What a time I picked to turn KN into an occasional publication! (As I expected, no one volunteered to take over regular production.)

On February 12, famed critic Roger Ebert published a piece on Keeler in his blog for the Chicago Sun-Times (the most attention HSK has gotten there since a 1943 pictorial on him and Hazel). Ebert sent out a “tweet” to his over 90,000 Twitter followers alerting them to the story and pointing them to the Keelerian twitterings coordinated by Edward Bolman (see “Letters,” in our last issue), who had the brilliant idea of contacting Ebert in the first place. As a result, HSK’s posthumous tweets have gone from a handful of followers to nearly a thousand. It’s some of the finest publicity since Harry entered the etheric plane.

You can check out the nuggets of wisdom yourself at twitter.com/HarrySKeeler. And Edward will appreciate it if you send him Keelerisms to be shared with his fans. Just remember, they have to be 140 characters or less—Keeler at his most laconic. Send candidates for tweeting to Edward at sandfleapress@gmail.com.

On page 4 you’ll find a beautiful comic adaptation of “John Jones’s Dollar,” by our member José Luis Forte and cartoonist Fermín Solís (See more of his work at ferminsolis.com). It has already been published in Galician (the Portuguese-like language of Northwestern Spain) and in Castilian Spanish. Pulling a reverse Fernando Noriega Olea, I translated it into English, with some consultation of Keeler’s original text. Forte and Solís’ next project is based on an incident in The Riddle of the Traveling Skull. I can’t wait!

I’m also very pleased to be able to publish the reminiscences by Dolores Madlener on the next page. Dolores is the first person I’ve encountered who actually knew Keeler rather well. (Pioneering Keeler scholar Mike Nevins was just a little too late to meet the man in person, to his lasting regret.) Dolores has also provided the first photo I’ve ever seen of Thelma. Thank you, Dolores!

Years ago, some HSKS members tried their hand at a collaborative webwork novel, like Murder at Pelican Towers. It stalled, entangled in its own web. Is it time to try again?
We were talking at work the other day about the “big snowfall of 1967.” And I said, “Harry Stephen Keeler’s wake was that spring-like day just before the big snow came.”

Someone back in the 1960s had revived a Midwest chapter of Mystery Writers of America. I was put up as its titular head—probably because I didn’t have a clue what I was doing. Harry and Thelma were a part of the “club.” It was exclusive—about seven meandering members. The meetings were always at a home near Midway Airport.

Here is a photo of Harry and Thelma [on our cover]; it’s Bohemian enough to do them justice. And just for historical context, here’s a photo of me at the same party/meeting (I’m at the left end of the couch). Harry, of course, has a cigarette in his hand. Every time I met Thelma, she seemed to wear that same happy grin. Apparently life with Harry was a bowl of cherries in Logan Square in those days.

Strangely enough, Harry was like a father figure to me. I actually cherished his encouragement and advice while I muddled through a failed marriage. His advice, “Tread water,” was something that has kept my head above water more than a few times. Harry’s logic was, if you are in a sea of adversity and have no control over your situation, bide your time and things will change around you—“tread water.”

The Golden Ox on the North Side was a restaurant he took me to one time for lunch. He said it was where his mother had taken him for his first cocktail.

He and Thelma lived in Logan Square when I knew them. He wrote me skads of letters in his scrawling pen—I don’t think I deciphered all of them. I may have saved one somewhere—Buzzard’s Roost, I think, was the stamp he used for his return address. But such a sweet, kind man.

I was raising six children by myself when I was with Mystery Writers—so while Harry gave me one of his books (The Book with Orange Leaves), and I cherished it, I never read it. I read a lot of other books, but maybe Harry’s is “more” than a book.

I was the youngest member. The others knew Harry as some kind of literary icon and he enjoyed that. We were such a motley group of little people—but in Harry’s mind (perhaps for the sake of his ego, or perhaps because we were little people and he no longer gave a damn about the larger world that had forgotten him) we were valued.

He encouraged us to write a mystery novel with each of us contributing a different chapter to carry the story along. It was a crazy concept, but we did it: “Murder at Pelican Towers.” I think I have the original manuscript somewhere. Harry was our mentor, looked over our work, and advised us on character development. He took us seriously—what a hoot. We kept him thinking he was still an important figure, and he became a permissive father figure to us. ☿
Chicago, 1935. My name is John Jones. I'm a newspaper man, but right now I'm out of work. I haven't eaten for 4 days, and although I haven't given up yet, I'm afraid unless I find something fast I'll find myself holding up a bank or snatching some innocent old lady's purse.

I don't like that last thought, though. Maybe I could borrow the money. I'll leave the good lady an I.O.U. in her purse, saying that as soon as I'm out of trouble I'll return the money, and ...

Holy cow!

Well! It looks like today I won't go hungry. My stomach's growling like a caged lion.
I passed out from hunger in the middle of the street. For a minute I saw myself flat on the sidewalk, in the middle of the crowd, as if I was watching everything from mid-air.

Unconsciousness dragged me into a vivid hallucination as I had a very strange dream...

In my dream, instead of running to eat, I went to a bank to deposit my money - the sad and solitary dollar that in real life I'd found lying on the sidewalk.

I want to open a one dollar account for 2300 years.

Give it here, millionaire.

I picked 23 because in my dream - not in reality - it was the age of the last girl I'd had something like relations with. I added a couple of zeros because we'd never had sex. Yvonne, the girl, didn't have any female reproductive organ.

It'll bring you 3% interest per year, I should tell you, but I don't think you're going to live 2300 years to enjoy it.

Who knows? This is a dream.

My desperate desire to eat had disappeared, and as soon as I hit the sidewalk after leaving the bank, I thought I'd take a stroll through time until I could come back for my dollar - and for the interest that it was going to accumulate.

For the first 10 years after depositing the dollar, I dedicated myself to tramping around with no goals or hurries, just for the pleasure of taking a long walk. In 1945 I already had $1.34 in the bank.
Sometimes time passed very fast, and sometimes very slow. Over the next 90 years I decided to read as many books as possible. As I went on, the Chicago Public Library kept on adding more books - so my task seemed endless.

By the beginning of the 21st century, something called the World Wide Web or Internet had become widespread - a flow of information available to any citizen who had a device to see it, a computer, and a network connection. When you used it to talk to someone at a distance, you could both hear their voice and see the person. Then you called the computer a Chromovisaphone.

In 2213, an earthquake devastates Chicago. 10 years later, the U.S. loses its global hegemony to the new United States of Europe. A fascist totalitarian regime takes over the world and all human beings are registered under a numerical name by the International Eugenics Society. My name becomes L968F20071 Male. Everyone wears white.

After those 90 years, in 2035, the USA was still the primary superpower, and Chicago was its all-powerful capital. My bank account was up to $19.10. I was barely able to enjoy this glory and splendor of my city, because I found myself launched forward in time to the year 2135. 200 years had passed since my bank deposit. I now had $364 of capital.

The European global dictatorship commanded by the decadent French and indolent Spanish, lasts for 122 boring years. In 2335, 400 years after my deposit, I have $132,900. Thanks to this money, which I still can't touch, the first national bank of Chicago manages to survive.
But the following years bring some events that radically change the global panorama. The Chinese scientist K 122862411 male discovers that by decomposing a series of rays, which he terms D rays and E rays, and applying them to the human body, cell death can be retarded. Human life is extended to 200 years. This event of stupendous importance turns the Asiatic confederacy of nations, with China at its head, into the dominant world power. In 2535, at the apex of yellow power and 600 years after the beginning of my dream, my bank account is up to $47,900,000.

Thanks to the investments realized with this capital, Chicago regains part of its lost splendor. I nonetheless see myself as in an old 2-D movie, eating a sandwich — obviously an anachronism at this time — sitting in a park in Peñalsordo, a backward mining town in Extremaduran Siberia that is now the capital of Spain. Everyone here still dresses in white.

The second discovery means a no less significant revolution in human life on Earth — and maybe I should say in death, too. A chemical process is perfected that reduces human cadavers to their essential components in huge factories, in order to obtain food from them synthetically. All corpses are thus reused in a food chain that solves the problem of securing the vital resources for human existence. The nutrition provided by our dead includes a variety of exquisite dishes that eliminate all other options from the market. The more sybaritic consumers prefer the foods that take the form of the body part that they were made from. When my favorite dish is the bittersweet derivative of the cerebellum of a 14-year-old boy, my accumulated capital is $912,000,000.

The year 2635 brings 2 more essential changes in the future of the human race. The first is the successful development by Professor P 22229333 of the possibility of interplanetary travel. The old human dream of conquering space becomes reality, thanks to special vibrating rockets. The solar system is completely colonized. The great corporations of Earth start a race to possess the new territories and their riches, and over the next century, interplanetary speculation becomes the fashionable business.
essentially I'm one of the richest people in the federation of planets, though de facto I'm poorer than a rat – a species that the passing of the centuries has not managed to exterminate. All the same, I have unlimited credit in the restaurants and shops of the whole solar system. My life is luxurious and pampered, fully confirming that I'm still hallucinating. I start to lose my hair, my forehead swells, and my eyes turn into two tiny black pearls. Actually, this is how the whole human race looks now. Our intellectual capacity has transformed us physically. Our loss of vision is compensated by a superlative cerebral activity. It becomes necessary to use special ocular visors in open spaces lit by sunshine, or in moments of studying. It wouldn't be necessary by moonlight, but the earth's moon no longer exists. Excuse me, I'm afraid I'm getting ahead of myself ...

In the year 2735, a fierce political battle started between the senate of the solar system and the chamber of interplanetary commerce. Earth's moon was an obstacle, if not a menace, to interplanetary navigation, which is why the great corporations wanted to remove it. At that time, 800 years after my deposit, my fortune had reached the spectacular sum of $17,400,000,000. Money triumphed over reflection, and in the year 2821 the moon was pulverized in seconds by missiles packed with ZOODELITE EXPLOSIVE, a chemical compound capable of reducing any type of matter to absolute nothingness. The disappearance of the satellite provoked great upheavals on the surface of the earth, but the cities were protected by antimatter domes that had guarded them for years from the corrosive external world, and human life was not affected. 886 years after I started wandering through the centuries, my ethereal fortune stood at $219,000,000,000.

In the year 2835, 900 years after my visit to the first national bank of Chicago, now the first interplanetary bank of America, an accountant consulted the director about my account: 332,000,000,000 dollars, equivalent to the entire wealth of the earth. It was going to be impossible to pay me back, but they stayed calm, since there were still 1400 years before I could cash in.

But in 2935, 1000 years after the deposit, my account had reached 16,310,000,000,000. This amounted to a value higher than that of the entire solar system, which was only 16,309,525,241,362.15. There was a hopeless deficit of 474,758,637.85 - and that's figuring that the bank could appropriate the wealth of the whole solar system, which might have been possible in my dream, but - I don't know why - it couldn't.
However, soon after that, a new unit of value was approved: the psycho-erg - a combination of the psych, the unit of esthetic satisfaction, and the erg, the unit of mechanical energy. Dollars - the old paper and ancient metallic disks - cease to be legal tender. A clause is formulated that specifies that the value of money accumulated in banks can't be converted to the new currency, and I lose everything. My fortune goes up in smoke.

And the smoke of my evaporated wealth turns into the smoke of the tailpipes of the cars on a Chicago street in the year 1935.

My name is John Jones. On June 20, 1935, I fainted from hunger in the middle of the street. I lost consciousness for a few short seconds, but in those seconds I traveled farther than any man ever has.

For a moment I wanted to hightail it to the closest bank to deposit the dollar I had just found.

But a growling that had already been accompanying me for four days brought me running to the nearest cafeteria.

Coffee, bacon, and two eggs over easy, please.
The comic you just read is featured prominently in an excellent article by journalist and HSKS member Mariano García, published in February in the newspaper Heraldo de Aragón. Let’s hope that buzz like this keeps up the momentum that Keelerism seems to be building in Spain.

Mariano had the bright idea of “liberating” ten HSK novels and placing them around Zaragoza in a “bookcrossing,” to encourage readers to discover Keeler for themselves. Keep track of readers’ reactions at bookcrossing.com/search/?author=Harry Stephen Keeler (filter by “any status”).

Meanwhile, Alberto Sobórnez reports that the new edition of Noches de Sing Sing is finally being printed for Reus, with a release date scheduled for May. They hope to reissue more Keeler titles, but they’ll understandably wait and see how this one does before proceeding.

From Mariano García’s article:

After reading a Keeler novel, you don’t know what to think, but you start looking desperately for the next one.

The motive behind his literature was the relentless desire to surprise. So the reader of his works ends up witnessing an incredible display of pyrotechnics—a hallucination.

In Spain, Keeler is the best-kept secret of alternative literature. … Musical groups such as 28 Sospechosos* owe their names to a Keeler novel, and his name circulates with over-the-top enthusiasm in dozens of blogs.

The Spanish publisher Reus … was the only one in the world that published his last works, such as The Case of the Transparent Nude or I Killed Lincoln at 10:13! It was the final irony of fate for an author in whom everything incredible ends up being real.

*Visit the band online at myspace.com/28sospechosos … and for another Keeler-named band, this one based in Brighton, UK, see myspace.com/ikilledinc loosen1013. HSKS member Jeffrey Bützer’s new EP is called Past Wanstead Flats, after a chapter in The Riddle of the Traveling Skull. Does all this count as a trend?
Harry Stephen Keeler gets little academic notice or respect. A pleasant exception is David M. Earle, who grants Keeler the “same modernist sensibilities as James Joyce and William Faulkner.” Earle’s Re-covering Modernism ($99.95 on Amazon—the price has apparently been reduced since the book was published a few months ago!) devotes nine pages to Keeler and webworking. Earle continues, “[Keeler’s] books have philosophical resonance, stylistic inscrutability, and a sophistication of plot structure that rivals Ulysses.” He follows this by comparing the parallel stories of Joyce’s hour by hour day in Dublin and the day in Chicago (Dublin of the West?) of the combined The Mysterious Mr. I and The Chameleon.

There is also a connection of method with Joyce: “Perhaps the most telling link, though, between Keeler’s extreme form of pulp story construction and high-modernism is the similarity between his methodology and Joyce’s composition of Finnegans Wake.” Joyce kept notebooks “written into an ever-enlarging structure and linked via word play and themes of anti-structuralism” while Keeler kept newspaper clippings “linking them together via an intricate webwork of plot and coincidence,” with “formula and structure consciously taken to the point of absurdity.” Some Joyce scholars have adopted chaos theory as a structure for looking at his novels. I hope Professor Earle expands sometime on his argument that a similar reading gives insight into Keeler.

Earle (with a footnoted reference to Richard Polt) finds Keeler innocent of reading the modernist authors, but I can add some information on one modernist he admitted to reading. In 1919 Keeler wrote an editorial answering the probably self-addressed question “Who, in your opinion, are the four most interesting writing men on record?” Number four was August Strindberg. (The others were O. Henry, Prentiss Ingraham and William Wallace Cook.) Keeler writes, “Strindberg has always been a source of interest for various reasons; perhaps his strange life.” Rather than discuss Strindberg’s work, Keeler recounts his life, including a point that must have spoken directly to him—“He was insane for ten years, beset and haunted with the persecutory delusions of paranoia.”

There are nine pages on Keeler, but what is the book really about? It’s about bringing to light an ignored history of how the favored literary authors of Keeler’s era (my Keeler-skewed definition of “modernists”) appeared not only in highbrow Little Magazines but in the pulps of the American newsstand.

It starts with an extended discussion of The Smart Set, edited by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. They paid the bills with pulps, including Black Mask and Saucy Stories. Earle finds modernism in these and many other pulp titles. A long chapter on pulp authors who deserve more attention starts with Robert Leslie Bellem and ends with high praise for Keeler. After the pulps is a chapter on lurid paperbacks and selling the highbrow authors with sex. The story is illustrated with black and white cover reproductions. Happily, Earle has posted color versions of some of these on his website (uwf.edu/dearle). This quick summary doesn’t do this fascinating book justice. There is some academic talk, but it keeps coming back to old books and magazines, which interest me much more than literary theory. If there is any justice, an affordable version of the book will become available.

There is a Keeler-less sequel of sorts. All Man! Hemingway, 1950s Men’s Magazines, and the Masculine Persona (Kent State University Press, 2009, $29.96) takes the story through the pulp magazine successors. Adventure magazines featured attacks by killer beasts and depraved women. Bachelor magazines skipped the killer weasels and concentrated on the women. Earle finds Hemingway’s persona all over these publications, with Papa adapted to whatever image they wanted men to have. The author was much better served by his publisher here. It’s an affordable oversized book with the numerous illustrations printed in color. ✽
How to Write Booklength Mystery Stories

By HARRY STEPHEN KEELER


A simple three-sided yardstick, isn't it? But it's the most important advice I have ever attempted to give writers. Or ever shall, probably.

Don't feel, however, that plots or novels must possess all three qualifications to sell. They are unusually lucky if they do. If you can achieve all three in your plot, for heaven's sake snap on your desk light, pull off your typewriter cover, and plunge ahead. You have a winner.

For plots that contain (A) frequently sell without (B) or (C). Plots (and finished novels) without (A) generally find no buyers in the editorial field. Most published stories, short or long, have (A) combined with either (B) or (C). Very few possess all.

Novelty? The way to get novelty is to stick to your one specific type of fiction story so long that, finally digesting all your own past created material, you dodge so lively and effectively that you escape all hacknøyism and sail off into the pure air of "unusualness."

CONVINCINGNESS? The way to get convincingness is to have (talking highbrow now!) correct motivating and motivating. To get down to earth, however, in our advice (and talk English), the way to get convincingness is to see that adequate causes exist for bringing about each vital event or incident—adequate pre-incidents, in other words—and to see that the proper characters are used in each incident to create it. Don't, for instance, let a taciturn type of man, such as a shrewd legist, etc., be garrulous if you require information to leak from one character to another. Don't use an old miser for creating some nonsensical expenditure. Don't let a man develop a killing hatred of another because of a mere innuendo about himself that he may have overheard,
Thanks to Doug Anderson for alerting me to this article.

He comments:

“This short piece is as delightful as eating creampuffs. How nice of Harry to spill the beans ‘without any involved diagrams to follow out painfully!’”

For those of you who want the painful diagrams, remember that The Mechanics (And Kinematics) of Web-Work Plot Construction, plus other related writings, are available from the Society (still only on paper) for $10 (N. America) or $15 (elsewhere).

—Ed.
The extinct language of Tierra del Fuego has a word, *mamihlapinatapai*, meaning “looking at each other hoping that someone will volunteer to do something that everyone wants done but no one is willing to do himself.” I guess that describes the situation we’re in with Keeler News. You’ve done such an extraordinary job over 73 issues that I, along with all Keeler fans, are in your eternal debt. Please accept the sincerity of that gratitude (even if you’re not overwhelmed with offers to take over).

In any case, I could gladly live with your Plan B. A sporadic Keeler News is infinitely preferable to no Keeler News at all.

With much appreciation,
Bill Poundstone
Los Angeles

P.S. As to the “Vivid Vera” saga, I prefer to think that the Countess did post a note to Keeler just before her fatal plunge, and it was delivered to its unknowing recipient 14 years late, by way of the dead letter office. (Ah Harry! Ah humanity!) Can it be coincidence that Vera asked about a “Strange Journey” and a short story titled “Finale”?

Keeler News #73 was a superb issue! Didn’t Keeler use that factoid about sweetening coffee to keep it hot in one of his novels? It rang a vague bell in my increasingly feeble memory.

Mike Nevins
St. Louis

It was quite a run and a little rest is probably due, at least until new people come along with fresh enthusiasms and perspectives. It does make me wonder at ‘zines devoted to Robert E. Howard or Edgar Rice Burroughs that persist for decades. Still, irregular appearances are no less fun—and even more so. Who doesn’t like (pleasant) surprises?

Daniel Schroedl
Minneapolis

Fortunately, fresh enthusiasm does keep rejuvenating our society:

As a selfproclaimed multimedia manipulator, in whatever I do (be it art, design, photography, writing, etc.) I share a similar attitude towards media and life as I understood it while reading some fragments of Keeler’s books and, of course, as I saw it in your conducting The Harry Stephen Keeler Society’s web presentations. You are welcome to browse some of my works at my Face- book profile albums, but for now I am sending you my FB profile photo (the selfportrait which I took four years ago as my reaction to the quickly emerging NRP [new rich primitives] caste on the global level) and my latest business card, after I won the Special Mention Award at 53rd Venice Art Biennale’s competition for the most significant photograph of a contemporary work of art. Please notice the amazing similarity of fashionable haircuts between Keeler and myself. (Bear in mind that in 2006, I knew nothing of Keeler!)

Zaneto Paulin
Motovun, Croatia

Paulin & Keeler: Separated at Birth?
I look forward to collecting books and contributing in whatever way I can to the rediscovery of this national treasure.

Brian Gold
Jacksonville, Fla.

I would very much like to join the HSKS. I found your website via Twitter and am in awe of all Keeler has done, even though I still don’t have a clue what that might be.

Claire Cameron
Toronto

I recall Keeler’s unlikely plots from nearly 75 years ago. At the time I was in high school and the Alhambra Library had some of his books. Mostly I think I was amazed at some of his technical goof ups; he seemed to think short wave radio waves propagated in sine wave “bundles” or something like that.

Bob Meade
Ridgecrest, Cal.

Did he really think so, or was he just seeing how far he could stretch his readers’ credulity? Consider this silly passage from The Box From Japan. Surely the scientifically educated HSK knew that the concept of an ether had been discredited decades earlier!

Ed Park
New York City

I just heard about a site, xtranormal, that lets you create simple animations. I did this vignette from “The Spectacles of Mr. Caglistro.” As you see, it does German and Australian accents (and Chinese, too, making it perfect for Keeler!) Of course, it’s computer-generated speech and hard to understand. I had to tweak some of Keeler’s word matches to get it halfway legible.

www.xtranormal.com/watch/6209109

Bill Poundstone again
L.A., still

The Wonderful Scheme of Mr. Christopher Thorne: My goodness, this illuminates the oeuvre. HSK is quite the radical during the Depression—openly critical of racism, the GOP, and capitalism itself. Plus, plethoric religion and philosophy (can we tentatively say that Harry is, perhaps, a Deist super-scientist who filters theology through Ouspensky and identifies Christian precepts with those of Confucius, while picturing God as a mad engineer winding up a preposterous clockwork cosmos?), plus, an approach to actual characterization with Sitting-Down-Bear (Harry’s Dickensian fertility with names is not matched by a Dickensian fertility with character), plus, another occurrence of the “New Orleans” chunk also seen in Sparrows and Scarlet Mummy (e.g. typical mammy with flappy shoes) plus, I feel even more encouraged to write overstuffed sentences.

The Case of the Two-Headed Idiot: Glad to see Harry so positively giddy this late in his stalled career. Nobody even bothers to solve the murder case!

Edward Bolman
Albany, N.Y.
A Sentence from the Master

“Well, I— I dreamed that I sat within my cubicle of an office where my clients come, and the door opened, and in came a huge octopus, fully 8 feet across, brilliant scarlet in color, and with a single gleaming yellow eye in his middle, and with 4 or 5-foot long tentacles—incidentally he seemed to have 8—well, at the end of each tentacle he held a gleaming open razor.”

The Riddle of the Wooden Parrakeet

X-RAYOSCOPE

With this amazing pocket-size detector see your best girl and all she’s doing. No one knows. Optical instrument operates anywhere. Lasts lifetime, guaranteed. Full confidential instructions. Price $1. Prepaid.

New Members

Becker, Glenn, Arlington, Mass.
Cameron, Claire, Toronto
Donate, Santiago, Valencia, Spain
Drazner, Joel, Los Angeles
Ebert, Roger, Chicago
Gold, Brian, Jacksonville, Fla.
Meade, Bob, Ridgecrest, Cal.
Paulin, Zaneto, Motovun, Croatia
Savitz, Joseph L. III, Columbia, S.C.
Trijueque, Carlos, Madrid

Returning Members

Gaiman, Neil

Dear members:

Years ago I published a list of the notable endeavors and accomplishments of our members (creative, professional, etc.). I think it’s time for another such list. If you’d like to ensure that you’re included, let me know (polt@xavier.edu; 4745 Winton Rd., Cincinnati, OH 45232).

—Ed.

From George Reis, reis@imagingforensics.com: several Keelers in good reading editions, but not really in collectable condition. There may be one or two first editions in the stack, but the condition of all of these is fair to good. $15 each; $12.50 each if you want five or more; $10 each if you take ten or more.

THE BOX FROM JAPAN
THE FACE OF THE MAN FROM SATURN
THE FOURTH KING
THE GREEN JADE HAND
THE MARCEAU CASE
THE MATILDA HUNTER MURDER
THE MYSTERIOUS MR. I
THE PORTRAIT OF JIR
JOHN COBB
THE RIDDLE OF THE YELLOW ZURI
SING SING NIGHTS
THE SKULL OF THE WALTZING CLOWN
THE TIGER SNAKE
THE VOICE OF THE SEVEN SPARROWS
THE WASHINGTON SQUARE ENIGMA
THE WONDERFUL SCHEME OF MR. CHRISTOPHER THORNE
THIEVES’ NIGHTS


ART VIEWER

A new novel device that makes small portraits appear lifesize, including 30 art studies of beautiful girl models. All sent prepaid for $1.50. Hannelly, 1305-203 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

In the next

Keeler News No. 74

Bulletin of the Harry Stephen Keeler Society

The Marceau Case and X. Jones—Of Scotland Yard: a structural analysis

*A Magazine for Iconoclasts*