

The Seventh Symphony

REMARKABLE achievements of Ivan Brodsky, physician, whose investigations into psychic phenomena enabled him to cure spiritual diseases and to exorcise evil spirits from the bodies of their victims.

By H. M. EGBERT

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IVAN BRODSKY put down the morning paper with a long whistle, got up, put his hands in his pockets, and paced the room continuously. "Too bad! Too bad!" he kept repeating.

During the months that I had lived with him and assisted him in the physical investigations which he carried on, I had learned one thing above all others—to let him tell his story in his own way. So I waited until he was ready to speak. I could not conceive what he had read that had so agitated him, and my astonishment was increased fourfold when he came and stood by my side, wiping the tears from his eyes unaffectedly.

"Rose Celaye is dead," he volunteered finally.

I tried to murmur something appropriate, but I must confess that the announcement did not stir me greatly. Of course, like most others, I had heard of that wonderful woman, "cellist through all the capitals of Europe and America, from Buenos Aires to St. Petersburg. I had seen the notice of her death, in her thirty-fifth year, and had forgotten that the doctor, like every Pole, had a passionate love for music.

"You knew her, perhaps, doctor?" I faltered.

"Not in the body," said Brodsky, quite slipshod, as though drawing some obvious distinction. "But what does that matter? Why, I heard her play. I heard her in Carnegie hall when she went to New York last year. And dead! Rose Celaye dead!"

Presently he came and sat down at my side.

"The world is poorer to-day than it was yesterday," he said to me. "Rose Celaye was the greatest cellist of the day; if she had lived five years longer she would have been the greatest that ever lived. But she was more than a great player—she was a woman of the most noble nature. She was never spoiled by the flattery that she received. She lived just as simple, unaffected a life, devoting all her income beyond the amount necessary for living to the encouragement of poor artists as she had been. And only five years ago, when princess and millionaires were at her feet, she married a poor clerk in a lawyer's office, for love. I believe their lives were ideally happy. I met him once; he offered to introduce me to his wife, but I would not meet her. You see, I had heard her play. I did not want to meet her in the flesh."

Our physical investigations occupied much of our time about that period, and this conversation made little impression on me. It must have been four or five months afterward that it was recalled vividly to my mind when I entered the doctor's office a little late one morning and saw upon the hall table, as I went in, the card of a visitor engraved, "Auguste Celaye." Inside, the man was taking off his gloves. He was about five and thirty years of age, as I should judge, a Creole in appear-

ance, and possessed a striking and dignified demeanor.

"Dr. Brodsky," he began, when we had been introduced, "you will have no recollection of me, of course, although I once had the pleasure of making your acquaintance for a few moments at a reception."

"On the contrary, I remember you very well," replied the doctor.

"I am extremely glad of it," returned the young man cordially, "because it will make my mission easier. I am not, of course, unacquainted with the reputation that has come to you from your remarkable investigations in psychic affairs. I have always believed in such things, and so did my wife. Curiously enough, she often expressed the wish to meet you,

and the fact that I did not introduce you to her that afternoon was the cause of our only disagreement. Before her death she and I often discussed the possibility of the spirit making itself manifest to mortals, and we resolved that, which ever died first, he or she would return to give proof of immortality to the other.

"Her death, as you know, was comparatively sudden. She lingered in a semi-conscious state for perhaps two hours after we realized that the end was approaching. Toward the last her mind grew clearer, and she motioned to me to bend over her. In a very weak voice she told me that she going to give me the proof she had always spoken of. She would, if possible, play for me the seventh symphony of Beethoven upon her cello. It was her favorite piece, and mine. And then, just before she died, she spoke your name.

"After her death I was wild with grief. I locked away all her possessions in a room of our apartment and would not allow anyone to touch them. I traveled for some months, and arrived back last week. Time had softened my excess of sorrow, as I suppose it must, though the grief will, I know, be permanent. And then, for the first time, I dared to think of her promise. But so great was my dread of disappointment that for several days I could not bring myself to unlock the door of the room in which her things were stored. Finally I brought myself to it, took out her bow and cello, which had rested there, untouched, for months, and placed them in my room and waited in the darkness. But nothing occurred, and at last I went to bed and soon fell into a sound sleep.

"It must have been shortly after midnight that I awoke with a start. I had dreamed of hideous discords, and the dream was verified. Upon my ears there burst the wildest, most terrible medley of sounds that I have ever heard. They crashed out upon the instrument in the most grotesque manner imaginable, and yet, horrible as it was the time and accentuation seemed to be those of the seventh symphony.

"You can imagine my horror. I sprang from the bed and struck a match. Instantly the sounds ceased, and yet, when I drew near, I saw the strings quivering, as though the hand of the ghostly visitant had barely left them. That night I heard no more, but every night since then that horrible noise awakens me at the same time. It lasts about as long as it is all time of the symphony; and it is always the same. I know the fearful tune by heart—if tune it can be called. And all day long it haunts me in imagination. So I should have gone mad if the remembrance of you had not suddenly come to me last night when I was at the summit of my suffering. I took the first train from New York this morning, found your address in the telephone book, and have come to beg you to solve the mystery. Have I gone insane and do I imagine it? Or is it that my wife has forgotten existence? If that be so, if character or change, what does remain of us? Or is it some devil that has come back to mock and torture me?"

He ceased, and, overcome by his emotion, leaned his head upon his hand and regarded Brodsky intently. In his eyes there was the look of some hunted animal.

"You are satisfied that these sounds are produced without any human agency?" he asked.

"Absolutely," the young man replied. "Moreover, they are produced by some intelligent being, for the sounds are precisely the same on each occasion. It is almost as though some travesty of the seventh symphony had been written out, so identical is each performance with the last."

"Then," said Brodsky, "you have actually the proof of immortality that you demanded. What matter the details of it? Why seek further elucidation? Is it that the human heart will not believe?"

"No," replied Celaye steadily. "It is because I fear that the sounds are made by some devil assuming her identity."

"Well, well, have to go and see," returned the doctor. "It's no use forming hypotheses. To-day we have some work that must be finished here; to-morrow my assistant and I will be at your apartment at seven in the evening."

Celaye departed reluctantly, leaving us an address in that portion of New York city that adjoins Columbia university. On arriving at his apartment house, a plain, but comfortable looking structure, the elevator boy took us up to where Celaye stood waiting for us in the passage.

"I've been too nervous to go inside," he said. "I've been scanning the elevator each time it came up until people must have thought me highly inquisitive, not to say impertinent. Come in and have some dinner."

The inside of the apartment was

just what we would have anticipated. It combined the maximum of good taste with the moderation of economy. When we had concluded a very pleasant meal Celaye led us into the large room which he used both as a bedroom and a sitting room. "It seemed less lonely to move everything in here," he explained. In one corner, propped up against the wall, was the cello, the bow inside it. Brodsky advanced to inspect it. Instantly Celaye darted in front of him, his eyes blazing angrily, to bar the doctor's progress.

"You shall not touch it," he cried. "No hand but mine has ever been laid upon it since she died."

Brodsky stopped short and looked at Celaye with mild indignation.

"I beg your forgiveness," said the young man humbly, transformed once more back to his normal condition. "But I cannot allow you to touch it. It is a foolish whim of mine—but I cannot. I cannot explain it, but I must insist on this."

"My dear sir," said Brodsky severely, "it is not at all essential to my purposes that I touch the instrument. I did not desire to do so in my capacity as doctor, but merely from the natural interest that I take in musical instruments of such antiquity."

The young man flashed out eagerly. "You recognize it?" he asked in delight. "It is a genuine Carroba, made at Leghorn, in 1729. Pray look at it." He turned it for Brodsky's inspection, but all the while seemed ready to spring to the defense of it.

"Such old instruments have a peculiar psychic value," said Brodsky thoughtfully. "Well, will it play for us if we put out the lights?"

We lowered the gas, but not a

twenty minutes. But nothing occurred, no sound came to break the silence.

"It will not play; I know it," said Celaye abruptly, rising and lighting the gas jets sullenly. He stood in the center of the apartment over the instrument, glaring at us defiantly. The doctor smiled.

"At least you have one consolation," he said. "If it had been some mocking spirit that struck the strings it would have come to us. We can dismiss that hypothesis. Well, suppose you put us up here for the night."

"I will," said the young man eagerly, his face clearing. It was evident to me that his swift moods were rather the result of his nervous tension than of a difficult nature. "There is a bedroom adjoining; I will leave the door open and you shall make yourselves comfortable there. If it does not play to-night, at least I shall be free from those terrible jangles that haunt me."

While he was searching for pillows and bedding I cross-questioned Brodsky upon the failure of his plan.

"I will tell you frankly why I made that suggestion," he said to me. "As I remarked, if it had been some devil, as I suspected, that played the jangles, it would have come eagerly. 'As you know, the difficulty at the seance table is not to obtain communication, but to keep off the lying, pranks, elemental spirits that assume the names and personalities of the departed. Had any such creature come I should have made some conventional excuses to Celaye and departed. The fact that nothing occurred is highly satisfactory. The good spirit only returns to this earth plane with great difficulty and travail. Well, there will

be nothing for us to do except to wait."

We resolved not to undress, but to sleep or rest upon the coverlets. We sat up together until close upon midnight, spending what would otherwise have been a very pleasant evening. Our host was a man of vast information and much culture, and by tacit consent, no further word was spoken regarding the object of our visit. Shortly before midnight Celaye began to yawn.

"I always become uncommonly sleepy about this hour," he said. "With your permission I will leave you and go to bed as though you were not here, so as to reproduce as nearly as possible the exact conditions of other nights."

"A very excellent suggestion," said Brodsky approvingly. "Well, we will retire also, and I think the door may be as nearly closed as possible without preventing our hearing anything that may happen."

We put out the gas in our room and talked in whispers.

"That sleepiness of Celaye's is promising," said Brodsky confidently. "Sleep is an invariable precursor of psychic phenomena, as you have found. Don't let yourself be overpowered, though, and in about an hour we shall hear something of interest, unless I am very much mistaken. I only hope the sounds are loud enough to reach us. To one in such a disturbed condition as Celaye the least murmur may appear a thunderclap."

I smile when I recall the doctor's words. In spite of my resolution I had fallen into a light doze—and Brodsky, afterward confessed to me that he, too, had yielded to sleep—when I was awakened by a furious, grating noise in the large room. I was wide awake in an instant. The cello was moaning like a tortured man. Thunderous discords fell from it, the strings grated and crackled as though some lunatic were at the instrument. I rushed to the door, but Brodsky held me back.

"It will cease if you enter," he whispered.

Never do I hope to hear such music again. And, what made it more horrible, there seemed to be some method in the playing of it; there were fearful parodies of runs and trills, the fingers struck the notes clearly

dignation that they should suspect him of the theft. The treatment was begun over again with fresh radium, and before long he was pronounced cured and left the hospital.

The police kept an eye on him and when he tried to sell the stolen treasure he was arrested and the radium, which was carefully removed from the lining of his coat, was sent back to the hospital.

Partners in Misery.

The short man sighed.

"My wife is painfully fussy," he



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sound came from the instrument. "It only plays at one in the morning," said Celaye. "That was the hour at which she died," he added.

"Well, sir," said Brodsky, "I doubt very much whether it would play for us all to-night, even if we were to sit up until that hour. Especially since you told me that the sounds cease the moment that you light the gas. It is controlled evidently by some power that is most delicately attuned. As you may know, the soul that returns to earth is by no means a free being, able to communicate with the survivor upon all possible topics. Were this so, we should have learned from such wandering beings the secrets of their own state. By a wise provision, the soul can return only for some special cause; the mother, to watch over her babe; the wife, to prove her continued existence to her husband; the miser, to reveal some hidden hoard. The soul that returns is responsive to one single emotion. Therefore, our presence alone would serve to neutralize this."

"Is there no way, then?" cried Celaye despairingly.

"There is one way," said Brodsky thoughtfully. "But it is a dangerous way, and I would resort to it only upon your solemn pledge that you will never again resort to it so long as you live. It is the way so wisely forbidden by Moses, the great law giver, the way that Saul utilized at Endor—the seance. By the united electrical powers of our bodies, we can, when seated in a circle, bring about the effects we seek. But there are hosts of evil agencies ready to rush in and usurp the functions of our minds. We must hold no commerce with these, give them no freehold over us. If, therefore, we sit to-night, may I have your promise never to do so again?"

"I promise," replied the young man solemnly.

"Then bring the cello into the center of the room," said Brodsky, "and place it face upward upon the floor with the bow beside it."

When this had been done we put out the gas lights and seated ourselves around the instrument in such a manner that, without touching it, we could, by extending and joining hands, completely encircle it. Thus we waited in silence for five, ten,

and true, leaping from string to string as the bow squeaked and scraped across them. A moment later the door was flung into our faces as Celaye burst into the room.

"I cannot bear it," he cried. "It is not she; that would be too horrible. Light a match, for the love of heaven!"

The doctor found and struck one, and on the instant the noise ceased. Brodsky and I ran across this room and inspected the instrument. The strings were still vibrating, but no sound came from them. We stared at one another in astonishment. Then we heard Celaye sobbing in the next room. It took the doctor half an hour to restore him to his normal self.

"I cannot help you," he said at length, when Celaye was dressed and we three sat once more in the gas-light. If I had anything from which to obtain inferences—but I am helpless here. The world of psychic phenomena is an unmaped chart; we are only beginning to explore the coasts and boundaries. But one thing I would advise you; destroy the instrument."

"Never!" cried Celaye, his face aflame. "She has come to me, she has tried to make herself intelligible, to give me the sign I asked for."

"Well, I will not be responsible for your sanity," said Brodsky curtly.

"A lot I care for that," retorted Celaye, laughing bitterly. "Man," he added fiercely, snatching at the doctor's arm, "don't you understand what is troubling me? My wife lived for her music; she lived in it, it was all in life to her, even perhaps my love. And am I to believe that, once she has put on the garments of immortality, she has lost all her knowledge of it, so that she can only play jangled, hideous mockeries of what she tries? Why, if that be so, then indeed death changes us beyond all recognition; we are no longer the same personality that we have been, but something different. We spend our lives developing ourselves, our finer natures, we hope and dream that it is not for nothing. And now—must I believe that all this is thrown away upon the rubbish heap and that we become mere helpless automata? Answer me, please."

His grief was pitiful to witness. But argument with him would have been impossible. His mind was beyond reason, tottering as it was upon the borderland of madness.

"I do not think that is so," Brodsky replied.

"Think!" shouted Celaye, springing to his feet, his face distorted with passion. "You are an impostor, sir. I asked you here in good faith, hoping that you could give me back my faith and confidence, and you came looking upon the matter as an experiment. You care nothing for my grief, only for your own amusement. Dr. Brodsky, I have the honor to wish you good-night."

Brodsky faced him unmoved. His cheek paled, but all his muscles were under complete control.

"You have used hard words to me," he said. "Sometimes, indeed, the wisest of physicians are at fault; and then it is our reward to be accused of imposition. Well, sir, it is unnecessary for me to reply further to your accusations. I wish you good-night."

I thought Celaye would have come to his senses then, but, to my astonishment, he made no answer of any kind. Instead he sank into a chair and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. The doctor looked at him in seeming irresolution for one moment; then, as though realizing the impossibility of assisting him further, he took his hat and followed me out of the door. The sleepy elevator man took us downstairs.

"Well, it's a hotel in town for us to-night," said Brodsky, as we marched down the deserted street. "There is a good hotel I used to visit some 20 blocks from here. What do you say to a walk?"

I agreed, and we tramped on in silence. We must have covered some half a dozen blocks when Brodsky stopped at a corner.

"Now why couldn't I solve that mystery?" he asked abruptly; and then, without waiting for any reply, he resumed his walk, muttering to himself all the while. We covered

some six blocks more. Again the doctor stopped. He clapped his hands to his head, dislodging his hat, but made no effort to recover it. When I handed it to him he clapped it on wrong side foremost. Suddenly he rushed at me, grasped my hands in his, and began working them like a pump handle in his excitement. I had never seen him in so exuberant a mood before.

"And the children shall be wise," he cried, "and the wise men shall be

as children." How does the quotation run? Then, linking his arms through mine, he solemnly turned me round, as though upon parade, and we started back again at a prodigious rate of speed.

"What is it? Have you solved the problem?" I asked.

The doctor came to a full halt once more.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know?" he cried. And when I admitted my ignorance he burst into peals of mighty laughter. He hurried me along breathlessly. And yet I knew in my heart that his happiness was not for the solution which he had found, but for the sake of Celaye. We reached the apartment at last, and the astonished elevator boy, more sleepy than ever, took us up and deposited us at Celaye's door. We rang six times before Celaye came out, wild-eyed and haggard. He stared at us, not in anger, but amazement.

"You—you were here before—were you not?" he gasped. "My mind must be unhinged. Yes, I remember it. You could not help me. And what was it I said to you, doctor? Something unpleasant? If so, forgive me."

The doctor flung his arm around the young man's shoulder and fairly dragged him into the room. The cello still stood propped against the wall.

"You wouldn't let me touch it this evening," cried Brodsky, snapping his fingers playfully in the man's face. "A fig for your whims. Play it yourself. Play the seventh symphony." He swung Celaye round until he faced him. "Play the seventh symphony," he repeated, looking into his eyes. Celaye's grew fixed. He could no longer resist. Mechanically he walked across the room, took bow from the floor, where it still lay, drew up a chair, and settled himself before the instrument. He drew the bow across the strings.

And again that rush of thunderous discords broke from the cello. It squeaked and groaned, and the bow rattled and scraped and whined. Celaye's eyes opened almost as wide as mine; he dropped the bow and sprang from his chair as though there were a nail in it.

"Well, sir," said Brodsky slowly, though his eyes twinkled, "ghosts have been blamed and doctors called impostors for better reasons than that. How in thunder do you expect the grandest living player to bring forth music when you forget to tune your cello? And look at that bow! You've left them for months, sir, and expect them to prove serviceable. Get a new bow, sir, and tune those strings, and don't blame your own negligence upon those who are not responsible."

Find Gem to Cure Grl.

Washington.—Wriggling through an 18-inch sewer for 200 feet, E. E. Armstrong, a plumber, found a diamond ring valued at \$1,200, which had been lost by Miss Harriet Shadd. The loss had worried her to such an extent a physician who operated on her for appendicitis several days ago doubted whether she would recover. Miss Shadd was taken sick while distressed over the loss of the ring. The doctors think the news of its recovery will aid greatly in restoring its owner to health.

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Room That Is Sound-Proof

Within Its Walls Heartbeats and Creaking of Muscles May Be Heard.

At the University of Upsala there is a sound-proof room. By building it on platforms of thick lead and cement and by constructing its walls of many thicknesses of felt, cork, asbestos and other bad conductors of sound vibrations all sounds from outside have been eliminated. The room is so quiet that the beating of one's heart or the creaking of one's muscles is at once heard on taking up a position within its closed doors and windows, and the only defect of it as a laboratory for acoustic experiments is that ventilation is absent and no one can remain in it for more than an hour at a time.

Ten Words in Her "Yes."

A Belgrade clerk named Vellsaw Simonovitch, on the strength of an increase of salary, telegraphed to a young lady of Lonsitza and asked her to share his fortune.

The regulation tax shows ten words for the minimum fee, and her answer ran:

"Yes, gladly, willingly, joyfully, delightedly, gratefully, lovingly, yes, yes, yes."

Roller Skate in Use Long Ago.

London seems to have possessed a roller skating rink over three-quarters of a century ago, for in 1823 mention can be found of the invention of a skate "for rendering the amusement independent of frost," which was being "practically exhibited at the old tennis court in Windmill street."

Taking Advantage.

Joseph H. Choate, the learned lawyer, said recently, at a dinner in New York, apropos of the movement to ward barring insanity as a defense for murder:

"The insane, you know, are too prone to take advantage of their weakness. A lunatic, out walking with his keeper, saw a case of beer in front of a grocery. He broke away, ran to the case and, opening a bottle, began to drink it, at the same time ramming with the other hand other bottles into his pockets just as fast as he could.

"Here, here," said a policeman; 'this won't do.'

"Go away," was the reply. You can't do anything to me. I'm a lunatic and I'm not responsible for my actions."

He Would Change His Mind.

"I called my wife's attention to a recent essay on the 'Lost Art of Conversation.'"

"What did she say?"

"She said she'd like to have a talk with the author."

In Two Bites.

"Yes, the first of every week I give my wife half my salary."

"Well?"

"And she gets the other half before the week is up."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

STATUE OF A SOLDIER

Georgia Erects Handsome Monument to General Oglethorpe.

Commonwealth Honors Spot Where the Noted Englishman Pitched His Tent 177 Years Ago When State Was Settled.

Savannah, Ga.—Within sight of the spot where, 177 years ago, he pitched his tent and rested at the close of the day, on which Georgia was settled, and hard by the tomb of Tomo-Chi-Chi, the Mica of the Yamacraws, the friend and ally of the colony, the State of Georgia, the City of Savannah, and the patriotic societies of the commonwealth recently unveiled a magnificent monument to the memory of the great soldier, eminent statesman and famous philanthropist, Gen. James Edward Oglethorpe.

In recognition of the military genius of Oglethorpe, and in consideration of the fact that the colony was first intended as a buttress between the English possessions in South Carolina and the encroachment of the Spaniards to the south, the occasion was celebrated with a great military pageant, extending over three days, in which the military establishment of this and neighboring states, the army and navy of the United States, and the government of England, the home land of Oglethorpe and his companions, as represented by her navy, took part.

The monument was erected at a cost of \$38,000, one-third of which was appropriated by the General Assembly, another third donated by the state, and the remainder was raised by subscription from patriotic societies and citizens. The monument is a work of art. It is the conception of Daniel Chester French, the New York sculptor, who designed the beautiful statue erected in Atlanta by the employees of the Southern Railway Co. to the memory of Samuel Spencer, a president of the company, killed in a wreck on the road. The monument, 26 feet in height, is surmounted by a bronze figure of Oglethorpe in the

uniform of a British general of the period in which he lived. The figure is 11 feet high.

The monument, containing two bases and a pedestal, is constructed of Tennessee marble. It occupies a square in the center of the city, on a main thoroughfare, and in that portion of the town which was laid out and planned by Oglethorpe himself. At the ends of the square, north and south, are mammoth seats of Indiana limestone, each capable of accommodating 25 persons at a time. On the other sides are smaller seats.

On the four corners of the second base are four marble lions, typical of the English nationality of Oglethorpe, seated upon their haunches, supporting with their bodies and feet shields on which are inscribed in relief the crest of the house of Oglethorpe, a wild boar's head, carrying in his teeth a spig of oak containing acorns; the seal of the colony, and the coat of arms of the state and city. The southern facing of the pedestal contains an inscription explaining the reasons for the erection of the monument. The other four sides contain extracts from the old charter creating the colony.



Statue of Oglethorpe.

When Taking an Oath.

Washington.—There is a reason for causing all witnesses before a military court to remove the glove from the right hand before taking the oath. The raising of the hands and eyes toward heaven when taking an oath is of great antiquity. When the Bible was printed, the bare hand was laid on the book, which was afterward kissed. But the Bible was not always at hand when needed; so the custom of raising the right hand and uncovering the head has grown into general practice. In olden days the criminal was branded in the palm of the right hand, and for this reason the custom of requiring the removal of the glove came into vogue. In order that the hand might be inspected.

Find Gem to Cure Grl.

Washington.—Wriggling through an 18-inch sewer for 200 feet, E. E. Armstrong, a plumber, found a diamond ring valued at \$1,200, which had been lost by Miss Harriet Shadd. The loss had worried her to such an extent a physician who operated on her for appendicitis several days ago doubted whether she would recover. Miss Shadd was taken sick while distressed over the loss of the ring. The doctors think the news of its recovery will aid greatly in restoring its owner to health.

Partners in Misery.

The short man sighed.

"My wife is painfully fussy," he

dignation that they should suspect him of the theft. The treatment was begun over again with fresh radium, and before long he was pronounced cured and left the hospital.

The police kept an eye on him and when he tried to sell the stolen treasure he was arrested and the radium, which was carefully removed from the lining of his coat, was sent back to the hospital.

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