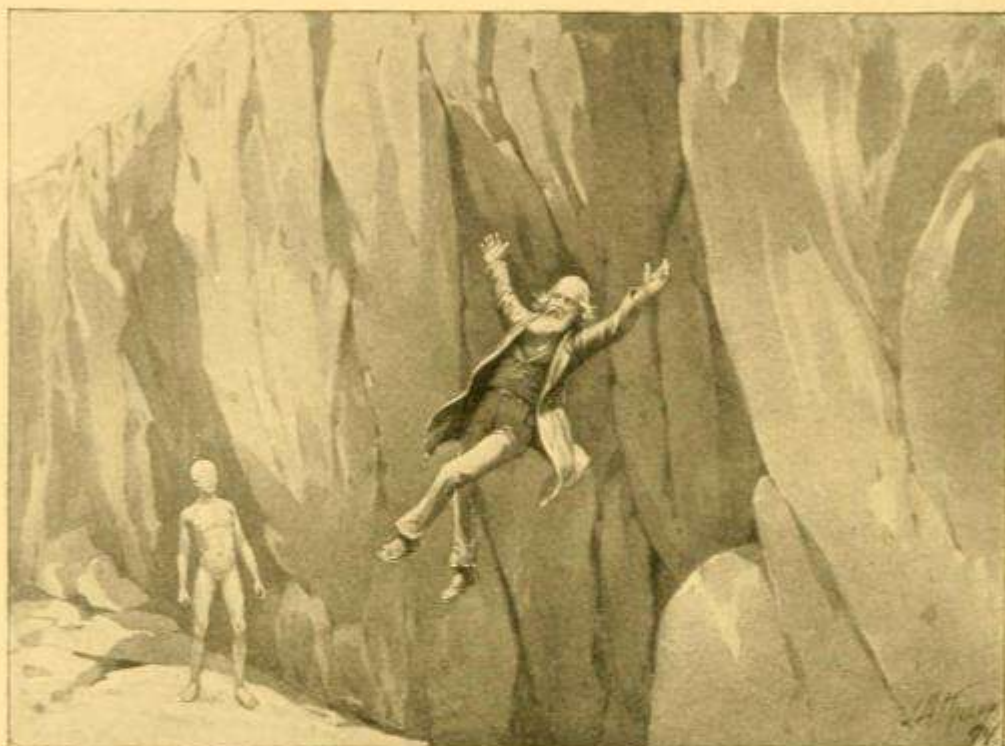
He halted before me. "Jump up," he said. I promptly obeyed the unexpected command, and sprung upward with sufficient force to carry me, as I supposed, six inches from the earth; however I bounded upward fully six feet. My look of surprise as I



"I BOUNDED UPWARD FULLY SIX FEET."

gently alighted, for there was no concussion on my return, seemed lost on my guide, and he quietly said:

"If you can leap six feet upward without excessive exertion, or return shock, can not you jump twenty feet down? Look!"



"I FLUTTERED TO THE EARTH AS A LEAF WOULD FALL."

And he leaped lightly over the precipice and stood unharmed on the stony floor below.

Even then I hesitated, observing which, he cried:

"Hang by your hands from the edge then, and drop."

I did so, and the fourteen feet of fall seemed to affect me as though I had become as light as cork. I fluttered to the earth as a leaf would fall, and leaned against the precipice in surprised meditation.

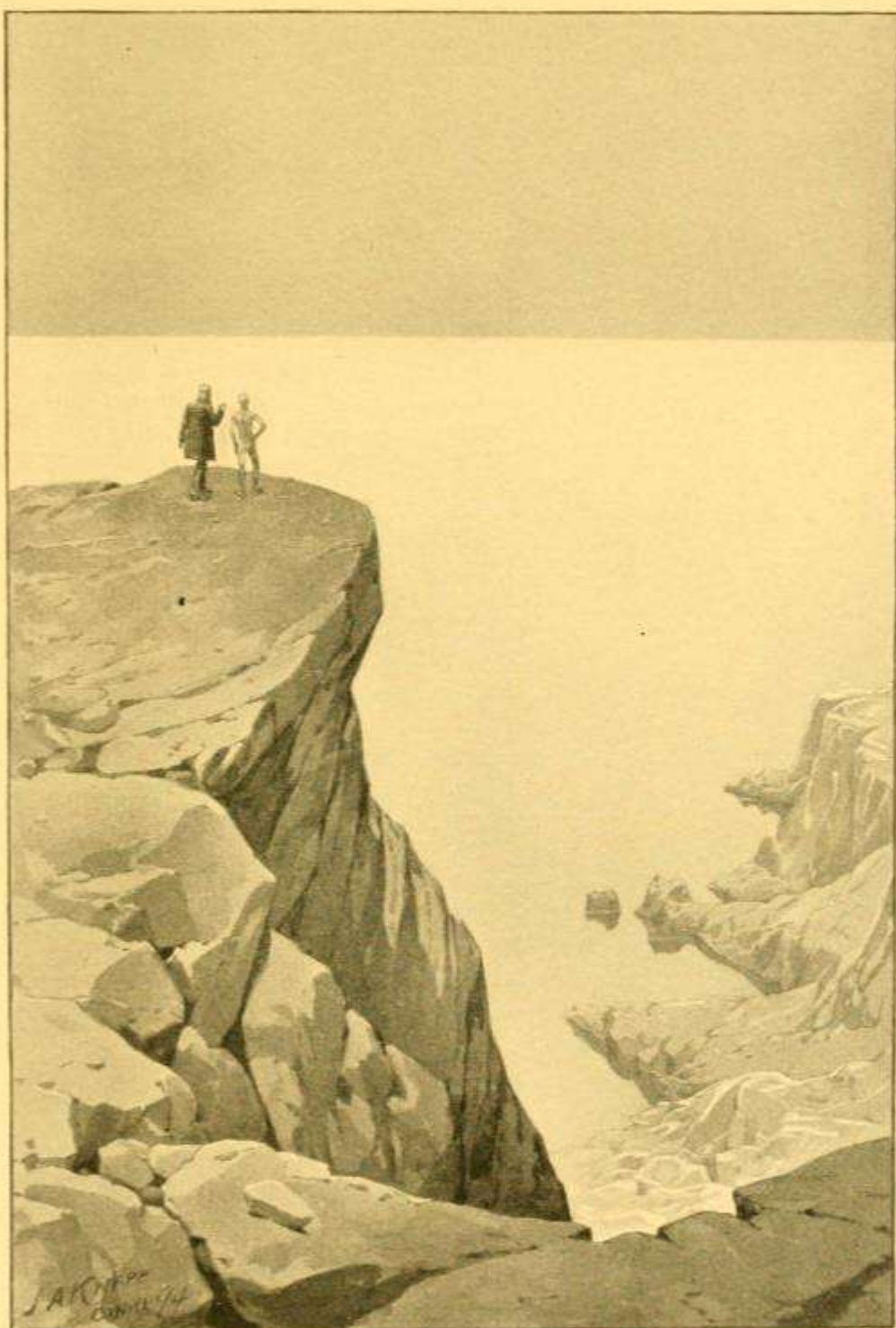
"Others have been through your experience," he remarked, "and I therefore can overlook your incredulity; but experiences such as you now meet, remove distrust. Doing is believing." He smiled benignantly.

I pondered, revolving in my mind the fact that persons had in mental abstraction, passed through unusual experiences in ignorance of conditions about them, until their attention had been called to the seen and yet unnoticed surroundings, and they had then beheld the facts plainly. The puzzle picture (see p. 129) stares the eye and impresses the retina, but is devoid of character until the hidden form is developed in the mind, and then that form is always prominent to the eye. My remarkably light step, now that my attention had been directed thereto, was constantly in my mind, and I found myself suddenly possessed of the strength of a man, but with the weight of an infant. I raised my feet without an effort; they seemed destitute of weight; I



"WE LEAPED OVER GREAT INEQUALITIES."

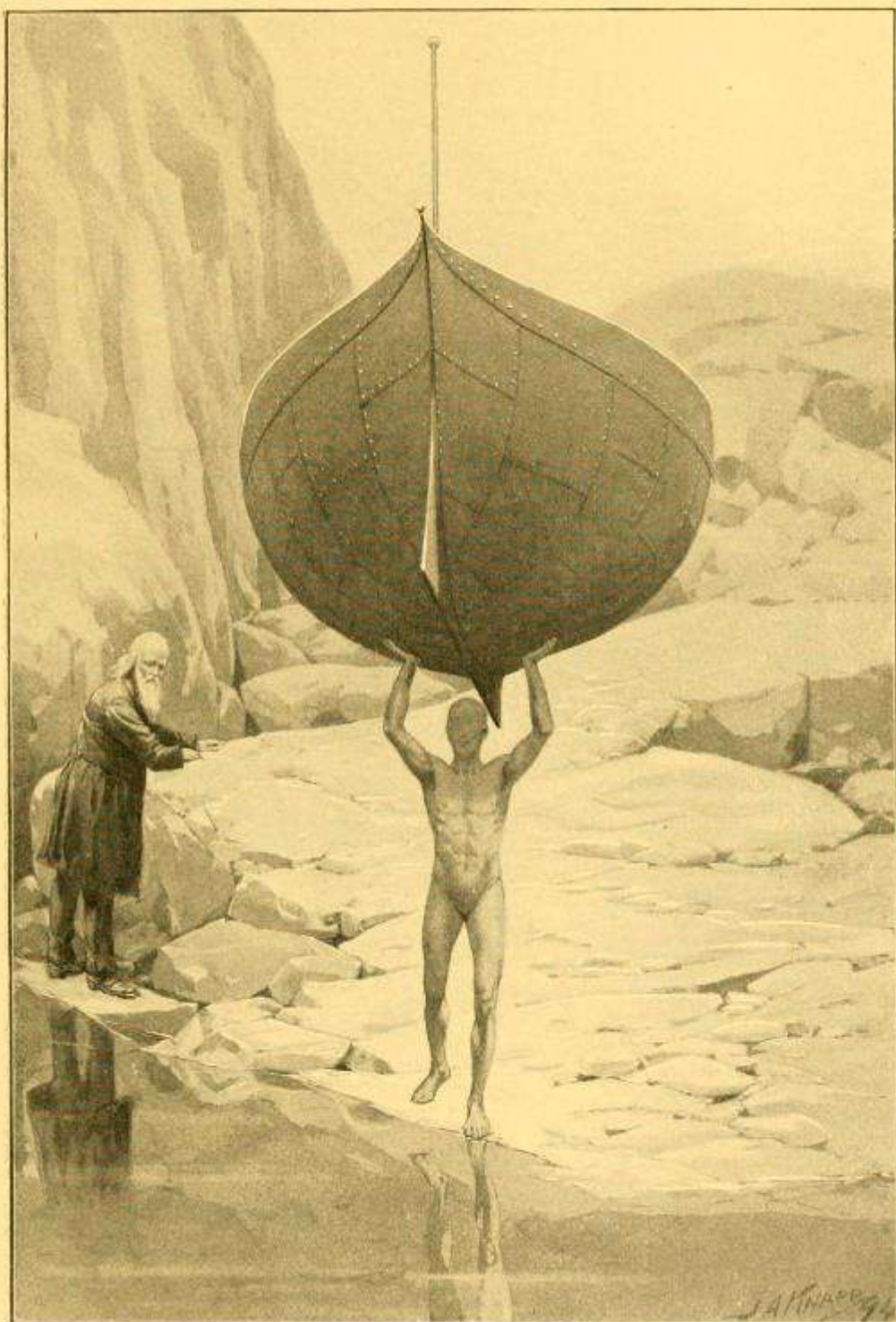
I leaped about, tumbled, and rolled over and over on the smooth stone floor without injury. It appeared that I had become the airy similitude of my former self, my material substance having wasted away without a corresponding impairment of strength.



"FAR AS THE EYE COULD REACH THE GLASSY BARRIER SPREAD
AS A CRYSTAL MIRROR."



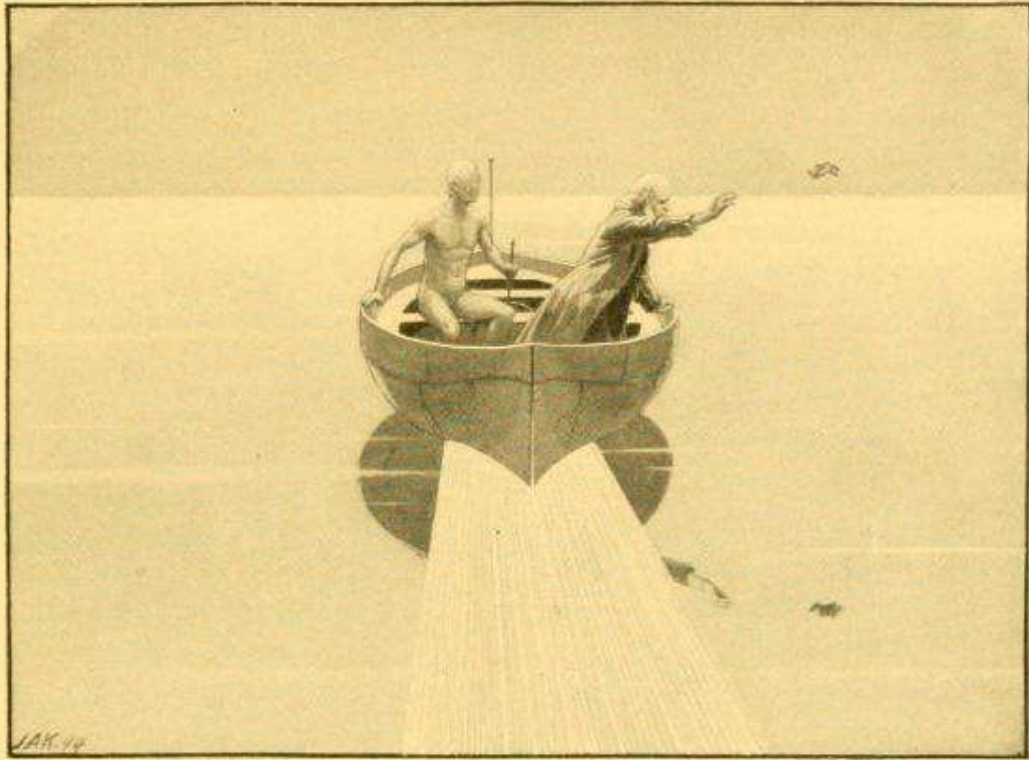
"SOLILOQUY OF PROF. DANIEL VAUGHN.
'GRAVITATION IS THE BEGINNING, AND GRAVITATION IS THE END; ALL
EARTHLY BODIES KNEEL TO GRAVITATION.'"



"WE CAME TO A METAL BOAT."

I did so, and saw it flutter slowly away to a considerable distance parallel with our position in the boat as though in a perfect calm, and then it disappeared. It seemed to have been dissolved. I gazed at my guide in amazement.

"Try again," said he.



"THE BIT OF GARMENT FLUTTERED LISTLESSLY AWAY TO THE SAME DISTANCE, AND THEN—VACANCY."

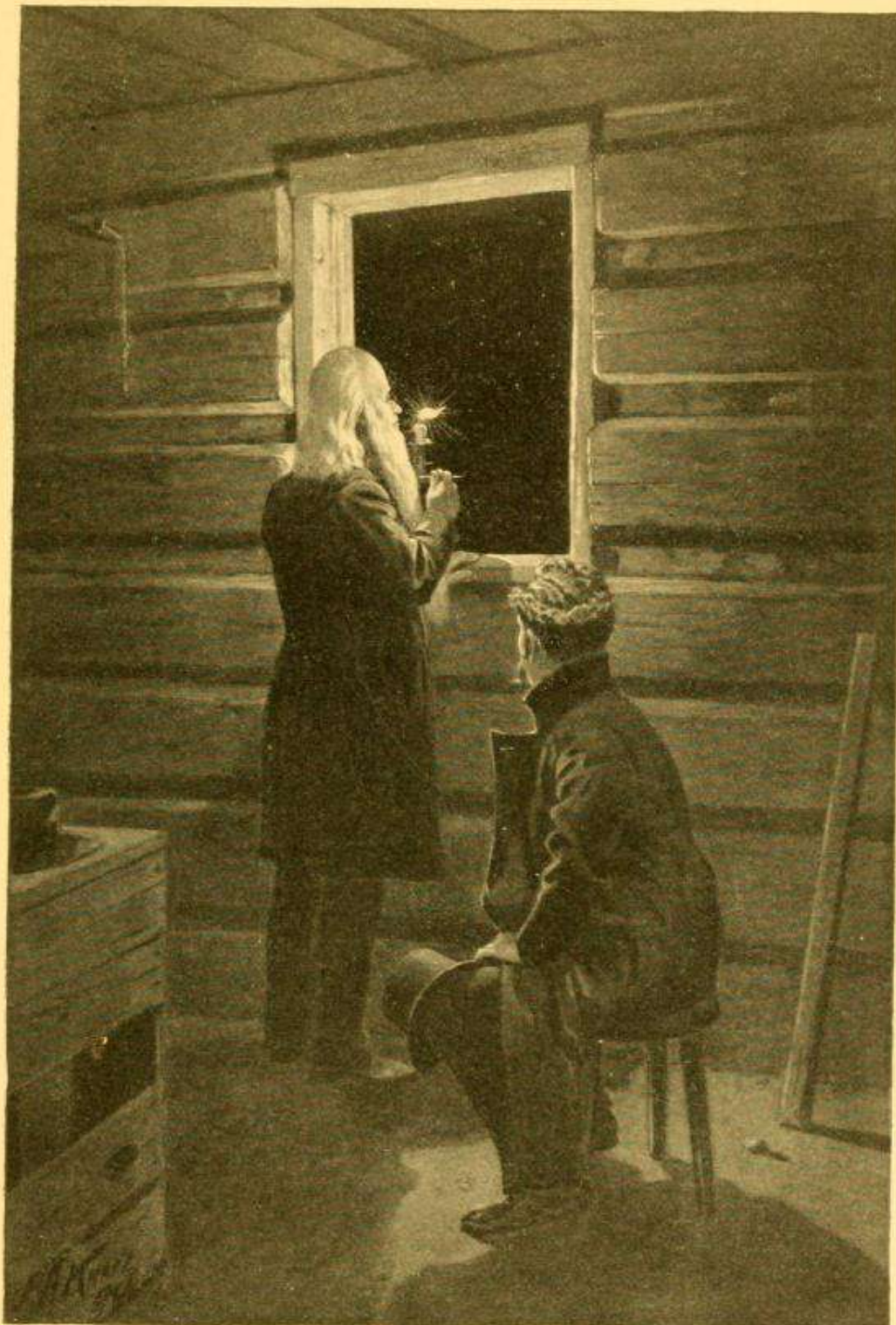
I tore another and a larger fragment from my coat sleeve. I fixed my eyes closely upon it, and cast it from me. The bit of garment fluttered listlessly away to the same distance, and then—vacancy. Wonders of wonderland, mysteries of the mysterious! What would be the end of this marvelous journey? Suspicion again possessed me, and distrust arose. Could not my self-existence be blotted out in like manner? I thought again of my New York home, and the recollection of upper earth, and those broken family ties brought to my heart a flood of bitter emotions. I inwardly cursed the writer of that alchemistic letter, and cursed myself for heeding the contents.

humanity will continue to elevate so-called material civilization until, as the yeast ferment is smothered in its own excretion, so will science-thought create conditions to blot itself from existence, and destroy the civilization it creates. Science is heartless, notwithstanding the personal purity of the majority of her helpless votaries. She is a thief, not of ordinary riches, but of treasures

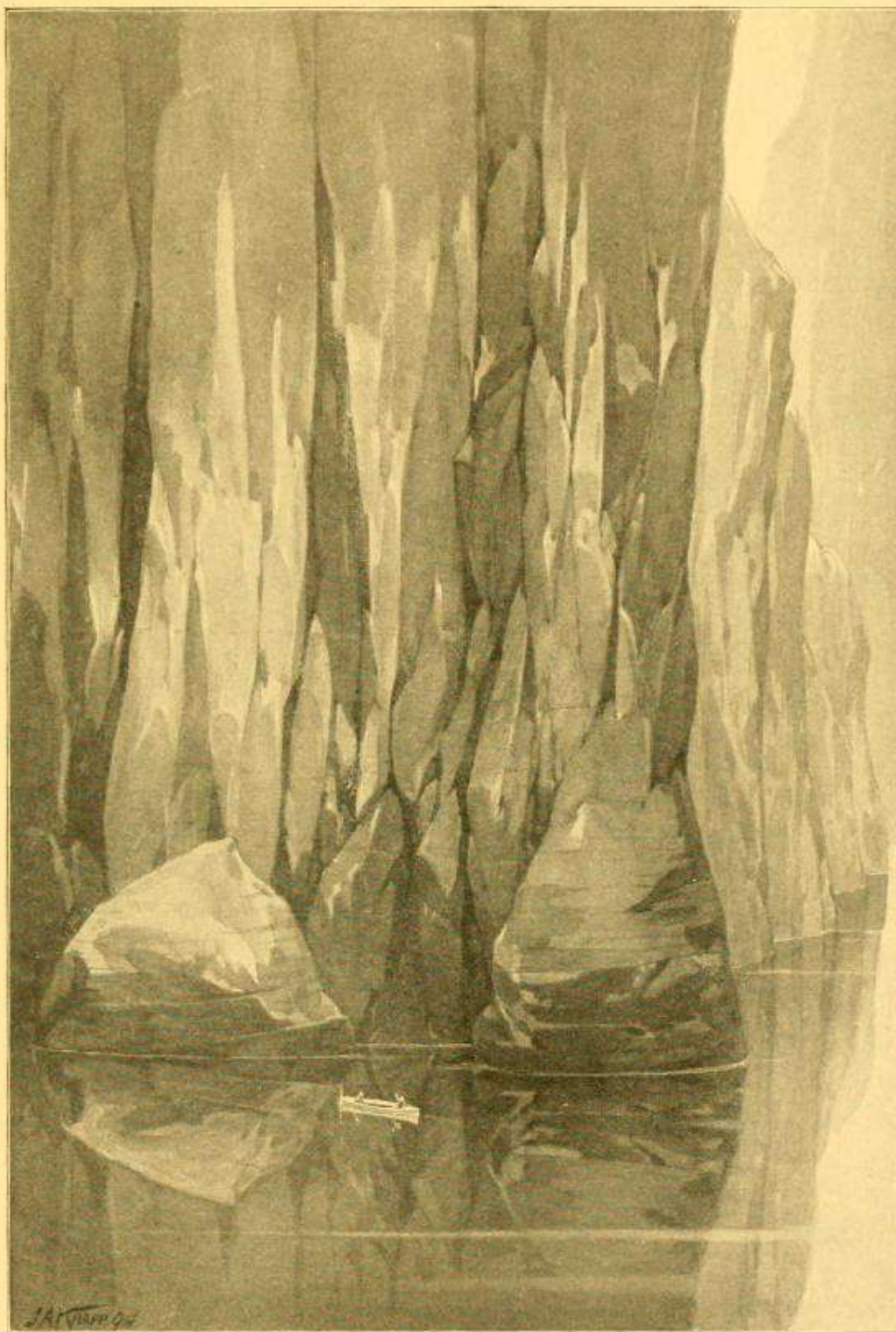


"RISING ABRUPTLY, HE GRASPED MY HAND."

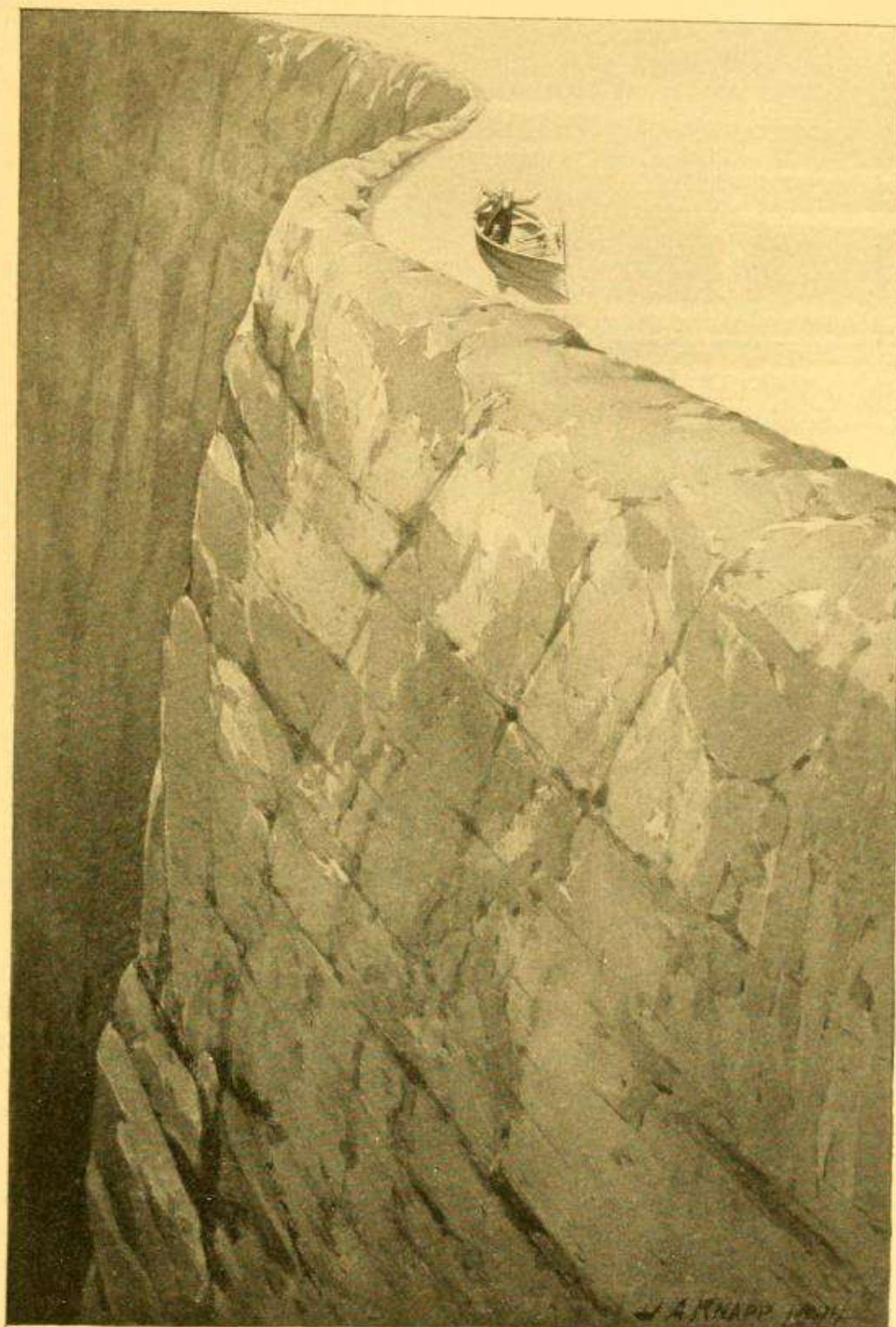
that can not be replaced. Before science provings the love of a mother perishes, the hope of immortality is annihilated. Beware of materialism, the end of the science of man. Beware of the beginning of biological inquiry, for he who commences, can not foresee the termination. I say to you in candor, no man ever engaged in the part of science lore that questions the life essence, realizing the possible end of his investigations. The insidious servant becomes a tyrannical master; the housebreaker is innocent, the horse thief guiltless in comparison. Science thought begins in the brain of man; science provings end all things with the end of the material brain of man. Beware of your own brain."



"FACING THE OPEN WINDOW HE TURNED THE PUPILS OF HIS EYES UPWARD."



"WE FINALLY REACHED A PRECIPITOUS BLUFF."



"THE WALL DESCENDED PERPENDICULARLY TO SEEMINGLY
INFINITE DEPTHS."

the true law, observation, at a distance of at least ten miles beneath the surface of the ocean is necessary, and man, being a creature whose motions are confined to a thin, horizontal skin of earth, has never been one mile beneath its surface, and in consequence his opportunities for comparison are extremely limited."

"I have been taught," I replied, "that the force of gravitation decreases until the center of the earth is reached, at which point a body is without weight; and I

can scarcely understand how such positive statements from scientific men can be far from the truth."

"It is supposed by your surface men that the maximum of weight is to be found at one-sixth the distance beneath the surface of the earth, and therefrom decreases until at the center it is nothing at all," he replied. "This hypothesis, though, a stagger toward the right, is far from the truth, but as near as could be expected, when we consider the data upon which men base their calculations. Were it not for the purpose of controverting erroneous views, men would have little incentive to continue their investigations, and as has been the rule in science heretofore, the truth will, in time, appear in this case. One generation of students disproves the accepted theories of that which precedes, all working to eliminate error, all adding factors of error, and all together moving toward a common goal, a grand generalization, that as yet can not be perceived. And still each series of workers is overlooking phenomena that, though obvious, are yet unperceived, but which will make evident to future



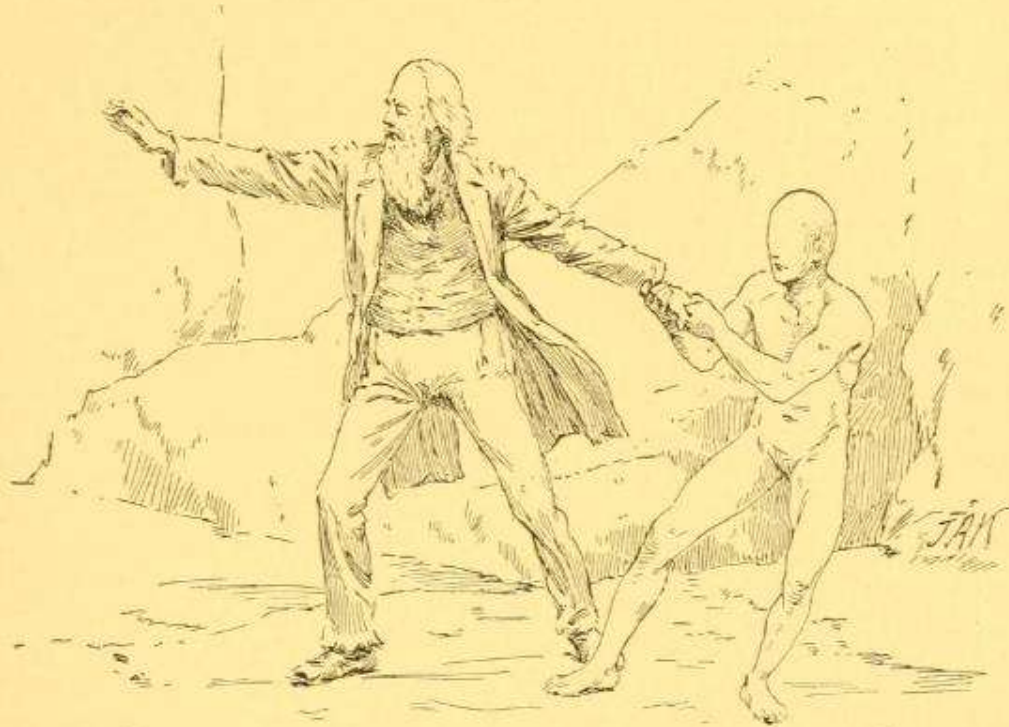
"WE WOULD SKIP SEVERAL RODS, ALIGHTING GENTLY."

vacancy, and utter loss of weight; with a body nearly lost as a material substance, verging into nothing, and lastly with breath practically extinguished, I say, and repeat, is it not time that I should hesitate and pause in my reckless career?"

"It is not time," he answered.

"When will that hour come?" I asked in desperation, and I trembled as he replied:

"When the three Great Lights are closed."



"AN UNCONTROLLABLE, INEXPRESSIBLE DESIRE TO FLEE."

the possible life of man is also curtailed to another and greater degree in the support of the digestive part of his organism. His spirit is a slave to his body; his lungs and heart, on which he imagines life depends, are unceasing antagonists of life. That his act of breathing is now a necessity upon the surface of the earth, where the force of gravity presses so heavily, and where the elements have men at their command, and show him no mercy, I will not deny; but it is exasperating to contemplate such a waste of energy, and corresponding loss of human life."

"You must admit, however, that it is necessary?" I queried.

"No; only to an extent. The natural life of man should, and yet will be, doubled, trebled, multiplied a dozen, yes a thousand fold."

I stepped in front of him; we stood facing each other.

"Tell me," I cried, "how men can so improve their condition as to lengthen their days to the limit you name, and let me return to surface earth a carrier of the glad tidings."

He shook his head.

I dropped on my knees before him.

"I implore you in behalf of that unfortunate humanity, of which I am a member, give me this boon. I promise to return to you and do your bidding. Whatever may be my subsequent fate, I promise to acquiesce therein willingly."

He raised me to my feet.

"Be of good cheer," he said, "and in the proper time you may return to the

surface of this rind of earth, a carrier of great and good news to men."

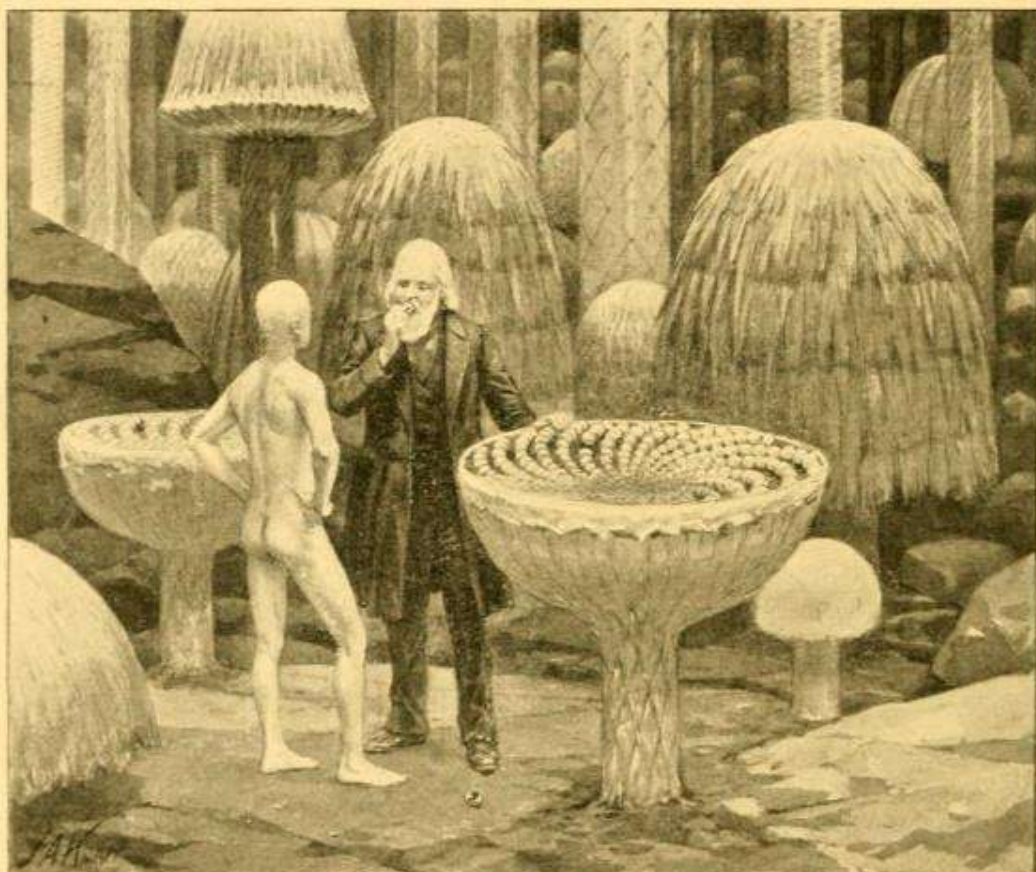
"Shall I teach them of what you have shown me?" I asked.

"Yes; in part you will be a forerunner, but before you obtain the information that is necessary to the comfort of mankind you



"I DROPPED ON MY KNEES BEFORE HIM."

the halves filled with a green fluid. As he did so he spoke the single word, "Drink," and I did as directed. He stood upright before me, and as I looked him in the face he seemingly, without a reason, struck off into a dissertation, apparently as distinct from our line of thought as a disconnected subject could be, as follows:



"HANDING ME ONE OF THE HALVES, HE SPOKE THE SINGLE WORD, DRINK."

and in unison each finger pointed towards the open way in front, and like shafts from a thousand bows I felt the voices whiz past me, and then from the rear came the reverberation as a complex echo, "Then go on; on to your destiny, unhappy man."

Instinctively I sprang forward, and had it not been for the



"EACH FINGER POINTED TOWARDS THE OPEN WAY IN FRONT."

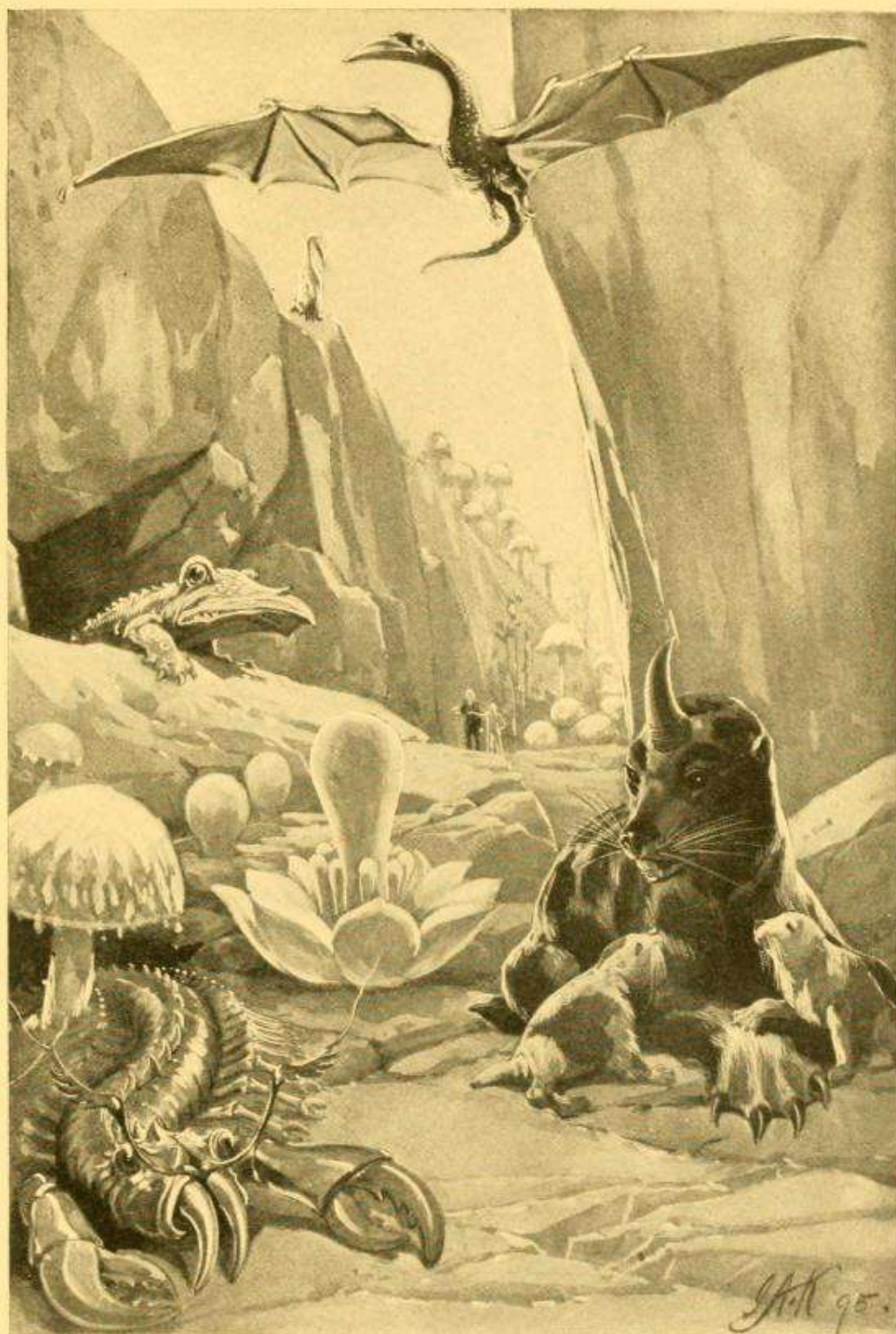
restraining hand of my guide would have rushed wildly into passages that might have ended my misery, for God only knows what those unseen corridors contained. I was aware of that which lay behind, and was only intent on escaping from the horrid figures already passed.

"Hold," whispered the guide; "as you value your life, stop."

And then exerting a power that I could not withstand, he held me a struggling prisoner.



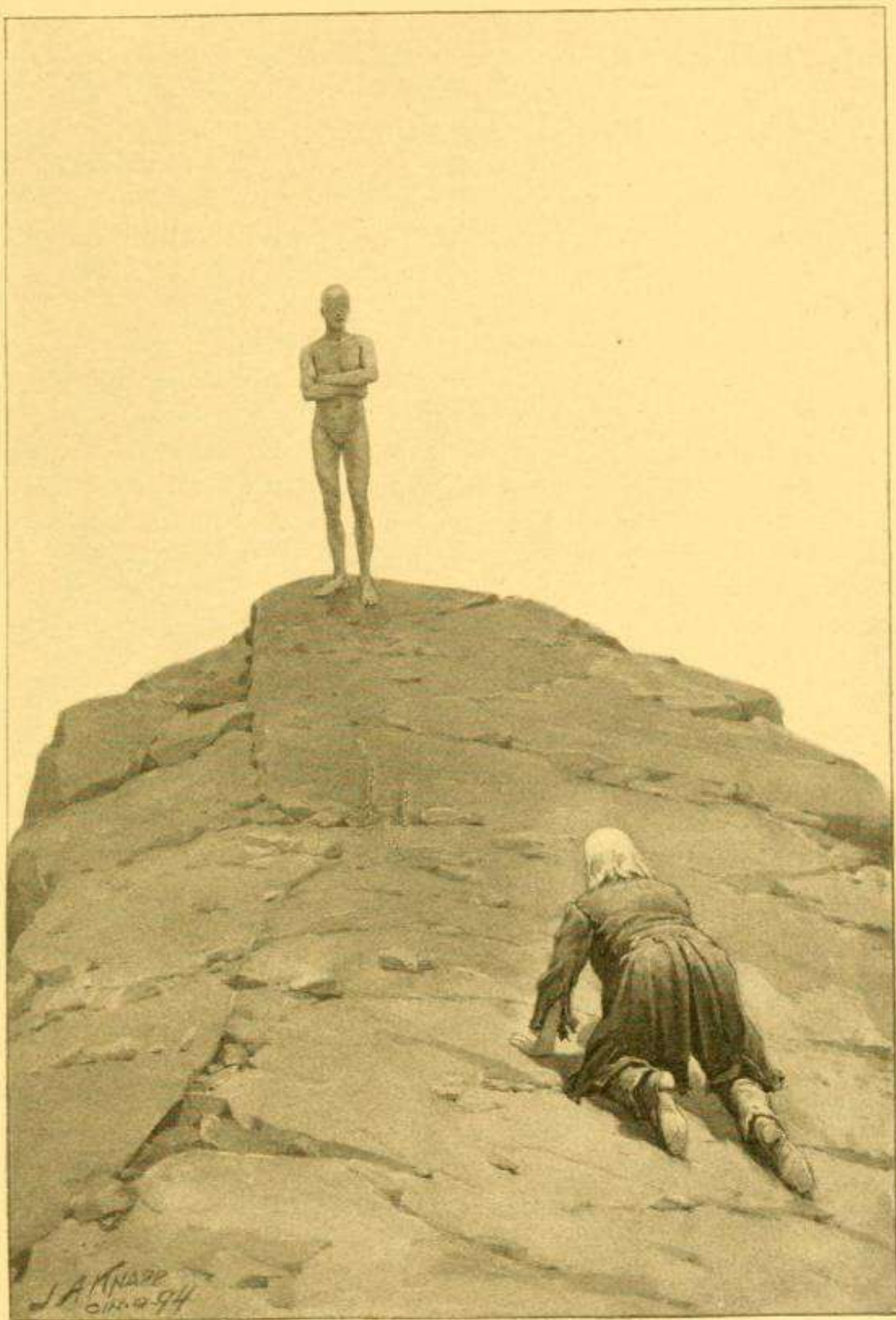
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"WE PASSED THROUGH CAVERNS FILLED WITH CREEPING
REPTILES."



"FLOWERS AND STRUCTURES BEAUTIFUL, INSECTS GORGEOUS."



"WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING I CREPT ON MY KNEES TO HIS
SIDE."

life and death struggle. With every muscle strained to its utmost tension, with my soul on fire, my brain frenzied, I drew back the bar of iron to smite the apparently defenseless being in the forehead, but he moved not, and as I made the motion, he calmly remarked: "Do you remember the history of Hiram Abiff?"



"I DREW BACK THE BAR OF IRON TO SMITE THE APPARENTLY DEFENSELESS BEING IN THE FOREHEAD."

The hand that held the weapon dropped as if stricken by paralysis, and a flood of recollections concerning my lost home overcame me. I had raised my hand against a brother, the only being of my kind who could aid me, or assist me either to advance or recede. How could I, unaided, recross that glassy lake, and pass through the grotesque forests of fungi and the labyrinth of crystal grottoes of the salt bed? How could I find my way in the utter darkness that existed in the damp, soppy, dripping upper caverns that I must retrace before I could hope to reach the surface of the earth? "Forgive me," I sobbed, and sunk at his feet. "Forgive me, my friend, my brother; I have been wild,

"I would probably be considered mentally deranged; this I have before admitted."

"Would it not be better then," he continued, "to go with me, by your own free will, into the unknown future, which you need fear less than a return to the scoffing multitude amid the storms of upper earth? You know that I have not at any time deceived you. I have, as yet, only opened before you a part of one rare page out of the boundless book of nature; you have tasted of the sweets of which few persons in the flesh have sipped, and I now promise you a further store of knowledge that is rich beyond conception, if you wish to continue your journey."

"What if I decide to return?"

"I will retrace my footsteps and liberate you upon the surface of the earth, as I have others, for few persons have courage enough to pass this spot."

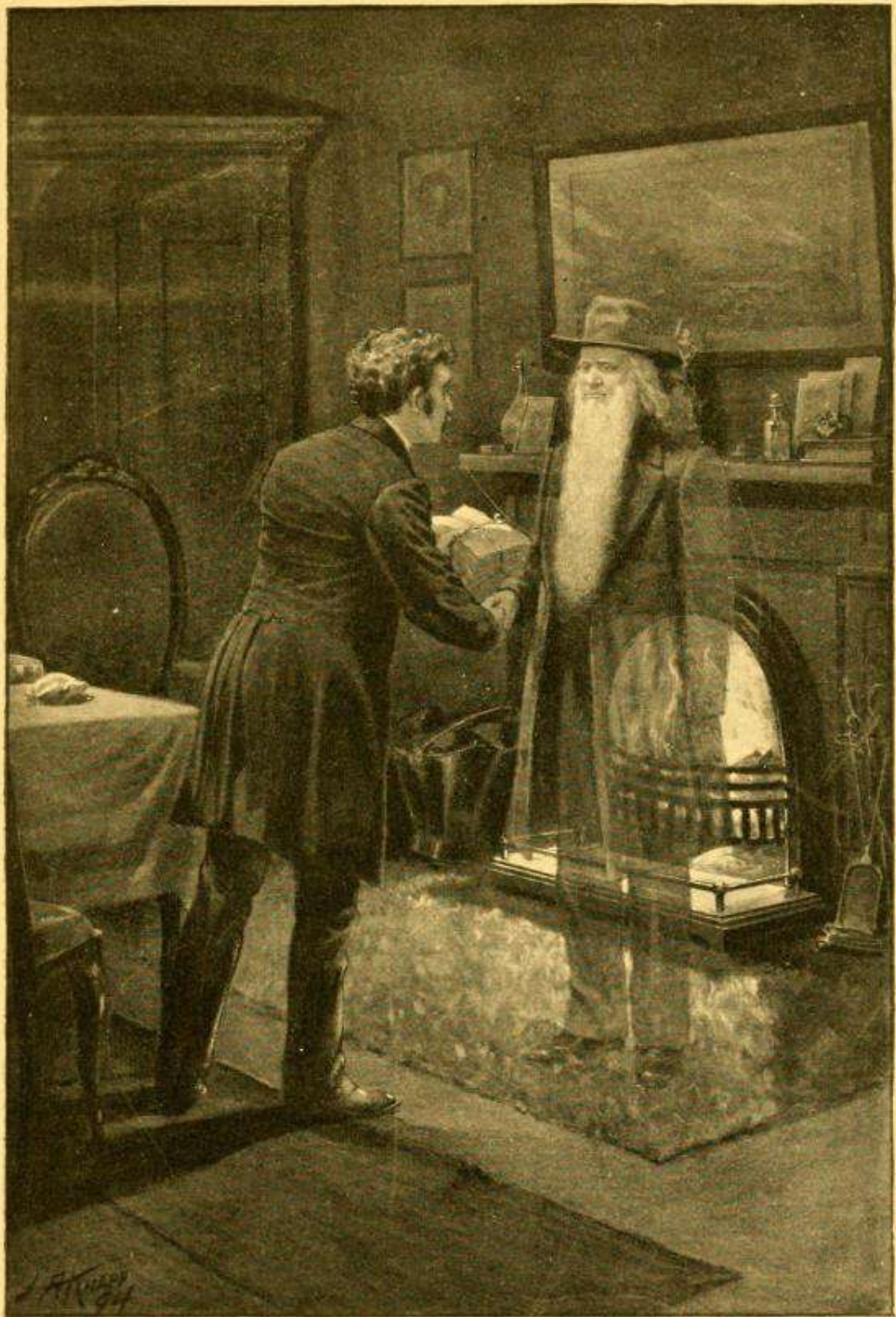
"Binding me to an oath of secrecy?"



"SPRUNG FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF INTO THE ABYSS BELOW, CARRYING ME WITH HIM INTO ITS DEPTHS."



"SUSPENDED IN VACANCY, HE SEEMED TO FLOAT."



"I STOOD ALONE IN MY ROOM HOLDING THE MYSTERIOUS
MANUSCRIPT."