

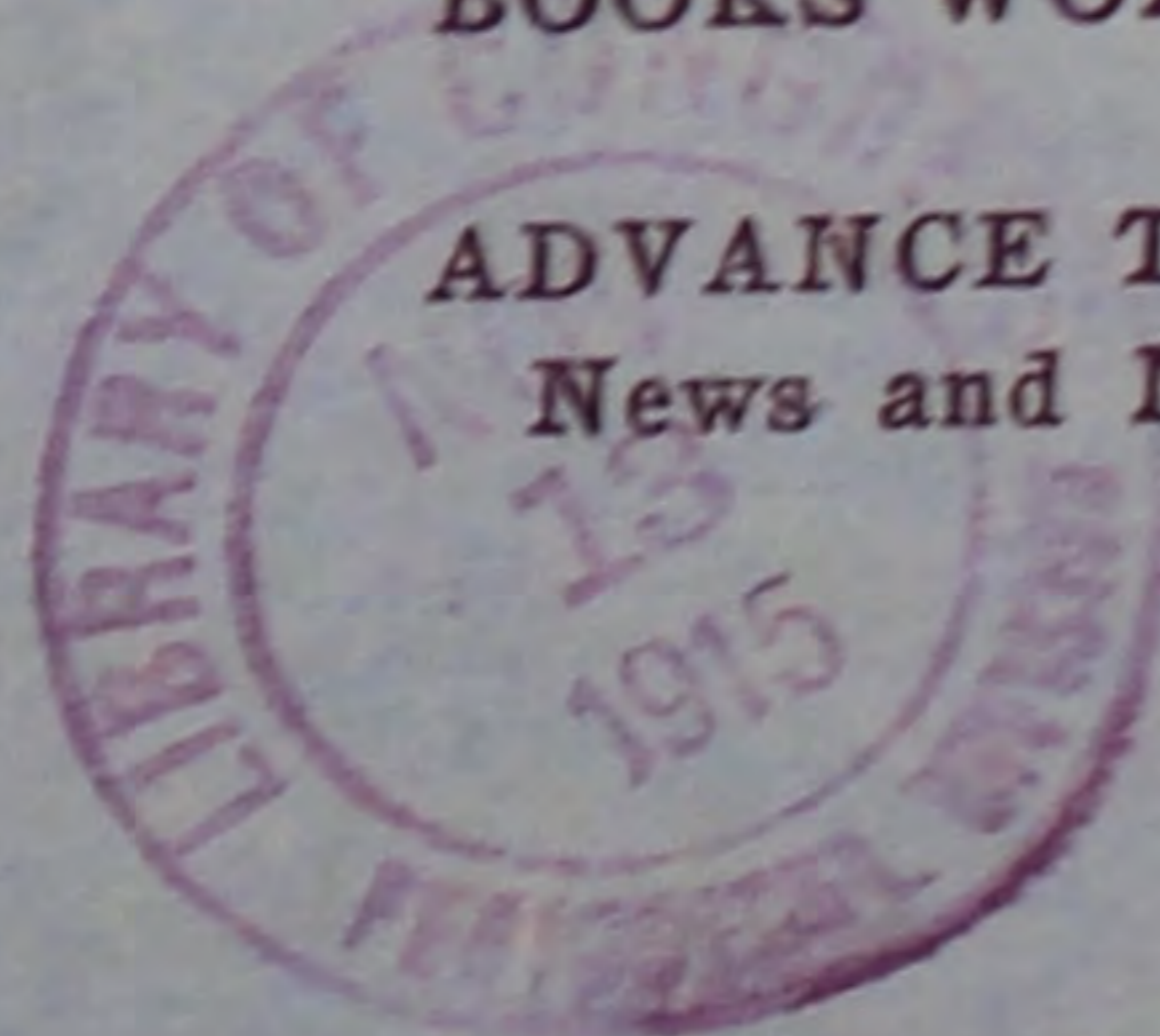
# ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS  
FEAR IS NOT

SEPTEMBER, 1915

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**T**HINK purely, speak truth only, uplift, hearken to 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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The 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco will celebrate Aug. 28 as **NEW THOUGHT DAY**. The International New Thought Alliance and the California New Thought Exposition Committee hope to meet you there, and invite all Aletheian members and readers to attend the International New Thought Congress to be held August thirtieth to September fifth.

August Lecturers, Mrs. Mary Thayer, Dr. Frank Riley, Miss Edith A. Martin, Mrs. Rose M. Ashby, Mrs. Lida Hardy, Mrs. E. A. Whiteside, Miss Myra G. Freyear, Mrs. Elizabeth Towne.

September Lecturers, Mrs. A. H. Christopher, Judge T. Troward, Mrs. Alicia Hall Simpson, Francis Larimer Warner, Dr. Julia Seton, Dr. C. F. Winbigler, Dr. G. Lowther, Miss L. G. Foote, Miss Esther Henry, G. C. B. Ewell.

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Meetings of the Aletheian Assembly are discontinued until October. Mrs. Aletheia Head, the editor of the Aletheian has for several weeks been touring the larger cities of the Pacific Coast, reaching thousands of new hearers daily. On August 9th she was united in marriage to Lawrence W. Rogers, of Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will be at the Hotel Brunswick, after Oct. 1.



# ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME IV No. 5

SEPTEMBER 1915

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A

PSYCHOLOGY  
ETHICS

PHILOSOPHY  
VERSE

Written in the Spirit of Truth  
DEVOTED TO THE UPLIFT OF ALL BEINGS, BROTHERHOOD AND  
THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL

EDITED BY ALETHEIA HEAD ROGERS

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

## THE WORD.

"In the beginning was the word and the word was  
with God and the Word was God."



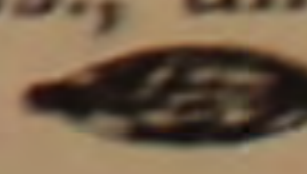
THE WORD—Almighty Logos—sounding in  
the souls of men, with all thy beauty and  
power; vehicle of Truth, bearer of light, in-  
spirer of great deeds; penetrate my inmost  
consciousness and still the clamor of the world  
without: speeding on vibrant waves of light  
illumine every shrouded soul, bursting the  
bonds of superstition and dogma! Ceaselessly, O Mighty Word,  
sound thy mandate in the souls of Men: "Love Ye One Another!"  
Beating in unison with the great heart of Life, instill Love  
throughout the World.

O Mighty Word, tear down the barriers built by men and  
lead us to thine inner sanctuary, the open temple of the soul  
whose columns fair, in every clime, in every race, in every langu-  
age bear thy name, TRUTH—this is thine "Unknown Name,"  
this is the "Lost Word."

Arise, go forth, O Word, sunder every hampering cord, fill  
the world with Love of Truth. Teach man to know and love his  
fellow-man, lead lost wayfarers into the paths of Light. Pour  
forth thy power, O Word, until the Universe cries out:

"SLAY NO MORE,—PEACE, BE STILL!"

—Aletheia.

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## THE REAL WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



**W**ASHINGTON has been called the 'Father of His Country.' In the days to be, William Jennings Bryan will be called the Saviour of His Country."

In the offices of the Aletheian on a memorable evening, a small group of truth-seekers had gathered. Following the usual period of silent invocation, these were the first words uttered by Aletheia. "I am looking into the conditions surrounding the President to-night," she continued, "and I see the President in a peculiar peril from the hypnotic power of a ring of men, who surround him. Since the death of Mrs. Wilson the President has not been impregnable to this influence, as he was prior to her passing. There are few people who understand the wonderful balance wheel that Mrs. Wilson constituted in the triumvirate composed of herself, the President and William Jennings Bryan. So long as Mrs. Wilson, on the one side, and Mr. Bryan on the other constituted a magnetic field through which envy, malice and hypnotic impingement failed to pass, Mr. Wilson stood serene, untouched by all misdirected force.



At this moment, such is not the case. He is now strongly under the influence of the hypnotic suggestion of certain political religious factions, who would urge the participation of the United States in the European embroglio. William Jennings Bryan, ever faithful to his country, directed by the guiding spirit of the Prince of Peace, must and will throw himself into the breach. We can only pray that his influence over the President may be re-established.



Unprejudiced persons, of any perceptive powers whatever, must be well aware that Mr. Bryan could have been President at any time within the past twenty years had he been willing to be dominated by the selfish interests of the mercenary rulers of the world. The men who manipulate empires, make and unmake Presidents, had taken his measure. They had found a man in whom principle is paramount to party, power



or perquisites. This and this alone has kept Mr. Bryan out of the presidential chair, and when the psychological moment arrived, the country demanded a change of policies. Mr. Bryan with unswerving loyalty to the interests of his country threw the mighty balance of his power toward the man whom he helped to make President. As one who in the moment of inspiration received the telepathic message that Mr. Wilson was the best man who could be elected president, and having voiced that fact, five weeks prior to his election as Governor of New Jersey, I feel privileged to make this statement."



Subsequently, for a period of nearly two years, throughout the West and South, twice a day "Aletheia" appeared before audiences ranging from 1500 to 2000 people. The question never failed to come, "Who will be the next President of the United States?" and the inspirational answer, "Woodrow Wilson," was invariably given. This response, in almost every city, on Monday night would be greeted with laughter, hisses and jeers. Inspirational answers as to the fitness of Mr. Wilson for the position; statements to the effect that he would help to keep America out of a World War were heard by thousands and before the end of each week eventuated in cheers and enthusiasm for this, at that time, little known man.



From October 1910, until the convention in July 1912, Aletheia continued to voice her inspired message concerning the forthcoming nomination of Woodrow Wilson. More than three hundred thousand voters had hearkened to her words and were ready to support Mr. Wilson when, at the Baltimore convention he received the nomination through the unswerving loyalty and generalship of William Jennings Bryan.

On the evening of June 2nd, 1912, in the Orpheum Theatre at Jacksonville, three weeks prior to the Republican Convention and many weeks prior to the Democratic Convention, Aletheia said: "Mr. Woodrow Wilson will positively be the Democratic Nominee, and will be elected. Theodore Roosevelt will fail to receive the Republican nomination and will endeavor to es-







establish a new party." The following day Campaign Managers for the opposing candidates to Mr. Wilson waited upon the manager of the theatre and demanded that Aletheia be prohibited making such prophecies in the future. There was an attempt to cancel her contract, but the people of Jacksonville demanded her appearance, and the manager was forced to permit her to fill her week's engagement. From that week until the fifth of November, 1912, Aletheia was not permitted to appear in any theatre. Her magazine, containing the published pictures of the President-to-be and a complete and unequivocal statement that there would be a Democratic House and Senate, was taken off the Newstands by corrupt politicians and an effort made to interfere with her appearing in any public capacity whatever.



In this extremity, Aletheia spoke on the steps of the Old Brighton Park Theatre at Brighton Beach to audiences of from 500 to 1000 persons in the open air. She there personally sold her magazine to her hearers, and in order to prevent the continuance of her promulgation of absolute truth, regarding the political situation, she was arrested on a framed up warrant and forbidden to continue her free public speeches. After a manifestly unfair trial with one Howard Nash as the presiding judge, she was placed under a bond of five hundred dollars to keep the peace.

She immediately returned to Brighton Beach Park and spoke the following evening, detailing the circumstances of her arrest and defying the henchmen of corrupt politics whom she picked out in the audience to repeat her arrest, or compel the forfeiture of her bond.



The manager of the Park finally stated that the pull of the political ring would interfere with the Park privileges if she, (Aletheia) continued to speak there. The crowd was dispersed, and at this juncture three individuals who claimed to be representatives of the Progressive Party offered Aletheia an automobile and one thousand dollars cash to campaign for the Progressive Party and Theodore Roosevelt for the remaining three weeks prior to election. To test them Aletheia asked "What do you wish me to say?"



The spokesman of the party replied, "We want you to state that the Democratic party has paid you to make these predictions regarding Democratic success, and especially that of Mr. Woodrow Wilson, that you were not really inspired at all then, but that you have received a divine inspiration that Mr. Roosevelt will be the next President." At this juncture the spokesman of the party, a Mr. Shibley, produced an imposing package of yellow backed bills.

Aletheia responded: "You expect me to believe in the principles that you represent. You wish me to promulgate them, yet would be willing for me to foist an outrageous lie upon the public in order to attain your ends. This alone proves to me, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that my work for the past two years in campaigning for Mr. Wilson without his knowledge or sanction was indeed inspired by those who have the peace and integrity of this Nation at heart. It is quite true that through the manipulation of corrupt politicians, both my livelihood and practically everything I own has been stripped from me, but if I have to walk Broadway with a peddler's basket on my arm, and sell the Aletheian magazine under peddler's license, it will continue to live and so shall I."

One of the party endeavored to expostulate, but Shibley, realizing that Alethea was neither to be intimidated, coerced or purchased said: "Oh come fellows, the other side has outbid us."

It is needless to say that Aletheia had never received a penny from the Democratic party, or from any individual connected therewith, but on the contrary, in order to maintain truth as inspirationally received was compelled to forfeit all her earthly possessions. From that day to the present time, she has never appeared in any vaudeville houses connected with the Theatrical Trust.

Today in the same spirit of truth that impelled her to be one of the most remarkable vote-getting campaigners for Woodrow Wilson and one who did more to influence the public in his favor than any other being, except William Jennings Bryan, Aletheia voices







the prophecy that Mr. Bryan, the self-sacrificing, the loving brother of man, the promulgator of peace and good-will, will soon come into his own, and will positively be the successor of Woodrow Wilson as President of the United States. She does not say that Mr. Wilson may not be elected for a second term, but that Mr. Bryan will positively succeed him, either at the end of this term, or before the expiration of the second term."

It is interesting to note in 1908 despite Mr. Bryan's unwillingness to receive the prophecy, or to take stock in her utterances, Aletheia told him at Tampa Bay Hotel in Florida, that he would in 1912 sacrifice himself and make a President. She also said to him that in the years to follow, and before 1920 that the world would recognize his truly unselfish and superior character, and would place him in the chair of the Executive of the greatest nation in the world, that greatness to be proven by serenity and peace when all the world beside was in the throes of a baseless and fratricidal contest.

Veritas.

**"And may the God of our fathers give us light and keep our feet in the path of truth as we strive to fulfil the high mission to which He has called our country.**

In this conflict between two methods of dealing with international affairs (force and persuasion) precedent is against my side, but it is growing side I am on and and a dying side that I oppose.

It is the attempt to amend the Ten Commandments that has led to most of our international difficulties.

Let us as a nation apply to our governmental action the same principles that we apply to individuals.

God has given us an opportunity today such as no other nation ever had, that may never come again, to lift the world out of the bondage of brute force.

The measure of individual and national greatness should be service."—From William Jennings Bryan's Independence Day Oration at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, July 4th, 1915.



## PROBLEMS OF THE NEW ERA

Lawrence W. Rogers

Never in the history of time was there a greater need of a real fundamental democracy than now. It is all important that this democracy be based on a constructive philosophy of life. In the midst of what should be the golden age of civilization, of economic and literary advancement, both intellectually and spiritually, the guns of Europe have resounded, resulting in suffering and chaos too horrible to dwell upon. Reasons for its cause are discussed and set forth, but in the last analysis one must acknowledge in this terrible holocaust the same greed and avarice, regardless of any vestige of brotherhood, that finally changed Ancient Egypt from a realm of light and sunshine, to a land of darkness and despair. Is history to repeat itself in this age? We see intolerable conditions germinating all about us, even in our own land.

To some illumined souls has been given the opportunity of checking this growth in so far as it is possible with only the superficially sentimental aid of a small percentage of humanity. We have our numerous philosophies, cults, sects, and isms, ever vigilant to gain converts, each claiming to possess the only royal road to truth. All these preach brotherhood and co-operation for a certain "inner" group, but in a great majority of instances war with each other over some given differences in the views and beliefs of certain individuals who crave leadership and self-aggrandizement.

Humanity can never come into the consciousness of a higher plane of life, and love, and harmony, until individual differences are forgotten, and the truth of universal brotherhood realized. This can be effectively accomplished only through the acknowledgement of each person of his or her own personal responsibility. It must be accompanied with a desire to serve and attain "with malice toward none, with charity for all."

Never was there an epoch when the hearts of humankind were crying out for sympathy more keenly than at the present time. Can we not through the amalgamation of our efforts into a grand harmonious whole, strike a decisive blow that will emancipate the hearts and minds of man and woman? The solution of it all lies within our own souls!

It is impossible to determine the specific value of a kindly



act, or a word of hope and cheer when it comes from a heart of love which radiates with a desire to serve. A stone dropped into the ocean will produce a vibration which can be followed with certain definitely attuned scientific instruments for many, many miles. How many of us remember those sour apple trees on the farm, the fruit of which was repugnant and nauseating, when along came the man, philosopher that he was, who by the mere engrafting of a few scions caused luscious Astrakhans and Gravensteins to grow on these very trees! Oh that the realization of Nature's infinite object lessons could be awakened in the hearts of men! Genius has produced a simple mechanism which will record a vibration thousands of miles away. How much more potent must be the vibration of the mind which produced that machine!

Let us recognize these great truths and grasp the problems of individual life. Let us place no limitations on the human mind, "looking unto the hills from whence cometh our help."

We can not all agree because we are individuals, each and every one, but we can keep our differences within ourselves when we are in danger of encroaching upon the God-given rights or happiness of others.

Our problems will never be solved by a philosophy of agnosticism and negation, however much credit may be due them for having liberated men's minds from creeds of superstition and fear. The time demands something broader and deeper than mere emanations of intellect and argument. We can not elevate life, liberty and happiness to a high ethical standard, nor consummate our ideals of social democracy without the recognition of the continuity of life, and the consequences of its evasion or violation. It is not a question of how many times we have been incarnated, nor the acceptance of certain philosophies for the justification of abnormalities, but in a simple recognition of truth, and intense action. Ideas of "willing things to us" or of "holding the thought" amount to little unless accompanied by well directed effort. The two are inseparable in so far as actual accomplishment is concerned. To receive Nature's rewards we must follow her mandates!

Let us then begin by turning the searchlight on our own souls. Let us be true to ourselves by casting away all feelings of malice and jealousy, fear, hatred, revenge, and mean desires to "get even." These thoughts if held will come back to us to



our own sorrow and detriment. It is Nature's unchanging law. Let us inaugurate a new era of living and loving in the great infinite spirit. Let us hold the thoughts of these pure ideals, and then crystalize them into action which knows no halt until life's problems are solved and the wounds of the suffering are healed. The harvest is truly great, the laborers few, the time precious. Therefore let us strive to work out our own problems of character-building and personal responsibility. The reward must surely come, both to ourselves and to humanity. In no other way can we hope to enlighten the world with the torch of truth and love. Let us strive and pray for the time when nations recognizing their responsibilities both collectively, and as individuals, clasp each other by the hand in trust and fellowship, without deceit. Then the clouds and darkness of grim-visaged war will have vanished forever. Let us measure up to this infinite trust by the transmutation of these fundamental and immortal truths into a working philosophy of life and love.

"God give us men, a time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands,  
Men whom the lust of office does not kill ;

Men whom the spoils of office can not buy ;

Men who possess opinions and a will ;

Men who have honor—men who will not lie ;

Men who can stand before a demagogue

And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking,

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking."



"Go ye who seek the fountain of knowledge, unto  
that shrine wherein the spirit of truth waiteth ever,  
ready with loving council.

Go to the inner sanctuary, where alone thou  
canst find truth unfettered."



# GOD'S THOUGHT

By Marguerite Head.

I walked where carven cliffs rose up so high  
They stood, like pedestals, to hold the sky;  
Great hills and crags illumed with sunset gleams—  
A golden glory o'er a land of dreams.  
A mountain torrent roared a canyon's length.  
Then down a chasm hurled its giant strength  
As one who springs to death, then silent lay,  
A sombre lake entombed in walls of gray;  
Above, the rock-winds shrilled a wailing dirge,  
While through my vibrant being seemed to surge  
A reverence, a wonder, and a thrill,  
At each new marvel of the Mighty Will;  
In every wilderness my feet have trod,  
I there behold, expressed, the thought of God.

Alone, at dawn, I heard the southern sea  
Pour forth its heart in endless rhapsody;  
I watched the billows rise in rhythmic swells  
To deck the beach with diadems of shells,  
And countless treasures strewn as though to hide  
The spotless beauty of the ocean's bride.  
I saw the sun come up, a crimson ball,  
Beyond the isles of green where palm trees tall  
And vines and verdure twined in pristine grace—  
A Venice waiting for some future race;  
The swish of sea-things, and the call of birds,  
The song of waters sung to cosmic words—  
In every wilderness my feet have trod,  
I there behold, expressed, the thought of God.

In heat of noontide, by the forest wooed,  
I sought its leafy temple's solitude;  
The oak, the birch, the chestnut, spruce and pine  
Were interwoven in a wild design;  
Shy woodland choirs, hid within its maze,  
Attuned their melodies to songs of praise,  
While my own spirit, on unfettered wings,  
Soared up as though to touch the Soul of things;  
And, as rejoicing like the birds, I stood,



A Presence seemed to permeate the wood ;  
On peak, in forest, or beside the sea,  
I feel its rapture stealing over me :  
In every wilderness my feet have trod,  
I there behold, expressed, the thought of God.

## VISION OF THE PASSING OF SAPPHO

**U**PON completing the poem "Upraised," published in the July Aletheian, I seemed suddenly carried back into the past. On a ship sailing from Mitylene toward Sicily, I was a Grecian woman in flowing robes with sandaled feet. My hair long, and of a golden brown color, kept blowing across my eyes, and I used the tresses to wipe away my tears, filled with an unspeakable dread of being found by one who was pursuing me.

The ship stopped at an island to take on water. I slipped out in a small boat, unseen, and rowed to an inlet that led to a craggy, rocky shore. The highway led over these rocks, for as I concealed myself in a cavernous indentation, I heard the tramp of the water carriers, the sound of the oars in the galleys, the jingle and clank of chain mail: finally all was still. I breathed a prayer of thankfulness, only to be rudely conscious of shouts, "Sappho, Sappho." It was the voice of the Phaon calling me, and madly he rushed overhead calling, "Sappho, Sappho," and many Greek words. Rather than have him find me I resolved to drown myself. The tide came creeping in to my feet, to my waist, to my armpits, up, up to my mouth, then the shouting ceased and the ship was rowed away. I heard the sound of the oars in the rowlocks die away. I tried to escape the floods but it was too late.

When the waters receded, my spirit, released, saw my form lying still on the sand with outstretched arms, and the seaweed tangled in my hair. Those long, golden-brown tresses that I had loved and regarded as my one beauty. "Ah, well, Sappho est morte!" My spirit voice cried, and I knew no more.

In the vision Sappho and I seemed to be interblended. Her sufferings, her fears, her thankfulness for escape were my sensations, and the dark abyss through which she passed I too traversed, not scar free, and yet all fear free. I found my etherian self at length, floating on a magical, musical sea, drifting in a boat of crystal, floating, as by a magnet to the shores of a New Eden.

Signed, "Aletheia."





## THE CAT'S PAW

(Continued)

A narrative of startling facts, 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 is being published exclusively in the *Aletheian Magazine*, and later will be brought out in book form.

The right to dramatize and all rights reserved by Author.

In connection with my work for the Illustrated Directories Company; I issued forty subpoenas for United States Senators, to testify to my responsibility, continued Fanny—are they here?

"Did you ever threaten to kill Will F. Homas?"

"Yes, and what is more, I tried to kill him with my bare hands."

"What! When and where was this?" asked the Judge in shocked tones.

"At Ocean City, Maryland, five years ago. I not only threatened to kill him but I would have done it if I could have gotten a weapon at the time. I tried to borrow one from the clerk of the Atlantic Hotel, but he refused to lend it to me."

"Why did you do this, why attempt to take Mr. Homas' life? Tell the story."

Fanny paused in a horrified recoil—

"Have I got to tell it—here, here before all these people?"

"Yes!" the District Attorney's voice cut in like a knife.

"Then," replied Fanny solemnly, "I will. I was employed by Mr. John F. Waggaman as editor of the *Ocean City News*, Mr. Homas was the manager of a little theatre about two squares from the hotel. It was my duty to edit and see to the proper publications of advertisements, as well as news matter. I waited until almost twelve o'clock the evening before the paper went to press for Mr. Homas to bring the advertisement of the theatre to me. As the paper was printed at a town twenty miles inland and I was obliged to take an early morning train I dared not wait for the



matter and concluded to go to the theatre to get it. The electric lights were very bright and the board walk led directly from the hotel to the theatre. I was not afraid. When I came to the theatre Mr. Homas was entertaining some friends and kept me waiting almost half an hour. He then got the matter and insisted on seeing me to the hotel. The stretch of board walk from the theatre to the hotel was rather lonely as no buildings were jutting upon that part of the walk.

As we reached a point midway between the hotel and theatre, the lights all over the island suddenly went out. In the same instant he threw his arm about my waist and jumped off of the walk to the sand some eight or ten feet below. I fell lengthwise, he clapped one hand over my mouth and tried to drag me under the walk. I bit his hand and managed to speak. He held my arms tightly as he fell face down behind me. He began to pour out a torrent of words, telling me that he loved me, that with such a woman as myself for a wife he could win renown, go to the United States Senate, etc. I refused to listen, telling him that I respected and admired his wife far more than I did himself. He began to threaten me with force. Then I saw that he was quite beside himself. I told him that he must let me go or I would kill him. He laughed at me and persisted. I told him I would kill him sooner or later, if he did not allow me to go back to my hotel as I had left it.

In the midst of this, steps were heard on the walk above. He whispered, "Be still, that's the manager. He will never believe you, no matter what you say. He wants your job for his sweetheart Miss Smith, and will be only too glad to get any pretext to have you dismissed. Keep quiet until he goes and I will let you go." I was almost wild with terror. My head and shoulders only were drawn under the board walk. The manager peered over the edge. I heard him laugh and then he turned on his heel and went away. Instantly Mr. Homas allowed me to go and I demanded that he accompany me to the hotel. I said, "You must go in with me, and you may tell any lie that you please about how I was detained, but you must say that you know that I was unavoidably prevented from returning to the hotel before twelve. My livelihood, my good name, and my little boy's future depend upon it." He insisted on approaching the hotel by way of the sands. When I stepped into the full light of the open door I turned to have him explain to the clerk and found that he had



slunk away. I was sobbing and simply asked the clerk for my key and went to my room.

The next morning at six, I came down with my matter for the printers, prepared to take the train. Waiting at the elevator was Mr. Homas.—He placed his finger on his lips and in a low tone begged me to forgive him for his terrible conduct of the evening before. He told me that I was “more than human” to have controlled him in the state that he was in; that he had been quite drunk and that he could not remember all that had happened but that I had sobered him by my wonderful powers of resistance.

“You mean that you knew that I would kill you; you were not too drunk to sneak off and leave me to have the clerk think what he might,” I answered; then he plead with me for the sake of his little boy, for the sake of his wife not to make known what he had attempted. He begged forgiveness until train time. I went on about my work and said nothing. In three weeks’ time it was all over the Island that Mrs. Heath had been out until one o’clock in the morning with a typewriter salesman from Baltimore. I traced the story to the manager who claimed that he knew it was I, and that Mr. Homas had seen me with the salesman earlier in the evening. Then, I think, I came as near to losing my reason as it was possible to do and be able to tell the story. I told him that I would have to drive Mr. Homas before me at pistol’s point and make him admit the truth, to my employer. The clerk would not lend me the gun, but I hid a paper knife in my skirts in such a way that I made him believe it was a gun, and did make him go with me into Mr. and Mrs. Waggaman’s private apartments and there he confessed the whole truth to Mr. Waggaman. I never saw him afterward until one day at the Jamestown Exposition. When he saw me he immediately began to accuse me of having followed him up and injured his standing in various communities. I replied, “Mr. Homas, you apologized to Mr. Waggaman, and to me, on the score that your drinking caused you to act as you did. You asked forgiveness and I gave it for the second time. Until now I had forgotten your very existence.” Then he looked at me, and said, “I have lost my wife. Here is my card.” I have never spoken again with him until this day.

“You say Mr. and Mrs. Waggaman knew of this. Are they in the court room?” asked the Judge.

Fanny indignantly questioned: “Your honor, am I on trial for the attempted murder of Will Homas, in self-defense, five



years ago, in Maryland, or am I being tried for attempting to kill a Mr. Cornell, and others, three weeks ago in the office of Wiltman Wasgood?" The court was packed with noted lawyers, members of the Masonic Fraternity, and others. As Fanny replied a murmur of admiration swept the court. The Judge's gavel fell. Fanny continued:

"Your witnesses have so completely contradicted themselves that further comment is unnecessary; but I will state this: The woman who testified that I had been threatened with arrest in the Capitol is one of Mr. Wasgood's paid menials. **She** was arrested there, and is the woman who used my cards to gain entry to the Senators, among whom I have an enviable reputation for veracity, and ability as a journalist. I have subpoenaed forty Senators and Representatives, they are—" As she began to read the list the Judge interrupted:

"Madam, have you any idea that a **conspiracy** is existing against you? Do you really believe that there is any one who is interested in destroying your credit, and your good name?"

Fanny looked him frankly in the eyes. She felt a fine scorn of this last attempt to brand her as an "irresponsible." She replied calmly:

"Your Honor, if you had been pursued and persecuted as I have been during the past five years, you would scarcely **think** that there **was a conspiracy** against you, you would **know** it. This trial is a farce. It is not intended to try and prove that I murdered, or attempted to murder anyone! The attempt is to prove me insane that I may be placed where I will be unable to expose certain persons who are guilty of things I shall not mention here. Before we go any further in this matter where are the men I subpoenaed? Where is Wiltman Wasgood? Is not my subpoena to be respected as much as another's? Who is the man who has conducted this trial in a manner that is a disgrace to the community with his leading questions to perjured witnesses—?"

The Judge: "Madam, your words are an offense against the court!"

Fanny: "And the conduct of this trial is an offense against a higher court! I do not fear you nor all the legions of the law. There is a power above me that is superior to you, to the United States, to the President himself. I obey that power only. Now do with me what you will."

(To be continued)



THE ABUNDANT LIFE AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT  
or  
SELF-DEVELOPMENT OF SOUL, MIND AND BODY  
By LIDA BRIGGS AMERIGE

Continued

We do not see life **itself**, but that which tells the presence of life. We cannot see power itself but the results of power. We cannot see mind or intelligence but manifestations of it. All are **unseen** but we know they exist by results.

I am dwelling on these statements of being for they are the foundation. Without God we could not exist an instant, and it is getting out of tune with the Infinite and disobeying eternal laws that we become sick, unhappy and despondent.

God's laws are perfect and we must get within the range of these laws to receive His blessings. If you want the sunshine you must go where it is shining instead of in a cave or dark cellar. All the prayers in the world would not bring it there. Likewise if you want perfect health, more power, greater supply, added intelligence or any other blessings you must conform to God's laws in order to receive them. Nothing comes by chance, but all in accordance with Divine laws.

In endeavoring to work within these laws in unfolding the **self**, try to realize your vast possibilities. Rule out of your consciousness all thoughts that make you seem weak and small, and realize that you are a part of all that is and that you are not here by chance but for a purpose.

The soul or self is the seat of consciousness, that portion of us which thinks, feels, chooses and wills. It is the "I am" or spark of God within. Whenever you say "I," or "I will," you are speaking of the soul. **You are the soul.**

The spirit is the etherial part of us, which at the time of so-called death still clothes the soul and dwells with it in the etherial world. It is a counterpart of the body, only finer.

The body is the outer robe we wear while dwelling here on earth. It is composed of gases, fluids and solid particles which are constantly being thrown off and of themselves have no **feeling** except as mind directs.

Every atom of the body is permeated with mind, so that even the prick of a pin is felt. When the soul leaves the body at so-called death the body has no sensation and soon goes back to the elements of which it is composed. Hence we see that **only**



**mind can feel** and that it permeates our entire system, as God is everywhere, omnipresent.

The soul forms its conclusions and stamps them upon the spirit and body, hence it is necessary if we wish to be healthy and happy that the thinking, feeling, choosing and acting part of us works in harmony with Divine law.

Whatever you wish to attain, whatever you are lacking in, to be as perfect as you desire you must begin to reach out for and seek diligently. One way is by prayer or aspiration, another is by affirmation and realization and still another is by holding a pattern in your mind of what you desire to become or possess, and then work to make visible that which is held in mind.

If it is health you are seeking reach out for Divine assistance. Affirm that you have health, realizing that as you are a child of God it is your birthright and that you are surrounded by health. Then work to make visible the health within yourself by acting it as far as possible. Stop talking of your infirmities, but affirm "God is my health, God is my strength" and conform to the laws of health.

If it is happiness or success you desire, follow the same rule. Reach out for higher aid, realizing that God is the source of all happiness, and your supply. Say many times in face of all obstacles "I am happy" or "I am successful" and then act as if you were. Stop talking of sorrow or failure, look up instead of down.

In the building up process it is well to hold one vitalizing thought in mind each day and dwell on it as you go to sleep each night. This focalizes to one point the Infinite Abundance in which we are immersed, and also attracts assistance from countless unseen intelligences.

What you desire may not be manifest to your consciousness at the present time but sets processes in motion to draw to you what you seek. Statements are like chisels used to hew away all obstacles and form the perfect model. They are a pivot around which smaller thoughts can circle for illumination.

Rejoice in your heart and give praise with your lips for all the blessings you now enjoy, and by following the method just outlined you will place yourself in connection with the harmonies of the world and in time be able to solve all problems of life as you would one in mathematics. The law underlying each is unerring.

(Continued in next Aletheian.)



## SUCCESS

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—Mrs. A. J. Stanley in *Life and Action*.”

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