

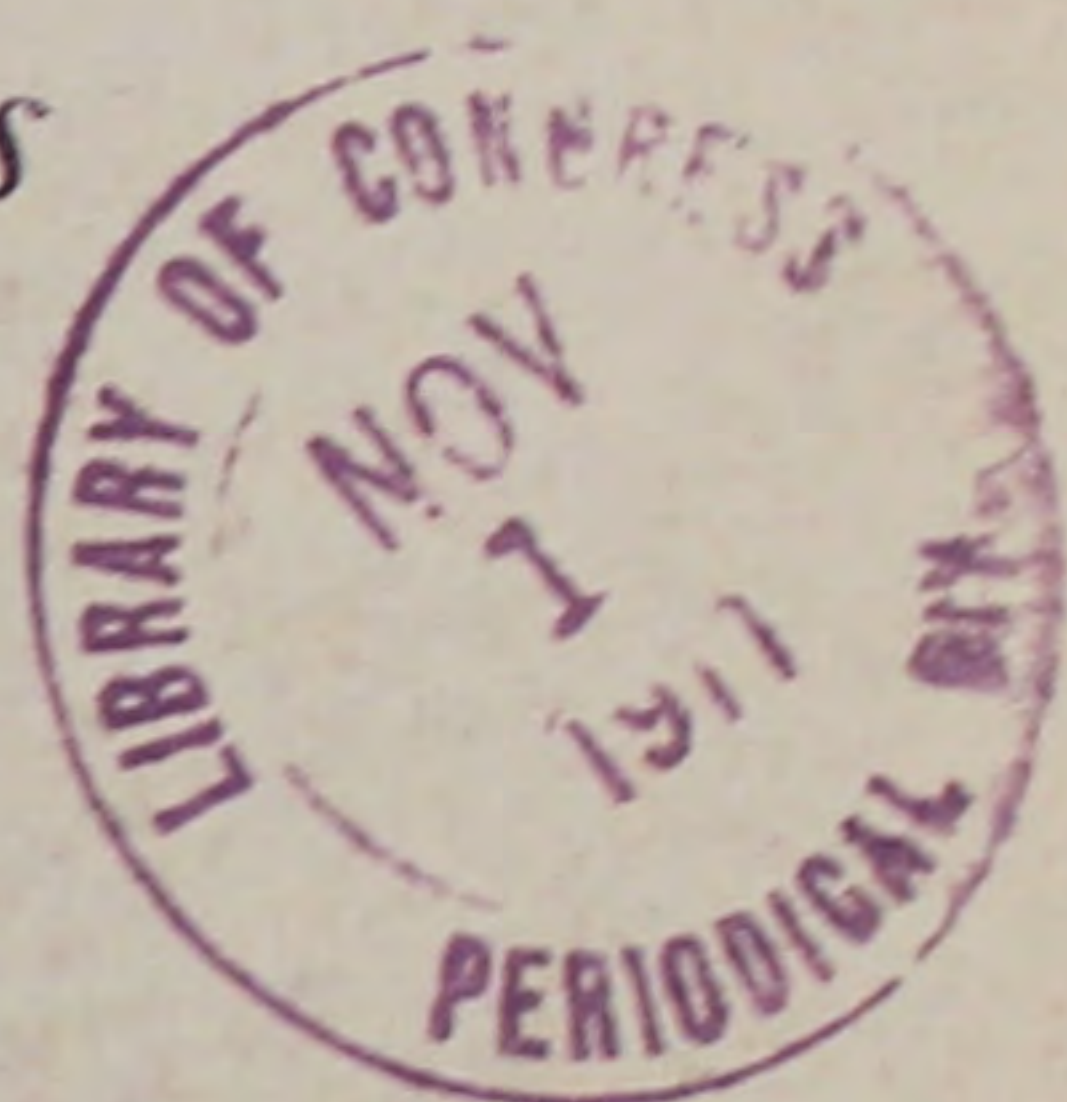
Temp Bind:

V. 1-2

The — ALETHEIAN

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*For Truth Seekers
and Truth Tellers*



The Conquerors

Living is loving and serving,
War not with words or swords;
Stay the swift blow of sneer or knife
Striking unnumbered hordes.
Stretch forth your hand lest your brother,
Discouraged, shall falter and fail:
Hearts that are masked with smiling
Oft sorrow while stars grow pale:
Give of your gifts, O heroes,
Be strong in your sympathy,
Mighty his hand that shall sway
The course of his destiny!
The goal of all effort at last
Thro' mist and shadow shall gleam,
Dauntless courage, o'er failures past,
Climbs to heights supreme!

----Aletheia.

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If you find within this little book anything that is wise, helpful or amusing it belongs to you. Other publications are welcome to use as much or as little as they wish and no credit is demanded.

Poems, short stories, upon psychic phenomena, and helpful suggestions will be accepted and paid for according to merit only.

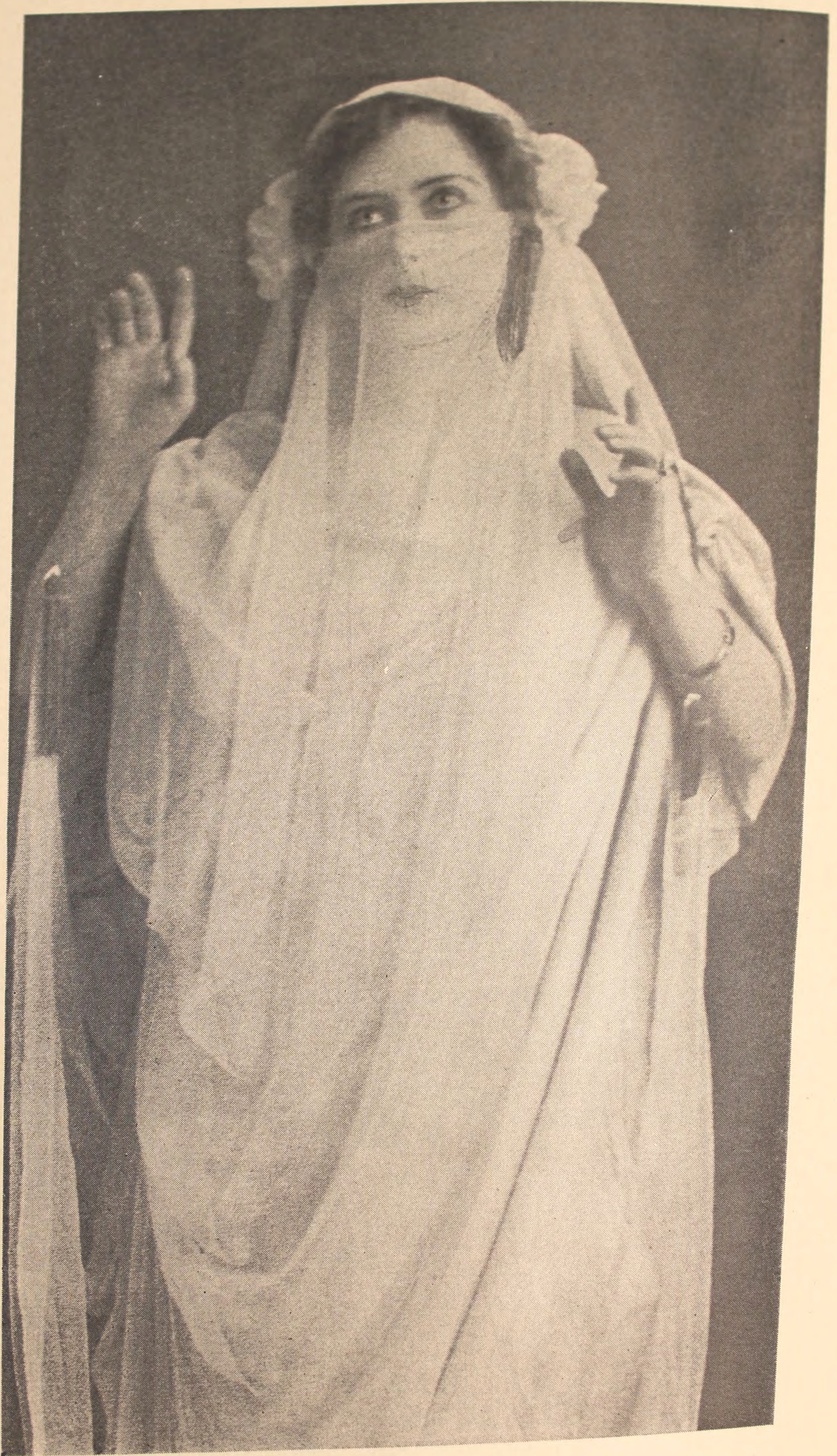
The unknown writer and the widely known will be given equal attention.

All articles, or matter of any description, published in "The Aletheian" will continue to be the individual property of the author. This publication claims no proprietary rights over the children of another's brain. All contributions will be signed.

A correspondence school of prophecy and psychic interpretation will be the special feature of this Magazine. The Lessons will be published every quarter in response to questions written by the general public. When the support of The Aletheian shall justify it, this publication will be issued once a month instead of only four times a year.



ALETHEIA
PSYCHIC



ALETHEIA
PSYCHIC

The Sixth Sense

The Medium, the Sensitive, and the Psychic

Psychic power, or the sixth sense, is a Heaven-born gift and may be developed, but it is never acquired. Psychic power and mediumship have nothing in common. The medium is merely a sensitive, dominated by material hypnotism, which explains why so many so-called mediums are never able to give anything beyond the knowledge of the mind dominating them.

The psychic is one whose power, or genius, is peculiarly alive to the analysis and interpretation of human life in relation to both its spiritual and mental conditions. The Sensitive developing into the Psychic receives truth from the Unseen, Supreme Forces. Mediums (so-called) at best are controlled by imperfect, or disembodied spirits known as earth-bound, but more often are controlled by no spirit higher than the intelligence of the hypnotist who professes to develop them. Any sensitive that attempts to gain through the power of hypnotism will lose every particle of real power and will degenerate into a mere "fakir" or become the wretched dupe of the mind controlling him.

The developed Psychic becomes a Light for all the world equalling the greatest inventors, creative musicians and teachers. The clairvoyant faculty is a developed SENSITIVENESS reached by INSPIRATION exactly as the great composers and other creative souls are inspirationalists. The composer is said to create melodies. As a matter of fact, he is clairaudent. His soul transmits wondrous music to the conscious mind that is inaudible to the ordinary ear. Sometimes the composer will tell you that he heard that theme in a dream, or that it had been haunting him for days or weeks, or years, maybe. That music-haunted composer cannot rest until the wonderful strain has at length been caught and affixed to the printed sheets whence the inspirational overflow of his consciousness may go out to the eager world.

The painter uses an involuntary clairvoyant power that brings to his mind visions of surpassing beauty through a subtle interchange between the soul, the conscious and the subconscious minds, the artist receives the vision that he too often only partially succeeds in conveying to canvas.

The developed psychic, through the medium of this identical power, voluntarily directed, receives the visions of future events that go to make up man and his environs in any field of art, or science or industry. The creative spirit is that of a sensitive or psychic peculiarly alive to its particular affinity in the art, science or industrial world.

The line between magnetic and hypnotic suggestion must be established and never overstepped. Few parents realize how completely the child is ruled by suggestion. Every suggestion of fear or evil must be classed as hypnotic suggestion. All kindly, sympathetic, strengthening suggestion, as magnetic emanation. The tender, loving, helpful, prayerful suggestions as spiritual emanation, these being scarcely expressed, so illimitable are the flights of the soul. The honest student must, therefore, class mediumship and hypnotism as material—mental deception. Sensitiveness and magnetism and mental healing must be called magneto mental and psychology in its true meaning, as spirituality or soul sensitiveness, this being a quality above mind, merging into and drawing upon the Supreme Source, just as earth is below atmosphere and atmosphere and air merge into the ether above, so may be classified the medium, the sensitive and the psychic.



None of us ever suffer from any circumstance that we have not encouraged in one way or another. This is the most difficult lesson of life to learn. Once mastered, it is a potent power against every evil.

A persuasive imposter is like a bargain counter sale—ever ready with a plausible excuse. Who profits by the “bargain?”

Sparks from the Anvil of Truth

Where TRUTH IS, FEAR is NOT.

A semblance of evil induces evil and a semblance of good may attain perfection.

Be fearless, faithful and truthful and you will not only conquer the world, but attain to the highest Heavens.

Truth to ourselves means truth to all the world.

You may not find Truth until you have given it freely, then it will return to you a thousand-fold.

There is no love, nor joy, nor faith, nor achievement—without Truth.

Love is selfless, ever-giving.

Lust is selfish, ever demanding.

Passion is pure, blessed by the union of loving hearts to pro-create.

All else masquerading as passion is bestial, envy, covetousness and lust!

Be not persuaded. Your own spirit instantly detects false motives and is your surest guide. Beware false "sympathy"

Deceit, drugs and drink are dread diseases fastening upon weak minds through the hypnosis of cowardice or self-indulgence.

Truth, courage, will-power are the only cures, strengthening the soul through magnetic suggestions from our spirits directed by Jehovah—the Great Central Dynamo from whence radiates All Strength, All Perfection, All Love.

Don't imitate, follow a good example. You won't have to "avoid the rush."

The one best prayer: JEHOVAH, GRANT US TRUTH!

A loud-mouthed woman is quite as offensive as a loud-mouthed man—but anyone who can really SAY SOMETHING may be sure of an appreciative audience—at times.

What's the use of an excuse if you have done the best you can? That's enough.

"The woman tempted me and I did eat," was the first excuse ever chronicled. With some men it became chronic ever after.

Please, public school teachers, and others, don't encourage your pupils to go home, when tardy, for an excuse. Get the REASON.

Who denies the Creator has a private history that will not bear investigation. Do not condemn, but pity such an one.

If our actions demand concealment, our motives are not free from guile.

When you would consult the Unseen be sure you seek Truth and not Self-indulgence.

If you have your "fortune revealed," expect to be told that which will please you and you'll get it; if you go to a "fortune-teller." If you consult a psychic, you will get the Truth and it may not please you. A Psychic is psychic only so long as the Truth is spoken. If one has psychic forces and stoops to flatter and deceive the hearer through a simple form of mind-reading, the psychic force will depart and that person may degenerate into a "fortune-teller."

Ambition for achievement's sake is the only ambition worth while.

To preach is human. To practice near-Divine.

Don't prevaricate. Be original, TELL THE TRUTH—or be silent. Don't explain if the explanation is only an excuse.

The One Great Gift

LOVE knocked at the heart of a man and he, glancing lightly at the figure before him, saw that it was fair and dimpled, yet with something unfathomable behind the smiling eyes. Half wondering, half amused, he said:

“Enter and be my guest for the day.”

Then Love laughed softly and stood upon the threshold with his hand on the latch.

A woman with a sorrowful, eager soul that went searching, ever searching for the One Great Gift, came by that way and Love, beckoning from the gateway, whispered:

“Search here.”

The woman, with eyes grown wise with sorrow, answered:

“This is no god, but a Man, an honest, clever, lovable fellow, with many faults and a few virtues.” And forgetting the sorrowful ways, smiling, she passed through the gate that closed gently behind her.

At the close of the day, the man and the woman went their several ways, for so life decreed.

The man, so gay in the morning, went forth with something of the eager purpose that the soul of the woman had imparted to him, and in the world of men he wrought as he had not wrought before.

The woman forgot the quest of other days and sought only for a gift for him, and after many days she wrote—for seas divided them:

"I sought to find a gift were meet for thee,
Searching from shore to shore and sea to sea
These gathered I,
To breathe my passion and my prayer.
By sapphire light of truth I found
The emerald of living hope,
And caught the leaping radiance of waterfalls,
The sheen of mountain streams,
Perfume of flower-strewn fields,
And the glory of a rose;
Then from the heights I brought
The star-born valor of the Eidelweiss—
Courage and victory of all the yesterdays;
All these into a crucible I cast
And wrought with fire of faith
And flame of love:
So was evolved the efflorescence of the days to be;
A lambent flame of opal mist,
Winging unto the utmost height of Heaven,
With garments trailing like the hem of Night,
Far flung from the all-glorious shoulders of the Sun:
So Love became a spirit of ethereal joy
Enthroned upon the Seven Stars
Yet bending, gracious to thy mood:
Thus was distilled the very essence of my soul
To be thy gift.
If this be not enough, I pray thou shalt forget me,
Yet let my love
Go out to thee for all my days.
This be my expiation and my crown."

The man stretched out his hands with trembling eagerness to clasp the Gift to his heart. Then in the highest Heaven was prepared an altar to enshrine it.

Thither the man and the woman bore it, keeping the sacred fire alight throughout Eternity!

Aletheia.

A Cure for Divorce

The man and the woman must bring into their union equal portions of love, truth, forbearance and independence.

The man must have an especially large supply of tenderness and well-governed passions.

The woman must curb too great self-sacrifice and remember that HE created them equal, male and female.

The male and the female should be equal partners in business, together if possible; if not, each should follow an avocation that would make each self-supporting.

A fund should be set aside from the earnings of each to support their children.

If the mother is more suited to other work, let her engage a woman with a talent for nursing, but so order her business life that she can be with her little ones for a stated time each day.

The father should follow his natural inclination, even tho' a man if he has a talent for nursing, let him try it. If not, let him follow his preferred avocation and pay his share of the nurse's salary and the other household expenses. But he, too, should so order his business and social life as to give a certain period of each day to his offspring. Don't let the children grow up thinking that mother is a necessity, but father merely an accident.

Under the conditions above outlined, the HOME would be a reality and the family permanently united.

But remember, oh my sisters, that the greatest and highest gift to woman is the privilege to bear and rear the children of this broad land. It rests with the fathers and especially with the mothers to train these little ones unto the perfect whole.

Ninety-nine out of every one hundred marriages, love affairs, or illicit unions are the result of the hypnotic control one or other of the interested parties exercises upon the other. When people speak of unions arising from physical attraction,

they are there and then admitting the powers of hypnotism. The body and mind of the hypnotist being one in determination to possess the other, the gradually hypnotized half of this pitiable union is drawn, persuaded—hypnotized into acquiescence.

Sometimes the man, sometimes the woman, is the hypnotist. Be this as it may, that soul that seeks to force the inclination of another is no true lover, but merely a self-gratifying animal, and the result of that union will be disastrous in every case.

What is known as magnetic attraction, on the other hand, is a mental and spiritual as well as physical drawing together of two beings who are now and have been, from all eternity the complement of each other. These are the twin souls, and are often imagined, but seldom found. This is magnetic attraction as applied to lovers. There is a magnetic attraction and emanation of a wholly impersonal sort, being the sympathetic magnetism that is given out as healing and strengthening force from the one to the many. Some people resemble dynamos, radiating this electro-magnetic force toward the multitude; these are the healers, psychics and sensitive transmitters of enlightenment to humanity. The possessors of the electro-magnetic powers who give out their forces are often fairly drained, before they have learned to transmit without harm and depletion to themselves. The ability to give out properly is part of the development of the spiritual, psychic and clairvoyant powers.

The individual understanding and using them, is also strongly possessed of hypnotic power, but recognizing the danger and the evils to both practitioner and patient is too wise or conscientious to use so harmful a power. This then is evidence of the great care and vigilance that should be exercised with regard to the intimate contact with practitioners of questionable principles in the fields of palmistry, medicine, nursing, preaching and teaching and in fact every walk and condition of life.

If men or women tell you that they possess occult power, question their belief in the Creator. You may then set at rest your doubts as to whether their powers are hypnotic or magnetic and psychic.

The magnetic soul will be the first to acknowledge Jehovah. The hypnotic, the first to deny. This is a well-nigh infallible test.

The magnetic, psychic being reverences love and holds it sacred:

The hypnotist revels in lust and is faithful to nothing under the canopy of Heaven. Not even to his own teachings.



Revelation

Thou art Truth's Spirit, at thy words
Do Love and Faith shine full upon my soul
That waiting, wearyeth not
At Time's slow flight,
Altho' but yesternight
That soul in gloom enwrapt, and anguish,
Saw no light.
What cheer thy message brings,
That voicing hidden things
Interprets all aright.
Heart half blind, groping toward the light,
Clasps now the wondrous hand that points the way,
Nor counts Time slow,
Comes fast the Afterglow
And Truth unveiled and Love interpreted
Shine full and fair, O, fetterless, free soul!

Aletheia



It has been said a wise man shall be answered according to his wisdom and a fool according to his folly. But I say unto you, some are called fools that open their ears to the words of wisdom and some that are called wise too often hear with asses' ears.

A Prophetic Vision

During the summer of 1907, while attending the Exposition at Jamestown, Va., I was a guest at the residence of Mr. J. D. Guy, about a mile and a half from the Exposition grounds.

One Sunday afternoon, a Mrs. Blocker, Mrs. Fisher, the Bishop of Arkansas, all of the above from Little Rock, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Guy, Miss Guy and some ten others personally unknown to me, were seated upon the veranda of the Guy cottage enjoying the lovely view of the Bay outspread before us. Suddenly a youth, who had been reclining upon the lawn nearby, came running to the veranda in the greatest excitement.

"Look, look," he exclaimed. "Just see the smoke and the flame. The Exposition must be on fire."

Looking, we saw only the clear blue sky, the green trees, the shimmering water of the Bay, and the Exposition buildings gleaming peacefully in the sunshine a mile and a half away.

"Why, don't you see it?" exclaimed the boy.

"There, look! The smoke and the flame are half way across the Bay. Oh, look, look, it's the Exposition!"

There was a momentary excitement, then one of the guests said amusedly, "The boy is quite an actor." And still another, "He must be ill. Has he a fever?" And yet another, "Oh, he's crazy, or a liar." When all declared they saw no fire or smoke, the boy indignantly cried:

"I'm not a liar! Mother, mother, don't you see it?" he asked a quiet little woman who had remained silent.

"No, dear," she replied, "I do not see it. But perhaps you are seeing clairvoyantly.

"Ho, ho, that's it," cried a skeptic, adding with more rudeness than was warranted, "Why, don't you see, that's the son of that psychic at the Exposition. Bah! he's just plugging his mother's game. Trying to get some sort of a sensation up for her benefit, perhaps."

Meanwhile, Mr. Guy said quietly:

"Go up and get my field glasses, Robert. See what you can see then."

The now thoroughly excited boy obeyed and after a moment he said, "I don't see anything now."

There was a general laugh. Then he exclaimed:

"There it is. Don't you see? Why the whole Heaven is black with smoke. It's not the Exposition, but it is Pine Beach. All the hotels and houses are burning. Now the flames have reached the west gate. Look, the big roller coaster is on fire."

And still not one of us could see the fire with or without the glasses. The boy was white to the lips with indignation at our laughter and jeers and his mother said, "Never mind, dear. I know you do see it, but it is not actually happening at present."

The boy started for the Exposition saying, "I am going to see if anything is wrong. But let me tell you if there is no fire now, at five o'clock next Sunday or the week after, not later than two weeks from to-day, you will see it as I see it now."

On Sunday morning at five A. M., two weeks later, we were all aroused by Mr. Guy, who was calling, "Robert, Robert. Look, here's your fire!"

Everyone hastened to the windows and there, exactly as the boy had described it two weeks previously, was the great Pine Beach fire. Pillars of flame and clouds of smoke were rolling for a mile across the Bay, and later, upon investigation, it was found that the flames did reach the west gates of the Exposition, some small offices inside the gates and the great roller coaster being destroyed. As to Pine Beach, not more than a dozen buildings were left untouched, the flames having swept the Beach in a curious semi-circle, wiping out the all-night dance halls, saloons, gambling hells and houses of evil-repute. In the midst of the burned district stood one hotel, kept by a refined and good old Virginia gentleman. It had been entirely untouched by the flames. The boy who saw the fire had indeed a prophetic vision. He was Robert H——, only son of Aletheia, sometimes called the New Sibyl of Delphi.

Development of a Sensitive

Psychic Powers; The Gift of Pre-vision and Prophecy: Genius or Fool?

A Visit to a Psychic, and What Came of It.

WHAT IS PSYCHOLOGY?

I have always wanted to know—Life, People, Things—the substance beneath the semblance, the soul behind the facial mask, the grain, fibre and root—the motive, the act, the result? Life, human life in its every relation, I wanted to know, to understand.

Where will it lead me, this passion for knowledge? Where it has led me, my stars alone know. Those great, ever-gazing stars that smile down upon my eager quest, smiling half in pity and wholly in sympathy, for theirs is the wisdom of the ages; they know—they understand!

Before attaining the age of five I was able to say who stood waiting at the door for an answer to the bell, or again would announce that certain members of the family were about to receive letters in the morning's mail. These grave utterances being received with incredulity, amusement and sometimes impatient rebuke. However, so many of these childish prophecies "came true" that people began to call me "strange, visionary, queer." I soon ceased to resent this and secretly rather plumed myself upon my aloofness from "other little children."

As the mental vision increased, ambition soared and the everlasting questions grew more and more insistent until my associates frankly dubbed me eccentric and even fool. The "fool" they failed to understand smiled outwardly and too often retorted in kind, but inwardly raged and stormed, sobbed. Once, when about nine years of age, after my questions and beliefs had been too severely ridiculed, I rushed out into the night under my beautiful stars and besought them, in



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THE NEW
SIBYL OF DELPHI

an agony of prayer, to give of their wisdom that the Earth might know I was NO FOOL and, even perhaps, something worth while.

It seemed that back from my stars came the message:

Knowledge is power and might, Genius is Wisdom and Wisdom is Understanding. Seek and ye shall find, ask, and it shall be added unto you.

So then, in the ordinary school books, seeking knowledge as other children sought, I learned the parrot phrases and appearing normally common-place, for a time, accepted the growing belief of mine own people that "after all, perhaps the child was not a fool." But in the secret soul of me I knew that the spirit within was starving, while the fool with parrot learning grew fat and over-fed.

It was a long time after this that some one told me that there was a "psychic" in town; one who could really tell me some of the things I wanted to know. He could read the mind—reveal hidden truths and tell me what I really was, not what I seemed to be.

"What I was——" genius or fool? The psychic could tell me that. I went to see him, saying to myself: "Now, indeed, is the fool master. Psychology or superstition? Well, I will see for myself."

I did. He told me things, that Psychic. He found the sore spots in my soul and showed me the STRENGTH of my WEAKNESS. He showed me that folly and wisdom grew side by side and that I was indeed a fool in some things, but that Genius crowned those intricate lines, that truth and untruth wore masks before each other and that only with infinite patience through infinite pain I should come at last to read life aright; for I was a true sensitive and would be inspired with wisdom to know and to understand. Then, dealing with the material affairs of life, he told me many facts of the past and predicted many things that have since been verified, though at that time I doubted and only came away with the remorseless How and Why pounding at my brain, yet awake at last to the potentialities of life.



ALEKO
PRESENTS

ALETHEIA



THE NEW
SIBYL OF DELPHI

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Thirstily, I sought the libraries and under that great dome on the Hill, poured over the volumes that purported to reveal the language of the hand.

I plunged into Psychology---a skeptic ; I became a convert, awed by its stupendous power for good or for evil, according to the character and principles of the practitioner.

(To be continued.)



Thought Forces

Anyone understanding the value of thought forces and suggestion can help the ignorant and the irresponsible to a better condition of life. These forces are understood alike by the just and the unjust in the psychic realms, just as all scientific principles are applied by the true physician to heal, or the grafting doctor to prolong the case and extort fees. The man whose physical health has become dependent upon his physician is to be pitied, but he is a free man compared to that one whose mental health is undermined and obsessed by the grafting hypnotist and fake palmist.

Good does grow out of seeming evil and the victim who awakens even by such terrible means to the power and potency of mind force has advanced toward the solution of his own life problems. But if he can be so hypnotized as to believe that the "professor" is doing the work for him, his case is worse than before.

In the earlier stages of undeveloped mediumship, the medium, not understanding his danger is frequently the victim of the hypnotist in everyday life. Sometimes fully, sometimes only slightly, but if in any degree under hypnotic domination he will do and say things apparently of his own volition that are really inspired by malicious magnetism directed by persons even at a distance. This explains why many people do not realize their earlier promise. Also why some seemingly

beautiful and truthful souls exhibit a fatal weakness or falling away from principle. This falling away will be only temporary or until the victim is able to throw off the influence of the hypnotist. This will be through some shock of awakening or through the strong counter-suggestion of someone who sees what the victim is unconscious of. Every human consciousness comes under hypnotic suggestion and domination of some friend, relative or associate at least once in his life. Not till he awakens to the fact and consciously repels the power of hypnotic forces is he free from the dangers of this evil.

All evil emanates through hypnotic suggestion. Every species of crime and all forms of graft are the visible result of this power. The very desire to steal comes from a sort of hypnotic suggestion to acquire by stealth or force what does not rightfully belong to the thief. The grafter is the victim of the hypnotic suggestion of sloth and dishonesty, to acquire that easily which it would otherwise take much labor to earn. The manufacturer of near-silver products costing a few cents and frequently foisted upon an ignorant or unsuspecting victim as "sterling" is a victim of the hypnotic suggestions of greed and dishonesty, and that sly phrase, "Who will know?" In the stores, in the shops, everywhere we find graft, graft, and dishonest valuations. Watered stocks, and inflated banking reports, big promises and small performances, these are all graft and all the result of the hypnotic suggestion of the example around and about each and every field of competitive labor and industry.

Greed for gold seems to be the motive of hypnotic suggestion in every sort of graft. Politicians, police, judges and jurors, men, women and little children, all are caught by the golden gleam and with the eyes fastened on this glittering object the victim is drawn, he knows not how, into strange paths and questionable methods. The fake newspaper story is the result of the golden reward for something unusual, the writer opens his soul and mind to suggestion or inspiration. But, ah, the hypnotic suggestion has already been made that

it must be sensational and remarkable. Never mind the truth. It will go. The instant he lets go of truth, his inspiration is gone, but hypnotic suggestions unnumbered crowd in upon his weary brain and so another useless story, too often suggestive in its turn of all that is evil, or at least unelevating, goes out into the world. The writer does not want to fake, but after a while he is called so clever, so original; so he begins to find faking both pleasant and profitable. If his soul revolts now and then, the hypnotic suggestion of the world's applause, and the golden return is there to lull his conscience. Do you wonder, then, when statesmen and presidents and writers and ministers of the gospel even descend to graft, prostituting noble intellects and cultured minds, that the ignorant, helpless, wandering children of every clime and race with no training, no knowledge seize upon the grafting methods that appeal to their own limited intelligence and so the game goes on. Lower, lower yet in the human scale is the paid guardian of law and honesty and order who holds out his hand for the petty bribe to protect these itinerant grafters, and by so doing becomes the very king of grafters himself.



So live each day and hour and moment that you may give a truthful account of yourself; but don't give it to everybody. Then the world is indeed yours and fear forever banished.

To-day is ours. Live it for futures.

To-morrow and to-morrow are the endless chain of to-day.

'Tis said, Men rise on stepping stones of their dead selves,—

Be sure the old SELF IS DEAD or the stone may turn, proving an insecure footing and the whole structure of life may topple into a rubbish-heap.

The Oriental Eye and the Charm Seller

While reading in public, I made the rounds of the Palmists operating at one of the International Expositions, reading for weeks at a time in booths under the management of an Oriental having in his employ Greeks, Hindoos, Egyptians, Syrians and English and American "readers" as the practitioner in Palmistry is termed. While the palmists operating at such places are out to get the coin, there are frequently sincere and proficient readers working here side by side with the inefficient and the Grafter. The public pays its money and takes its choice.

To be a good palmist, in the eyes of the man who conducts a palmistry at a world's fair or exposition, or any public park, the practitioner must first be a good grafter, then a good reader. Ability to get the money is rated Number 1, ability to read, Number 2. To be both a good reader and able to command large fees makes that reader invaluable to the management, and the astute manager will tie the reader up in an almost unbreakable contract. Few good readers of advanced development will be caught by such a contract for a second season, both because the methods of many of his fellow readers reflect discredit upon the institution and also because he comes into a realization of his own value and will prefer to read on his own responsibility elsewhere, thus having more control over his business associates and also because the earnings will come into his own pocket, rather than a comparatively small percentage for himself.

I occupied for a time the adjoining booth of the most remarkable palmist-grafter at the Exposition. Remarkable in the sense that she could obtain more money in exchange for nothing than any other employee of the concern. She was a Syrian woman whose eyes were literally her fortune. Large, dark, mysterious, set in a face of considerable power and mobility, this woman could get exceptional fees from her clients—in advance. In four out of five cases she succeeded in satisfying her client, the fifth would leave the booth in open

disgust with laughter, or more frequently vigorously denouncing the reader.

The Bagdad draperies separating the booths were by no means sound-proof and the booths only partially enclosed, this to enable the manager a sort of floor walker, to see that the readers did not divert to their own pockets any of the gains. The average Oriental, and the Syrian in particular, never trusts to the honesty of either his partners, his friends or his employees, this being a fair pointer as to his own trustworthiness. The arrangement of the booths enabled those adjoining to see and hear practically all that occurred on either hand.

The Syrian read word for word the same story for every client. Her readings were marvels of inaccuracy, flattery and absurdity to the ears of the experienced hearer, but to the unconscious public they frequently passed muster. To a greenhorn, all unsophisticated individuals in the grafter language being termed "farmers," she appeared the real thing and he listened spell-bound to her jargon. To the farmer, then the Syrian woman made it her practice to sell "charms" warranted to ward off all evils and to confer all blessings. For the "farmer" alas, was thus gullible. The first time I became conscious of a transaction of this kind I was divided between amazement, indignation and amusement. The Syrian's English in ordinary conversation was surprisingly accurate, but while reading the palm, her dialect became very much in evidence, this being a ready defense in case of a denial or correction of her statements. Her reply at once being:

"Yaes, certanlee, zat 'at you make ze Engleesh." Or, "Yaes, zat w'at I mee-an, I sa-ay zat wrong word!"

The sale of the charm was well under way before the client in my own booth had departed and the first phrase that caught my attention was this:

"Zat scharm goin' geeve you aeny theeng you wan'. Aevery weesh to your heart zat scharm eet goin' bring. You must not to show eet, you must not to tell eet, you must not to let aeny body know you got zat scharm, it break ze spell!"

Aevery tam you make zat weesh you got hol' zat scharm in your han', weesh three tam an' you get zat weesh! How you goin' keep from show zat scharm? Aeny body, aeny theeng must not to know you got it, not even you cat. Not even aeny cat! You must to go een zee country where ees no body, no cat, an' you must not to even theenk of a cat or you goin' lose zat weesh! Zat all, all, no more. Next!"

As soon as there came a lull in the stream of clients I asked:

"Why did you tell the poor fellow that? There was nothing in the reading to harm him and perhaps the belief that he would get his wish might have helped his courage, but now he will be miserable. He will never make a wish for anything that he will not think of that cat. The image of a cat will haunt his very dreams."

"Well, what you think! That what I want. He goin' to think of that cat every time he makes his wish and he don't get that wish. He don't blame that charm, he goin' to blame that cat! He never go to police then for cause that cat in the way. How that charm can work, ah, he is the sucker!" She has relinquished the dialect and is almost as American in her speech as in her scorn of the "sucker!"

I was there to read, to investigate and to learn, not to interfere with the business management, but I could not refrain from questioning the manager with regard to the charm selling. He only laughed; all palmists were alike to him; he did not know one line from another himself and it was all a graft anyway, in his eyes. His only comment being, "She knows how to get the money!"

"But isn't it against the law?"

"Law. Ha, ha. Why, the police court Judge is—a-hem—a friend of ours, besides she has given the chief of detectives a charm for himself and he half way believes in it. Anyway, even if a complaint should be made she would swear that she did not sell but gave away the charm with a higher priced reading."

I then found a new field of action. In the next Palmistry

there was one reader, an Egyptian who also sold charms, his defense being more plausible. He positively swore to the efficacy of the genuine (?) Egyptian charm and his purchasers included stock brokers, bankers, United States Senators, railroad men, inventors, secret service agents and physicians. Not ignorant or unsuccessful men, but men of the world, some of them known to fame and most of them men of wealth and culture. The Egyptian charm seller defended the practice by stating that it was the same as hypnotic suggestion, acting on the mind of the possessor who believed in it as a kind of hypnotic stimulus, encouraging him to persist, which won the battle; therefore, it "did the work and was worth the money."



The A-B-C of self-mastery is to conquer the small faults and self-indulgences one by one. By the time we are ready to attack the big evils in our lives they will no longer be formidable, for our spirits will have grown strong enough to render to our conscious minds an unbiased verdict with the soul as the judge. The once-feared evil will be disbarred from practice.

Let us search our own eyes for the moats, lest with distorted vision we gain the illusion of a beam in our neighbor's

Confession of "SIN" to a fellow-being is but a plea for sympathy, excuse and further license. The first acknowledgment of ERROR to our own Souls, polishes the windows of our understanding. The same Error Repeated, then smokes the glass of consciousness and if long continued shuts out the soul's view completely.

Say, What Is Love?

Say, Dear, what is love? Come, say, what is Love,
Have you found it, I pray, I pray?
Ah, where is love, say, where is love?
Come, show me the primrose way,—
Ah, show me the primrose way!

Love, I'm told, is a god, a fay,
A tricky Puck with a wayward way—
I never can find him, tho' often I seek;
I whisper his name, but he will not speak,
I whisper his name, but he will not speak!

I've sought mid the clover from dawn till dark,
I've sought in the clouds with the soaring lark,
But ever and ever—'tis all in vain,
Ah, say, what is love, I plead again,
Come, say, what is love, I plead again!



The applause of the moment sounds sweet in the ear, yet
tis but the bubble on the glass.

Achievement is the wine of life, growing stronger and
sweeter with age.

If life is a school, be careful what branch of it becomes
your specialty.

Don't be hypnotized. All hypnosis is fathered by lying
suggestions orally given at first. No "good principle" can be
founded upon lies.

Don't hypnotize yourself with excuses. Self makes a
coward. Conscience a brave man and a true one.

Let's all be brave.

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