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with a feeling that I was extracting a general revenge against women. Never could I forget Claire; and, having planted the seed for my revenge I could not relent. The idea grew on me like a disease. I suppose it was a disease, for somewhere in my wanderings I contracted the disease which is bringing me positive insanity now. The oblivion for which I am waiting, sometimes with a feeling almost akin to that of a bride awaiting a husband.

No! No! I must not! Let us pass hurriedly over this period for I feel . . . God knows what I feel. When I know . . . it will be too late to tell!

I came home to find Claire and her husband established as I had expected. They were living as any normal couple would live on twelve thousand dollars a year. I immediately set about plunging them into poverty. I bought two banks, one where the husband worked and the other where he had deposited some savings.

I fired the husband. I broke the bank his savings were in and left them penniless. Then I began hounding the husband. Claire was to have a baby in a month. I drove the husband from job to job. I bought grocery stores, feed stores, bond houses—any place where he found work and fired him without references. Always I remained in the background. Soon he could get no work but day labor.

I have been in bed for three days. I am nearing the end of . . . I know not what. I have a strange feeling in my head and in my ears there is a tiny buzzing. A buzzing which slowly, oh so slowly, is growing louder. I have a feeling that when it gets very much louder I won't be able to think. I may not be able to think now. I wonder. I sit here at the typewriter and write this. I don't know what for or why. I seem to have intended writing to somebody or something . . . but who or what I can't tell. The nurse is looking at me queerly and I just heard her ask the doctor over the phone if it did any harm for me to write. I wish she would tell me what it was I wanted to write. I can't think of it for anything.

I can see by the sheet of paper I found in the typewriter that I have been out of my head. I don't remember a think about it. It is only a warning of what is coming, however, and I have no fear. I must hurry on and finish this.

Claire's baby was born without medical attention. I was afraid she might die and rob me of completing my revenge but she didn't. Her husband, weakling that I knew him to be, soon left her to my devices. He was found with his head burst on a steel rail under the Fourteenth Street viaduct.

A letter came from Claire. I ignored it. She went to work as soon as she was able in a laundry. I bought the laundry and fired her. Soon she was reduced to walking the streets and begging. Then she came to my office. My revenge was complete.

I remember the ragged clothes she had on, the unkept appearance of her hair. The hair that had set my heart aflame.

I sat there and listened to her tale of woe. She did not

even suspect me. I felt a keen, unwholesome delight as she continued. Every word justified my plans. They had worked exactly as I had intended. I seemed to be two persons as she talked. One who enjoyed her state to the utmost and the other like a raging beast chained to a post, raging at my own cruelty and folly.

I fainted.

I have just read all the story above, and though I am Jonathan Thorwald, I remember nothing of it. Sometimes I have vague feelings as if something had gone in the past, but nothing like the above I am sure. I wonder who could have written it. I wandered into this room here and found this sheet of paper in the typewriter and it seemed only natural that I write . . . but what? I have nothing to say to anybody. Nothing. I didn't even know my fingers would run so easily over these keys as they do. There's something I don't quite understand about this, this house, these people in white . . . there's something. Here comes one of those white clad women now. I must stop. She must know nothing of this. It's fun though and I must try it again.

(From the Evening Post, December 3, 1929)

Jonathan Thorwald, 57, multi-millionaire banker, died at the Bellevue Hospital Thursday afternoon following a lingering illness of several months. He had been confined to the Bellevue Hospital for three weeks at the time of his death.

Mr. Thorwald, while personally directing some of his interests in South America several years ago, contracted a tropical disease which gradually affected his brain and which has kept physicians puzzled to date. It is said that in the past three months he has been fully conscious only for a few hours at a time.

Before contracting the disease, Mr. Thorwald wrote a will leaving his entire estate to Mrs. Claire Rundsen, her husband and their daughter. Mrs. Rundsen says that although she knew him several years ago she has not seen Thorwald since her marriage and was not aware of his illness.



Her—Oh, don't make me yawn.
Him—My name ain't Yohn,
it's Yim.