



**Raspberry**

**Jam**

**Carolyn Wells**

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# Chapter

## 1 THE GREAT HANLON

"You may contradict me as flat as a flounder, Eunice, but that won't alter the facts. There is something in telepathy—there is something in mind-reading—"

"If you could read my mind, Aunt Abby, you'd drop that subject. For if you keep on, I may say what I think, and—"

"Oh, that won't bother me in the least. I know what you think, but your thoughts are so chaotic—so ignorant of the whole matter—that they are worthless. Now, listen to this from the paper: 'Hanlon will walk blindfolded—blindfolded, mind you—through the streets of Newark, and will find an article hidden by a representative of The Free Press.' Of course, you know, Eunice, the newspaper people are on the square—why, there'd be no sense to the whole thing otherwise! I saw an exhibition once, you were a little girl then; I remember you flew into such a rage because you couldn't go. Well, where was I? Let me see—oh, yes—'Hanlon—' H'm—h'm—why, my goodness! it's to-morrow! How I do want to go! Do you suppose Sanford would take us?"

"I do not, unless he loses his mind first. Aunt Abby, you're crazy! What is the thing, anyway? Some common street show?"

"If you'd listen, Eunice, and pay a little attention, you might know what I'm talking about. But as soon as I say telepathy you begin to laugh and make fun of it all!"

"I haven't heard anything yet to make fun of. What's it all about?"

But as she spoke, Eunice Embury was moving about the room, the big living-room of their Park Avenue apartment, and in a preoccupied way was patting her household gods on their shoulders. A readjustment of the pink carnations in a tall glass vase, a turning round of a long-stemmed rose in a silver holder, a punch here and there to the pillows of the davenport and at last dropping down on her desk chair as a hovering butterfly settles on a chosen flower.

A moment more and she was engrossed in some letters, and Aunt Abby sighed resignedly, quite hopeless now of interesting her niece in her project.

"All the same, I'm going," she remarked, nodding her head at the back of the graceful figure sitting at the desk. "Newark isn't so far away; I could go alone—or maybe take Maggie—she'd love it—'Start from the Oberon Theatre—at 2 P.M.—' 'Him, I could have an early lunch and—'hidden in any part of the city—only mentally directed—not a word spoken—' Just think of that, Eunice! It doesn't seem credible that—oh,

my goodness! tomorrow is Red Cross day! Well, I can't help it; such a chance as this doesn't happen twice. I wish I could coax Sanford—"

"You can't," murmured Eunice, without looking up from her writing.

"Then I'll go alone!" Aunt Abby spoke with spirit, and her bright black eyes snapped with determination as she nodded her white head. "You can't monopolize the willpower of the whole family, Eunice Embury!"

"I don't want to! But I can have a voice in the matters of my own house and family yes, and guests! I can't spare Maggie to-morrow. You well know Sanford won't go on any such wild goose chase with you, and I'm sure I won't. You can't go alone—and anyway, the whole thing is bosh and nonsense. Let me hear no more of it!"

Eunice picked up her pen, but she cast a sidelong glance at her aunt to see if she accepted the situation.

She did not. Miss Abby Ames was a lady of decision, and she had one hobby, for the pursuit of which she would attempt to overcome any obstacle.

"You needn't hear any more of it, Eunice," she said, curtly. "I am not a child to be allowed out or kept at home! I shall go to Newark to-morrow to see this performance, and I shall go alone, and—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort! You'd look nice starting off alone on a railroad trip! Why, I don't believe you've ever been to Newark in your life! Nobody has! It isn't done!"

Eunice was half whimsical, half angry, but her stormy eyes presaged combat and her rising color indicated decided annoyance.

"Done!" cried her aunt. "Conventions mean nothing to me! Abby Ames makes social laws—she does not obey those made by others!"

"You can't do that in New York, Aunt Abby. In your old Boston, perhaps you had a certain dictatorship, but it won't do here. Moreover, I have rights as your hostess, and I forbid you to go skylarking about by yourself."

"You amuse me, Eunice!"

"I had no intention of being funny, I assure you."

"While not distinctly humorous, the idea of your forbidding me is, well—oh, my gracious, Eunice, listen to this: 'The man chosen for Hanlon's "guide" is the Hon. James L. Mortimer—' —h'm—'High Street—' Why, Eunice, I've heard of Mortimer—he's—"

"I don't care who he is, Aunt Abby, and I wish you'd drop the subject."

"I won't drop it—it's too interesting! Oh, my! I wish we could go out there in the big car—then we could follow him round—"

"Hush! Go out to Newark in the car! Trail round the streets and alleys after a fool mountebank! With a horde of gamins and low, horrid men crowding about—"

They won't be allowed to crowd about!"

"And yelling—"

"I admit the yelling—"

"Aunt Abby, you're impossible!" Eunice rose, and scowled irately at her aunt. Her temper, always quick, was at times ungovernable, and was oftenest roused at the suggestion of any topic or proceeding that jarred on her taste. Exclusive to the point of absurdity, fastidious in all her ways, Mrs. Embury was, so far as possible, in the world but not of it.

Both she and her husband rejoiced in the smallness of their friendly circle, and shrank from any unnecessary association with hoi polloi.

And Aunt Abby Ames, their not entirely welcome guest, was of a different nature, and possessed of another scale of standards. Secure in her New England aristocracy, calmly conscious of her innate refinement, she permitted herself any lapses from conventional laws that recommended themselves to her inclination.

And it cannot be denied that the investigation of her pet subject, the satisfaction of her curiosity concerning occult matters and her diligent inquiries into the mysteries of the supernatural did lead her into places and scenes not at all in harmony with Eunice's ideas of propriety.

"Not another word of that rubbish, Auntie; the subject is taboo," and Eunice waved her hand with the air of one who dismisses a matter completely.

"Don't you think you can come any of your high and mighty airs on me!" retorted the elder lady. "It doesn't seem so very many years ago that I spanked you and shut you in the closet for impudence. The fact that you are now Mrs. Sanford Embury instead of little Eunice Ames hasn't changed my attitude toward you!"

"Oh, Auntie, you are too ridiculous!" and Eunice laughed outright. "But the tables are turned, and I am not only Mrs. Sanford Embury but your hostess, and, as such, entitled to your polite regard for my wishes."

"Tomfoolery talk, my dear; I'll give you all the polite regard you are entitled to, but I shall carry out my own wishes, even though they run contrary to yours. And to-morrow I prance out to Newark, N.J., your orders to the contrary notwithstanding!"

The aristocratic old head went up and the aristocratic old nose sniffed disdainfully, for though Eunice Embury was strong-willed, her aunt was equally so, and in a clash of opinions Miss Ames not infrequently won out.

Eunice didn't sulk, that was not her nature; she turned back to her writing desk with an offended air, but with a smile as of one who tolerates the vagaries of an inferior. This, she knew, would irritate her aunt more than further words could do.

And yet, Eunice Embury was neither mean nor spiteful of disposition. She had a furious temper, but she tried hard to control it, and when it did break loose, the spasm was but of short duration and she was sorry for it afterward. Her husband declared he had tamed her, and that since her marriage, about two years ago, his wise, calm influence had curbed

her tendency to fly into a rage and had made her far more equable and placid of disposition.

His methods had been drastic—somewhat like those of Petruchio toward Katherine. When his wife grew angry, Sanford Embury grew more so and by harder words and more scathing sarcasms he—as he expressed it—took the wind out of her sails and rendered her helplessly vanquished.

And yet they were a congenial pair. Their tastes were similar; they liked the same people, the same books, the same plays. Eunice approved of Sanford's correct ways and perfect intuitions and he admired her beauty and dainty grace.

Neither of them loved Aunt Abby—the sister of Eunice's father—but her annual visit was customary and unavoidable.

The city apartment of the Sanfords had no guestroom, and therefore the visitor must needs occupy Eunice's charming boudoir and dressing-room as a bedroom. This inconvenienced the Emburys, but they put up with it perforce.

Nor would they have so disliked to entertain the old lady had it not been for her predilection for occult matters. Her visit to their home coincided with her course of Clairvoyant Sittings and her class of Psychic Development.

These took place at houses in undesirable, sometimes unsavory localities and only Aunt Abby's immovable determination made it possible for her to attend.

A large text-book, "The Voice of the Future," was her inseparable companion, and one of her chief, though, as yet, unfulfilled, desires was to have a Reading given at the Embury home by the Swami Ramananda.

Eunice, by dint of stern disapproval, and Sanford, by his good-natured chaffing and ridicule had so far prevented this calamity, but both feared that Aunt Abby might yet outwit them and have her coveted seance after all.

Outside of this phase of her character, Miss Ames was not an undesirable guest. She had a good sense of humor, a kind and generous heart and was both perceptive and responsive in matters of household interest.

Owing to the early death of Eunice's mother, Aunt Abby had brought up the child, and had done her duty by her as she saw it.

It was after Eunice had married that Miss Ames became interested in mystics and with a few of her friends in Boston had formed a circle for the pursuance of the cult.

Her life had otherwise been empty, indeed, for the girl had given her occupation a-plenty, and that removed, Miss Abby felt a vague want of interest.

Eunice Ames had not been easy to manage. Nor was Miss Abby Ames the best one to be her manager.

The girl was headstrong and wilful, yet possessed of such winsome, persuasive wiles that she twisted her aunt round her finger.

Then, too, her quick temper served as a rod and many times Miss Ames indulged the girl against her better judgment lest an unpleasant explosion of wrath should occur and shake her nervous system to its foundation. So Eunice grew up, an uncurbed, untamed, self-willed and self-reliant girl, making up her quarrels as fast as she picked them and winning friends everywhere in spite of her sharp tongue.

And so, on this occasion, neither of the combatants held rancor more than a few minutes. Eunice went on writing letters and Miss Abby went on reading her paper, until at five o'clock, Ferdinand the butler brought in the tea-things.

"Goody!" cried Eunice, jumping up. "I do want some tea, don't you, Aunty?"

"Yes," and Miss Ames crossed the room to sit beside her. "And I've an idea, Eunice; I'll take Ferdinand with me to-morrow!"

The butler, who was also Embury's valet and a general household steward, looked up quickly. He had been in Miss Ames' employ for many years before Eunice's marriage, and now, in the Embury's city home was the indispensable major-domo of the establishment.

"Yes," went on Aunt Abby, "that will make it all quite circumspect and correct. Ferdinand, tomorrow you accompany me to Newark, New Jersey."

"I think not," said Eunice quietly, and dismissing Ferdinand with a nod, she began serenely to make the tea.

"Don't be silly, Aunt Abby," she said; "you can't go that way. It would be all right to go with Ferdinand, of course, but what could you do when you, reached Newark? Race about on foot, following up this clown, or whoever is performing?"

"We could take a taxicab—"

"You might get one and you might not. Now, you will wait till San comes home, and see if he'll let you have the big car."

"Will you go then, Eunice?"

"No; of course not. I don't go to such fool shows! There's the door! Sanford's coming."

A step was heard in the hall, a cheery voice spoke to Ferdinand as he took his master's coat and hat and then a big man entered the living-room.

"Hello, girls," he said, gaily; "how's things?"

He kissed Eunice, shook Aunt Abby's hand and dropped into an easy chair.

"Things are whizzing," he said, as he took the cup Eunice poured for him. "I've just come from the Club, and our outlook is rosy-posy. Old Hendricks is going to get, badly left."



"It's all safe for you, then, is it?" and Eunice smiled radiantly at her husband.

"Right as rain! The prize-fights did it! They upset old Hendrick's apple-cart and spilled his beans. Lots of them object to the fights because of the expense—fighters are a high-priced bunch—but I'm down on them because I think it bad form—"

"I should say so!" put in Eunice, emphatically.

"Bad form for an Athletic Club of gentlemen to have brutal exhibitions for their entertainment."

"And what about the Motion-Picture Theatre?"

"The same there! Frightful expense,—and also rotten taste! No, the Metropolitan Athletic Club can't stoop to such entertainments. If it were a worth-while little playhouse, now, and if they had a high class of performances, that would be another story. Hey, Aunt Abby? What do you think?"

"I don't know, Sanford, you know I'm ignorant on such matters. But I want to ask you something. Have you read the paper to-day?"

"Why, yes, being a normal American citizen, I did run through the Battle-Ax of Freedom. Why?"

"Did you read about Hanlon—the great Hanlon?"

"Musician, statesman or criminal? I can't seem to place a really great Hanlon. By the way, Eunice, if Hendricks blows in, ask him to stay to dinner, will you? I want to talk to him, but I don't want to seem unduly anxious for his company."

"Very well," and Eunice smiled; "if I can persuade him, I will."

"If you can!" exclaimed Miss Abby, her sarcasm entirely unveiled. "Alvord Hendricks would walk the plank if you invited him to do so!"

"Who wouldn't?" laughed Embury. "I have the same confidence in my wife's powers of persuasion that you seem to have, Aunt Abby; and though I may impose on her, I do want her to use them upon me deadly r-rival!"

"You mean rival in your club election," returned Miss Ames, "but he is also your rival in another way."

"Don't speak so cryptically, Aunt, dear. We all know of his infatuation for Eunice, but he's only one of many. Think you he is more dangerous than, say, friend Elliott?"

"Mason Elliott? Oh, of course, he has been an admirer of Eunice since they made mud-pies together."

"That's two, then," Embury laughed lightly. "And Jim Craft is three and Halliwell James is four and Guy Little—"

"Oh, don't include him, I beg of you!" cried Eunice; "he flats when he sings!"

"Well, I could round up a round dozen, who would willingly cast sheeps' eyes at my wife, but—well, they don't!"

"They'd better not," laughed Eunice, and Embury added, "Not if I see them first!"

"Isn't it funny," said Aunt Abby, reminiscently, "that Eunice did choose you out of that Cambridge bunch."

"I chose her," corrected Embury, "and don't take that wrong! I mean that I swooped down and carried her off under their very noses! Didn't I, Firebrand?"

"The only way you could get me," agreed Eunice, saucily.

"Oh, I don't know!" and Embury smiled. "You weren't so desperately opposed."

"No; but she was undecided," said Aunt Abby; "why, for weeks before your engagement was announced, Eunice couldn't make up her mind for certain. There was Mason Elliott and Al Hendricks, both as determined as you were."

"I know it, Aunt. Good Lord, I guess I knew those boys all my life, and I knew all their love affairs as well as they knew all mine."

"You had others, then?" and Eunice opened her brown eyes in mock amazement.

"Rather! How could I know you were the dearest girl in the world if I had no one to compare you with?"

"Well, then I had a right to have other beaux."

"Of course you did! I never objected. But now, you're my wife, and though all the men in Christendom may admire you, you are not to give one of them a glance that belongs to me."

"No, sir; I won't," and Eunice's long lashes dropped on her cheeks as she assumed an absurdly overdone meekness.

"I was surprised, though," pursued Aunt Abby, still reminiscient, "when Eunice married you, Sanford. Mr. Mason is so much more intellectual and Mr. Hendricks so much better looking."

"Thank you, lady!" and Embury bowed gravely. "But you see, I have that—er—indescribable charm—that nobody can resist."

"You have, you rascal!" and Miss Ames beamed on him. "And I think this a favorable moment to ask a favor of your Royal Highness."

"Out with it. I'll grant it, to the half of my kingdom, but don't dip into the other half."

"Well, it's a simple little favor, after all. I want to go out to Newark tomorrow in the big car—"

"Newark, New Jersey?"

"Is there any other?"

"Yep; Ohio."

"Well, the New Jersey one will do me, this time. Oh, Sanford, do let me go! A man is going to will another man—blindfolded, you know—to find a thingumbob that he hid—nobody knows where—and he can't see a thing, and he doesn't know anybody and the guide man is Mr. Mortimer—don't you remember, his mother used to live in Cambridge? she was an

Emmins—well, anyway, it's the most marvelous exhibition of thought transference, or mind-reading, that has ever been shown—and I must go. Do let me?—please, Sanford!"

"My Lord, Aunt Abby, you've got me all mixed up! I remember the Mortimer boy, but what's he doing blindfolded?"

"No; it's the Hanlon man who's blindfolded, and I can go with Ferdinand—and—"

"Go with Ferdinand! Is it a servants' ball—or what?"

"No, no; oh, if you'd only listen, Sanford!"

"Well, I will, in a minute, Aunt Abby. But wait till I tell Eunice something. You see, dear, if Hendricks does show up, I can pump him judiciously and find out where the Meredith brothers stand. Then—"

"All right, San, I'll see that he stays. Now do settle Aunt Abby on this crazy scheme of hers. She doesn't want to go to Newark at all—"

"I do, I do!" cried the old lady.

"Between you and me, Eunice, I believe she does want to go," and Embury chuckled. "Where's the paper, Aunt? Let me see what it's all about."

"'A Fair Test,'" he read aloud. "'Positive evidence for or against the theory of thought transference. The mysterious Hanlon to perform a seeming miracle. Sponsored by the Editor of the Newark Free Press, assisted by the prominent citizen, James L. Mortimer, done in broad daylight in the sight of crowds of people, tomorrow's performance will be a revelation to doubters or a triumph indeed for those who believe in telepathy.' H'm —h'm—but what's he going to do?"

"Read on, read on, Sanford," cried Aunt Abby, excitedly.

"Starting from the Oberon Theatre at two o'clock, Hanlon will undertake to find a penknife, previously hidden in a distant part of the city, its whereabouts known only to the Editor of the Free Press and to Mr. Mortimer. Hanlon is to be blindfolded by a committee of citizens and is to be followed, not preceded by Mr. Mortimer, who is to will Hanlon in the right direction, and to "guide" him merely by mental will-power. There is to be no word spoken between these two men, no personal contact, and no possibility of a confederate or trickery of any sort.

"Mr. Mortimer is not a psychic; indeed, he is not a student of the occult or even a believer in telepathy, but he has promised to obey the conditions laid down for him. These are merely and only that he is to follow Hanlon, keeping a few steps behind him, and mentally will the blindfolded man to go in the right direction to find the hidden knife."

"Isn't it wonderful, Sanford," breathed Miss Abby, her eyes shining with the delight of the mystery.

"Poppycock!" and Embury smiled at her as a gullible child. "You don't mean to say, aunt, that you believe there is no trickery about this!"

"But how can there be? You know, Sanford, it's easy enough to say 'poppycock' and 'fiddle-dee-dee!' and 'gammon' and 'spinach!' But just tell me how it's done—how it can be done by trickery? Suggest a means however complicated or difficult—"

"Oh, of course, I can't. I'm no charlatan or prestidigitateur! But you know as well as I do, that the thing is a trick—"

"I don't! And anyway, that isn't the point. I want to go to see it. I'm not asking your opinion of the performance, I'm asking you to let me go. May I?"

"No, indeed! Why, Aunt Abby, it will be a terrible crowd—a horde of ragamuffins and ruffians. You'd be torn to pieces—"

"But I want to, Sanford," and the old lady was on the verge of tears. "I want to see Hanlon—"

"Hanlon! Who wants to see Hanlon?"

The expected Hendricks came into the room, and shaking hands as he talked, he repeated his question: "Who wants to see Hanlon? Because I do, and I'll take any one here who is interested."

"Oh, you angel man!" exclaimed Aunt Abby, her face beaming. "I want to go! Will you really take me, Alvord?"

"Sure I will! Anybody else? You want to see it, Eunice?"

"Why, I didn't, but as Sanford just read it, it sounded interesting. How would we go?"

"I'll run you out in my touring car. It won't take more'n the afternoon, and it'll be a jolly picnic. Go along, San?"

"No, not on your life! When did you go foolish, Alvord?"

"Oh, I always had a notion toward that sort of thing. I want to see how he does it. Don't think I fall for the telepathy gag, but I want to see where the little joker is,—and then, too, I'm glad to please the ladies."

"I'll go," said Eunice; "that is, if you'll stay and dine now —and we can talk it over and plan the trip."

"With all the pleasure in life," returned Hendricks.

# Chapter

## 2 A TRIP TO NEWARK

Perhaps no factor is more indicative of the type of a home life than its breakfast atmosphere. For, in America, it is only a small proportion, even among the wealthy who 'breakfast in their rooms.' And a knowledge of the appointments and customs of the breakfast are often data enough to stamp the status of the household.

In the Embury home, breakfast was a pleasant send-off for the day. Both Sanford and Eunice were of the sort who wake up wide-awake, and their appearance in the dining-room was always an occasion of merry banter and a leisurely enjoyment of the meal. Aunt Abby, too, was at her best in the morning, and breakfast was served sufficiently early to do away with any need for hurry on Sanford's part.

The morning paper, save for its headlines, was not a component part of the routine, and it was an exceptionally interesting topic that caused it to be unfolded.

This morning, however, Miss Ames reached the dining-room before the others and eagerly scanned the pages for some further notes of the affair in Newark.

But with the total depravity of inanimate things and with the invariable disappointingness of a newspaper, the columns offered no other information than a mere announcement of the coming event.

"Hunting for details of your wild-goose chase?" asked Embury, as he paused on the way to his own chair to lean over Aunt Abby's shoulder.

"Yes, and there's almost nothing! Why do you take this paper?"

"You'll see it all to-day, so why do you want to read about it?" laughed a gay voice, and Eunice came in, all fluttering chiffon and ribbon ends.

She took the chair Ferdinand placed for her, and picked up a spoon as the attentive man set grapefruit at her plate. The waitress was allowed to serve the others, but Ferdinand reserved to himself the privilege of waiting on his beloved mistress.

"Still of a mind to go?" she said, smiling at her aunt.

"More than ever! It's a perfectly heavenly day, and we'll have a good ride, if nothing more."

"Good ride!" chaffed Embury. "Don't you fool yourself, Aunt Abby! The ride from this burg to Newark, N.J., is just about the most Godforsaken bit of scenery you ever passed through!"

"I don't mind that. Al Hendricks is good company, and, any way, I'd go through fire and water to see that Hanlon show. Eunice, can't you and

Mr. Hendricks pick me up? I want to go to my Psychic Class this morning, and there's no use coming way back here again."

"Yes, certainly; we're going about noon, you know, and have lunch in Newark."

"In Newark!" and Embury looked his amazement.

"Yes; Alvord said so last night. He says that new hotel there is quite all right. We'll only have time for a bite, anyway."

"Well, bite where you like. By the way, my Tiger girl, you didn't get that information from our friend last evening."

"No, San, I couldn't, without making it too pointed. I thought I could bring it in more casually to-day—say, at luncheon."

"Yes; that's good. But find out, Eunice, just where the Merediths stand. They may swing the whole vote."

"What vote?" asked Aunt Abby, who was interested in everything.

"Our club, Auntie," and Embury explained. "You know Hendricks is president—has been for years—and we're trying to oust him in favor of yours truly."

"You, Sanford! Do you mean you want to put him out and put yourself in his place?"

"Exactly that, my lady."

"But-how queer! Does he know it?"

"Rather! Yes—even on calm second thought, I should say Hendricks knows it!"

"But I shouldn't think you two would be friends in such circumstances."

"That's the beauty of it, ma'am; we're bosom friends, as you know; and yet, we're fighting for that presidency like two cats of Kilkenny."

"The New York Athletic Club, is it?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! Not so, but far otherwise. The Metropolitan Athletic Club if you please."

"Yes, I know—I'd forgotten the name."

"Don't mix up the two—they're deadly rivals."

"Why do you want to be president, Sanford?"

"That's a long tale, but in a nutshell, purely and solely for the good of the club."

"And that's the truth," declared Eunice. "Sanford is getting himself disliked in some quarters, influential ones, too, and he's making life-long enemies—not Alvord, but others—and it is all because he has the real interests of the club at heart. Al Hendricks is running it into—into a mud-puddle! Isn't he, San?"

"Well, yes, though I shouldn't have thought of using that word. But, he is bringing its gray hairs in sorrow to the grave—or will, if he remains in office, instead of turning it over to a well-balanced man of good judgment and unerring taste—say, like one Sanford Embury."