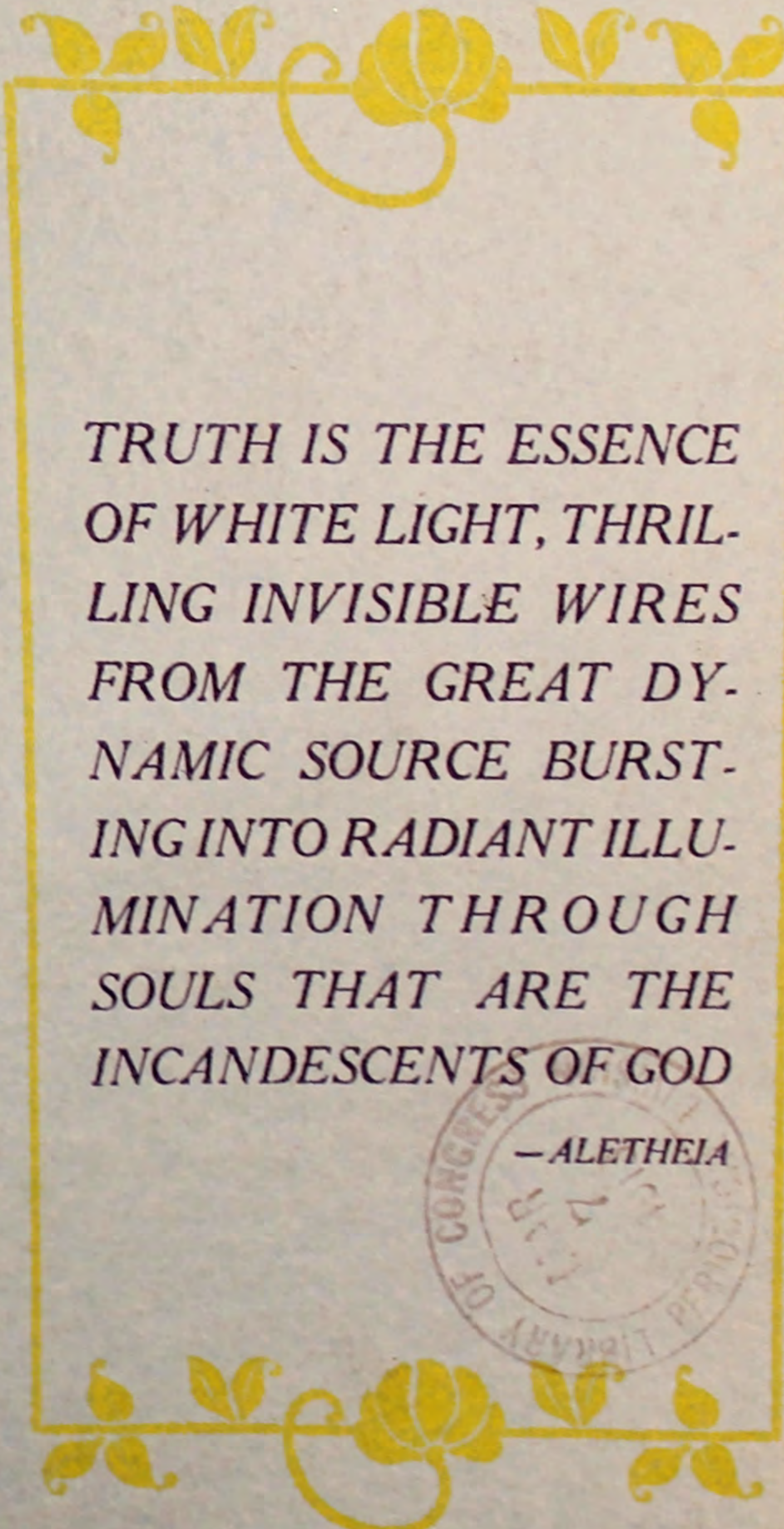

THE

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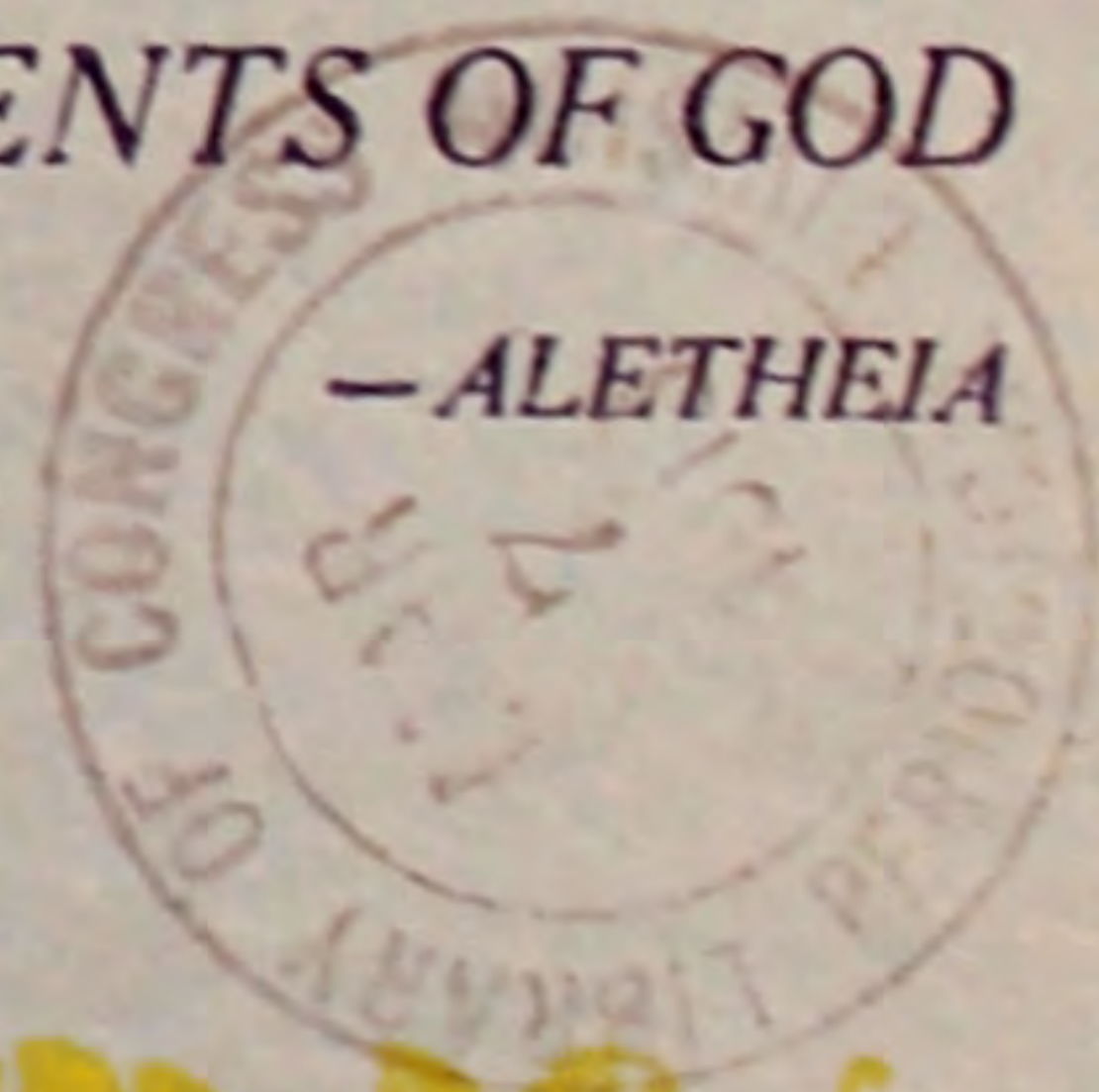
A MONTHLY
MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO
PSYCHOLOGY
ETHICS
FICTION
VERSE



WHERE
TRUTH
IS
FEAR
IS NOT



*TRUTH IS THE ESSENCE
OF WHITE LIGHT, THRIL-
LING INVISIBLE WIRES
FROM THE GREAT DY-
NAMIC SOURCE BURST-
ING INTO RADIANT ILLU-
MINATION THROUGH
SOULS THAT ARE THE
INCANDESCENTS OF GOD*



MARCH, 1913

SINGLE NUMBER,

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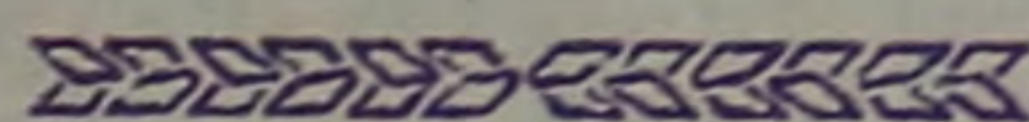
READ THE CAT'S PAW

BY ALETHEIA

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This absorbing narrative began in the Quarterly Aletheian, number three, volume 1. The numbers containing the preceeding chapters will be sent by mail upon receipt of sixty cents, or will be sent free with all new subscriptions to The Aletheian Monthly Magazine received before March 30th.

Those who subscribed to the Quarterly Aletheian will receive the monthly magazine until their full year has elapsed. Renewals sent in by our present subscribers before their year was elapsed will be accepted at the former subscription price. This is just a recognition of those who have helped to support The Aletheian from the beginning.



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THE

ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT.

VOL. III—MARCH, 1913—NUMBER III.

ISSUED MONTHLY BY THE ALETHEIA SOCIETY OF AMERICA
Frances H. Dilopoulo, Editor and Owner.

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By Money Order Only

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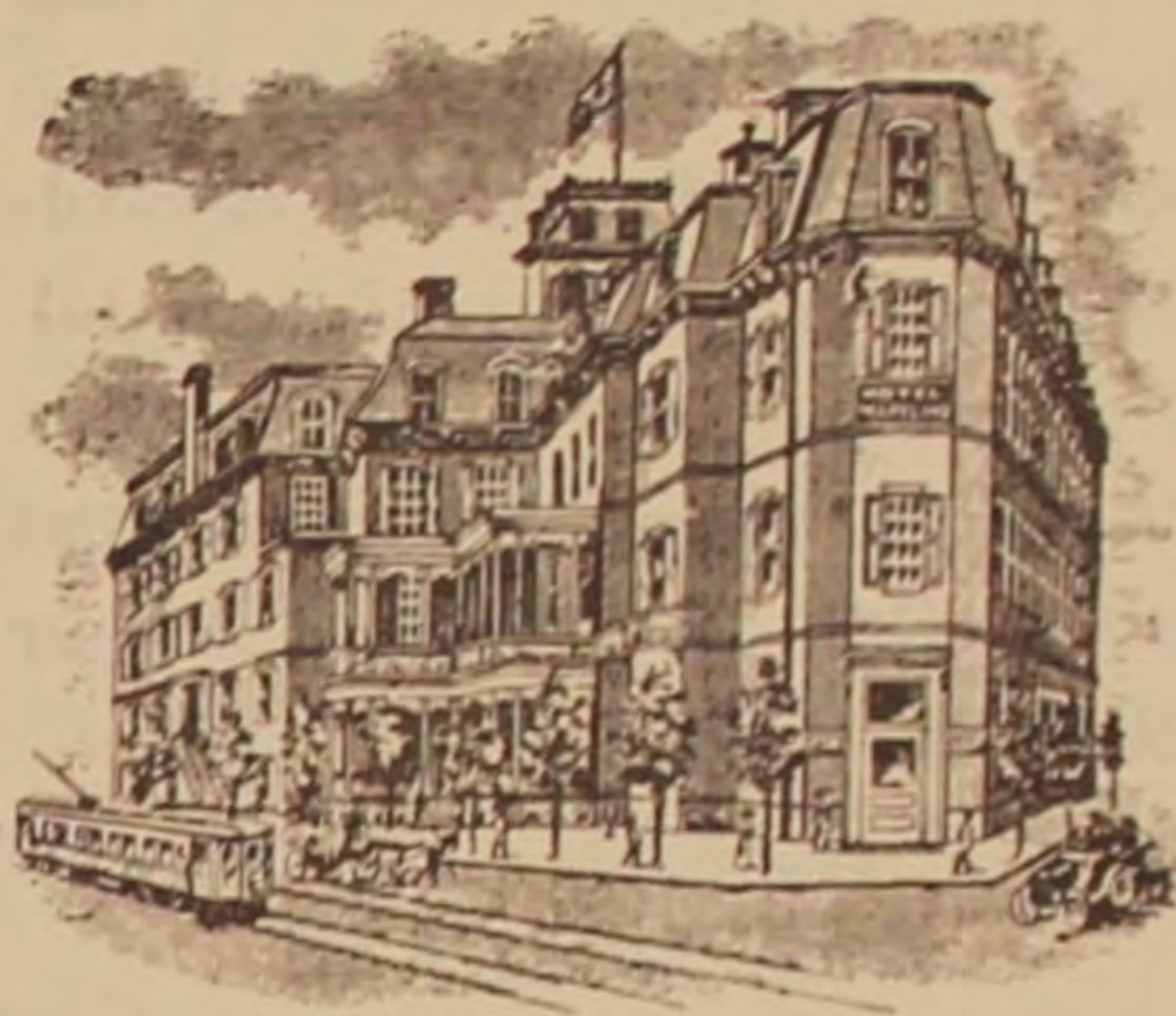
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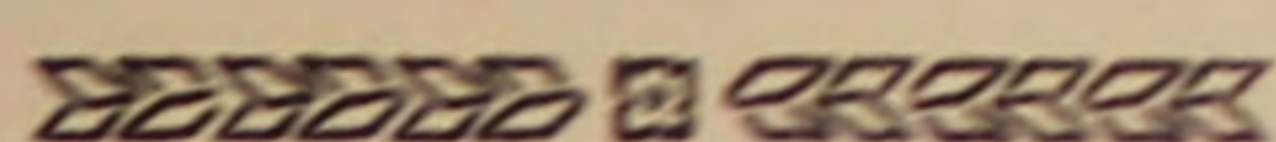
I cast this vote for.....author
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Name and address of voter.....

Prophetic Visions will be resumed in April *Aletheian*.

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The Aletheian is Published for Truth Seekers and Truth Tellers



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, accounts of psychic phenomena, and helpful suggestions are accepted and paid for according to merit only.

THE UNKNOWN WRITER and the widely known are given equal attention.

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PROPHECY AND PSYCHIC interpretation will be the special features of this Magazine.

THE INITIAL NUMBER of "*The Aletheian*" was published November twentieth, 1911.

ALL MANUSCRIPTS intended for publication in the April number should reach the editor by March 10th.

THE PRESENT RATE of payment for accepted manuscripts is ten dollars for each thousand words. Shorter contributions in proportion.—Address all communications to The Aletheian Magazine, Somerville, Mass.

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FRANCES ALETHEIA DILOPOULO

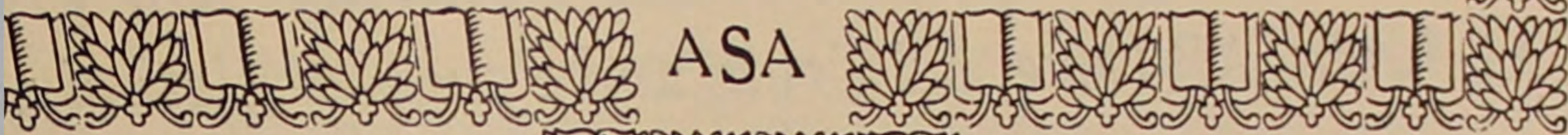


THE ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE


WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME III No. 3

MARCH, 1913



ASA



LINES OF LIGHT.

BEHOLD, in a vision, I saw twelve Mighty Lords standing at the outer circle of a Great Dynamic Center, with fingers ever guiding luminous white Lines of Light, radiating therefrom, vibrating with the music of the spheres. Then my vision sought the Supreme Center, but the radiance was so supernal that I might not look thereon, for there THE PRESENCE was enthroned.

The Supreme Circle *only* was I permitted to behold and then I saw that even the twelve Mighty Lords looked not upon the CENTER; but stood with eyes turned ever outward, to the great Circumference, toward which radiated the luminous Lines of Light carrying inspiration unto countless souls. The twelve Guardians of the Light attend, resting not by day or by night, and the Lines radiate constantly, multiplying and branching out into myriad lines. At every branching point are radiant Beings, aiding the Master Spirits in the work of transmission to mortals.

Thus from the Supreme Center through the minds of the Master Guardians, floweth Creative Force, in Strength, Energy, Power, Knowledge, Understanding,

Wisdom, Perception, Inspiration, Obedience, PEACE, TRUTH and LOVE; and the rays of illumination are transmitted, line by line, from angel to angel, until they shine forth clearly through the Souls of them on earth that are Pure In Heart; and these, receiving All, give out All Light, All Love, All Truth and Peace.—*Aletheia*.



Speech is the cymbal of thought.

Let Truth be the force of thought moving upon the cymbal to produce harmony.

Let thy spirit guard thy speech, lest inharmonious thought currents awaken a clash of cymbals, all jangling out of tune.

Pure thought creates love, love creates Harmony—herein is Heaven. The soul that loveth all mankind hath already entered into the Kingdom.

Peace be with thee for where Truth is Fear is not.

Put Self away; let Language Wait on Inspiration.

THE BIRTH OF SPEECH.

When man, primeval, on this fair earth wandered
 His heart drank in the potent dew
 Of nature's beauties, 'til his soul awakened
 And longed to utter all it knew;
 Then slowly in the womb of mind
 Was thought conceived. It grew,
 Absorbing all the world could teach
 And, in dumb agony, its silence wept,
 In travail, 'til the radiant dawn
 Beheld the birth of speech!

—*Aletheia*.

PSYCHIC GIFTS.

OH seeker of Wisdom, pause and analyze your motives and desires. Be sure that they are pure and true 'ere you reach for the Fruit of the Tree of Knowledge.

For the Tree of Knowledge bears both good and evil Fruit.

Would you possess true Psychic gifts? Then remember that only the "Pure in Heart Shall *See* God!"

Are you seeking these gifts for self-gratification; striving for selfish powers on the spiritual plane; rushing into the Psychic world without preparation? Then stop, 'ere it is too late! You are breaking the law of the Supernatural. "Those who break physical laws lose their physical health, and those who break Psychic laws, lose their Psychic health."

Would you succeed in your desires? Would you attain, oh Fellow Disciple? Then seek communion with the Fountain Head, the only source of Divine Knowledge. Learn to discern the real from the unreal. Let your aim be the development of the true Self.

Open your Soul to the Love of the Great Brooding Over-Soul. Saturate yourself with this Love, and let it overflow to your Brother.

Develop your capacity for Love, for "God is Love." For "though you have the gift of prophesy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though you have faith so that you can remove mountains, and have Not *Love*--you are as Nothing!"

So in the words of the master, Abdul Baha: "Consort with all the people with Love and Fragrance. Fellowship is the cause of Unity, and Unity is the source of

Order in the world. Blessed are they who are kind, and Serve with Love.”

And therefore, Brother of Mine, though I say to you seek Wisdom, Knowledge and Understanding, I must remind you that the only Way is the Way of the Lord Christ who said: “Seek ye *First* the Kingdom of God which is within YOU, and all these things (your Heart’s Desires) shall be added unto *you*.”

—*Lydia E. Lange.*

Some Exercises for Body, Mind and Soul.

FIRST, take a deep breath, then exhale, breathing out all fear, then as you inhale, draw in the thought of health and success. Believe that you are breathing in only good things and that you are breathing through a protecting filter that permits only the good to enter your being and God will help YOU to make your thoughts true. Draw these thoughts into your entire being, as you inhale this purified air: Love, Peace, Courage, Success.

All the seeming perils that surround you can be spiritually perceived in time to change your course and guide your feet into safe channels. Follow the guiding Spirit within that ever counsels, “Peace, be still and fear no Evil.”

When your heart tells you to avoid certain people, be kind to them, but *avoid them*.

If you frequently go out of your way to be kind to someone whom you have an inward distrust for, you will find yourself beginning to court the society of such people until they misadvise you to betray your confidence or do something that forces you to see that your inspirational

estimate was the right one. Therefore, be kind to all who cross your path, yet *avoid them*, else you may leave your path to follow theirs.

Be not persuaded. Be not led or advised against your own good judgment. Listen for the inner Voice that will help you. Be sure that God sends his angels to whisper within your own soul the words of counsel and comfort that you most require. *Take counsel only with your own soul.*

Nature is deep, reflective; therefore, be still that you may be fully conscious of her at all times. The heart is romantic, affectionate; then let your expressions of your heart's feelings be not whimsical. Do not weary of subjects or persons merely because they fail to keep your mind constantly on the alert.

Your brain, your ambitions and your circumstances play a large part in what you call your affections. Look facts in the face and make no *excuses* to yourself or to anyone. **BE TRUE.**

Breathe deeply, joyously and cast out fear. Breathe in Contentment,—Success,—Joy,—Love—and Peace.

Seek not to give a name to that sweet counsellor, the inward Voice. Seek not to bar nor beckon *named* Spirits from their Father's service.

Guardian angels attend their special charges among mortal kind and linger ever where there is need for them, ever responsive, waiting only to be called.

The Voice ever stands at the threshold of the soul, striving to enter in, and where the Voice dwelleth constantly, there is no night, neither is there any sound of sorrow for All is Joy, Peace, Love and *Light*.

—*Aletheia.*

HYMN OF THE WEST

*O Thou, whose glorious orbs on high
Engird the earth with splendor round,
From out Thy secret place draw nigh
The courts and temples of this ground;
Eternal Light
Fill with Thy might
These domes that in Thy purpose grew,
And lift a nation's head anew!*

*Illumine Thou each pathway here
To show the marvels God hath wrought!
Since first Thy people's chief and seer
Locked up with that prophetic thought,
Bade time unroll
The fateful scroll,
And empire unto Freedom gave
From cloudland height to tropic wave.*

*Poured through the gateways of the north
Thy mighty rivers join their tide,
And, on the wings of morn sent forth,
Their mists the far off peaks divide.
By Thee unsealed
The mountains yield
Ores that the wealth of Ophir shame
And gems wrought of seven-hued flame.*

*Lo, through what years the soil hath lain
At Thine own time to give increase—
The greater and the lesser grain,
The ripening boll, the Myriad fleece!
Thy creatures graze
Appointed ways;
League after league across the land
The ceaseless herds obey Thy hand.*

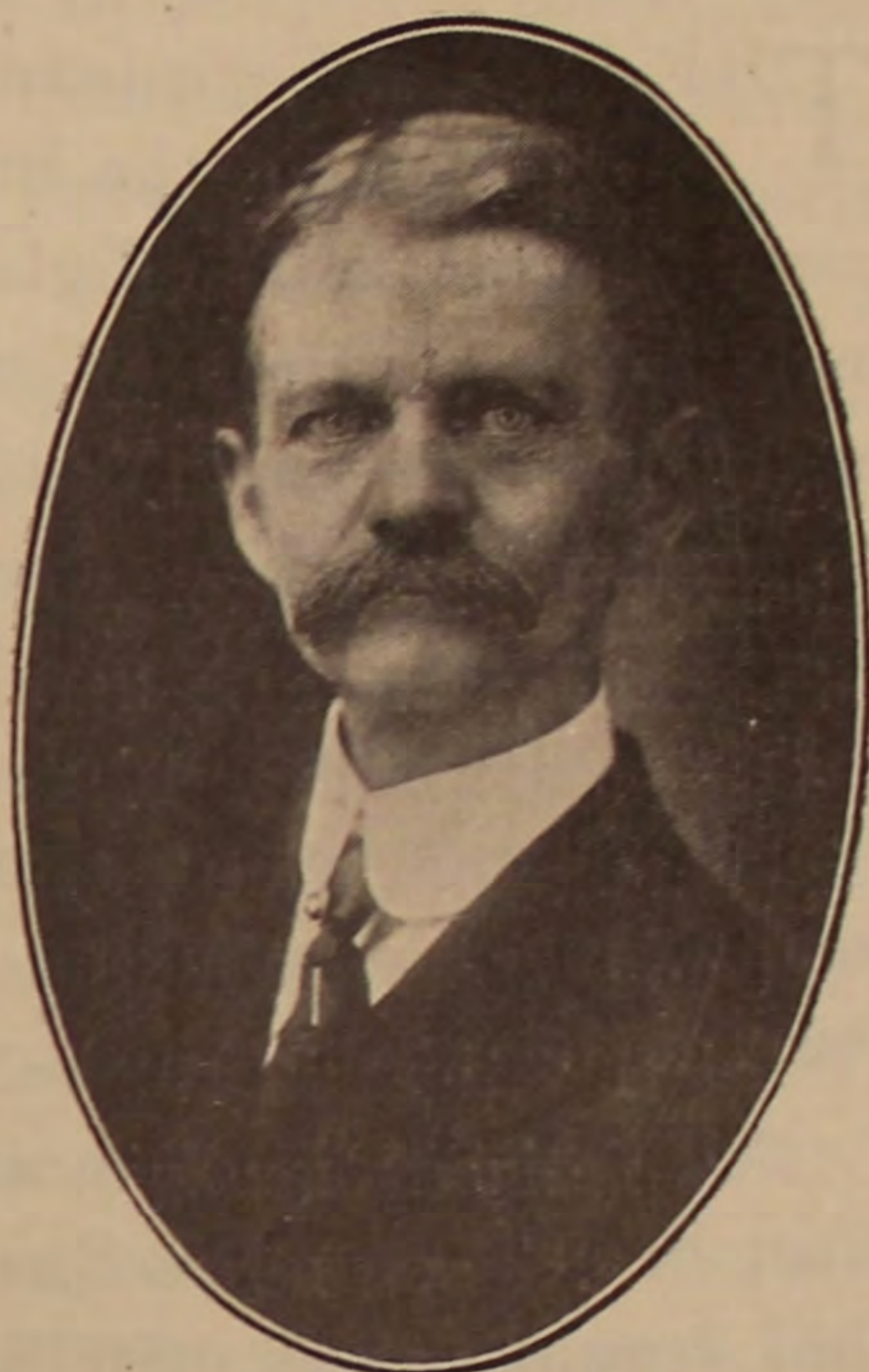
*Thou, whose high archways shine most clear
Above the plenteous Western plain,
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere
To breathe its quickening air are fain;
And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!*

—Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION



PRESIDENT WILSON



VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL

IT is fitting that in this dawn of the Aquarian Age, so clean-minded, strong, and indomitable a man as Woodrow Wilson, should stand at the helm of this Nation's affairs. It is a source of contentment and peace of mind to know that he will be seconded by a man who is not only a statesman, but a disciple of the principles of brotherly love in the person of Thomas Marshall. Add to these the inestimable value of the counsel and co-operation of that wise, generous and self-sacrificing man, William Jennings Bryan. In these three we have a trinity of influences that cannot but lead this country into safe, peaceful and prosperous channels.

“*The Aletheian*” voices the sentiment of thousands of peaceful, progressive and indomitable souls who will give our new President every aid in their power. Minds that are not working for personal preference or political supremacy or for individual power, but minds that are united in one vast harmonious whole, laboring for the common good.

The listening soul can hear the paean of thanksgiving, the “spirit voices” in solemn dedication of hearts and minds to the new freedom. A pledge to right wrongs, to elevate woman, to save the child, to eliminate selfishness, and to bring about peace, fair play, honest rewards for honest labors, Justice, Mercy and Love. Some of you may not see it as I see it and as many other seeing souls do. There is a vast throng of us who welcome this new administration as the beginning of an era where the great lines of government shall be gathered together into a mighty chord of stability, honesty, and charity for all men. A unity of high and low, rich and poor, wherein we shall come as a nation to recognize and to promulgate the rights of man with equal brotherhood.

—*Frances Aletheia Dilopoulo.*

MAKER OF THE WORD.

THE Hebrew Scripture is not, by many removes, the first Bible of the human family. It is known to those familiar with religious ideas in humanity that a Scripture or written "Word," containing revelations of moral and spiritual Truth, existed anterior to the most ancient of the Jewish sacred writings and was revered in the pre-Mosaic and pre-Adamic times. In eras still earlier, antedating by ages the first written Scripture, oral Revelations were given, beginning with the first receptive types of mankind. The human race is far older than modern generations yet surmise.

All transcripts of these earlier "Words" have long since been lost, unless Swedenborg's assertion is correct that fragments of primitive Revelation are still extant among some of the pastoral tribes of innermost Asia.

The Poet of old was the Inspirer. He uttered the oral Revelations, and he wrote all the Bibles of the past. In fact, the leaves are not more surely shed from the trees than every Scripture has been shed from the Poet's heart and brain. The "Words" were the children of the Muses. Theology in its origin descended as a song.

Revelation is to the Poet first of all, because the basis of the poetic faculty consists in a certain fineness of temperament and mental structure; a keen sense of individuality; a sure sympathy with Nature in all her processes; a deep instinct that things are born, live and grow, and are not merely made; and a yearning to be evolved into the Harmony of Life, and to yield the soul to its expression. Then the impulse to love and adore, mounting in the quickening of the individual life, and taking expres-

sion in the heart's prayer to the Invisible for communion and communication, clears the mental field from earth-born images, and God shines upon him and the spirit vision sees.

As by a sublime law, Scriptures are born, so by another law of removal, when the uses for which they are given are fulfilled, they disappear, taking their place among things that have performed their function and passed on. Like all other human productions the present Hebrew Scriptures are subject to the law of growth and decay. They gradually recede and pass away as the older "Words" before them receded and passed away. They are already resigning their position of superior authority, and other greater Scriptures, adapted to a more enlightened generation, will take their place—that will meet the wants of the coming hour and throw light upon subjects that we must have light upon if civilization is to keep on civilizing.

It is the way—continual building. The Old in falling to give place to the New always falls forward, never backward. The New does not destroy the Old—it renews it. Every prophecy is the avowed harbinger of a loftier prophecy; every fulfillment, of a riper and higher fulfillment. Throughout the long epochs the good is supplanted by the better, and the better by better still, until perfection is perfected and gives birth to the New Universe.

—*Lucy A. Rose Mallory, in The World's Advance Thought, Portland, Oregon.*

TRUTH.

Truth is the essence of white light thrilling invisible wires from the great DYNAMIC SOURCE, bursting into radiant illumination through souls that are the incandescents of God.

—*Aletheia*

THE MASTER'S VOICE



“When thou art entered into the Inner Temple, then shalt thou hear the Voice of the Master, speaking to Thee!” We were weary and leaden, my Soul and I. Inertia had taken possession of us. We came to the Silence of Meditation with lagging steps; and had almost forgotten the presence of God.

Then came our prayer:

“Grant, O Lord, Thy Protection,
And in Protection—Strength,
And in Strength—Understanding,
And in Understanding—Knowledge,
And in Knowledge—Knowledge of Justice,
And in Knowledge of Justice—The Love of It,
And in the Love of It—The Love of all Existence.
And in the Love of all Existence—The *Love of God!*”

Slowly THE PRESENCE became manifest, and within me was the Voice:

“Awake! Awake my Soul! Shake off this legargy!

“Arise! Too much time has been wasted in sloth and idleness, and harm has been done while you have slept!

“Awake! Come forth NOW in all your Inner Glory, and fill your outer life with Harmony!”

My Soul responded, and in the Silence It was bathed in the Glory of the Lord. And the Light from the Inner Tabernacle—the Holy of Holies within ME—shone forth in His Service! Then I knew that His Service is to do the Work which He has sent me to do. To do it *Lovingly*. With Joy and Humility. We are no longer weary, my Soul and I. We would Progress in His Path. For we realize now that “Progress is by Knowing and by Living; by Being and by *Serving*.”

“The Soul awakes as from a long dream, and like the sacred Lotus upon the Still lagoon, unfolds her petals and uplifts her golden crown toward the *Truth*.”

“*Be Still, and Know!*”

—Lydia E. Lange.



“CONFESSIONS” OF A PLAY PIRATE



CHAPTER III.

THE SECRETARY CONTINUES HIS STATEMENT.

THE Governor was like a man possessed. He would listen to no business but went straight to his study with the manuscript giving orders that he was not to be disturbed. Two hours later he called me. He was as excited as only he can be, with a peculiar suppressed excitement. He said, as though speaking to himself, “It is incredible, unbelievable, that such a girl could write a thing of that nature. Something about her warned me, prepared me for an extraordinary story, but the technique she has displayed, the cleancut consistency of her characters, her masterly literary style, and the *meat* that is in the thing—My God, Gordon, that child told me that she wanted to write a play to make men think—Think! Why, they’ll ache with this thing! There isn’t a woman in America that could play the lead, unless it is Mrs. C—.

He paused for a second, then said, “I’ll do it. Gordon, you get ready to go to Philadelphia the first thing in the morning with me. Mrs. C— is playing there at the Garick for three weeks and we will put her right through with a rehearsal of this thing.”

At this moment he turned, pressed the bell, and said to the boy, “send Wills to me.”

A moment later Wills entered. Only his compressed lips and set expression evinced the tendency to fight that was in him, but reading him, as I had learned to do, I knew that it was going to be a contest of good and evil, that

every obstacle possible would be placed in the way of that girl's chances, and from a few sidelights that I had gotten on our new Director, I knew that he intended to attain his means by fair means or foul.

Mr. Davasco, with his hand still on the manuscript, and without looking at his "personal representative," said, "Wills, I want you to put that little girl into the 'Kitty' Production for two or three weeks."

"But Governor—"

"Give her a living salary, give her one of those small parts—Now, you've got to do it—don't interrupt me—and when Mrs. C— comes to the American Theatre I am going to put her in Miss Steuart's roles."

Wills gasped. "Why, Governor, she could never play—"

"We'll see to that," Davasco returned. "You told me she couldn't write, too, but she has written for me the most original and powerful thing that has been handed to me in my whole experience. Why, there is material right here for five plays—successes—every one of them, and that is all there is about it. I am going right over to Philadelphia tomorrow and have Mrs. C— rehearse the first act."

Wills bit his lips and then said, "Just which one of the people am I to get rid of?"

Davasco looked at him, and with a sarcasm that he seldom exhibited, said, "One of the cats you picked—the one with the most money and the least brains. I want to give work to a girl that deserves it and I mean to do it this time."

The next morning at 11 o'clock we were just about to start for our train. Mr. Davasco, as was his habit, was

lingering in the inner lobby when we saw the girl pass. She was evidently on her way to the stage door, but on a sudden impulse she turned, ran up the steps and caught us where we stood. The expression on her face was indescribable. There was a look of rapt assurance, faith, perhaps, would be the better word. She looked at Davasco with glad, yet modest triumph in her eyes.

She said nothing. Davasco looked back at her and said simply:

“Yes.”

“You do like it, don’t you,” she said. “You understand, don’t you?” She had drawn closer and again he took her hand in his reassuring way. It was a repetition of the scene five years before. He stood patting her hand as if soothing a child and said, “Yes, yes, its wonderful. Did you really write it yourself?”

She looked at him and said, “It sort of wrote itself, I think. Why, I dreamed it, lived it, suffered for it. It is part a prophecy, and part experience. It is seven years since I first dreamed the theme. It’s five years since I first told you about it.”

“And what have you been doing all these five years—not writing the play all that time.”

“No,” she answered, “not writing it, just living it out day by day. Incident after incident of that dream, I’ve lived—but only the bitter part. I have tried to imagine the rest of it.”

“Yes, yes, I see. But how have you been living?”

“Why, writing, acting, playing a part one week, making a dress for the leading woman the next. You see, I have been understudying whenever I could in order to stay in New York. You’ve made so many appointments

that you didn't keep and just about the time that I would think to go on the road with some company that would pay me a fair salary I'd get a letter from you saying to see your Director for some new production; then I would let the chance go and try and try and try to see him. When he did see me he would always say that I was too late, that everything was filled. So I kept on struggling. I lived somehow until about eight weeks ago I felt that the time had come that I must sit down and write. I began. When the few dollars that I had saved, gave out I thought I should have to put the work away again, when what do you suppose happened? My little boy came to me one Saturday afternoon and laid six dollars across the typewriter keys as I was writing and said, 'Mother, will that help you to finish the play?' "

Davasco looked at her in amazement, and said, "Your little boy—why, what do you mean?"

She smiled and there was a rapturous expression of infinite affection in her voice, as she said:

"My little son."

We all gasped. It seemed incredible. There was such a child-like, virginal expression in her face.

Davasco said, "But I don't understand. You have a son! You are a married woman!"

"Yes," she responded, "I have been, but am not now, I was married at seventeen and my boy is now eleven. Think of it! He had been working a whole week while I thought him at school and he had earned six whole big dollars because he thought it would help mother finish her play. Perhaps you may think it very wrong of me, but I let him go on working for six weeks longer and we lived on that six dollars a week. The play is finished, its future

rests with you.” There were tears in her eyes and tears in her voice and Davasco said gently, “And it will be a great future. I have made up my mind. If Mrs. C— can play it, we will get it ready for production at once. Meantime, Mr. Wills will put you into one of my companies temporarily. In about two weeks we will transfer you to Mrs. C—’s company and then we can get right down to work. That will give you er—er—a living salary until we can go more deeply into the matter. Good-bye now, I have just time to catch a train. You go up now and report to Wills.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STAGE DIRECTOR SPEAKS.

I WONDERED if she thought she had a chance? A quiet tip or two to Trebor, our very amenable stage manager of the ‘Kitty’ Company, would settle that girl in very short order, or I was no judge of women. She was already unnerved and unstrung by weeks of privation and overwork, yet with the pride of Lucifer behind her simple exterior. I knew that a slight or two from a man of Trebor’s calibre would be like flint on steel. If I could work up some kind of a fracas before the Governor got back, her goose would be cooked in short order. She came up to me about half-past eleven. I knew all that had transpired in her interview, for I was nearer her than anyone supposed when it took place. In fact, I had to travel up our winding stair a little faster than was comfortable in order to reach my office before she did. She came in looking as if she had the keys of Heaven in her hands. I gave her a dash of cold water right at the start. “You are going over to Newark. We really haven’t any-

thing for you, but I have decided to put you in among the extra girls at eight dollars a week."

"Extra girls—eight dollars?—Why, I thought that Mr. Davasco said that I was to have a part at a livable salary?"

"Well, you said you lived on six—er—that is, I have known people to live on six dollars," I hastened to add, "of course, if you don't want it you don't have to take it. Let me tell you there are girls who are willing to pay money—big money—just for the chance of extra work and understudy in a Davasco Company." She looked at me and there was a curl on her lips as she said, "Beginners, perhaps, or girls with more money than brains, but as for me, it is different."

"Different in what way? Why, what have you done?"

"I played in the place of a prominent star for ten weeks for a Broadway manager, without a newspaper man, the public, or any one else, except the members of the company finding out that a substitute was being used, for one thing; and in my jobbing and understudy and stock work, here in New York for the last five years, I have played everything from bits to leads, and I have made good, every time."

"What are you doing here in New York, then, broke?"

"Because I have sacrificed every offer to leave New York, with a good production, in order to be at hand when Mr. Davasco should call me, as the letters that I had week after week promised."

"Well, if you can do so much better, you are very foolish to stay around New York."

"It's for the sake of the play. I have sacrificed so much, I suppose I can sacrifice another six months. By

that time Mr. Davasco certainly will know what he intends to do with the play."

So she was willing to give us six months' leeway, eh? What couldn't I do to a play in six months! I began to feel better, so I said more encouragingly, "Well, you go over to Newark to report early Monday morning, to the manager of the 'Kitty' Company. It will only be for two or three weeks anyway, and of course, you will get more salary when you are in Mrs. C—'s Company." I scribbled the address of the theatre for her, telling her to return Monday week to get the part for Mrs. C—'s Company. As soon as she was gone I sent for Trebor, confidentially I imparted a few timely hints that he thoroughly comprehended. Put into execution, they would pave the way for future events.

TO BE CONTINUED IN APRIL ALETHEIAN.

THE WAY.

When life grows weary, look upon the hills,
 Behold, their far-off beauty breathes of rest,
 Through city tumult and the thousand ills,
 That sorely must beset thee in thy quest.
 High in thine aims as they,
 Swift waters lie between,
 And rocks, cruel and gray,
 Start through the mosses green;
 Thus, ere thou canst the height attain,
 Life's waters must be crossed,
 Fairer the haven he shall attain
 Who hath been tempest-tossed;
 So, keeping then thy hills in view,
 Gain courage for the rock-hewn way
 Thou must traverse and heaven's blue
 Reflecting hope, shall light the Way.

—Aletheia.

THE MASTER ARCHITECT.

*All life puts forth an effort to construct.
Who hath not watched the spider spin her web,
And marveled at its geometric plan?
But is it strange that she should weave her tent
Of silver lace in pattern most ornate?
For choice is lacking in her tiny brain;
She follows the one dictate she was taught.
The kind Creator saw, and filled her need;—
So is it with each insect, bird and beast.
But man—"proud man"—the great Creator blest,
And placed within him liberty of choice
To build his home how'er he might devise,
And any suited substance utilize.
Oh man, whom wise Jehovah thus hath graced,
Behold the universe,—its wondrous form—
The majesty of earth and sea and sky,
Builded by Him who breathed the breath of life;
Shaped in all loveliness, yet all for use.
Make thou, oh man, thy dwellings more divine;
Tear down the huts that gasp for light and air;
Destroy the crude and darkened tenements,
And raze to earth thy black and monstrous towers—
Ten thousand Babels that shut out the sun—
And boast not of thy engineering skill
Till on those ruins thou hast built anew,
Cities whose white and spotless domes shall be
Equal in beauty and utility.*

—Marguerite Head.



THE CAT'S PAW

By "ALETHEIA"



A narrative of startling facts written in fiction form, dealing with certain psychological phases of the business world and prophetic visions that became a wonderful factor involving a notable group of people.

"The Cat's Paw" deals with a woman in the hands of certain "Literary Philistines," and demonstrates that even the wheels of Justice may become a "cat's paw" in the hands of unscrupulous individuals.

This great serial will be published exclusively in the Aletheian Magazine, and later will be brought out in book form.

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CHAPTERS VIII-IX.

ON Monday, Fanny made out a brief typewritten statement of her accounts, thinking she would give Wasgood one more chance, for she was now thoroughly convinced that he was a victim of drugs and half unbalanced. As she took the car going downtown, she noticed a woman getting on at the same corner. The woman was very tall, wore a brown coat, a fur hat and, even through her thick veil, Fanny marked the heavily rouged cheeks. Where had she seen the woman before? As the car stopped in front of the Wasgood offices, she was surprised to see the woman's destination was the same as her own and as they simultaneously entered Wasgood's outer office, the strange woman was given the preference, being shown into his private office immediately. The entire office staff

treated Fanny with a rudeness that had evidently been pre-arranged. She waited for fully an hour. Finally when the office boy had passed in and out of Mr. Wasgood's office with various messages and her own card had been totally ignored, she brushed past him and laid her typewritten statement on the desk, saying,

"Excuse me, Mr. Wasgood, but I'd like to have you sign this paper at once."

"Sign what? Don't you know enough not to interrupt me when I'm talking to a lady? Sit down and wait until I'm ready to see you. I don't allow my employees to walk into this office in that unceremonious fashion."

"Do you intend to sign this paper, Mr. Wasgood?"

"No."

"Very well, I am no longer one of your employees. I refuse to be longer associated with what I now know to be a disreputable concern!" and she turned on her heels and left the office.

In the course of the day, she interviewed the secretaries of several Senators and on reaching the office of Senator Johnston, his secretary said to her, "Oh, Mrs. Heath, you're just the woman I want to see. There's a very peculiar circumstance that has taken place with regard to a letter that I wrote to you. You know the other day when I phoned down to the office and asked permission to call on you, I was very much surprised—"

"You phoned to me? Why, when?"

"When? Do you mean to say that you haven't talked to me over the phone several times this week?"

"I certainly have not. I am very seldom in the office. I do all my writing at home."

"Well, that may explain—Mrs. Heath, do you see the letter?"

“Yes—why that’s addressed to me! It has the post-mark on it. Why, how did you get it?”

“Well, Mrs. Heath, that’s the peculiar circumstance I’m alluding to. That letter was returned to me in person, by a party connected with the office of Mr. Wasgood.”

“That’s queer. Has it been opened?”

“Apparently not. But look at it. How did they know it came from me?”

“It has the Senate stamp on it.”

“The Senate stamp? Yes, but it has not Senator Johnston’s private frank nor anything upon the envelope to indicate that it came from me.”

“They must have opened it then.”

“Yes. Now, Mrs. Heath, will you allow me to destroy that letter without you seeing its contents at all?”

“Why? You’re not even sure it came from you. It may be very important.”

“Well, I’m pretty sure it did come from me, and I prefer that you don’t open it.”

“Why, Mr. Smalley, why can’t I open it? It’s only a business letter. Besides, I want that biography, even if I don’t let Wasgood have the stuff, I may be able to use it elsewhere. I don’t want all my labor to go for nothing.”

“Yes, but Mrs. Heath, I—I—”

“Mr. Smalley, I insist upon opening this letter.”

“Very well. You won’t give it back to me? Then I shall be forced to believe the report that has been brought from Wasgood’s office against you.”

“I don’t care what you believe, I don’t see what business it is of yours, anyway. If you’re not willing to give me Senator Johnston’s consent to use this material, otherwise than in the Directory, as soon as I can straighten

things out I'll send it back to you and the photograph too. I've got an appointment on the floor below with the Senator from Texas. I'm late now," and so saying, she hastily rushed out into the hall, stepped into the elevator and a moment later was seated in the office of the Senator from Texas. She was asked to wait a moment and in that moment of leisure turning the much-disputed letter over in her hand, opened it. To her surprise it was not the document she expected, but an effusive, personal note from Smalley himself couched in terms that would have led one to suppose that she had given him considerable encouragement.

"Good heavens—'sweet messages over the telephone.' What on earth does the man mean? No wonder he wanted this letter back again. Oh, Senator, Senator, will you excuse me just a moment? I've got to go back to Senator Johnston's office. I'll be right back and explain what I want."

Without waiting for the elevator, she rushed up the stairs and encountered the elegantly dressed but now crushed Smalley just in the act of locking the office. "Mr. Smalley, here is your letter. Had I dreamed its contents, I would never have asked to see it. By what right you have presumed to address me in that idiotic manner, passes my comprehension. But I will say this: you have evidently been the victim of a practical joke, or worse, by some one in Wasgood's office, and I want to tell you that whatever their object was in opening that letter, you had better prepare to meet some public exposition of it. Those people have a whole photographic establishment at their beck and call and it is just possible that this letter may have been copied."

He took the letter and said, "Mrs. Heath, I will say that I have had very strong suspicions of you, especially as the man who brought this letter back to me said—well, I won't tell you what he said, because I'm sure it isn't true. I'm very grateful to you."

"Mr. Smalley, you have nothing to be grateful to me for, but I think perhaps it would be as well for you to give me a very short letter from Senator Johnston stating my business with him and the manner in which I presented it. That will offset anything the other side may try to say."

"That's a very good idea, Mrs. Heath. What are you going to do with these people, anyhow? Sue them?"

"I hadn't even thought of that. I'm only anxious to set myself straight with the Senators and to disclaim any further connection with that office and I don't know how to go about it except to go to them one by one, or write to them, or, no, I have it! I can simply put a paid advertisement in the daily papers disclaiming all further connection with the office, stating that I cannot be responsible for the disposition that may be made of the material I gathered as my mail has been interfered with in the Wasgood offices."

"I doubt your being able to get the last part in. The papers might be afraid of libel suits. I think you had better continue your method of going to the Senators individually. Meantime, if you take my advice you'll report the affair of this letter to the Post Office authorities."

"All right. Will you give me a little note stating how the letter was returned to you? You see this leaves me nothing but the envelope. It doesn't show how the letter was returned nor from whom it came."

“Well really, Mrs. Heath, I couldn’t do that. You see I don’t want to get mixed up in any investigation.”

“Oh, very well, Mr. Smalley,” and she immediately started for home to try and puzzle the whole thing out. It was getting beyond her. During the last three days she had scarcely slept or eaten and she felt that she must have some rest before going any further. As she was about to board the car, a newspaper acquaintance stopped her and said, “Say, look her, Mrs. Heath, I’ve heard all about this affair. You ought to get a lawyer. You take this card and go and see Fuller and Brekky. You ought to sue that man for heavy damages. I’ve already spoken to Fuller about this thing and he expects you.”

She immediately called on Mr. Fuller and found him to be a very pleasing man of distinguished bearing and fine conversational powers. He asked her a great many questions about her life and work. She sketched the details briefly and at the close of the interview, was assured by Mr. Fuller that she had a splendid case and that he would be glad to undertake it. Then to her surprise, he invited her to have luncheon with him at the New Willard on the following day. Fanny hastened home to receive another shock. Her landlady, a charming, quiet, gray-haired woman, the wife of a former newspaper man who had taken her into her own little home at the beginning of her work for the Wasgood office, met her with the statement that she would be forced to ask her for her room.

“But why, Mrs. Perry? Why do you ask me for it so suddenly?”

The woman hesitated and said, “Well, I’m going out to my daughter’s to stay for a little while. I’m going to close the flat.”

“But Mrs. Perry, I’ve paid a month’s board in advance.”

“I know, I’ll refund it. Oh, oh, really, Mrs. Heath, don’t look at me like that. I—I’m afraid of you.”

“Why, Mrs. Perry, I suppose I do look a little wild, but just at this time it was a shock to me. I’m not well and I’ve got a great pressure of business, a lawsuit on my hands, a full page special to finish for the Evening Star for Sunday, and I don’t see how in the world I am ever going to get through with it if I have to go out and look for a place to live, now.”

“You can’t stay with your friend, Mrs. Ray?”

“Why, no, she has a very tiny place and has visitors besides. Then there’s all my mail, important mail, that I’ve just directed the Post Office Department to forward to this address.”

“Well, I thought of all that and I found you a room nearby. I don’t know the lady myself, but Mr.—oh, that is, the place was recommended to me. It’s some trained nurse’s. They have a nice apartment in the Victoria.”

“The Victoria? Why that’s much too expensive for me.”

“Yes, I know, but—but—well, you see, one of the nurses is out on a case and she lets her room very cheap while she’s not using it. You might go over for a few days until you find something better. Shall I phone Miss Brower that you’ll come?”

“I hardly know what to say.”

“Well, you must go, Mrs. Heath. You must go tomorrow, because I’m going to close the flat.”

The above conversation had taken place at the dining table and Fanny was so upset by the whole affair that she

was scarcely able to eat. Mrs. Perry's insistence that she should go in the morning and that she should pack her trunk then and there, added to her bewilderment. She put on her things and left the house. She went directly to the Victoria to look at the room that had been proffered her. The elevator boy's insolent stare, the peculiar aspect of Miss Brower got on her nerves. Miss Brower was a woman evidently young, yet with snow white hair. Her eyes were extremely large with widely distended pupils, and her manner was so effusively demonstrative, her anxiety to rent the room to Fanny so apparent, that the latter was instantly filled with alarm. When she was ushered into the room, she was startled by its appearance. All the furniture was padded and upholstered, cushions in plenty, but not a line of visible woodwork. The room had no window, except a long narrow sash fully seven feet from the floor. Fanny glanced at the window and said,

“Why, there's no ventilation.”

“Oh, yes, my dear, that isn't a shaft, that opens on the court.”

The glass in the window was stained. Fanny looked about for some chair or something solid to stand upon that she might get an idea of the outlook. It was then she noticed that there wasn't a chair in the room, only curious piles of cushions and softly-upholstered stools and a couch. Scarcely knowing what to say, she turned to Miss Brower and said, “Well, it's a very odd room, very pretty, but I think it would be much too expensive for me.”

“How much do you want to pay, dear?”

A sudden thought to test the woman came over Fanny and she replied, “Well, you see I'm out of work and I don't know when I'm going to be able to collect what is

due me. I couldn't pay you over three dollars a week." She knew the room was well worth ten, but Miss Brower responded,

"Why that's all right. You see this belongs to a lady who is content to get part of the rent while she is away."

"Yes, but suppose she comes back in a hurry and wants the room?"

"Oh, but she won't, she's gone abroad."

Fanny smiled and tried a further test. "Well, but I—I'd like to have the privilege of getting my own breakfast."

"Why, certainly dear, certainly; anything you like."

"And I can't pay you in advance."

"Oh, that's all right. Just send your trunk right over."

"All right."

"You will? Tomorrow morning? Couldn't you come tonight, dear?"

"Well, no. Oh, by the way, I have a friend coming from the South, a very lovely, refined girl. Could she share my room with me when she comes? Of course, in that event, we would pay double. Shall I phone her to come?"

"No, no, I couldn't have two people. No indeed."

"Oh, very well."

"But you're coming yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'll come."

As Fanny retired that night, the events of the preceding days revolved through her brain and out of the whole muddle the peculiar actions of Miss Brower seemed to hold more of menace than anything that had occurred. She felt thoroughly convinced that the whole thing was

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.—*From the Quarterly Aletheian, Vol. 1, No. 1.*

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.

GOVERNMENT REGULATION OF THE "YELLOW JOURNAL."

THE time is ripe when that class of newspaper that profits by advertising illegal concerns, by untruthful and misleading statements, placed before the public for a price, should be regulated by the Government. The lie by inference is sometimes more harmful than the lie direct, for it is so insidious that a direct denial does not counteract its influence.

Not only should the advertising columns of some of the newspapers be subject to a rigorous scrutiny and investigation, but a law should be passed making the proprietors personally responsible for that class of story published under the claim that it is an "interview," wherein "the reporter" substitutes his own phrases, ideas, and statements for the words of the person interviewed. These substitutions and inventions from the facile brain of the journalistic blackmailer should be prohibited by law. Was it not Shakespeare who said, "Who steals my purse steals trash, but he that filches from me my good name takes that which not enriches him, and makes me poor indeed?"

The most flagrant cases of misrepresentation, the most vicious misreadings of innocent motives are too often written into a reporter's story by the man "higher up," the copy-reader, the city editor, the managing editor, who will cut and slash the real workers' effort, substituting any untruth that may appeal to his own demoralized brain, vitiated by a morbid appetite for sensation.

* * * * *

I am moved to cite an instance of no particular importance, yet serving to illustrate the case, that happened

in Albany, N. Y., on the 6th of February just past. The paper was the Knickerbocker Press. Its managing editor, Mr. Clarke, had an interview in person with the editor of the Aletheian Magazine. The subject matter concerned "Aletheia" appearing at the Colonial Theatre, Albany, in psychic demonstrations. Mr. Clarke took from the writer's own hands a simple statement of facts which he was at liberty to use or to refuse. The next day's paper brought out what the gentleman evidently intended to be a highly entertaining and generous "interview" with Aletheia; but he could not restrain the temptation to distort facts until they appeared to be falsehoods, and to add sensation to the column article that he printed, he invented a statement to the effect that Aletheia had threatened to invade the State House for the purpose of "prophesying" to Governor Sulzer whether or not he would win the presidency. He pretended to quote a spirited and doubtless, to him, interesting dialogue, as coming from the lips of Aletheia, anent Governor Sulzer and a certain performer. This matter was absolutely a fabrication from beginning to end. Aletheia mentioned Governor Sulzer but once, when she said: "You know Mr. Sulzer, before being elected Governor, in his speeches prophesied his own election. He never said, 'If I go to Albany,' but '*I am going to Albany,*' and '*I am going to be Governor of New York State.*'" "If it be illegal for me to publicly prophesy, is it not illegal for Governor Sulzer to publicly prophesy? Equal rights to all and special privileges to none, you know." And those were absolutely the only words concerning Governor Sulzer, in the entire interview.

When "Aletheia" refused to cheapen herself, or the

Governor of New York, by participating in Mr. Clarke's carefully staged little sensation for the benefit of the Knickerbocker Press; in that paper on the following day, Mr. Clarke printed these words, "Aletheia Dilopoulo, she of the prophetic vision, lost her nerve and failed to appear at the Capital the hour promised by her enterprising press agent." Now, either Mr. Clarke, himself, must have been the "enterprising press agent," self-appointed with services absolutely gratuitous; or, in the language of Sairy Gamp's long suffering friend, who, having heard once too often of the mythical Mrs. Harris, responded, "Mrs. Harris, indeed! Sairy Gamps, *They ain't no Mrs. Harris!*" In the same words we answer Mr. Clarke and all his ilk, "press agent, indeed! They ain't no sich person." "Aletheia" has never had a press agent nor can the mythical reporter be made the scapegoat.

—*The "Witness."*

The more we know, the better we forgive

Whoe-er feels deeply feels for all who live.

—*Madame de Stael.*

Phenomena may carry you to the door of the temple, but you must look in your own soul for the Key that unlocks the door.—*Lucy A. Rose Mallory.*

Begin at once to make a conquest of self and as self is conquered, sweet hope, sweet trust and resignation will enter the soul and the old storm of passions will abate at the command of their mistress—Love—and life will be all poetry and weariness a name.—*Lucy A. Rose Mallory.*

The soul is like unto clear glass through which the Spirit shineth.

The Spirit presence showeth the color of your soul.

—*Aletheia.*

WHAT THE STARS FORETELL

“The Stars Incline, But Do Not Compel”

Horoscope of E. H. H. born March 10, 1886

YOU were born under the sign Pisces, the twelfth sign of the zodiac. The influences of the planets at the time of your birth causes you to have a somewhat restless nature with a constant disposition to find fault with the result of your own labors and also those of others, so that sometimes you will be considered somewhat carping and critical. This restlessness and dissatisfaction with yourself, if not allowed to become morbidness, will tend to incite you to great efforts, enabling you to reach a goal more rapidly than the more self-satisfied of your friends.

You have talents for the fine arts, science and literature. Popularity frequently comes to you unbidden as a result of your unwearying efforts to develop your natural talents.

Your nature is somewhat duplex and your morals are difficult to fathom, but you are strictly honest, fair in all your dealings, inclined to be poetical, dreamy and mystical. Your morals will be pure, owing to your high principles, but you are quickly attracted to many and very fond of pleasure. Your self-respect and pride will always keep you from anything degrading. Your will is very strong while it lasts, but you change your object frequently and are somewhat despotic at times.

You are prudent, very slow to confide in anyone or to make real friends, though you are always cheerful in your relations toward your fellow-beings. You are witty and sarcastic, but without any real malice in your remarks. You are slow to anger and just as slow to quiet down, but also very forgiving. Normally, you are quick, vigilant and

industrious. You should be eloquent both in speech and manner, and sociable to a marked degree. Your opinions are ardent and cover a wide range of subjects. You can acquire great wealth by personal merit, but are apt to be kept poor by imprudent alliances or reckless speculations. You will prove very versatile, apt to follow more than one profession in your life.

Those born in Pisces usually have more sisters than brothers; with a tendency to lose one of the brothers early in life. Your parents are inclined to suffer serious mishaps or financial losses in your early childhood.

You are inclined to travel much and will have much money, some by inheritance in which case, you are very likely to lose your share through over-confidence in a sister, brother or close relative.

Your planetary influences promise two deep loves and there is shown either a broken engagement or a broken marriage in the very early years of your life. The second love proving the happier union.

You are inclined to change too often, both residence and position. The illnesses peculiar to your sign are troubles of the heart, eyes and stomach. The last caused by over-fondness for the good things of the table. One of the peculiar traits of your nature is that you can sacrifice outward appearance, but it is very hard for you to sacrifice anything that appeals to your appetites. You will have few solid friendships, but, owing to your universal friendliness, you will attract to yourself many who are not good friends for you. You should study the person inwardly and not be taken in by external appearances.

You are peculiarly surrounded by a kind of providential force or psychic power and if you will only cultivate

this, you will be able to overcome every evil and will be guided always as to the right course to pursue.

Those born under your sign are subject to the highest psychic influences and, when spiritually awakened, are among the greatest leaders, teachers and preachers in the world. Unfortunately, many of those born under the sign of Pisces confuse the meaning of the word "psychic" and are inclined to become supersititious and to fear "supernatural influences" instead of recognizing that all inspiration that is real is true and proceeds from the highest source, the God-Spirit, not from any discarnate or disembodied spirit.

The talismanic stones are moonstone, moss agate and bloodstone. The fortunate periods for those born in Pisces are from November to February and from March through April. —*The Astrologer.*

PERSIAN FABLE.

The Persians have a fabled bird
 As thou, my poet love, hast heard,
 A bird that has a single wing—
 Upon the earth, a limping thing,
 But when its mated wing is found
 They leave behind the sodden ground
 United on the wingless side.
 They sail through all the heavens wide
 And wafted thus by winged fate
 My song bird soul has found its mate
 And thou and I, joined wing to wing
 Through all the sky will soar and sing
 The very heights of heaven will gain
 One pair of wings a'tween us twain.

—*Lizzie York Case.*

PROPHETIC VISION

THE ALETHEIAN offers a prize of TEN DOLLARS for the best record of a prophetic vision written by a subscriber and published in this magazine during the year 1913.

All manuscripts accepted will be paid for at the rate of one cent a word. No manuscript should contain less than one hundred, nor more than three hundred words.

These visions may either have been received in dreams or through clairvoyant or clairaudiant transmission.

In justice to all competitors it has been ruled that all records of PROPHETIC VISIONS, be accompanied by testimony of persons to whom these visions have been related, prior to their actual fulfillment. Or, after a manuscript has been prepared, the writer may obtain the affidavit of a registered Notary Public.

Three prophetic visions will be accepted for each number of the Aletheian, in the future. Those intended for the April number must be sent in before March 10th, 1913.

When the final number for the year has appeared, readers are requested to send in a vote to decide which record is of the greatest excellence. The winner will then receive the special prize of TEN DOLLARS in addition to the regular space remuneration which is paid upon publication of each manuscript.

This offer is open to any one who is a subscriber to *The Aletheian* and all manuscripts not accepted will be promptly returned if accompanied by postage for that purpose.

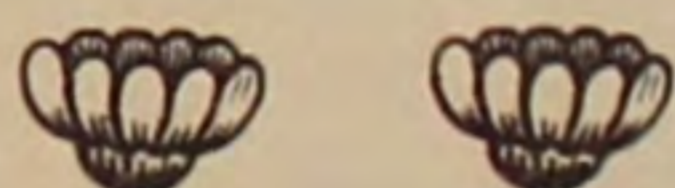
Address all communications to,
The ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE, Somerville, Mass.

PREDICTIONS of PUBLIC INTEREST made by "Aletheia" during the month of February, 1913, were these:

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION will be a stirring, eventful and successful one. WOODROW WILSON will prove to be the greatest President we have had in one hundred years.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, the most progressive man of his age, will succeed Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States.

THE TERMINATION of the wars with Turkey will eventually result in great triumphs for Greece, and lead to the re-establishment of that country as a world power. Grecian Control will extend to much territory in Northern Africa, and some marvelous occurrences will soon take place in Tripoli and in Algiers giving to the world a key that will unlock some of the mysteries of the Ages—and promulgate on the earth once more the "Wisdom Sealed With Seven Seals." —*Aletheia.*



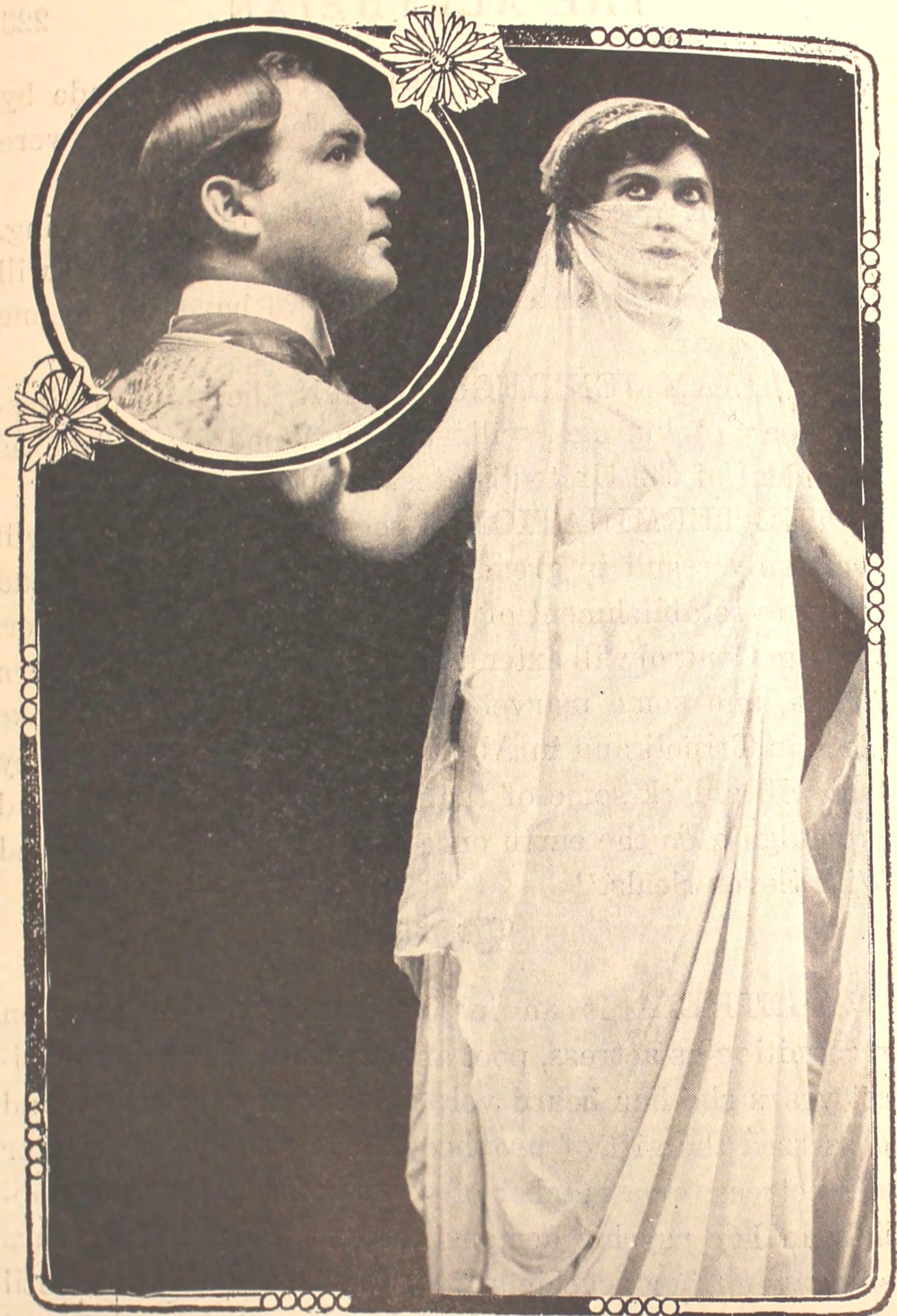
ALETHEIA is an inspirationalist. She has won recognition as actress, poet and psychic. From her earliest years she has heard voices, received revelations and possessed the gift of prophecy. She was by turn writer and actress for a number of years before appearing publicly in her psychic demonstrations. From early years she gave of her psychic gifts without remuneration until the demand upon her time became so great she was forced to choose from her gifts a life work and, recognizing the psychic call to be the highest, she first appeared publicly as a psychic counselor at one of the international expositions in 1907.



ALETHEIA

PSYCHIC

AS SHE APPEARS IN HER PUBLIC DEMONSTRATIONS



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MANAGERS PERMANENT ADDRESS 133 W 45TH ST., NEW YORK, CARE "A.S.A."

SPECIAL HOROSCOPE OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS FOR THE ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE

With the first hundred new subscriptions received during the month of March a Special Free Horoscope will be given. Each one personally prepared by Aletheia, covering a reading of talent, temperament and character; also special events, based upon the horoscope. The horoscope is supplemented by psychic advice given through Aletheia pertaining to the special needs of each person who responds to this offer.

This work takes more time and thought than many of you realize and your patience is requested, as you must wait your turn if many orders are ahead of yours.

When Aletheia is absent from Somerville, filling her engagements in other cities, it is necessary to forward your order to her, thus occasioning delays at times. The regular subscription of the *Aletheian Magazine* is one dollar and fifty cents a year. Should you also desire the horoscope send fifty cents additional to cover the cost of typewriting. The labor of preparing the readings is a gift to you from Aletheia. These readings when completed usually cover four to five typewritten pages and are frequently much more lengthy, according to the special message Aletheia may have to give you.

Send for the Aletheian Magazine for one year, including horoscope, the sum of \$2.00.

By money order only, payable to The Aletheian Magazine, Somerville, Mass.

QUESTION BLANK NUMBER TWO. For Subscription for one Year and Gift Horoscope.

.....1913
Aletheian Magazine, Somerville, Mass.

Please find enclosed Post Office Money Order for One Dollar and Fifty cents (\$1.50) for which please send me the Aletheian Magazine for one year from date.

Signed.....

If Horoscope is desired enclose 50 cents additional to cover cost of typewriting.

Date of Birth. Day.....Month.....Year 1.....

Locality of Birth.....

If a married woman, give maiden name also.....

Special question included if desired.....

.....

Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

QUESTION BLANK NUMBER ONE

FOR ONE QUESTION ONLY

.....1.....
Date of birth. Day.....Month.....Year 1.....
Locality of Birth.....
Question

Name

Address.....

Address Aletheia at the Theatre at which she appears while in your city or to care of The Aletheian Magazine. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for answer to question.

ALL QUESTIONS PSYCHICALLY CONSIDERED. Questioners Please Read Carefully the following explanations:

Owing to the vast number of letters reaching Aletheia from all parts of the world, she is obliged to limit answers to questions to those who are supporters of her magazine.

For greater facility and time saving this special set of blanks has been prepared. If an immediate response is desired inclose 10 cents in stamps with question.

READ THE NEW SERIAL

The "Confession" of a Play Pirate

Showing the inside workings of "Great Producers"
Play Bureau and How "Plays are Stolen"

THIS NARRATIVE BEGAN IN FEBRUARY, 1913

THE ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION.

THE EVENING ENTERPRISE, of Pokeepsie, N. Y., of Tuesday, February 11th, 1913, says:

“One of the boldest and most startling demonstrations of will power is given by Aletheia, the woman endowed with the wonderful mind and styled the modern disciple of Phythagoras at the Dutchess Theatre. As she advances on the stage, a spell of the Orient surrounds the entire theatre and mystery prevails as the smoke of a strange land floats about the playhouse. Handsome in form and pretty of face, Aletheia holds the audience spell-bound with her power of prophecy. She answers all questions in rapid succession, gives the names of persons who desire it and tells what they are thinking of. She not only replies to the questions asked but throws her power in every section of the Dutchess Theatre. It is a great feature act and the best ever produced in Pokeepsie.”

THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS of April 15th, 1912, said:

At the Majestic Theatre last night Aletheia predicted that Woodrow Wilson would be the Democratic Nominee and the next President of the United States.

THE ELIZABETH JOURNAL of New Jersey, of August 11th, 1911, recorded the fact that Aletheia at Proctor's Theatre said: “The Democrats wish to elect a President next time and they can WIN WITH WILSON.”

THE NEW YORK STAR of November 11th, 1911, says:

“The Aletheian interests. This magazine is declared to be for Truth Seekers and Truth Tellers. The contents have for the most part been written by Aletheia, the psychic whose work in vaudeville has mystified audiences all over the country. ‘The Aletheian’ is notable in that it does not bore even those who are laymen in psychical matters. It is a deep book, but even the shallow must be interested.”

THE BOSTON AMERICAN of March 24th, 1912, says:

“Aletheia, appearing in vaudeville in psychic demonstrations, publishes the Aletheian Magazine, devoted to psychology. It is probably the only publication of its kind in the world. No. 1, Vol. 1, contains an intensely interesting article on the SIXTH SENSE.”

Back numbers may be obtained at 20 cents by addressing The Aletheian Magazine, Circulation Department, Somerville, Mass.

WATCH FOR THE APRIL ALETHEIAN

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The ALETHEIAN is Unique

A publication possessing powerful *influence* as an *advertising medium*. It is a *monthly magazine* with a *daily circulation*. Reaching *new readers every day*. Sold in a *different Theatre* in a *different City every week*. Sold on the *News Stands* and possessing a large subscription list taking it into the best homes in every State in the Union.

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A Good Advertising Proposition for Those Who Desire
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Only advertisements of absolutely reliable firms of the highest grade will be accepted. For special rates address

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Publication Office, The Advertiser - Republican, Annapolis, Md.

IT WILL BE A GREATER NUMBER

The Aletheia Society

TEACHES that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or Inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul.

The Aletheia Society is a Society devoted to the promulgation of Truth, teaching Soul Science or Psychology in its spiritual significance. The Aletheian magazine is the American organ of our Society, its prime object is to give out illuminative teachings, inspirationally communicated, through our living prophets and seers, as in all the ages gone before.

This Society is a part of the Great Brotherhood visible and invisible, existent from all time; rising to renewed life in each successive cycle. Its Creed is faith in the Supreme, obedience to the Creator, in All-Truth, All-Love, All-Harmony. We believe in the elimination of personal interests for the good of all; we believe that we should not only teach but practice truth.

Seek Truth, speak Truth, give out Truth, and Truth will return to you an hundredfold. The Aletheian affirms "Where Truth is Fear is not." Think no evil, speak no evil, even though evil seem to be true. The Aletheian Society reiterates the teachings embodied in the Sermon on the Mount. We would emulate the example of brotherly love manifested in the Christ.

^This Society fully accepts spiritual healing as the Divine principle of life, taught by Jesus and manifested through His works.

The Aletheian Society bears many testimonies of its members who have been instantly healed of grievous errors of thought or habit, and of seemingly chronic physical ills, by one prayer in Faith. The patient offering that prayer, thus:

"Jesus, heal thou me."

There is neither penalty nor price for such a prayer, just the simple words in Faith have wrought many cures.

If you would be an Aletheian, be kind, be true, be not self-seeking. Read the thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians. Let it be a part of your daily meditation for soul communion and the healing of the nations. Send out love to all the world with faith supreme, for herein is the kingdom on earth that buildeth up the kingdom of the heavens.

Peace be unto you in the spirit of Truth, wherein is Faith Eternal.

—*The Aletheia Society.*