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Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

EDITED BY LLOYD KENYON JONES

MARCH, 1920

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Features in This Number:

The Broken Reed By Ollah Toph

Do "Ruling Passions" Survive Death?
. By Harry E. Tudor

The Life of James "Farmer" Riley

Wanted: The Spirit of the Law

Spiritualism's Seventy-second Birthday

Educational Features

Press Comments and Criticisms

Psychic Experiences

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Communication

981-992 Rand, McNally Building

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P.X. 15 A 50

These Special Combinations for Acceptance Only Until the Next Number of "Communication" is Out!

HERE are some new "Table-Top" Combinations that will be kept open only until the next number of "Communication" is out. These Combinations are offered for the purpose of moving some of our stock—to make room for more volumes that the bindery insists upon delivering. The advantage is yours. Past experience with these Combination offers, proves to us that these Combinations will be popular, and that the introduction of "The World Next-Door" in these Combinations will meet with your approval—and action.

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How many times have you lent your copy of "God's World," and the "Table-tops?" You have been glad to lend these volumes to friends, because in that way you are doing some real missionary work for the Truth.

Perhaps your own copies have become worn—and you would like to replace them. Perhaps your friends are asking frequently for copies—and after they have read these "Table-tops," not only will they feel more kindly disposed toward Spiritualism, but they will send their orders, and become buyers of our various works.

Every time you lend a copy of a "Table-top" to a friend, you are helping the Cause—and these Combination offers make it an inexpensive matter to do this part of the Big Work. You have a variety of selections before you—and whichever meets with your approval, will be the order to send on the accompanying order form.

THE STEAD CENTER

533 Grant Place - - - Chicago, Illinois

84 pages

A Free Message from Mrs. Cook

with full Enrollment Fee for 1920

"ORIENTAL LESSONS"

☐ The March, 1920, number of the "Oriental Lessons" of The Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center, terminates the first year of these Lessons—that have brought to nearly twelve hundred men and women a new, deeper, broader understanding of Spiritualism.

☐ April, 1920, ushers in the second year of these Lessons, and they will have some new features—retaining, however, the popular Questions-and-Answers Department, and the other features that have proved so popular and helpful throughout the first year of this study.

☐ An entirely new feature of this new year's issue of Lessons (coming to you monthly) will be a message through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cecil M. Cook, Pastor and Medium of The Stead Center. As soon as you have paid your new year's enrollment in full, you will be entitled to this message.

☐ In sending your remittance for the 1920 Lessons, ask two or three questions that will form the basis for a message from Loved Ones Across-the-Way. These questions are essential as a basis of attraction, and whatever comes through in addition to the answers, you will receive privately; not in the Lessons.

☐ Many persons are paying for the first year's "Oriental Lessons" in installments, and they may so continue to pay—but should indicate to us, by writing a letter, if they wish to keep on with the new Lessons on the same basis. We must correct our mailing list for the new year.

☐ Each month, the Teachers dictate a direct Lesson on some vital subject—and this feature, like the Questions-and-Answers, based on the teachings and on psychic development, will be continued. You will be permitted to ask any such questions that may concern you—whenever they occur to you.

☐ We can not ask Mrs. Cook to send a message from the seance-room of The Center until the full amount of ten dollars, covering the year's enrollment for 1920—and terminating with the March Lesson, 1921—has been received. This we do in fairness to those who remit promptly.

☐ The Teachers feel that these messages will bring the Class Members into closer harmony with their loved ones in spirit, and will produce new inspiration in securing from these Monthly Lessons, the greatest value they can impart; a value that your own receptivity must determine.

☐ There is a combination remittance form enclosed with this number of "Communication," and you will find spaces for your enrollment and remittance. In the March, 1920, Lesson, those who are now Members of this Class, also will be informed of these facts and these new plans.

☐ If you wish us to send copies of the first year's Lessons to you, there is a space provided in the general order-form for that Free Examination. We shall be glad to have any of our friends examine these Lessons before deciding if they wish to subscribe. Such examination carries no obligation.

The William T. Stead Memorial Center

533 Grant Place

Chicago, Illinois

APR 10 1920

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

MARCH, 1920

Volume I

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Misunderstanding

By OLIVE SHELDEN MANTOR

*Oh, speak not a word! The days are fast passing;
Speak not of the days that now are gone by
When trials of life were so hard and harassing;
We might have done better; at least we did try.*

*Oh, speak not a word! It was misunderstanding,
For each had intended to be just and right;
Let us forget it, and be countermanding
Our errors, and search for new peace in God's sight.*

*Oh, speak not a word! Let go of the feeling
Of "wrongs" never once intended for you;
Why should dark clouds of anger come quietly, stealing
O'er friends who should ever be faithful and true?*

*Oh, take back the scorn! Forget it! Forget it!
Why should we have nurtured red anger and hate?
It is not the Christ-way, and before we regret it,
Take it back, take it back, before it's too late!*

*The Voices are telling, "The light is before you,
The light that must guide you straight upward to God!"
Be as true to the light as the mother who bore you,
The mother whose body lies under the sod.*

*The days are fast passing, so let us forget it!
And think of the joy and the peace that will come;
There is "Heaven-on-earth," oh, so much for our profit;
Let us journey together; together go home.*

Introducing "Communication"

In this, the first number of "Communication," I have tried to make it at least twice as good as my promises indicated it would be. If we can deliver something that is better than the advertising that sold it, then we have gone a long way toward making friends.

Like a person, a magazine should function properly, and the functions of a magazine are many. Every person is not going to care for that which appeals to all others. We have our likes and our dislikes—and sometimes we are pronounced in expressing them.

The magazine was never edited that agreed with the ideas of every one of its readers. Being an editor is much like being an umpire; it is a job of hazards.

In selecting and preparing material, I have thought of your happiness, your gain—and so much have I thought about these things that are yours, I have undertaken a considerable burden by way of obligations, with paper acting as a sort of drum-major in leading the upward climb of prices, and with the printing trades not quite certain if there is a roof to their demands.

Next month, "Communication" may cost more to produce than it costs this month; and how many months this process of addition will continue, I do not even ask the spirit-world to solve for me, chiefly because I prefer to remain ignorant and continue to hope from month to month that this is the end of high prices.

There is one way out of the dilemma, and I have set my face in that direction: If I give you a magazine of real merit, as I have tried to give you right from the start, you will think of me as a friend who deserves more consideration than merely a kind thought. You will go to some friend of yours and get a subscription; maybe to several friends and secure several subscriptions.

I am not cheating you on quality of contents, quality of paper or quality of typography. I am coming to you honestly with an honest article—and after so much painstaking labor, I think you will bear with me while I present a few figures for your consideration.

This number of "Communication," and all subsequent numbers until it has grown in the number of pages, contains eighty per cent. as much reading matter as "God's World." Because "God's World" was a bound volume, it was impossible to sell it for less than two dollars. This magazine costs you two dollars a year, or under seventeen cents a copy taken by the year. Therefore, you pay only eight per cent. as much as you pay for "God's World," to get eighty per cent. the reading, which means that you get your reading for precisely ten per cent. the cost of a bound book of the same contents.

As the writer and compiler of "God's World," I think I am justified in saying that you get the same quality here that you received in that book, plus a greater variety.

If you will buy a copy of "Good Housekeeping," which contains many more pages, and then count up the actual contents, I think you will find that "Communication" has just as much reading matter. The difference is one of advertising, and while we should be delighted to have some of that advertising, we shall add pages as the magazine grows in circulation and receives more advertising patronage.

That brings me to the point of the advertising policy: No matter how much this work needs money, it would be

permitted to rot before I would accept any questionable ads. If at any time I find that I have accepted such advertisements, upon presentation of the facts to me, I assure you that those ads will be discontinued.

Certain classes of advertising will be barred permanently from "Communication," not that we think all ads in those classes are bad, but because the classes themselves should not be confused with a religious work. Tobacco ads, medical ads and stock selling ads will be barred; and so will all the other objectionable classes of advertising copy.

This number of "Communication," I am mailing to every person who has ever purchased any of the books with which I am concerned. If you have not sent a subscription, then here is the evidence of what "Communication" will be, and I hope you will lose no time in sending your two dollars for one year. With the mailing of the next issue, I shall apply to the Post Office Department for entry under the second-class ratings, and that will prohibit further general sample mailing.

If you do not intend to subscribe, sending twenty-five cents for this copy will not harm you, and it will help us. But add a dollar and seventy-five cents to that quarter, and receive "Communication" for the balance of two twelve consecutive monthly issues. Several important continued series start in this number and you will not wish to miss any installment.

"Communication" will be mailed from our office hereafter around the first of each month, so that it should reach its several destinations in the United States and Canada about the tenth of the month of current dating.

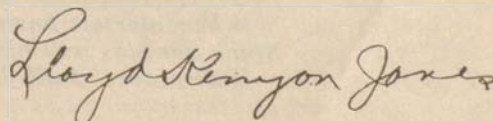
While we shall print a limited number of illustrations, this is not presented as an illustrated magazine. Therefore, do not expect it to be as profusely illustrated as some of the popular fiction magazines.

"Communication" is not the organ of any center, church or association. The Spiritualistic Educational Association is a corporation, organized not for profit—meaning for religious and educational purposes—under the Illinois law, and this corporation has no connection with any other religious body. We shall welcome facts relative to all associations, all spiritualistic churches and all mediums. Reserving the editorial right of selection, we shall make "Communication" the magazine of one church no more than another, and will treat all alike to the best of our ability, and be good to them until they see that we mean it, and they are good to us.

Then we shall keep right on being good to them!

As you glance at the calendar, please remember that, no matter how many days there are printed on it, the time to come in and help, for the joy of perpetuating something worth while, is NOW!

Very sincerely yours,



"Communication,"
981-991 Rand, McNally Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Snowdrops

Plucked by Snowdrop

ROSES

*Born in the morn on the hillside,
You dreamily smile at the sea,
And the sweetest perfume of your delicate bloom
Bears the fragrance of incense to me.*

*Man nursed you far back in the dawning,
The Orient mothered you then,
And Sharon you blessed, of all flowers the best,
The nearest and dearest to men.*

*You followed the ships of Phoenecia,
With man toward the low, setting sun,
Where he took up his home, there you, too, ceased to roam;
Your life, with man's life, was begun.*

*You bloomed in the garden of Caesar,
Great and lowly drank in your perfume,
And as man's lips would press you, his passions would dress you
In the weave of your gowns on God's loom;*

*Wore red to reflect man's mad wooing,
And white to betoken chaste thought.
In each delicate shade, mortal moods you portrayed,
You aspired to whatever man sought.*

*You've graced every page of earth's hist'ry,
You've followed and blessed man the while,
You have sung for each bride, and wept when men died,
You laugh for each sweet, childish smile.*

*Though the gay Riviera might claim you,
Or in France with the poppies you wave,
Or bloom with the heather in burly Scotch weather,
Or sleep on a brave soldier's grave,*

*Or color a hedge in old England,
Or nod on some tropical isle,
Wherever you grow, by your presence we know
'Tis a place that some man found worth while.*

*God sent you from spirit to Eden,
To brighten and bless mortal trails,
And since time began, you've been comrades of man,
And lightened life's ceaseless travails.*

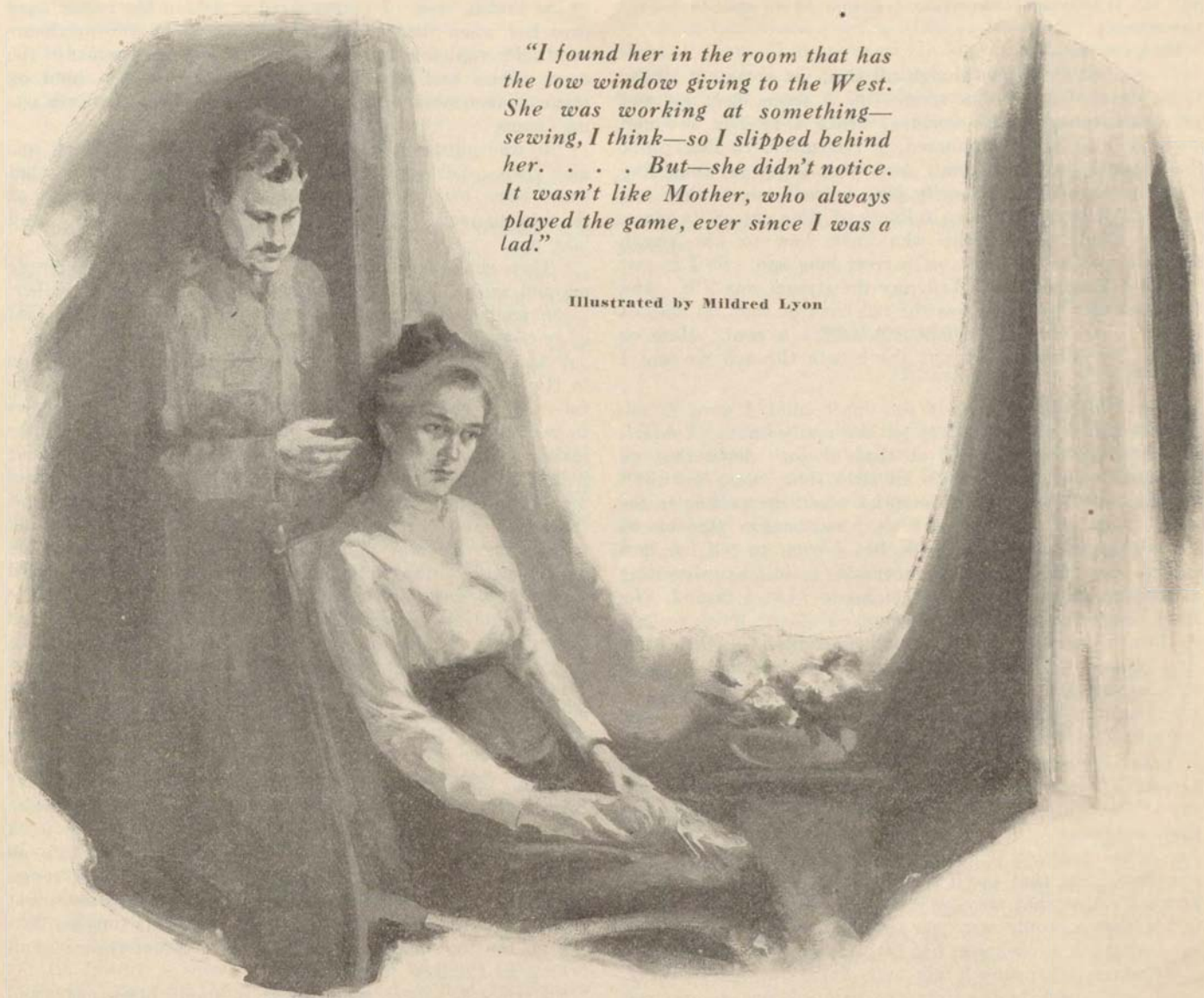
*Look we east, north or south, or to westward,
Fairest blossoms of earth, you shall know
That of all blooms, apart, you're the flow'r of man's heart;
In the pure light of spirit you grow.*

*In Homeland, when earth trials are over,
When mortals have come home to rest,
Spirit gardens will bloom and your spirit perfume
Will prove, of all flowers, you're best.*

—SNOWDROP.

"I found her in the room that has the low window giving to the West. She was working at something—sewing, I think—so I slipped behind her. . . . But—she didn't notice. It wasn't like Mother, who always played the game, ever since I was a lad."

Illustrated by Mildred Lyon



The Broken Reed

By OLLAH TOPH

(Copyright, 1920, by Ollah Toph)

I THE VOICE

Several months ago I was awakened in the night by a voice calling "Mother, Mother!" I saw a form dimly—a man.

My son had been seriously ill. My first thought was alarm for him. Then I remembered that he was safely asleep in the adjoining room.

Again the voice cried out, "Mother!" and then, brokenly, "Oh, mother, I said I'd come back, I said I'd come back!" From other inarticulate words I came to know that something of the wreckage of the Bloody Sea had drifted to my shore.

A few nights after, a voice shot across the silence—"Walter Douglass." Thereafter, at intervals, the voice tried to rivet my attention.

Once, Prudence Hopewell, the seventeenth century spirit who speaks a beautiful, soft olden dialect—Northumbrian, perhaps—a language which I do not know when it is first spoken—neither the words nor the archaic spelling of words

which I do know—but which I translate with arduous research; a spirit who, in clairaudience and trance, through my organism, is speaking and singing and dancing the joy of continued life, spoke lightly to him and drew him away. Then, to explain her frivolity, she said to me that thus must she speak, to save his poor heart from breaking.

Recently I was told that a spirit "from the flames of war" would tell of the white light in which he now stands.

When I asked Prudence Hopewell if she will speak for him, she says: "Slipit mee the belt off the dure. Speken hym for hiss ain. An' thes troth!" (I slip the bolt of the door. He speaks for himself. And this—truth!)

I wait. I listen. It is Thursday, January 9, 1919.

His voice speaks. It is young, eager, broken as with joy that can not be restrained, as with tears that strangle joy.

"Oh, Madam, Madam, someone tells me it is possible—" (I am shaken with that vibrancy which is responsive to spirit presence. I feel that physical thrill like an electric shock or the convulsion of a chill, transmitted through my being from the ground up; creeping, flashing, whatever be the celerity of the transmission, from my feet

up. It is physical sensation transputed to spiritual consciousness.)

He goes on—

“—possible to go through all this, yet come out whole. Once, on the banks of a river—Oh, it seems ages ago and yet I am young in the world—I broke a reed in two and made a whistle. I wondered, I remember, if Pan piped through one just like this. And then I got to wondering if a broken reed could really pipe as well as one that just came softly and in its own fullness of time out of its place, to the hands of someone who knew how to put breath through it. On the banks of a river long ago. So I’m just like that broken reed. Well, say the stream was life. And the hand that broke me was the red hand of war. It doesn’t matter now—that part of it. A reed’s a reed. Here or there. But someone has put the breath through me and I pipe.

“But Oh, Madam, first, if you don’t mind, I want dreadfully to get to my mother, to let her really know. You see, she believes; religious, and all that; doesn’t doubt that we live again somewhere. She’s all right that way. And she’s not ugly about this, you understand, about my getting in the way of one of those sweet little whizz-bangs. She knows I’m kicking around somewhere, but I want to tell her how we live and that being a ghost outside is just as interesting as playing a ghost inside. You know what I mean? No. Well, Mother will. It’s an illusion. Mother’s quick to take up things, quick at riddles, puzzles. Things of that kind. And games! Say, she can checkmate every time. Funniest slow moving hand. Takes her time, and before you know it, sweeps everything her way and chucks you in a hole. Then looks up and smiles as if she thought you liked it.

“She’s true-blue, Mother is. She’d fight for England herself if there wasn’t any other way. And if you’ll just say it this way—let me say it—that Walter Scott Douglass that went out with the Highlanders—from London, mind you—calls back, “Whoo-oo,” perhaps Mother will hear, somehow. Say that she’ll remember when I came up to the house I called that way—“Whoo-oo”—and then a whistle.

“Mother’s people were far-fetched in their speech, careful and stilted, you know, but father’s people were easier.

“And so it happens I talk both ways.

“I went back once, after the call. I was to go back again—it was when the traveler’s joy was blooming, I remember—but something prevented. So I never saw home again till the night I walked up to the door—I don’t know how I got there—I remember leaning against something, tired, like I’d come miles—I called out, ‘Whoo-oo’ but no one heard me.

“When I went in—I don’t know how, I just was in—I smelled cake fresh in the air, and I felt all at once so alive. Like something heavy had slipped off. Free, like when you strike water in swimming or when you slip your togs to get ready for a race. I thought I’d slip up on my mother and hide her eyes. I found her in the room that has the low window giving to the west. She was working at something—sewing, I think—so I slipped behind her and clapped my hands over her eyes. But—she didn’t notice. It wasn’t like Mother, who always played the game, ever since I was a lad.

“So I called out ‘Whoo-oo’ again, and whistled.

“But she only got up in a stiff, sad way and went about something else.

“Then somehow, I was made to understand. I knew about the broken reed. That was always the way with me. Things got all jumbled up, lessons or games or anything I tried to think out. I just stumbled and got bewildered, and fussed. And then when I thought there never was such a dolt—others too!—why, there would come a still time when things didn’t seem to matter, and suddenly it would all be clear. Crystal. That way with me, then, when I got back

to the broken reed. I remembered a sermon the rector once preached when there had been a tragedy in the neighborhood. He said something about them that go down into the deep waters and of the Hand that never looses hold on them. I remembered, too, the choir sang about the Everlasting Arms.

“It was all clear. There was Mother, alive. Here was me, alive. Yet something had come between. But what could come between Mother and me? I thought again of the broken reed. Strange. On the banks of a river. And long ago.

“Then someone strange and very beautiful, stood beside me and said: ‘Suppose you come away with me a while?’

“Friendly, and fun in his eyes. But his mouth like that of one of the pictures of the Christ I’d seen somewhere.

“And say, Madam, I believe even Christ must have fun in Him to help Him bear the burden. It’s reasonable. The fellow that has no laugh in him goes down when it comes to bearing or doing things. It just seems to me that laughter makes a load lighter. That is, the laugh that keeps itself inside. I say ‘fun,’ because that’s the word that comes first with me. I’m young, you see. There was a fellow out there that took that damned business so serious you’d think it was just his war and all the rest of us butters. He never laughed at anything. Glowery. And at last it showed why. He’d got all crooked with himself and God and the country and his oath to do his damndest to clean up that rotten mess, forgot all that and slunk. So it ended in a break-o’-day party for him and no ‘moaning at the bar.’”

(I put questions to him. Sometimes I have to check his volubility. “Now, dear boy, try to answer concisely. About when did you—go out? Where? How may your Mother be reached?”)

Again there is the eagerness that jeopardizes verity of communication. Then, more steadily, as if weighing words:

“In the second year—I think. I was only in the thick of it a few weeks. Where? I can’t just say. It’s all smoky to me, like London in a fog. There’s a sound comes back to me like trams and trams over a cobble street, great splits of sound, roars; gashes of red like great tongues licking up the fog; hard swallowings like a great throat swallowing all the men of the world.

“I remember there was a river, a woody place near, and the waters of the river were roiled for some reason.

“There was a town near, for we went there—some did—for sweetmeats, such as we could get—biscuits, toffy balls, a funny sweet, sticky, with a string run through. You sucked it down to the string. There was a girl there that had eyes like stars when a cloud comes over. Brave! You wouldn’t think! With not a man of her people left, every one either dead or still fighting for France. I remember how she twisted the English words and the boys would get her to say them just to see the fun of her face all breaking up into dimples and smiling twists. A boy’s a boy even when there’s bigger business on hand than laughing at a pretty girl.

“About that last question. Oh, dear, that’s the one I want to answer most of all.

“Well, then, there’s a road leading out of London a way. I want to be on that road, close, but not in the town. (He interrupts himself to ask, ‘You ever there?’ ‘No.’) “That’s not definite, of course, but I have to feel my way. The name slips. Things go. And I can’t get them back. I think you’d go from the heart of the town, or say, rather, start at the Nelson monument, go west, then at the edge turn north—that would be the road winds a little northwest, wouldn’t it?—past a church with vines. There’s a coo-erage, out a way. There’s a Margaret in my family; on Mother’s side a Janet. On father’s side there was someone that had lots of music in him. My father didn’t always agree with the Thunderer but he read it. The funny part

about him is that he's so very particular about the way the paper's folded up when he's through with it.

"I had a pally-mate that had been in longer than me. Shot through the throat. Jimmy Concannon. You'd guess his forbears. Say to Mother about someone wearing the beads for big neck. But how to reach her?"

"God! If a fellow only could! Wait. . . . There's a George Enbright. There's a man in orders, that limps a little. Something in his youth."

I say to him there are English papers that publish this truth about the dead—who have not died—that they can call back to their beloved. I suggest that if this word be sent to those papers, if this name and the attempt at identification, be printed by them, the mother of Walter Scott Douglass, killed in the Great War, may be found, I have the faith that the needle in the haystack will leap to the magnet held above it.

Prudence Hopewell says:

"Valters heem to thes vor thet thochts o' hame gedder hiss strenth away and binden hym ower fest to the erd aince mair. Bute vauntage hym aff knowleche here and ablins, vill verk oot the purpos aff hiss lif vram thes syde wi' mor aff suete thone yeef Deth wenken hym nott to a oder slepe. Vill speken hym off the vays aff here; or hoefen, or hel, ye zay, wech efre bee the fele o' it, to ye—hoefen, ver that ye lern the use o' thy soule's wengs; or hel, ver thet huiles to erd, ye tether ye wi' the led off vikede dedes an' sinfu' thochts. Bute my vord to the erd bee: Lufe ye thes suete new soule com to thy midst. Gif velcom to hiss vord. And knowen through hiss wee-lad knowleche, oder grete and wisen, vill sift the gowd off knowleche mor sure thone hiss. Through ye mists an' murks aff erd, vill Godde's vovk (ye zay 'angels?'—zay me, juist—'vovk') shinen the light of staren off troth. Cumfort heem, ablins, poure dere! and mony oder to the varld. Tay gif mee chairge o' hym. List to thet! Bee mee who cradlit nefre a babby to my brest, a wee moder."

Which, authenticated by careful research as a dialect of early English forms, with a Scotch admixture, a border tongue, translated, reads:

"He falters to this, for that thoughts of home gather his strength away and bind him over fast to the earth once more. But he profits him of knowledge here and perhaps will work out the purpose of his life from this side, with more of sweetness than if Death winked him not to another sleep. He will speak of the ways of Here. Or heaven or hell, you say, whichever is the feel of it to you. Heaven, for that you learn the use of your soul's wings. Or hell, for that while to earth, you tether you with the lead of wicked deeds and sinful thoughts. But my word to the earth is: Love you this dear new soul come to your midst. Give welcome to his word. And know, through his little-lad knowledg, others, great and wise, will sift the gold of knowledge more sure than his. Through the mists and murkiness of earth, will God's folk (you say 'angels'?—I say 'folk') shine the light of stars of truth. Comfort him, perhaps, poor dear! And many others to the world. They give me charge of him. Listen to that! Me that cradled never a baby to my breast, a little mother."

Her mood changes gaily. "Well, weel, com here, ye grete lad," she calls, "and prey ye to thy moder's knes?"

Then, seriously and sweetly she says to the "grete lad" standing somewhere among the gray shadows whose silver linings are turned to him: "Thonken Hym aboon us alle: aboon the tore and vikede varld; efen yon us thet biden neath Hiss shine, thet ye been gi'en sic a suete chance to speken the erd thet Deth been juist Godde's jest to man to help hym lauch to thes syde—vor efre!"

To herself and to us: "Oh, lufe mee the toche off a breken rede to my hairt, suete vrendes."

This is her word which is inexpressibly tender in the speaking and which loses a little of its beauty in translation: "Thank Him above us all, above the torn and wicked world; even beyond us that dwell beneath His shining, that you are given such a sacred chance to say to earth that Death is just God's jest to man, to help him laugh to this side—forever!"

Then to herself and to us, as though she folded something infinitely precious in her sheltering arms:

"Oh, I love the touch of a broken reed to my heart, dear friends!"

II

THE CROSSING

Friday, January 10, 1919.

11:30 A. M.

The wind today is like the tuning of a violin, changing to new notes. But unlike an instrument in human hands, Nature's hands always bring forth harmonies; whispering or thundering waters; wind voices; singing leaves or grasses or swishing of grain in the fields.

That part of Nature which man permits expression in and through himself, is harmony. It is when man, inventive or ruthless or ignorant, obtrudes unreasoning, subnormality on Nature's sweet and calm reasonableness, that life deafens to discordance.

But though dissonance threaten the music of life, harmony serene, untroubled, holds on, even though in undertone. The birds have not forgotten to sing because wide-eyed Grief lays its hand in the wounded side of France. The sun does not dim its shine because of blinded eyes in the world. The winds do not lose their sweetness because of the moans of Belgium.

No! And because Nature holds to harmony, broken souls somehow find their way out from the Place of Olives to the Mount of Transfiguration. Grief remembers that its sister is Joy and fumbles an uncertain, shaking hand at the lock of the door which lies between; knowing that out of the wound of France shall come balm for the world; that out of the stink of a fester sore and the rotted decadence of a nation there shall come moral sanitation and the spiritual rehabilitating of a shrunken and soul impoverished people.

Every now and then this morning, after an interval of hush—a rest in a winter's melody—love song or lullaby or triumphal, as you interpret—there bursts an insistent motif.

The day is one of glorious sunshine, like the dream of a dead summer. The grasses are faded, to be sure, but that is only the mist of the dream. There is a reminder of June in the sapphire jewels of sky pinning white clouds together. The window before which I write, frames a lovely picture. The evergreens are in faded green, their color has "run" a little, through washings of summer dews and autumn mists, the last exhalations of Nature's growing things. The winter winds and rains have beaten the last leaves from the orchard trees but their gray branches are graceful reminders of vibrant, pulsing life beneath outer coverings. If vibrancy is restrained, if pulsation is slow—well, the soul of things lives on.

Sometimes, sitting alone before the pleasant fireplace with the green wood trickling wordless songs and the dry wood orchestrating, I have heard a persistent melody running underneath what seemed at first merely happy harmonization of wind sounds. There has been a motif, insistent, recurrent, so that if my musicianly sense could hold it as readily as my heart holds it, it could be reproduced at the instrument; not in its delicacy at the piano. It is a motif for stringed instruments, possibly for reed. It is haunting, exquisite, with staccatos, crescendos and emphasizing an-

dantes. But the tuning or the toning of me is inadequate, imperfect. There is the musician sense but not that divine touch which falls on a Master and enables him to interpret the songs without words.

I have come to know, through a subtle delicacy of hearing, intensified by cultivation of the psychic gift, that there is a world of definitive location, between the world of physical sense and that of spirit. Nature plays on muted strings. The physical sense of hearing is cognizant of the muted melody, delicate, exquisite, of swaying rhythm, clear toning, harmony. For the physical plane, as the psychic, is a thing of gradations. As I am sensitive to degrees of clairvoyance and clairaudience, my naturally keen physical hearing abetted by the musicianly hearing, makes me sensitive to toning that you may not hear at all; or that you, having more sensitive unfoldment, may hear more clearly than I hear it. You may travel through that world of song and discover another song world of still finer music. You may hear the fading reverberations of a tone struck from a piano keyboard, while my ear hears it only in its first production. Tonal receptivity determines the degree.

It is not imaginative hearing, it is not vagary.

The physical plane as well as the psychic plane, implies gradations, degrees.

There are layers of sound; not echoes, but finer expressions.

It is possible that one might have this cognition of hidden melodies on the physical plane, yet be nonperceptive, non-cognizant on the purely psychic plane. But for him who possesses both spiritual perceptency and physical keenness, there is, indeed, a world of song builded about the duller monotone of life. The last faint tone-material melts into the first expression of melody spiritual. As the last earthly exhalation blends with the first spiritual inhalation after life's uncertain dream has faded in the glorious awakening to reality. The five senses uniting in the sixth, produce the seventh sense, which is that of spirit, of revelation.

Thus is clairaudience understandable; not one of the mysteries, but a revelation whose shining perhaps has not yet fully fallen our way.

The world may shout and I do not hear; neither praise nor blame, neither exaltation nor blasphemy.

My soul whispers and I respond. And clearer than the world's shout is the voice of my friend who speaks with shadows over his mouth.

When a faltering touch sweeps the strings of my soul's harp, I listen—until the harping is more certain.

I stumble on, catching here at a tone to give me courage, and here at a pause to gather confidence, out from the world of glorious winter sunshine and singing winds, to the inner world of melodies.

As the touch on the harp becomes surer, stronger, I know that the Wise Ones who mantle me with the grace of a finer expression at times, are tuning my harp to new melody, are bringing concord between me and another so that there may be at least suggested the music which beats all about us and which we may dimly comprehend but never,—never!—unless we be of the Masters,—quite hold.

I fare toward Quietude, my staff a prayer; Yea, an thou wilt.

There is the reed whistle, a boyish—"Whoo-oo," and—"Oh, Madam, there are so many things I'd like to say—about earth, you know. There was the dog with the yellow face and the duck that had the string around its leg and got caught. The time when Mother was so ill and we tiptoed about the house, and the smell of that drug all through made you think of hospitals and apothecaries' shops. Then there was the primrose that Mother loved for the smell and color. A long time ago when she first knew father she had a gown the color of a primrose. That's why.

and said, 'My, but that smells good,' and always stayed till she got a taste. Little things like that.

"Funny you don't forget little things, isn't it? Now, some of the big things for me, like the end of it—that vomit of hell that I wallowed in before I got Here, that's all hazy, like a black dream.

"I was a cheer-up sort back there, so it sticks. Anyhow, what's the use now of grooching? There's—Here!—and that's enough for me. . . . Ladykin would love the flowers Here. She'd fill her skirt full and her hat trimmed like she used to. [This plainly is an interpolation, for he says, "Say, that wasn't my word. I don't know any Ladykin. Sounds like a dog's name. My dog once was Bruce. But a fellow Here got his come-in on this and says someone will know. You ought to see them crowding about!—Here! Quit your jostling!—all anxious to get a word in.] But someone—the man with the fun in his eyes and the Christ mouth, just puts his hands on their shoulders and they quiet down.

"All but one—young Jew—and he seems to think it's a personal matter that the man looks like the picture I told you of. You ought to see him—the helping man, I mean—old and yet so young, like a fellow that's lived thousands of years just because he's lived through every youth that he's ever touched.

"You can't get away from his eyes that make you think of earth—all the pleasant, funny things of it; and his mouth that seems to hold back something, always holding back, like there are things he can tell but won't because we aren't ready for the telling. Something like that. I go hook on saying things inside out. But I do wish that bally Jew would wake up.

"The bloody sinner's in the sulks. Won't see that Here's like a new billet. You've got to look around a bit before you go to grooching. If you break camp at night you're pretty lucky to strike a dry spot by morning, I think. Irritating. That Jew. When he really does wake up and knows he's got to stay Here! Whew-ee! I'll lose myself a few while he grounds his emotions.

"Now we seem to be alone, the man and me.

"He shows me the way to this. Oh, well, doesn't show me—I'm a dub—but tries to. Doesn't seem to mind my dullness. Patient.

"Somehow, I think of what the rector said of the Way of the Cross. At Eastertide. Not Catholic, you know, but he had a good deal of the mystic about him. He said that the Way of the Cross is the way of every soul that ever really amounts to anything; that it is only by carrying what life gives you to carry like a man, and just going on the way, not counting the steps, that you really reach eternal life.

"I didn't think much about it then. The appeal of the sermon was in the bearing things like a man. I think that was the splendid thing about Christ—that He was such a man.

"He didn't whimper.

"I tell you we cleaned whimperers out, there at that door of hell. We just made them stiffen up. One six-foot leggy thing that had got into uniform by mistake, looked like a bag of ashes when he heard his first gun, but a five-foot-four sergeant—got scratched himself afterward and clicks his tongue in a hole that used to be a part of his face map—tough on his people, poor devil!—just got behind that bloody son of fear, and kicked him till you didn't know whether 'twas ashes he was or sawdust. But he stuck! And by George! you'd begin to think maybe he'd got a little sand mixed in. West. But didn't slink. That's what I thought first time I went in: Lord, let me stand up like a man, don't care how I fall. Queer sort of prayer. But it boosted a lily-livered minute all right.

"But about eternal life. That's set me to wondering Here. Where does life begin and leave off? He says not

to worry. That life is just like love, that it doesn't begin or doesn't end. It just is. But I like to get into things. That's what my Mother used to say. Sometimes sighed.

"The thing I like about this place is, it's comfortable. Out there we were either too cold or too hot or too tired or too sleepy or too anything that meant being uncomfortable. But Here you don't think anything about whether you're comfortable or not. You just are.

"Maybe it's thinking about discomfort makes it. (That damned Jew again! He keeps sticking his fingers in his ears and swallowing like a gaffed fish.)"

[I say to him to be careful, to make every word count. And he answers:]

"I know. But there are so many things. And the fellows keep calling out. He says that after while when I've learned how better, I can be alone when I like to be alone. He says earth has a hold on me yet, it has on most at first. That is, the feeling of earth. He says you can't think the earth away. You have to live it away. There or Here. Seems to have a meaning, for his eyes grow far, when he says it and his mouth sad. But I'm dull. And too, I'm young. Understand?"

Then, apparently striving for concentration, he speaks more slowly.

"He says the atmosphere to this side is changed for a while; that so much young life spilled in is like when a spring rain comes to earth—there's a fresher look to everything. Like when windows are opened and fresh air comes into the room. (Oh, say, my Mother had the maid open one window up and one down—from the top, you know—when she cleaned the rooms, brooms and rugs and dust, you know. But Here everything's opened up.)

"He says that the youth of Jesus was the greatest asset (his word, that) in the spreading of the gospel of love; that if He had been old and suffered and died, the world wouldn't have cared so greatly, that it was killed youth that hurt. Youth and its promise, its bloom, its fragrance, its morning for the dusks of the evening to look back to and be glad and sad about all at the same time. But then, say, Judas was young, too, wasn't he? No one seems to have gone mad with grief over him. Bet you what? Judas has got mixed up with the Huns somehow. What you think?"

(I laugh back, "But you must weigh your words. There is only so much strength at a time to this." That is, to communication.)

"Well, Peter, now. Peter was a liar—at least along about cock crow—wasn't he?" And then, seriously: "Yes, I know, Madam. I'll be good."

He goes on:

"He says it was the killed youth in the war that hurt.

"That when the world loses youth it's like having a perpetual cloud over the sun. That it was the killed youth in the war that made the world's heart so heavy, like when a storm cuts down grain in the ripening or trees or flowers in the budding. So it was the youth, not just the bodies, you understand, not just him standing there or him standing here; not that it's a lord's heir or a commoner's son; not that it's rich or poor, or proud or humble, or even good or bad—I'd say different about that, wouldn't you?—but that it's youth all put together—the things it means—ambition and talent and genius and love. Love! He says that's the really dreadful thing about killed youth or lost youth. That love must be stayed for a while. His word, that—stayed. It does just seem as if a big brutal hand had squeezed life dry and thrown it in our faces.

"Once out there I saw a flowering tree cut down. All misty-white like a soft veil over the thing that had been a living sign of new earth a little while before. It hurt. It made me think of communion when the little girls seem to walk in a place to themselves, like a garden all of sweet, white flowers. Or of weddings with the bride looking like

a star in a white mist. Or like a dead, very young child. Or like the boys in the choir when the sun came out and touched up their surplices till they seemed white angels gathered about the throne and not just little rascals that in an hour's time would be dirty fisted and squaking anything but Venite Adoramus.

"It hurt. The broken tree. More than when I saw one of the fellows stretched out. I can't explain and that sounds brutal, materialistic. But it isn't. It's because over there life wrote stories for me on the red page. More even than in the quiet time. I grew. I found meanings in things. Talking of leaves. Stars, when we had to lie out. Fellows' lives. Like I'd begun to get ready. Whew-ee! Well to be on time.

"I asked him—the man—about the crossing over.

"He says it's according to your way of looking at it. Queer answer. That the soul part of you determines your Way of the Cross. And the way of crossing. Some will always tell of the shining bridge they tramped over. They tell you they just suddenly found some of the company gathered together beside a stream they didn't know, hadn't seen before, not so clear, but a strange light in the waters—luminous, that's it—created its own light, shone itself out. Like some things Here. Clothes and yes—faces. All shining bright, like the light comes from inside. Mostly light strikes on a thing to make it shine."

(His voice, running his words together frequently in his eager friendliness, breaks on a cough. "Not that I've got it Here," he explains, "but getting back close to earth, you get the feel of things you used to have. And if imagination's a part of a fellow once, it stays, don't it?")

"About the light. He says the soul makes its own light, that no soul can walk by another's light or in another's light. If you try to stand in another's light, you get only shadows. Grey. Or clouds. Black. That way.

"So they'll tell you they came crowding across the shining bridge, some not minding where they went or how. Some weak, so the fellows had to help them, arm them, you know, chuck hold the elbow and walk them on, like when a fellow's not hard hit but dazed, gone plunk. The bridge all light, shining like when the sun used to come in at the vesper service in the church and fall across the altar and the white cloth with the gold threads working flowers in it. I remember how I used to love vespers just for that. Sometimes, when I got too close to myself over things like that, I felt wicked, like I'd exalted things of the flesh over things of the spirit—gold lights and shadows that were grey curtains in the corners. Things like that.

"Once I asked the rector—somewhat slow, you know—a boy don't like to speak out his inside self—but the rector understood. Jolly good sort. He'd been young.

"So I always looked for a sunny afternoon, after that, when I went to vespers. There'd sure to be the light across the altar.

"The rector laughed when I told him why I didn't come regularly. Then he sighed. And said something about a man's esthetic sense being maybe the index of his spiritual sense.

"But he sighed.

"After that I went once to vespers on a grey, misted afternoon. Just to be square and even things up. The rector was the squarest sport I've ever known.

"That day he preached—Oh, no, just talked, like we were all brothers, and him the littlest of us all—about the steps that lead down to hell. The altar cloth was like a white splotch on a grey background. And the boys' surplices made me think of shrouds, where you lie with one hand over your stomach, like your last hurting was there. Give me sunshine!

"The crossing over. Other fellows will tell you they dropped asleep between bullets and woke up Here. Then drop off to sleep again. You can't make them believe what's happened. They don't want to believe, they're not interested. They soak in the comfort. It's fine to feel decent; not caked in mud and sopped like a floor rag.

"One fellow told me he slid in on a star. Could you come one better than that? Actually believes it. Says he saw the star coming his way. Someone yelled to him to look out—nowhere to look but out—and next thing he knew Here he was. And you can't make him believe a German bomb hit him to the path of glory.

"Another one, a soft-eyed chap, says his mother saw he was getting tired of all that mix-up and leaned down—this way!—and lifted him away. I don't argue that. His mother was Here.

"Another one says quite as if he believes it and expects you to, that he was out there on the ground, with a hole in his side. And that while he was wondering how long it would take to pour out all the blood in a chap's body, from a hole in his side, and what would his people say when they got word from the War Office, he saw Jesus bending over him.

"Jesus! Think of that!

"Then somehow, he got to thinking of the green pastures and the still waters—thirsty, likely, poor chap!—and say, you ought to hear the rector read that, the sheep psalm—and that Jesus just smiled him into sleep. And he woke up Here.

"Strange!"

("How did you cross over, Walter Douglass?" I ask.)

His tone is laughing. "Well, I didn't run. I dropped." Then he goes on, more seriously: "I remember the awful noise and the red tongues licking up men. There were cries and shouts and oaths and prayers—half prayers, maybe, choked on oaths. A fellow isn't too particular staging that kind of a show.

"Then a red tongue licked me up and when I was vomited back out of that hard swallowing throat, there I was with other fellows standing 'round waiting for something to happen, new orders, maybe. But the officers I saw, looked groggy.

"Someone in this strange new company began moving and the others followed—most of them. I'm one that tramped over the shining bridge. Someone says that bridge was stars strung together. Such an absurd idea. The bombs don't thread stars. They scatter 'em."

And, if the concord between him and me was broken for a time or if he willingly grew silent, I do not know. Only—the strings of my harp were pitched to another key and Prudence Hopewell said with authority:

"Zay mee aff the brig. Atween hæfen and erd, tare been a brig, a stare, a ledder—wha ye vill, wha efre bee thy soule's coax at the houre vone the soule dispairs vram the body. Ye image thet, onli. Yeef ye bee nere to erd at the laist breth, ablins, ye furth-on ofer a brig. Thet fitten to thy spent strenth. Juist to cros ofer and nott vele the weari off clomben.

"Bute yeef dreame lede ye gytntly on, thone ablins, ve clomb a mont thet shinen ye the vay—and oop. Or a ledder wi' rungs aff licht; or a stare wi' steppes off gowd.

"Som slepe to Here; some vepen to Here; some juist foulen tare yen, liken the wee petals aff a flure drupen onder the vate off a hevvy dew. Bute to thes syde the crystal dewes bee vingres aff licht to varme tam petals to tare sid unfouldment. And som tymes ye membrane aff a grey daye huile on erd, passes its grey hond ofer the face off hæfen, and thone, vor a breth, ye thinken ye staren haud tare torches licht doon.

"Ye zee, liken zawn the laddie off thes tayl, grey schadewes to the temple off thy soule; grey vales yent the holy

candle stik, the glome off grey goons to the singers i' the loft; the grey aff weerds, keeking the mists o' tyme.

"But, suete vreonds, knowen ye thes: An so thy altar cluth bee huite, ye sall zee juist a slaunch o' sonne—hæfen's smile—shinen oot and glent the gowd threde twesting flowren.

"The temple bee thy soule; ye preest, thy selfe; the altar cluth wha thy spindle and distaff weven wi' the flax o' life; and thy honds broider wi' gowden smiles and silvern tears."

Which, rendered in modern English, reads:

"I say of the bridge: Between heaven and earth there is a bridge, a stair, a ladder—what you will—whatever is your soul's lure at the hour when the soul parts from the body. You imagine that, only. If you are near to earth at the last breath, perhaps you go forth over a bridge. That fits to your spent strength. Just to cross over and not feel the weariness of climbing.

"But if dream leads you gently on, then perhaps you climb a mount that shines you the way—and up. Or a ladder with rungs of light; or a stair with steps of gold.

"Some sleep to Here; some weep to Here; some just fold their eyes, like the little petals of a flower, drooping under the weight of a heavy dew. But to this side the crystal dewes are fingers of light to warm those petals to their wide unfoldment. And sometimes the remembrance of a gray day while on earth, passes its gray hand over the face of heaven, and then, for a breath, you think the stars hold their torches light down [inverted]. You see, as saw the lad of this tale, gray shadows to the temple of your soul; gray veils back of the holy candle-stick; the gloom of gray gowns to the singers in the loft; the gray of ghosts, peering through the mists of time.

"But, dear friends, know you this: If your cloth be white, you shall just see a slant of sun—heaven's smile,—shine and glint the gold thread, twisting flowers.

"The temple is your soul; the priest, yourself, the altar cloth what your spindle and distaff weave with the flax of life; and your hands embroider with golden smiles and silver tears."

The day is done.

My harp is hung on the wall.

The door is closed, but the Hand on the Other Side will not lose the key.

(To be continued.)

There are so many good things to tell about Spiritualism, and about those earthly instruments, the mediums, who have brought it to its present high state, that we look forward to the time when "Communication" will contain many more pages. You can help bring that period about, because every time you get a new subscriber, you add to the strength of this work.

We must not expect all humor to go out of life. It is good to laugh, but one may laugh without ridiculing. There is a heap of difference between the two forms of merriment. Laughing about things, and at them, comprise divergent points of view. Laugh with your friends, but not at them. When laughter takes on the form of censure, it ceases to be humor, and does you more harm than good.

"The Bible says, 'Try the spirits,'" is the warning of many who claim to be versed in Biblical lore. Then they quote one little verse of fifty words, out of a total of eight hundred thousand or more words comprising the Bible, and say, "Behold, this verse is the Scriptures." Any one can turn to several other verses that appear to be direct contradictions of the one quoted. Until all related parts of the Bible are considered that cover one subject, no one has a right to say what the Scriptures mean.

Do "Ruling Passions" Survive Death?

By HARRY E. TUDOR

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In this—the first—publication of one of many instances of my personal experience of the truth of spirit communication and proof of the survival of human personality after "the change called death," it affords me unqualified pleasure to pay a slight tribute to the personal characteristics and, moreover, to the supernormal gifts of Mr. Frank Montsko, Pastor-Medium of the First Spiritual Church of New York City.

Three years of the most intimate acquaintance with Mr. Montsko—both in the exercise of his arduous and, at times, strength-exhausting calling and in his day-by-day domestic life—has served to impress me with a deep regard for his steadfast truth-adhering observance, and his never-faltering appreciation of the responsibilities entrusted to his keeping.—Harry E. Tudor.

Even though many of the more eminent men of the worlds of science and thought have arrayed themselves on the side of the belief that human personality survives "the change called death," and that, in consequence, there is a universal widening of a conviction that communication with spirits has assumed the character of an established fact, one hesitates before "rushing into print" with narratives of personal experience in directions where religious creeds—in lesser or greater degree—enter into controversy or discussion that must, inevitably, follow.

Insofar as my personal attitude towards communication with spirits is concerned, I may say that there is nothing of the "emotional" in my temperament, and that, throughout my business career, I have been engaged only in activities of the most "material" order, and offering little time or scope for consideration of other than mundane affairs. With the ending of twenty-five years of world-travel, circumstances have permitted a settled-down condition, and, some two years ago, occasioned an interest in the problem of the after-life. After reading "Raymond"—and with due appreciation of the standing of its author in scientific circles—I determined, so far as possible, to solve the psychic riddle for myself.

I may assert, unhesitatingly, that no scientific or lay investigator of the occult has entered upon research into this complex subject with more and deeper-rooted skepticism than myself. Unbiased by the study of every authoritative work yet published, dealing with psychic phenomena in its every form, I prepared myself to condemn and expose the faintest suspicion of fraud and imposture that I might come across in my quest.

Had I have exercised this, latter, purpose to the extent that my experience warranted, I should have been as busy as the entire staff of a District Attorney's office, but, with no ambition to pose as a Public Prosecutor, contented myself with warning many that had, palpably, fallen under the spell of one or another of the "chavaliers d'industrie"—to be found in all large cities—that find exemption from the necessity to "toil or spin" beyond the exercise of the ready

wit, glib tongue and sympathetic (!) nature that constitutes the stock-in-trade of the mediumistic charlatan. In several instances I noted a "To-Rent" sign in the windows of houses where I had, a few days previously, sought to "try the spirits." It may be that the form of my inquiries and my behavior during a "sitting" gave rise to a suspicion that my business may have been other than of its professed character. I may add that the first months of earnest quest resulted in accumulation of material sufficient to fill a dozen volumes on the subject of human gullibility.

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"The crossing over. Other fellows will tell you they dropped asleep between bullets and woke up Here. Then drop off to sleep again. You can't make them believe what's happened. They don't want to believe, they're not interested. They soak in the comfort. It's fine to feel decent; not caked in mud and sopped like a floor rag.

"One fellow told me he slid in on a star. Could you come one better than that? Actually believes it. Says he saw the star coming his way. Someone yelled to him to look out—nowhere to look but out—and next thing he knew Here he was. And you can't make him believe a German bomb hit him to the path of glory.

"Another one, a soft-eyed chap, says his mother saw he was getting tired of all that mix-up and leaned down—this way!—and lifted him away. I don't argue that. His mother was Here.

"Another one says quite as if he believes it and expects you to, that he was out there on the ground, with a hole in his side. And that while he was wondering how long it would take to pour out all the blood in a chap's body, from a hole in his side, and what would his people say when they got word from the War Office, he saw Jesus bending over him.

"Jesus! Think of that!

"Then somehow, he got to thinking of the green pastures and the still waters—thirsty, likely, poor chap!—and say, you ought to hear the rector read that, the sheep psalm—and that Jesus just smiled him into sleep. And he woke up Here.

"Strange!"

("How did you cross over, Walter Douglass?" I ask.)

His tone is laughing. "Well, I didn't run. I dropped." Then he goes on, more seriously: "I remember the awful noise and the red tongues licking up men. There were cries and shouts and oaths and prayers—half prayers, maybe, choked on oaths. A fellow isn't too particular staging that kind of a show.

"Then a red tongue licked me up and when I was vomited back out of that hard swallowing throat, there I was with other fellows standing 'round waiting for something to happen, new orders, maybe. But the officers I saw, looked groggy.

"Someone in this strange new company began moving and the others followed—most of them. I'm one that tramped over the shining bridge. Someone says that bridge was stars strung together. Such an absurd idea. The bombs don't thread stars. They scatter 'em."

And, if the concord between him and me was broken for a time or if he willingly grew silent, I do not know. Only—the strings of my harp were pitched to another key and Prudence Hopewell said with authority:

"Zay mee aff the brig. Atween hœfen and erd, tare been a brig, a stare, a ledder—wha ye vill, wha efre bee thy soule's coax at the houre vone the soule dispairs vram the body. Ye image that, onli. Yeef ye bee nere to erd at the laist breth, ablins, ye furth-on ofer a brig. Thet fitten to thy spent strenth. Juist to cros ofer and nott vele the weari off clomben.

"Bute yeef dreame lede ye gyntly on, thone ablins, ye clomb a mont thet shinen ye the vay—and oop. Or a ledder wi' rungs aff licht; or a stare wi' steppes off gowd.

"Som slepe to Here; some vepen to Here; some juist founen tare yen, liken the wee petals aff a flure drupen under the vate off a hevvy dew. Bute to thes syde the crystal dewes bee vingres aff licht to varme tam petals to tare sid unfouldment. And som tymes ye membrance aff a grey daye huile on erd, passes its grey hond ofer the face off hœfen and thone, vor a breth, ye thinken ye staren haud tare torches licht doon.

"Ye zee, liken zawn the laddie off thes tayl, grey schadewes to the temple off thy soule; grey vales yent the holy

candle stik, the glome off grey goons to the singers i' the loft; the grey aff weerds, keeking the mists o' tyme.

"But, suete vreonds, knowen ye thes: An so thy altar cluth bee huite, ye sall zee juist a slaunch o' sonne—hœfen's smile—shinen oot and glent the gowd threde twesting flowren.

"The temple bee thy soule; ye preest, thy selfe; the altar cluth wha thy spindle and distaff weven wi' the flax o' life; and thy honds broider wi' gowden smiles and silvern tearen."

Which, rendered in modern English, reads:

"I say of the bridge: Between heaven and earth there is a bridge, a stair, a ladder—what you will—whatever is your soul's lure at the hour when the soul parts from the body. You imagine that, only. If you are near to earth at the last breath, perhaps you go forth over a bridge. That fits to your spent strength. Just to cross over and not feel the weariness of climbing.

"But if dream leads you gently on, then perhaps you climb a mount that shines you the way—and up. Or a ladder with rungs of light; or a stair with steps of gold.

"Some sleep to Here; some weep to Here; some just fold their eyes, like the little petals of a flower, drooping under the weight of a heavy dew. But to this side the crystal dewes are fingers of light to warm those petals to their wide unfoldment. And sometimes the remembrance of a gray day while on earth, passes its gray hand over the face of heaven, and then, for a breath, you think the stars hold their torches light down [inverted]. You see, as saw the lad of this tale, gray shadows to the temple of your soul; gray veils back of the holy candle-stick; the gloom of gray gowns to the singers in the loft; the gray of ghosts, peering through the mists of time.

"But, dear friends, know you this: If your cloth be white, you shall just see a slant of sun—heaven's smile,—shine and glint the gold thread, twisting flowers.

"The temple is your soul; the priest, yourself, the altar cloth what your spindle and distaff weave with the flax of life; and your hands embroider with golden smiles and silver tears."

The day is done.

My harp is hung on the wall.

The door is closed, but the Hand on the Other Side will not lose the key.

(To be continued.)

There are so many good things to tell about Spiritualism, and about those earthly instruments, the mediums, who have brought it to its present high state, that we look forward to the time when "Communication" will contain many more pages. You can help bring that period about, because every time you get a new subscriber, you add to the strength of this work.

We must not expect all humor to go out of life. It is good to laugh, but one may laugh without ridiculing. There is a heap of difference between the two forms of merriment. Laughing about things, and at them, comprise divergent points of view. Laugh with your friends, but not at them. When laughter takes on the form of censure, it ceases to be humor, and does you more harm than good.

"The Bible says, 'Try the spirits,' " is the warning of many who claim to be versed in Biblical lore. Then they quote one little verse of fifty words, out of a total of eight hundred thousand or more words comprising the Bible, and say, "Behold, this verse is the Scriptures." Any one can turn to several other verses that appear to be direct contradictions of the one quoted. Until all related parts of the Bible are considered that cover one subject, no one has a right to say what the Scriptures mean.

Do "Ruling Passions" Survive Death?

By HARRY E. TUDOR

(Copyright, 1920, by Harry E. Tudor)

In this—the first—publication of one of many instances of my personal experience of the truth of spirit communication and proof of the survival of human personality after "the change called death," it affords me unqualified pleasure to pay a slight tribute to the personal characteristics and, moreover, to the supernormal gifts of Mr. Frank Montsko, Pastor-Medium of the First Spiritual Church of New York City.

Three years of the most intimate acquaintance with Mr. Montsko—both in the exercise of his arduous and, at times, strength-exhausting calling and in his day-by-day domestic life—has served to impress me with a deep regard for his steadfast truth-adhering observance, and his never-faltering appreciation of the responsibilities entrusted to his keeping.—Harry E. Tudor.

Even though many of the more eminent men of the worlds of science and thought have arrayed themselves on the side of the belief that human personality survives "the change called death," and that, in consequence, there is a universal widening of a conviction that communication with spirits has assumed the character of an established fact, one hesitates before "rushing into print" with narratives of personal experience in directions where religious creeds—in lesser or greater degree—enter into controversy or discussion that must, inevitably, follow.

Insofar as my personal attitude towards communication with spirits is concerned, I may say that there is nothing of the "emotional" in my temperament, and that, throughout my business career, I have been engaged only in activities of the most "material" order, and offering little time or scope for consideration of other than mundane affairs. With the ending of twenty-five years of world-travel, circumstances have permitted a settled-down condition, and, some two years ago, occasioned an interest in the problem of the after-life. After reading "Raymond"—and with due appreciation of the standing of its author in scientific circles—I determined, so far as possible, to solve the psychic riddle for myself.

I may assert, unhesitatingly, that no scientific or lay investigator of the occult has entered upon research into this complex subject with more and deeper-rooted skepticism than myself. Unbiased by the study of every authoritative work yet published, dealing with psychic phenomena in its every form, I prepared myself to condemn and expose the faintest suspicion of fraud and imposture that I might come across in my quest.

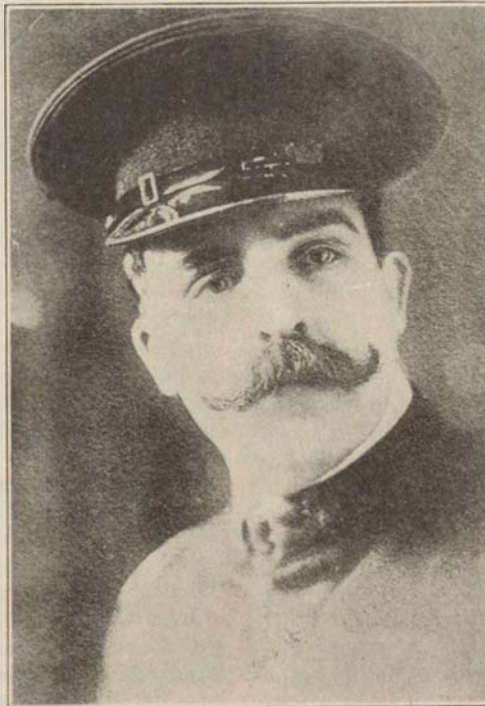
Had I have exercised this, latter, purpose to the extent that my experience warranted, I should have been as busy as the entire staff of a District Attorney's office, but, with no ambition to pose as a Public Prosecutor, contented myself with warning many that had, palpably, fallen under the spell of one or another of the "chavellers d'industrie"—to be found in all large cities—that find exemption from the necessity to "toil or spin" beyond the exercise of the ready

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"THE OLD ARM CHAIR"

Photo by Chas. Nesensohn.

"Bonavita's" favorite group-posing of the twenty-seven magnificent jungle-bred South African lions whose training represented the most remarkable example of carnivorous wild animal subjugation ever known.

to my friend's qualities and memory, as a biographer, I finally decided to abandon the work though its successful consummation would have given me the keenest of personal pleasure as a labor of love rather than as a medium of personal profit.

In the same, palpably, confident spirit that Sir Oliver Lodge has acclaimed that he has established communication with his soldier-son, Raymond, I assert that—through the mutual discovery of what may be termed a "spiritual radiophone," I enjoy frequent talks with my "Damon," and, at times, in directions that would seem to point to the possibility that human personality survives death even to the extent of the predominating of a "ruling passion" in the after-life. Where there appears the elementals of discussion, on this point, for the more earnest students of psychical research, I, personally, am content to follow the advice of Sir A. Conan Doyle—contained in his book, "The New Revelation," and to be satisfied with the knowledge that communication, once established, should be maintained only in application of reason and discretion.

The skeptical reader may say "Proof!!" To this I can only reply by saying that there are from twenty to forty other persons present in the "radiophone booth," and have the privilege of "listening in" on frequent occasions. At times I resort to a "private booth" in my home, and find amusement in confounding my personal friends whose, in some instances, assertive skepticism is subjected to a rough jolt.

In order to better explain the extent of my friend's "ruling passion" in life—and which, eventually, brought about his death—it is necessary that, for the first time, I relate the story of the human side of his remarkable characteristics and the course of events that brought about his decease, and which, strangely enough, was in strict accordance with a premonition that he had and maintained would, sooner or later, be consummated—and which he could have avoided.

Without further concealment of the identity of "Damon," in life, I may say that he was well and widely known as

"Captain Bonavita," and, under that name, was—if the opinion of the foremost zoologists, and others whose profession necessitated their being authorities on the subject, can be accepted—"the most remarkable lion trainer that ever lived." Some few qualified this opinion by adding the words—"or ever will." That, however, is for the future to decide. In the course of my fourteen years of intimate acquaintance with him—as director of the Bostock exhibition of trained wild animals—I was asked some thousands of times as to what nationality the name and the man were representative of. As a matter of fact, this "nom d'arene" was given him by the late Mr. Frank C. Bostock in simple appreciation of his excellent and outstanding qualities. The meaning of the word is apparent in its translation—"Bona" meaning "good," and "vita,"—"life."

John Gentner was just "plain American" and descendant of one of the earliest settlers on the Pennsylvania farming lands in the pioneer days. He was remarkable, as a boy, for his being possessed—by some vagary of heredity—of an artistic temperament, and a marked love for, and influence over, all dumb animals that came in his way—or that he could find. The more ferocious canines of the farmyards were his firmest friends, and his power over them regarded as being of the uncanny order. With no taste for agricultural pursuits he, while in his teens, sought employment in Philadelphia and found scope for his ideas of art as an assistant to a photographer. Turning his attention and talents to the more artistic side of his trade he became known by "studies" in which wild animals were his principal subjects and the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens his source of inspiration.

The "tide in his affairs" came with the exhibiting of the "Bostock Animals" in Philadelphia, and his acquiring permission from Mr. Bostock to devote his morning hours in attempts to secure "time exposure" photographs of a number of magnificent male South African lions that were contained in the justly-famous collection. The light was of the poorest for his purpose, and the animals restlessly resented the intrusion upon their morning siestas. Gentner's presence, at first, irritated them but, after some weeks of



"A REHEARSAL INTERVAL"

Photo, Chas. Nesensohn.

(From left to right) "Romeo," "Pluto," "Denver" (who attacked "Baltimore" during the fight in which "Bonavita" sustained injuries through which he lost his right hand), "Ajax," "Baltimore," and "Mars." Though so badly handicapped in the event of trouble, "Bonavita" persisted in using only a buggy whip to direct the animals in their exhibitions.

untiring patience and his succeeding in "making friends" with the brutes, he expressed himself satisfied with the results. On Mr. Bostock's seeing the photographs, he asserted that "he must have hypnotized the lions,"—the conditions would seem to point to there being some truth in that opinion with the achieving of the excellence of the photographic replicas of the "Kings of the Jungle," copies of which were given the place of honor in an exhibition of "animal studies" held, subsequently, in Philadelphia.

That Gentner had become fascinated with the lions was evidenced at the closing of the season in his approaching Mr. Bostock with solicitations for employment. The genial "Animal King" promptly advised his abandoning so foolish an idea, and, on his persisting that he was in earnest, jestingly proffered him the position of a cage attendant, that had been dismissed, as being the only vacancy on the staff. To Bostock's surprise the offer was accepted, but he insisted that Gentner—in whom he had become interested in their fellowship in animal interest—should arrange his business affairs only to allow his taking a month's vacation. Bostock estimated that, in less time, the aspiring cageman would find the decidedly inartistic nature of the duties of a cleaner of animal cages anything but to his liking—and more than sufficient to dampen his interest in so close an association with carnivora. Gentner declined to accept higher wages than his fellow cagemen and, burning the bridges of his former ambitions, donned the overalls of his new position and zealously carried out its duties.

Before the end of the prescribed month he had requested to be permitted to "try his hand" at training the worst-tempered lions of the collection. That they were not units of one or another of the "performing groups" was by reason of their having acquired the reputation of being "bad" where attempts to train them, hitherto, had to be abandoned and, in consequence, they had been relegated to the "cage animal class," and worth their maintenance by reason of their superb beauty. Bostock's experienced knowledge and eye had noted a change in their tempers under the charge of the erstwhile art student, but such could scarcely

be regarded as promising well for their behavior under a course of training. Bostock agreed to his, at least, "trying"—under safeguarding conditions and which were soon found to be unnecessary. Without detailing his months of superhuman patience and courage, and the matching of an indomitable will against the individual, and collective, ferocious tempers of the shaggy brutes, it is sufficient to say that he accomplished what the most experienced of the training staff ("born in the business," in their various European countries) had, long before, decided was both impossible and foolhardy. The "gentleman-cageman," as he had been dubbed by his fellows in respectful and appreciative camaraderie, having accomplished this seemingly-impossible task, manifested an *Oliver Twist* appetite for "more." In his artistic mind he saw visions of magnificent animals posed in classic living statuary and the realization of the ideals of what could be accomplished without the lash and the prong of the stereotype "lion tamer,"—at least, such was manifested in his substitution of a buggy whip and a short stick (to interpose between himself and animals at too close quarters), and the subsequent results of his humane methods of training.

The opportunity offered Mr. Bostock to establish his exhibition as the principal entertainment feature of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, representing the ever-inspiring Gentner's chance of realizing his ambition—and he solicited that he be given fifty lions to train in readiness for the exhibition's opening. Bostock demurred—the time was too short—the danger, to Bonavita, too great, and the space required for the presentation of so vast a horde of lions beyond the limits of the space allotted for the erection of the colossal arena building. The ex-gentleman-cageman-artist persisted that the first two obstacles did not exist, and that the methods—that he had already planned—had taken the third into consideration.

Within twenty-four hours every American and European animal dealer and collector, every public and private Zoo director and every trader on the East Coast of Africa, knew that a prompt purchase awaited the finest fully-grown speci-

mens of "leo Africanus" that could be shipped to the Bostock establishment within a prescribed time. Bonavita insisted that, in every instance, the animals should be "raw" and "forest-bred" (i. e., born out of captivity), and so retaining their natural instincts. His fellow-trainers, bearing the scars of, to apply the vernacular—"being copped" in the course of training from six to ten lions, shook their heads and unanimously agreed that Bonavita had selected a mode of hari-kari that only a victim of mental aberration should think of.

The supply was unequal to the demand, although an expedition had been fitted out to meet it. Some forty-odd lions

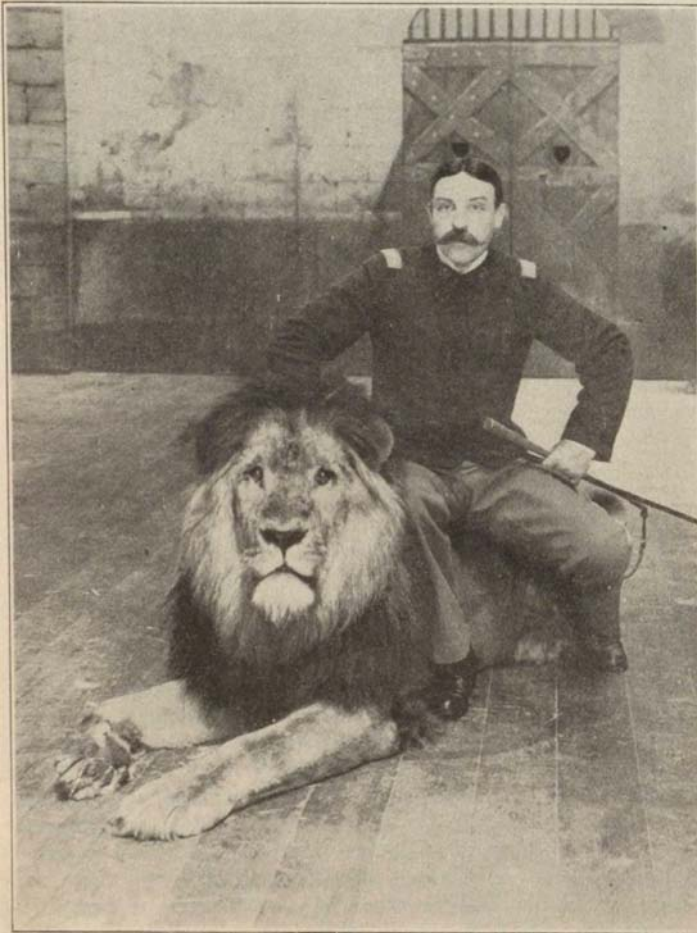


Photo. Chas. Nesensohn.

"MARS"

Whose ferocity and strength determined the "Presidency" of the "Republic of Twenty-seven Lions" in a score of arenic revolutions and battles. To prevent the animals, during these melees, from injuring one another "Bonavita" would exert his indomitable will to end the fighting,—not without, at times, injury to himself and, finally, at the cost of his right hand.

resulted from the unique round-up, and Bonavita's hyper-critical inspection of the animals resulted in his selecting twenty-seven that pleased his artistic ideas of leonine beauty, and embodied the essential variety of temperaments suitable for his purpose. Recognizing that it was impossible to increase the number, both by reason of even the size of the allotted arena space and that his group should have no blemishing disfigurement in the appearance of a single animal, he professed himself as being satisfied. Accompanied by a devoted assistant and his huge mastiff, "Pluto," a disused car-barn was assigned for his use and he "started in" upon the masterpiece of his ambitious career. At his urgent request officials of the A. S. P. C. A. were invited to be present at any hour during day or the night, for the upholding of the principles of that admirable institution (and of which Bonavita was a loyal member), and his invitation was accepted.

At the end of months of unflagging perseverance, untiring patience, of denying himself proper rest in order to school the animals in "shifts,"—to avoid tiring them—and not a few "coppings" in separating the more quarrelsome of his pupils, Bonavita presented himself and his scholars at the Pan-American Exposition three days before its opening, and devoted that time to allow the animals' acclimating themselves to their surroundings. Worn and haggard, but triumphant, Bonavita presented the results of his self-imposed super-Herculean task as an item of the opening ceremonies of the Exposition, and was accorded a reception that presaged his subsequent successful career and a worldwide celebrity.

Modest, unassuming and retiring to a degree, Bonavita paid but little attention to the plaudits of an audience or the encomiums of the press. He made few intimate friends, and, wherever possible, had a connecting way built from the rear of the arena to his dressing rooms to avoid the "felicitations" of those who would waylay him, or the professional interviewer. As embarrassed as any schoolboy when talking of his "work," but appreciating that publicity was an essential asset in Bostock's business, he finally agreed that the press agent of the establishment should exercise a full play of his gifts of adjectives and elaboration so long as he, Bonavita, was not called upon to "speak for himself," and become the bane of the enthusiastic publicity man's existence in decrying the result.

The late Miss Ellen Velvin, F. Z. S., when editing "The Training of Wild Animals," by the late Mr. Bostock, "gave him up as a bad job" following many vain attempts to "draw" him for the purpose of writing her book. Bonavita would not admit that lions were treacherous and would

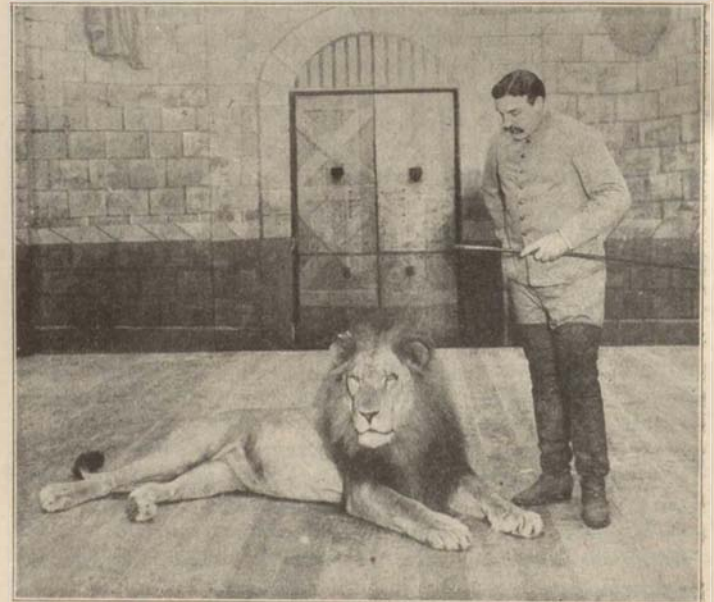


Photo. Chas. Nesensohn.

"BALTIMORE"

The lion to whom "Bonavita" owed the loss of his right hand,—as described in the accompanying article. On the trainer's return to the arena—following the amputation and his determination to continue his training—it seemed that "Baltimore" was constantly conscious of having "done wrong" and became the most docile of the group.

stoutly assert that his "accidents" were purely the result of his own mistakes. He could judge by the "set" of a lion's jaws, on the entry of the animal into the arena, as to its temper, and would act accordingly in cajoling it to assist in observing due decorum.

His most serious injuries resulted from his interfering between fighting animals to prevent their mutilating or disfiguring each other. Such was on occasions when a peculiar situation arose—and which may be interesting in detail.

(To be concluded.)

How I Get Messages for Others

By MRS. CECIL M. COOK

Pastor and Medium of the Stead Center

Now and then I find it possible to go out of Chicago, so that I may bring my mediumship to others, and wherever I go, men and women are sure to ask, "How is it possible, Mrs. Cook, for you to get messages for persons who live at a distance, and whom you have never seen?"



MRS. CECIL M. COOK

Really, I am pleased to answer that question, because it gives me an opportunity to impress upon students the truth of the continuity of life, and the fact that the spirit-world is one. By that, I mean that the spirit-world works much as one big, harmonious family. Also, it gives me an opportunity to explain how the Law of Attraction really operates.

Each of you has his or her guides. These guides may be loved ones you have known on this earth, but who have passed into spirit; as well as other dear ones whom you have attracted, but whose identities you do not know.

All of these dear ones in spirit are not with you continuously. Some are with you at one time, and some at another time, but all are in touch with you—can sense when you call to them, and know your heartaches and your happiness.

You have decided to send to me for a message, and if your purpose is pure, and you are not trying to use your spirit loved ones only as instruments of an experiment, you will send from your heart a sincere desire. It is sincere, because its purpose is pure. It is honest and clean. That is just like a clear wire for the sending of a telegram. You have no clouded atmosphere around you. Your vibrations are in tune with the dear ones on the other side. You are asking for them for some word, and you have no intention to test them. But if you intend to test them, the wire is no longer clear. They will do their best, but they can do no better than you permit them to do. The obligation is yours, and not theirs.

Not coming to my seance-room in person, you must send something that represents you, something that sets the forces into action. This may seem like a hazy sort of statement, but I shall explain it better:

If you come into my seance-room, no matter how much of the forces the spirit-world draws from me in order to build up the conditions that make communication possible, they must draw something from you. If you have tightened up, as a skeptical person would do, or as one would do who did not understand communication, that would be like holding within yourself the very forces that are needed. You would close the door, and your loved ones in spirit could not come so close to you.

But if you come open-mindedly, and believe that there are many things in heaven and on earth to be learned, you will loosen up; you will give out these forces, and clear the wire for your loved ones.

Suppose that you are not present in my seance-room, but have sent questions to me to be answered? You have sent these questions not as tests, but as self-starters. You send them so that your own vibrations may enter my seance-room. You establish a sort of proxy for yourself.

Your letter does not come alone. Some of your dear ones

come with it, watch it, know when it has reached Chicago and when it has been taken up for reply in my seance-room. They are in touch with it. To them, that letter is the same as an electrical connection, and it would not be possible for our Secretary, Miss Horack, to pick up that letter without sounding the alarm on the spirit-side of life. A real entity has been brought into existence. That letter is like a battery.

The moment your letter is taken up, your precise condition is felt by those in spirit. Just how sincere you were when you wrote the questions, is known to them. If you were insincere, they feel it. If you were honest in your purpose, they feel that condition also.

I can not impress too strongly upon men and women how cruel it is to consider that their loved ones in spirit would lie or ever think of lying to them. To start out by believing that you must "test the spirits," and that they are as likely to be false as true, is the wrong way. Their world is not like ours, because we can hide our lies after a fashion from other mortals. In their brighter, more beautiful world, all lives are open books, and what one thinks and is, must be sensed by any spirit who is interested enough to find out.

Over-anxiety is almost as bad as disbelief. It shuts off the forces. It disturbs the conditions. Over-anxiety is a barrier, and only love, confidence and sincerity will clear the way. If you have sent out the wrong condition, I have no power to overcome it. I am not bringing your dear ones. I am like the telephone wire, over which the message will come.

My instrumentality will respond precisely to the purpose and the condition that are back of each request for a message, or each visitation to my seance-room.

The messages are dictated not by me, but by one of my controls; usually Bright Face or Pink Rose. It is not I who delivers this message, but these guides—and they, in turn, are assisted by others on the brighter side.

The Secretary sits at a small table in the seance-room, with her note-book and pencils. She reads the request for a message, including the questions, while I am under control.

My guides do not bring the dear ones on the other side. The sincere desire, the wish for a message, is what brings them. They come with as much strength as possible. That strength is not determined by them, but by the persons who ask for the messages. It is strength not as we understand muscular strength. I mean that these loved ones must come through the conditions of communication, through the forces that have been built up, and that these forces are clear or clouded according to the mental attitude of the person asking for word from spirit.

My controls see and hear, but if the conditions are not good, it is like seeing through a mist, or watching a picture that has been thrown upon a screen without being focused properly. If there has been doubt or a desire to test on the part of the questioner, my control sees the forms imperfectly, because she is in my body and is amenable to the forces of the seance-room. She hears imperfectly, and may err in receiving names.

You may ask, "Why should this be? Is that control not in spirit herself? Why can she not see others in spirit, and hear them clearly?" It is not for you or for me to make the law for the spirit-world. Any communication is received through "Borderland" conditions. In that Borderland, it is not entirely spirit and it is not entirely material. The vibrations of the two planes have intermingled. It is a composite of both.

When I am not under control and see clairvoyantly and hear clairaudiently, I experience similar conditions. If a person comes to me in earnest seeking, as soon as that person enters the Center, I can see his or her friends, and hear them. Often I think that three persons have come, when there is but one. But if a person comes in doubt and skepticism, I feel agitated as soon as that person has come in, and often several minutes before he has come. Rarely, under these conditions, do I see his spirit loved ones, or hear them. They are there, trying to do their best. They have love and faithfulness, but they are subject to the law of communication. That is natural law—as real as any of the more widely recognized laws, or expressions of the One Great Law.

Considering the great variety of conditions that will arise, it is not strange that every message should not be just what each person has expected. It is often that expectation that retards the receipt of the message. The remarkable thing is that all but a few messages come through clearly, though those who have asked for them may live in many parts of this continent. But it would be the same if they lived in the Orient. Distance makes no difference to spirit.

Even when messages are clear and convey precisely the information that persons should have, they may not read those messages correctly. What to them may seem of great importance, may be trivial in the estimation of their loved ones in spirit. Every message merits reading and re-reading, thinking about, studying, for those in spirit say much in little.

As a medium who has had long experience in public work, I know how people come for messages. They will come into the seance-room with only one thought in their minds: to have an O. K. on something which they wish to do. Maybe that is the worst thing for them. Like children, they cry for something that strikes their fancy. A married man may be in love with a young girl, and desire to have his wife taken from him so that he may form a new alliance. That is what he has in his mind, and when he is reprimanded for his desire, he says that the spirit-world is narrow and unjust. He comes not for a clean, honest purpose, but because he seeks justification for that which he knows is wrong.

Another person has set her mind upon going to some distant place, and wants to go; that is all there is to it. She simply has her mind made up to go. She is not going to receive with friendly welcome any suggestion that she is wrong.

Mortals must learn that their wants and opinions, their likes and dislikes, often hinge on some material condition. They give in to that desire. It is not their spiritual desire, but it is their material weakness. If someone comes along and agrees with them, that person is a fine friend. Maybe in a few years, weeks or days, conditions will change so that the thing wished for is proved to be the very worst thing that person could have. So long as the desire for it was present, no other opinion is accepted by him.

The loved ones in spirit come not with that which we would like to hear, but with the facts that we should hear and heed. They love us not as an over-indulgent mother pretends to love a naughty child; not by petting us and giving in to us, but by reprimanding us, and pointing the right road. That is not what we ask for, but it is what we should have—and until we can see that this advice is given to us for our own good, of what value is communication? If our dear ones in spirit must agree with us in our error, simply to keep on friendly terms with us, what shall we say to them when we enter spirit and see the true state of affairs?

The more naturally we come to our spirit friends, the more naturally they can come to us. They must use the forces at their disposal, and our mental attitudes have much to do with the nature of those forces. A strained condition means forces that are unnatural. A skeptical state of mind, is like a short-circuit; it keeps the forces from building up.

If you who read this had not seen your mother for many years, and she came to your home unexpectedly, you would be overjoyed—or should be. Why should you not feel the same happiness in greeting loved ones in spirit? Why treat them as though they were the dust of the street? Why show them plainly that you believe that they are lying? Do you think that this would be fair treatment even for a poor mortal—for a person whom you did not care about very much?

We must learn to come to our dear ones in spirit naturally, and they then can come to us naturally. The forces are clear. There are no obstructions. There is nothing to overcome. The messages will be to the point; and they will bring far more tests than you have ever thought about.

Let us just look at this test proposition honestly: You have some preconceived idea of some statement that would identify a loved one in spirit. You come to the seance-room, or you send for a message by mail, and this preconception is in your mind. You say to yourself that this would be an admirable test. In the first place, setting your dear one the task of meeting this test, is equivalent to saying that your loved one is capable of an untruth. If you excuse yourself by saying that you are not intending this as an insult to a dear one in spirit, but as protection against lying spirits in general, that amounts to admitting that you do not believe that the spirit-world is honest and dependable. Yet you expect to find your loved one in those environments, and believe that your dear one is honest and truthful. If such is the case, why should that dear one be living in a condition of dishonesty and untruth? What law would compel an honest person to seek such questionable company? We do not do so in this world. Why should they do such a thing in spirit?

Let us suppose that your loved one came through with that particular test. For a time you would be delighted. Then you might begin to say to yourself, "Oh, that was only telepathy!" Your test would have crumbled by your own doubt, because your test originally was unfair, and out of it could not come that conviction you expected. You can not take a dishonest thing and change it into an honest one.

When you come naturally, not seeking tests, not asking to have anything proved, you will find that tests come through that are tests. Things you have forgotten will be mentioned to you. Facts will be given to you that are out of your range of knowledge; facts that you will find are correct as time passes. You will have tests that can not be charged to telepathy or to any other cause, except the communications which they purport to be.

There is another thing to keep in mind: If you went to work in an office or factory, you would be confused the first few days. Nothing would seem to be natural. You would have to find your bearings. As time passed, you would understand the work better, and you would feel more at home in the place. It would be like moving to a new house in a strange part of town. For a while, the street would look unfamiliar, and you would have to watch your steps, in order to reach your home.

If you got up at night, you would be afraid to risk walking in the dark. Possibly you would have some difficulty in locating a light. But as the days passed, the neighborhood and the home would look more familiar to you, and you would find your way around the house more readily.

(Continued on page 57)

The Life of James "Farmer" Riley

Born in the flesh in Philadelphia, Pa., Aug 18, 1843;

Born in spirit at Marcellus, Mich., May 20, 1919.

ARTICLE I

On the 20th day of May, 1919, at Marcellus, Michigan, there passed into spirit one of the most remarkable and widely known mediums of the world, James Riley, familiarly known as "Farmer" Riley. Mr. Riley's two most pronounced forms of mediumistic development were materializations and independent slate-writing, although his mediumship included many other types of manifestations.

Following is a letter that will prove of interest to every Spiritualist and student of Spiritualism:

Marcellus, Mich., Dec. 22, 1919.

Mr. Lloyd Kenyon Jones,
Chicago, Ill.

Kind Friend:

I am sending some manuscripts concerning Mr. Riley's mediumship which may give you some idea of his work. But these are only a trifle compared with what he has done and accomplished for the cause of spiritual truth and good to humanity.

The large photograph was taken in his younger days, and the other smaller ones were taken along in 1917 and 1918, when he was traveling on the shady side of the hill, as he often remarked.

I wish you would have been able to meet him while in the physical form. You would have liked him. Everybody did. He was not a great talker as a general rule, but a great reader and thinker. He left a nice library of spiritual works. He had looked forward to your coming to Marcellus with great pleasure and often spoke of it.

He was a medium for many different forms of mediumship. He was a grand independent slate-writer. He might be eating his dinner when he felt the forces, and would call for slates; and sometimes without touching them, and having them put on the floor, with the person for whom the writing was intended touching them with his feet, and taking hold of Mr. Riley's hand, the slate would be covered with a lovely message, with no pencil between the slates. He was clairvoyant and clairaudient, and had beautiful dark circles, with voices coming through the trumpet, and singing, and beautiful lights. But materialization was his great gift. I have seen him, when the curtain of his cabinet was pulled back, sitting in his chair with a full spirit form standing by his side. Also I have seen a spirit form come out into the room, go across to the light and turn it up, stand a full minute and go back into the cabinet. All the others present saw the same thing. We always had a good, bright light during these seances.

Oh, yes, he was truly a wonderful man, and is now. We were married March 25, 1905, and have always been in perfect harmony in spiritual work as in material things. I think that is what helps him come to me now. He always would say, "Clara, if I go first, I want you to stay here in our home for I will be here and I want to see you here." So I would not live in any other place for worlds.

He comes to me, and every evening I sit from eight o'clock to nine, and he raps on my trumpet loud enough to be heard all over the room. He says it helps him to come, and also he likes to comfort me so that I may know that he is close by. It is a comfort—the happiest time of all the day to me. It is lovely to know this as I have no living relatives left on my father's or mother's side in the physical form to live with me. My father was a great Spiritualist and did lots for the cause, and my mother was also a believer. She lived for thirteen years with Mr. Riley and me, and passed out here just a year ago today.

Mr. Riley passed out May 20, 1919, on my birthday. On the Friday before, we drove to town together, and Sunday he was taken. We had a large company here for a seance, and he was talking and visiting, apparently as well as ever. He came out into the dining room, bringing a large lamp to change for a smaller one, to put on the organ, as he wanted one of the ladies to play. He stopped and looked at me and said, "I can't talk." I thought at first it must be some control.

We brought him in and put him in his chair, and he signalled for a pencil and paper, and wrote: "I am in no pain, but can not talk. You are too nervous. I—to—to—" and his hand shook so that he could not finish.

But he has since said that he intended to write, "I will be better by tomorrow." He closed his eyes and we helped him to lie down. I asked him if he knew me, and he whispered, "Yes." That was the last word he spoke. But I am

sure, from the motions he made, that he was conscious almost to the last. So he passed away to a brighter and pleasanter condition. He was a great sufferer at times—for weeks—with inflammatory rheumatism and asthma.

His funeral exercises were conducted by Mrs. Anna Gillespie of Battle Creek, Mich. It was his request years ago, and he picked out his text also—the twelfth chapter of First Corinthians, where it speaks of the different spiritual gifts. Mrs. Gillespie was controlled, and went to the side of the casket, which was draped in the flag of the United States, which was also a request he had made to me. He said to me, "Clara, can you hear me?" I replied in the affirmative. "Well," he said, "I have kept my word. I am here, and will be glad when all the people are gone. I am so tired." The speaker said that she could see him standing, with one elbow resting on the casket, and looking at those gathered about. He always disliked a crowd of people and show and fuss of any kind, and I can just imagine the expression on his face.

He was a Sergeant in Co. E, 42nd Illinois Infantry. He was always a hard-working man, digging wells and clearing land, and had a hard struggle to live and raise his family. I have often heard him say that he did not know where his next meal was coming from. He was always full of sympathy for anyone who suffered, especially little children.



JAMES ("FARMER") RILEY AT THE AGE OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

He would give his last dollar to anyone in need.

By care he had our little home free from debt, and I hold a life lease on it. Then it goes to the children. It is really no farm at all, only a matter of 20 acres, which I let out on shares, as I have no one to help work it. I get a pension of \$25 a month, which by saving will help me, unless I should be sick a long time, which I think will not be. You know that Mr. Riley was not wealthy when I tell you that a five-dollar bill was all the money he had when he passed out. I found it in his pocket. He was not in this great work for money. When at home he never had any set price for seances. If people only paid him twenty-five cents, he never complained. He never charged. He had his pension, and if he had not, we could not have existed, as for years he was not able to do any manual labor, and I was sixty-one and not able to do much. But we never wanted very often. Always a way opened for us if we got stranded.

I am only waiting now to join my dear husband in his new condition of life. I enjoy reading your book, "God's world."

Mr. Riley had, or has, seven children in the flesh and two in spirit. Those in the flesh are Mrs. Chas. Rudd of Casopolis, Mich.; Bert and George, and Mrs. Chas. Sutton of Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Minnie Willmarth of Lawton, Mich.; Mrs. Ida Wolfe of Dallas, Ore.; and Fred Riley of Marcellus, Mich., whose land adjoins mine. My maiden name was Clara Marsh, and my home was in Rochester, Mich. I first met Mr. Riley at Orion Camp. It was the first materializing seance I ever saw, and it was wonderful.

I must close now or my letter will grow tiresome. Excuse its length.

Wishing you a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, I am,

Sincerely your friend for truth,

(Signed) MRS. JAMES RILEY.

This letter has been presented to you prior to any biography sketch, because it will give you a real human-interest view of this remarkable medium who was known lovingly to numberless friends as "Jim" Riley.

His Earlier Days

James Riley was born in Philadelphia, Aug. 18, 1843. His mother died while he was still a boy, and three boys and two girls were left in care of the father. The elder Riley was a boilermaker, and in pursuit of his work he went to California, leaving the children in care of a neighbor and paying a monthly sum for their upkeep. This neighbor moved to Michigan, taking the Riley children with him. Jim was the eldest of the children. They settled in Cass County, Mich.

As the years passed, one of Jim's sisters was married. The father, who had returned from the Coast, bought a farm in the same locality in Michigan, installing the married daughter and her husband. After returning from California a second time, the elder Riley bought another farm, and on this installed his other children, with the second daughter, still unmarried, as the head of the household.

It is evident that while still a small child; in fact, not over three years of age, Jim Riley was clairvoyant. In these earlier days, this strange boy had a little spirit playmate, a golden-haired child who had the disagreeable habit of vanishing when others came into the room. When Jim was not more than eight years old, he could cause heavy tables to move, by simply placing his hands on them, and even a number of men would sit on a table to try and hold

it down, but it would move in spite of their weight. This caused no little comment, which led to excitement, and finally resulted in the demand of the father that Jim cease his uncanny practices.

It is evident, by a study of these facts, that James Riley was a born medium. Nevertheless there was a long period in his life between these early manifestations and his later mediumship. During this period, Riley got out of touch with spiritual manifestations and appears to almost have lost memory of them.

By the time he was thirteen years old, he left home to earn his own living, and until the outbreak of the Civil War, Jim Riley worked for different farmers in that portion of Michigan. With the beginning of hostilities, he enlisted in the Forty-second Illinois Infantry, serving three years and eleven months, and being engaged in the battle of Shiloh, the siege of Corinth, the battle of Stone River and Chickamauga, at which place he was wounded in one arm; and the battles in the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. He was under fire ninety days and ninety nights. He took part in the engagements at Peach Tree Creek, Jonesboro, Franklin and Nashville. In 1865, after his return home, Jim Riley married Miss Martha A. Nichols. His wife passed into spirit in April, 1903.

Riley's First Experience

In the summer of 1885, when James Riley was forty-two years old and a professed agnostic, he attended a Spiritualist camp-meeting at Lake Cora, Mich. Riley, in a skeptical mood, asked some of his friends to point out a real medium to him, if one should chance to show up. During the course of the noon meal, which was partaken of underneath the trees, a control medium named Charles Barnes, came straight up to Riley, with his eyes closed, and then straightened up and saluted Riley. This medium, under control, gave Riley many tests, among them being the name of "Jeff Boyd," of

whom Riley had not thought for many months. Boyd, it seems, was a comrade of Riley who had been shot at Franklin, Tenn. When asked where the bullet had entered his body, the control stated that it was in the forehead between the eyes, which was correct. Also he gave many other true tests, including pulling an imaginary pack of cards from his pocket and shuffling them. It appears that these tests deprived Riley of his appetite.

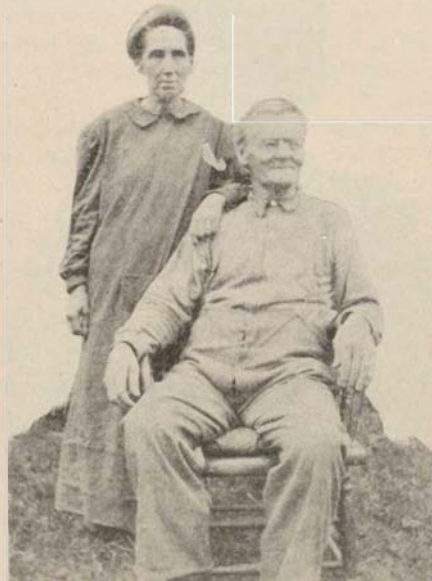
During the afternoon, Mr. Riley witnessed other control manifestations which he styled as "the worst of all damn fool business that he had ever witnessed."

This was Riley's introduction to the spirit manifestations.

To trace back to his childhood days when he had a spirit playmate, and his earlier years as a lad when he could produce numerous remarkable physical manifestations, through the long lapse of time in which no interest in Spiritualism was displayed, it will not be difficult to wonder how the seed of mediumship could remain so long in Jim Riley's system without germinating—but it did. Not only had Riley ceased to think about the unusual manifestations of his earlier days, but he had actually become agnostic in his belief. There is reason to believe that the spirit-world was working about these slow-moving changes for a purpose.

No matter what Jim Riley had to say about the foolishness of these control manifestations, the fact remained that he could not get them out of his mind. Then Riley said what

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"FARMER" RILEY AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR RURAL WORK-CLOTHES

Wanted: The Spirit of the Law

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

So long as the world searches for evil, the world will fail to find that which is good. This is true in politics quite the same as it is in character.

Bargaining and compromise, and the error of believing that favoritism can compete successfully with the eternal justice of things, have made bad politics. Bad business has made bad politics. Playing inharmonious airs on the strings of legal technicalities, and overlooking the symphony possibilities of truth as truth is, have contributed to bad politics—but political error, of itself, is no more the disease than any symptom is disease.

The letter of the law responds to much misinterpretation, and so long as the letter of the law is permitted to spell out the world's moral code, that long will the spellers, in spirit, remain near the foot of the class.

If bad politics breeds political malpractice and treachery and sedition, and encourages crime and scandal, then look well to the condition that makes bad politics possible.

No reform has ever come to the world until a sufficient number of individuals accepted that reform as part of their own code of morals—as an essential part of their own thought and action.

Bad laws, partisan, cunning, grafting laws, call for equal cunning in their circumvention. Is that not true? And the cunning that serves as an antidote for that which is evil, becomes evil in its own right, and perpetuates the system.

If it is possible for grasping legislators to enact laws that will make any business group a prey to those law-makers, it is because, in the language of the street, the legislators "have something on" those upon whom they prey.

Compromise takes place, and compromise means selling one's birthright. If any business must resort to bribery in order to continue to exist and make profit, then such business is afraid of some manner of exposure.

The assumption of a crooked politician is that those against whom he plots, have skeletons in their closets—personal or corporate, or both. He assumes that he is attacking something that is morally wrong and therefore is defenseless. If he is bribed to "lay off," his assumption must have been nearly correct.

The man or organization that is doing the right thing, and refusing to do the wrong thing, need not fear evil politics. Only when bargaining and compromise creep in, does danger result.

Many big business men will assert that this is not true, that they are victimized by bad politics, and that if they resort to bribery in any form, be it lobbying or the granting of favors, it is only because they must seek an expedient and tide themselves over a period of piracy that is directed against them.

The man who has done no wrong, need not fear the threats of blackmailers. Only the man with a past has cause to worry. Bad politics assumes that every man who has arrived in the business or professional world, has a past, or a multiplicity of pasts.

Having done wrong breeds cowardice, and bad politics could not progress one step except with cowardice as stock-in-trade. So long as corporations will stoop to ruinous methods in dealing with competitors, those corporations have shaded pasts, and upon those pasts, bad politics fattens.

The business man or organization that contributes to a political campaign, has an axe to grind. Some favoritism is expected in event of victory. The contribution becomes blood-money, and the purpose back of it, too often, is unholy. Thus, the very sustenance of bad politics is given by com-

promising business—and the evil that business sets into motion, strikes back when the opportunity arrives.

Here is a high-minded business man, a member of a church, a personage in the social life of his town. He decries injustice. He calls lustily for the prosecution and punishment of all wrong-doers. A day comes when his favorite son is arrested for some crime, or perhaps for only a misdemeanor. What does this pillar of moral thought do? He begins to search for a "pull." The law of justice must be vacated for his flesh-and-blood. The family escutcheon must bear no bar-sinister or other blemish. The poor boy was deluded, the victim of a mental disorder. All the fine regard for the law that obtained once, fades into the mists of yesterday.

Several corporations are charged with profiteering, and the business men who have not profited set up a loud protest against the immorality of their competitors. But let the law set its hand heavily upon them for some other breach of faith, and see them fly to cover!

Those who claim to be moral, and those who make no such claim—each and all of us, impartially—seek favoritism, favors, pulls. Thereby we perpetuate the lax methods of law, which we decry so loudly.

We, as a nation and as individuals, are not good enough to have the spirit of the law operative at all times, and to maintain clean politics. Whatever is evil in politics, is but a reflection of that which is evil in ourselves. The house-cleaning should start in our own hearts, rather than in Washington, the State capitals, the county seats and the municipal buildings.

At rare intervals, and quite through accident, men are elected to office free from political bargaining. Most candidates who are elected, have accepted monetary assistance and have made promises in return. Even with the exit of the saloon, we have not escaped political bargaining. We have not overcome the faults that lie deep in the hearts of all of us.

The bad politician who is exposed, becomes a sort of national goat—and the rest of us, to hide and excuse our own shame, heap vilification upon the poor devil who is worse than we are only in the degree of exposure.

So long as courtrooms will be crowded by the morbidly curious who pretend disgust for the participants in a combined scandal and crime—when most of the spectators are almost equally guilty—that long will we have bad politics and bad business methods.

Fifty-story buildings, subways, airplanes, motorears and wireless telegraphy are not items of proof of human advancement. They are epochs in the expansion of a commercial spirit that has sought always for greater material conquests. The conventions of society are not other items of proof of an advanced world, but rather of a corrupt cleverness that correspond with the invention of varnish and veneer.

Bad politics is but a symptom of a condition that is found in all business, in every profession, and in the hearts of most mortals. It is not the disease, but evidence that the disease exists and is widespread.

What the world wants, and needs, is the spirit of the law. The spirit of the law begins with the clean thoughts of individuals. It is to be found in the secret places of the minds of men and women; men more than women. Most women feel intuitively the difference between right and wrong, and seek to follow their intuition because it is nearer their souls.

Most men are boys grown up—living the humor of their own false cleverness, and delighting in "putting it over" on anything and anybody, but on themselves most of all.

Unseating senators and representatives, and members of legislatures, is one way to cleanse politics, but the best way is to start with the spirit of truth in the thoughts of persons, wherever they are and whatever they do.

Legislative halls are nothing but mirrors of the secret personal practices of individuals—and the world still has to learn that when the majority of folk think constructively and honestly, it is impossible—in the light of natural law—for evil politicians to have any power over the public.

The worse we find politics, the less complimentary is that situation to all of us as men and women. We are the causes. We set into motion, through our own selfishness, avarice, compromise and love of favoritism, the evil influences that merely express themselves in the makers of our statutes and ordinances.

This may be an unpleasant thought, but it is truth—and we may as well face the truth now as later. The kingdoms that were, and that are no more, disliked the admission of the truth, and they destroyed themselves by force of the reaction of their own corruption.

The letter of the law is based on technicality, and through that technicality, we have bred a band of clever lawyers, whose business it is to read into the statutes anything that pleases them—and they are pleased according to the interests that employ them. If they win a case that, by all right, should have been lost, they are looked up to in their clubs and their churches. They are bright, noble creatures, with brains—oh, so big, so wonderful, the balance of humanity looks like earth-worms in comparison.

That is the letter of the law—and the letter of the law is spelled out by using the alphabet of wrong ideas.

The spirit of the law, like gravitation and the speed of light, needs no human interpretation. It is over and above any mortal interference. It is an expression of the Maker of all things. And it is this spirit of law that always rules, that always does the reforming, though it must crush a wrong thing, and give the seed of right another opportunity to grow.

So long as each and every one of us refuse to recognize this law that rules, whether we see it or deny its existence, that long must we have bad politics, evil business methods, war and pestilence.

Some time—perhaps long after our days on earth are done—the human kind will see, recognize, admit and work in harmony with this law that never needed a legislative body, and that operates unremittingly, whether we will or not.

The time must come when the earth-folk will weary of their age-old battle against that which is—and without which naught else could exist—and when mortals will try seriously to live in harmony with the law that requires no statutes in its fulfillment.

We may go gunning all we wish after evil politicians, and impeach them, and imprison them, but so long as the underlying cause remains undisturbed, we may as well save our energy. So long as our contributions send candidates to conventions, pledged to secret plans of unjust legislation, that long will we have the thing that is an exposure of our own thoughts and methods rather than an exposure of the weak individuals whose desire for fame forces them to lend themselves to our political bargaining.

So long as jurists sit on our benches, still wearing the partisan labels of those to whom they are beholden, that long may we expect unfair judicial decisions.

So long as we go to the police for favors, when those officers of the law know that they must grant those favors or be harassed in their endeavors, that long shall we have bad police departments.

The men who do these unjust things, in congress, in legislatures, in city councils, and in police departments and on the bench, are inherently just as good as we, and are as kind

and considerate of their friends. Ninety-nine out of every hundred deplore the system that makes them crooked.

If we purpose to continue our fights against individual bad politicians, we may as well let things take their course. We must strike at the system that makes these corrupt practices possible, and that means that we—each one of us—must look to ourselves and begin the reformation in our own hearts.

We are responsible for bad politics. We are the cause of all that is evil in the management of the governments of this world. We are the foundation-stones, and no superstructure of man-made law can ever be stronger than we.

There are times when the most corrupt of politicians, longs for the clean things—is weary of the make-believe. But the system that perpetuates this evil, refuses to permit any wrong man to go straight!

Spiritualism comes to mankind not as a religion of sweeping reform. Within the ranks of Spiritualists there is the same proportion of bargain-makers and special-favor-seekers, as there is in or out of any religious body. But the spirit of Spiritualism is the recognition of natural law, of God's law, of the spirit of the law—and this must operate first of all in the hearts of individuals. It matters not how many millions or tens of millions of persons there are in this or any other country, purity must be found in individual hearts before it has a place in the public heart and the public conscience.

If we would right the wrongs of humanity, we must right the wrongs of our own thoughts. If we would reform the world, we must begin by reforming ourselves. If we would cleanse politics, we must cleanse our own hearts first of all—and then we shall have contributed to the observance of the spirit of the law.

Let us spend less time and effort in decriing that which is evil, and try as individuals to do that which is right. Let us have less thirst for the imprisonment of evil politicians, and more thought about correcting the fundamental wrongs to which we are all contributing. Then we shall be reformers—not in a subjective sense, but objectively.

If we loath the things that are wrong, let us think and do the things that are right. The trail may be long and the process may be slower, and unborn generations may reap the mortal reward, but still that is a debt we owe to the plan in its entirety—for always, here and hereafter, we remain part of that plan.

“It can't be! It can't be!” cackled the self-satisfied critic, as he and his ilk have done since the birth of humanity. They said of it Columbus—and he died in prison because of his heresy. They said it of Cyrus Field, but he layed his Atlantic cable in spite of them. They said it of Edison, but his ridiculous talking machine is an institution today. They said it of the Wright Brothers, but they made heavier-than-air machines fly. They say it of everything that the world has not accepted—but once a thing is accepted, these same shallow-reasoning critics say, “Why, of course, it's true! My heavens, don't you know that?”

Calling a man a lunatic and a liar, is not argument. But—both distinctions are heaped plentifully upon those who will refuse longer to follow the bell-wether.

“Why,” says the orthodox one, “the churches are all so old and established, why go outside them for the truth?” Well, thrones were older and more firmly established, if age does the establishing, but the world has arrived at the point where thrones are not so popular as they were. A number of ex-Monarchs will testify to the wisdom of this observation.

Spiritualism's Seventy-second Birthday

MARCH, 1920, is the natal month of modern Spiritualism. Seventy-two years ago, in Hydesville, N. Y., (to be exact, in 1848), the Fox Sisters began to receive their famous rappings, which attracted the attention of thinking and unthinking alike, brought converts and enemies, and led to bitter persecution and an alleged confession.

Intellectually, the world is unfathomably black today, but it was much nearer the abyss of the dark ages than it is now. With few exceptions, all the modern inventions which man has at his command, have come into being since the Fox sisters received the rappings that told the world that the workers on the Other Side were breaking through the material wall, which mortals call "the veil."

The rappings produced through the mediumship of the Fox sisters, answered questions, and also spelled out words, as questioners would repeat the letters of the alphabet. The nature of the replies convinced many skeptics that the intelligence directing these sounds, was not the intelligence of the girls.

The rappings, so the confession stated, were produced by causing the joint of the great toe to crack—but that confession is much like many made today under the inquisitorial "third degree" of the police, who sometimes substitute force for cleverness, persecution for intelligence, presumably because the world demands it.

This was a golden era—when modern Spiritualism was born. Those were the days when the mind of man began to grow restive under the restrictions of the materialistic. Intellect was asserting itself. Men were beginning to dare to think.

While these spirit manifestations were waking up America, over in England (about eight years previously), Dr. Baird began to demonstrate the truth of hypnotism, which has been known as mesmerism, after its discoverer, Mesmer.

PRECISELY as the devil was seen working through the sisters in Hydesville, he was operating through Dr. Baird—but the more the fearful had to say against these manifestations, the more firmly convinced the more advanced mortals became that, so long as God gave them brains, it was their right to exercise those brains. Opposition notwithstanding, the experiments continued.

In 1844, Andrew Jackson Davis, "the Seer of Poughkeepsie," began to be entranced, and in his trance condition, to diagnose cases with remarkable accuracy, and later to dictate his astral experiences. Thus we find that God was opening many avenues, in the realm of psychic knowledge, and was preparing the way for a Spiritual awakening, that would come about the time when the world engaged in its most fearful and destructive conflict.

In 1853, Judge Edmonds of the Supreme Court of New York, and Dr. George Dexter, a well-known and highly respected citizen of New York City, published a work relating to Spiritualism, that was a worthy companion of the works of Mr. Davis. The purpose of their experiments was to ascertain if the phenomena were genuine. Not only were they soon convinced of its truth, but they received many remarkable messages from Swedenborg and Lord Bacon.

In commenting on the work of these two men, writers have said, "But the subject of secondary personality was not understood in their time, and was not worked out until a generation later, when the result was to discredit the spiritistic claims of Edmond's and Dexter's work."

If the "secondary personality" is understood any better

today than it was then, we should be glad to have the evidence. If God created mortals with "two minds," one subconscious and the other conscious, if there is one mind "that doesn't think," then we shall require much more convincing testimony than that furnished by "Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena."

A CONTROL was regarded as a "secondary personality," and results of brain lesions that brought about oblivion of one's personality and the assuming of another personality (improperly called "aphasia"), has been looked upon as *prima facie* evidence that mortals are all two persons—or, as the rural student of psychology put it, "one what is and one what ain't."

Despite the efforts of these self-styled scientists, Spiritualism became more and more interesting, and students found, after years of investigation and thought, that there could be no other hypothesis than that of disembodied personalities, with their own characters and their own thoughts.

But—we should not rejoice unduly, because the adherents of subconsciousness are many in this later day, and there are still millions who fear the devil. It is not quite so bad as it was when the Fox sisters, Davis and the others did their pioneering. It is better—by a degree or two, but only to that extent.

In the mid-reaches of the Nineteenth Century, other achievements of thought were manifesting themselves.

In 1844, Dr. Horace Wells, an American dentist, demonstrated that the laughing gas (nitrous oxide) which Sir Humphrey Davy had believed, as far back as 1800, could be used as an anaesthetic; actually so used it in that manner. Sulphuric ether also was brought into use as an anaesthetic, and its value was demonstrated by Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, who used it successfully in 1842 to prevent pain during an operation for tumor. Through the efforts of Dr. Jackson and Dr. W. T. G. Morton, a Boston dentist, ether came into general employment as an anaesthetic in 1846.

WHAT did the public say about the use of anaesthetics? The pulpit decried them as an invention of the devil, and—adhering faithfully to the belief that God is vengeful—said that pain was intended for mortals and that, to attempt to escape it, was sinful. This was but three-score years ago! We have improved since then—somewhat, but not quite so much as most of us believe!

A few years prior to this time, Peter Cooper invented the first American locomotive, which he exhibited on the Baltimore & Ohio Railway, and most of his countrymen regarded him as a sad example of lunacy. In the language of this day and age, Peter was a "nut." When he sought to make better time than the horse-drawn coaches—and failed—a mighty wave of humor wafted over the land.

Today no minister of the gospel of our acquaintance would think of having an operation without an anaesthetic, nor would one essay a trip across the continent in a horse-drawn vehicle—particularly if he had any regard for time and comfort.

Hence, one mortal sin—the use of anaesthetic—and one mad folly, the locomotive, have come to be accepted. In the meanwhile, the world will tell us solemnly that anaesthetics comprise one of God's gifts to the human kind, and that the locomotive is so thoroughly accepted that we simply could not dispense with our modern railways.

Other inventions and discoveries were beginning to attract attention about the time gold was discovered in California, and the world was readjusting itself in commercial ideas, in

means of communication and even in ethics, without knowing that such changes were under way.

On May 24, 1844, Samuel Finley Breese Morse sent a message over the telegraph wires from the rooms of the United States Supreme Court in the Capitol at Washington to Baltimore, and this is what the message said: "What hath God wrought?"

Prof. Morse was accused, also, of consorting with the devil. He was either evil or crazy, or both—but today the most devout church-member will not refuse to take advantage of the reduced night-letter rates to send a message of importance or even a friendly greeting, to someone in a distant city.

IT will also be seen that the Fox sisters were not the only offenders against the stand-stillers of their day. There were fellow culprits, and had public opinion been capable of deciding the fate of any of these folk who stepped out of times as they were into days as they were going to be, we should have no anaesthetics, no railway transportation, no telegraphy—"no nothin'," as the absolutist would say.

But since those days, what marvels have come to us? The sewing machine of Elias Howe, embodying most of the features of the machines of today, appeared in 1846—in these halcyon days. But what did the critics say of poor Mr. Howe? He was trying to upset the system of labor. He was going to take work away from those who needs must labor with their hands. That has been said of all other inventions of a labor-saving nature until recently, and the reason that argument is not used now is because the operators today make much more money than the handcraftsmen of a generation ago.

Other inventions of the devil, the telephone, the dynamo, and other electrical equipment, the reflecting telescope, wireless, trans-oceanic cables, the airplane, and so on beyond enumerating, are giving aid and comfort and a new standard of luxury to the world today that our forefathers did not know.

These, indeed, would have been the inventions of the devil had it not been for one potent truth: Just as these modern labor-saving and money-grubbing inventions were coming into their own, two girls—misunderstood, bullied and persecuted—the Fox sisters, demonstrated that there is a door opening between the hard shell of mortal existence and the outer freedom of spirit existence.

MAN'S temptation on the one hand was to amass wealth, build cities of such size, area, wealth and power as the world had never seen, form combinations of capital and labor that were more far-reaching than the monarchical alliances of old, and monopolize luxury-creating forces; and on the other hand, man was beginning to be bold enough to look beyond the gray wall of his brain into a clearer light, and ask, with Job, "If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

That was as far back as 1520 B. C., which made it the more presumptuous of Job. This must be so, or otherwise why should it have been so unforgivable a sin for the Fox sisters to be so rash as to attempt to answer Job's query only 3368 years later? They should have waited, if the actions of their neighbors counted for anything.

Since their tear-dimmed time, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, and a host of other men of science have been so hasty as to tell the world that they, too, believed that there is life beyond the change—the change to which Job referred: the change called death. They, and countless thousands of others have found the courage to say that they believe that it behooves man to think about his far journey, particularly as he is wont to make elaborate plans for little earth-trips, which he may never take.

We of 1920 have not escaped the lash of the persecutors

nor shall be escape it hurriedly. But it is a privilege, truly, to be numbered among that bright host of lunatics who had the courage to be true to their convictions, in Spiritualism, in science and in inventive progress.

THIS month, which is the seventy-second anniversary of the birth of modern Spiritualism, finds the world willing to admit that which has been demonstrated, but quite as averse as ever to admit that which is being demonstrated. Ask any number of persons if they believe in wireless telegraphy, and their answer will be in the affirmative. Ask them to explain wireless, and they will be unable, with few exceptions, to give even a reasonable explanation. Ask them if they believe in radium, and they will say that they do. Request them to explain radium, and they are lost!

The time has not yet arrived when we can say that Spiritualism is sufficiently established for the world to accept it as one of the religions. The time is near at hand when the truth of spirit communication will be regarded by most persons as a fact, and then, in harmony with its fashion, the world will find an orthodox place for Spiritualism.

Spiritualists should not feel that they are only burden-bearers. Surely, they have an outlook on life that is sufficiently broad and brave to not permit adverse opinions to worry them unduly. In a few years, Spiritualism will be established, will have its place among the religions, and open new channels for knowledge and progress in this earth-world.

That there should have been mortals brave enough to bear the brunt of criticism these seventy-two years, should encourage every person who has the courage to stand by his own convictions, that the jest and scorn of the world today will become the accepted truth tomorrow.

Those persons who are just inquiring, will find the sustenance of thought in the undeniable fact that a great Spiritual awakening had its birth at the very time that science and invention were beginning to achieve their most remarkable tangible success. These discoveries of science, and these inventions, were destined to lead the world into an era of fast-moving material progress. But the tap-tap-tapping received by the Fox sisters in 1848, provided the means that was to permit the intellect and force of spirit to break through the barriers of the material, and halt the world from its own material undoing. This seventy-second birthday period gives much to be thankful for—much to think about, seriously.

AN APPRECIATION

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Mediums, through whom come the comfort and help from those who have gone before.

We come to the world with no apology of the Mediums. Many of the most orthodox in the world, for centuries have depended upon communications with the spirit-world, received through Mediumship.

When Spiritualism has become thoroughly established, this faith, too, will be regarded as orthodox—so let us go slowly in expressing adverse opinions about orthodoxy, which signifies nothing but recognized establishment.

But as truly as the facts of Spiritualism that "Communication" will give to the public, have come through Mediums, that truly will "Communication" devote itself to their care—until they have come into their own. This may be a long, long journey, but however long the trail may be, it is our trail, and we pledge ourselves to follow it.

Let us never forget that the Bible was the first beacon-light of the world that Mediums lighted for God's children; and let us, in this day and age, strive earnestly to bring to these servants of the Master, and the spirit-world, "the Angels of the Lord," a fair measure of the appreciation that by right is theirs, and has been since the first earth-dawn.

LLOYD KENYON JONES, Editor.

In Appreciation

"Communication" is physical, visible evidence of a work that has been in progress for many years—for centuries, for time as long as the age of the human kind—of a class of persons long misunderstood, long held in contempt and long persecuted—the Mediums.

Through a bitter age of superstition, these brave men and women have battled against human ignorance and misunderstanding, have been the subjects of unceasing police attacks, and of still more brutal unappreciation on the part of those whom they have served, as open doors between life in the material and life in the ethereal.

Today, we find many critics of Mediums averring that the professional Medium should be scorned—that the solution of spirit communications rests with the amateur, protected by the love of family seclusion.

But God gave talents according to His understanding—and not as a recent photoplay would have us believe, in harmony with the wealth and refinement of an exclusive social set. Indeed, wealth and refinement seldom know one another; sometimes, but seldom.

If we have a case at court, we do not seek the person who reads law at home, nor yet the law student, but the lawyer who has had long and fruitful experience in court. If we have toothache, we consult the best dentist within the scope of our knowledge. If we wish a beautiful painting, we seek the art of the professional painter. And these things we do because we believe that long contact with any subject, insures development.

There are, in this country alone, tens of thousands of ministers of the gospel, who are paid salaries, that they may devote their time and thought to the preaching of the gospel. They are professional ministers, and they are sought after with large salaries according to their ability. Somehow, the church-member finds more helpfulness in the sermon of a trained preacher than in the rantings of a sincere, but untrained, non-professional.

And so, in the distribution of talents, God decreed also that there be experience if there is to be any approach toward perfection.

Secluded and shielded in the bosom of the family, a Medium develops but little. Put that Medium out in the highway of scorn, skepticism and persecution and then let her say that she is a hand-maiden of God. Until one serves God's children, one is not doing God's work. And to no one did the Maker give talent without imposing a duty. The painter paints not for himself alone, but for the world. Talent carries with it an obligation toward the public, and seclusion of Mediumship is equivalent to the hiding of one's light under the proverbial bushel.

Into the brains of the news-butcher, God had placed a gift that gave us, later on, the incandescent lamp, the talking machine, the cinematograph and other marvelous inventions of Edison, the wizard. God did not select the pampered pet of some wealthy household, but chose the hardy boy who had to work by sweat and perseverance.

God never distributes gifts according to human ideas. We do not make the laws of God, and seldom do we trouble ourselves about learning or obeying them.

So long as God gave certain mortals Mediumship, it is evident that Mediumship can not be crushed out by legislation or the petty hatred of the superstitious who are fearful that life immortal may be true after all.

If Mediums stoop to anything that is wrong, let us seek the reason. Let us study the cause. Perhaps persecution has been so bitter against them, they have become discour-

aged. If they have produced phenomena that may be questioned, let us learn what pressure has been brought to bear, and what conditions have existed—for an interrupted message often is as misleading as one that was born of fraud.

We know of many big business and professional men—of men and women who stand high in public favor—who seek the Mediums and rely upon the information that comes through from the Other Side—but who publicly deny that Mediumship can be a fact.

The world of flesh is weak, and opinions influence too many mortals. We are afraid of being called insane. We are afraid of ridicule. We are ashamed of the loved ones in spirit from whom we receive such wonderful guidance and such helpful information. That is the brand of Cain—for it is no more wicked to strike a fellow dead than it is to suck his strength and then damn him.

"Communication" offers to the Mediums of the world a gathering place where they may come and find friendly assistance.

"Communication" will tell the stories of professional Mediums, and aid them in their upward struggle. It is their magazine—because they made it possible—and destined to progress only in proportion as it is fair and honorable in its dealings with the cause that gave it being.

"Communication" believes that it is folly to dare any one, or pick a quarrel with any one; but that it is a mark of cowardice to not stand up for our rights when they are attacked.

"Communication" deplors the weakness of those who will seek the Mediums, and then feel ashamed of the spirit-world—whence all of us came, and whither we shall all go after the change called death.

"Communication" will never lend itself, however, to any attack on any religion. In all creeds, we see beauty—channels that lead toward the same light; and in all religions, we find expressions of the same Great Truth, according to the understanding and experience of individuals.

We do not say that persecution is not directed against us by other creeds, or by individuals who profess other creeds, but we believe that the person who is sincere in his own religion, is not moved to malice toward Spiritualism.

"Communication" refuses to be an iconoclast. Its work is not to attack or tear down. If Spiritualism is ever going to stand for uplifting thoughts, it must do so according to our own conduct and our own regard for our fellow-mortals.

If you are a Catholic, be a good Catholic, and you will be a good man or woman. If you are a Christian Scientist, be true to the teachings of that faith, and you will be a good citizen. If you are a good Seventh Day Adventist, do not worry about the Judgment Day, because that belongs to God's decision—and do not worry about evil spirits, but be a good Adventist and you will contribute to the world's progress. If you are a Spiritualist, be a good Spiritualist and do not condemn or criticize those of any other faith, and you will take your part in the Great Work, and do your duty well.

Spiritualism is opposed to intolerance—and, being opposed to it, must refuse to take part in its expression.

We must not try to force our belief upon any one—and must neither condemn nor ridicule any of our fellows. This must be part of our faith, or we shall fail.

Just as it is right and proper for members of orthodox churches to protect their pastors, so is it a mark of better understanding on the part of Spiritualists to be kind and considerate of their Mediums than it is to neglect those

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Communication

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LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

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"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Romans 8:18.

THE NEED OF CONCORD

In this issue of "Communication," and in the numbers to come, will be found many of the typical criticisms that are offered by the press, the pulpit, and other outside agencies, against Spiritualism. Replies to these criticisms also will be noted.

It is a source of deep concern to many Spiritualists that such injustice should have to be suffered by a truth that seeks only to bring comfort and assistance to mortals. There is another view of the situation which every Spiritualist must admit. When the garrison of a fort fights as a unit, it can withstand many severe attacks of the enemy. But if the members of the garrison should fight among themselves, then the concerted attack of the enemy will mean the defeat of the garrison.

It would not be an act of justice to Spiritualists to sugar-coat the bitter pill and pretend that it was not bitter, or to give the pine of dissension the mahogany finish of sweet concord and pretend the result was mahogany. There are bickerings and criticisms among Spiritualists toward one another, and among mediums toward one another, and among associations and organizations toward one another. Today, Spiritualism does not stand as a unit, with one purpose. It consists of groups quarreling mildly or violently with one another. It consists of mediumistic jealousies, charges and countercharges. Upon this dissension, it is possible for the critics of Spiritualism to make headway.

We must admit that in no other faith are there so many isolated and widely divergent sources of information. We forget at times that those on the spirit-side of life come with their opinions, and that these opinions are not given as infallible fact—but as opinions. We must not overlook the fact that many questions are asked in seance-rooms, and that in answering these questions those on the other side can not enter into a detailed discussion of the entire subject. Consequently, there seem to be many points of contradiction.

Spiritualism is in its formative stage. The records of communications have never been preserved and compared sufficiently to discover the points of similarity. A Spiritualist attends the seances of one medium and forms his own conception of the information coming through that mediumship. In his library he has a variety of books dealing with the subject, and including many volumes pertaining to branches of the subject.

As a result, the Spiritualist is confronted by many contradictions. And out of the mass of testimony, he forms his own opinions. In time, statements come before his attention that have emanated from other seance-rooms, and if these statements differ from his own conceptions in the slightest degree, he is one of the first to make charges of fraud.

There is no other religious body in the world that disagrees more than Spiritualists. There is no other church body in which little differences are permitted to assume such momentous proportions. Until each Spiritualist comes to the same conclusion—that he must be slow in his judgment and charitable in his opinions—Spiritualism can not be built up to the point where it may occupy a place in the world's religions.

If we were to present our views only with the object of salving and soothing, if we could not come out in print with our honest convictions, then we would feel that we were not serving Spiritualists or Spiritualism. We ask the readers of "Communication" to pledge to the Truth, charity and breadth of opinion, and to look for and think about only the best in the different seance-rooms and churches. We ask our readers to pledge themselves to search for and retain only the harmonious things, and to do their best from day to day to refrain from back-door gossip relative to their views of their fellows, be they in or outside of Spiritualism. We ask them further to do all they can; in a gentle, persuasive way, at least, to discourage this gossip and these criticisms among Spiritualists.

So far as the mediums are concerned, it is our belief that the major portion of their jealousy and their uncharitable remarks about one another may be traced to the dishonest manner in which they have been treated by Spiritualists. Every medium of long experience knows that many persons have come to his or her seance-room in trouble, in debt, and have sought for and received advice from the spirit-world. Each one of these mediums knows that ninety-nine out of a hundred of these persons who have profited by this advice, have repaid their loved ones on the other side by deserting the cause that aided them. Many of them have even slandered the mediums through whose forces this assistance has come. Every church organization, from the largest to the smallest, in the United States, Canada and most other countries, outside of Spiritualism, takes better care of its ministers and priests than the Spiritualists do when it comes to support of their mediums. Let police officers arrest a medium, and most of that medium's followers can not be found. The majority of Spiritualists are asking everything of the spirit-world, but they are willing to give nothing in return.

The world is going to judge us by the way we live and act and deal with our fellow mortals. We can preach and harangue until our earth-breath has gone, but if we do not attempt to put into practice that which we pretend to believe, we have not earned the consideration of the public.

When the legislatures of different States in the Union pass bills that become statutes, striking at the right of Spiritualists to worship in their own way, it is the beholden duty of Spiritualists to stand together and demand their rights. Rarely do they show this moral courage. If Spiritualists are going to prove to the makers of these laws that Spiritualism is a jellyfish

religion, and that Spiritualists are spineless creatures, then these legislators and police officials are going to hold Spiritualism and Spiritualists in contempt. Under no circumstances can we sanction attacks upon any other religion or upon any body politic. But there is a difference between attacking and defending our rights.

The person who says that he is a Spiritualist, and refuses to do anything for that which he claims to believe, is a hypocrite. We need concord between the various forces of Spiritualists and between the different individuals in Spiritualism. That concord must start with the desire of fairness that is nurtured in the breast of each Spiritualist. These are facts and they can not be argued away. We must recognize them and be guided by a sincere desire to work in harmony, and we must put that desire into operation.

SPIRITUALISM IN FAMILIES

In many households, we find divided opinions, and in some of them open rebellion, over the subject of Spiritualism. In a family of four or five persons, one member may be a Spiritualist and the others may belong to other churches, or to no church at all. The result is a split, not only in family opinions, but in family harmony.

Sometimes this inharmony may be traced to the intolerance of some member of the family who has taken it upon himself or herself to translate the will of God and to dictate the rules and laws of religious and moral conduct throughout the universe. Sometimes the difficulty may be traced to the over-enthusiasm of the Spiritualistic member of the household.

Every household should be capable of governing itself, and of establishing a code of tolerance that will permit each member to pursue his or her individual studies, but that will prohibit all members from thrusting their beliefs or disbeliefs upon one another.

This problem is by no means new in the world. Young persons are marrying who have different religious views. And after the halcyon period of the honeymoon has waned, these differences may become more or less rasping. The wife who is a Christian Scientist, and whose husband is sufficiently tolerant to not interfere with her religion, is displaying poor judgment in prohibiting him from becoming a Spiritualist. The husband who belongs to any orthodox church is breaking faith when he interferes with his wife's inclinations to study Spiritualism. Both are guilty of indiscretions and lack of judgment when they quarrel over their religious views.

Ever since there has been religion, there have been departures from a code of love and amity in households, because of differences in religious opinion. All members of a family are not on the same plane of thought or development. All are not gifted similarly. They are living together as members of a fundamental unit of government known as a household, and they must divide and apportion the matter of rights.

We believe that it is wrong for a Spiritualist member of a home to harp and harangue on the subject of his or her belief. No religious faith can be forced upon another by one who is a pronounced devotee of that faith. Where Spiritualism, or any other religion, becomes a source of family differences, it is high time

for a family conference that should discuss the question of religious liberty in the home. This is a problem that must be left to the tact and good judgment of every person concerned.

INDIVIDUAL EXPERIENCE

Much as the Teachers in Spirit desire to have mortals study the philosophy of Spiritualism, it is not possible to take away from men and women the desire of personal experience. Until they have witnessed the phenomena themselves, these persons do not feel that they can say that they are sure of communication and that they are willing to defend their convictions.

As truly as evolution has brought about rapidly increasing interest in the subject of Spiritualism, that truly will God's law provide the mediums necessary to carry this personal experience to earnest seekers.

All mediums are not equally developed. Conditions are not always the same in seance-rooms. It is important that every seeker after the manifestations should take all of these facts into consideration, should study the conditions and the law of communication, and should become determined to understand as well as witness these phenomena.

It would be difficult to so much as estimate the number of men and women who are attempting to develop some phase of mediumship. We believe that this growing desire is in harmony with the prophecy in the Book of Revelation. It is natural, no doubt, that some of these persons, in their development, should make claims that could not be substantiated, and likely each will have to learn through experience. To the developed medium, the shivers and shudders and wild guesses of the aspirants are as gall and wormwood. These developed, experienced mediums often have as much commiseration for those who are striving to develop as the old practitioner has for the medical student. Out of such efforts, however, will develop many mediums of the future. Without the effort, there would be no growth in mediumship.

Those who seek manifestations should be patient. The medium never lived who could satisfy all persons coming to his or her seance-room. The seeker must become a student, and must come to the conclusion that it is necessary to take ample time and to do considerable thinking before he is in position to arrive at a conclusion. The manifestations of Spiritualism involve more than walking into the seance-room of a medium. Until there is knowledge of the governing conditions, and until the seeker has become a student who places ideas before conclusions in importance, there can not be the satisfaction that these seekers so much desire.

Hating people and things, is another way of taking poison. Hatred destroys digestion, breaks one's rest, and brings on disease. Of all ills to which man has made himself heir, hatred is the cause of the majority of them!

Millions of persons said that national prohibition never could be a fact—but it is; maybe not perfectly, but after a fashion, at least. And if the coming generation has never tasted the cup that cheers, they will not miss it. The world changes, evolution is a fact, and nothing remains as it was. These are difficult lessons for most mortals to learn.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST

By C. WRIGHT DAVISON

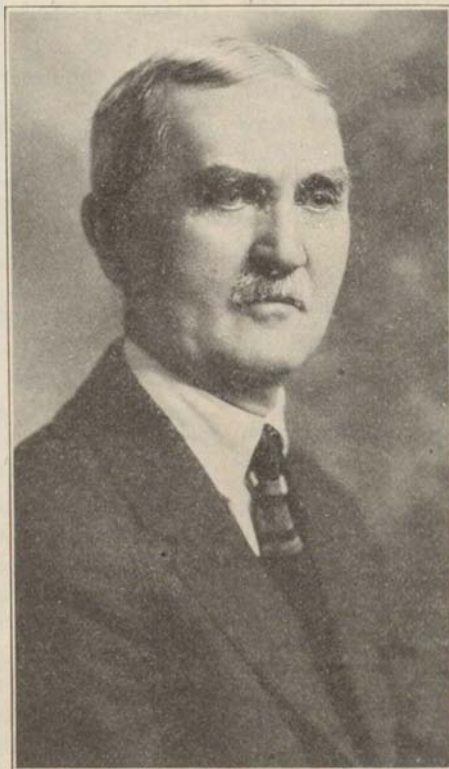
I have attained my allotted three-score years-and-ten. I have lived far beyond the average of this earth-life, and it has been my privilege to view life from many different angles. Not many years ago, I was nearly blind. I was in debt. I had lost my business. Today my sight is as strong and good as that of most men of forty. Each week-day I put in full-time at my office. As earth-time is counted, I am an old man. As the spirit counts time, I am young and I have a brighter outlook on life and its possibilities today than I had during the period of my youth. I am a success.

My sight, my health, my business, I owe to Spiritualism.

But there is no reason why you should be interested in my life-story, because every person has a life-story. Whatever I tell you will be for the purpose of making clear to you the reason why I am a Spiritualist, and to show you how my experiences finally led me to that point where I was given the opportunity of deciding the balance of the course of my life.

The prospect of life, however, through the eyes of most young people, is a prospect filled with confidence. The young man and the young woman see none of the shoals and none of the breakers ahead. In their misunderstanding, they are confident that their destinies will be exceptions to the rule. Too often they regard thought about their Maker as evidence of senility and weakness. But as the years pass, and the burden of sorrow, failure and despair rests more heavily upon them, when loved ones are taken from them into the region that lies on the farther side of the grave, they begin to feel less certain—less confident. Their hearts mellow, and no longer do they find wicked delight in viewing the trouble of others, as though it were well-merited punishment. More and more as the years pass on, the children of men find that there is much to learn, that after all they are but infants in swaddling clothes who need fathering and mothering.

I believe that my boyhood days were very similar to those of most other boys. I was one of eight children, and the compensation earned by my father as a carpenter was \$1.25 a day. He was a splendid man physically, very robust, very strong. He was a fine mechanic, and indeed, an inventive genius. Yet with all his ability and all our efforts, it was difficult to make both ends meet.



C. WRIGHT DAVISON

We had a ten-acre plot that helped contribute in a measure to our support.

My father was well versed in Biblical lore, but I never knew him to attend a church, unless the occasion was the funeral of some friend. As an old-fashioned Baptist, he would spare the rod and spoil the child. My mother was not so robust as my father. To me she was always a ministering angel. Whenever she could, she attended the Methodist church and saw to it that the children attended church service and Sunday school. She was faithful in every sense of the word. She was upright and she was righteous. I feel that the greatest blessing God has ever given to man is the blessing of a good mother. Countless times, when the clouds of adversity have hung low, when pain has hurt my heart and when temptation has come into my path, the sweet recollection of a mother's love has given me new hope, new courage and better understanding.

Both parents did their best to give all of us an education. I had to work hard, and it seemed to me in my studies that when I had learned two lines, I forgot the first one and had to start all over. I think I had grit and perseverance, but

I believe that these qualities rather led to misunderstanding on the part of some of the larger boys. Many times I had the breath nearly pounded out of me. Father tried to teach me to fight back, but at that time, and in fact not until I had grown older, did I know what it meant to become angry. I did not seem to have the fighting spirit. I became a victim of bullies. As I grew up, my observation seemed to teach me that no one can be very smart without being able to become very mad. And so, in my misguided way, I practised anger. It was a habit easy to attain. That was the worst investment I ever made in my life. I have been sorry times unnumbered that I ever acquired the needless and harmful practice of becoming angry. Anger at one time caused me the loss of over a half-million dollars. Through impatience, I passed one of the great opportunities of my life.

When I was ten years old, I was placed with my grandfather who lived on a farm—a good, old-fashioned Baptist deacon—and he practised what he preached. Here, at the little country schoolhouse, at the age of sixteen years, I graduated. The teacher told me that there was no use coming any longer, because I had acquired all the learning that the little institution could give to me.

It was in this same schoolhouse that I often listened to sermons preached by Elder Nichols, a good old farmer-preacher. He talked from the heart and without price. He had faith in God and in His ways. I may say here and now that when the Lord's Prayer is sung at the beginning of every seance at The Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center, this Elder comes in and leads the singing and ministers unto me as one of my master guides.

At the age of sixteen, I began to teach school, receiving the remuneration of \$6.50 a month, plus board. For five years I taught and clerked in a store. Then the wanderlust came over me and I moved to the West. I worked from sunrise to sunset and I worked hard. Then I worked in Kansas City and St. Louis on city directories. I later went to Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

I had saved up about \$1,000, which I was induced to invest in a printing plant to publish a religious paper. I thought that this would be most excellent news to write home to my mother.

When I had left home, she had said to me: "Wright, I have no money to give you, but I will give you some advice that, if you will heed, will always guide you to success. You will always find in your travels through life that there are two roads before you: One is upward and one is downward. And you will always know the road you are traveling by the company you keep." But in those days, I fear that I looked too much into the position of men and not enough into the hearts of men.

I had put my savings into the religious publication at the solicitation of a Congregational minister and others who were men of position and trust. I had made a mistake. I had encountered wolves in sheep's clothing. Penniless and newly married, I found myself without employment. I was defrauded of my little nest-egg. I had courage, or at least at that time I thought it was courage. Since then I have learned that the willingness to try again, to start anew, came as a blessed guidance from loved ones across the way.

It was a hard fight up to the time I was nearly thirty-three years of age, and then came seven fat years, when everything I touched seemed to turn to gold. In 1887 I had so much money, my wife thought that we could retire safely. So I sold the control of my directory business, that had proved to be very lucrative. Apparently I had not reached the end of my necessary experience, because I became interested in a patent that was destined to revolutionize printing. In 1888 I had invested so heavily in this patent that I was virtually ruined.

My banker sent for me, and when I was shown into his office, he said to me, "The directors of your company tell me that they are all going on trips to California and Mexico for the winter, and that you are busted and a fool." I replied that it was the truth, and that it was the first time that they had told the truth so far as I knew. He asked me what I was going to do, and I told him I was going to rebuild the machine, that the idea was good but that the machine was not quite right. He asked me how much money I would need, and I told him that I thought ten thousand dollars would do.

He said to me, "But where are you going to get so much money?"

I replied, "From you."

He looked at me intently for some moments, and then said, "I will back you, but if you fail, I am ruined."

I rebuilt the machine, with the expenditure of about seven thousand dollars, and by the time the directors returned in the spring, I had it completed and put away. But I had left much evidence of it laying around the office. They spied this evidence. They wanted to see the machine. I told them that they could

not see it, but that they would be assessed pro rata for the cost according to their holdings. They informed me that the stock was non-assessable. I explained to them that this made no difference, that if any of them were too poor to pay, I would pay for them, but that they would pay to the uttermost for telling the banker that I was busted and a fool. They decided to meet their assessments, so that I was able to repay the banker.

When the directors' meeting was called, they out-voted me and gave themselves the authority for taking the machine East and leaving me out of it. I went to one of the directors, whose interest with mine would have controlled, and told him that while the others called him everything that was mean, I purposed tying to him, as I believed that he was the most honest of the lot. He grasped my hand and told me that I would never be sorry, and experience proved that I was not. I paid him fifty thousand dollars from my receipts for his faithfulness.

The rest of them took the machine to Boston, and I was obliged to send my family to Denver, due to my wife's asthma. I rented my home and boarded at a hotel. But after a time things began looking pretty black, because my money was running low and I did not know what the other directors were going to do. These directors found that it was necessary to have the inventor go East with them so that he could explain the advantages and operation of this machine. He then told me that it was the purpose of the others to break me and to ruin me, and that at the first opportunity I should sell some of my stock. But I could never tell that he had given me the information; that would endanger him.

Then one day I received a telegram asking me what I would take for thirty thousand shares of my stock. I took the telegram to the other friendly director, and he advised me to ask par for it. This was about fourteen times what I had paid for it. Then they offered me three-fourths of par. This friendly director said, "That is not an offer, only bait. They will think that if you take that, you would accept less." Feeling that I was making a fearful mistake, I wired and told them that I was not selling gold dollars at seventy-five cents, and that my option would close that night.

My heart was heavy. The outlook held no promise. That night, without undressing, I lay on the bed and wept for three hours and prayed for deliverance. At about eleven o'clock I heard a rustle underneath the door. Getting up, I found a telegram which said, "Option not up. Have placed thirty thousand dollars in the bank to

your credit to be paid to you whenever you place thirty thousand dollars' worth of your stock in your bank to our credit."

That meant the transposition from the depths of despair to the heaven of new hope. On Monday I received the money. I gave my friend eighty-five hundred, and the inventor forty-five hundred.

My banker came to me and said, "What are you doing with your bank account?" I told him what I had done, and he advised me to go to Denver to rest for a few days. I believe he thought I was unbalanced!

The directors sold state rights for various sums, and engaged an entire floor of one of the leading hotels of New York for their offices. They had the financial editor of The New York Tribune as their adviser. I knew that the president of The New York Tribune was also president of an opposition typesetting machine company, and this did not look any too good. Therefore, I decided to send for my wife. She was a much better judge of human nature than I. We invited this promoter to lunch at the Astor House, and after we had parted, I asked my wife what she thought of him. She told me that she believed he was the worst rascal she had ever met.

I then found a man who was anxious to have control, and I sold him my stock at par. After dividing with everyone who had been friendly with me, my wife and I left for California, and turned our backs on the rest of them. I had taken in a total of about two hundred and forty thousand dollars. But these machines were never put on the market. The crookedness that was back of the entire operations had simply thwarted any success.

When a man steps from despair and poverty to success and riches, he is likely to say that he did it with his brains. That is the trouble with most mortals. They know nothing of God's law or spirit guidance. They do not know when by right they have earned and when by right they have forfeited.

For the second time in my life, I had in my possession sufficient money to be called a fortune. But how little we know which way we are to be led! What is this thing, money? What is success? These are but other names for experience.

If your soul needs a lesson, that lesson will come to you in the things that you live. You will receive in gladness or in tears that which you require. You will pay, and you will be paid. Mortals seldom remember pain when happiness has come to them again. They forget the hard lessons that they have learned.

The Bible says that we are tempted, but that is a misinterpretation of fact. We are not tempted, but we are tested.

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A Layman's Testimony

As to the Practical Value of Spiritualism

By Henry Berend

Some years ago, the reading of one or two books on Psychic Research aroused my interest in that subject. Through the courtesy of a member of the Society for Psychical Research I was directed, at my request, to a person who possesses mediumistic powers. I knew nothing of Spiritualism at that time, except that I imagined in a vague, general kind of way that it was more or less associated with ignorant Mediums, superstitious persons, haunted houses and ghosts.

During the past few years I have had, at irregular intervals, probably forty sittings with the Medium—Mrs. S. My interest in Psychic Research and Spiritualism is constantly increasing by reason of the information which I receive through the sittings and the further knowledge gained by reading the publications of the recognized authorities on Psychic Research, and the results of the investigations of other scientific or medical men such as Crawford, Du Bois, Boirac, Bramwell, Schrenk von Notzing and others.

It is not my purpose to present any of the evidence which I received of supernormal information or of the survival of personal consciousness. The latter is no longer considered a hypothesis, but a recognized scientific fact admitted by all who have studied the records of the Society for Psychic Research and in addition thereto been competent and able to make sufficient personal investigation. I merely wish in this article, to answer the question which is so often asked me: "Assuming the facts to be true, what has been the practical value to you of messages from the dead, table-tilting, planchette-writing, or any of those other phenomena which are classed under the general head of Spiritualism?"

If by the term "practical value" is meant dollars and cents, or glory, honor, prestige and reputation, I would promptly answer that Spiritualism has no value at all but is worthless, and is a loss and detriment both from the monetary standpoint and probably that of reputation.

I contend however, that all things which add to the sum of human knowledge and make the life of man fuller and happier, are of practical value. The scholar who takes a joy in deciphering cuneiform inscriptions, the explorer who seeks to get to the poles, the scientist who spends years in apparently useless experimentation, the poet who puts language into song, the musician who gath-

ers sound vibrations and binds them into a harmonious whole, are all engaged with things of practical value, even though material results or rewards may not follow.

We but dimly recognize that our real life is not that of the physical senses but that of mind or thought. It is only as we feel the physical part of our nature or study animal life and that of the man of early civilization that we see the life of the senses predominate. The higher we rise in mental and moral culture the more does the sense life become subsidiary to that of the mind.

The first result of the generally much despised table-tilting or planchette-writing, consists in proving to our mind the existence of an unknown force which the text books of Science have heretofore ignored or denied. It will be unnecessary for me to state to anyone who had made only a cursory study and personal investigation of Spiritualism that all manifestations have a natural physical force or power as their basis, even though this force is more or less undefinable and cannot be expressed in recognized terms of matter or energy. Whether we call it vibrations of ether, thought waves, neutral radiations, psychic power or any other term, is immaterial. Our minds can only be reached through the physical senses. What we see, hear, taste, smell and feel we believe exists, as without the senses the mind would be practically dead so far as things of this natural world are concerned. Hence the value of the mind's being forced to an admittance and acknowledgement of the existence of an unseen force manifested by the tilting of a table or the moving of a planchette. This step having been accomplished, our attention is next drawn to the fact that the force manifested is not simply a form of energy per se, but that in back of the energy is an intelligence which controls and directs it and through it gives intelligent messages and answers. This admittance is just as compulsory as that which is forced upon us by seeing an object move.

I am not here entering into the question of whether this intelligence is that of the medium, of the sitter or of both. The fact remains that it exists. To apply a quotation of John Fiske, "At this point matter ends and spirit appears above the horizon." Scientists recognize and admit the existence of many forms of energy which fifty years ago it was

scientific heresy to even assume. Radium, Becquerel rays and similar discoveries have compelled a readjustment of the possibilities of light, ether and electrical waves. The treatment of nervous and mental maladies by suggestion and hypnotism is now orthodox medical practice. Psychic Researchers have proved telepathy, clairvoyance and clairaudience. The age of "the five senses" is rapidly disappearing.

All investigators are willing to admit the existence of both the unknown energy and the intelligence dictating the messages, but some contend that both emanate from living bodies and minds and not from the dead. They balk at the theory of the dead being alive and if their religious faith makes the living of the dead a primary requisite of their faith, they contend that if the dead are alive they cannot make this fact known to our conscious mind and that all good, cultured and refined spirits would refuse to do it even if they could, on the grounds that it was a sin or at the least, very bad taste. At this point the Spiritualist parts company with the Scientist who believes that only living earth minds can communicate and with the Orthodox Christian who believes that dead minds cannot or will not communicate.

Knowing and believing to the contrary, I am therefore compelled to the horror of my orthodox friends, to call myself a Spiritualist. My study and personal investigation have proven to me the existence of personal consciousness after death and that this consciousness can and does communicate with living minds. The laws of nature do not cease after death and the power of communication is latent or developed in every deceased individual the same as it now is in every living body and mind.

The practical value, in the sense I have defined, of this knowledge and belief has been to me of inestimable worth. On the religious side it has revolutionized my religious conceptions giving life to a dead faith, a more intelligent and comprehensive understanding of Christ's words, works and life, and a belief in His miracles and acts of healing as having been accomplished according to natural law and not as a violation of it. It has opened my mind to a recognition of the fundamental truths underlying all religions and generated a tolerance of their many errors.

Through my physical senses I have been brought to an intelligent belief in the possibilities and actuality of being able to have "personal conscious fellowship with God," words which heretofore have been to me only an empty-sounding phrase. My spiritual life has been stimulated and quickened in a way which a lifetime of the usual church attendance

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A Visit to the First Church of New York

By Lloyd Kenyon Jones

If you live in New York City, or near it, or go there at times, be sure to visit the First Spiritualist Church on Sunday evening. You will find this church in Renaissance Hall, 155 East Fifty-eighth street, with a large auditorium, and a real welcome.

During our recent visit to the metropolis, Mrs. Jones and I attended a Sunday evening service at the First Church, and carried back with us many pleasant memories. They are all fine, splendid people—with hearts beating true, and in the right place; and they do all in their power to make the stranger in their midst feel welcome.

Mrs. M. E. Williams is the principal speaker—a woman who has been a medium the past thirty-five years, and who is one of the best inspirational speakers in the world.

Mrs. Williams has toured the world, and has given seances for the crowned heads of many lands. Her mediumship embraces every kind of the higher types, and that includes materialization and the direct, independent voices. She still gives seances in her home on Central Park West, and is one of the most interesting persons any one could meet.

Mrs. Williams is a sincere, earnest talker, a clear talker, a clear thinker. She knows her subject from the opening sentence to the close—and her sermon carries straight home to the hearts and minds of the congregation.

Some speakers, in flights of flowery oratory, can appeal to the heart, for the moment. Others, in dry logic, such as one might hear in the United States Supreme Court, appeal to the intellect. Few speakers can appeal to mind and heart at the same time, but Mrs. Williams is one of the rare exceptions. What she says finds an abiding place, and the way she says it, carries conviction.

All mediums have interesting guides, but Mrs. Williams has some guides who are so thoroughly schooled in the work of message-bearers, they number their friends by thousands.

I have before me the card of "Miss Nevernio Pedro," and Nevernio has had as her earthly pals, some of the most prominent personages on earth. Her card reads, "Beacon Light House, Celestial Heights," and her business is "Co-operation."

Nevernio Pedro, as her name indicates, was Spanish, but lacking all the facts pertaining to her interesting history, I shall not essay to tell all about her, because I can't. I shall only say

that Nevernio is a very sweet little spirit, whose wisdom is that of the ages.

After Mrs. Williams had completed her interesting, wholesome, helpful sermon, Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Van Buskirk gave messages.

Not only are they splendid mediums, but they are very sweet women, and they have the power of drawing others to them in a sympathy that only proves their sincere desire to help others. Mrs. Van Buskirk may tour the country, and should you have the opportunity of hearing her, do so by all means.

Ordinarily, Mr. Frank Montsko delivers messages, but a great loss has come into the Montsko house—a beloved adopted son having passed out suddenly, just as he had found his place in the medical profession, and was scoring a most remarkable success. When God calls, it matters not whom the call may reach; for when there is more important work to do yonder, the worker is done with this earthly life.

Mr. Montsko is a very spiritual man—a man whose voice has never been lifted in jealousy or condemnation against any living thing. He lives the Spirituality which he teaches.

I have heard many remarkable stories about Mr. Montsko's messages and seances, and Mr. Harry Tudor has promised to tell our readers more about this splendid man.

The First Spiritual Church is doing a good work, and is doing that work earnestly and continuously. It is reaching many who have just started to wonder what this Spiritualistic faith could be—and many a doubter, many a person who has asked what life is all about, has found the answer in Renaissance Hall.

God needs many workers—and He needs earnest workers—and each Spiritual Church, in its sincere efforts to help mortals, should have the support of every true worker. There are many in the City of New York who would find that the First is their church, if they would just go and get acquainted. They would find many high-minded, educated, wholesome men and women—and in the sermons of Mrs. Williams and the messages of the message-bearers, they would find a new avenue opening for them; a channel leading straight from their hearts and minds to the tap-root of the Greater Truth.

Impressions count a good deal, and the impressions I have brought back with me concerning the First Spiritual Church, are impressions filled with new friendships, and new ideals. I have

met others on the firing-line, others who are meeting part of the inquiring, eager world, and setting them straight along the right pathway of information and serious thought.

This subject is so tremendously broad and deep, there must be an army to do the work that should be done right now. These Spiritual churches are like light-houses that dot a storm-swept coast. They are shedding their beacon rays to those who are tossed in an uncharted sea. They are bringing them safely to land—to something that they can stand on and upon which they may find security.

These churches of our faith are so pitifully few, and the great edifices of orthodoxy are so numerous, surely it behooves us in the faith to work together and think together, and be fellows in fact, without respect to our allegiances. My question is not, and never will be, "Which association do you belong to?" I don't care. It is all in the work, and what is in the work is in my heart—and I wish I could boost for each and every one every day. Perhaps the way will be opened so that I can boost—and can send to these churches those men and women who are just feeling their way along the frontiers of this mighty thought.

Each day, thousands of men and women who never paid much heed before to the teachings of Spiritualism, are asking about it—and if they ask all alone, and think all alone, they may become discouraged. Companionship in thought is as essential as companionship in business or in the arts or professions. We all like to meet folk who have a common cause. We like to know them as real, living persons. We wish to come closer to them, and feel compassion for them, and have them feel compassion for us. That is what the Church is for. It is not merely a market-place for the dissemination of a doctrine. It is a meeting-place where kindred hearts may commune, and where friends may be cultivated.

There are many good, earnest workers in the First Spiritualist Church of New York City, and they merit the reward of support in every meaning of the word. And this is true with relation to other Spiritual Churches in New York and everywhere else. "Communication" wishes to know them better and tell about their work, and help them grow. That is one of the big things which "Communication" hopes to do, because if we can not be big and broad enough

to find warm spots in our hearts for those who are doing the work which we love, we must make up our minds that we have not arrived, and that something is fearfully and lamentably wrong with us.

You will like the atmosphere of the First Church. You will like the music. You will like the people. You will feel the friendliness. You will be glad to go again and again, and will look forward to each Sunday evening—if you are where you can go. And if you are not, then let our friends help us tell about all the churches—just their best points,

only the things that are sure to build. No man can build without feeling friendship first of all—and there are critics enough outside the pale, to make us wish to have none inside the border of our beautiful faith.

As a stranger in New York, the First Church extended a hand of welcome to me, and I am pleased to extend a hand of welcome in return, and do my part in making the work of that church organization more and more successful.

May its membership grow rapidly and solidly and its success be unbounded!

Does Spiritualism Cause Insanity?

It would be remarkable if, among the insane, there are not some Spiritualists. There are plenty of priests and ministers of the gospel, business men, housewives, doctors, dentists, professional folk generally, and representatives of all other walks of life among asylum inmates.

As a weapon against Spiritualism, the charge has been made frequently of late, that Spiritualism is causing insanity.

And at this juncture, we beg to differ with the traducers of Spiritualism, or any other religion.

Religion never makes any person insane. It is not religion or hobby that causes insanity, but the religion or hobby may make its appearance during the process of insanity—and the insane person will grasp whatever seems paramount at the moment, and hang to it.

God never created any insane thing. In spirit, there is neither insanity nor impediment. The normal state of being is one of health and mental alertness.

The earth-body alone is subject to flaws, hurt and decay. The earth-body alone can be dismembered and decompose. In every second of our earth-lives, we undergo a constant process of waste and repair. There is one moment in our earthly lives, when each of us is at his best, physically. From that time on, there is a gradual sinking. There is that one passing moment of "primeness" and no other that will ever duplicate it. But in spirit, there is not this transitory condition; there is unending, equal, unvarying health in immortal normality.

It is not the mind that goes insane; it is the physical instrument of the mind that becomes impaired.

Back of all insanity there is some brain-lesion. There is some injury or breaking down of the physical tissues. There is some blood clot, or there is some toxin in the system that causes impairment.

Alienists may say that it is possible for a person to be so worried and so apprehensive, or become so worked up by

religious fervor, that this lesion will occur.* But the fact remains that the normal, healthy person will not drop into the pit of despair, or be carried away by any flight of fancy; that mortals have lived so carelessly, so far from law, that there can be no perfect physical body. Each carries in it somewhere, some dregs of disease, malnutrition or other impairment.

In insanity, the machine breaks down. The mind never breaks down. The mind can not function properly through a brain-mechanism that is impaired, and no brain can be clear if the body is unsound.

It is as unfair to say that persons go crazy over Catholicism, the Methodist faith, or the creed of any other church, as it is to say that Spiritualism is driving people to insanity.

But how about grief? the alienist will ask. If people knew the truth of Immortality, there would be little grief. If we saw, in each death, the real homecoming of a spirit, we would look upon death as a reward. Grief can kill only when ignorance will permit grief to so poison the physical body that it is no longer fit for the habitation of the soul.

In ignorance, this world struggles toward the light. In ignorance, we form our opinion—and we are afraid, not because we have a right to be, but because we deal with something that is unknown.

Whatever is unknown, is still knowable. The mystery of the thing we fear, would cease being mystery if we understood it.

If Spiritualism is the cause of insanity, then other religions also are the cause of insanity, for in any institution for the insane, we may find those whose phobia is based upon some creed—and their relations say that they went crazy because of religion.

If insanity is not the product of those other religions, it is not the product of Spiritualism. If one religion can promote lunacy, all religions can do the same thing.

One insane woman, who prattled glibly about the spirits, was dissuaded finally from meddling with Spiritualism, but no sooner was Spiritualism out of the way, than she was certain that her relations were trying to kill her for her wealth—possessions she did not possess!

Says the opponent of Spiritualism, "There are poor nuts in any asylum who see what you see. They see the spirits, but still they have to be locked up."

But why does this apply to Spiritualists? Those poor unfortunates, whom the critic typifies as "nuts," are so bad off, they can not be trusted away from keepers—but there are thousands of bright men and women who are contributing to the world's work, who believe in Spiritualism.

It is as much an argument to say, "You have no money. Go to any asylum and you will find poor nuts who claim to have as much as you." Or, "You are not making money; lots of liars claim the same thing." Is that argument? Does it deal with the specific facts? Can any statement be regarded as argument that does not deal with the specific facts?

Statistics can be builded up as evidence of any statement that one may wish to make. As the comedian said, "I have three children now, and I pray that I shall not have a fourth, because statistics prove that every fourth child born in the world is Chinese!"

Statisticians will learn, if they wish to investigate carefully and impartially, that all religions have their representatives in asylums for the insane, in jails and in alms-houses. Yet that is no argument that religion is baneful. How can these critics say that there would not be more insane were it not for religion, which tries to teach people to live clean, normal lives?

If these investigators will go further, and trace the presence or remnants of venereal diseases, they will find those diseases responsible for more cases of insanity than all the religion, politics, family differences and money on earth.

It is unfortunate that any person should go insane, no matter what the cause. But to say that Spiritualism, or any other religion, is responsible, is to set aside all that medicine and surgery have discovered in their research.

Every genius is said to be mad, because he has specialized on some one thing to the exclusion of all else. This is called insanity, and there are folk who contend that all mortals are insane. As one humorist stated recently, "I have heard that the other planets use this world as their insane asylum!"

That would seem nearer the truth than to place religion as a cause of lunacy.

FRONSTROM

EDITOR'S NOTE: Who is "Fronstrom?" We know him only by his manuscripts, that came to us with his compliments, and accompanied by a private mark, presumably for means of identification—should he ever choose to reveal his identity. Whether "Fronstrom" is fiction or fact—a figment of the mind, or recital of truths that may be historic—we neither know nor care particularly, because we believe that the statements made in these manuscripts are within the realm of reason, and may have occurred. But—if they happened—where did they take place? "Fronstrom" indicates neither locality nor time. If "Fronstrom" is an assumed name, and if his portrayal of these strange characters is but a flight of his imagination, then at least we must say for him that he has deep insight into those forms of natural law that are not confined to the recognition of material science; expressions of law that many term supernatural. Is anything supernatural? If it occurs, how can it occur outside of Nature, when Nature is but a creation of God? "Fronstrom" asserts that he has proved that harmony with this unwritten law brings health, happiness and success, and that disregard for and a breach of this law, can result only in illness, unhappiness and failure. Let us now peruse the first installment of "Fronstrom's" narrative.

MANUSCRIPT I

For many decades, I have been known as "Fronstrom," although that is not my name, but rather a *nom de guerre*. I was born and reared in a Far Country, among ennobling environments. I had good parents—good but very narrow; creed-bound, I may say.

I liked adventure—freedom from restraint. I disliked the petty, petted existence that was forced upon me—and therefore, while still a youth, I left home. I ran away from home, worked my passage to a strange land, and after many hardships, encountered The Great Adventure.

Like many children of the rich, I had no trade. My schooling was as useful as the decorations on a wall that must be replaced in time with other designs. I was ordinary. I am ordinary still, even in my advanced years. My experience is extraordinary. This is the story of my experience.

Finding no hope of employment in the larger cities and towns, I made my way inland, seeking the remote country places, thinking that agriculture might offer me healthful employment and escape from evil associations.

The farmer for whom I worked had a tract of land on the edge of a great veldt or prairie, broken here and there by thickets and shrubbery—and cut up with many ravines and dales.

Wild animals infested this open country, and usually we went about armed, for there were frequent and disastrous raids upon stock, and at times upon humans.

Much of the time, I tended the herds and flocks that grazed over the open range—keeping with me two or three faithful and well-trained dogs, and carrying a rifle, such as it was, as well as a pistol and a knife.

Often, I took a pack-horse with me, because I would be out for days at a time, and needs must have food and clean raiment, as well as a store of ammunition and tobacco.

The time of which I write had been a season of heavy rains, and the stock had found shelter under trees betimes, but had traveled far and had become scattered. These were trying times for me because I had no assistance, save the dogs, and my employer held me to strict accounting for the safety of all the herds and flocks under my care. This was unfair, particularly as wild animals often raided our flocks by night and scattered them.

You may well picture my weariness and disgust after having been in the saddle the better part of ten days and nights. I was weary beyond reckoning, and beside myself with disgust.

I venture that the nearest neighbor was fifteen miles distant, and that there were parts of this region over which a white man had not ridden in a dozen years.

It was toward noon of the Eventful Day, with the dogs absent in their search for the stock, when my horse drew himself back suddenly on his haunches, nearly unseating me. Astonished at his action, I unslung my rifle and was prepared to encounter some ferocious beast, when there came to my ears most weird and beautiful strains of song, as though wafted some distance by the breeze.

Who could there be in this wild region so filled with mad folly as to sing? It was not one voice, or two, but a choir of voices, well modulated and forceful. The song evidently was one of triumph. Every note was filled with glad tidings.

I pinched myself, fearful that I had sunk into the delirium of some fever. But, no! The song continued to come, and with it the cadence of equally beautiful instrumental music.

With my rifle ready for action, I urged my steed forward, and we rode, I estimate, a full half mile, coming finally to the fringe of a forest, out of which the song issued with growing force and fervor.

Cautiously I rode through the thicket, bending low at times to avoid sweeping branches. I proceeded, I should say, for six hundred yards, when I saw that the thicket was clearing, and beyond was a declivity that broadened into a beautiful dell, or glen, well carpeted with a wealth of wild flowers.

In the midst of this little vale, stood fifty, or maybe sixty, strangely clad men, women and children. They were arranged rather in a circle, and as I urged my charge ahead carefully, to gain clearer vision, I could see that in the center of this circle, was a mound of flowers—heaped high. Near them stood a young woman of the rarest beauty—the leader, I should judge. I could think only of the fairest pictures of angels that I had viewed so often with incredulity in the art galleries in the Far Country, when my whimsical aunt had taken me thither to spend what she called a delightful afternoon.

I am a poor hand at description, anything but poetical. I can say, though, that I never believed in heaven until I caught sight of this wondrous maiden, with her golden hair flowing to her waist. She was clad in a robe of Grecian cut, and the color was a most remarkable blue.

Emboldened and moved by curiosity, I came closer, until I had ridden my horse beyond the protection of the trees, almost to the nearest members of the circle.

The singing had stopped, and the maiden turned, smilingly, toward me.

"Fronstrom," she said to me, so suddenly I was too bewildered to wonder how she knew the name by which I had gone in the Far Country, "come hither and tell me what you see."

I dismounted, and noted that my horse was unusually nervous, considering his great fatigue.

Awkwardly, I went to the center of the circle, and could discern, beneath the flowers, the body of a child—a little girl not over four years of age; a beautiful child, with a smiling pout on her cold lips, like one who had been kissed much, but never enough.

"I see a very beautiful dead child," I replied.

"No, Fronstrom," the being corrected me, "you see only the physical remains of a dear one, but the spirit stands nigh and joins us in our song. Come, carry this little body of clay to yonder grave. Remember, now that you are chosen as one of us, at funerals we sing, for a soul has been released; at births we weep, because a child of God has come into the earth environments to learn through the harsh living of this world; at weddings, we pray that the parents will so live that they will attract only the most beautiful spirits as children."

I shall not describe the funeral further. I was dazed. I acted as pall-bearer, or hearse, and felt a strange sickness that struck at my stomach. I believe now it was the suddenness of encountering so unusual a company in so remote a place, coupled perhaps with my own fatigue.

Following the completion of the burial, there was a feast—and the food was mostly fruits and nuts, with some strangely palatable bread or cake—I know not which. There was no meat, for I learned that these people were vegetarians.

As often as good manners permitted, while I ate plentifully of the food, I eyed this beautiful maiden, and noted that she ate not at all, but regarded the others—many of whom were gray and aged—as though they were all her children.

After the meal, a man of massive build, but as grizzled as the gnarled trees about us, introduced himself to me as the Patriarch. He had a kindly face—but firm features. He was a man to obey. That I noted well.

"Fronstrom," he said to me, as we moved apart from the others, "you may wonder well at this strange sight, but you are to be one of us. That was ordained. Two weeks ago, our friends of the Unseen said that they would send you. No, do not worry about the herd and the flock. They will return home safely. Hands that can guide much better than yours will dispatch your dogs in the right direction, and bring the cattle and the sheep back safely to their owner.

"We are mortals, Fronstrom; mortals just like you. Some came from here and some from there, but all with heartsickness over the frivolity of the world—all anxious to get nearer to the precepts of the Gentle Master. We have banded ourselves into what we term The Homeland Community. We live yonder—many miles. But, as is our wont, we journey into the wilderness. This time we went purposely to permit this little one to receive the call home, in a place that our loved ones of the Unseen had selected. In time, Fronstrom, this spot where we have buried the earth form of this child, will be the heart of a great city—a city that will bear this child's name. It will be founded by those who know us not, but the sweet essence of this visitation will govern the founding and growth of this city, and imprint in its every foundation and wall, a responsive note upon which the spirit hosts may play in their tireless efforts to extricate the earth folk from their bondage of sin, passion and error—three names for the same sad condition of ignorance.

"Our range is broad, and as civilization, as man has elected to call his mistaken mode of living, moves outward, we continue to travel toward the frontiers. But as we go, as we obey the commands of the Most High, we leave our impress, even as our forebears did in ages past. This, Fronstrom, is an order older than any of your ken. It dates to

the hazyon days when all mankind saw and conversed with the hosts of spirit—and as mankind again will do when the scales of selfishness have fallen from the eyes of the earth children.

"We give our all to the work, Fronstrom. We obey blindly—doing that which, at the time, would be regarded by others as the maddest folly. But as we give, we reach the touchstone of God's Law, and the returns are so bountiful, we keep agents in the congested cities to disburse some of our gain."

I felt a light, gentle touch on my right shoulder at this juncture, and looked around into the beautiful eyes of the maiden.

"We call her Immortelles," the Patriarch told me. "She is with us on all festal or grave occasions. Returning, she becomes invisible to us, but her voice we hear often. She is, Fronstrom, our Guardian Angel, in truth as well as in beauty."

And even as I looked into the depths of those wondrous, heavenly blue eyes, the marvelous creature faded from my sight, becoming more and more ethereal, until not so much as a filmy outline remained, but her hand again touched me as firmly as ever, and her voice, undimmed in clearness, bade me follow the mandates of the Patriarch and give myself over to the only true happiness in life.

For a young man to be cast into such unusual company, when he thought only of his harsh lot and the fate of his herds and flocks, was an unbalancing experience. It was like a dream suddenly thrust into the waking state, and I confess that I was obliged to muster up all my courage to continue with these remarkable folk, as we burdened the pack animals, and wended our way into the wilderness.

When we were hungry, we found ample berries and wild fruit, and betimes the honey deposited by the wild bees. I could not help remarking that the bees made no attack on those who did the gathering, and that while we encountered wild beasts at times, they looked at us indifferently and went their way without so much as a snarl. The Community owned no weapons.

The nights, I slept the slumber of the just, with a gladness in my heart that was beyond description. I am certain that Immortelles took my weary spirit more than once out of my lethargic body, and accompanied me on excursions into the hidden places not only of the world, but of the universe as well.

My occupation may be described as that of a menial. I groomed the horses and milked the cows, and did the heavy work—although three of the young men at times helped me gladly. I did not feel under restraint. No longer did I revolt against my lot, as I had done in my labors for the borderland farmer. I was satisfied—glad to be a servant in such company.

As we rode, I was usually beside the Patriarch and at times he would give me short, lucid, simple lessons, which I would ponder thoughtfully the balance of the day.

At noon, usually, when we stopped to eat and refresh the horses, there would be a lesson—so clear, so wholesome, so simple, it would sink deep into my heart—and before many days, I began to regard the Great God as a close friend, and found myself committing my soul to His mercy and goodness.

I had been taught to fear God—and to me, to fear was to hate. But now I was learning to love God—and loving my Maker as I had never learned before, I felt new strength coming to me, and new happiness stealing into my heart.

The folk of the Community were plain people, but beneath their plainness was a beauty I can scarce describe. After all, it is not the physical form that is beautiful, but

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A Little Chat With Little Ones

By Pink Rose

Each of you has a mamma and a papa, and you should love them dearly, with all your hearts. You should obey them, too, because God meant that they should guide your little feet over the very rough, hard paths, until you learn better how to live.

Each of you, also, has a Heavenly Father—the Father who has as his children all the boys and girls, and all the grownup men and women, who have ever lived. And as truly as your own earthly fathers and mothers love you, this Great Father loves you most of all, because He always understands you—knows how sorry you are after you have been naughty, and how much you will try to be better tomorrow.

When you say your prayers at night, God hears you and loves you better for your prayers. And those prayers bring you much nearer your Heavenly Father so that He can help you. And do you know how He does help you?

He sends Angels to watch over you. They love you, because they love any task that God tells them is theirs, and they love all children, because these Angels, just like you, are children of God.

Sometimes, in the broad daylight, little children can see these Angels, and those Angels seem just like other little children. Mothers and fathers do not understand always, and they say that their boys and girls are playing make-believe, but the boys and girls know better.

Maybe you do not see your Angel playmates in the daytime, but only in your dreams. They are playmates, and they love you and try to shield you from harm. They try to take the wicked thoughts out of your mind when you are angry. They try to make you feel sorry for all the bad things you have done, because these Angel playmates know how harmful bad thoughts are to you, and how much farther they put you away from God.

If little boys and girls are angry and will not mind their parents, they get farther away from God, and then the Angels who are sent to help them have to look through a thick cloud, and they cannot see very well through these thick clouds. They are not real clouds like you see in the sky, but they are the clouds of your own naughtiness.

Everybody makes mistakes. Grownup people make mistakes. That can not be helped always. When you have made a mistake, you should think about it, and not refuse to say that you are sorry. You must try to never make the same kind of mistake again. If you will not

say you are sorry, that makes it hard for your Angel playmates to help you. It makes them very, very sad, because they know that when you are bad and will not repent, that makes you sad. You never feel good away down in your hearts when you are wicked. It makes you feel all choked up, doesn't it? That is because you have driven your Angel playmates away from you, and you can be happy only when they are near. They wish to come near to you all the time, but you invite them by your goodness and happiness, and drive them away when you are mean and pouty.

Always think of these Angel playmates near you, while you are awake and while you are asleep. They are trying to keep you well and keep you from harm, and help you grow up into fine men and women, whom everybody will love and respect. You wouldn't want to grow up in any other way. You would not want to have people hate and fear you, because that would make these Angels sad and it would make you sad. When you grow up, remember that other little boys and girls are going to be watching what you do and how you act, and if you act bad, they will think that is very smart. They will think that a grown-up person knows what he or she is doing, and if it is all right for big people to be bad, why can't little ones be bad, too?

You want to set a good example for others by the way you live, and you are going to do only the things that you think. If you think beautiful, helpful, honest thoughts, you will become beautiful and helpful and honest, and surely you would not be any other way, would you?

When you are angry, and are peevish and cry, maybe other people who are older, will pretend that they are sorry, but when they get away from you, they will say, "What a fretful child." They will not love you, and if everybody stopped loving you, all the fun would go out of life.

All the thoughts that you think secretly, make your life what it is going to be. Hateful thoughts make hateful lives. Big people are just like boys and girls. If they were lovable and thoughtful children, they grow up into lovable, thoughtful men and women. If they were hateful, spiteful, cross children, they grow up that way. Now, I am going to show you why this is so:

It doesn't seem so far back to yesterday. If you look at yourselves in looking glasses, you don't seem to have changed at all, don't seem to be any

taller than you were yesterday. But you have changed just a little. You are a little taller, even though no one could measure how much, because it is just a little. Maybe in a whole year, you will grow less than two inches, so that is not much each day, but if you did not grow just a little each day, then at the end of the year, you would be no taller, would you?

Each day you have learned just a little. Maybe you fell down and got bumped, and that hurt. Maybe you learned some new word that you never knew before, or saw something you never knew about before. So each day, you learn a little. Some of the things you learn at school, and others in your play, or just by watching things and thinking. Maybe you make some mistakes, and have to find out later why they are mistakes.

Each day is very precious to you if you only knew it. Each day, your mammas and papas are working hard to give you a good home and protect you, and get you ready to make your own living when you grow up.

If you get into the habit of being cross and mean, then tomorrow maybe you will feel the same crossness that you feel today. If you keep on this way, you have just carried that badness from one day to another, and that may mean from one year to another. And if you try to be sweet and honest and thoughtful, tomorrow it will be easier to be that way. So you can see how you are going to make yourselves very good and noble men and women if you think about doing the right thing and being cheerful and kind.

But there is something else that helps you when you try to be nice, and that is the help that comes from your Angel playmates. They are growing up like you are. When you are young ladies and young gentlemen, those Angel playmates will be just the same—grown up a little more, like you are.

These Angel playmates grow up with you, and become your real partners in life. They find many other beautiful Angels to help you, when you find problems. They take care of you just as much as you let them, and that means that you must always try to do your best and not complain. Not even Angels like people who whine all the time. They like brave people, who have courage to say, "Oh, well, that wasn't very good, but it will be better next time, and it might have been a lot worse!" That helps your Angel friends to get closer

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Baby Fingers

By D. A. Reynolds

There haint no good use o' grievin' an'
wishin' 'er back agin,
Fer I know the good Lord took 'er away
from this world o' sin;
Yet somehow or other I'm thinkin'—if
such a thing can be—
When I get over on t'other side, I'll find
'er waitin' fer me.
I don't know much about heaven, though
I've read a heap o' late,
An' I've done some pow'ful thinkin',
a-tryin' to learn my fate;
But 'lowin' fer harps an' music, an'
takin' the lay o' the ground,
I reckon she wouldn't be happy, unless
I was hangin' 'round.
You see we were alers sweethearts, fer
nigh on ter fifty years,
An' shared our joys together, an' some-
times, bitter tears;
Fer it means a heap to a woman to
cuddle her ev'ry day,
An' I don't object to it nuther, if a
little comes my way.
It's easy to fool a woman while courtin'
'er in your prime,
Fer yer on yer good behavior, an' lovin'
'er all the time;
But I reckon a place is waitin'—an'
hotter'n all the rest—
Fer the cuss what doesn't keep it up
by tryin' to do his best.
I tell yer I was happy when we started
out in life,
With our future all afore us, an' my
sweetheart fer my wife;
An' the little bit o' clearin' round the
cabin, called a home
Were a little patch o' heaven, fer we
called it all our own.
An' should I live a thousand years, I'll
ne'er forget the day,
She showed to me some little things
what she had hid away;
An' to my heart I caught 'er, fer she
never looked so fair,
An' some little fingers tightened 'round
my heart-strings, then and there.
There haint no good a tellin'—as the
time kept drawin' near—
How we talked o' the coming stranger,
with mingled joy an' fear;
Fer I reckon the good Lord made us, as
part o' the general plan,
To welcome His little angels, an' give
'em a helpin' han'.
An' when the doctor came at last, an'
shook his head in gloom,
I could feel that Death was with us,
an' stalkin' about the room;
An' when I know'd that one must go, it
nearly driv me wild,
Fer he left my wife in the shadows, an'
took away the child.

Then followed the days o' nursin' in
winnin' 'er back to life—
Fer I know'd that Death was sneakin'
round to rob me of my wife—
An' the nights I lay with starin' eyes as
the hours slowly creep,
As she lay'd in my arms like a tired
child, a cryin' 'erself to sleep.
Fer I felt that the world was agin me,
an' tryin' to make me quake,
But I swore I'd win the battle, if only
for her sake;
An' if they thought they had me, I'd
show 'em, man to man,
I could fight both God an' the Devil, an'
beat 'em even han'.
I reckon it were the Devil what filled
my heart with hate,
An' I cussed the Lord what made me,
an' raved about my fate;
Fer everything went cross-wise, at least
that way it did seem,
An' in my angry moments, I'd take it
out on the team.
But one day I was plowin' an' a cussin'
it fer dear life,
When I came to the end o' the furrow,
and right there stood my wife;
As pale as a sheet of paper, a quiverin'
of 'er chin—
An' I kissed away the tear drop—but I
never cussed agin.
But it wasn't all joy an' sunshine then,
a clearin' up the farm,
A choppin' down the timber, an' a
chinkin' up the barn;
But we worked and pulled together, an'
we thought we'd make it pay,
But the mortgage kept a gnawin'—ye
could hear it night an' day—
So we worked a little harder, an' we
pinched a little more,
Till the sheriff come an' took it, an' set
us out o' door.
It wasn't no great fortun' but to us it
was our start,
An' when we had ter give it up, it al-
most broke 'er heart.
Then we moved our few belongin's inter
Deacon Barlow's barn,
An' I tried ter make a livin' by workin'
on his farm,
But it ain't no kind of a livin' a feller
can make that way,
Though I worked like the very dickens
fer only a dollar a day.
An' she was a takin' washin', an' failin'
all the while,
A pinchin' along on nothin', but always
with a smile;
I tell ye it made me heart-sick, fer I felt
like a guilty cur,
An' I think right now I'd a gone to
hell if it hadn't a'been fer her.

So we talked it over together, and try
once more to win,
An' vowed we'd make another start, an'
try all over agin,
So we went way up in the coal fields,
with the remnant of our means,
On a God-forsaken patch o' land that
wouldn't raise white beans.
But we hadn't more'n got settled, when
a feller dressed in style,
Just wanted ter put a hole down in
hopes o' strikin' ile;
An' paid us fer feedin' 'is workmen, an'
it wasn't no small pay,
So things got a lookin' brighter, an'
brighter every day.
I never was much on preachin' but let
me say to you,
When a man's dead square with a
woman, he knows just what to do;
An' when the ile came gushin, an every-
thing was astir,
Now meybe I wasn't happy a makin' it
up to her.
The years seemed ter fall from 'er
shoulders, her step grew light an'
free,
An' 'er face shown fair through the
lines o' care, that meant so much
to me.
Our home grew bright an' cheerful, fer
we thought 'twould always last,
A settin' our face to the futur, as we
tried ter ferget the past.
An' so we lived fer each other, an' never
a day apart,
A feelin' them baby fingers a twinin'
about the heart,
An' they seemed ter bring us nearer the
place with the golden gate,
Till she slipped through afore me; but
I won't have long to wait.
So there haint no good use o' grievin'
an' wishin' 'er back agin,
Fer I know the good Lord took 'er away
from this world o' sin;
Yet somehow or other I'm thinkin'—if
such a thing can be—
When I get over on t' other side, I'll
find 'er waitin' fer me.

One does not have to give a certificate that proves his or her Spiritualism in order to subscribe for "Communication." It is enough to place our side of the case before the investigator. God gave him brains, and he can do his own thinking. We seek not to do his thinking for him, but to give him our views, so that he may determine, for himself, how nearly right or how far wrong he believes us to be.

Is There One True Religion?

Just what is religion? Is it not a basis of belief that permits mankind to form some sort of conception of Immortality? If religion will respond to this definition, and if human experience is not all the same, then the articles of faith of one man, may not be the articles of faith of another.

There are folk in this world today who hope for a unity of religious thought. In a sense, that unity has been here for a long while. Persons who profess religion believe in God, some believe in Jesus Christ, but all believe in some form of life-everlasting.

Religionists differ in details. The Methodist believes in common with the Baptist that a person should be baptized in the name of the Savior, but the Methodist believes that the form of baptism should be sprinkling, and the Baptist believes that it should be immersion.

The Methodist is happy in his interpretation as the Baptist is in his—but they differ in particulars.

If this world presented a perfect agreement on all political and religious matters, what would be the effect on mortal experience? If everyone agreed on everything, this life would be a monotony. Most of the cause of experience would be removed—and without experience, of what particular value is this earth-life?

The creeds are beyond numbering—but inside the creeds, there are as many different interpretations as there are individuals. Some believe without questioning, and are happy; others believe, but prefer to argue and reason out the thing in which they believe.

One sect sees evil in another sect—but both profess to believe in God and in life-unending. Among a congregation of five hundred persons, there are five hundred different conceptions of the same faith. And what a man believes today may be tempered somewhat by his views tomorrow. As he experiences more, his belief alters. But it is belief, nevertheless.

Says the Atheist, "There may be a God and there may not be, but I am inclined to think it is just natural law, and not God at all." He has expressed what others call a disbelief in God, but he has said that he believes in natural law, and surely natural law is just another name for the Great Creative Something.

Viewed in one another's eyes, Catholics and Protestants are bigots, hypocrites, almost infidels. The Catholic kneels down before an image and prays, and the Protestant calls this idolatry. But the Catholic says it is only something to help him visualize the goodness

of that to which he prays. The training of the Catholic has been along one line, and of the Protestant along another line. Each, in his own way and according to his own conception, worships God. Each may create a mind-made heaven that bars out the other fellow, for the sake of disension. Each believes in the same thing, but sees that thing through a different opening.

Religious belief is a growth. It is like education. It depends upon environments, and often on early impressions. To take away that which brings faith to a person, and give him nothing that can satisfy him, is cruel. It is needless. In each of these Churches, be they Roman Catholic, Protestant or Hebrew, Buddhist or Mohanmedan, the tenets are good—and the follower who tries to live according to the moral code of each church, has set for himself a high moral task.

He who, in his madness, would wipe out of existence any creed, is reckoning without reason. Why take away that which satisfies and try to substitute that which does not satisfy? It gains one nothing; it profits the world naught.

The New Spiritualism, to succeed, must grant to each person his or her right to believe as he or she wishes. Spiritualism must be broad enough to not lend itself to ridicule or attack. It must be tolerant enough to live the belief that intolerance is the worst of all earthly sins.

There is reason to believe that, on life's spirit-side, there are spheres and planes, and that those on any one plane, are persons of similar development, who live in amity and sweet accord, because they have had similar experiences and see the glints of the Great Truth through much the same vision. But in this earth-world, we have different experiences, and we range from the highest to the lowest planes of development, and it is impossible for us to believe alike.

As certainly as people live happily only in individual homes, so do people worship God best according to their own likes. When any creed strikes down deep in any person and satisfies that person, he has found the right creed for himself. It may not be the right one years hence, but for the time being, it is what he needs. But if his professed faith gives him only misgivings and uneasiness, then he is attempting to worship on a plane upon which he does not belong, and he will keep on searching until he finds his own plane of religious thought.

Spiritualism is not a disturbing element in the family of religions. It is

like a new boy at school. The others will pay considerable attention to him until they understand him, and after that they will take for granted that he has a rightful place among them. He belongs. Just now, Spiritualism has not proved that it belongs, and the other boys in school are trying to pick a few quarrels to test the mettle of the newcomer. This is natural. It is a process as old as the human kind. When they feel that Spiritualism has been among them long enough to have found its place, then these other boys will not concern themselves particularly about it.

To those who have grown to that point where they wish to know that there is life beyond the grave, and are no longer satisfied to take it for granted, Spiritualism comes as a new growth.

Regarding all religious thought in the broadest tolerance, is a debt each of us owes to the world. We have no right to tell any man he is wrong, if he is satisfied with that in which he believes. But when he comes to us and makes inquiry, then we should be glad and willing to place before him the evidence which we regard as proof.

Spiritualism differs in many respects from the other religions, because Spiritualism is a religion of personal experience. Until each individual has come into possession of some evidence through experience, that individual can not say that he believes or disbelieves. In other creeds, there is a concerted action based upon articles of faith, and each minister or priest, while injecting into his work something of himself, is a mouthpiece of that centralized creed. But in Spiritualism, through different mediums, come spirits who must penetrate different forces. They come under various conditions. Some come with a smattering of new experience in the land they have found beyond the grave—and the evidence often seems to be contradictory.

Raymond Lodge told his father that he saw men who actually smoked cigars and drank whiskey and soda. But older spirits say that this is not true, that what Raymond meant is that the spirit-world eased the way, naturally, for the new-comers, and while seeming to give them what they wanted, really taught them the futility of trying to cling to old earth-habits. These others, with broader experience, say that many drunkards, in spirit, refuse to leave their earthly haunts—and that, as ignorance is contrary to progress, so is ignorance equivalent to evil.

There is ample evidence that there is a state of existence beyond the grave that answers the Roman Catholic ideas of purgatory, and that those in that plane of unrest and dissatisfaction, depend upon their earth-experience and are helped by prayers for the dead.

(Continued on page 59)

EDUCATIONAL

SEARCHING FOR YOUR OPEN DOOR

This is the first of a series of educational articles that will appear in "Communication," and that will deal with different forms of psychic development. To each mortal, God gave an open door, through which some form of manifestation may come from the world next-door. Just as a lifetime of inactivity will never bring muscular strength, although the muscles are ready to respond to the proper exercise, so will psychic inertia produce no psychic experience, although the psychic force may be called into activity under the proper development. Precisely as human nature varies, as characters differ from one another, so are there many differences between the psychic sense of different persons. To each door there is a key, and once unlocked, the sense of psychic perception will bring not only evidence, but proof, of spirit existence.—THE EDITOR.

I—CLAIRVOYANCE

The telephone consists of just so many material things, properly fashioned and having the right relationship one to another. Those materials were in existence in the beginning of this world, but it was left to comparatively recent times to classify them in a manner that would carry the vibrations of the voice and other sounds to a distance.

The needle is simple, but without it, the art of sewing would amount to nothing. The thermometer does not create heat or cold, but it registers the degree of temperature, and serves as a dependable guide for the maintenance of the proper temperature.

We need repeat no further instances of the need of instruments, implements, devices and machines in the conduct of much useful labor. But we should not stop with these material aids.

Just as devices or instruments may help us to do certain things, so may right methods also assist us. The housewife, in following her recipes, employs a method. She uses the proper ingredients, in the correct proportion, and in the right order. The result is culinary skill.

In language, we employ a system of putting sounds together so that these sounds have meaning, and this method has given us a common basis of communication, one with the other.

Chemistry depends more on methods, or formulas, which are other names for methods, than it does upon mechanical aids. But chemistry depends also on instruments and machines.

We find that method co-operates with material things, and that the mind directs the method and the instrument in producing results. This, we admit, pertains to all things which we do.

There must be method, or mechanical assistance, or both.

These processes extend into the field of education. All business is transacted with similar facilities and methods—with system and with material means to put that system into operation.

If we turn to art, we find the same truth obtains. If we scrutinize any of the professions, we find further corroboration of this fact. If we look into any field in this world in which intellect is employed, we discover method or instrumentality, or both.

Carrying our search forward to psychic matters, why should we expect to abandon all that pertains to everything else in life? Do we develop any art, any gift, without effort? Do we develop any talent properly without method?

If singing, the playing of musical instruments, drawing and painting, the carving of stone and wood, acting and all else in the realm of talent, depends upon method in its unfoldment, why should we expect any psychic gift to be developed without method, without effort, purely as a surprise?

Every person has an open door that leads to the realities of spirit, and were this not true, then the fact of Spiritualism, or Spirit Communication, would reach but a limited number of persons, compared with the total population or even the total seekers.

To classify psychic powers, would be as great a task as attempting to classify character, characteristics or personalities, or human experience.

There are certain fundamental classifications that pertain to many; not to all, but to many.

We shall begin with those forms of psychic gifts that pertain to the larger number of persons, and in subsequent articles, take up the other classifications that pertain to a smaller number.

One of the most widespread gifts of a psychic nature in the world is:

Clairvoyance, or Clear-seeing

Sight, like any other sense, is of the spirit. As mortals, we look through material eyes, but these material eyes have no sense of sight. They are like the lenses in a camera or a telescope. They are mechanical instruments, but sight is the intelligent seeing that employs these instruments.

Impair or destroy the material instrument, and blindness results, which does not prove that sight is of the material eye only, but that, during this tenure of life, we sense largely through our material bodies.

Blind folks may develop their spiritual sight, so that they will see clearly; not

in the sense that they would have seen with their material eyes (except in rare instances), but in a new sense. They will see that which mortal eyes do not behold. Many blind persons have had this sense of clear-seeing, but not understanding the law back of it, have not been able to repeat their experience.

Clairvoyance often is called "the open eye." This is a term that means that the clairvoyant person sees not only materially, but spiritually as well. Many animals have the open eye, and much animal terror is caused by seeing that which most mortals do not see.

Clairvoyance has many manifestations. The clairvoyant may see spirit forms that seem as solid and real as the forms of earth-persons. The form may be misty, and transparent. It may be distant and indistinct. It may come as a picture, either associated with some surface or with no visible surface. Forms may not be seen, but symbolical images may appear, such as letters, scenes, or events that are, or are not, literal.

The seeing may occur with the eyes open, or with the eyes closed. The images may come as a half-tone—a gray or a brown—or with color. They may be clear, with sharp outlines, or they may be partly hidden in a vapor, or in a dark background.

Clairvoyance may content itself with lights and shadows and with colors, and the interpretation may proceed from these. Or it may symbolize in the form of flowers, or in other well-known shapes.

Just why clairvoyance takes on so many different phases, we do not pretend to know. Perhaps it is because, to different persons, the same music has a different meaning, or the same picture a different significance. It is, briefly, because persons are different. Clairvoyance may be the solitary gift, or it may be developed in conjunction with other psychic gifts, such as clairaudience, or clear-hearing. It may be a step toward other development. All psychic persons are not certain of having clairvoyant vision, but they are likely to experience it, and clairvoyance probably will figure in the plan of psychic unfoldment of most persons who develop. In some stage of their development, they are likely to experience some type of clairvoyance.

Often, clairvoyant vision requires a setting. It will focus itself on a surface, back of some surface or in front of some surface. It may choose the features of some earth-person and clairvoyants often erroneously call this "trans-

figuration." It is not transfiguration, because only the clairvoyant person sees it. Were it transfiguration, all persons present would see the same thing. Therefore, clairvoyance is not materialization. If it were, all persons present would see the same thing. The fact that only the clairvoyant person, or several who are clairvoyant, beholds the form or vision, is proof that the vision itself has not taken material form.

Platform mediums usually have clairvoyant sight. They see the spirit-forms, and describe that which they see. Sometimes their description is incorrect because they have not described properly that which they see. It is a common expression among them, and among mediums, to say, "I see so-and-so building up." To the novice, this is mystifying. It is a term. Mediums have their "shop-talk" the same as other persons. By building up, they mean that they see the form or vision coming into focus.

A medium says, "I see the letter A building up." She sees a letter A being formed. Likely, on the spirit-side, certain ethereal particles are being drawn together to form the likeness of the letter A, which is to be a means of identification. Sometimes entire words are built up in the same manner.

A medium says, "I see a form building up." She sees a form coming into the focus of her psychic sight. At first, it is not clear. It is much like adjusting a telescope to your eyes. You may say, while the vision is still blurred, and you begin to get the proper focus, "I can see a horse building up."

Clairvoyance often focuses its vision in a flower, or on any surface or in any depth. Sometimes it requires depth, or the suggestion of depth. At other times, a surface serves the purpose of a screen, upon which is focused the psychic vision.

Does the psychic person actually see something which exists, or is the vision only a projection of some impression that has touched the sense of sight in the brain? If the impression is due to telepathic communication (which is more rare than most folk believe), then likely the sense of sight in the brain has been impressed, and the vision is projected, but has no reality. But if that which is seen has specific bearing to some facts pertaining to those who have gone before, it is easier to believe that the clairvoyant person sees that which the eyes of other mortals do not see.

Are these visions illusory? Are they due to imagination? If they have no significance, we may say that they are illusory. We may admit that it is possible for persons to imagine that they see when they see nothing pertaining to that which they pretend to see. This does not lessen the fact that developed clairvoyants say that they see things

which have special significance. They describe those in spirit, and describe them accurately.

Clairvoyance usually begins to manifest itself with clouds and shadows, and lights, and colors. This is not a law. It is merely a rule—a rule that has many exceptions. Some psychics begin to see clearly from the first. Some develop rapidly and others slowly, but many of those who develop slowly, develop more thoroughly. They become better clairvoyants. Some psychics have clairvoyant sight from childhood, and others unfold it later in life. Many who are clairvoyant in childhood, lose this psychic sense as they grow older and associate more with the material things of the world.

This array of facts will serve as a guide for the next step of our study, which is:

The Development of Clairvoyance

The best way to develop a muscle is to use it, and think of it while you are using it, and enjoy the exercise. If you do not enjoy the exercise, you do not develop your muscle properly; perhaps scarcely any. So it is with psychic unfoldment: You must be happy in your exercise and think about that which you do. There is another analogy: Just as regularity is best for physical development, so is it best for psychic development. And here is one more comparison to take into account: Precisely as you would start physical development in easy stages, so must you begin your psychic development in easy stages. You can "go stale" in a psychic sense the same as you can in a physical sense.

Clairvoyance deals with sight, and your exercises must pertain to sight; not to sight-strains, but to sight development. You should set aside about two evenings a week, and for the first several weeks, you should sit not over thirty minutes an evening, and less if you feel fatigued.

You should select the same time on each of the two evenings. You should set aside the same two evenings each week. If you can not sit conveniently in the evening, then select some other part of the day. Evening is the better time, but many persons find that they can develop best in the morning hours, before they are fatigued.

Sit in a half-light. Sit correctly—comfortably, with the feet on the floor, and your arms resting at your side or on your lap. Keep the spine as nearly upright as possible. Breathe evenly. Relax. Get body and mind at rest. If you wish to set in motion new forces, you must clear the track for them. In any form of psychic manifestation, very real forces are being brought into being. These forces are not fancied, but real. Their nature, we do not know. We know only that something is taken from your

own body, and probably something from other objects, and from those on the other side. They in spirit refer to it as spirit chemistry. Some students call it vibration. The name is immaterial, but you should recognize the fact that whatever this force may be, it is real.

Passivity helps set these forces in motion, and helps give them direction. A passive mind encourages unfoldment. An active, aggressive method of thinking, or too much questioning, or impatience, or too much curiosity, will retard the development. If you are skeptical, and can not sit open-mindedly, do not sit at all. If you are to be the gainer, then give yourself the opportunity. Give that opportunity to your loved ones in spirit.

If you do not believe firmly, do not disbelieve violently. Be of open mind. Do not expect anything the first time, or the second or the third. Do not attempt to measure the time that will be required. Do not strain your imagination. Simply be satisfied to wait. Be happy if you get any manifestation. Remember that all development is growth, and that growth can not be forced. You are the beggar, and as the beggar, do not try to command the forces that are ready to help you—that can help you only as you open the door. If, after many weeks, no indication of clairvoyant sight should come to you, be undismayed. The exercises you have taken, will form the groundwork for any form of psychic development that you may undertake.

Think mildly, not violently, not with force, about—sight. Think about seeing that which your eyes can not behold ordinarily. But do not concentrate over a prolonged period on your sight. Most of the time sit passively, and remember that willy-nilly thoughts are only slight disturbances. Also bear in mind that many memories may come up, so do not permit any of these memories to grip your attention. Set it aside when it comes to you. If these memory-pictures persist in coming too strong and fast, then concentrate more on the thought of sight—on your eyes—on your spiritual vision. Keep light-hearted. Once you become lethargic or dull, you close the door. That is as bad as becoming over-anxious. You may feel drowsy. This is not unusual. Whenever you develop, forces are built up, and the up-building of forces may cause one to feel sleepy.

Nothing may come for weeks, or months. If the prize is worth winning, it is worth being patient to acquire. Think of those who study for professions—year after year. They are patient, for what? An earthly gift. Should you be less patient for a heavenly gift?

Clairvoyance may not be your form of development, but this regularity of sitting "in the silence," as it is called

often by psychic students, will open the door for whatever your gift may be, and if some other form of development manifests, then forget your clairvoyance and pursue that other type of development. Sitting for clairvoyant development is a fundamental psychic exercise that sets body and mind at rest, and opens the door for news from over the border.

If you begin to see, you may see forms from the first, but likely you will see clouds and shadows, meaningless maybe, one pursuing the other, and then all of them leaving. You must try to see what comes with your eyes open—but not strained and staring, just gazing ahead in a sort of meditative way. You may try with your eyes closed. To some, clairvoyant vision comes best in the light; to others in the dark. If the dark brings the better results, then sit in pitch-blackness. You may see lights—phosphorescent, or very bright, but usually fleeting. In time, you may see undefined forms, and can detect their movements.

You may see lights surrounding persons—sometimes bright, like the halos pictured by artists, and sometimes duller. You may be able, in time, to analyze a person's mental or physical state by the color or intensity or dullness of these lights. Visions may come in space, or they may come on surfaces—on walls, perhaps. No one can foretell just how your visions will come, if you get them. That depends upon peculiarities all your own.

You may receive symbolical visions, that will bear interpretation. You may have "waking dreams." You may see things literally. One lady saw a horse—a white charger, standing through the dining table. On its back was a man. She described his stature and features and dress. Then she saw him fall, and perceived that he fell at the side of the road and was killed. What she saw described what had happened to a relation of a friend who was calling on her. She saw a vision. This vision was shown to her by guides in spirit, for purposes of identifying some spirit who wished to make his presence known. But a similar vision might pertain to what was occurring at some distant place, or would occur at some future time. It might not be literal, but could be symbolical, signifying that some project or adventure would terminate disastrously.

In time, through checking up on your visions—through keeping a record of them and referring to them as you develop—you will learn the kind of clairvoyance you possess. Your spirit guides will help you understand, and the meaning will be clear to you usually. Sometimes it will not be clear, because the vision you see is for some other person present, and you tell only that which you see. The other person understands it is vision perfectly.

When you begin to have visions, test yourself by seeing what comes to you for strangers. You may have visions in restaurants, in trains, in the theatre. But unless you "read" for someone, for some friend or acquaintance, likely you will not know the value of that which you see. Be sure that you actually see, that the vision is clear, and is not merely a picture you conjure up in your mind. If you have clairvoyant sight, you do not have to strain your imagination to wonder if you do see, because the vision of clairvoyance is as clear as anything you see. When you look around you, there is no question as to the things you see. There should be no greater question in clairvoyant sight.

Just as physical training permits you to devote more time to your exercise, as you progress, so may you take more time to developing clairvoyant vision, as time passes. You may take three evenings a week, and then four, and finally every day, and after some months, several times a day, until the visions come at any time, without putting yourself in special condition to receive them.

Do not boast to your friends that you are "becoming a clairvoyant." If you become one, reveal your gift to them, but be sure you have the gift first of all. Many persons bring ridicule upon themselves and upon Spiritualism by working themselves into a state of nervousness, and imagining that which is not theirs. This is not development, but quite the opposite.

Be patient. If you can not be patient, do not start. If you are going to begin by commanding development in any certain time or in any given manner, you will arrive nowhere. Thin as the veil may be that separates earthly sight from spiritual sight, still it is a veil, and it wears away gradually. You will be prepared fully by dear ones in spirit for each step of your development. That development comes in steps—in degrees of the finest distinction. And if you never have "the open eye," you will find some other open door—and to you will come some manifestation, some form of message-bearing, that will recompense you for your faithful development.

(Next Installment: Crystal Clairvoyance.)

Don't agree with everything you hear or read. Consider the facts, and think about them. Turn them over in your mind, until you begin to form your own conclusions—but form them always with the understanding that more facts may come to you later. In this way, you learn—and with no individual ever reaching the knowledge of God, it follows that there is always something new to learn. This is true in this world, and it will be equally true in the spirit-spheres.

TRUMPET DEVELOPMENT REVEALED

The trumpet is one of the oldest auxiliaries to the receipt of communications from spirit, but like many other things in this world, and psychic things particularly, it is understood imperfectly. The trumpet may be utilized to play an important part in many forms of development. It has its peculiarities, and this series will deal with the trumpet and its various uses, not only as a method of securing the direct voices, but as a means of other forms of communication.—THE EDITOR.

I—THE WHY OF THE TRUMPET

For ages, artists have pictured the hosts of heaven as descending to earth, with trumpets held to the lips of the angels, and the assumption has been that these trumpets represent musical instruments. Partly, this view has been correct; mostly, it has been incorrect. For there are trumpets in spirit, as well as trumpets in this world, employed for the purposes of communication between earth and spirit.

The trumpet itself is made in a variety of forms. Some trumpets are in a single piece, and others in sections. Some are made of fibre and others of metal, preferably aluminum. The average length does not exceed three feet. Often it is less.

The trumpet is conical, with the large end about five or six inches in diameter—sometimes slightly smaller or slightly larger—and the small end with a diameter usually less than an inch. The trumpet should be round, and not oblong at its ends and throughout its circumference. It should be perfectly straight.

This is the accepted form of the trumpet, but there are other forms. Some are small at both ends and bulged in the middle, and are designed for the receipt of voices in the light, but a trumpet made of the proper weight of aluminum, and weighing less than half a pound, may be of the conical form first described and serve for both light and dark manifestations. There have been still other forms, but, briefly, the chief purpose of the trumpet is to intensify sound. This is the principal purpose, but not the only purpose. In this respect, the trumpet serves as a megaphone. It will intensify a whisper to an audible sound, and a low voice to a loud voice. However, the voices from spirit, coming through the trumpet, are not whispers, and not of the quality of whispers. They are voices, but they may be low. In spirit, they are spoken in a natural tone, but they may not carry to our earth-vibrations in the same tone.

This, we say, is the chief purpose of the trumpet, but its purposes do not end there. And having set forth these facts, more or less familiar to every Spiritualist, let us now go into other facts with which Spiritualists as a whole are not familiar, but which are common knowledge to most voice mediums.

We know that the patterns of different articles are essential to the utility of these articles. The tailor needs his pattern before he can make a suit of clothes. He must have something to guide him, something that will determine the shape and form of the finished article. So it is in making machinery; there must be the pattern, and this pattern must be followed faithfully.

We know that a chisel is of a certain shape, and has certain definite properties. Were this not true, it would be of no use as a chisel, and as a chisel it serves its special purpose. We know that automobiles are of a general similar shape, not because that type was deemed stylish, but because the essential parts, and offices and functions of the motorcar, determined its general form. Its motors and other parts must be placed properly. It has various appurtenances, and they must have the right relationship to one another. Its object is to carry passengers, and their comfort must be considered. Out of this multiplicity of requirements, has evolved the automobile, which differs in appearance from all other vehicles, without ceasing to be a vehicle. And the locomotive is another example. The telephone is another. The typewriter is another. In all things, shape and properties were determined by the various requirements of manufacture and functions. This, we admit, is not remarkable. It is quite as it should be. How many of us have stopped to consider the trumpet and its reason for being as it is? In order to understand it better and apply it to different kinds of psychic development, let us consider it, first of all, this wise:

The Trumpet as a Battery

You may be familiar with storage batteries. You understand their purpose, their functions, the reason for their construction. They are as they are, to hold a charge of electricity that will be fed out as required; neither too fast nor too slowly. You understand the horseshoe magnet, perhaps, and know why it is a horseshoe and is not a straight bar. You understand the compass, and realize that if it were not constructed that way, it would not be a compass, though it might have the same materials, in the same proportions. So it is with the trumpet, which is a kind of battery for "the forces" of voice communication, and for other forms of spirit manifestations.

Perhaps when we said that the trumpet is a battery, we did not use the right word. Maybe we should have called it an accumulator or intensifier of the forces. That may paint a clearer picture in your mind. The trumpet is a conduit, through or over which these forces seem to flow, become intensified, and come under control. The trumpet may also be likened to a loom, upon which the forces of mediumship are

woven into a fabric that can be handled properly. We feel that these different definitions are necessary in order to convey the proper idea to you, but the idea still is incomplete.

We have no right to say that we understand these forces, any more than a chemist could say that he understands oxygen, or an electrician could say that he understands electricity. We know only that these forces exist, and we can describe them best by likening them to something which we do understand. From the body of the medium, a certain something is taken. We believe it is ionic. We think that it pertains to the electrons, that in nature it may be described as energy. And we have reasons for believing, without being able to prove our belief, that as these particles, or this energy, proceed from the medium, their rate of motion, or vibration, is increased.

Our belief goes further. We believe that similar particles are drawn from the spirit-bodies of the loved ones who wish to communicate with us, and that particles or points or streams of energy, are drawn from others present—others on both sides, and even from articles on both sides. We have reasons for believing this to be the case. We think that the particles, or force-streams, from the mortal side increase in vibration, and the corresponding forms or substances or energy from the other side, decrease in equal proportion, until the two kinds of energy meet and blend, and form a medium through which the vibrations of voices in spirit become perceptible to mortal ears. This is the way we view the operation, but beyond that we can give no clear explanation. We trust that this is clear enough to carry the point, and the point is this:

Whatever the nature of these forces may be, it is akin to electricity. It is real, and not imaginary. Under certain conditions it may be felt with the hands, and often is felt by the flesh in a multitude of ways. We know that if these forces are broken suddenly, as by the intrusion of light into a dark seance-room, these forces (or the most active part of them) snap back upon the medium and are about as dangerous as a heavy electrical current. Sometimes they are likely to be fatal. We know, further, in materializing seances (while the ingredients or use of the forces may differ somewhat from those of the voice seance), when those in spirit step into these forces, they attract to themselves material particles, or particles or energy that assumes a material form, and have bodies of flesh-and-blood quite as solid to the human touch as earth-bodies, and that these forms are seen by all present and give ample evidence of their physical nature. We know, also, that these materialized forms will dematerialize

out of the cabinet, in plain view of all present, and often in a strong light.

In a voice seance, when the loved ones in spirit step into these forces, and talk, we on the earth-side, hear their voices, and especially if they talk through the trumpet. Sometimes, however, they talk through the large end and hold the small end toward us. Sometimes they talk into the trumpet as it stands on the floor, without lifting it. Knowing that these things occur, we think of the trumpet not so much as an intensifier of the voices of those in spirit as an accumulator of the forces that will make the voices audible to us because the forces have been concentrated in a smaller area, or possibly have been given some definite action or motion which they would not have had, except for the use of the trumpet.

The shape of the trumpet seems to count more than the material of which it is made, because a make-shift trumpet may be constructed of strong paper, pinned to keep it in shape.

These observations we have been making for years, and they may have—and we believe that they do have—some special scientific significance that will be recognized in time.

The Circle of the Forces

Many Spiritualists will tell you that there are no manifestations outside the "circle" of the forces, and in a considerable degree, they are correct. But it is evident that these forces do go outside the accepted circle, and in some instances operate for some distance. We will not say that this distance is greater than a few feet, but it is possible that it may be.

To illustrate, in table-tippings, a trumpet sat near a wall, some feet away; about five or six feet distant from those at the table. No other persons were in the room. The room was darkened, but there was sufficient light coming from outside to discern objects clearly. The trumpet could be seen standing near the wall—resting on the large end. The forces, by all logic, should have been confined to the circle, to the four persons at the table. During the process of the tippings, the trumpet fell on its side, and this may have been caused by the thumping of the table. The trumpet rolled to the wall, and this may have been caused by the tippings of the table. What occurred next was due to some other cause. The trumpet righted itself, again resting on its large end, and the upper, or small, section fell, landing inside the others.

Here we find that the forces were operating outside the circle, and that the trumpet was being used, in some manner, to help build up and direct the forces that were employed in the table-tippings, some feet distant.

Here is another instance: A person, developing with the Automatograph, had a trumpet standing several feet away—perhaps seven or more feet distant. He paid no heed to the trumpet, until a series of distinct, rhythmic tappings began to come through the trumpet, and shortly afterwards, he received a written message on the pad of the writing device.

We shall give another illustration: Several persons were sitting for independent slate-writing development, and there was a trumpet in a dresser drawer some distance away. During the course of the sitting, the trumpet moved in the drawer, and finally many raps came upon or inside it. A few minutes later, there was visible movement of the bit of slate-pencil between the slates.

The trumpet, therefore, has properties that make it a kind of laboratory for the forces, and if this statement be accepted as fact (and it should be, because numerous instances will be found to fortify it), then there must be some particular use to which the trumpet may be put in various kinds of psychic development.

But before we jump at conclusions, let us go into another phase of the trumpet, because if we overlook this series of facts, we are likely to secure poorer results than we hope:

With playing, a violin becomes "mellow." Its molecular construction, perhaps, readjusts itself to harmonize with the music. It is known that a steel shaft, under continuous working strain for hours, actually undergoes a molecular strain, and must be given a rest, or it will be likely to crystallize and break. Knowledge goes beyond these facts. A good psychometrist can take any article which you have handled considerably—and especially some close personal possession of yours—and by holding it in his hands, can give you a wonderful psychic reading, telling you fact after fact about yourself.

It would appear that every thought, and every breath and everything involving energy, sends out vibrations, and that these vibrations leave their records in all directions. Some persons are so sensitive to these vibrations, they must have their own chairs, their own dishes and spoons and knives and forks. They "feel" the strangeness if they do not have these familiar articles.

The Condition of "Rapport"

The French have an expression which means harmony. They say, "En rapport." It is pronounced much like this: "On rappare," only with more of a nasal sound than Americans can imitate. This term is employed ordinarily to indicate the harmony between persons; that is, persons in harmonious vibration. It has a deeper meaning. "En rapport" may extend between a person and a

trumpet,* or between a person and any other inanimate object—and particularly one that comes within the scope of his frequent use. Very often, without visible evidence, a surgeon can feel that someone else has been handling his instruments, or a typist will know that someone has been using her machine. These folk think that the reason is because some fine adjustment has been disturbed. What they really feel is a disturbance in the vibration. A foreign imprint has been left, and there is no longer that even flow of vibration between the person and the article.

So it is with a trumpet. In many seances, those in spirit will refuse to pick up and use a trumpet that has been brought in by some person other than the medium. That trumpet, the one belonging to their medium, has her vibrations in it. That trumpet is "saturated" with her forces, and another carries with it strange vibrations that disturb the forces of that particular seance-room.

To illustrate these subtleties of vibrations, we may digress in giving these illustrations: In a mid-western city, there was a girl of great refinement who had an exaggerated sense of smell. She knew her friends by their odors, just as a bloodhound would know persons. She spoke of the odors frequently, and was sorry each time, because she was chided unmercifully, and her enemies would refer to her in canine terms.

One of her acquaintances we shall call Jim. This young fellow had gone to Europe. He had been there over two years, and one day returned unexpectedly, and had called at her home. She was absent, but two other sisters and two brothers were home, and they and Jim went to a tennis court some blocks distant. Jim left his coat in the hallway of the home. It was a European-made coat, and not one he had worn before he left America. About an hour afterwards, this girl returned home. She had heard nothing of the homecoming of Jim, but as soon as she entered the house, she said to her mother, "Jim is home. I smell him!"

A gentleman tells the story that he, as a boy, had a similar exaggerated sense of smell—if it really was smell. He would be at the swimming hole, five or six miles from home, and suddenly would sav to the other boys, "Mother is cooking cabbage and ham hocks, and baking beans for supper." But he would not stop there. He would tell each of the boys what his supper was to consist of!

Now, we say that this is smell. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth if we would say that these individuals had the faculty of sensing vibrations and interpreting them as odors. Let us take another familiar instance, known to all persons who have lived in the "turkey buzzard" country. All day the sky may

have been clear of these vultures, but let an animal be shot, and soon the dark spots appear on the horizon, and grow in size until the buzzards are hovering about the carcass. Or let an animal or a person be injured, and the buzzards put in their appearance. Why?

We may say that this is a very finely drawn sense of smell, but is it not as reasonable, if not more reasonable, to aver that it is not smell until certain vibrations are detected and are interpreted as odors? To others, these vibrations might bring clairvoyant pictures, and not manifest as odors at all.

This condition we may call rapport," even though it be incorrect, for "rapport" signifies sympathy, and certain vibrations may be sensed where there is no apparent sympathy. But—there may be a form of sympathy that is foreign to our definition—a sympathy of motions, such as those of the notes on a piano; and not a sympathy of tender understanding.

Now, to return to the object of these illustrations: Between individuals and their trumpets, will spring a sort of sympathy—a kind of "rapport," a manner of understanding. Also, between all members of a developing class or circle, and the trumpet or trumpets used, a similar harmonious condition will exist. And to introduce the trumpets of others, or to bring in others, may upset these finely-balanced conditions. Psychics often say that their trumpets have been "magnetized."

Let the Trumpets "Keep Company"

If these statements have weight, if they contain sense, which we believe, they contain, it follows that in any form of psychic development, one's trumpet plays a part. It follows, further, that one's trumpet should be kept near one during slumber—if not standing near the bed, then at least in some drawer or on a shelf not far from the bed.

Just as a storage battery absorbs electricity, so will a trumpet absorb certain constituent parts of the forces. It gets "in tune," if you will, and the better it is in tune, the more it helps one in one's unfoldment.

The trumpet is like a keyhole between the two sides of the door separating flesh from spirit. If that keyhole is kept open, in time the key can be inserted and turned, and the door will be opened. It may be opened with the voices, or in some other manner. Of this much we are reasonably certain. We say reasonably, because there is always much to learn, and we have small patience with the person who says he understands all things: Having a trumpet near you should never retard, but should aid, any kind of psychic unfoldment. If you have within you the mediumistic prop-

(Continued on page 58)

Press Comments and Criticisms

It is not possible to reproduce all of the newspaper comments of the past few weeks relating to Spiritualism. Indeed, a publication the size of *The Literary Digest* would not afford sufficient pages to reproduce the articles appearing in the daily and Sunday newspapers of America during the past month concerning this absorbing subject of spirit return, communications and manifestations.

We quote from a publication known as "*The Pathfinder*," which condenses comments of the press relative to the claims of a New York man, Joseph F. Rinn. Mr. Rinn's claims have been featured in most of the large daily newspapers in the United States, and some of them have devoted entire pages to illustrations showing the tricks employed by Mr. Rinn, in what he is pleased to term an expose of the manifestations of seance-rooms.

The quotation from "*The Pathfinder*" follows:

"All the world would be quick to accept 'spiritism' if the claims made for it could once be established so as to satisfy an impartial tribunal or any unprejudiced mind. People at first were skeptical about the X-rays, the wireless the airplane, the telephone, the telescope, etc., but as soon as the facts were demonstrated there was no longer any room left for doubt.

"The trouble with the champions of spiritism has been that they would never submit to any genuine test. They keep always telling about pianos being raised to the ceiling by bands of 'spooks,' tables being tipped, messages being sent, pictures being painted, etc., but these things are always accompanied by so much hocus-pocus that the presumption is they are done by the aid of trickery. They may be genuine phenomena, but if so they nevertheless have all the earmarks of fakery and they can all be duplicated by professional tricksters.

"Howard Thurston, the famous magician, in a magazine article, tells of 'materializing' spooks by the aid of his trick cabinet. He says that no less than three different people in some cases would all recognize a spook as being a departed relative and would each call it by a different name, when in fact the 'spirit' was nothing supernatural but was admittedly produced by mechanical means. This shows how easily those who are anxious to believe can be fooled.

"Now comes Joseph F. Rinn of New York, who offers \$5,000 to anyone who can bring forth a medium who will pro-

duce, under scientific conditions, 'the slightest tenable evidence of communication with the spirit world or supernatural feats of any kind.' He has long made a hobby of such things; he was formerly a member of the Society for Psychical Research and a co-worker of Dr. Hodgson and Dr. Hyslop, whose investigations have received world-wide attention.

"Dr. Hodgson has been dead several years. Dr. Hyslop claims that he is constantly receiving messages from him through a medium. Mr. Rinn says that he was with Dr. Hodgson only seven hours before his death, and that the dying man gave him a secret letter which he now has in his safe. He says he will give an additional \$5,000 if Dr. Hyslop or anyone else can get Dr. Hodgson's 'spirit' to tell the contents of that letter. This, he says, will be a plain and convincing test. He is ready to believe in spirits if any evidence of them can be brought forth under conditions which leave no room for fraud. Referring to Sir Oliver Lodge, who has just come to this country, Sir A. Conan Doyle and other great men who have 'fallen for' spiritism, Mr. Rinn says: 'It is not an assertion, but a fact of history, that these great men of science are the easiest dupes in the world for clever fakery.'"

If a psychic were to give to Mr. Rinn the contents of the letter written by Dr. Hodgson, both Mr. Rinn and the Society for Psychical Research, with whom apparently he has had a split, would claim that the message could be answered by telepathy. While the reading of this letter might be convincing evidence to Mr. Rinn, it would not be accepted even as testimony by others as deeply interested. What is proof to one man is drivel to another.

Mr. Rinn can not reproduce any of the truths of spirit communication through trickery. Many Spiritualists of sound mind have numerous records of accurate prophecy. We can produce at least thirty persons who were told, in the seance-room at the Stead Center in June, 1918, the day the world-war would end. Neither Mr. Rinn nor any other person can bring the unmistakable evidence of identity of personality that has been brought to thousands of persons in different seance-rooms.

Mrs. John H. Curran of "Patience Worth" fame, of St. Louis, has accepted Mr. Rinn's challenge. But we feel that Spiritualism is a religion and that it should not be put on a race-track

basis and be made the subject of gambling.

Thousands of persons who have attended the materializing seances of "Farmer" Riley, now in spirit, the famous medium of Marcellus, Mich., testify to the fact that in perfectly clear light, many forms would emerge from the cabinet and talk with and caress their mortal friends, and would dematerialize in the open room before the vision of every person present. Similar testimony can be given by many more thousands who have attended the materializing seances of other mediums. Consequently, the tricks of Thurston, the magician, resemble the true manifestations of Spiritualism quite as much as the hand-spelling of a mute would resemble a song. Mr. Thurston is an accomplished magician, and we do not question that many excitable persons in an audience would think that they recognize in his trick cabinet work, the materialized forms of departed loved ones.

It is surprising, however, that critics of Spiritualism will grant to Spiritualists no degree of the sense of proportions, and will assume that they are all neurotics.

During the last forty years of his earth-life, Sir William Crookes, in company with other Fellows of the Royal Society—the greatest scientific body in the world—witnessed phenomena that could not be explained away by trickery or self-deception. During these forty years of Sir William's life on earth, he contributed his greatest work to the field of material science.

And as truly as there is a law of compensation, that truly will the spirit-world see that Mr. Rinn pays his five thousand dollars in some manner. He has made his bet against the unseen world, and the spirit-world is not obliged to be commanded, bullied or bossed by mortals.

These folks who are raising such a fuss and fume against Spiritualism, perhaps have never asked whence they came or whither they go. The spirit-world knows that every one of these opponents in time will pass the great bourn and will be numbered among the hosts of the unseen world. Spiritualists should not fret themselves about this newspaper agitation, because it is a much milder form of persecution than that which was heaped upon the early Christians or upon Martin Luther and his followers. If the public were not greatly concerned with the subject of Spiritualism, the newspapers of the land would devote no

space to it. No such space was ever devoted to Christian Science. Even the Roman Catholic Church, with its well established press bureaus, is not getting five per cent. of the newspaper space that is given to Spiritualism.

And now let us see what the effect of these attacks amounted to on the public mind. Under the head of "Materialism Stirs His Bile," a writer who signs himself "C. S." sent in the following contribution to the *N. Y. Evening Telegram*, and it was published Feb. 5:

"To the Editor of the Evening Telegram:—I seldom write to the newspapers, but others, who do, and even some of those whose business it is to write for the newspapers, have forced a word of protest from me. I refer to the current comment on the views expressed by two great thinkers—Maurice Maeterlinck and Sir Oliver Lodge—who are now in America. The frivolous nature of this comment—farther, the dense, black ignorance displayed in it, is not creditable to the intelligence of the newspaper reading public.

"On the one hand, our friends the Spiritualists are sincere, beyond doubt, but unquestionably too ready to accept the evidence of the 'unseen,' which Sir Oliver talks about, without testing that evidence as to its credibility. I have nothing to say in criticism of them, or of any others who sincerely believe, but they must pardon me from accepting their conclusions on their word alone. They are advocates, propagandists, and their views lose in value in proportion to their unquestioning faith.

"But it is the Smart Alecks, the wise boys, the sophisticated gentlemen who know it all—these stir my bile. From the towering heights of their ignorance they think it tremendously funny to hear the marvels of the invisible, the 'unsensed,' not in the spiritual, or spirit, world, if you will, but in the physical universe, the earth on which we tread, the soil which we till, the oceans which we traverse, the chemical substances of which we and everything we can see, hear, feel, taste or smell is made.

"Talk to them of atoms, of molecules, of electrons, of astronomical distances so vast that they overpower human imagination—and hear them laugh. No, indeed, you can't tell them anything about that nonsense, 'tis a waste of time.

"I suppose it's of no use, but who can be patient while watching a whipper-snapper, oily haired, low browed nonentity laugh—laugh, mind you—at a man of the mental capacity of Sir Oliver Lodge? Or to hear a mushy headed, addle pated individual, man or woman, presume to pass judgment on the mystic utterances of Maeterlinck?

"I am a disciple of neither. I do not know enough about their doctrines, in the first place; and if I did, probably I

would not subscribe to them. But I am a great admirer of mental capacity in any form; regretting only that there is so little of it manifested in these times (as well as others). And if I don't understand their message—so much the worse for me. If I laugh, let it be at myself.

"To all complacent critics of what they do not and cannot comprehend I say, 'go thou and do likewise.' C. S.

"Mamaroneck, Feb. 4, 1920."

Here we find that a man who is not a Spiritualist, becomes disgusted with the materialistic attitude of the opponents of Spiritualism. But we would caution Spiritualists to not put themselves in a fighting mood. The newspapers are giving the public what the public desires. If the public did not wish this sensationalism, the newspapers would not print it.

The Visit of Sir Oliver Lodge

Much of the newspaper space that is being devoted to the subject of Spiritualism may be traced to the lectures being delivered in different American cities by Sir Oliver Lodge. Many of the newspapers have treated Sir Oliver kindly, recognizing the fact that as a man of science he probably knows more or less about his subject.

Some professors of American colleges contend that while Sir Oliver may be a keen thinker when it comes to material science, this does not prove that he can think clearly with relation to Spiritualism. We feel that there are thousands of Spiritualists, and perhaps tens of thousands, who understand the subject as well as, and some better than, Sir Oliver. We believe that his information was received through mediums not of the highest development, and that considerable error crept in along with the "evidential matter" upon which he lays so much stress. But we must all give Sir Oliver Lodge the credit of having the courage of his convictions. Certainly it requires much more moral stamina for a man of Sir Oliver's standing in the world of science to take the lecture platform in behalf of Spiritualism, or at least spirit communication, than it would for an obscure person to proclaim his belief.

In the *New York Tribune* of Jan. 27, the following appeared in a two-column article headed, "Lodge Claims Communion With the Dead Is Proved":

"Sir Oliver Lodge admitted that he felt rather sympathetic toward the skeptic. In the '70's he had been an out-and-out skeptic himself, he said. But when the chance came to him to study telepathy, he seized the opportunity, and after several months' inquiry, was convinced that thought-transference existed. Telepathy is accepted in religion, he said. It is by direct mental

effort one gets divine inspiration. Prayer is the sending of a message to a higher being. Direct thought transference from the human mind to a higher mind is accepted by religious people."

Sir Oliver said further: "I hold that we can have communication with beings higher than ourselves, lower than the deity—in other words, with those who have passed behind the veil. We might have survival without communication, but we can not have communication without survival. If we can obtain messages from the departed, and are sure that these messages are genuine, then there can be no question but that their intelligences survive. But they must prove their identity and show us that they have remained themselves. If their memory has survived the shock of death, their character survives and their affection endures."

Sir Oliver further touched upon another important point pertaining to spirit communication. He said that persons desiring to communicate with those on the farther side should pursue a peaceful, quiet mode of living. "The discarnate can not get at us if we concentrate too much on mundane affairs. People who have the faculty of communication should go to mediums. A discarnate person on the other side makes use of the body of a competent medium here."

"But," said Sir Oliver, "good mediums are rare and valuable. Since the war they have brought tremendous help and comfort to innumerable families and restored the link between the dead and the living."

We would caution Spiritualists to not attempt to force their belief upon any person. It is out of the question to believe that all people can accept Spiritualism. Certainly we find innumerable grades of intelligence and countless degrees of character and experience in this world. If every person liked the same literature, the same religion, the same political creed, there would be no human progress. As truly as this earth life is given to us for the purpose of experience, then truly would there be little experience without obstacles to overcome.

The Attack of a Priest

In *The Boston Post* of Jan. 29, we learn that the Rev. Jones I. J. Corrigan, S. J., professor of philosophy at Boston College, has come out in a spirited attack on the subject of mediums and Spiritualism.

He says: "The distinction sometimes made between 'fake' mediums and true, is unknown to science. The registered verdict of science is that all mediums are 'fakes,' if not consciously and deliberately, at least unconsciously. It should

be well considered that the majority of scientists and psychologists hold that in no case does the medium put the 'sitter' in communication with the departed; but, at most, the medium's own subconscious mind impersonates the one that is loved and lost awhile.'"

We should like to have the Rev. Father Corrigan explain what the subconscious mind is. Can the subconscious mind of a voice-medium, in the light, move several feet from her body and speak through a trumpet, conveying a perfectly intelligent message? We know that messages can be received in this way because we have received them, with the medium at least thirty feet distant. The medium was not entranced, but awake, conscious.

We wish to present to the Rev. Father Corrigan, and others, the contention that there is no subconscious mind, that what is commonly called the subconscious mind is the reflex action of the nerve centers—and that intelligent messages are conveyed by discarnate spirits who certainly display a higher degree of intelligence than that shown by mortals.

This priest further says: "Mediums have their own methods of securing information. Most of them have their runners and spies, who busy themselves not only by talking about the mediums and bringing in business, but also by finding out private facts in the lives of the possible clients."

Even the Roman Catholic Church, with all its wealth, could not afford such a spy system. The average medium at best makes a living, and usually a very poor living. There is no spy system sufficiently subtle or extensive to carry out the system suggested by this priest.

He is quoted further as saying, "When a complete stranger comes to a medium, the result is usually a number of commonplaces. The medium feels about to get a clue. 'Come back again next week and I shall be able to tell you more. The conditions today are not quite favorable,' says the medium. The client leaves the house and is followed by the medium's spy. Next time it is worth while—the conditions are more favorable and the sitting much more satisfactory. The spy has done his work well."

Of all the inanity that has ever been published regarding Spiritualism we are willing to give the medal to the Rev. Father Corrigan!

The medium receives perhaps a dollar or two dollars for the sitting, and yet this medium is supposed to employ a spy who will not only find out about the life of the prospect on the speculation of his returning, but will spend at least fifty dollars' worth of time delving into that person's past record, and secure facts that Dun's or Bradstreet's could not find out. At the same time the spy will be

able to secure information of events that have not occurred! One hundred such spies could not "cover" all these "prospects." Figure their salaries and ask yourself if it is reasonable!

If the Rev. Father Corrigan had only acquainted the United States government with this spy system, there would have been fewer explosions and fires during the recent war.

This is a type of the argument that is presented by ministers of the gospel who seek to criticize Spiritualism. They do not know their subject. The Rev. Father Corrigan may be a very excellent teacher in his line, but in matters of spirit communication, he is a lamentably poor amateur. He does not even employ common judgment, if he is properly quoted by **The Boston Post**.

Following is what a Roman Catholic said of this priest in **The Waterville (Me.) Sentinel**:

A CHALLENGE

"Editor Sentinel.

"Dear Sir: There is much criticism on 'Spiritualism' to which all the newspapers of the country are devoting much space.

"Sir Oliver Lodge, the scientist, claims that there is 'survival' beyond the grave and that he can communicate with the departed spirits.

"Now comes the Rev. Jones I. J. Corrigan, S. J., professor of philosophy, speaking before the young men's Catholic associations at Boston College High School.

"He said that contrary to the widespread impression, the consensus of scientific opinions is not with Sir Oliver Lodge, but instead rejects his so-called 'proofs' as beyond the warrant of the facts.

"He goes further and says that the records of Sir Oliver Lodge show instances where he was very much impressed by apparent marvels while others more conservative and less credulous were not taken in, and the denouncement showed Sir Oliver wrong, and that a scientist is a mere child in the hands of a real sleight-of-hand performer. It takes a conjurer to catch a conjurer—in other words, a crook to catch a crook.

"What would Rev. Corrigan or Sidgwick have said had they been present at the marriage of 'Canna,' when 'Christ' turned the water into wine?

"When Sir Oliver Lodge, the scientist, claims that the dead do come back and speak to the living he is only upholding the strong belief of 80 per cent. of good Catholics.

"Rev. Mr. Corrigan says, as for survival, when all has been said and done, it will be found that St. Paul is the real teacher of the truth in the higher knowledge, which is of faith not of sight.

"The Bible does teach us that a spirit

can not be seen with the eyes of the body, but can Rev. Mr. Corrigan, or any learned man of the clergy, deny my statements when I say that 80 per cent. of Catholics do believe in 'survival'? That the spirit can be seen, has been seen by the eyes of the body by thousands of men, women and children? Some have even held a long conversation with them.

"I myself and all members of our family and mostly all Catholics as far as this is concerned have been brought up with the understanding that there is survival beyond the grave and that a spirit can be seen and talked to, and it is also believed by 50 per cent. of good Catholics that any 'Priest' can if he wants to, speak to the dead—or to be more explicit, raise the dead, so why should Sir Oliver Lodge be ridiculed when he is only upholding the strong belief amongst Catholics throughout the world? I'll wager with Rev. Mr. Corrigan or any other learned men that my statement is true. If I lose I guarantee to walk to Boston and back. If they lose they pay me one thousand dollars.—Alfred J. Poulin, 15 Oxford street, Waterville, Me."

A Presbyterian Divine Talks

We must not imagine that the criticism of Spiritualism is confined to Mr. Rinn or the Rev. Father Corrigan.

According to **The Easton (Pa.) Daily Free Press** of Jan. 12, 1920, the Rev. Dr. John Fox gave a learned discourse to the students of Lafayette College on the fallacies of Spiritualism. He is quoted as saying that Moses laid down the law, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and that the prophets regarded 'witch' as meaning the same as "medium." For a learned student of the Scriptures, we fear that this view of the Rev. Dr. John Fox shows unfamiliarity with the Scriptures. Moses also gave to the world the ten commandments, one of which reads: "Thou shalt not kill." In fact, because he slew the Egyptian, Moses was barred from the promised land!

The Rev. Dr. John Fox blushes to say that an American girl, named Margaret Fox, was one of the first proponents of Spiritualism. The Rev. Dr. Fox clears his skirts by saying that she was "none of his breed." We do not believe that Margaret Fox was of a breed at all. The Rev. John seems to claim that he is. We think that any minister of the gospel who is so fearfully ashamed of any of God's children, must have lived an extremely narrow life. He is ashamed to think that Sir Oliver Lodge should for a moment think that he had communicated with his son, Raymond.

However, after painting a doleful picture to the students, the Rev. Dr. John Fox comes forward with no assurance of immortality, which for many years he

preached as a pastor in the Presbyterian faith. He talked about life after death. Spiritualism deals with the fact itself; and when the fact is brought home to some of these reverend gentlemen, it is a terrible shock. It may be that not a few of them are worried lest their occupations be endangered if immortality be proved to the world as a whole. And to add to their peace of mind, let us assure the Rev. Dr. John Fox, and others of his kind, that before many years have sped, the established orthodox churches will be loud in their acclaim that they have always believed in spirit return and communication. Their faiths will be better when they have made the admission.

Rev. Dr. Conwell Takes Different View

The Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, a Baptist clergyman and President of Temple University, residing in Philadelphia, presents a much different clerical viewpoint. *The Boston Post*, in a recent issue, contained a three-column story about his experience.

In a recent sermon, Rev. Dr. Conwell said: "There is no doubt in my mind that we live surrounded by an invisible world of spirits. They are cognizant of our acts and thoughts, and can, under certain conditions, communicate with us. They are the 'encompassing cloud of witnesses' to which Paul refers."

Rev. Dr. Conwell states that on twenty different occasions he was visited by the spirit of his departed wife. Then he made an experimental test in which his wife in spirit located for him a black lacquered box containing some missing papers. But the best test involved the hiding of a gold pen by the maid during the Doctor's absence from the house. When his spirit wife visited him, he asked if she would submit to another test. She consented to on the morrow. The spirit came as usual the next morning, preceded the doctor into an adjoining room and indicated a cupboard or closet in one corner. He opened the door and the spirit pointed to the upper shelf. Mounting a chair, he reached his hand behind some medicine bottles and found the pen. When Dr. Conwell turned around, the spirit had disappeared, and she has never reappeared again.

Persons familiar with spirit return and communication know that the doubts expressed in the test just described, closed the door. The fact that Dr. Conwell's spirit wife did not return should be much more conclusive evidence to him than the fact that she found a concealed article for him.

Mankind goes through life looking for lies, looking for tests. Man's faith is less than the mustard seed. Let him search for truth and he will find truth. Let him look for a lie and he will en-

counter disappointment. No person should be afraid of receiving falsehoods from any medium. If there be truth coming through those forces, it will come unsolicited and in abundance.

The Boston Globe's Great Grief

The Boston Globe, in its issue of Sunday, Jan. 11, is very much disturbed to think that people would turn from the magnificent cathedrals and follow such a needless and senseless thing as spirit communication. The editorial is signed by "Uncle Dudley," and Uncle still has very much to learn.

In the course of the editorial, he says: "The puzzle of life after death is being studied by a remarkable array of distinguished men. But they find themselves embarrassed at the outset by the misfortune of this once dignified and noble inquiry—possibly of the rank of a science—having fallen from the honorable estate which it held among the ancients into the squalid regions of back-parlor seances, table-rapping mediums and all that most cruel and cynical of quackery—the quackery which preys upon the aching hearts of people who are straining for some message from their dead children and their dead friends. So the scientist has to begin by apologizing that he does not mean table-tipping, and 'manifestations,' but a much less material and more worthy thing."

Uncle Dudley then proceeds to show that a girl under hypnotism recited pages of Sanskrit. And he adds, "Our subconscious memory infallibly registers every deed, every emotion of our lives. It is this which accounts for many of our remarkable dreams. For our subconsciousness is a kind of storage warehouse of the accumulated experience of ourselves and our ancestors which we seldom tap, but which we could and can tap much oftener than we do."

Uncle Dudley is one of the adherents of the subconscious school. If this so-called subconsciousness can bring ilimitable proof of the continuity of life after death, then it is a much more valuable thing than the poor, every-day brain that most of us use in this sorry world of competition, pain and misunderstanding.

But Uncle Dudley, like many of the other editorial writers, is extremely disturbed over the subject of spirit communication, or he would not devote the valuable editorial columns of *The Boston Globe* to the expression of his views. The time long since has passed when the public permits newspapers to do the thinking. Last year, when Mayor Thompson of Chicago was a Republican nominee for re-election, every newspaper in Chicago, except one, fought him bitterly. Mr. Thompson was re-elected by a large plurality. People realize that

the individual reporter, or editor, or editorial writer, is no more competent to think than is any other mortal. Newspapers have the advantage of putting their thoughts into print—if it is an advantage. Nevertheless each man and woman will do his and her own thinking independent of editorial views.

One thing is certain: If the press and the pulpit will only attack Spiritualism with enough severity, they will establish it very quickly as one of the foremost religions of the world.

Looking back over the records of the Roman arena, St. Bartholomew's Eve and the Holy Wars of history, we believe that the world today is sufficiently satisfied to contest religious matters through the processes of thought, and that hundreds of millions of men and women in the world have arrived at the point where they demand the privilege of doing their own thinking.

Is Afraid of the Devil

The Globe Democrat, of St. Louis, Mo., of Jan. 26 publishes extracts from a sermon preached by the Rev. C. G. Bellah, pastor of the Seventh-Day Adventist Church of St. Louis, who is quoted as saying: "One-third of the angels of heaven have fallen, and go about through the world impersonating the dead. They are the spirit mediums that Satan uses in seditious seances, to inveigle humanity into his mystic meshes. When Satan succeeds in convincing people that they will be angels after they die, it is a very easy matter to make them think they are angels before they die. Christian people, however good, are not angels now, and never will be. In heaven there'll be more to do throughout eternity than merely to sit on a vapory cloud and play an ethereal harp of some kind. The theory that heaven is a sort of spiritual atmosphere, somewhere away off beyond the bounds of time and space, is as thin as the reality would be. Surely those who expect to be 'nothing' over there, can't hope to be very much here. Such doctrine is but a delusive mist from the befogged brain of those under the lethe of Satan. Heaven is a real place, and we'll be real people."

The Rev. Mr. Bellah has part of it right. The spirit-world is a very real place populated by very real people. If God is the creator, then He must have created everything. If there were more than one creative force, there would be lack of harmony—and we know that the universe, from the electron to the mightiest aggregation of suns and planets, moves in rhythm. The idea of a Satanic majesty sharing the universe with its Creator is but a heritage of the dark ages. And truly, so long as mankind continues to believe in the devil, that long shall we be in the dark ages.

The *New York Tribune*, in an editorial appearing in its issue of Jan. 28, headed, "Science and the Mediums," presents an impartial view of the situation. The *Tribune* says: "The bulk of the seances are conducted in an utterly unscientific fashion by uncritical audiences who are most susceptible to deceit and trickery. Most of those who consult mediums today have a hunger for communication with the dead calculated to blind their perception and dull their logic. On the other hand, there is a distinct likelihood that something less than justice may be done to the facts by the general public. Prejudice against all mediums, a rejection of their evidence, however gained, is naturally common."

In commenting upon the proposed organization of an institute for the study of spiritual phenomena, *The Tribune* raises the question as to its practicability. Editorially, it thinks that such an institute would work very slowly in arriving at its opinions.

The lay mind still has to learn that in this inferior world of flesh-and-blood, any effort to command or coerce the spirit-world will be met by nothing but refusal. The question with science is not whether it will prove the existence of life beyond the grave. It is not Spiritualism that is on trial by science. Science soon will be placed on trial by Spiritualism, because the truths that are coming through from the other side already are imperilling many of the most cherished scientific doctrines as to the construction of the material and the ethereal.

"Is Mars on the Wire?"

A number of daily newspapers in the United States have reported substantially as follows: "Marconi says that something extraordinary is happening to the wireless. He doesn't know what it is. The messages are undecipherable. Signals are queer. New York gets them and so does London, with equal intensity. Marconi believes that the origin might be at a great distance."

These wireless disturbances have been credited to attempts to send communications from the Planet Mars. Many persons in the world are more concerned with life on Mars than they are with life on our own planet. The disturbances are not sun spots, and they are not messages from Mars. As the days pass, scientists and unbelievers generally will have been gathering evidence that we mortals are surrounded and guided by sentient beings, living normally and in states of existence more solid than our own, and yet unseen by our mortal eyes.

An Episcopal Clergyman's Views

In *The Albany (N. Y.) Times-Union* of recent date, appeared an interview with Dean Albert C. Larned of the Cathedral of All Saints of Albany, N. Y., in which

Dean Larned took up the matter of a recent interview with Bishop Gailor, head of the Episcopal Church in America, who said:

"Personally, I don't want to know what is going on in heaven. I take for granted that the Lord is good. If I am good, the Lord will take care of me. If my dear mother, my little son who lies over there, or my daughter who perished in that awful epidemic in this country, want to say anything to me, I know they would come and put their arms around my neck without my going to some pretender who claims to have communication with their spirits."

In other words, Bishop Gailor assumes that every person can be a medium. If this is true, then every person can be an artist, a sculptor, an orator, an actor, a statesman. Bishop Gailor further assumes that the medium brings the loved ones. Like many other critics of Spiritualism, he shows deplorable ignorance of the facts. He does not want to know anything about heaven. But if he were going on a journey of fifty miles, he would make preparations. The truth that he preaches out of the Bible came through the mediumship of those to whom God had given the gift of mediumship.

Views of the Orthodox Press

The following is taken from *The Congregationalist*, published in Boston:

"So far as I know, the Christian doctrine of immortality is not stated with sufficient explicitness in the Scriptures or in the historic creeds either to assure or to preclude the possibility of communicating with departed friends. We are, therefore, not heretical if we believe, at least tentatively, in the possibility of such communications. I would never bar the door to them or seek to discredit the validity of such communications as those to which Dr. Conwell and Sir Oliver Lodge bear witness.

"The spiritual virtue, if any, of such communications is doubtless more clear and serviceable to those who allege that they have received them than to the outsider. I do most strongly believe in the actual presence with us of those who have gone from sight. It is the sense of their nearness rather than anything that we may think they are saying to us which to my mind yields spiritual values. I am glad this whole question is being raised. I would rather believe anything within the bounds of decency and common sense about our dear ones who have left us, than to think of them as in the cold ground or at some far corner of the universe, unmoved by what we suffer and enjoy day by day. The ordinary Christian death is so tinged with paganism, fear, regret and pessimism as to call for a fresh evaluation of the real Christian hope, in order that we may

live in the sunshine of it rather than be in bondage all our lives long, as many good Christians are, to the fear of death and the hereafter."

The editor of *The Congregationalist* has taken a very broad point of view. We find that many of the members of different creeds have become not only interested in spirit communication, but have experienced this communication.

Unfortunately, most newspaper editors are unfamiliar with either materializations or direct voices. Were they more familiar with the subject, they would not think of spirits discarnate as being with us only in thought. If they could experience the definite manifestations that have been experienced by almost countless thousands of Spiritualists, if they had seen their loved ones in spirit and felt their touch and had talked with them, knowing that they were the same individuals they knew on earth, with just as pronounced opinions and just as definite personalities, they would not regard the manifestations of Spiritualism as being either emanations from the mind of a medium or telepathic assurances of life immortal.

One evening shortly before a seance given by Mr. Frank Montsko, the noted New York medium, Mr. Montsko arose from his chair and went into an adjoining room. There were several persons present, and the rooms were thoroughly illuminated. The chair in which Mr. Montsko sat followed him into the other room. There are persons who may say that this was a sort of magnetic influence sent out by the medium. But persons present who had psychic sight could see one of the spirit guides of Mr. Montsko grasp the chair and push it along the floor.

Consequently, the views of *The Northwestern Christian Advocate*, published in Chicago, are the views of persons studying the subject at a distance. The editor says: "The slender messages claimed to have got through are but the mental reflections of earnest, yearning inquirers. If we can not base our belief on immortality on the very nature of the mind and the persistence with which we hope for a definite existence, Spiritualism would not add appreciably to the world's happiness."

We admit that this is true—that any person who studies the very nature of the universe, or the laws of God's universe, must come to the conclusion that nothing can be destroyed, and that the greatest of all is personality or the sense of existence.

The editor of *The Protestant Episcopal Churchman* says that "while spirit communication ought to be hailed joyfully as proof of what heretofore we have held to be the goal of faith, the evidence at hand is too slight to warrant any confident assertion, and it

would be unfair to those who are pioneers in this research to draw conclusions from results that we can at present observe."

Nevertheless it depends upon the observations. If the manifestations observed are of slight moment and are screened through partially developed mediumship, then the conclusions reached by the observers might still be neutral.

The editor of **The Friends' Intelligencer**, of Philadelphia, a Quaker publication, says: "I do not see how such experiences as are described in the 'Life of William T. Stead,' or by Sir Oliver Lodge and William James, can reasonably be ignored or regarded as mere fiction or delusion."

The Watchman-Examiner, of New York, a Baptist organ, says this:

"The world has yet to learn the first new truth or to witness the first illustration of higher and holier living from these so-called spirit communications. If we may judge from the nature of the 'messages' which are reported to us as coming from the other world, that world must be less intelligent than this, and its inhabitants singularly lacking in the appreciation of and the power to minister in things really important. It would seem as if there should be ministries for the spirits of the departed more worth while than the tipping of tables and the disclosure of the whereabouts of lost articles, and the retailing of the puerile chit-chat which form the substance of most of these pretended revelations. The 'orchard test' is valid here as elsewhere: 'By their fruits shall ye know them.'"

Like many other editors, this one apparently is without much personal experience of the higher manifestations, and we would invite him to read "God's World," and ask him to judge if inferior intelligence dictated the beautiful teachings contained in that volume.

The editor of **The Reformed Church Messenger** (Philadelphia) says: "Those most actively interested in this propaganda have not usually been known for extraordinary zeal in the development of Christ's kingdom. In fact, most of them appear to have become victims of a fatal fascination which has rather made them notorious for uncanny methods, queer conduct, and the propagation of trivialities than wholesome and helpful as leaders in the upbuilding of a better world here and now. As seekers after truth, we dare not reject any scientific evidence; but I am inclined to agree with the Bishop of London that it is difficult to overrate the physical, mental and moral danger that may be involved in tampering with any form of spiritualism."

This is precisely the argument that the orthodox church has advanced from time

immemorial relative to science and invention. Notwithstanding the world's achievements, the warning has gone forth time and time again to church supporters to beware of the things that are not known. A similar code of ethics would have kept this world of ours in the stone age. Only as men have dared to examine the things they did not understand, has there been education or advancement in the world. The church as a whole for centuries did its best to retard education. The warning that is now sounded against Spiritualism, is the same warning that has been sounded against every effort to advance.

The editor of **Christian Work**, of New York, a Presbyterian organ, believes that owing to the fact that the mechanism of contact is as yet so imperfect, the subject had better be left to the scientists for a time and made a matter of scientific research rather than of religious faith. This editor, Dr. Frederick Lynch, seems to have overlooked the fact that it is the Law of Love alone that opens the door, and that love is not and never has been a subject for laboratory experiment. The spirit-world will not respond to the dictates of human scientists. There the spirit of love has advanced to a far more beautiful degree than that of the earth-plane. Only as earth-children learn more about the meaning of God's love, and have more confidence in God, will the gates be opened. With the opening of these gates, mortals will receive more help in their science, in their arts and in their methods of living than they have known in the past. Spirit communication is in no manner dependent on science. But on the other hand, science, and all other human achievement, must depend upon spirit guidance.

The editor of **The Universalist Leader** believes that "the material testimony so far adduced is crude and trivial, and yet in a way reveals the existence of a something beyond all we now know."

Says **The Pilot**, a Catholic organ: "Spiritism is today not a scientific system, if we can predicate the word 'scientific' about a system which is founded on such inconclusive evidence, but a religious cult. As such it has come under the condemnation of the Church. Catholics are prohibited by a recent decree from dabbling in spiritism."

Twenty-five years ago, Catholics were prohibited by a decree of the Church from dabbling in hypnotism, but they are now permitted to attend hypnotic exhibitions. Remove Spiritualism from the Catholic faith and what is there left? As a matter of fact, Catholicism comes closer to being a religion of Spiritualism than any of the other creeds.

That there has been a marked change in the attitude of the orthodox church

toward Spiritualism, even in the past year, is worthy of note. If there was at any time an effort by all the orthodox churches to unite in combating Spiritualism, that effort has been frustrated by Higher Forces. The first thing that these orthodox churches did in their fight against Spiritualism, was to disagree. For every minister of the gospel who preaches against Spiritualism, there is another minister who remains either non-committal, or tells his flock, or at least his intimate friends, that he believes in the truth of spirit communication and guidance.

Attack on the Ouija

According to **The Chicago Tribune** of Feb. 8, Prof. Joseph Jastrow, who occupies the chair of psychology at the University of Wisconsin, says: "The attempt to demonstrate life after death by raps, and spirit forms and the revelations of mediums, is an American invention about seventy years old. Such phenomena have repeatedly been investigated and have been universally found to be steeped in fraud and the tricks of a dubious trade." The professor continues: "The tricks and devices by which tables may be moved and tambourines rattled and slates written upon and sealed messages read, are common property of those who care to read how they are done. The tendency to accept such performances as evidences of the beyond, keeps the beliefs alive."

Those familiar with spirit communications are not familiar with what the professor regards as manifestations. It is evident that the professor has never experienced direct-voice communications or materializations. Many of the independent slate-writings secured through the mediumship of Mr. Keeler of Washington, D. C., show identical handwriting when compared with the writing of those from whom the messages purport to come, and about whose existence Mr. Keeler knew nothing and whose personalities were not even in the minds of the sitters. Further, a materialized hand often is seen taking up the pencil and writing. It is not a hand thrust from the cabinet, but a hand that materializes in the open, free from any physical connections.

College psychology is a great deal like an edition of an encyclopedia: It is always about a generation behind times. Thirty years after hypnotists had demonstrated that hypnotism was a fact, colleges began to inquire into it. And very likely the universities will begin to admit that spirit communication is a fact, some time after the millennium is well on its way.

With milk-drivers receiving from \$50 to \$90 a week in the city of Chicago, and box-factory girls making as high as

\$50 a week, it would appear as though the college and university had failed as a means of fitting graduates for the struggle of life. Indeed, to the majority of university students, such training becomes a handicap that is not overcome for years. With due respect to the professors of universities and colleges, we must not overlook the truth that the university here, as well as in Europe, has had more than a little to do with Bolshevism. If Spiritualism requires the investigation of scientists, it could never be in any greater need of that fostering care than our institutions of learning. Those institutions become simply amphitheaters where credulous students hark to the opinions of individual tutors. These professors express only their own opinions, and those opinions have about as much weight in the world today as the individual opinions of editorial writers. The college professor, like the newspaper editorial writer, is a relic which we tolerate largely because of habit.

Dr. Edwin Burket Twitmyer, professor in the Department of Psychology in the University of Pennsylvania, is another of the learned doctors of education who is quoted as saying that everybody who believes in Spiritualism is self-deceived. This professor likely has achieved that point in his educational evolution where he is reading Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and presumably tells the pupils in his classes that there is a subconscious mind.

A So-Called Medium Tells His Story

In *The Memphis Press* of Feb. 6, Ernest J. Hopkins, writing from San Francisco, tells about Robert M. Cunningham, known throughout the world as "Professor Cuning, the Mystery Man."

The "professor" says that every word of the alleged communications received by Lodge, or anybody else, has been the deliberate invention of faking mediums, skillful dramatic artists whose secrets, though freely passed around in the "profess," have been mystically guarded from the general public. He makes the confession that he "worked the suckers" like the rest of them, and now begins to have qualms of conscience because so many persons are seeking diligently for the truth.

The "professor" sets forth a line of argument very much like Joseph F. Rinn of New York. The tricks which they pretend to expose have absolutely nothing in common with spirit communications. Those familiar with Spiritualism and who have access to highly developed mediums, know that the following facts are true: First, the information that comes to them is of a nature that could not be faked. Second, the purport of the facts contained in these communications often does not reveal itself for

days or weeks. Third, innumerable cases of prophecy fall within the experience of Spiritualists. Fourth, identification is of a nature beyond the possibility of any trickery. Fifth, the communicating intelligences have brighter minds than any person on earth. Sixth, the trickster never lived who could produce materializations such as those of Mr. Miller of New York, or "Farmer" Riley of Marcellus, Mich., or any of the other well-known materializing mediums. Seventh, persons accustomed to the conditions of voice seances can get the voices in the light so that every person present hears them. Eighth, the nature of the information coming through these voices, in any language or dialect in the world, could not be produced by the most elaborate trickery.

If the statements accredited to "Professor" Cuning are correct, does it not follow that he has labeled himself as a faker of the most miserable variety? Should he not be ashamed to show his face before his fellow men? Has he not tried and convicted himself in the eyes of every clean-thinking person?

It would appear that such sensation-seekers as Mr. Rinn and "Prof. Cuning" are either athirst for notoriety, with which they are duping the newspapers beautifully, or else they are representatives of propaganda, the purpose of which is to discredit Spiritualism. If the latter is the answer, we may be certain that the source of such efforts will be revealed in the very nature of things, and that the propagandists, through their own insidious efforts, must come into disrepute before the judgment of a fair-minded public.

Views of the Rev. L. O. Williams

The Buffalo Express of Dec. 29, 1919, quotes the Rev. L. O. Williams, of the Church of the Messiah, North and Mariner streets, Buffalo, N. Y., who lectured on "What Shall We Do With Spiritualism?"

"The need of Spiritualism is a cool head, a large outlook, and time that tests all things. With these, whatever our attitude or conclusion, there is little danger of damage to personality or of going far astray. I have no fear of Spiritualism so long as it is sane, sober and scientific. In an age given so largely to materialism as ours has been, it is a step in the right direction and, rightly construed and integrated with the total of human knowledge, may be a distinct asset in the thought of the future. The real question of Spiritualism is not whether the phenomena be a fraud, but whether the spiritualistic interpretation of the phenomena be correct. Admitting that writing between slates, and automatic writing, and voice mediumship, and all the other forms of

spiristic manifestation are above suspicion, do they mean what the Spiritualist claims they mean? Are his inferences justified?"

Rev. Williams says further that no psychic has ever told him anything that could not be proved as already existing in his own mind. It is our opinion that Mr. Williams has not had access to highly developed mediums. He is to be commended upon the fairness of his attitude. Like many others, he still adheres to the idea of subconsciousness, which science must soon admit is a confusion resulting from an observation of the reflexes of the body.

Mr. Williams thinks that Spiritualism as it now stands rests on uncertainties and idealistic philosophies. In other words, Spiritualism can mean nothing to a person who is not ready for it. We would say to Mr. Williams and to other ministers of the gospel, that the purpose of Spiritualism is not to take away that which other people have need of, but it is to supply to those who are ready to receive this truth the facts that are carefully collected and offered to any mind that will reason impartially. Spiritualism is not offered as the only religion in the world but as one of the religions basing its belief on the established fact of immortality as proved by spirit communication, instead of upon idealistic forms that propound a truth that always is to be, but never is, realized. Spiritualism brings the fact of immortal life to us here and now, and applies its lessons to our conduct in this world. It makes living this life an obligation that will have bearing upon our happiness and progress, in the continuation of this life after the change called death.

Garrett P. Serviss Has His Say

Garrett P. Serviss, who writes scientific articles for the Hearst newspapers and who writes some very instructive and valuable articles, will have none of Spiritualism. Mr. Serviss prefers to put everything through a test tube. He thinks that Sir Oliver Lodge has overstepped the bounds of scientific reasoning.

However, Mr. Serviss says: "That something survives bodily death is certain, even on scientific grounds. This certainty is assured by the doctrine of the conservation of energy. The energy that activated the body while living can be changed in form, but not destroyed. On leaving the body it simply goes into another state. This energy is as invisible and intangible to our senses as 'spirit.' It is also indivisible and continuous, i. e., it flows from form to form, or state to state, without interruption. Now, suppose that life is identical with this energy. Life, or vital force, is surely energy in some form, because evidently it alone

supplies the body with the 'capacity to do work,' which is the scientific definition of energy."

Mr. Serviss says that, however, while he feels that energy continuously enters and leaves the body, perhaps we can not classify this form of energy with that other form called life. He admits that if life is the soul, and if Sir Oliver Lodge is right about the activities of disembodied souls, then we can trace the life-energy after it has departed from the body. Mr. Serviss thinks that Sir Oliver Lodge commits a grave error in not taking the question of the soul into the realms of religion and metaphysics, instead of attempting to keep it on a scientific basis.

We should like to ask Mr. Serviss why it is that he and other scientists, who seem to have solved the questions of matter, do not define the all-pervading ether? Why do they persist in referring to it as a vacuum? It is a vacuum only because it lacks our material atmosphere. Science long has been blind to the relationship of the gross forms of matter to the finer forms of matter that are called ether; not just one ether, but degrees of ether, they will learn later!

A British Clergyman's Merriment

The Rev. J. A. V. Magee, son of the late Archbishop Magee, last fall caused a great deal of merriment at the Church of England Congress at Leicester, by projecting his alleged humor against the thought that there could be survival of personality after death.

While this comment will not in all likelihood reach Mr. Magee, we should like to ask him if it is becoming to a churchman to find a source of ridicule and merriment in anything that deals with the Divine Intelligence and the immortal life which that Intelligence has created. As a doctor of truth, does Mr. Magee think that he is serving his Master by presuming to ridicule anything that may pertain to his Master? Falling short of the knowledge which is of God, does Mr. Magee believe that he has attained the point of all-knowledge that is possible within the scope of human intellect? His "shafts of merriment" can bring no credit to the Church of England. He is treading on sacred ground, and he has no right to make light of that which he does not understand. It is no credit to his intellect.

The Braying of Professional Humorists

Perhaps the saddest occupation in the world is that of public humorist, which is simply a left-over from the jester of old, with his cap and bells. The jester and the hounds, which vied in gamboling around the festal board of the lord and master, were regarded as diverting pastimes. Today, the professional humorist, whose purpose in life is to have

fun with everything and everybody except himself, is turning his attention to Spiritualism.

Mr. Thomas L. Masson, editor of *Life*, New York, has grown exceedingly funny of late in his attack upon "ghosts." Mr. Masson is quoted as saying, "It should be presumed that any man, no matter how bright and promising he may have been when alive, would have forgotten everything he knew since he passed over there—possibly centuries ago. What he has learned on the other side may be extremely hard to communicate. We must be patient with our ghosts and give them a chance to develop."

Some day, like other mortals, Mr. Masson will have a first-class funeral, and possibly his friends will remark on how natural he looks, and maybe they will remember that he did not believe in immortality and is represented solely by the somewhat shriveled and bloodless human form that lies in the casket. We trust that his cap and bells be buried with him, because evidently he will reach the other shore entirely unprepared. But it would be natural for him, and he will not be disturbed in conjuring up ghastly jokes about life's continuity. Like other mortals, perhaps he will recall some unpaid debts on earth, and he may even feel sad to think that it is rather difficult to repay those obligations when there is a great gulf between him and the form of life he has led, which gulf has been created by his own views while on earth.

The "funny man" must not overlook the fact that he occupies the position of professional fool who is supposed to cackle about anything he does not understand—which means everything—and is expected to create endless, musty puns that will give him the right to be known by his fellow mortals as brilliant.

One of these humorists, notwithstanding his sad, lamentable avocation, has succeeded in saying something. This is B. L. T. of *The Chicago Tribune*. We saved a clipping from his column, "A Line o' Type or Two," from the issue of Nov. 7, 1919. He said, concerning Spiritualism, referring to a pastor who had stated that there is danger in meddling with what we do not understand: "But if man, a curious animal, had been deterred by fear of the unknown, we should still be lighting our fires by rubbing two pieces of wood together."

So maybe, after all that we have said about Mr. Masson, and the fraternity in general, God still wills that the light of reason shine at times through the merry wits of the jesters!

We Invite You to Send Clippings

While it is utterly impossible to take up every newspaper article dealing fairly or unfairly with Spiritualism, we shall attempt to take up the typical articles,

particularly attacks. We invite the readers of "Communication" to send in clippings from newspapers.

Fully ninety-five per cent. of the clippings that have been sent to us have been without any marks of identification as to the name of the paper and the date. If you will be good enough to write the name of the paper and the date of the issue on the margin of each clipping, we shall then have definite information in quoting from these articles.

The gist of the criticism against Spiritualism may be summed up as follows: First, all of the manifestations are charged to trickery. Second, they are charged to illusion. Third, they are regarded as manifestations of what some people are pleased to call subconsciousness. Fourth, they are the works of the devil. From all of these four viewpoints, every person who attacks Spiritualism argues. The same charges were arrayed against every advancement of science, medicine and the arts.

There is not one person out of one hundred thousand who really has a working conception of wireless telegraphy, but the world accepts wireless telegraphy as a fact. There is not one person out of ten thousand in the world who understands the airplane even remotely, but the airplane is accepted as a fact.

Every scientific discovery, and every invention of merit, in its time has been derided. It has been the work of the devil. Therefore, the attacks against Spiritualism are not new. They are cut out of the same cloth and fashioned according to the same pattern that have typified the attacks that have been made on everything pertaining to progress that this world has ever known.

Twenty-five years ago, every one of the orthodox churches attacked hypnotism, and now in their press articles these orthodox churches accept hypnotism as a fact. Anaesthetics, when they were first introduced, were attacked by the clergy on the ground that God delighted in mortal pain, and that we had no right to make any attempt to assuage that pain.

This, indeed, is the dark age. But through the blackness of human ignorance come a few of the pure white rays of the truth of God's law and God's goodness. Precisely as the world has been taught to fear God, the world has distrusted God, because to fear is to hate. When the earth-children have come into a better understanding that the love of God means trust in God and His works, and when mortals have come to realize that the sum-total of their knowledge is insignificant, they will ask for more light and more guidance. And the coming of that day in truth shall be the dawn of the millennium.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

We invite readers of "Communication" to send in their psychic experiences, either in or outside of seance-rooms. If they are seance-room experiences, mention the mediums and give their names and addresses. These experiences should be specific. Do not attempt to make them literary productions. Tell them in your own way. We wish to have the full name and address of each person printed in connection with each experience. Where this is not desired, then we shall publish the initials and name of the city only. Therefore, be sure to specify if you do not wish your name printed. Remember that your interesting experience may be the evidence that other persons are waiting for. It is not the purpose of "Communication" to confine this evidence to the experiences of those closely associated with this magazine. Hence this invitation to readers of this magazine to tell their most interesting psychic experiences.—THE EDITOR.

An Interesting Healing Experience

"Mutual friends had told us of the pitiable condition of a young lady whom they knew—but we did not. The M. D.'s pronounced her case to be incurable. The mutual friend, suspecting the real cause of her trouble, advised her parents to bring her to see us, believing that she might be relieved. Prejudice and public opinion were barriers. They did not come.

"For a time the young woman was assisting in the home of a lady who felt much sympathy for her. Hoping to aid her, she sent a lock of the young lady's hair to one of the best doctors in the United States—a magnetic healer, one who is well acquainted with what is termed obsession, and asked for advice. 'The case is incurable—too long standing,' was the reply. I have since been told that the case was considered so hopeless that nothing more was done to relieve the young lady.

"Two or more years later, the following experience was realized. It occurred during the night. I can not say it did or did not begin with dreaming. I do not know how I came to go there, or how I went. I found myself in a home that was strange to me. There were several persons there, but I paid no attention to any except a mother and daughter, who were in a room by themselves. The daughter was acting peculiarly. She watched me suspiciously, grimacing and biting her tongue until the blood ran from her mouth. The mother was worried.

"I asked the mother, 'Are you willing I should treat her? Will you leave her alone with me in this room?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Then you go out and see that no one else enters the room,' I said. 'If I need anyone, I will call you.'

"When alone, I said to the young lady, 'You are not sick. This is caused through a misunderstanding.' She then

seemed to sink down mentally, and another mind showed forth. It was not an 'evil' mind, but ignorant and foreign—could not speak our language. In its effort to talk, it would bite the tongue. I did not use words, but talked mentally to it—told it to be careful, and explained the trouble and the harm that could be done to both of them. Then the foreign mind seemed to sink down as the young lady had. Thus they would come and go, struggling for place. I talked to each as they came. Finally, an understanding was reached, and the young lady was relieved.

"During the time I was working here, I often looked back to my home where my physical body lay on my bed, to see if it was as I left it. When through with my work, I returned to my physical body—I know not how. I awakened, conscious that I had been out in the astral again. Whether or not I visited the patient at other times—either before or after this experience—I do not know.

"Perhaps two or more weeks after this occurrence, I had gone to my room for the night. I had not yet gone to sleep. A young woman came into my room, appeared natural as any mortal. Smiling, she spoke to me and said: 'Do you not recognize me?' I answered, 'I don't believe I do.' 'I am Miss Blank' (giving her name). 'Do you see? I am well.'

"Some time after this happened, we were discussing our psychic experiences. I told this one of mine. One of the ladies present said, 'Your description exactly describes the actions of Miss ———.' This Miss ——— and Miss Blank are the same person.

"To my knowledge I have never yet met this young woman. I have heard that she got well, later was married and has a nice little family.

"If in any way I have been instrumental or a means of helping humanity, I am grateful to the One Great Source from which all healing comes. The power is from the Father of all. We, His children, should better understand His Will."—(Signed) Oliver Shelden Mantor, Arkansas City, Kans.

In experiences of this kind, the memory of what occurred usually is symbolic. Mrs. Mantor apparently visited this young woman during sleep, or to use the expression common among Spiritualists, she journeyed "in the astral." Therefore, if this young lady was in the astral, she would not be controlled by another spirit. But the experience would indicate that the symbol was the strug-

ble between knowledge and ignorance, meaning health and illness, and that health finally conquered.

Saw Accident Before It Occurred

"Early last December, one Saturday, I sat in an ice-cream parlor in a position that gave me a view of the sidewalk and the street. Suddenly, in my mind's eye, I could see an automobile accident. What was my surprise when a few minutes later the accident occurred similar to the account of it given in the enclosed clipping. In fact, the accident happened precisely where I had seen it but a few minutes previously, and it was carried out in every detail which my vision had foretold.

"Miss Alice Hearsey, of Stow, Mass., drove over the square and hit the car belonging to Mr. Roberts. Miss Hearsey's car then backed into Mr. Wheeler's show window, and then drove into the front of Dr. Hanlon's Ford sedan.

"While I perhaps can not prove to anybody that I had prevision of this accident that took place, I know that I saw it. Many things I have seen happen, but usually it is from two to five years before they take place. I have been interested in Spiritualism for twenty-two years, and my experiences have been largely along this line of having visions of events before they have occurred."—(Signed) Miss Emily E. Clements, Hudson, Mass.

Spoke With Loved Ones He Did Not Know Were In Spirit

"After thirty years of a happy home-life, my wife was called home—as I now see—about two years ago. Last August I came to Cincinnati, ostensibly to spend a few weeks with my grandchildren before going, as I expected, to West Virginia to locate. On arrival here, my daughter was leaving, and I took a room with some ladies who recently had lost their husbands, one a few months, the other three or four years.

"In our conversation, these ladies told me of some wonderful experiences they had had by being influenced by some friends to go to a medium. Now, during my sixty years of life, I had never, nor had my wife, given a thought to spirits or spirit-life, except as occasionally it would be spoken of in ordinary conversation.

"Having some idle time, I went to the public library and read some books on it, both pro and con, amongst others being Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Raymond,' and Margaret Cameron's works, and Prof. Leaf, and others. Among those against, I no-

ticed that they all practically admitted that there was something they could not understand or define.

"I got more and more interested. Finally, after seeing an advertisement of a Spiritualist service one Sunday, I went. I must admit my first impressions were decidedly against. I stayed as I thought to the end of the service, becoming more favorably impressed, and was about to leave. But I saw that the others were not leaving, so I waited, and the pastor said she would try for messages. Now this was entirely new to me, so I listened to a number of messages. Finally the pastor addressed me, and asked if I knew anyone named Mary, and again William. I answered no, except some friends on earth of those names. However, she said, 'You will hear from them,' or something of that sort. I left, very much puzzled, and the more I thought about it, the more I wished to find out.

"Finally I asked the ladies for the address of the medium they had been to. One night I went, and without being known by anyone, by name or otherwise, I joined a circle of some thirty-two or thirty-three persons. Everything being new to me, I was somewhat nervous. After a short time, the trumpet stopped in front of me and said, 'This is mother.' I was speechless, but the voice kept saying, 'My dear, dear boy,' with such intensity of feeling, I finally gathered my wits together and answered. Among other things, I asked if Anna, my wife, was there, to which the voice answered, 'Yes, and she is going to talk to you. She is such a good woman.'

"Now you can not imagine my perplexity, as I had not heard anything about my mother since 1904. Unfortunately, through family affairs, I had been cut off from my own people from that time. Now I knew my wife was gone, but my mother—no. My first impression was to write and ask for proof. But I decided to wait and see further. I have been to this same medium three times, and each time I have spoken with my mother, my wife, and also a sister who had been over there a long time.

"Finally, I wrote to my sister in California, asking if mother was dead. In my own mind, I was satisfied that she was, but as my mother had told me I was the only one of the remaining children she had spoken to, I was anxious to know positively before asking my brother and sister to try to make mother happy by giving her an opportunity to speak to them. So I wrote my sister a short letter, asking if mother was gone, not telling her why I wished to know.

"Later on, through another medium who had given me some wonderful messages at another church service, I was visited by my oldest sister and my god-

mother, Sister Mary Lennox, together with my father, mother, another sister and a grandchild and baby brother who died when quite small. I did not know of my oldest sister's death until she came to me, but both hers and my mother's passing were verified by a letter received from my sister in California on the 18th inst. My mother died in 1915, and my sister in 1916."—(Signed) W. T. Hutchinson, Cincinnati, Ohio.

This gentleman went into a circle where he was unknown. He was a stranger in the city. He had been out of touch with his family, and had no knowledge that his mother and sister had passed away from the earth-life. And yet they came to him and spoke to him. How will the critics answer this experience—by telepathy? How can they answer it by fraud? It would have been impossible to read something out of a man's mind that never had been there.

Some of the criticisms say that mortals are too credulous. But this gentleman did not go to this seance-room to hear from his mother and his sister, because he believed that they were in the flesh. Proof of this nature can be given in voluminous records. Proof of this kind has come to thousands. It is coming to hundreds in this country at least every day. Those who tell us that we should not be deceived, may search for an answer that is not in harmony with the facts. Why seek an explanation that is unnatural and unreal, when we attempt always to answer our experiences in this life in accordance with judgment? Certainly judgment and ordinary reason—the deepest and most profound reason—would point to the fact that this man received communication from two loved ones who, he thought, were still in the flesh.

Trumpets Employed in Spirit

"In August, four other ladies and myself formed a little circle for the purpose of developing mediumship among us. Our meeting time is every Thursday afternoon from two to four o'clock. We have a trumpet, and also paper and pencil. But up to this time, the loved ones in spirit have made use of neither. However, I can see some of those in spirit using a trumpet which must belong to them, and I can hear the voices. Also, on one occasion I read a poem that was written by a spirit who used his own pencil and paper. He was standing about four feet from me, and I could read what he had written. For years I have been able to describe those in spirit almost at any time and in any place. When at Camp Chesterfield, as I am sitting in the audience, I can see the controls of the different speakers."—(Signed) Miss Clara Puckett, Winchester, Ind.

Saw Her Daughter's Spirit Depart

"I wish to tell you of my experience. About three weeks before my daughter's death, or rather before her body ceased breathing, I was lying in my bed, wide-awake; when all at once the ceiling and room seemed to disappear, and I could see distinctly two spirit forms coming from my daughter's room, and floating up through the most beautiful clouds. One had her arm around the other as they passed out of sight. I shall always believe it was another daughter of mine in spirit who came for her sister.

"The next morning, the nurse told me, 'Pauline has gone into a state of coma.' But I feel sure that her spirit had left her body, although perhaps the connection with it still remained. Her body grew gradually weaker each day, and it seemed to me that it was like a wheel that kept going by its own momentum and gradually slowed down. I have seen a number of persons pass out, but not one like her. While she was conscious during her illness, she seemed to have many strange experiences."—(Signed) Mrs. R. Popkiss, New Orleans, La.

The question is often raised, "When does a person die?"

Physicians recognize the fact that after death has really occurred, there may be a spasmodic breathing that will continue for minutes or even hours. Communications from those in spirit indicate that they do not always know just when they have passed out of the flesh. Many of them assert that death took place several hours before the physicians pronounced them dead. Evidence that has been collected from many sources and for a long period, and by many different persons, indicates that there is a cord connecting the spirit with the earth-body, and that until this cord is severed, death does not occur.

There are reasons to believe that the spirit may leave the body and be out of the body for hours or days before this connection is severed. It is apparent that there is a point in mortal sickness and pain beyond which the spirit refuses to endure, and that in delirium the spirit in reality has withdrawn from the body, and that this condition gives rise to confusion. There is also evidence that some transitions occur so quickly, there does not seem to be a break between consciousness in the flesh and consciousness in spirit. There is no reason to believe that the process of death is a cause for fear or abhorrence of any kind, that the change is a perfectly natural process and that it occurs naturally and without shock to the one who passes from this stage of existence to the next.

Sensing Spirit Presence

"Death has recently called home a loved one, and I feel sure, while I am perplexed at my change in belief from that

held previous to the visitation of death, that a great, sweet comfort has come into my experience, which has made it less heartrending to gaze on the vacant pillow and long for the sweet smile and loving voice. I had hoped and believed that my belief in the Resurrection, as promised in the Scriptures, would bear me up when the casket was lowered and covered, especially as an experience of ten years ago during my first study of Spiritualism left me tired and discouraged with it all, so that I simply refused to mix with it. Yet today, through the reading of 'God's World,' I have reopened my inner sense to the ministrations of unseen and unknown helpers who I am convinced have sought to comfort me in my sorrow as no other faith or belief seems able to. That dear Presences, come close—oh, so close—to me at different times in my home, I am positive, though I neither see nor hear them, only knowing them by the wonderful feeling they throw around me and which I know is spirit presence.

"Shall I shock you if I tell you that locked up in my dresser is plenty of morphine, which I kept with the understanding, if my grief became unbearable, to use it to 'fall asleep'? After a study of the sweet and inspiring words of 'God's World,' the uplifting sense of which seemed absent from all previously studied research in the so-called philosophy of Spiritualism, I find that I am still as desirous of entering the Beautiful Just Beyond to renew my walk and work with my loved one. And I have seen that self-removal to such a plane would apparently defeat its own purpose, and so I am trying to live till the proper time comes to go to the Homeland, and during the waiting to try to put no barriers in the way of the dear Unseen Helpers whom the love of the Great Father seems to have permitted to cheer and comfort and help me.

"I find myself sometimes wondering if this could only be taught me after death had paved the way. I think your work in the Truth is a wonderful help to those who need it, and I am grateful that Love does send someone here and there into this sad old earth-plane to voice the comfort that so many sorrowing hearts need. May your work continue to bless many, and in so blessing others may God's sweetest blessing come into your experience."—(Signed) E. E. R., Mass.

While the nature of this letter is such that we could not publish the name and full address, it is given to convey to those seekers after truth an important fact that long has been recognized by mortals. Sometimes when we neither hear nor see the loved ones in spirit, we know in some manner that they are near us. But we can not offer this as proof or evidence that we are not alone. Outside of the pale of the carping test-seek-

ers, there is a quality in spirit, a quality in God's Nature, that may be likened to a peaceful solitude. The soul, like the clear waters of the lake, may be untrammelled by fitful gusts or restive waves. It may be free even of the minor ripples. In these days of haste and worry, when ambition of material gain and fame has gripped most mortals, the need of these quiet moments is felt more and more.

There is a quality of the soul that makes this quietude possible. And when we have learned how to turn our thoughts within ourselves, we are astonished to learn that there can be so much peace and so much understanding. If we did not possess this soul-property, how long would we be able to battle the obstacles and encounter the heartaches? Surely the person who admits that God must exist, that He existed before there was aught else, must realize that the goodness of the Creator would leave a clear wire connecting every creature with the Divine Intelligence. When we are weary and heartsick and turn from the petty ephemeral conditions around and about us, we then discover that there is an open channel between the Creator and the creature. In this solitude of the soul when it is at peace with God, when harmony has penetrated the disturbed conditions of the earth-existence, then understanding and proof come in abundance. And yet they come as individual possessions, not as chemicals that repose on the shelves of a laboratory. They are not for profane hands. They are not intended for experimental purposes. They belong to those sacred things that can be answered only by the assertion that there are times when each soul can, and does, commune with God.

Foretold the Death of Ella Wheeler Wilcox

"A wonderful test, among others, has been the visits to me of Robert Wilcox, the husband of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox, in spirit, came to me last Spring, before it was generally known that Mrs. Wilcox was very ill. This was while she was still in France. Mr. Wilcox said, 'She is far from well, and I am afraid she will not be in this world by the end of the year.' This was in March. When I visited the seance-room alone, he would bring messages of import. On the thirtieth of last October, Mr. Wilcox sent greetings by my beloved husband, who is also in spirit, and said he was sorry that he could not be with us as Mrs. Wilcox was very low and would soon pass over. My husband told me that he had never seen anyone so happy as Mr. Wilcox. A few minutes before I left the seance-room, Mr. Wilcox came in and said his wife was passing over and he wanted to be with her. She passed into the better life at two

p. m. Mr. Wilcox since has said that they were exceedingly happy together, very eager to help humanity, and they would both soon send messages through this magazine to help in this great work. I speak of this as a test, for we all know of the lovable and generous soul of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"The serious illness of my beloved sister, who was bedridden for years, was a source of supreme grief to me. An operation was decided upon, but the doctors in the spirit-world advised against it. They said it was not a case for an operation, but extreme malnutrition.

"My sister had a longing to go to California, but we despaired that her condition would allow the trip. Dr. Senn, and other doctors in spirit, said that they would help and do all they could so that she would arrive at the bungalow near the seashore. The day she left she was supremely happy, but in a very weakened condition. She arrived at the bungalow, but two days later answered her Master's call. Dr. Senn said that they were afraid she would not arrive at her desired destination, but they did their best to grant her this last wish.

"She passed over on Thursday at five o'clock in the morning, and the next day, Friday, at eleven o'clock, she spoke to me independently."—(Signed) Amelia B. Clough-Ramar, Norwood Park, Ill.

When Mrs. Ramar turned this letter in, the editor of "Communication" was in New York City, and while there arranged with a close personal friend of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to secure some very valuable manuscripts and letters that later will appear serially in "Communication."

Until Mrs. Ramar reads this statement, it is not likely that she will know the meaning of the message she received from Robert Wilcox to the effect that he and his good wife were going to contribute through "Communication" to help mankind. Mrs. Ramar certainly had no knowledge of any such plans, and this is the first intimation that has been given that "Communication" is to come into possession of this valuable information concerning the spiritual growth of Mrs. Wilcox, and the Spiritualism, and in fact mediumship, of her husband.

Many instances have come to our attention where physicians in spirit have advised against operations. But the advice has not been heeded, and in each the patient passed through the change called death.

Those who are familiar with the messages given to mortals by loved ones in spirit, will admit readily that the experiences that have been published in this number of "Communication" may all be classified as quite ordinary. Many far more remarkable experiences come to our attention, but there is a natural

The National Spiritual Alliance

By Mary E. Page, Secretary

hesitancy about selecting those most pronounced in character.

We wish to teach people that they must merit information from the spirit-side of life, that they must earn the right to have it. We wish to teach people that it is contrary to the law of experience to even expect that a person could go into a seance-room and be given something that he had not earned. The more people understand the inexorable law of life, the more willing they will be to study.

Let us not forget that Spiritualism deals with religion, philosophy and science. Whatever is of life, falls within the domain of the true study of Spiritualism. It is not a subject that a person can understand hurriedly. Many who have become convinced recently of the truth of spirit return and communication and guidance, form the wrong ideas. In their well-meaning way, they harm the truth more than they help it.

When we find that the press and the pulpit criticise and attack Spiritualism, we should be broad enough to study ourselves, so that we may learn if we have been guilty of indiscretions that would invite such attacks. We must be broad enough to realize that we can learn from those who profess temporarily to be our natural enemies. Our friends sometimes cajole us, agree with us and soothe us. Our enemies may bring pain and heartaches to us, but by the very nature of their attacks and their criticism, perhaps we shall find also that they bring us food for thought.

Evolution proceeds in its own way from cause to effect, and we can never hasten or retard it. Those who wish to understand the reality of Spiritualism, must be willing to spend sufficient time studying its nature, to understand more about the conditions under which communication is possible.

We shall be glad at all times to receive letters detailing experiences, and we request that the statements be clear, so that those who read these experiences will understand at least that which these letters are intended to convey to the public.

Read the advertisements in "Communication." They are part of the reading matter. They merit your thought. If one of those advertisements leads you to something worth while, it has come to you as a friend, whom you should welcome—and we never have friends until we cultivate their acquaintance. It is a good idea to cultivate the acquaintance of the ads in "Communication."

Those who seek most earnestly after development, will find it. Loud acclaim, pretense, sham, will never bring any kind of development. Search and you will find. There is no other way to do the finding.

"Communication" invites all Spiritual organizations to explain their creeds and purposes through the columns of this magazine. There are associations, alliances and independent organizations, but all are doing their share of the work according to their own understanding. "Communication" is the organ of no association, center or church, but is open to all equally—not for the purpose of contention, but for an explanation of their policies and their work. "Communication" is a rostrum for all, and invites cordially, and without reservation, articles telling of the good work of all.—THE EDITOR.

The National Spiritual Alliance was founded by Dr. G. Taber Thompson, who had long felt the need of putting Spiritualism on a religious basis. Coming from the pulpit of a Baptist Church, the church which is conceded to be the best regulated and governed of all Protestant denominations, Dr. Thompson was eminently fitted both to realize the need of organization in Spiritualism and to work out its fulfillment.

The creed of the National Spiritual Alliance, which has been pronounced by W. C. Coville to be faultless, was given to Dr. Thompson in the following manner:

While traveling with Mrs. Thompson in California, and staying at the time in Los Angeles, the doctor was awakened one night by a Voice which commanded him to "arise, get pen and paper, and write." At the one sitting, the following creed was given to him:

Article I: God: We believe in super-normal personal or impersonal manifestations, which may portend Deity.

Article II: Salvation and Morals: We believe in salvation through the development of personal character, and in an evolving rational morality; so we engage to withhold judgement toward those who may be "elementals."

Article III: Christs, Bibles, Nature: We believe that truth is eternal, and we seek to utilize it whether found in individuals, books, or nature.

Article IV: Heaven and Hell: We believe that we reap as we sow; nevertheless all things are working together for good, and evolution obtains perpetually in all persons.

Article V: Phenomena: We believe that intercommunication between the denizens of different worlds is scientifically established, and it is a part of our religion to multiply the evidence.

Article VI: Church Membership: We believe that organized religious union is conducive to the general good of humanity, so we affiliate with this Church Alliance and agree to differ; pledging with each other to lovingly co-operate with all who seek for immortality.

Dr. Thompson selected the pond lily as the emblem of the Alliance, and relative to this emblem said: "The pond

lily is our expressive emblem. Though it strikes its roots in the mud, sends its shoots up through the putrid waters, and spreads its leaves over the green scum of the pond, yet it evolves purity, beauty and fragrance, and but dies to live again. We believe this to be an apt ensign of our Alliance, and a composite picture of the world and humanity."

Dr. Thompson established the headquarters of the Alliance at Lake Pleasant, Mass., which was his home after his marriage. A constitution and by-laws was adopted, of which the following is the preamble:

"For benevolent, educational, literary, musical, scientific, experimental and religious purposes germane to the philosophy, phenomena and religion of a Church Alliance."

Lake Pleasant was the old-time camp-meeting ground, the meetings being held through the month of August. The meetings of the Alliance are held through July, making a succession of meetings from July 1 to Sept. 1 each year, which attracts visitors from all parts of our own state and other States.

A Memorial Building has been presented to the Alliance by Mrs. Thompson in memory of her husband, now in spirit. The building is equipped with an audience room, containing a large pipe-organ, a recreation hall, a kitchen and all conveniences, besides rooms for the directors and officers of the Alliance, and it is our proud claim that this Alliance was the first organization to place Spiritualism on a religious basis.

That there was need of such an organization is shown by its steady growth. Starting with twenty-three members, it now numbers nearly three hundred. This does not include the auxiliary members. At this writing there are forty churches established under the National Spiritual Alliance. These churches extend from Maine to California, and new ones are being established almost daily. This movement for bringing Spiritualism before the people as an organized religion, is attracting the attention of learned men and deep thinkers all over the world, and is rapidly growing in breadth and importance.

We regret exceedingly that Dr. Thompson could not have remained with us in bodily presence, but we know that his interest continues, and that he is still working for the Alliance, inspiring its speakers, aiding its officers, and in many ways helping to prove that the National Spiritual Alliance is an organization which was needed to bring Spiritualism before the world as a religion, comparable to, and excelled by, no other.

Spiritual Stagnation

By William H. Burr

The prophets of old, and the thoughtful and spiritual men of all ages, have lamented the indifference and carelessness of the masses concerning the problems and truths of eternity and their relation to men. Mouth religions and meaningless ceremonies have rendered no useful end. In fact, it is certain that the average man gives much less serious thought to these questions today than did the so-called savages who dwelt in the forest and wigwams before the white man came, notwithstanding all the time and money spent for churches.

When the time comes that men are as interested in their immortal souls and the condition which awaits them beyond the grave as they are in picture shows, theaters, foolish novels and kindred time-wasting enterprises, then will the world begin to grow spiritually, our churches will become halls of learning, and all will be free to think as reason dictates, and religion will become a part of everyday life. Christian principles, under whatever name they may be known, will save the world from the curses of militarism and commercialism of the sort which has flourished in our age of golden opportunity for spiritual growth and progress. But this can not be so long as ignorance concerning life's most important problem is fostered by the supposed leaders of spiritual thought. That man should stand face to face with himself, and know the knowable concerning himself, is of the utmost importance to those who would play their part in this world and the next.

Experience has taught me some lessons concerning men. I am more and more convinced that new truths, no matter how important, cannot be accepted by mankind until they are ready to receive them. Stanley tells us that while exploring the African wilds, he wrote a note to a friend and sent it by one of the barbarians of the jungle. All went well until the messenger found that that piece of paper had told something to the man he went to see, and then the savage became convinced that that piece of paper was possessed of devils. He spread the alarm, and much trouble was made on account of these devil-talking papers.

When Fulton appointed a day to take his trial trip up the Hudson River with his first steam-boat, he issued invitations to many to accompany him. Many refused because they said it was impossible; they did not desire to be found among the "fools" with Fulton and his "folly." When the boat started, a jeering mob of those with more egotism

than brains stood on the bank and sneered at the man who should have received their approval and commendation. Science has fought its way against ignorance and prejudice: no prejudice is so hard to overcome as religions prejudice. Just why the clergy should not grasp with eagerness the certain proofs of immortality, spirit return and conditions of life beyond the grave, no one, not even they, can truthfully answer.

Whenever the prophet has sought to advance, the priest has opposed him, and sometimes crucified him. When Jesus became a prophet they killed him, because they would not accept the truths which the world today respects and believes. Whether the clergy conceive it to be their duty to ignore the demonstrated truths of immortality and the paths to real spiritual progress, they alone can say. They alone must bear the responsibility of ignorant tirades against the same truths Jesus demonstrated while in the flesh.

When the announcement was made that Peary had reached the North Pole, the public press proclaimed him the great benefactor of mankind; public demonstrations were held, the government richly rewarded him, and his name will go down in history immortalized and honored. To him concede all honor and praise merited by his courage, suffering and zeal. But what present or eternal good to the eternal progress of man has Peary's discovery yielded to man? Everyone knows that somewhere in the icy wilds of the North a place where chart and compass fail, has always existed. Peary and three or four other men have been in the Northland and found a place where they think the compass failed. They have brought back with them certain charts, maps and figures which they say they obtained at the North Pole. That is all the world knows about it. That is all the good it has done the world. That is all the good it can ever do the world. No one has ever succeeded in getting there: no one probably will ever be foolish enough to go there again. In all seriousness, I ask what lasting good to the world has the discovery of the North Pole done for the world?

In the spirit-world countless hosts of depraved and earth-bound spirits wander in darkness and despair, suffering the curse of ignorance and its manifold penalties in a purgatory, as it were, because, and only because, in earth life they were ignorant of nature's unfailing laws. I have said that there are countless thousands groping in darkness and despair in spirit life because of ig-

norance. Equally certain it is that countless thousands must follow them for the same reason.

During the past hundred years, science has been trying to discover the North Pole of eternity. Countless thousands of facts have been established by thousands of investigators. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, scientists and men with progressive minds, mediums of many kinds have brought to the world fact upon fact, proof upon proof, and evidence upon evidence concerning the immediate future after death.

In spite of all this, loud-mouthed and ignorant critics has denied, criticised and condemned. Fossilized brains have refused to obtain knowledge, while a commercialized press has neglected, in the main, to investigate or to publish facts of the utmost importance to mankind. Their representatives have stood in the presence of marvelous demonstrations, and carried to the editorial rooms full accounts of life's greatest truths; and yet not a word would appear in their columns.

Is the press concerned with a desire to know and disseminate the truth concerning this great and vital subject, or is it interested in the subject for revenue only? It has given wide publicity to the writings and opinions of the Hughes and Lewis brand and head-lined statements and opinions of which they will all be ashamed when they know more than they do today. Editors sit in their easy chairs and write flippant and ridiculous editorials concerning a subject of which they appear to know nothing. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and so they take the liberty to criticise men of science who have given many years of thoughtful, honest and painstaking service to humanity. To discuss seriously what some of the wise (?) writers say would be but casting pearls before swine, and casting that which is holy unto the dogs.

Until man is enough interested in this great question so that he is willing to search for truth through the channels where it can be found, how can he hope to gain knowledge? The truth exists without regard to what carping critics may say concerning it. It may be found, and every intelligent man and woman may find a satisfying knowledge concerning it if they will. They cannot find it by listening to their own pratings nor to the brand of satisfied ignorance which is most prominent in those who are entirely ignorant.

Does not a man owe it to his day and generation to give it his best? No knowledge can compare in importance with the knowledge of immortality and the conditions which await us beyond the grave. We are here but for a day:

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Life of James "Farmer" Riley

(Continued from page 20)

many others are saying today: "If these things can be done, I can do them myself." But Jim Riley was a born medium. He had permitted his mediumistic gift to lie fallow until he was forty-two years of age. Riley had what many aspiring persons lack—he had patience. He argued that if these things could be done, he could do them. His reasoning did not stop there, or did not even pause. He reasoned further that if they could be done, perhaps there were conditions to be considered which he did not understand. He was willing to bide his time and supply all of the conditions that might be required in the unfoldment of his gift.

The life of James Riley certainly must teach to every man and woman today who wishes to be a medium, the truth that mediumship must be brought about by loved ones in spirit, but only when the mortal provides the right conditions, is patient and has no commands or demands to make on the spirit-world.

The Rileys Begin Their Sittings

When Mr. and Mrs. Riley returned home from the camp meeting at Lake Cora, they talked over the problems of spirit communications. Finally they came to the conclusion that they would sit at the heavy oval dining-table, each at one end. They concluded that if the table would move for them, that movement would be caused by some force outside themselves. They could trust one another. Occasionally they would talk, but most of the time they would be quiet, each thinking about the possibilities of the manifestations of some extraneous force. They would start their sittings about nine o'clock at night, and sometimes never leave the table until nearly daylight.

As a boy, Jim Riley had been able to move a table with several men sitting on it, by simply placing his hands upon that table. But the battery of these forces had become concealed within him. Layer after layer of agnostic thought had to be removed. The spiritual inactivity of many years had to be overcome. At times, Jim Riley and his wife would decide that the task was useless, and they would declare that they were through with their table sittings.

After six months of this patience, one night when both Mr. and Mrs. Riley had decided that they could afford to continue their sittings a while longer that night, the table moved to one side a distance of about two feet. They knew that their own physical strength had not produced the manifestation. They asked that if the spirit force moved the table, would it please move in the opposite direction—and the table obliged. Mrs.

Riley said that if the spirit of her brother, Ezra, who had been killed in the Civil War, was present, would the table move again in the first direction—and again the table obliged. Then the table showed an inclination to stand up on two legs, and it would rap on the floor three times for "yes," and once for "no." Then when they would go through the letters of the alphabet from A to Z, the table would thump when the right letter was reached, so that intelligent information came through.

It is quite natural that in a rural community, neighbors would be taken into the confidence of this farm couple who were receiving these messages. At first just a few neighbors would come in to witness the manifestations, but later the countryside was aroused and the peculiar happenings at the Riley home became a matter of wide discussion.

Farmer Riley and his wife had demonstrated that, with patience and without demand, criticism or urging, it was possible to receive definite manifestations from a source other than their own intellects. At the age of forty-two years, Jim Riley became a medium. But his mediumship as manifested by the table-tippings were only like the first letter of the alphabet of his marvelous mediumship, and in subsequent installments we shall tell the story of Jim Riley's independent slate-writings and materializations.

We now refer back to the letter from the widow of James Riley, who is now living in Marcellus, Mich. Her husband gave his life to proving spirit communication and spirit return. And there are thousands of persons who gladly would testify to the fact that the materializations secured through the forces of Farmer Riley, demonstrated the truth of spirit return beyond question. Many forms would come out of the cabinet, and some of them would dematerialize before the assembled spectators in the full rays of a kerosene lamp. But we shall not attempt to anticipate the recital of these manifestations.

If those Spiritualists who feel, in reading this article and the articles that follow, that Farmer Riley contributed materially to establishing the truth of Spiritualism, care to show their appreciation to the great pioneering work of this medium by making small contributions to Mrs. Riley, in Marcellus, Mich., and writing letters of appreciation, we would deem this action wholly in keeping with the appreciation that should be shown for the thirty-four years of mediumship of Farmer Riley.

(To be continued.)

A LAYMAN'S TESTIMONY

(Continued from page 30)

and sermons have failed to accomplish. My religious, moral and ethical standards have been raised to a higher plane.

Far be it from me to advocate Spiritualism for every individual. It may be detrimental to many minds as its first effect is a shattering of the individual's existing orthodox structure of faith and belief which have sheltered and harbored him in times of trouble and storm. On the ruins of our old beliefs we can, however, erect a far nobler structure which will harbor an equal and greater faith and offend neither our taste nor intelligence.

On the mental side, Spiritualism has given me an interest in that form of Spiritualistic literature which is of a high moral order and alleged to be of spirit origin. The possibilities of much of Milton's "Paradise Lost" and of Shakespeare being of similar origin, has been an interesting thought and made pleasant research. It has made intelligent the Christian belief in the Divine inspiration of much of our Bible, not in a miraculous way but through the natural powers of the mind, and that such inspiration did not cease 2,000 years ago but is going on today. The Seers, Prophets, and Philosophers, religious and secular, Moses, Plato, Socrates, Joan of Arc and even the Witches of New England have taken on a new interest. The speculations of philosophy, psychology, medicine and physics in reference to the unseen forces in man and nature, have stimulated new thought.

The life of the nations and men cannot be comprehended without a recognition of the spiritual factors underlying their rise and fall. There is hardly a field of human achievement and effort which does not come into contact with Spirit, in the larger sense and meaning of the word.

On the side of my daily tasks work and human relationships, it has caused more sunshine, brightness and happiness. Life is no longer comprehended as having an impossible or ridiculous kind of hereafter or as existing only between the cradle and the grave, but as showing vistas of continuance which are not an offense to my taste or intelligence, but enlarge and increase my faith. Death has been robbed of its sting, and the mystery, darkness and lugubriousness with which perverted creeds and beliefs have surrounded it, has fallen away.

Yes, the value of Spiritualism when freed from its cheap stunts, signs, wonders and manifestations has been of the greatest practical value to my religious, mental and material life.

How I Get Messages for Others

(Continued from page 18)

You send to me for a message, and my forces are strange to you and your loved ones. Both of you are dealing with something that is unfamiliar to you, and only under good conditions can the message come through clearly, or fully, or both.

As you come again and again, you deal with forces with which your loved ones have become acquainted. To illustrate this more fully, let us say that you have gone to a medium for years; possibly two or three times a month, or oftener. Then you go to a strange city, and learn of another medium. Going there, you expect your dear ones to come through as quickly and as clearly as with the first medium. You are disappointed, and you may say, when you have departed, "Well, that medium can't be much. Frank could not come through clearly at all, and Ella never got in. I asked for William and no one seemed to know anything about him."

Instead of helping the situation, you have injured it. You have asked your friends to use forces with which they were unfamiliar, and about which you knew nothing. Perhaps you did not give out any of your own forces, or in very stunted fashion anyway. It might be weeks before you have established a condition of harmony, so that your friends can come through easily. If you do not take these facts into consideration, not only are you likely to be disappointed, but your dear ones will be even more greatly disappointed.

I have heard people say in our seance-room, "Why, you don't come through as clearly as you did yesterday; what's wrong?" Likely the loved one will reply, "If you will decide just which medium you intend to visit regularly, we can study the forces. But you are to one medium one time, and another the next time, and a third one the third time; and at home you are trying to become a materializing medium by sitting in a cabinet, and then you are working the ouija-board, and after mixing up your forces in this way, you expect the spirit-world to produce conditions just to suit you."

Considering the fact that those in spirit live in conditions different from ours, that their part of the great universe differs in essentials from ours, and that to come through to us and manifest for us requires great patience and many trials on their part, surely we on the mortal side of life should try to do our best to make their work easier.

The nature of the questions themselves is of importance. Trivial questions are like weak, interrupted currents of force. Fortune-telling questions are too trivial to attract any guide. Questions that ask for information beyond the recipient's

power to understand such information, if it were explained, do no one any good, but to the forces they do a great deal of harm.

Our questions are reflections of our mental states. If we ask aimless questions, we are in an unsettled state of mind. If we ask questions too deep for our own understanding, we are confusing the forces, because we are confused in our understanding of the facts. We have not gone beyond the intelligence of those in spirit, much as some investigators would like to have people believe. Our intelligence is very small and weak and cramped compared with those in the clearer life.

Only as we ask questions that we have a right to ask, and the answers to which would be of some value to us, may we expect to attract a reply. Many mortals ask questions that they have no right to ask. They seek advice as to when some enemy, or even a dear one in the flesh, will pass into spirit. There are times when God is willing that mortals should have such information, but if the answer is contrary to God's Will, no spirit can give or mortal receive the answer.

Purposeless questions are negative. They drive away the forces. They break up the finely-balanced energy that has been drawn from many sources and blended into the Borderland forces. They destroy that which they thought they were helping to bring about.

I believe that we go to the spirit-world for information, first for the purpose of finding our loved ones who have passed through the change called death; and next to have them help us in understanding, in living better and doing things more in accordance with God's Law. And I am satisfied that when we go outside of these rightful phases, we are only clouding ourselves and making the assistance of our dear ones in spirit that much more difficult.

We must learn the law of communication. Once we have learned it, we shall find it very easy to follow. It is natural and not complicated. The dear ones in spirit are so willing to help us, we should learn how to do our part and make it possible for them to assist us. Until we have done that, we have not arrived at the first grade in the school of learning where we should know that the life beyond and the life here, are but expressions of one great life—and that any separation that may seem to exist is due to mortal ignorance.

SPIRITUAL STAGNATION

(Continued from page 55)

we can take nothing but ourselves with us. Moral cowards who know the truth

fail to speak it openly for selfish reasons.

If the good, the true and the pure are for any purpose, it is to make man and woman better here and hereafter. In the light of science and truth, demonstrated in the life beyond the grave, he who denies the return of spirit is either ignorant or false. He who affirms that only evil spirits commune with the living, is both ignorant and false.

In the melting pot of eternity there is no Jew, no Gentile, no Protestant, no Catholic, no Methodist, no Baptist or Presbyterian, but all must take their place in the scale of spiritual progress according to their worth. This is justice—eternal justice. This is natural "and truth is of nature." This is a truth to which every spirit bears witness after they have learned the errors of the flesh, and begun their progress toward the goal of peace and perfection.

There are thousands of Pearys who have revealed truths of infinitely greater importance to mankind. But before this truth shall shine forth in all its greatness and glory to this needy world, the barriers of prejudice and ignorance must be broken down and the blind must be made to see.

The inspiration and hope of the future lie along the path of intelligent understanding of man's relation to this hour, this day, and tomorrow. Without this knowledge, commercialism, selfishness and ignorance will lead men and nations toward the abyss. Knowledge of the spiritual truths and laws by which all men are counted and valued, is the only guiding star, the only hope.

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST

(Continued from page 29)

We must prove by that which we do whether we are prepared to go ahead or must tarry a while longer and learn through needful lessons.

The man who has had successive failures and success, who has learned to enjoy a life of ease only to be thrown back upon the commonplaces, who has learned to like luxuries and has been glad later to have the necessities, will begin to appreciate the meaning of these lessons of experience.

Now, I do not feel that you are interested in my success and failures except as this story serves to create a situation—will paint a picture—that will bring home to you my reasons for being a Spiritualist. As I proceed with this story in ensuing installments, I shall try to impress upon you that it is customary for mortals to learn most lessons in the hardest way, but that it is possible to extract from the experiences of others the lessons that may guide us, that may obviate many of the harsh experiences of life.

(To be continued.)

EDUCATIONAL

(Continued from page 42)

erties of voice mediumship, then this association with your trumpet will bring about evidence of that mediumship. If God has not willed that you are to be, or can be, a voice medium, then at least your trumpet will assist your other development, because in your trumpet you have a battery, or accumulator, or whatever you wish to call it.

You have something else in your trumpet: A channel through which may come the healing forces of spirit. In healing seances, often there will come through a trumpet, a tick-tick-ticking much like the clatter of a Morse instrument. The forces are being directed through the trumpet, and seem to gain in intensity as they come through it.

If the trumpet can serve as a healing instrument in the hands of physicians in spirit, then it must have certain properties for transmitting this energy, and can aid in bringing the healing forces to yourself or to others, even though you are not a developed medium.

This brief study of the properties of the trumpet may assist you in forming a much different conception of the trumpet than you have had in the past, and should aid you in formulating a clearer plan of how to use the trumpet for development work.

Just as you depend upon a good watch to keep you informed, at your will, of the passing time, so may your trumpet become an instrument that will help you in your development, and give you evidence of how you are developing. This is true, because the trumpet may move, or tick off some sort of assurance to you, and prove to you that you are making more progress than you had believed.

(Next Installment: Independent Trumpet Movements.)

When you learn how to fall in love with your work, you will learn how to concentrate. The pupil who regards his studies as an irksome duty, that must be met, finds concentration painful and difficult. When he falls in love with his studies, and enjoys them as thoroughly as he would a novel, he has solved the problem of concentration, and needs no course of instruction in the art of concentrating.

"Did you hear the latest?" is the open sesame of much destructive gossip. If we can not say anything good, let us preserve golden silence. Anger inflames the wrong opinions that have sprung up in our minds. Doing injustice works temporary injury to the ones whom we malign, but it does us the most harm. Every evil thought one thinks, belongs to one, and to no other person—and like chickens, that thought will come home to roost.

How to Use the Ouija Board

By Frank L. Gaines

It is surprising the number of Spiritualists who possess Ouija Boards but who have made no serious efforts to use this simple device in establishing communication with their loved ones in spirit. Many tell me that they have tried it but "couldn't get anything satisfactory." When I question them I invariably discover that they have neglected to try it under seance conditions, or have failed to use it in the proper manner.

It must be clearly understood that the Ouija in the hands of a mediumistic person whose mediumship is of the automatic type, is just as dependable an instrument as the trumpet in the hands of a voice medium. I have a very high and affectionate regard for the Ouija, because through it I have received absolutely unquestionable messages from my loved ones "over there." The proofs of identity given me in this way have been overwhelming. Therefore, I feel that the success I have had warrants me in offering some helpful suggestions to those who have not been so successful with it.

I am confident that at least one person in every ten is gifted to some degree with this phase of mediumship. Only by patient, repeated, intelligent trials can this fact be ascertained. For example, in an average family, comprising eight persons ranging in age from ten to seventy years, I found that two were highly sensitive, three partially so, and three did not respond at all. Neither of the two most sensitive had previously given any thought to Spiritualism, and none had ever touched a Ouija Board.

First, and by all means, get a copy of the Stead Center Table-top, "Development of Mediumship." Study it carefully and follow its directions implicitly. If you are trying to develop your mediumship, it is indispensable; if you are not mediumistic, but attend seances, it will enable you to get better results. I am glad to confess my indebtedness to this valuable treatise for the success that has attended my efforts along this line.

The seance must be conducted in a room where perfect quiet prevails. It is best to have only a few persons in the room besides those who sit at the board. Do not allow yourselves to become strained, anxious or impatient. You may talk, quietly, concerning your loved ones, or about spiritual subjects, and at intervals it is good to sing religious songs. Be natural. Allow mind and body to relax. When the table begins to move under the hands of the operators, all talking should cease and there

should be no moving about among the sitters.

Try different combinations of couples until you have found a pair under whose hands the table moves with the greatest ease and certainty. Under no circumstances should either of them watch the board while the table is moving. To prevent their doing so unconsciously it is best to blindfold them. This helps to keep the operators from becoming positive, and renders communication easier by eliminating the possibility of their thoughts influencing or interfering with the messages. The operators should let their finger tips rest lightly on the table. Keep the hand, wrist and elbow relaxed and responsive to the slightest movement of the table, but keep the finger tips always in firm contact with it. No matter how tired the hand and arm become, do not "change hands." When the table begins to move, allow the hand and arm to follow it freely. The sensation will be most peculiar; each operator will be willing to swear that his partner is "pushing" the table!

Do not become impatient. Sit quietly for thirty minutes. If there are no results at the end of that time, abandon the effort, saying, "Dear ones, we are sorry that we have not been able to create the right conditions for you. We know that you have been trying to reach us, and we shall sit again on evening."

At first the movements may be slow and laborious, and only an occasional word or fragment of a sentence will come through correctly. Do not be discouraged or impatient. Your dear ones are learning, and as you continue to maintain good conditions for them, they will soon master the instrument and be able to convey their messages with increasing rapidity and accuracy. Continue the sitting only as long as intelligible words are received. In all genuine manifestations the spirits will indicate definitely when they have finished; usually by pointing to "Good-bye," or by spelling out an appropriate dismissal. When this occurs, the table immediately becomes "dead," and the sitting should be ended at once.

Someone should be seated nearby where he can have a clear view of the board. He should be provided with a pencil and a pad of paper, and as the letters are pointed out he should write them down, one after the other. Let him make no attempt to separate the letters into words until the response is complete. This is usually indicated by the table running up to the top edge of the board and pausing. Then the reporter

can study the long rows of letters and divide them into words, phrases and sentences. I have frequently had communications come through so rapidly that I had to resort to shorthand in taking them down!

Let one person at a time speak or ask questions. These should be short, direct, and clearly stated. Avoid silly, frivolous questions of the "fortune-telling" type. Remember, you are talking to your loved ones, not to an inanimate piece of wood. But why make a practice of plying your dear ones continually with questions? Talk to them in a simple, natural manner about things in which you know they must be interested. Their eager, ready responses in a conversation of this kind will amaze and delight you. It permits a display of **personality** that will be more convincing and comforting to you than any answers they might be able to make to any "test" questions you could possibly devise.

Sit regularly at the same hour and on the same days of each week. To begin with, twice a week is often enough. Sitting too often will exhaust the forces. When communication is established, consult your loved ones as to the days and hours that will be most convenient for them. They have their duties and arrangements to consider as well as you have.

Endeavor to get in touch with your guides as soon as possible. Those of your guides who are not closely related to you will naturally stand back and wait until your nearest kin have mastered the process, assisting them in doing so. Ask your guides to advise and instruct you about your development, and follow their advice and instructions faithfully. If they tell you that automatic mediumship is not the proper phase for you, and that you should sit for development along other lines, do not be surprised; simply obey them; they know what is best for you.

Never allow your Ouija to be used for frivolous purposes—to entertain a curious visitor, or to amuse an evening party. Guard it as sacredly as you do the mementoes of your loved ones on the other side.

The Wm. T. Stead Center of Chicago makes what it calls the Automatograph, a new automatic writing device, details of which were communicated by the Teachers at the Stead Center. This device, which is different from anything of the kind so far invented, will enable you to obtain **written** communications, and with greater ease and speed than is possible with the Ouija or Planchette. It is especially recommended to automatic writers who find it impossible to prevent their own thoughts from diffusing into the messages received with pencil and paper. If you are successful with the Ouija, you must be sure to ob-

tain this new automatic writing device, which is much more satisfactory.

CHAT WITH LITTLE ONES

(Continued from page 35)

to you and help you grow up big and strong and honest.

Remember that there are lots of things in life that you can not see. You can not see any of your beautiful thoughts, but they are real just the same. You can't see the air, but you breathe it—have to breathe it to keep on living. And you must think of Angels near you, even if you can not see them.

When some little child's mamma or papa dies, what do you think happens? That body that is put into the ground was just like some clothes they wore. They themselves are near you, and they look just the same as you knew them, and they love you as much as ever, and help you. They have become Angels, and they never get very far away from you. They love you too much for that.

You just think of this little lesson I have given you, and remember that I am among the Angels. I am not a person you can see, but I see and help many of you—all who try to be good and who ask me to help. If many call me at once, I send others to them, so that no little boy or girl will ever be without Angel help. And each day, many thousands of Angels ask God to help little boys and girls like you—to help you to be good and clean and honest—because that brings you closer to God's love and to our love.

FRONSTROM

(Continued from page 34)

rather the soul-light that shines through the covering of flesh. If the spirit is pure and the thoughts are noble, then what matters the pattern of the features?

These men, women and children were become my brothers and sisters and I loved and trusted them more with each passing day. To assist any of them, even in the most menial way, was a privilege—so unlike the headstrong views I had gathered in my pampered childhood, when a servant was a thing to cleanse my dirty boots upon!

"In another day," the Patriarch informed me, "we shall be within our own domain—home in time to gather the harvest that Immortelles had informed us would be waiting for us."

"What manner of harvest?" I asked, rather astonished that there should be agriculture in the heart of this fast wilderness. "Grain, perhaps, or fruit, or vegetables?"

"None of these," the Patriarch answered, as we rode together over the trailless waste, through thickets and out on plains, into glens and up onto the heights again.

"Then what?" I queried further, half in reverie.

"You will see," the Patriarch answered thoughtfully. "I shall say only that in a distant land, many of God's children will starve anon, and all that can save them will be the garnered harvest that we shall send them—a harvest that we gather in its entirety for them—a harvest that will be intrusted in your care. For today, we shall say no more, Fronstrom. Only, ponder well the meaning of duty, and the purport of trustworthiness—for he who is to serve well must be tested to the quick."

(To be continued.)

IS THERE ONE TRUE RELIGION?

(Continued from page 37)

The deeper students of Spiritualism find reasons for the tenets of every church in this world. Their creeds have some foundation of fact. This extends even to the matter of hell—for what could be hell more than an accusing conscience, a memory awakened to the keenest degree, and recalling every earthly act?

The more deeply students of Spiritualism delve into the subject, the less inclined they are to scoff at the religions of the world—and the more readily do they perceive that back of those religions, is some testimony that has come from the other side in substantiation of those beliefs.

If any mortal finds happiness and the source of progress and Spirituality through the doctrines of any faith, that is far better than to leave that person without faith. And as truly as we believe in the Fatherhood of God, we must believe that every child of God is a brother—no matter how little liking we have for him here. Though the experiences of this world would indicate a lack of equality, there is reason to believe that, in the ultimate, there must be equality, and that to every soul has been given the same opportunity—the same inherent rights, which must include the right to believe as one sees the truth.

The religions of the world are but branches of the one mighty, enduring tree of truth. The tree is beautiful only with all its branches. Mankind, at this stage of mortal progress, is served better by a multiplicity of churches than by one church. Any change in religious opinion is growth; it is evolution. It must come to the individual. It can never be forced upon him—and as honestly as Spiritualists believe that those of any other faith have no right to controvert and harass Spiritualism, that honestly must Spiritualists believe that it is only right and proper, and showing due respect to other children of God, to treat all religions with respect.

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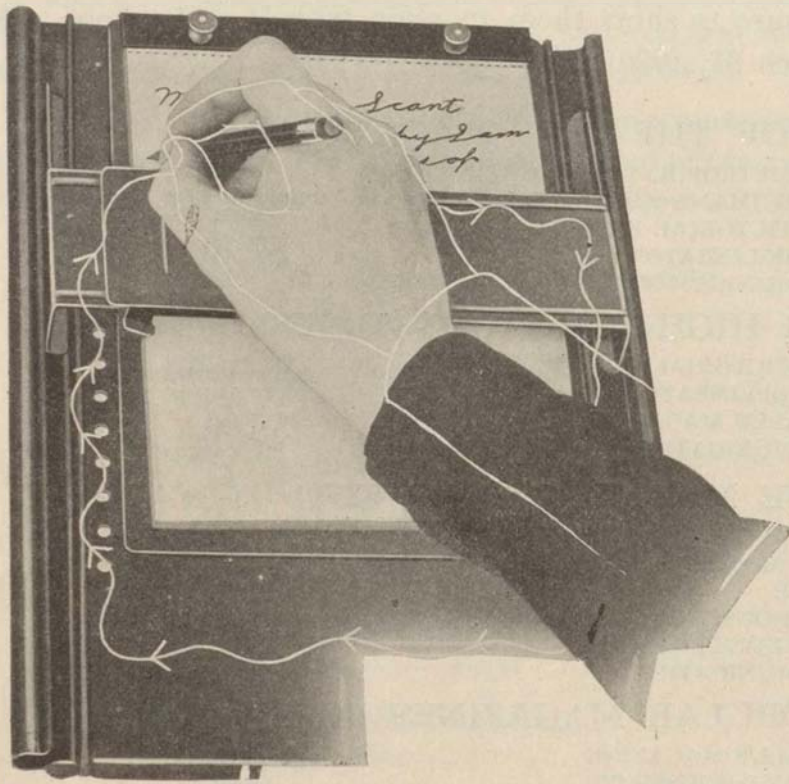
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THE GUIDING HAND THAT OPENS WIDE THE GATES

"At the Third Sitting the Automatagraph Message Came Quickly—Clear, Distinct and Unmistakably Correct:

"IT WAS FROM MY BELOVED MOTHER!"



"I had never received automatic writings before; never could make the ouija move for me. Doubtfully—perhaps out of curiosity—I sent for an Automatagraph. I tried it according to your illustrated directions. The first week, I got nothing. The second week, my hand moved, leaving unintelligible markings on the pad. I thought it was due to over-anxiety. But at the third sitting, the message came quickly—clear, distinct and unmistakably correct: It was from my beloved mother in spirit. This message revealed certain facts to me that were outside my knowledge—and these facts, of purely a personal, family character, checked up accurately and straightened out what long had been a snarl of misunderstanding. May God bless your seance-room for this remarkable, spirit-given invention!"

From a statement received from an Automatagraph purchaser.

"As Far Advanced Over the Ouija as a Pipe Organ Is Ahead of a Flute"

A gentleman from the East stopped off to see us the other day, and showed us a number of messages he had received through the instrumentality of the Automatagraph. This man, it seems, had been using the ouija for some years, and in making a comparison between the ouija and the Automatagraph, he said, "The Automatagraph is as far advanced over the ouija as a pipe-organ is ahead of a flute. There is no comparison. It can not be charged that my imagination is doing the writing, because I write in the dark, and now I can feel the flow of the forces precisely as you illustrated them."

The illustration to which he refers is printed above. It shows how the spirit hand rests upon

your hand, and how the Automatagraph, owing to its design and its copper bronze plating, acts as a battery for the writing forces and gives them direction. Physical resistance is minimized, passivity is brought about, the forces are built up, and you get results!

Until you become proficient in anything, you must have the right conditions and the proper tools. The Automatagraph produces the right conditions, and it is the proper instrument, because it eliminates all the deterrents incident to attempts at writing without this device, and it gives the writing forces a definite flow. It controls and directs them. The Automatagraph has made a tremendous impression on Spiritualists and others.

SIR OLIVER LODGE Says:

"Perhaps the Commonest and Easiest Method of Communication is What is called 'Automatic Writing.'"

—New York Evening World.

Sir Oliver Lodge, as quoted by *The New York Evening World*, believes that the easiest method of communicating with those on the spirit-side of life, is through automatic writings. Many prominent investigators feel that automatic writings are most satisfactory because they bring messages

without the presence of a medium other than your own mediumistic forces; they bring messages privately—and they eliminate all question from your mind as to their source. You are taking nothing for granted. Again, no matter where you are, you may receive messages. This is an important point.

You May Send the Results of Your Automatagraph Writings to Us for Free Inspection and Suggestions

To those who have purchased and are purchasing the Automatagraph, we send this message of encouragement and co-operation: If, at any time, you wish advice and suggestions regarding the results you secure, send us some of your writings, and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. We will examine these Automatagraph writings, and give you our opinion of them, will indicate how much you have developed, and what you may expect and what you should do. If there are questions you wish to ask about the writings or the device, we shall be glad to answer them for you.

We place no limitation upon the period in which you may send these specimen writings. So long

as you need help and suggestions, we shall be pleased to help you.

This is equivalent to giving you a FREE course of instruction in automatic writing, and it certainly proves our desire to help you succeed. Once you get the writings, through the instrumentality of this device, you will feel an independence that you have never felt before in the matter of communications.

Reports are coming to us from all parts of America that prove that many who purchased their Automatagraphs, but a few weeks ago, are getting most dependable messages. Development does not move as rapidly in all persons, but by using the Automatagraph, you may be certain that your writing development will be correct.

Reservations to be Cancelled on Last of March

To those persons who made reservations for Automatagraphs and who have not remitted, we wish to sound this note of friendly warning: All reservations that have not been taken up by the last of March, 1920, will be cancelled—and the reason will be apparent by reading what we have to say about a necessary advance in the price of the Automatagraph. Remittances must be postmarked not later than the last day of March in order to secure your Automatagraph at \$5.00.

Automatagraph Now \$5.00—Goes to \$6.00 April 1st!

Advancing material and labor costs, as well as increased costs of office maintenance, coupled with the small margin upon which we are selling the Automatagraph, make imperative an advance in the price of this automatic writing device, from \$5.00 to \$6.00 on the first of April, 1920. All orders received, postmarked not later than that date, will be accepted at \$5.00. This means that an early decision on your part is suggested!

Send At Once and You Save One Dollar

If you send your order for an Automatagraph at once, while the thought is in your mind, you will save one dollar. We feel that in giving you approximately two weeks before advancing the price, we are doing our part. You will find a space provided in the accompanying subscription-form, for your Automatagraph order. Remit \$5.00 and this device, accompanied by full directions, will come prepaid and insured. All shipments are made by parcel-post.

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BEAUTIFUL RESORT IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES

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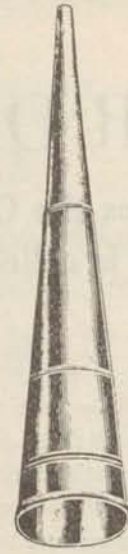
Baltimore Resort is located on the famous Moffat Road, within a short ride from Denver and is accessible over splendid motor roads; near the city of Tolland and only a few miles from Boulder, the seat of the Colorado State University.

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Communication

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Eternity's Illusions:
Time, Space and Death

*So you believe? In what? In God?
And think that life must perish at the grave?
That God would give life—GIVE it—understand?
Would GIVE us life and then would fail to save?*

*Where is your hope—your trust—your faith?
Are souls that SENSE less precious than the sands?
They change—aye, yes—they change, but perish not,
And they—and we—are in our Master's hands!*

*What reckon you of TIME—God's time?
A past, a present, future too, you say?
To God, all time is one unending NOW,
The past, the present, future, all TODAY!*

*And so, what IS must ALWAYS BE—
It EVER WAS: Thoughts move but time stands still;
A measure only for our waking souls—
Like space, a fiat only of God's Will!*

*Oh, hapless mortal, wake—oh, wake!
And know that Life is endless, boundless, free,
That all which lives, has lived, must live, does live,
And lives and loves throughout ETERNITY!*

—Lloyd Kenyon Jones.

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

EDITED BY LLOYD KENYON JONES

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Features in This Number:

The Broken Reed By Ollah Toph

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. By Harry E. Tudor

A Spiritual Easter Lecture
. By Mrs. M. E. Williams

The Law of Spirit Is the Law of Truth
. By Mrs. Cecil M. Cook

The Interchurch Movement
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Press Comments and Criticisms

"Fronstrom"

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