

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES
of
Fibber McGee
A HILARIOUS PARTY GAME



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The FIBBER McGEE Game is published by arrangement with the National Broadcasting Company and Needham, Louis & Brorby, Inc., originators of the Fibber McGee Radio Program.

FIBBER McGEE TELLS YOU HOW
TO PLAY THE GAME

Here's how it's done, folks! First: Take out all the yellow cards. Place them, printed side down, in the center of the table—not in a neat pile, but sort of spread out loosely, so they're easy to pick up.

THE READER:— Next, select one player as First Reader for Part I of this story. Every time the Reader comes to a long dash (like this ———) in the story, he pauses, and each of the other players, in turn, beginning to left of Reader, draws one of the yellow cards and reads it quickly, as the Reader pauses. That is, one card is read by one player to supply the missing words of the story where the ——— occurs. This makes the sentences complete, and a riot of fun. When a card is read, put it face down in front of you, so it will not be drawn again.

SCORE CARDS:— Some of the yellow cards have the line "Score 2", or "1" or "5", beneath the line of missing words which the player reads. Don't read the "Score" line, but keep these cards separate when you draw them as they count points for you.

COUNTING:— When the first Reader finishes Part I, the play stops while each player counts up the total of his score on the scoring cards he has drawn. The Reader then gives each player counters

for the amount of his score, and all the used cards are put back in the box—not returned to the pile from which they are drawn.

VALUE OF COUNTERS

Red . . . 10 points Blue . . . 5 points
Green . . 5 points Yellow . . 1 point

— which means if you score "11 points", for instance, you receive 1 red and 1 yellow counter.

As the Reader has no chance to draw cards, he takes one 5-point counter to apply on his own score, as a bonus for reading. He then passes the book and box of counters to the player at his left who becomes Second Reader, and reads Part II of the story, and "pays off" with counters. Part III and Part IV are read by third and fourth players.

When the story is finished, the player having the largest number of points as represented by his counters, WINS THE GAME.

When your turn comes, pick up a card and read it quickly—make it snappy—half the fun of the game lies in the spontaneity with which the "missing words," usually with a ludicrous relation to the story, are supplied. As the cards never come in the same order, an endless and hilarious variation in the story is secured every time it is read.

I hope you like this game and the adventures I tell you about, and I assure you they are as true as any I have ever related.

Yours for a good time,
Fibber McGee

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF FIBBER MCGEE

PART I

Fibber McGee tells of his arrival in New Jersey with a glorified American girl, and a snappy story for Oswald Horsehoof.

"What makes you think you were ever reincarnated, McGee?" asked Molly.

"I don't think—I know it," answered Fibber. "Why in my last reincarnation I was a Nobleman, a Baron, for seventy years. I lived in a town named after my family—McGeesport, Pennsylvania, in Switzerland. We McGees are direct descendants from ———— and proud of it."

"You look it," said Molly, "and now let's play something else."

"Nope, I'm going to tell you some of my famous adventures while I was a Baron."

"I don't want to hear about them, McGee."

"Well, Harpo does, don't you Harpo?"

"I do not," replied Harpo.

"All right," said Fibber. "As I was saying, during the years I was on earth before,

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I was a Baron, the Busy Bustling Baron Fibber McGee, and I'll tell you how I came to this country."

"Nobody cares," said Molly.

"Good!" continued Fibber. "It's a great story—I knew you'd like it—Well, sir,—think of a night in New Jersey —"

"What for?" interrupted Molly.

"Don't interrupt, Molly—just zipper up your mouth and learn something."

"Tain't funny, McGee!"

"Tain't supposed to be—but it's a thriller . . . Well, sir, as I was saying, think of a night in New Jersey—misty, summer night, bees humming, moonshine—"

"I think you're full of it, McGee," said Molly, "and bees don't hum at night."

"This is New Jersey, Molly . . . Out on the lawn in front of a palatial mansion stands Oswald Horsehoof, looking at ———. He hears an airplane. It comes nearer and lands on ——— right close to where Oswald stands. A distinguished looking aviator gets out, carrying ——— and walks toward him. That was me."

"And what year was that, McGee?" asked Molly.

"Oh, about 1780, I guess, or maybe 1890."

"They didn't have airplanes in them days, McGee."

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"Well I did; I made it myself out of ——— and ———. To resume: As I walked toward Oswald, he pulled ——— from his pocket to wipe his fevered brow.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" he says.

"I'm the Baron Fibber McGee," I told him. "I was passing over on ——— when my engine started missing, and I was forced to land. Maybe I'll spend a few days with you."

"My dear Baron," exclaimed Oswald, "I am indeed honored. I had no idea so distinguished a guest had come to visit me, tho you looked like ——— the moment I saw you. My name is Oswald Horsehoof and I reside here with ——— and one old servant, the daughter of ———. All will be honored to meet you!"

"Why not?" I answered, following him up broad stone steps, into the house.

We entered a luxurious hall panelled in dark oak. Near the door stood ——— and just beyond, in the living room, I could see ——— which instantly appealed to my artistic sense.

"Some dump!" I murmured, placing my hat on ———. "Is it all paid for?"

"It was," replied my host, "until the depression came, but then I had to mortgage it

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to take care of my brother's family which consisted of _____ and _____, also _____ by his first wife."

"Well, one couldn't say your brother was exactly non-productive, could one?" I laughed, taking _____ from the sideboard and slipping it into my pocket.

"But, Baron, tell me of yourself," pleaded Oswald. "Let us sit here on _____ by the window where you can see _____ bathing in the moonlight. It's a beautiful sight on a night like this — almost as entrancing as _____ on the Grand Canal in Venice. According to all records," he continued, "you were called and passed on with _____ following an operation in the year 1797, and yet you are here tonight lively as _____."

"Well, I'll tell you, Oswald — I was called but I didn't pass. I escaped from the undertaker who buried _____ which he thought was me. Then for a hundred years I rested myself in a Swiss Chateau with only _____ and _____ as my companions. Falsteeth, my valet, was a son of Falstaff, and as noble looking as _____. He wore jade earrings and _____ was always stuck in his sash. Day before yesterday morning Falsteeth entered my room bearing _____ which he deposited on the floor beside me. 'See, master,' he said, 'this have I snared in the garden

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looked up and signaled to me, waving _____ which she took from her handbag. I asked if she understood hog Latin, and she answered in the Morse code, tapping out the message by hitting _____ with _____. Her answer was 'yes' so I told her I would let down a rope with _____ tied to the end of it, and hoist her to the brink of the chasm. This I did successfully by catching the top end of the rope on _____ and winding it on a sort of winch turned by _____. After turning this improvised winch for two hours I was gratified to see the girl's head appear on the edge of the chasm. And I want to say, Oswald, that never before had I beheld so lovely a creature. She looked like _____ dripping wet, and with _____ clinging to her gorgeous form. When I pulled her over the edge, she stood erect and greeted me cordially. 'Hello, Moses,' she said mischievously. 'Thanks for the uplift.'

"I gazed at her beauty with awe, and picking up _____ extended it to her in greeting, saying, 'Tell me, fair lady, are you Helen of Troy?'

"Nope," she answered, "I'm just plain Lizzie of Albany, a glorified American girl who played the part of _____ in a Broadway revue. I became intrigued with a Swiss bus boy who said he had _____ in the old

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at daybreak. There, too, did I behold _____ eating the Lotus flowers, but it scrambled at my approach with the speed of the wind and though I mounted _____ and rode hard I could not overtake it.'

"So affected was I by this evidence of my slave's loyalty that I gave him _____ as a reward. I arose and wrapping _____ about my shoulders went quickly out into the courtyard. At the far end stood _____ and I was amazed to see _____ hovering about it. Its wings glistened in the sunlight and _____ on its head reflected radiantly. I called Falsteeth, bidding him fetch me _____. With this in my arms I approached the edge of the court which sloped abruptly to the brink of a chasm eight thousand feet deep. In this great canyon lived _____ and _____ which I had tamed with much effort and patience. Neither was visible at the moment, but on _____ in the middle of the rushing waters at the bottom of the canyon I beheld a Ziegfeld's Follies girl, dipping _____ in the torrent endeavoring to catch _____ which swam playfully about the rock.

"Reaching down I picked up _____ and tossed it into the chasm. Ten minutes later it landed in the water beside _____ and attracted the maid's attention. She

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country, and brought me over to show it to me. But his dowager who was _____ beat me up with _____ and drove me out into the night. I tripped over _____ and fell into the chasm, with no assets but _____ and _____. Thanks to you, good, kind Rip Van Winkle, here I am — and I want to go home. Have you got _____ which could make Jersey City in a non-stop flight?"

"I'm the Baron Fibber McGee," I said with dignity, "call me _____ for short. Whatever your highness wishes, I have it, and it is at your service. In my sheep pen is _____ with tri-motors of a million horsepower, raring to go places and see things. I will take you to your old mammy again and we will bring her _____ as a token of your adventure."

"Atta boy, Barey," she cried gleefully, kissing me. "You may look like _____ but you have a heart of real platinum. What do I need for the trip?"

"Only _____," I answered, "and _____ in case our motor fails. These we will acquire at an inn kept by _____ a few miles down the road."

And so saying I started the motors, helped her in, and took the controls. That

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was yesterday morning. We averaged 1200 miles an hour and reached New Jersey at noon today.

PART II

Baron McGee tells the Horsehoof family the strange story of Hotchavitch, his melancholy Russian bride, and the first Five Year Plan.

"And where is the glorified girl now?" asked Oswald hopefully.

"She hopped off at Weehawken," said the Baron. "She said she would cross the river on _____ as it would ruin her reputation were her public to see her flying over New York with _____."

"But surely, Baron, you have the young lady's name and address?"

"Oh sure, she lives on West End Drive with her mother and _____, in a walk-up apartment — three rooms and _____, and her name is Elizabeth N. Jersie. Maybe you sneak out some night, hey Oswald?"

"That may be arranged I hope," said Oswald. "We will discuss it when we are out-

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McGee and Baron," he continued, taking me by the arm, "I want to present my wife Awina Horsehoof, and our dear mother, Mrs. Amonia Strong."

"Is this little guy really old man McGee's Baron boy?" asked the lovely Awina, poking me in the ribs with _____ which she picked off a nearby card table. "According to my history lesson you thrived about the time Washington crossed the Delaware on _____ so how could you be here now? I think you're _____ and a rank imposter."

"My title stamps me of rank," I replied with dignity, "but not an imposter, tho your assumption is natural, fair lady." And I bowed in courtly fashion, my hand upon _____. "You will recall, Awina, and you, too, Amonia, that Ponce de Leon sought for _____ in the Fountain of Youth, but I am the fortunate adventurer who found _____ in the Rajah's garden at Cathay and with it the secret of eternal youth — a secret never to be revealed until I fall in love with _____ which reciprocates my affection."

The ladies, tho still skeptical, were obviously impressed by my gallant manner, and Awina said:

"Well, mom, let's give the little bozo a break and see what comes of it. He's no worse than _____ that Oswald brought

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doors. I hear my wife and her mother coming down to dinner. Let them find us talking about _____."

I turned and saw at the head of the grand staircase two ladies about to descend. One was a buxom matron wearing _____ in her hair and clad in a black velvet gown trimmed with _____. She had steely blue eyes and features suggestive of _____. She walked with stately tread and fanned herself gently with _____. The other, much younger, was a tonic to the eyes. A blue crepe de chine dinner gown revealed her beauty to the utmost and the harmony of her dress was enhanced by _____ worn at the waist. From the bottom of her skirt dangled _____ which seemed to have sprung loose from somewhere in her uppers. I also noticed that she wore _____ thrown carelessly over one shoulder. Half way down the stairs they paused and the elder woman looking quickly from Oswald to myself, spoke: "Oswald, who is this person, and why is he in our home? He looks to me like _____ and hardly a suitable companion for my daughter."

"Hush, mother," said Oswald with painful embarrassment, "you are speaking of _____, a soldier and a statesman, famous in history and literature — the great Baron

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from the remnant sale and we lived that down."

And taking me by the hand she led me past _____ into a gorgeous dining room, gleaming with snowy linen and bright silver. In the center of the table, well browned and ready for serving was _____ with all the fixings, and beside each plate _____ of rare old vintage, intrigued the palate.

I was about to seat myself on _____ when Awina restrained me saying, "Wait, Baron, I'll have Oswald bring you a high chair so you can reach your face," and thrusting _____ into my hands, continued, "Taste that and imagine yourself _____ in the Sultan's harem."

Soon all were seated and the meal progressed quietly until Awina passed a peculiar looking dish to me saying:

"Do try these snooze cakes, Baron; I made them myself out of _____ flavored with _____. They are wonderful for indigestion."

"When I was in the Russian-Turco War," I told her, "my favorite dish was a stew made of _____ and _____. It was most sustaining. One helping enabled a man to carry on for four days without feeling the pangs of hunger. It gave our soldiers courage to attack _____ without flinching."

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"My old friend Napoleon Bonaparte always ate _____ for breakfast, and _____ for lunch. He suffered greatly from stomach trouble, yet he often had _____ in bed upon retiring."

"I know some folks are like that," spoke up Amonia, "my mother's great aunt, Agatha, always had _____ in bed for breakfast served with crackers. She was married to _____ who finally left her and ran away with _____. But she didn't care much; she took up with _____ and married again within a year."

"I remember a titled lady in Russia," I said, "who had just that same perspective of life. She was tall and melancholy, with the countenance of _____ and her vocalization was beautiful as the song of _____ or the interlude music of a radio Crime drama. In fact I married her. I had developed a marvelous five year plan at the completion of which I anticipated becoming _____, but my dreams were vain. My union with Hotchavitch — that was her name — was not congenial. She talked to me in her native tongue incessantly for four years, and as I understood no Russian I was unable to answer her. Then one bitter night when I returned from making _____ at the Czar's

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palace, she astounded me by remaining silent."

"Next morning I was awakened at day-break by the sound of hoofs, and rushed to the window just in time to see Hotchavitch riding from the dooryard on _____. Following her came her maid bearing _____ and a couple of trunks."

"Well," from Awina, "that sure was a break for you."

"Alas, no," I said sighing, "you see, Hotchavitch took with her the blue print of my five year plan and _____ necessary to its fulfillment."

"What year did this tragedy occur?" asked Oswald.

"Let me think," I slowly pondered, "it must have been about 1760 in September. I remember I had just returned from Spain where I had visited _____ a cousin on my mother's side and indulged in the celebration of 'Eat More Tobasco' week."

"I imagine that was hot," suggested Awina.

"Did you ever learn what became of Hotchavitch?" asked Amonia.

"A year later I met _____ just returned from Baden-Baden who informed me that she was appearing as _____ in a musical revue at that resort. I heard from her

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directly only once when she wrote asking me to send her _____ which together we had raised from infancy."

"Did you visit Spain often?" asked Oswald.

"Yes," I answered, "in fact I resided at Madrid for two years. I was sent there to present _____ to the Spanish king, and was so intrigued with the city that I resolved to remain and become a toreador."

"Tell us something of your exploits in the Arena," pleaded Amonia. "I once saw a terrific battle between a Jersey cow and _____ on our farm at home, and I am sure I would thrill to the excitement of the bull ring."

PART III

Fibber McGee throws the bull in Spain and brags about it in New Jersey.

"My first encounter came after a series of lessons from _____ who had slain nine thousand bulls. I entered the ring to the blare of trumpets and the cheers of the spectators. My only accessories were _____ and _____ and, of course, the short sword of my profession. Carlos, my matador, rid-

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ing _____ about the ring gave the signal by waving _____ and the door of the bull pen swung open. A mammoth black bull rushed out and seeing _____ at the far edge of the ring charged madly at a Bull Durham advertisement painted on _____. My matador finally got in front of the animal long enough to push _____ in its face which further enraged it. The matador then ran toward me at great speed, followed by the bull and _____ which had sneaked in through the fence. I looked for the whites of the bull's eyes and as he lowered his head to gore me, I jumped nimbly aside and slapped him smartly on the flank with _____. The multitude were now wrought up to a state of frenzy and the tumult was deafening. I saw _____ jumping up and down in the royal box and _____ fell over the guard rail into the arena, so intense was the excitement. My matador again approached the bull which was pawing the earth a short distance from me and looking at _____ in the grand stand. Carlos spoke to the creature in Bullish, and begged him to attack me without further ado, assuring him if he finished me in the next charge he would find _____ in his manger that night. This proposition evidently appealed to the bull who lowered his head and tossing _____

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over the grandstand, bellowed fiercely and charged at me again. I changed my tactics and waiting until the bull was within a foot of me, I jumped high into the air and the enraged creature rushed under me, crashing headlong into _____ belonging to the Duke of Valencia. Now thoroughly aroused he turned swiftly and rushed at me again. He caught me unawares this time, and picking me up on his horns ran madly about the ring. I was not injured and improved the opportunity to sharpen my sword by stropping it on the bull's back. My matador ran out from the arena's edge as we passed and threw _____ into the bull's eyes which blinded him and slowed him up sufficiently for me to jump. I landed on _____ and as the bull turned and rushed again I felled him with _____ which Carlos had handed to me. I sprang forward to finish the creature with a thrust of my sword, but he raised his head and looked at me with the expression of _____ in his eyes and pity stayed my hand. His gaze roved about the arena until it rested on _____ which occupied a place beside the Duchess of Castille, and then his head fell back and he breathed no more. An automobile mechanic who performed an autopsy declared the bull really gave up the ghost because he had _____ in his trans-

mission, but I received full credit for the kill, and the king bestowed on me _____ as a token of my valor."

"Well," said Awina, rising, "I guess that's enough for one night. You had better stay with us awhile, Baron. You are more entertaining than _____ and much cheaper than a magic lantern. Oswald, you show the Baron to the blue room and be sure there is _____ on the dresser and _____ in the bathroom. Come, mother."

The two ladies left the room and Oswald led the way to the blue room with me closely following. As he was saying good night, he paused to ask: "Did you say that Follies girl lived on West End or Riverside, Baron?"

"West End," I told him, "and if you see her you'll recognize her by _____ which she leads around on a leash. Good night, Oswald and call me early. I want the pleasure of seeing the rising sunshine on _____ my first morning in America."

Next morning I arose at daybreak and hastened to the garden, my face turned toward the rising sun. Its first glittering rays shone on _____ and my heart swelled with admiration at the sight. "In no other country but New Jersey could that happen," I mused. Next was revealed _____ on the roof of the garage, and my amazement grew.

Then as the shadows faded among the trees I saw _____ feeding its young, while nearby _____ sang its sweet song to the morning. "Not even Alice in Wonderland saw anything equal to this," I gasped, astounded, but I was even more non-plussed as _____ crept out from under a rose bush and walked leisurely down the garden path followed by _____ carrying a bouquet of asters.

A door clicked, and I turned to see Awina coming down the steps in beach pajamas and with _____ set daintily on her golden head.

"Good morning, Baron," she called, "Did you rest well?"

"No, I didn't," I said, frankly, "the bed was as hard as _____ and I'm lame all over this morning."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I can't understand it tho, for the mattress on that bed is stuffed with _____ and _____ with an inner spring. What do you think of New Jersey?"

"All places is the same to the Baron. In some, one may see _____ but in another the scenery is beautified by _____ and the average is about even. What I like best of all is haunted houses."

"Haunted houses! What a strange complex, Baron! Tell me, is there really such a

thing as a haunted house? Were you ever in one?"

"Sit beside me, Awina, and I will tell you a story of a haunted house that will push your boudoir cap off your head," and seating myself on _____ I began:

"In the year 1898 I was in Moscow acting as _____ for the German Emperor at the court of the Czar. I was quartered with _____ and _____ in an old castle with thirty rooms and no bath. It stood nine miles outside the city beside _____ that had once belonged to Alexander the Great. This house was so old that even the window panes were wrinkled. It was built in the form of a square with an interior court in which was _____ that bore night blooming cereuses. It was fortified on two sides by _____ and the front was protected by _____. The back was built on the edge of a sheer cliff 500 feet high and was safe from attack by _____ or any other enemy. My only companion was _____ named Ivanitch who had fought in the Crimean War. The first time I entered that portal I had a queer feeling come over me like _____ was running up my spine. As the door opened the odor of _____ was wafted to my nostrils and nearly strangled me. I entered a large, bare hall with no sign of furnishings except

_____ which hung from the ceiling. Beyond was a living room, about 60 feet long. Musty smelling stuffed chairs with gold inlay designs told a story of forgotten splendor and _____ on the table would have brought a fortune in a New York antique store. Over the fireplace hung a marvelous picture of _____ done in oil while fine paintings of _____ and _____ adorned the other walls, together with ancient firearms and swords of many periods. One picture that intrigued me was that of a beautiful woman in her early twenties that hung in a dark corner of the room. It was the face of one who had lived and suffered and resented. The artist had painted her standing on _____ and holding _____ in her arms. But it was not with the glow of mother's love that her eyes gazed on this bit of loveliness. No, they shone with the lust of murder like the eyes of _____ going forth to battle a hated enemy. The transparency of her garments revealed _____ as perfectly formed as the Venus de Milo, yet my gaze was held spellbound by her fiendish eyes. Those eyes seemed alive! They followed me about the room, and when, faint and perspiring, I sat down a moment on _____ they stared at me with murderous mockery. Jumping up with a cry of terror, I rushed into the kitchen

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The Baron paused:

"You can imagine my growing terror, Awina, as this man unfolded his harrowing tale. As he talked, frightened and nervous, he had picked up _____ and gesticulated with it in my direction. I looked around for a weapon and secured _____ which I placed in my pocket for protection in emergency. He hesitated, to throw _____ into the fire, and I asked, 'Is that all, Ivanitch?'"

"Much more, master," he resumed. "After the fifth episode the Duchess was pronounced mad, and was confined in this castle until her death. Directly below you in the cellar is a steel cell, with even now her restraining chains hanging on its walls, and _____ outside the door which was used to flog her with. A guard with _____ always stood outside her grated door, and fed her through the grill. She passed away on the 9th day of November in 1878, and every five years on that awful day her spirit roams these corridors with _____ and exudes horror to every cranny of the castle. And tonight, master, is the twentieth year!" His voice sank to a ghastly whisper and _____ on his head shivered to the tempo of his body's tremors.

"Poppy cock!" I exclaimed, pulling myself together as best I could, and sitting

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where Ivanitch was cooking _____ for my supper. Ivan was so startled by my sudden entrance that he dropped _____ onto the hot stove where it burned with a pungent smoke."

PART IV

The Baron spends a night in a haunted house with the ghost of the mad Duchess of Samovar — and is he thrilled!

"Tell me, Ivan," I cried frantically, "who is that woman pictured in the gold frame by the bay window? — the face with the murderous eyes."

"Sh-sh," stammered Ivan, turning white, "not so loud — she may hear you. That, master, is the Duchess of Samovar. She was _____ in the year 1860 and was married five times, all her husbands dying tragically. The first she poisoned with _____ brewed in his tea, the second she struck over the head with _____ while he slept, the third choked on _____ which she mixed with his breakfast food, and the fourth was pushed over the cliff while out walking with _____. The fifth just disappeared, leaving no trace."

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down on _____ "that's a lot of hooey. There's no such thing as ghosts. Be a man, Ivanitch! and cook me _____ to eat with my filet de mignon. As for the crime club Duchess —"

"Hist, master," he beseeched, wiping his brow with _____, "speak no more of her I implore you. It is better so."

I sat down to my evening meal which was well cooked and perfectly served. No sound broke the silence except the ticking of a great clock. Ivan brought a delicious hot soup made of _____ stewed with _____. I had just started enjoying it when Ivan rushed to the doorway his eyes glowing with excitement.

"Did you hear that, master?" he gasped.

"Hear what?" I asked.

"That ominous hissing noise like the warning of a scorpion about to strike," and he shivered.

"Oh that? Why that was me blowing the soup," I told him, "buck up and fetch me _____ and two more demijohns of vodka."

After I had eaten, and drank my fill of vodka, the sense of uneasiness left me, and when I retired at about eleven o'clock all thought of the mad Duchess was out of my mind. I was thinking of _____ that I played with in my childhood, and, in my

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pleasant condition, became quite maudlin about it.

I threw myself on the bed — to sleep and joyous dreams. I dreamt I was _____ floating on a golden lake with _____ beside me, while _____ in a nearby gondola sang to _____ a love song about _____. A few minutes later my galleon had reached the Virgin Islands, and _____ beautiful as the sun, came forward to welcome me, bearing _____ and other tokens of friendliness from the Island queen.

A short distance from the shore I beheld a garden throne upon which sat the queen, beautiful as the day, flanked on either side by _____. I stepped forward to do homage to her highness when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder and turned quickly to see a giant black slave the size of _____ leering at me fiendishly. He shook me until it seemed my neck would crack. Everything grew black, and suddenly I was awake with _____ standing on my forehead.

The room glowed with a ghastly greenish light that cast eerie shadows against the thick fog which had arisen outside and enveloped the castle. I shivered with a sense of dread, and well I might, for suddenly I heard the sound of footsteps approaching in the

of _____ and fair women and sunny skies. And the way he went, so you shall go with only _____ to sing your dirge and _____ to weep for you."

A bell tolled in the distance. "Harken to those chimes," continued the ghost, "it is one o'clock by _____ in the village square. I go now to re-live the agony of my last days in the cell of steel, but on the stroke of two I will return, and when I depart you will accompany me on the great adventure."

She turned, and followed by _____ which had crept out from under the bed, disappeared in the darkness beyond the open door.

I realized by this time that the Duchess meant no good by me, but what to do was a problem. I lay there staring at the doorway, trying to think. The hazy green light still illumined the room, and as my gaze turned to the window, I could distinguish _____ looking through the glass. It seemed to beckon me, and jumping up quickly I ran toward it, but it had vanished. Below in the courtyard, however, I could see _____ walking about, and this encouraged me to try to escape. Throwing _____ and _____ into my grip, I dressed hastily and grasping _____ for defense, I walked stealthily down the stairs to the lower floor. As I

corridor; slow, shuffling, footsteps that paused outside my chamber door.

I sat up in bed, and grasping _____ waited in terror for those footsteps to resume their ghostly rhythm. Then the door started to swing noiselessly open. It opened slowly, wider, until it was wholly ajar, yet only black darkness showed beyond its portal. More agonizing suspense! then a white figure emerged from the blackness, followed by _____ which moaned like the lost soul of _____. Yes, it was the ghost of _____ the mad Duchess of Samovar, the five-fold murderess. Beside her on the right walked _____ bearing _____ to which dangled clanking chains like those in the ancient cell below stairs. In the woman's right hand I could see _____ and around her head she wore _____ blood stained and gory. I fell back paralyzed with fear, unable to move or speak. She stood beside my bed and waving _____ over my cringing body, spoke in a cold, hollow voice:

"So you are the fool, the Baron, with the contour of _____ who has come to the gateway of eternity through the same portals by which _____ came to its doom twenty years ago tonight. He too, drank of the vodka and ate his fill of _____ and threw himself upon this same couch to dream

reached the lower stair I tripped over _____ which scurried away into the night. I could hear the mad Duchess screaming and moaning in the cell below. Crossing the living room I bumped into _____ which fell to the floor with a heavy thud, and the frame which had enclosed the painting of the Duchess shone with a phosphorous glow, but it stood empty! Where those haunting eyes had stared at me, there remained only _____ hanging from a cross section of the frame. I reached the front door safely and rushed forth into the night. I ran toward the village, and hearing footsteps behind me turned to see _____ galloping madly along followed by Ivanitch carrying _____ and _____. I waited for my servant to come up to me.

"Are we safe now, Ivanitch?" I asked him.

"I think so, master," he gasped. "I came quickly when I heard you in the hall, and am done with that place forever. I shall return in the daytime to get _____ which I prize highly and _____ given to me by my late master the Duke. In the stable there is also _____ which my mother wore on her wedding day and this must I also have."

"Did the ghost of the mad Duchess menace you, Ivan?"

"I don't know if she menaced me, master, but she did hit me on the head with _____ causing me to fall over _____ and break _____ which was in the pocket of my tunic. She also said she would come back with _____ to stamp me out at two o'clock."

"Well, it's only one-thirty now," I said, "we have half an hour before she looks for us. Where can we go for the night?"

"In the village, master," replied Ivan, "I have a cousin who will take us in. He is a peculiar fellow, the child of _____ but he is honest. If you are willing to room with _____ and sleep on a tick stuffed with _____ he will accommodate us."

We continued to the house of Ivan's cousin, where we spent the remainder of the night safely, although I had to share my quarters with _____ who had come into town the preceding day to purchase _____ for his daughter about to be married to _____. I arranged with the German Ambassador for a place in his establishment during the remainder of my stay in Moscow and have never been near the castle of Samovar since that terrible night.

"A delightfully harrowing experience," said Awina, "your recital thrilled me. But come," she added, rising, "let us go in to

breakfast. I told the cook to roast _____ for you this morning and I know you will enjoy it served with whipped cream and _____ on the side."

* * * *

"Whether or not that's all, McGee," said Molly, "it's too much! When you wax loquacious, McGee —"

"Hist, Molly!"

"Hist, what, McGee?"

"Don't ever say 'wax' when Harpo is around, Molly. He throws one of his spells, and is uncontrollable."

"And that, ladies and gentlemen," began Harpo — but the McGees had passed out into the night, the reincarnated Fibber pulling down his ear-muffs as the door closed with a resounding bang!

The End.

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