

# The Aletheia Society

**T**EACHES 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.

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# The ALETHEIAN

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Number I

For Truth Seekers *and* Truth Tellers  
Edited and Published by *Frances Aletheia Dilopoulo* for  
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**A**LETHEIAN, thou must become immune to error, deaf to criticism, mute to censure, impervious to flattery, unmoved by praise, yet giving kindness ever, if thou wouldst walk in the way of Truth.

**T**HINK purely, speak truth only, uplift, hearken no evil communications, bear no malice, heal the sick, help to raise the fallen, annihilate error, live in charity for all mankind, disseminating only Light, Love and Truth.



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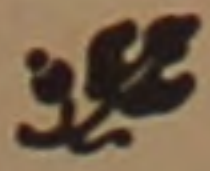
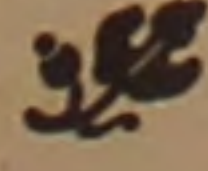
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APPLICATION FOR ENTRY  
AS 2ND CLASS MAIL MATTER

## Lines of Light



**F**ROM *The* AGES  
OH TRUTH,  
From *The* Ages  
long past hath man sought  
thee. In the future to come  
will he seek. In visions *of*  
light God hath wrought to  
unfold all the wisdom *of*  
sage *and* *of* seer. Look  
then with the eyes *of* the  
soul, oh my brother, look  
deep with the far-seeing  
soul. All the sorrow *and*  
sinning the world would  
uncover shall fade by the  
light *of* the radiant soul!  
*The* spirit illumines, the  
soul holds the light, the  
mortal the torch bearer is.  
Inexpressible privilege, to  
carry the light; Oh won-  
drous guerdon, to so cheer  
the world! Who tells you  
that suffering is bitter,  
knows not the joy *of* wak-  
ing to strength through  
trial. Love and be loved,  
oh Children of Earth. Love  
and give love. For this thou  
wer't born, to follow thine  
All-Highest Light.  

—Given Through Aletheia.

## What We Have to Say

**J**ESUS was the greatest spiritualist of all history, manifesting Spirit Supreme in the form of man. All writers, inventors, poets, and other creative minds are but mediums of inspiration disseminated from the supreme centre.

Thomas A. Edison is an inspirationalist, a psychic and a true, though perhaps unconscious, spiritualist.

Abraham Lincoln was an acknowledged spiritualist, and the great work of his life was done in obedience to what he believed to be the Divine message. Every great man of the world who has achieved true greatness, has been an acknowledged believer in the Supreme Being, or Creator, and most of them are upon record as having followed, at critical periods in their lives, the guidance of the Unseen, receiving messages personally, through visions, clairaudiance, or in many instances, through the instrumentality of others called mediums. From time immemorial, the world has persecuted its mediums, seers and prophets.

Joan of Arc was both clairaudiant and clairvoyant. She continually "heard voices" and saw "visions" in response to the need of her country. At first acclaimed for the wonderful victories she inspired, she was subsequently burned at the stake, through the persecution of dignitaries of a church promulgating a man-made doctrine entirely foreign to the teachings of Jesus.

The persecution of seers, prophets and spiritualists of all ages has invariably proceeded from organized bodies of men claiming to be the personal representatives of God. There is no authority for the claim of any organization's head as the special representative of the Creator. Such claims are egotistical, bigoted and baseless. These claims are invariably put forward by bodies using the church as a means of political preference and power. Empires have fallen, kings been dethroned, nations disintegrated through seas of blood, to satisfy the cupidity, the avarice, and the greed for power of human beings who cloak their rapacity under the garb of religious warfare. These are the enemies of man and the persecutors of the Spirit of Truth.

In this great American country is being waged a war of peace, righteousness and just dealing against Mammon. The press of the United States is more than two-thirds dominated by certain capitalists, who wield a churchly influence as a means of enriching their own coffers. This is the cause of untruthful comment and misleading statements in disparagement of good and noble men. A press that endeavors to inflame a country to make war by unjust and untruthful appeals to the revengeful side of human nature, deserves to be censured and repressed. The corrupt element in politics is the element that fosters war. The wise, just and masterful handling of the Mexican situation by President Wilson, William Jennings Bryan, and other wise men and true, is an evidence that the great spirit of Peace and Truth is once more dominating the American continent, once more standing at the helm of this nation's affairs. These men, with souls trained to seek the good of others, are capable of receiving inspirations from the All-highest Light, and are following the Light of Truth.

Many persons affirm spirit return who are ignorant of the first principles of spirituality. The very foundation of spiritualism is spirituality. Spiritual living as well as spiritual thinking. All light radiates from the central source exactly as heat and warmth radiate from the sun. If you would be a spiritualist, you must be permeated with a profound belief in the All-Spirit, the centre whence radiates all power, functioning through soul-consciousness.

The present Pope of Rome acknowledges himself a spiritualist in giving out his vision of the Sister who appeared to him in the clouds, telling him that his work was not yet over, and assuring him, according to his interpretation of the vision, that he would recover from his recent illness. This, in contradiction to the statements of various physicians, published broadcast, to the effect that he could not recover. The Pope's faith in his vision, in his sister's spiritual message, proved to be justified, while the "scientific" opinion of the wise medicos may be taken for what it was worth. Abraham Lincoln is not on record as a clair-

voyant, yet it is a tradition among his relatives, that he was able to see and hear spiritually, both for himself and others. He is on record as having accepted messages through the instrumentality of persons known as mediums. It is a fact that his proclamation of freedom to the slaves was a direct result of such a communication.

All psychics are sensitives and mediums, but not all mediums are psychic. One cannot be psychic, except through the development of the soul-consciousness, and this is only attained through conscious faith in the All-Spirit. All prophets are psychic. Many persons possess a form of mediumistic power enabling them to divine the thoughts of mortal minds, such as locating lost articles, or divulging the wishes of a questioner, but only those who are capable of receiving inspiration from the All-Highest are able to prophesy with any degree of truth.

Spirit-return, so-called, is in reality spirit-manifestation; oftentimes through human organisms. This is permitted as a testimony of the immortality of the soul. All creeds and sectarian factions admit the presence of guardian angels; many sects teach the "Communion of the Saints;" this is neither more or less than gatherings of progressed Spirits freed from the earth body, communicating with, or inspiring the spiritual mind of the human being. Spirit has the power to manifest in its ethereal form, radiant, vital and beautiful.

The writer has been blessed with a wondrous vision of Jesus, the Christ, on five separate occasions, dating from early childhood. She can sense in this, her fortieth year, His radiant strengthening presence with unfailing regularity, in inspirational speaking and oftentimes in writing. To sense the Divine Presence, is not perhaps so awe-inspiring as to see the etherealized form of the Christ, but both are inexpressibly comforting and life-giving.

The most recent appearance of the Christ Form was during the month of May, 1913. The writer, somewhat saddened by a temporary suffering was gazing over the hills overlooking the city, the unspoken prayer for succor in her soul. Suddenly the window-panes and sash seemed to dis-

appear; framed in the opening was the form of Jesus, inexpressibly radiant, beautiful, benign, compassionate. From the hem of His garments of white linen, radiated an exquisite border of light, merging from golden to blue, and from blue into violet. From His entire presence radiated a luminous effulgence, and from His inmost Being came these words,

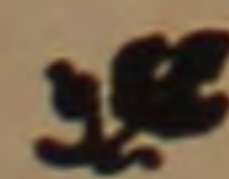
“Peace—be still and fear not.”

To know is peace; an inexpressible certainty of the regenerating power of love divine fills the being. There is then no room for doubt. The soul once weak and error-laden rests its burden in the infinite Fatherhood of God. Faith in the words of Jesus, who hath shown the Way, the Truth and the Light, is the faith unquenchable.

The God-Spirit manifested through the Christ in Jesus, shall be manifested unto all who have Christ-like faith. The world, to such, is full of joy and beauty. There is no night of sorrow any more, for the Presence, ever ready, fills the soul with loving companionship; in fellowship the angel world enters and becomes a part of God's Kingdom on earth. Through Divine Inspiration all the “Great of Earth” have become great. Surely to help the world to understand through soul science to open the eyes of consciousness is a labor of life and of love eternal.

“Love Divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down,  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown.”

—*Given Through Aletheia.*



With tariff reform accomplished, a wise banking and currency law soon to be—will our good President next turn his just and indomitable spirit toward the establishment of equal suffrage for all intelligent citizens of these United States?

## The Soul of the Senator

“Now I see in that first breath,  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life which is of all like the center.”

—Edwin Arnold.

**W**E were recently established in an old-fashioned residence in the city of Washington. The interior suggestion of repose was enhanced by a view of broad avenues and a beautiful park with its flowers, fountains and grand old trees of a century's growth.

With the exception of my own apartments, the third floor was unoccupied. I was passing one of the vacant rooms when the door swung open as if moved by a strong gust of wind. Intending to turn the key, I paused just within the threshold: there was a strange sense of change in the atmosphere, attendant with silence almost vibrant in its intensity.

Slowly as though developing from the mists of the imagination, there appeared before me a form of singular beauty—of radiant light.

I beheld a man whose clear eyes and calm face betokened a more than earthly power, as we now know it. I felt impelled to speak. What brought the word “Yesterday” to my lips?

As if in sound dwelt the power to bring forth its answering vibration, there came the response, beginning as a soft echo, but pressing to tones of conscious strength and purpose: “Yesterday! I know not the limitations of Yesterday. Long have I found in this place entrance into the life of those who must carry on to its completion the work of which the world has seemed but to dream. It is here that I await the fulfillment of To-morrow.”

Silently he turned towards a wall adjacent to the street. It opened with an almost imperceptible rolling movement revealing, projected into space, a hall of artistic loveliness and grandeur. In the distance was an archway, beyond which vista upon vista seemed to grow as I gazed. I felt as if in the power of some weird but beautiful dream. Now



brilliant shapes seen at first, as falling stars, floated above branches of wide-spreading trees, passing thence to groups of shadow forms beneath. These forms became effulgent—a veil of gossamer mist shut off further vision. Turning to my strange guest, I waited in the silence for the explanation of what I had witnessed. It came in thrilling words:

“Years ago in Congress assembled in this city was one senator who had pledged himself to the welfare of his country—to the cause of Man. His earthly life was cut short before even the work of his early manhood was completed. What of the hopes and aspirations that lay beyond? All that might have been accomplished had his life been sufficiently prolonged after he had learned to concentrate the powers of his ardent soul toward the great end? Thousands daily surrender this dream, their birthright, to the demands of custom and the claims of the lower life of earth. Not of this throng was the man of whom I speak. His purpose was not in vain, though not in one life time did he look for its fulfillment; but only to have done his part in the coming of the ideal commonwealth. The Utopia that has ever been the hope of this world. With the prophet he foresaw that “in the wilderness waters shall gush forth and streams reclaim the desert, the habitation of dragons become bays grassy with reeds and rushes. And a highway shall be there and it shall be called the way of Holiness. No lion shall be there nor any venomous beast, but the redeemed shall walk there. . . . They shall find joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.” The thought was strong within him on the day of what men call his death. His desire was of such strength as to be drawn irresistibly into the current of forces that constitute the higher life of earth, with all that this means of concentration, and of progress towards its certain goal—the transmutation of the baser materials and conditions of earth-life to those of the New Jerusalem described by John as coming down ‘of Heaven.’

“The forms you saw hastening on their mission were forces of ‘order, law and harmony’—working through the medium of divine power enfolded in divine love—only when

all are brought to realize that 'In God we live and move and have our being' shall war, oppression and poverty fade from earth. From each who holds this belief for even a brief period, the light gives strength, its lamp is never laid aside, but passes ever into eager, and more reverent and trustworthy hands. To those who open their hearts to its influence is our mission—a ministry of sympathy and power. To them we bear the light of Love and Brotherhood. Soon shall it blaze forth in glory beyond all human dreams—and from every point of the universe shall be reflected 'The Light that is of Earth.' "

—*M. H. Curtis.*

### THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

"WOULD THAT WE COULD ALWAYS REMAIN ON THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION!"

The Way is long. My faith in myself is weak.

The Spirit is constantly urging—urging; the flesh is resisting; slothful.

For every step forward I seem to take two steps backward into the old slough.

One thing only is certain, and this gives me hope: I have called upon the Lord—I have taken hold of the Hem of His Garment, and I know that I shall never loose my hold.

I have entered the Path, and although I may linger, I may never turn back. There are times when I feel the contact exquisitely. When the vibrations of His Love and my love thrill my soul, and mean Life to me.

And though I am slow and awkward in doing His work, often stumbling, often falling; although at times I am weak and cowardly enough to allow my physical desires to hamper my spiritual growth, until He makes me see through tears, I know that underneath are the Everlasting Arms, and that this Love shall never fail me.

It lifts me to the Mount of Transfiguration, and is as a shining light to me through the dark places of Life.

It spurs me on to action; for what task-master is so exacting as Love?

And through this Love I, my Invincible Self, shall stand forth rightfully as God's child.

—*Lydia E. Lange.*

## Sparks From The Anvil of Truth

From Truth's mighty anvil  
Sparks of Faith are caught  
To light the eager flame  
Of thine own soul's thought.

**W**HERE Truth is, Fear is not.

Where Fear is forever cast out neither sickness, nor sorrow nor evil hath any dwelling place.

Truth to one's self, means truth to all the world. Where Truth dwells all is peace, poise and power. Thus is world-peace disseminated.

Truth is love. Love is compassion, tenderness, helpfulness, wherein dwelleth true charity.

Truth means unswerving faithfulness, persevering unto achievement. Achievement, in the highest sense, is the conquering of self, the upraising of others.

Take all that is thine own, and help thy brother to gain all that is his—herein is the upliftment of the nations.

Truth is Faith. Faith is active belief in the All-Good-Triumphant.

Herein is healing for the nations, in body, mind and soul.

Truth is courage. Courage is power in right-doing—herein dwelleth harmony for all the nations.

Truth is Justice. In Justice dwelleth perfect accord—wherein is Peace throughout all the world.

Peace is at-one-ment with the Infinite; in the Infinite only can the soul of mortal find peace.

Thou art a part of the body of God. As thy hand is a member of thy body so is thy body a member of the universal body. If thy neighbor be possessed of evil hate him not for even in his evil doing he is as a diseased member of the universal body. Hate him not, therefore, but seek to cure his soul with love. Radiate all that thou hast of love and greater shall be the inflow to thine own soul.

Give out aught that thou conceivest of hate and a monster of hate shalt thou foster that, in time, shall turn and rend thee. O Brother of Spirit, seek diligently the path of peace and know that pathway leads only unto God, thy Creator, in whom dwelleth the All-Good.

## The Cat's Paw

A narrative of startling facts involving a notable group of people.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

Before Fanny could be lifted into the vehicle a voice behind her said, "This lady is under my protection." The appearance of Mr. Doyle had a singular effect, for the men instantly dropped Fanny's arms, sprang into their vehicle and started rapidly away. The motor had been chugging all the time. As the vehicle vanished Fanny exclaimed, "There, now I suppose if you had not been here to witness, and I had spoken of that attempt, it would also be called the vapourings of a diseased brain. Thank God I have a credible witness to that at least."

The man smiled, and said, "Now, where?"

"Come," said Fanny, "I want you to witness something more, we are going to the Victoria."

"What, after the experience you have just had?"

"I am not going there to stay, but to tell the proprietress that I have decided not to room with her. I would like to have you study her manner, and tell me what you think of it."

The man smiled and said, "If you only weighed a little more, say about one hundred and forty, I think the Major could use you to advantage."

"Ah," said Fanny, "I knew you were in the Secret Service."

"I haven't said so, I'm just Mr. Doyle, plain Mr. Doyle," and the stranger smiled.

"And I suppose," said Fanny, "Knight Errant to any distressed female, who happens in your path."

The Victoria was only about two squares away. Entering Fanny at once started towards the elevator, but Mr. Doyle restrained her. "Wait a moment," he said. "See, this is rather strange." He was examining the Brower letter-box and he pointed to the half-dozen feminine names, and one "Mr. Hall" displayed over the bell of the Brower apartment.

"Doesn't that strike you as just a little peculiar?" he asked.

"Why," said Fanny, "I hadn't noticed it. I simply went to the elevator and asked for Miss Brower's apartment when I came to look at the rooms."

Mr. Doyle's expression was very odd Fanny thought, and she was also disturbed by the insolent smile of the colored elevator boy as Mr. Doyle, with her grip in his hand, asked for Miss Brower's apartment.

As the elevator ascended, Mr. Doyle said, in a low voice. "Doesn't it strike you as queer that we were not announced?"

"Yes," returned Fanny. As they left the elevator she added, "If Miss Brower sees you, what do you think will happen?"

"She will not see me," and as Fanny rang the bell Mr. Doyle flattened himself against the adjacent wall with an expertness that was startling. Miss Brower herself opened the door. She started, and said, in evident confusion, "Why, why I thought you were not coming—that is—I mean Mrs. Perry telephoned."

"Yes," interrupted Fanny, "I just came over to say that I would have to have a more responsible reference than Mrs. Perry, before I could come here, after what has happened there—"

"Ah—yes, yes, dearie, come in, come right in, it will be all right, come right on in."

As Fanny shook her head, the woman suddenly seized her wrist and attempted to forcibly drag her into the apartment. At this moment Mr. Doyle stepped forward, the woman gasped, her eyes dilating strangely as she slammed the door in their faces.

"Short and to the point," said Mr. Doyle. "Really, Madam, I think you would make an excellent detective. That was a very neat piece of work. It's too bad you don't weigh a little more, and are not a couple of inches taller."

He smiled again at Fanny's vehement "There, there, now perhaps the Major will know that I am telling the truth about this entire affair."

As they left the Victoria Mr. Doyle said, "Where, now?"

"If you will just go with me to Girard Street, to the house of a friend, I think I will try and stay there for the night."

The shelter Fanny sought was only a few squares further on. It was now almost nine o'clock. As they rapidly climbed the hill, Mr. Doyle said, "So far, so good. You are proving your case in fine shape. I wish that I could help you further. I want you to promise me one thing, and that is when you are once safe in your friend's house, stay there until Sunday, and on Sunday I advise you to leave town as quickly as possible."

"What!" exclaimed Fanny, "What for? Go away just when I have just begun to establish my innocence in this matter. No, indeed. I am going to fight this thing through to a finish."

"Then," said Mr. Doyle, "I warn you that you are in a greater danger than you think. You are fighting a powerful, vindictive and absolutely unscrupulous clique."

"I am not a bit afraid, I know that I have truth on my side, and no matter what I have to settle, I am going to go on until the truth comes out."

By this time they arrived at the home of Fanny's friend, Marie. At the sight of a familiar face, the self-control Fanny had exercised completely vanished, and she burst into a torrent of words scarcely intelligible for sobs. In the confusion, Marie practically shut the door in the face of Mr. Doyle. When at last Fanny had succeeded in relating the details of the past few hours, Marie ejaculated in horror, "And you mean to tell me you actually let that strange man bring you here. Why, how do you know but he is one of Wasgood's own agents. How do you know but the whole thing is a trap? I never heard of such an idiotic thing in my life."

This had the effect of instantly restoring Fanny's equilibrium. She said shortly, "I know that he is all right, just as I knew from the very first day that Mr. Wasgood was all wrong. You advised me to take up the work with him. I'm going to follow my own inspirations in trusting Mr. Doyle."

*(to be continued)*

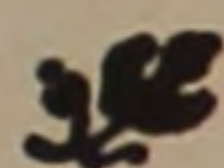
## Passing By

**T**HERE'S a bloom upon the grape  
And a glory of the Sun,  
Indian Summer's gifts are royal,  
For her princess heart is won.

See, the wine of life she pours  
With a regal, lavish grace;  
While in beauty born of giving  
Lies love's radiance on her face.

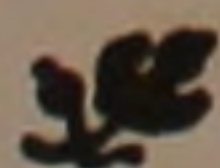
Ah, pledge her not too lightly,  
Fill a loyal tankard high;  
Pledge ye all her generous nature,  
Indian Summer's passing by!

—F. A. H. D.



### THINK NO EVIL.

One of the greatest commandments and a law toward the fulfilment of our choicest desires is "Think no evil!" In the simple faith of our childhood most things came as we wished them; our minds were pure and a magnet for happy vibrations. We can restore these conditions in our advanced years, with wisdom; for in order to obtain certain results certain conditions must prevail—cheeriness, forgiveness and their kindred which lead to love. Take heed of the simple forms of life, the birds and flowers and their joyousness. Be content if you are not amassing money every moment, and acquire wealth of soul, peace of mind, and joy of spirit—truly live! And "think no evil!" "Thou shalt not criticize thy neighbor. He is God's child and entitled to thy love!" "Thou shalt lie down and rest in peace." "Underneath are the everlasting arms!"—Rose de Vaux Royer, in "Spiritual Journal."



If you are interested or in any way benefited by the "Aletheian" let us have a substantial proof of your interest in renewals and subscriptions sent in without delay.

## The Scroll of Fate

“THE moving finger writes and having writ,  
Not all your piety nor wit shall wash out half a line  
Nor cancel half a word of it”

—Omar Khayyam.

From books, some crude, childish and absurd, some intricate, explicit and convincing, I learned that Palmistry was a science having an alphabet and vocabulary, expressed in signs and symbols engraven in the hand. From subsequent practice and experience I know that palmistry is a science as exact as medicine, more potent than drugs, as helpful as philosophy, and clearly and perfectly demonstrable to the mind that will seek to comprehend.

Most wonderful of all, a science that enables us to see ourselves and others in the true light, face to face, to read the motive rather than the act, to forgive human frailties, to excuse error, to perceive the patient effort rather than the faults and failures of our fellow creatures.

To further my public investigations of palmistry, I made a contract to read at one of the International Expositions. There I came in contact with the farces, comedies and tragedies of real life, as had never seemed before possible. With people of every nationality, and of every walk of life, coming to me day by day and hour by hour, so eager for sympathy, so ready to understand, so grateful for advice, so anxious to confide, I came to see life and individuals, so seemingly complex, as a great but simple collectivity. A group of children, of divers ages, and different stages of development but ah, such simple-hearted, groping children, after all.

Distinguished lawyers, noted alienists, rising statesmen, unscrupulous politicians, some of the great inventors of the world, merchants, miners, metaphysicians and ministers of the Gospel, judges, magistrates, and policemen, butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers; but all in their hearts just children, some happy, some sad, some good, some unschooled, bad, wayward, or struggling to be good, but children still, asking the same questions, wanting to hear the same story, trying to solve the same problems.



What problem was this, think you? What was the eternal question, surmounting all anxieties of health or finance or politics, or stocks and bonds and mines, or any material welfare?

It was the quest of HAPPINESS; LOVE.

From the most remote ages Palmistry has been practised as a Science in connection with Astrology, based upon the planetary influences governing the twelve signs of the Zodiac. There are in reality forty-eight distinct types of man produced during the twelve months of the year.

A few rudimentary lessons are sufficient to convince the intelligent mind of the basic principles of palmistry. There is an A. B. C. of the language of the hand, exactly as there is of any language having letters, figures or other printed symbols as a medium of expressing thought in words. When this alphabet, or more properly speaking, the phrase meanings, of the signs engraved upon the hand have been mastered, very much as one would master the system of stenography, the combinations of the signs may be read with ease and fluency by the student as he advances in his mastery of the language of the hand. Likewise, any one capable of memorizing the signs in their various combinations, may read the simple facts, events of the life and character of the subject as exactly as a pupil in music will strike the notes to be read from the printed signs upon the music sheet before him. The individual talent of the reader and his inspirational capacity will determine whether he is merely a palmist or an interpretive psychic. At least six years of study are necessary for proficiency.

It is true of palmistry, as of any art or science, that one must possess especial talent or even genius, and patience in study, and in practice, in order to rise to enviable heights in this particular field.

Palmistry or character study, in its intimate personal contact lifts the mask of conventionality, rends the veil of doubt and obscurity, enabling us to know and to be known; to see with a clear vision into the very heart of life and love, defeat or triumph, failure or success.

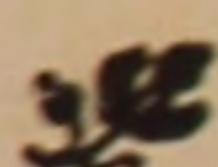
Give me the hands of any divorced couple and I will tell you why that marriage was a failure; let me see the hands of any engaged couple and I will tell you whether their marriage can succeed, and why; let me look into the hand of the man who is a failure in life and I will point out the reason for that failure, just as I can show you where and when the youth may grow into the successful man.

There is no profession in the whole world that has been so abused and misused as the Science of Palmistry. Counterfeit palmists and all the attendant evils of similar counterfeits will never be crushed until the practitioners in these branches be required to pass examinations, submit to practical tests and furnish diplomas as practitioners in other recognized professions are compelled to do.

There must be a true basic value to produce a counterfeit. The more valuable the currency or commodity, the more prevalent the counterfeit. Counterfeit palmists abound, but the true palmist is a rare and valuable product.

Recognition of this Science in educational fields will soon come and the diploma will be demanded in the natural course of events.

—*The Palmist.*



## Guardian Angels

Welcome the angels Oh, children of men, welcome the loved ones in Spirit assembled.

Hark to their voices oh, children and then know that the Spirit of Truth ne'er dissembled.

Loved ones we greet thee, bright angels draw near, Spirit of Truth to council and guide.

Faith, hope and love hath banished all fear, power and peace in Spirit abide.

Open our souls thy light to receive, govern our speech thy message to voice.

Inspire with thy grace all beings that grieve, Let angels and mortals in Spirit rejoice.

—*Aletheia.*

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*The Aletheian.*

Somerville, Mass.

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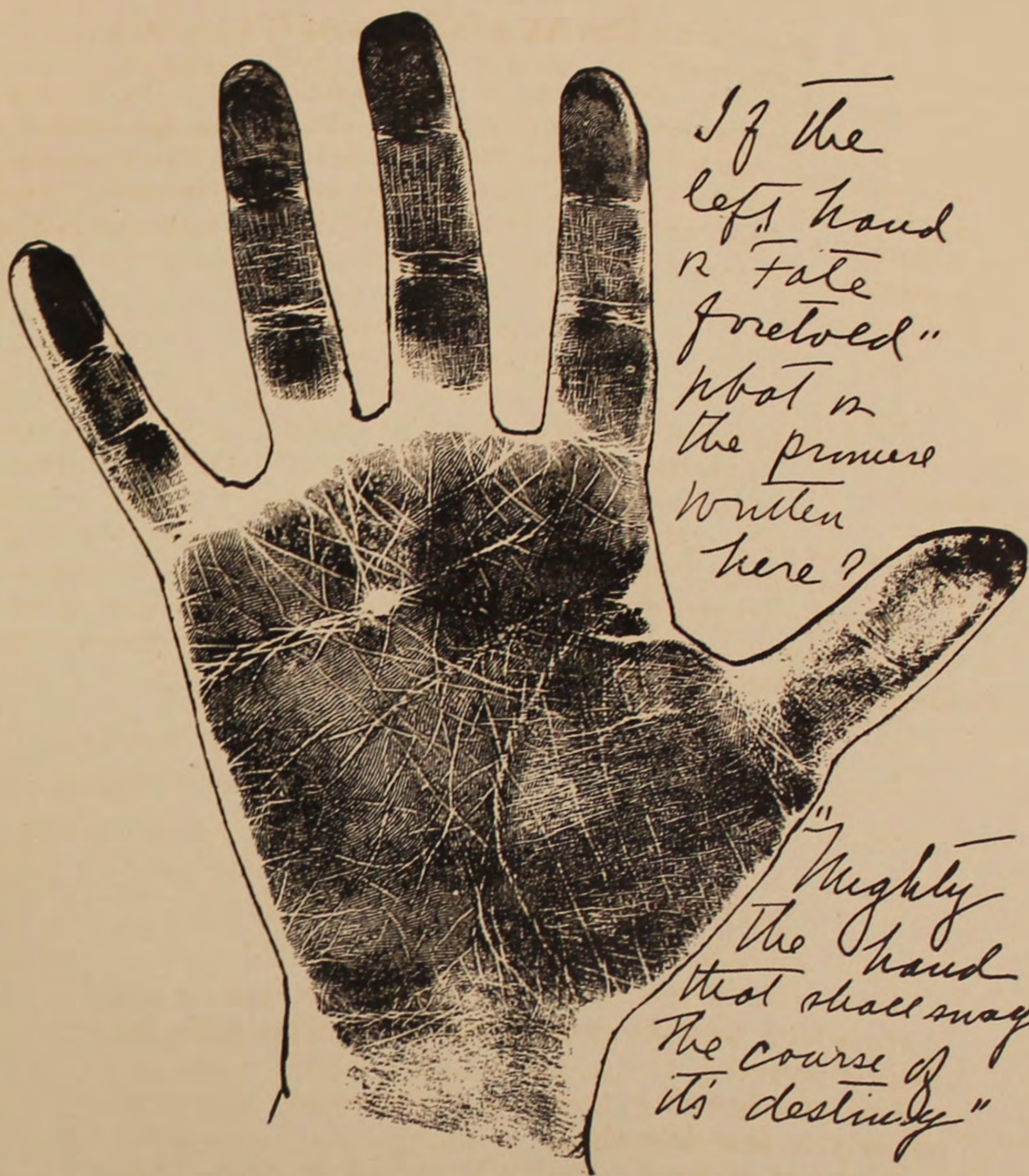
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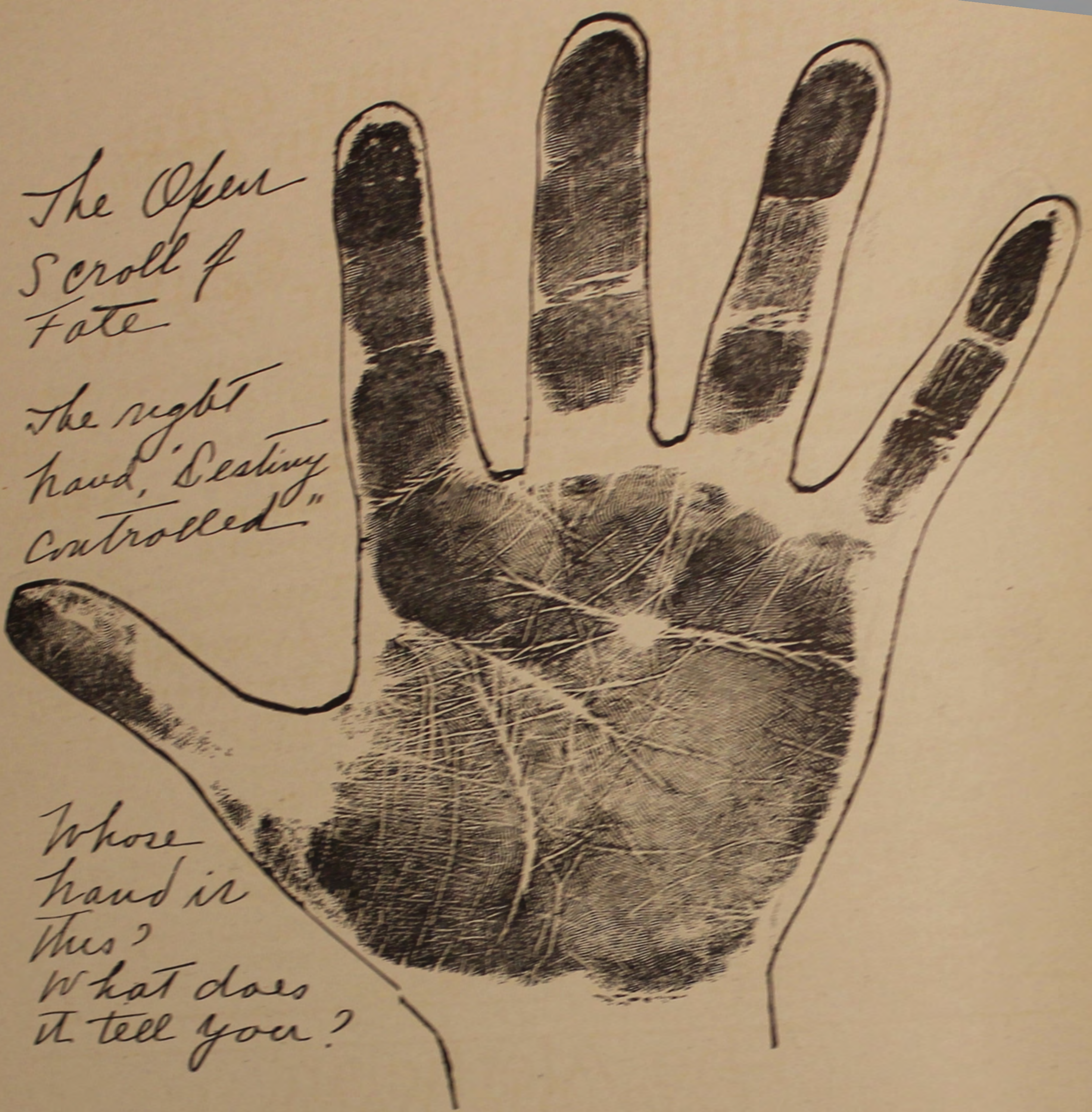
## \$5.00 IN GOLD TO YOU

For the best delineation of the hands shown in the article, the Scroll of Fate in this November issue of the ALETHEIAN. Contest open to all except members of the Aletheian staff. A SECOND PRIZE OF \$2.50 in gold for the second best reading. Three additional prizes of one year's subscription to the Aletheian for the three next best readings. All readings must be typewritten and not exceed three hundred words. Mail your reading before December 10th to Prize Contest Editor the Aletheian, Somerville, Mass.

The Open  
Scroll of  
Fate

The right  
hand, "Destiny  
Controlled"

Whose  
hand is  
this?  
What does  
it tell you?



Cut here

.....1913.

EDITOR THE ALETHEIAN PRIZE CONTEST:—

Enclosed find my analysis of the Hands shown on pages 19 and 20 of this November issue of the ALETHEIAN.

I hereby state that my reading was made without assistance from any other person.

Name .....

Address .....

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## Spirit of Truth

**S**pirit of Truth through Jesus spoke,  
Lighting the world with love,  
Spirit of Man the body broke,  
Love's sacrifice to prove.

Spirit of Truth arisen is,  
Spirit of Love Divine,  
Calling the seeking soul of man,  
Calling to thee and thine:

Come O, ye loved ones,  
Come ye bright angels,  
Singing the heavenly strain,  
Voicing the message,  
Whispering the counsel,  
Voicing the word divine,  
Leading to love again.  
Peace to the soul ye bring,  
"On, to the goal," we sing,  
Spirit divine!

Spirit of man with error fraught,  
Wakens from darkest night,  
Spirit of Love through Jesus taught,  
Flooding the world with light,  
Spirit of Truth received is,  
Welcomed the love divine,  
Speaking to souls in brother-love,  
Calling to me and mine;

Come O ye loved ones,  
Come ye bright angels,  
Singing the heavenly strain,  
Voicing the message,  
Whispering the counsel,  
Voicing the word divine,  
Leading to Love again.  
Peace to the soul ye bring,  
"On, to the goal," we sing,  
Spirit Divine!

—ALETHEIA.

