

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

EDITED BY LLOYD KENYON JONES

APRIL, 1920

Features in This Number:

The Broken Reed . . . By Ollah Toph

Do "Ruling Passions" Survive Death?
. 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
. By D. A. Reynolds

Press Comments and Criticisms

"Fronstrom"

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.

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TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THE *MAY NUMBER*

of

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Tell your friends that they will be delighted to go visiting with us to Plymouth Church, Rochester's \$150,000 Spiritualist temple!

Ask them to enjoy a seance with you at the home of "Farmer" Riley, now in spirit, who brought loved ones back to the flesh by countless thousands!

Tell them that they will be delighted to make the acquaintance of "Our Alice," Brooklyn's child medium, and her beautiful controls.

Invite them to follow the important Inter-church movement, with Mr. D. A. Reynolds, whose trained mind is watching the unfoldment of this remarkable orthodox evolution.

Explain to them the joys and new visions that will be theirs in the next installment of "The Broken Reed," by Ollah Toph.

And be sure to tell them to read "Press Comments and Criticisms" if they would find the answer to the attacks that are being made upon Spiritualism through the pages of the press.

These are just a few of the many treats that await you and your friends with the coming of the May number of Spiritualism's leading magazine!

Try to send **just as many** subscriptions as possible before the May Number is out—and tell every one of your friends that

We will send FREE to every new subscriber the past installments of "Searching for Your Open Door" and "Trumpet Development Revealed!"

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Send remittance for FOUR subscriptions, and receive any TWO of the first four named "Table-tops" or any ONE of the first named four plus ONE of the second named: "How I Discovered My Mediumship" or "The World Next-Door."

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one of the three-section aluminum trumpets without any of the books.

Send remittance for EIGHT subscriptions and receive THE SIX "Table-tops"—or any FOUR "Table-tops" and "God's World"—or any THREE "Table-tops" and a trumpet—or "God's World" and a trumpet!

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AUG -6 1920

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

APRIL, 1920

Volume I

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at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3d, 1879.

Be Satisfied

*How would you live this life of yours—
Could you live it over again?
Would you live it free from the things that hurt—
Would you live it free from pain?*

*Would you try to escape the wearing toil—
The work-a-day grind and woe,
And seek only friendships and idleness,
With never a lurking foe?*

*Would you wish to live a sweet fairy tale—
With life but an endless song,
No failure assailing you anywhere—
And nothing ever gone wrong?*

*Suppose you could live in that ideal way—
With never a sorrow or care;
Then what account would you give of yourself
When reporting Over There?*

*Why should you live this life at all
Except to refine your soul,
And learn how best to appreciate
The rewards of a worthwhile goal?*

What a Few Minutes' Effort Will Do

The actual paper, printing and binding cost of "Communication" amounts to its full subscription-price. The premium, "Dreams," adds to that cost. The overhead expense must be added to it. Advertising also must be added to the outlay—and advertising rates of newspapers and magazines range around sixty per cent. higher than they were a year ago. Paper has gone up two and one-half cents since the first page proofs of "Communication" were turned over for correction; and that means one and a quarter cents additional on each magazine, or fifteen cents more a year. The prospect of additional paper price advances are what the paper manufacturers would call "bright." Twenty-cent "super" is predicted by this fall.

The printing trades are getting more money than they received a few months ago—and probably have other demands, although I should not suggest it to them!

Everybody is asking for more, from landlords to shoe-lace makers, and everything is costing more.

This is a state of affairs that pertains not only to America, but to the world.

"Communication," however, is being sold at a 1914 subscription price for several reasons. The two most prominent reasons are: A desire to reach as many persons as possible, and the disinclination of the public to believe that printing and binding cost more than they did cost years ago.

In presenting these facts, we are inspired not by a desire to write a new "book of lamentations." Too many of them have been written as it is!

Publishing has its possibility of salvation, and that is found in growth. When we have reached a circulation of fifty thousand, we can print on a rotary press, and save a considerable part of the press-work expense; also, we can sell considerable advertising space and enjoy an income from our efforts.

Fifty thousand subscribers represent a multiplication of individual subscribers. This means that every subscription counts—and counts a good deal.

The cost to us of saying to interested men and women, "Here is a magazine that is devoted to Spiritualism, and it IS a real magazine and you should have it," is about two dollars for each statement to each interested person.

For you to say the same thing, costs a few minutes of time.

You may not have thought of it in this way, but we have stated the facts. If we wish to reach those who are interested, we must go before the public, and that costs money. In buying advertising space, we must pay current rates, even though we receive the benefit of the smallest of all rates, which is that given to publishers.

This advertising has as its object the finding of those who are interested. In a city like New York, by purchasing one full page in a Sunday newspaper, we may reach a fifth, or a tenth, of the men and women who are interested in Spiritualism in that locality.

How many Spiritualists do you know? How long would it take to tell each one of them about "Communication," and ask for a subscription?

In giving you, as compensation for your money, a magazine that costs much more to produce than the sum we get out of it, we feel that we have set co-operation in motion by assuming an obligation that is very real; and that, having taken the initiative, we are warranted in asking support.

When "Communication" has reached its fifty-thousand mark, which it can reach soon if our friends will work with us, we shall have a periodical that will stand securely on its own feet and carry on this work of propagating the truths of Spiritualism to the benefit of all Spiritualists.

Try to find a Christian Scientist who does not subscribe for the "Journal" and the "Monitor," and who does not purchase various booklets and leaflets for the purpose of propaganda!

You may say that Christian Science in no manner approaches the beauty of Spiritualism, but there are lessons which the Christian Scientists are able to teach every Spiritualist!

Let us not claim to be superior to any other sect until we have done, for the dissemination of our beliefs, more than that sect has done for the propagation of its tenets.

Some of our friends have sent five, ten, twenty and more subscriptions for "Communication." They are trying to get others to subscribe. One of these friends is a New York lady who is in position to enjoy many things in life without worrying about our success. But she believes that our work is worthy and that "Communication" will help carry this important message of Immortality to those who will profit spiritually by reading that message each month.

You may be busy, and we trust that you are. But is any person too busy to make an effort to help that in which he believes?

Please bear in mind that "Communication" is made possible by the co-operation of several hundred men and women who are supplying their own dollars to make this work a progressive reality. They wish to do their part—and they look to you to do your part.

I am convinced that there are not under one thousand of the subscribers of "Communication" who are in position to send in an average of ten subscriptions a month for several months, and many others who can send in from one to twenty subscriptions this year.

We are trying to give you a magazine that you may feel proud to present to other Spiritualists, and to those who wish to know more about Spiritualism.

In size, typography, illustrations and quality and diversity of contents, "Communication" is a magazine. It did not wait to grow up. It did its growing at the start, because we believe that its quality, its merit, its worth-whileness will make workers of its subscribers.

If you go to any Spiritualist church, take your copy of "Communication" with you, and try to get subscribers. Try to have something said about "Communication" from the rostrum. Send in facts and pictures pertaining to that church, and let us send more members to that church. We do not ask without the means of compensation. We ask Spiritualist churches to help because, in turn, we can and will help them.

We are not asking for something for nothing. We have started out by giving you more than your subscription price actually pays for. And in return, you can help by securing additional subscribers, because each subscriber is helping to reduce the cost of production—and is thereby aiding in perpetuating "Communication" and its good work, and the worthy results of that good work.

Be sure to read our special subscription offers.

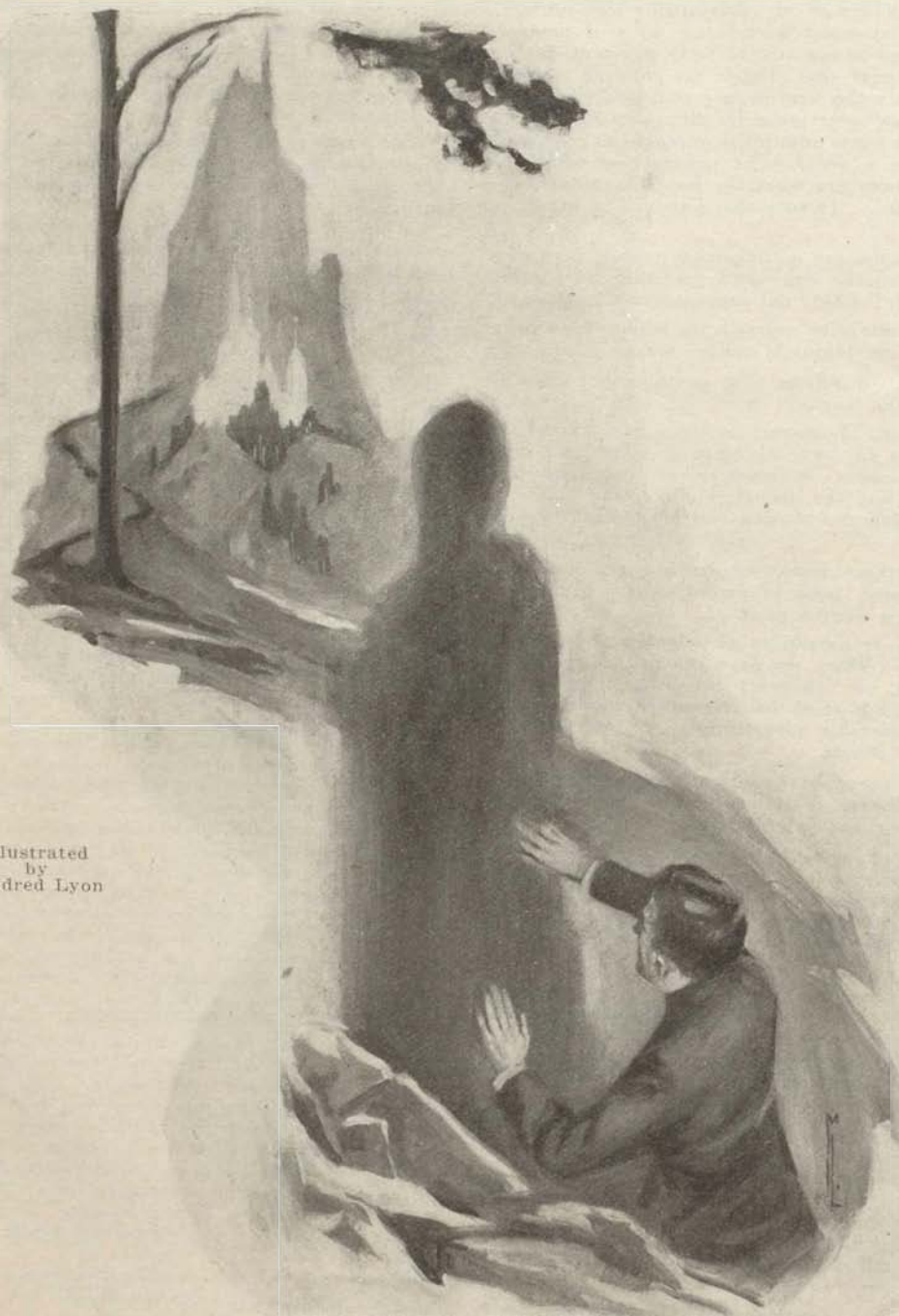
Let us see what you can do RIGHT AWAY!

Very sincerely yours,

Lloyd Kenyon Jones

Editor.

Communication



Illustrated
by
Mildred Lyon

"As soon as man had light, he began to hunt for shadows, and wanted to walk in the shadow, rather than in the light. . . . We shadow our grosser aims before our nobler selves. . . . The spirit can cast a shadow both ways: Behind, like the perfume that trails when some one passes; or before, as a let, or hindrance, to something or some one."

(THE BROKEN REED)

The Broken Reed

By OLLAH TOPH

(Copyright, 1920, by Ollah Toph)

Walter Scott Douglass, a young British soldier, passed out in the Great Conflict, comes to Mrs. Toph, the psychic, and tells of his heart-yearnings to make his mother understand. Like the broken reed, this newly released spirit, feels that he has failed, and yet he has found wonderful helpers, teachers, in the realm to which he has gone—and he brings their messages to the earth-world. Prudence Hopewell, a spirit who still clings to her Scotch dialect, comes in at times to help out, and gives us some of her quaint philosophy.

III COLOR

The light in the west faints through a gray haze. There is a pale tinge of mauve behind the filmy gray—fairy curtains hung between day and night.

The other evening, seeing the wonderful coloring of the western sky—for when you live among fields you need not tip-toe to glimpse the glories of sunset gates—I turned to the east.

We slight the reflected beauty of the east and south at sunset time, because we are so riven to beauty elsewhere. There is convention even in appreciation, it seems.

The east was as the courtier who dwells in the shadow of the king, with a little kingly splendor irradiating the shadow; and the south the follower of lesser degree, who heels the courtier.

The king lighted himself behind the gray wood slowly, as if he stepped down a hill on the other side, with his torch held high. On the other side lies the dark valley. I saw that the courtier and the lesser follower—perhaps the king's jester shaking bells in the south—stayed behind. The courtier's cloak was blue, trimmed in pink. The jester's bells were color of brass. And the north was a cold, empty court.

Prudence Hopewell interrupts what was to be a preachment, to say:

"Oh, my verd to thet!—wisene mee wi' lang yares aff knowleche. The emtied coort been the place thet knowen a presuance na mair. The king—the soule wha trones furd. The courtier—ye membrance off what the soule been—the lite hym shinen bak, oot off hiss thochts and verds and dedes—alle thyngs thet color life. King's Fool—life thet bells its yoy offer the yeste it plays on Deth. Vor, eftir the derk valley, whas damp blawen oot the king's torch, the king (thet bee, the soule) finded the toreh flam oot agen. An' nefre mor losien its shine. Zee ye?"

"Noo, ye velcom heem."

"Oh, my word to that. I am wise with long years of knowledge. (Thus does she laugh at herself in mock vanity. Yet her spirit is of the humblest.) The empty court is the place that knows a presence no more. The king—the soul that goes forth. The courtier—the remembrance of what the soul is—the light he shines back out of his thoughts and words and deeds—all things that color life. King's Fool—life that bells its joy over the jest it plays on Death. For, after the dark valley whose damp blows out the king's torch, the king (that is, the soul) finds the torch flame out again. And nevermore loses its shine. You see?"

"Now, you welcome him."

"Oh, Madam, it was good of you to let me try. At least I've got my finger on that bolt." (He had "come in" at a seance yesterday and had given a message with partial success; yet had reached a friend whom Prudence has been trying for months to reach with verifiable evidence of persisting identity and has wholly failed.)

And he was boyishly exultant. Just as he comes, so Prudence came at first, eager to speak to me but reluctant to speak to others, gradually, however, slipping messages in

other work presented subjectively. Then one day speaking all the messages and assuming her authoritative position in the seance room.

"I was wondering about color (he went on). That's a strange thing Here. It seems that for everything you appreciate on earth you find a finer appreciation Here—everything.

"You don't see a color like you do on earth, that is you don't just see it, with your eyes. You feel it. It gets into you, some way. Not gradually, but instantly. Yet you enjoy it the same as if you noticed it by degrees, that is, by shadings or reflections.

"Same way with water, say. If you drink water—and you do when you are thirsty—you don't mouth it and throat it. You get it all over. See what I mean? You understand it—what it means. All its beauty and necessity and the ways of it back there. You understand about the light of it, the crystal beadings on cups, the spray on grey rocks, the long velvet ripples in rivers, the rainbows in cascades.

"And the voices of waters. You hear all the voices that ever were, from the rush of the throats that shouted over Pharaoh's men down to the tiniest gurgle of a mountain spring. You see what water means to the desert. You understand what is in the souls of them that talk about the water of life. And of the wayside showers. It's like you bathed in the waters of great knowledge, what time you take a drink.

"Strange!"

"But back to color. Like this. If it's pink, say, you see it with your eyes and you say it's pink. That's clear. But then at the same time you hear it. Funny! But you do—great soft waves of it like the swish-swash of water against a shore. There, I'm taking water again. But you can't think of one of the elements without thinking of the others—association. You just try it. If you think air you'll think water, too.

"And if you think earth, you'll think stars in the ether. Or the golden sun. You can't think of earth without its being folded about with light, day or night. That's the fifth element that sustains all the others—not just the light you see, understand, but the thing that light means—hope, wisdom, aspiration. It's the divining finger that points earth and the souls of earth to something higher and more beautiful, the man with the Christ mouth says.

"About color. You hear what it means, says, in music—everywhere—in winds, trees, voices. If music hasn't color it hasn't anything to attract, to hold. It is cold, lifeless, wooden. You know that, don't you?"

"And you hear what it means in people, in the thoughts of people. For since thought is animate, living, actual, it must have color. All thoughts are living thoughts. They go on and tell other thoughts what they are. Like when you throw a stone into the water and watch the ripples spread. The thoughts carry their colors, radiant or somber. You feel the color of them when you come into a room full of people, glad or sorry?"

"Surely.

"You hear what color means in people. It's like the breath of souls, color is. Like when you breathe on a cold day, on a window pane. You see the mist on the glass. It's something gone out, yet in a way it's still a part of you. Well, that's what color is to soul, only the mist on the window is spent after a time and the stuff of the soul stays.

"The soul—or spirit, maybe, is a truer word, that is, as we use it—breathes out what it is, and makes the mist around it. Like a cloak or sheath, or maybe, like a vapoury other self. It shines or it shadows.

"He says that the early painters—the Masters—had spiritual perception and that having seen the shining emanations of some exalted soul that they knew on earth, they painted the sign of spiritual shining—the nimbus—above the heads of saints and above the head of Him who was the shiningest of all. But first, he says, before they could paint the sign around one that they had not known—Him, say—they had to see Him reflected in or around or through one they did know. That some Master, seeing the shining of motherhood above or around or through the humble mother of a humble son of earth, aureoled that other humble Mother whose Son went the Way of the Cross.

"You make your own color, like you shine your own light. The man with the Christ mouth is like the color you find in a pearl, like a rainbow with mists over it. For he's so very colorful, like he had concentrated in himself all the light and color that ever were and flashed them out again. It's because he's been helping others to make their colors that his own coloring is so varied and bright.

"Color!

"You know it with all your senses. Once the rector and I were walking together. The rector stopped what he was saying, to point out a bit of sunset that lingered. Brassy, like a lamp with its wick turned low.

"It was nearing twilight. And he said, I remember, that when God said, 'Let there be light,' He meant light on all things and in all places. But that as soon as man had light he began to hunt for shadows. And wanted to walk in the shadow, rather than in the light.

"Such an evening and sunset! Like a brass lamp. I remember how the flame blew up a minute, like a wind had come over the chimney; and fell across the rector's face.

"It was pale, with fine delicate lines, sad most times and always understanding. I got to wondering how he'd got the look, if he'd got to knowing about others' hurts by having hurts himself. Thoughts like that, that you keep to yourself.

"He turned and smiled. The lamp went out and we went on. But I never forgot what he said about light—on all things and in all places.

"It seems Here all your senses are mixed-up in one big sense of things that never makes mistakes. That's the way with all things Here. You get everything there's to be got out of them. You don't have to get to beauty, say, by degrees, feeling from one way of enjoying it to another, from seeing to hearing or smelling or tasting. You just enjoy it all over, at once. You tremble with it. Ecstasy. That's the word.

"That's why we can learn fast Here.

"To get back to color. Of course, I know that it's the dust in the air (of earth) and the mists—the atmosphere—and the sun shining through, that seems to make color.

"There's more. The color of things on the earth—trees and grass, bare branches, grey or grey-green, or black or white; rose hips, brier twigs, mosses, lichens, rocks, shells, sands, clay—they all contribute. Nature is co-operative.

"Just as if a painter dips his brush here and there—like everything was a paint pot—and smudges it all together and works it up into one color, yet holding, somehow, when it's spread out, all the colors that are in it.

"Just like you see all colors in the pearl. But only in certain lights, at certain angles. That way with souls of men. It takes the certain light and the certain angle to bring the color out. But it's there, all right.

"There's color even where there are perpetual snows. Of course. The sun makes diamonds shine in the crystals, points

of living light, fires. And somehow, the fires in the crystals help to kindle flames of light in the skies.

"The moonstone look of the very early morning. Sometimes in the year—winters—the sun nearly meets the moon. Tously old rounder! And the yellow stars slinking off to bed like fellows that have stayed out over hours. So that there's the gathered lights of them with the earth colors just beginning to show up in the dawn.

"Strange how people balk on admitting the influence of color on a fellow. Say you've gone over things like that. But say, nearly every one talks about dreary grey days, don't they? And about fearful black nights and how they made you feel something batty was on the wing? And how blue they feel? And it means something?

"Well, and there's Black Friday that gets you the feel of stepping Tyburn way till you want to loose your collar. Blue Mondays and Black Fridays. Might as well chuck a rainbow into the other days and maybe you'll find the pot of yellow gold at the end. (He says the end of the rainbow is in the heart of him that seeks—the Wise Man says it.)

"But back to sense. It's true that each soul or spirit makes its own color. How? Well, like this: When an artist first begins, perhaps he doesn't mix well. His colors on the canvas are smeary, too bold or too pale, without character, indefinite. But as he learns, as the how comes to him, he throws out the result of his learning.

"So the soul. At first it only suggests. Afterwards it paints all around itself, stronger and brighter or more delicate and lovely. Not all that way. Some souls seem to bring color with them from wherever they come. Of many facets; flashing English summer dawns and sunsets and Sahara noons at every turn. (You mustn't mind that I make it English dawns and sunsets. They're big with me right now, for I've got the feel of the wind in my face and the smell of home at my nose and Oh, the wanting for home at my heart!)

"So, from some high and radiant country that knows them first, and puts the shine of its jewels and shells and skies and—Faith!—into them, the souls of wonder-color come; beautiful souls; and gifted.

"The man with the Christ mouth says that some souls are weavers that have brought their textiles with them from a far country. But that others are naked of cloaks until they learn the loom. And that color is in the hidden part of life as in the revealed. He says that it beats around us in waves. That when an orator sways you or a singer carries you up! up! up! it is the color in the soul of the orator or singer that blooms like flowers in the words or tones. He says that John was a gifted soul from the High Country. That the gate to that country is called Vision, that John, being a poet, knew the turn of the key; that who comes from that country can find the road back; that John saw The City from a bend in the road and carried the shine of the wall's Precious Stones in his heart, back to earth. He seems to have a meaning. But me, I'm dull.

"He says that the love of the earth—all love—is the reflection of a Greater Love, hidden, but which at times becomes revelation. That Love is wonderful prismatic color, tingeing all the emotions that are the expression of love—man—and woman love, mother love, country love, brother love. But that it is like the mist-breath on the frosted glass to us. We get only the reflection. That if we could see love as it is, we should never have fear of anything again. For we should know that absence of color in life, at times, is only God's hand between us and color for a little while, that we may see it brighter when it shines again.

"He says we feel color more than any other thing. Take a wound, say. It hurts the flesh, yes, but it's the hurt done to the spirit that really leaves the scar. It dulls the color of hope, for a while, or it darkens promise. That way.

"If it were possible to have the unseen color about the world, beyond things, changed to drab or grey, we should still have color in the world when the sun shone out into nature's storehouse, but there would be dull purple shades and faded greens and tired putty smudges. There would be no bright. Of course that's a nonsensical supposition, but it's only a clumsy illustration.

"It's hard to say things I've learned Here in the old way. It's like setting an exquisite poem to a hop-skip tune.

"But supposing, like I said, people would be like that. For the soul emanations correspond with the unseen forces. He says people in the deep valleys—the soul valleys—are drab now. That it is only when you come up higher where the sun begins to light fires that the shine begins to play in your soul. And send the fire sign to other souls, watch-fires. Once in many years there comes a runner holding his torch high, leaping from summit to summit, laying flame from soul to soul. Torch-bearers of the Anointed, forerunners of mighty and undying truths. John out of the wilderness.

"Or Savanarola.

"Or Luther.

"Or Jeanne d'Arc. Soul kindlers.

"People that live on the mountain tops wear the colors of the snow crystals, radiant, dazzling sometimes. Blind-ing. But if we didn't have the souls on the mountain tops, the purity and perfection of color, we wouldn't know how to measure the worth of our paints, we wouldn't know how to hold our brushes. We might get to thinking ourselves Masters when we are merely daubers.

"He says the mountain tops are in the spiritual country; that men call them idealism; that many men have died for their shining in the years that were, and many will die for their shining in the years to be; that if any man die to their shining he shall perish from the earth; and that it is written—he says it, it is written—all men—all!—may lift up their eyes from the valley and glorify life in its shadowed ways or in its briered paths or in its burden-bearing, just by looking up.

"The blind that live in darkness sometimes have color so bright about them that it shines on their steps and shows them how to go. And they walk certainly for that. The blind feel color exquisitely. In a room, say, and no one telling.

"Thoughts have color. Emotions change the color or the shadings of thought. If science could photograph the changing thoughts as influenced by emotions, of a blind person led from room to room of different colors, it could determine the value of color.

"Black should be only for lines of demarcation, to give vividness, promote harmony; for subduing; never for predominance. That is how nature uses black. The qualifying pigment. Black holds a soul down.

"If a soul that is near to you (on earth) is dreary, depressed, dark, you feel it Here—that is, if the subtle tie exists between you. Even Here. If, on earth, you come into a room where one dear to you is blue or black, and you love that one very much, you feel it, don't you? It is impossible to be happy there, to shine? Well, coming Here, you feel the force of spirit even stronger. Before, your spirit felt through your flesh to the flesh of another and on to the spirit. But Here you have one less hindrance. You are unfleshed. I am not speaking of the gifted souls from the High Country; they have the gate of Vision before them in this thing of answering soul to soul, they know the way of it, the feel of it, the how of it; but I'm speaking of the mass of us. If communion of spirit between friends or lovers really exists, it is closer when one comes to this side.

"Now, I'd like to have my mother feel my hand when I touch her—she liked the feel of my hand, Mother did. But

she can't, not yet. But some day I'm going to get to her spirit. She's going to know that war hasn't killed the Me of me. The touch of my hands that she loved is one thing, but she'll gather that up with a thousand other memories and make them be me when she really knows.

"I do wish I could find my mother!—this way, you know. It isn't finding her just to come where she is, no, no! I want her to find me—so alive. Oh, dear!"

(I hear him sigh.) But he goes on cheerfully, like one saying a lesson:

"The blind and the cloistered people, any that live closely in themselves—in themselves, you mind, not for themselves—feel color. There's a difference. Some souls live in themselves by doing always for others. Well, that sort of soul is like a weaver in a hut by a road where no one passes. He weaves more than the weaver that works near a busy highway. Concentration. That's it. One watches his loom, gets his threads right, his colors harmonized, his pattern straight. The other keeps looking up, with nods and winks and smiles, so he has tangles and inharmonies and work to be done over.

"Something like that.

"But say," he interpolates, "I wager the chap that drops a smile and a nod between threads, gets more out of his weaving, even if the stuff doesn't show up as well at the end. What you think?"

Then he continues seriously:

"It's hard to say. Just this way. You know a thing. You want to make the other chap know, too. But something comes between. Maybe it's the world, the flesh and the devil. Mostly the flesh, I think. That's on your side," he laughs. "It's just you can't spell the word to him. You know his language, for you've learned it. You've lived where he lives. But he don't know your language. Spirit is—is—"

Prudence Hopewell breaks in, as if to cover his spent strength:

"Poure dere! Breken hym hese threds and hauds a emtied spule. Bute zay mee: The color ye wiss, ye can mek. Thy thochts the bresh. Thy dedes the scobe. Thy life the cluth ye splotch the color to.

"Thes a thoct aff oder dayes: Geef ye grey thy dayes or drab thy bruder's lif, thone vill ye shrode ye in the smuke and flam-rett tintet o' hel. An' nefre! weren ony oder goon. Bute yeef ye pure thy lif, thone vill the huite off perles nekkelace ye i' ye contry ware suete dremes pit bak tare hodes an' shaw santly faces. Tare robes perle-huite, the wefe off gra-ci-ous thochts and righteous dedes.

"So sall ye zee thy selfe in dremes off what the Laird Godds volde haf ye bee. So, dreme thy color perle, weech hauds all reinbow tintets. And dreme it trewe. Godde, the grete airtist. And vram Hiss knowleche lern us to dippen oure paints."

Which translated, says:

"Poor dear! He breaks his thread. And holds an empty spool. But I say: The color you wish, you can make. Your thoughts are the brush. Your deeds the box. Your life the cloth you splotch the color to.

"This a thought of other days: If you gray your days or drabble your brother's life, then will you shroud you in the smoke and flame-red tint of hell. And never! wear any other gown. But if you pure your life, then will the white of pearls necklace you in the country where holy dreams put back their hoods and show saintly faces. Their robes pearl-white, the weave of gracious thoughts and righteous deeds.

"So shall you see yourself in dreams of what the Lord God would have you be. So, think your color pearl, which holds all rainbow tints. And think it true. God is the great artist. And from His knowledge we learn to dip our paints."

(Continued on page 49)

Do "Ruling Passions" Survive Death?

By HARRY E. TUDOR

AUG - 6 1920

(Copyright, 1920, by Harry E. Tudor)

This is the second—and final—installment of Mr. Tudor's story of "Capt. Bonavita," the famous tamer of lions. Through the mediumship of Mr. Frank Montsko, Pastor-Medium of the First Spiritual Church, New York, Mr. Tudor got into touch with his old friend, then in spirit, and in the first installment of the story told about the incidents that brought "Bonavita" into the work of conquering jungle-bred lions.

Starting with photographing the great beasts, in the Bostock Zoo in Philadelphia, "Bonavita" became an employe of Mr. Bostock, and soon was one of the greatest tamers and trainers on earth. At the Buffalo Exposition, "Bonavita" amazed admiring thousands with his twenty-seven lions, all born in the wilds. To this remarkable man, each lion represented an individual, with likes and dislikes and as much character and personality as one would expect to find in a human being.

To the initiated few, the individual and collective temperaments of seven and twenty "Kings of the Jungle" represented nothing so much as the elementals of a South American Republic with a penchant for frequent changes of President. For uncertain periods all would acclaim one of their number as being the "bully of the arena," precisely as may be found to be existent in public schools. "Mars," in keeping with the character of his deified namesake—held the Presidency more frequently than, respectively, "Jove," "Jupiter," "Denver" or "Baltimore," his principal contestants for the coveted position. A free-for-all fight would determine the issue, and—by evident pre-concerted arrangement—such would follow the assembling of the entire group in the arena, preparatory for the performance. Bonavita, as a rule, would recognize the incipient signs of a rebellion and, by adroit strategy, would take measures to keep the principal contestants separated until he could get attention to their "arenic duties," as servants of the public. He regarded an unfinished performance, under any conditions, as being bad for their morale, and it would often happen that hostilities would be of short (though savage) duration, and the performance would proceed as if no animosity existed among the brutes.

But, at times, the determination to "fight to a finish" would not be denied, and an audience would be treated to thrills reminiscent of a "Roman Holiday" of the days of Nero in the form of a hotly-contested "Election" fight—but with a difference. If there were instances, in Nero's day, of a single gladiator with armament of the character of Bonavita's, playing the part of arbitrator to the end of saving a score of maddened and superbly healthy lions from hurting each other, ancient Roman history has failed to record it.

The effects upon the audiences were interesting and, in one instance, asserted that primeval instincts are merely dormant in many humans. After one of the worst arena battles we had had, I—on returning from the arena rear, happily satisfied that Bonavita was unscathed—noticed a prominent New York City official wildly excited, and who rushed to me gasping his hope that the trainer was all right. Assuring him of this I asked his opinion of the "affair," and shall not readily forget his reply: "It was awful; but the grandest sight I ever saw. I hope you never have such a fight again," and he added, "—but I would like to be here if you do!"

Forced to respond to the demands of the audience on these occasions, Bonavita did so with distaste and mortification. He regarded such scenes as being outside the pale of his aiming at, only, the beautiful, the majestic and the inspiring sides of the result of his method of training. With the return of the animals to their respective cages, he would scold the animals for so unseemly a display of temper, and I have seen them hang their heads (as if in shame), as a dog will when corrected for some fault. Even when badly hurt himself, he would remain up night after night with animals that

had acquired injuries of, perhaps, less extent than his own. Such was "his own fault,"—never theirs.

The injuries that resulted in the subsequent loss of his right hand was acquired during one of these melees. He would, always after, assert that the deplorable happening was a "mistake" on the part of "Baltimore," his favorite, and, normally, the most obedient and trustworthy of the group, and between whose massive jaws his head had been placed a thousand times. Just as "Baltimore" sprang at "Mars," Bonavita—who was separating two others of the fighting animals—stepped backward and intercepted the flight. His right hand was raised, and by ill chance, was directly in line with the lion's open mouth. Man and brute crashed to the floor of the arena and, before the audience could fully realized what had happened, "Denver" had released his hold of his particular antagonist and, seizing "Baltimore" by a hind leg, dragged him off the prostrate trainer. It may have been merely coincidence, but the fact remains that "Denver"—another of his favorites—had intervened on two previous occasions to similar effect.

The occurrence happened near the end of the season and three weeks after the animals were shipped to Paris for their annual exhibition in L'Hippodrome Bostock in that city. Bonavita, necessarily, had remained behind in hospital and had aggravated his recovery by steadfastly declining to have his hand amputated, though its condition and the presence of septic poisoning were of serious consequence. Chafing in his separation from the animals, and against the advice of his surgeons, Bonavita proceeded to Paris, and—on arrival there—had, perforce, to submit to the operation, following the advice of Dr. Rothschild (of the famous banking firm of that name), one of his warmest friends during previous Paris seasons.

We had decided that this ended his arena career and that he should be appointed as manager of the animal department. Visiting him, in the hospital, I informed him of this and was amazed in his replying that he purposed continuing training. The idea was preposterous and I used every form of remonstrance, and pleading, that he should forego thoughts in that direction and, finally, resorted to an argument that is, by an unwritten law of animal training, "taboo"—that the possibility of a "fatal accident" would be anticipated.

With a serious look and a voice that bespoke the sincerity of so strange an assertion he said: "Death is a matter of destiny. I know that I shall never meet it through anything that may happen to me through my lions—it may be through another animal!" To his few intimate friends, on his return to America and their speaking of their concern for him, he repeated the same fatalistic premonition. Bostock, amazed with so unexpected a decision on Bonavita's part, declined to countenance his further appearing in the arena but, finally, finding that no argument could turn him, compromised the matter in agreeing that he should use ten of the most

"agreeable" of the twenty-seven lions. He estimated that the change in the number would, before long, be distasteful to the trainer and that he would accept the official position allotted to him with its easy duties.

At the close of the following season in America, the decline of the health of Bonavita's mother determined his severing connection with the Bostock interests in order that he could give her undivided attention. Applying all his spare time to the "education" of his left hand he, again, took up photography, and, despite this disadvantage, quickly demonstrated that he had lost none of his old-time art. Merely as companions, and to continue his exercise of will in the direction he best liked, he purchased two baby lions that were allowed to roam about in a fenced-off part of the small farm he had inherited.

Satisfied that he had now found a vocation that promised no fulfillment of his disturbing prophecy, I had returned to Europe and, in one or another of the capitals of Great Britain and the Continent, I heard frequently from him and, eventually, of the passing of his mother for whom he held a son's full affection. Letters from him became less frequent and, finally, stopped. Cabling to a mutual friend to locate and advise me of his whereabouts, I was informed that he had left his Pennsylvania village and that it was rumored that he had returned to his old love—but in a new form, the production of moving picture Jungle drama.

Then came news of an instance of courage and devotion to what he accepted as a duty, which was in no way surprising to those who best knew him. He had been engaged, in Florida, on the production of a film play that for a scenic thrill—necessitated his being attacked by a lion, following his rescuing a child from the jaws of the brute. For the realistic pieturization of this he had, as I subsequently learned, actually taught one of his lions to fling himself upon him as if in savage assault. The scene was so arranged that, with the impact of the lion and the "rescuer of the child," the film would register a "cut-off." The animal was not of the best tempered variety and the fact that—at the time executed for the "thrill"—the two lions were savagely fighting, did not deter Bonavita from undertaking the filming of the "rescue scene." Still in a bad temper, the lion flung himself upon its master who, in meeting the attack, stepped upon some loose undergrowth and slipped with the animal atop of him, and venting his temper in attacking him in earnest. The panic-stricken camera-man could only stare at him and automatically turn the crank. Catching Bonavita's eye, and recovering himself, he stopped turning, upon which, still struggling with the brute who had now seized him by the shoulder, Bonavita shouted: "Keep turning, keep turning—get it all!" A few more turns of the crank, as if fascinated, the operator fled from the scene shouting for help, and the rescuer was rescued.

Again his life was saved, and many weeks in a Floridan hospital served to heal the wounds—and assist his writing scenarios on subject and lines promising of sensation to the movie fan. On his leaving the hospital and returning to the

studio he was informed that his work was "too realistic," and that the directors would not undertake the filming of subjects on which he and lions played "leads." It was grimly ironical that producers of the film drama, competing for the reputation of providing the most sensational of screen effect, had met their match in a man who knew nothing of fear, and to an extent that they were, themselves, afraid to employ him.

Handicapped in a direction that made his continuing his photographic business irksome, and taking his two lions, he travelled the southern states giving exhibitions of training, and lecturing upon them—and discovered that educating the public is, at times, "its own reward." Investments he had made of his savings turned out badly, and, to bear out the old adage as to troubles coming singly, the fall of a can of disinfectant into his exhibition arena accounted for the death of one of his leonine companions. Bad weather, "poor territory," and other militant factors against success for the "outfit" he travelled with resulted in Bonavita's going hungry that the lion—now his sole companion and friend—should be fed. Too proud to inform his friends of the extent of his reverses, or his whereabouts, it was impossible for them to locate him.



"CAPT. BONAVIDA," THE MODERN DANIEL

Coincidentally — and as good fortune would have it — I returned from Europe to arrange disposition of the Bostock animal collection. With the death of the famous animal exhibitor and the outbreak of the war, his family and executors of his estate were considering the advisability of continuing the business when an inspection of the colossal Bostock building in London, by the late Lord Kitchener, decided the matter, and the famous "London Jungle" became a training cantonment for a section of "Kitchener's Army." By merest chance I heard of Bonavita's experiences and, in having disposed of the animals, immediately arranged his undertaking the management of their debut, as screen actors, in California.

On my returning to New York from Los Angeles, I urged that he exercise good care of himself, and that he confine his own screen work to film production of his own lion—then a magnificent brute and which he could do anything with. In my many years of association with animals and trainers, I found no instance of so remarkable a mutual affection existing between an animal, of any kind, and its master, as that of "Monty" and Bonavita. In recalling his fatalistic premonition of death, I involuntarily felt that he should refrain from attempting to handle any other animal than his lion.

A few months after came the news of his death while attempting to regenerate a Polar bear that had "gone bad" by the exercise of, only, that will and patience with which he had subjugated the fiercest of the lion species. Shocked by the news I was, additionally, chagrined to think he should have undertaken so unnecessary a task where there were half a dozen other "Polars" in the collection, and of the most docile of tempers. I subsequently found that the use of an animal of that species had not been required for film production, and it was simply the old, dominant love for all brutes that had prompted Bonavita's attempt to again demonstrate the influence of his will.

I recalled his own prophecy of ten years previous—"—it (death) may come through another animal!" Was this but an instance of the workings of destiny?

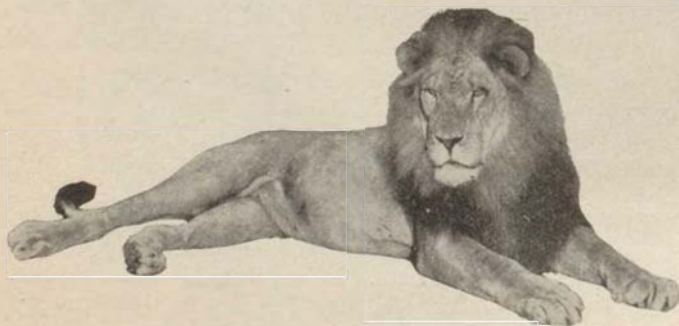
On the reading of his simple will it was found that he had bequeathed his lion as a legacy to the children of Brooklyn, N. Y. I, immediately, on learning of this, assumed executorship, to the end of the consummation of his wishes in that direction, but found difficulty in arranging transportation of the animal from the Pacific Coast. With his having no surviving relatives, the red tape of the law interfered, and occasioned delay after delay.

I had, finally, given up hope of being able to carry out the terms of my "Damon's" will—with the increasing of indebtedness attending maintenance of the lion in California—when my research into the mysteries of psychic force took a strange turn and which served to determine my adopting every measure to present the animal to the Brooklyn children on behalf of my dead friend.

After many disappointing experiences of mediums ranging from the flagrantly fraudulent to the genuine but moderately gifted and, some instances, with those who have a tendency—to apply the vernacular—"help out the spirits," I had the good fortune to become acquainted with one of the most remarkably gifted "sensitives" that, I believe, is living today. I may add that, had the ill-fated "Titanic" reached New York safely—on the occasion of her maiden, and last, trip—I should have, ere this, abandoned my investigations where the late W. T. Stead who, it will be recalled, lost his life in the sinking of the "Titanic" was en route for the purpose of inducing the medium I refer to, to return with him to Europe in connection with his purposing the re-establishment of the famous "Julia's Bureau," an institution founded by the noted editor and Spiritualist for the purpose of assisting the cause he championed.

In having expressed my views of psychic phenomena—before entering upon personal experience—I assume that it will be taken for granted that my plans admitted of no possibility of mediums acquiring information that would assist the conveying of messages from those of "the other world." Strictly adhering to this principle assisted the object of my investigations where such were to the end of acquiring "the truth—and nothing but the truth!"

At a time that I was about to give up hope of arranging the lion's transportation to Brooklyn, I had an invitation to a friend's house on the occasion of a seance being held. Among those present was a young girl who, at times, appears to be possessed of clairvoyant vision and which, by the way, is not encouraged by her mother, a widow. During the course



THE SUBMISSIVE MATERIAL

of the seance she asked me if I would recognize a tall, well-built man with but one arm and dressed in what would seem to be an army uniform. Other details of the appearance of the (assumed) vision were precisely identical with Bonavita, and I cautiously answered that I could recognize several of similar characteristics. After a pause the young lady said: "There is something you are trying to do that, would please this man, and he tells me that you must keep at it, and it will

all come out just as he planned it." As a matter of fact, I did not "jump" at a conclusion that the purported vision or message were in any way associated with the deceased lion trainer. I had been present on several occasions when spirits were assumed to have manifested but—in cold analysis—I had regarded the descriptions given by the mediums as being too vague and indefinite to be a criterion as forming "evidential" instances.

It may have been purely incidental that, the next day, I learned that the lion—with a large number of others—had been sent from California to Kansas City, and that the owner of the latter had sent the lion so far East as a possible way of assisting my efforts to carry out the terms of Bonavita's will. There still remained an adjustment of the heavy charges for maintaining the animal, but—thanks to the most excellent offices of the Honorable John N. Harman, New York City Parks Commissioner,—I finally succeeded in handing the lion over to the care of the Prospect Park Zoo Superintendent and who—as an old friend of Bonavita's—assured me of the future welfare of his new charge. It was a joyous crowd of Brooklyn youngsters that, subsequently, attended the official installation of their legacy, in the Zoo lion house, and watched, with keen interest, Miss Virginia Hylan, daughter of New York's mayor, christen the animal by the name that its donor was best known by to the children of Brooklyn, "Cap'n Jack."

Several days later following that interesting consummation of my desire to properly execute Bonavita's wishes, I was present at a "trumpet seance" at which the medium, I have referred to, presided. This was at the home of one of my personal friends and who, like myself, is considered an investigator. As a matter of fact I had attended similar seances at the medium's house, but with nothing but a conviction that the results were arrived at by means of clever examples of the ventriloquial art, but I had discovered sufficient of a genuine character—with close research of the scientific opinions on the subject of "spirit return"—allowed my agreeing with the morbid Prince of Denmark that "there are more things, etc.," and resting content with a conviction that science of the future would solve the problem.



THE MASTERING INTELLECT

In arranging the holding of a "trumpet seance" at my own home, and with none but personal friends present and who, like myself, sought "the truth—and nothing but the truth," I prepared and took every possible precaution against having to regard any results as having been contributed to by agencies outside the purported gifts of the medium. The position that I myself was seated in—and the measures I took—prevented any possible interference with the aluminum instrument of communication, either by the medium or anyone else present. There were psychical manifestations in a manipulation of the instrument that were bewildering in their character, but an explanation of such I must leave to Professor Crawford, an eminent scientist of Belfast University who is engaged upon research into the cause of similar happenings in psychic phenomena.

During the course of the seance some twenty-five to thirty "direct voice" communications were received, and brief conversations carried on with the respective voices by one or another of my assembled guests. I may, here, say that telepathy could not possibly afford explanation. One lady present carried on an animated conversation in the Welsh language, with a voice purporting to be that of her deceased father and who, subsequently, sang a short duet with her in the same language. Two of my closest friends to whom the seance was their first experience of psychic phenomena, had regarded my invitation as merely promising of an entertaining evening, and found an abundant quantity of food for thought on spiritualistic communication—and its surprising revelations.

Among other purporting communicants for myself was my "Damon" who expressed pleasure in my having successfully brought about the consummation of his "last will and testament" in regard to his lion. As a matter of fact, I had had serious doubts as to whether the animal was not one substituted for the magnificent brute that had been the primary motive of the making of Bonavita's will. I expressed this doubt to "the voice," and was immediately assured that the lion was none other than "Monty," but that neglect (which was palpably evident on arrival of the animal), accounted for my doubt. I subsequently had excellent proof as to this. For a carnivorous animal to be reared upon—and fed for years with—porterhouse steaks of the best quality; then horse-flesh, and, finally, to undertake the cross-continent trip (with the attendant inconvenience of regular feeding) and the additional journey to Brooklyn would, quite naturally, land it in anything but the pink of leonine condition.

At the various conversations which my friend in spirit and myself have had, since that evening, continued interest in the lion has been demonstrated and pleasure expressed in the improvement of the health and appearance of the animal. I may mention that, thanks to the care given it by Superintendent "Jack" O'Brien, head keeper of the Prospect Park Zoo, the lion's condition leaves nothing to be desired by the greatest lover of dumb animals.

The most amazing test message I have had was in the soliciting that I should arrange the lion's having an occasional meal of beef liver. This, while of no interest to those who know nothing of the dieting of carnivora in captivity, may be interesting in the fact that the "Bostock" animals were fed on beef. When a sufficient supply was not available, freshly-killed horse flesh was fed to them, but beef liver was "served" occasionally as serving the purpose of the fatty parts of the beef, as a medicinal factor. I do not suppose that there are half a dozen people among New York's millions, (outside, possibly, keepers of the City's Zoos), that are aware of this, and one could only regard a message of so pronounced veridical character as the strongest of evidence.

I detail this "crucial" test only in order to the better define my reasons for belief that Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, Sir A. Conan Doyle assert their, respective, faith in "spirit communication" only after the most exhaustive research that one could look to eminent men of their

type and standing, to acclaim so warranting their interest, and, finally, complete avowal.

So far as I am, personally, concerned, I may only add that my investigations, throughout, have been conducted under the conditions and spirit that I have already explained.

And I know, through this incontrovertible evidence, that not only do mortals survive death—but that "ruling passions" survive along with individuality and personality.

The foregoing article was written some fourteen months ago and was originally intended for private circulation—in leaflet form—among a number of my personal friends who were acquainted with "Captain Bonavita" and who thus could have the better appreciated its unorthodox character.

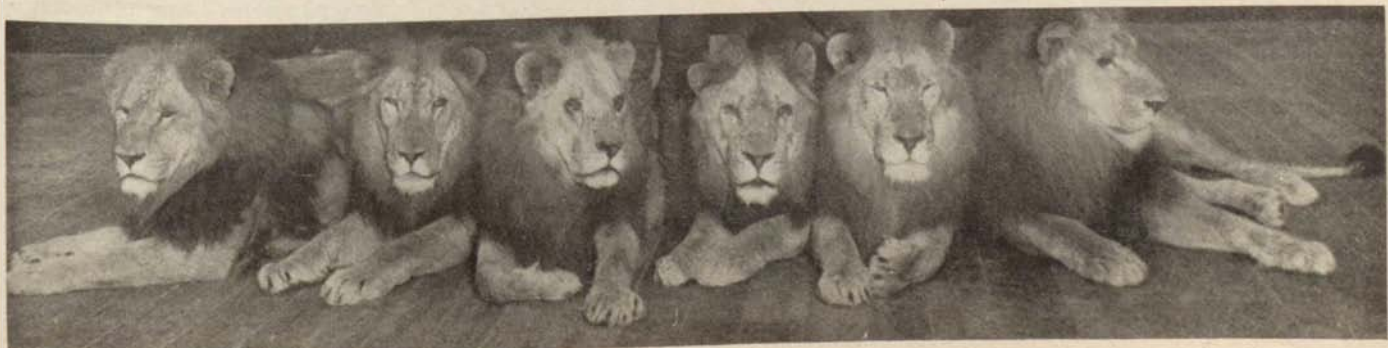
Supervision of modernly-progressive and extensive commercial interests have, since that time, demanded my constant thought and attention and occasioned procrastination in carrying out that purpose. This I now regard as being fortunate inasmuch that the nation-wide circulation of "Communication" assures a sympathetically-interested reception of the story by thousands of subscribers and readers experienced in spirit communication in one or another of its diversified forms or, as the case may be, may perhaps be seeking the truth of, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle terms the subject, "The New Revelation."

To these latter I commend the maintaining of a reasonable and rational attitude towards the thought—and to investigate it for themselves. Skeptics who are finding that the volume of evidence of the survival of personality after "the change called Death" and the proofs of spirit communication too strong to be denied, desperately assert—in their ignorance and obstinacy—that delving into the mysteries (!) of the Future Life is harmful to the mind and renders the seekers unfit for the responsibilities and cares of this life. To those who have "sought and found"—in the proper spirit and due observance of the sanctity of so wonderful a blessing and privilege—such an assertion is ridiculous in the extreme and betrays nothing so much as an absolute ignorance of the barest elementals of personal investigation and its results.

Far from being of so debasing and demoralizing a character, the creed of Spiritualistic faith uplifts and advances mentality. Once communication with friends in the Great Beyond has been established to the fullest satisfaction of the seeker, bereavement gives place to joy and the attendant belief and proof that those who have entered the spiritual spheres—relieved of all earthly cares—are able to give, and find pleasure in giving, inspiration and courage to their communicants at times when fortitude and high resolve are essential.

This, to my personal knowledge, has been proven in hundreds of cases and I have yet to discover a single instance where harm, in the least of degrees, has resulted from seeking the consolation that the Spiritualistic thought proffers to all who approach it in a proper manner. It is a subject that must not be trifled with—many experienced investigators have had communications from disbelievers who have passed on and will appreciate the force of that remark.

(Continued on page 40)



A Spiritual Easter Lecture

By MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS

Delivered Sunday, April 20, 1919, at the First Spiritual Church, New York City

Mrs. M. E. Williams is one of the best-known spirit mediums in the world. She has appeared before the crowned heads of Europe, and for thirty-five years has been one of the foremost demonstrators, through her great mediumship, of the truth of immortality and spirit return and communication. Hers has been a most wonderful mediumship, embracing materialization, the direct, independent voices—and many other forms. As an inspirational speaker, she has no superior. The poem is by one of Mrs. Williams' guides, who has been long in spirit.—The Editor.

Life! Life everywhere! Law! Law everywhere!

All life is amenable to law. The study of psychic science gives you a knowledge of life. The study of death is the philosophy of life. The study of psychology, the science of the soul, is a most important study for all mankind.

Today, in every Christian church, life and death are discussed. The same old story, the sad story of the gentle Nazarene. You are also told concerning the resurrection, and unfortunately a great mistake is forever expressed in the resurrection of the body. The body of Jesus, like the body of all humanity, did not rise, nor did the enemies of Jesus bury him or entomb him. He did not enter the tomb.

You can readily understand that there would be very little interest in the great soul arisen, but Jesus would take very little interest in a mutilated body robed in the cloth that was cast off like his clothing and sandals. We are not here to discuss what occurred, or what was seen by Mary Magdalene, or anyone who loved and followed Jesus and who admired and accepted the principles taught by him, or on the other side, those who opposed the Roman soldiers who guarded the tomb. Indeed, these subjects will not bear the scrutiny of intelligent minds nor scientific investigation. Enough for those who have studied the science all along the line of psychology—enough to know that the great soul, the wonderful instrument of God, unfolded by the God-power developed the God-man.

In the acceptance of the term that he was but the son of God as you are the sons and daughters of God, that he had a marvelous unfoldment spiritually and was under Divine influence of angelic visitors who intuitively and inspirationally educated him, from this standpoint, you in all the Christian land are familiar with the work, the glorious work of Jesus of Nazareth. From his birth and especially from the age of twelve years, when, under the Divine influence, he surprised the most learned, his wonderful work having every phase

known today to the Spiritualists, but so gloriously spiritualized by the light and wisdom of those who accompanied him, that he, of all men on earth, could safely say: "I and the Father are one"—not so grammatically correct, but spiritually correct, for he obeyed the Divine Law, and in obedience to the law, he could safely say, "I and the Father are one." When you obey the law of the spirits who have charge concerning you, you can safely say as did Jesus the Christ: "I and the Father are one."

In the face of great opposition, in the face of dreadful ignorance of the day, in the face of the Roman people, who in high places, the Senate and otherwise, opposed this wonderful teacher as did those in high places in his own country, for Jesus was a Jew born of humble parents in Nazareth, and the people worshipped him, he was like Abraham Lincoln, of the people, for the people and with the people, and his education and his speeches so disturbed those in high places that they became his enemies. And the crucifixion of Jesus was not wholly on account of his spiritual tendency but that he disturbed the political situation of those in authority who held the people in servitude and slavery, and kept them miserably poor by enforcing heavy taxation; so we had profiteering in those days as now.

You can readily understand with the knowledge of life and law in this intelligent age that the story of Jesus getting out of the tomb and his body walking away is very childish. Jesus walked, Jesus talked, Jesus demonstrated the truth of the soul's immortality in the streets and in the upper chamber where he held a seance, and manifested in many places and in various ways. And some of us know the facts of spirit materialization, a tangible evidence of spirit manifestation that appeals to the physical senses, a tangible evidence of spirit return that appeals to the

physical eyes, ears and to the touch. This is no longer a new story, but in the days when this great God-man lived, the return of the spirit in that way was unknown. Hence the stories that will not stand the light of science, nor intellect, nor the X-ray of common sense. But we will not disturb people in their faith since we have facts indisputable, stupendous, numerous, under the torch-light of science, under the observation of the greatest minds in the world that prove all this that was so mysterious in the days almost two thou-

TO MY MEDIUM, MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS

The Delphic cave lies in your heart,
Wherein the oracle doth start.
Then soft and whisp'ring voices fall,
Although fate hides from mortals all;
Dread gifts are they to hear and see
Thy fate as moulded by the three.

Subject to Him whom all obey;
The stars by night, the sun by day,
And whose decrees, when understood,
Though painful oft, are for our good.
The steps that lead to His high throne
Are oftentimes rough as earthly stone.

What gifts thy service can repay?
What compensation has the day?
Or what reward attends the sun
When at eve's close his task is done?
So light divine ne'er is repaid;
Men soon forget their highest aid.

So, like the sun, and like the star,
The daily dispensations are.
The crowd, like moths, are drawn by glare,
While worth, like thine, oft meets despair,
But like the sun, and like the star,
Thy labor's felt and seen afar.

Then serve the thankless, serve them well,
Put God in debt—the truth will tell,
And seeds thus sown and wet with tears,
Shall joys return in coming years.
To high and low be thou the guide,
For angels cluster at thy side,
Who point the way to heaven's abode,
Where all shall live, beloved by God.

Preston T. Holland, Mentor.

sand years ago. So if we today find stubborn, ignorant minds who oppose this truth after nearly two thousand years have gone by, how then should we think of these people in these darkened days when they were, in general, kept without education! It was the enlightenment of so pure a peasant as Jesus Christ that disturbed the people in the high places, that he taught the people, that he should enlighten them in the affairs of God and of the land, and so forth.

The very same condition exists today which seemed to have hold of the people in far-off Judea, the same selfishness, the same greed, the same tyranny. Truly spake St. Paul when he said: "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be. We know not what a day may bring forth."

Man does not understand the law. Therefore, while amenable to it and while it governs, controls and crushes him every minute and every breath he breathes when he opposes it, yet he will not study this law unchangeable, fixed and immutable, the law of God.

And so the resurrection is ever going on, and this day the continuous existence of Jesus Christ is typified and preached. No name in the entire world has ever held such a place in the hearts or minds of the people, and as you grow and become enlightened you will love the name of Jesus, because you will understand that there are no miracles. There are no miracles. Law governs everything. Every operation of matter, motion and force is governed by that immutable, unchangeable law of God, the manifestations of nature everywhere.

This is the season that typifies the resuscitation, and resurrection of the life-blood in every plant and every tree, which rises from the root through the trunk, spreading through the branches and building little cabinets by the millions to hold the forces while the leaf is materializing. Every tree will be clothed by the resurrection; every plant in all this fair earth shall be clothed with the resurrection and the great force of nature that rises and manifests in flora and fauna.

All manifests. Today the lily stands before us in its purest white in its glory. On your lakes very soon, out from the slime of the mud will come a slender stalk and in the waters of the lake it will be waved to and fro washing the slime and mud away, and arising to the top of the water there will open its sweet white petals and its golden heart to the sun, perfuming the ambient, this, the pond lily or lotus bud. So these are resurrected.

But we must consider that the spirit of Jesus would be with His mother. Very rarely we find people who understand this wonderful woman, a spiritual woman, a beautiful character and not a weakling as she is generally depicted to be, but with a great mind and power as her poem, the great Magnificat, would imply. Mary was sad, and would it not be a wise conclusion to think that the gentle Nazarene was with his mother and her friends instead of sitting in the dark tomb looking at his mutilated body?

We prefer to talk of life, for God is with us. The power, and purpose of Jesus of Nazareth cannot be discussed by mortal, cannot be understood until we meet face to face, or until we have grown up to where we can say: "I and the Father are one."

The influence of that great soul must help and bless all humanity. For in the early days of his mediumship, that was his greatest power and that caused the greatest contempt from those in high places, both the wealthy Romans and Jews, that he should go forth among the people and teach them.

Another point in history—this nailing a victim to a cross was the means of crucifixion in those days. The Romans nailed all their victims to a cross and placed them about two feet high along the highways for the wild animals to devour them before they passed out of the body. So a pious Hebrew man begged permission to take him from the cross and place

his body in a tomb in which he said no body had ever lain. He was a wealthy man, a follower of Christ, named Joseph, not the father of Jesus, and he gave this tomb for the body of Jesus.

We are under great obligations to the Infinite source that sustains us, and maintains our equilibrium under distressing conditions, for man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn. This has gone on in all ages, and we are not quite free from it yet. We have still the old condition, the undeveloped consciousness. We lack the Christ consciousness. We lack the soulful consciousness. We lack charity and we lack above all that treasure of knowledge of the fatherhood of God, the motherhood of Nature, and the brotherhood of Man. We lack all of these, and for this reason we have today an extreme condition upon us, great wealth, great poverty, the big fish eating the little fish. But be assured God lives in His Heaven, and though he sleeps in the stone, he awakes in the tree and manifests through humanity. Therefore, with education, spirituality and love of God, the world will become better.

You are about to enter a time when the light of Divine revelation will flood the world, and the world is seeking it. For verily man has come face to face with his transgression of law, and he begins to realize that there exists a great want outside of political power, outside the relations of power, so called, outside the power of the throne. There is a power, and it is the power of God, and the power of God is disturbing people today, and the unrest is finding expression in the voice of the world. *Vox populi! Vox Dei!* The voice of the people is the voice of God!

Feel assured that you cannot conquer this power. It is of God, and the spark of Divinity in every man's body has been quickened by the sense of justice, the sense of love seasoned with mercy. Behold the time is near, so very near, that someone must account for the things that are not correct. For with the light of spirit in the world as it is today, these hidden things that belong to the people shall be resurrected and the people shall come into their own. Develop your soul, develop the psychic forces in your nature that you may see with the spiritual eye, hear with the spiritual ear the voice of the angel whom God has sent to bless you.

One of the greatest minds on earth who has given study to this great subject, is giving up all else. You have read the book entitled "Raymond" by Sir Oliver Lodge. For many years he has been President of the great university at Birmingham, England, but he has now resigned that he may give his entire life to the work of Spiritualism, spiritual science, psychic life, divine philosophy, and truth.

Truth is religion, and the earnest investigation of nature is the grandest prayer you can make to God.

But the light of Divine revelation as taught by Spiritualism and from the platforms of this church, has stood in America seventy-one years under constant opposition with false prophets constantly in evidence. This Jesus, that far-seeing soul, predicted. He said he would have false prophets. They are the barnacles on the great ship of state, but with the light of education throughout the world, they are slowly dropping away.

No one can limit the power of God. No one can limit the power of Spiritualism. It manifests everywhere, anywhere, according to the instrument. Verily, the greatest musician can get no music out of a poor instrument. If you find a man or woman who puts a stumbling block in your way, teach him, but do not condemn him. Teach him to know of God. Teach him to attract intelligence through spiritual forces that will give life. Teach law that will aid you, aid your fellow man and bless the people in the land you dwell in.

"We know what we are; we know not what we may be."

(Continued on page 40)

The Life of James "Farmer" Riley

Farmer Riley Was One of the Best Materializing Mediums
the World Has Ever Known.

ARTICLE II.

SYNOPSIS OF ARTICLE I

James (Farmer) Riley, of Marcellus, Mich., who passed into spirit May 20, 1919, at the age of 76 years, was unquestionably one of the foremost materializing mediums in the world.

In the first installment, there was given an account of the passing out of this medium, and also of the incidents that led up to his determination to develop his mediumistic powers at the age of 42 years. While Mr. Riley had been very psychic as a boy, his father had dissuaded him from producing manifestations, and the boy had grown to youth and manhood, not only removed from everything spiritualistic, but actually agnostic in his belief. After being induced to attend a spiritual campmeeting, the manifestations of which Jim Riley viewed with disgust, he and his wife decided to sit at their dining table, and these sittings occurred nightly—sometimes all night long—for a period of six months before the heavy table was moved by a force outside of the two mortals present.

These table-tippings soon were succeeded by rappings, and these raps not only answered questions, either in the affirmative or the negative, but they also delivered messages in the following manner: Jim Riley would start naming the letters of the alphabet, and a rap would come at the proper letter. Perhaps he would run through to the letter M before a rap would come. Then he would start with A and when he got to I, another rap would come. He would start again with A and when he got to N, there would be a rap. The table again would rap at N after going through the alphabet. He would start with A and when he got to I, there would be another rap. Beginning once more with A, when he got to E, he would get a rap. This would give the name "Minnie." These rappings were productive of many excellent messages.

Persons who have heard these spirit rappings recognize them as something entirely different from anything that can be produced by mortal means. These raps have been likened to the breaking of a very dry pine stick, or the knocking together of two sticks, and yet neither description is adequate. The truth is that these rappings produce a sound so different from other sounds and so much unlike the rap produced by knuckles on a surface, persons familiar with them are never mistaken in their identity.

There is a question as to whether these raps are actually produced on a surface. Sometimes they are heard in the air.

They may come on a mirror or even on a newspaper. It is difficult oftentimes to locate their source or direction.

While Jim Riley, his wife and other members of his household and different personal friends, found a source of great delight in these rappings and the messages they delivered, Farmer Riley was not satisfied to stop with this phase of his development. He wanted something better.

Development, however, is a growth. The seed does not become the ripened grain immediately. The bulb does not become a beautiful flower at once. Many attempts have been made to describe mediumship, but perhaps the nearest to being correct is the explanation that mediumship depends upon

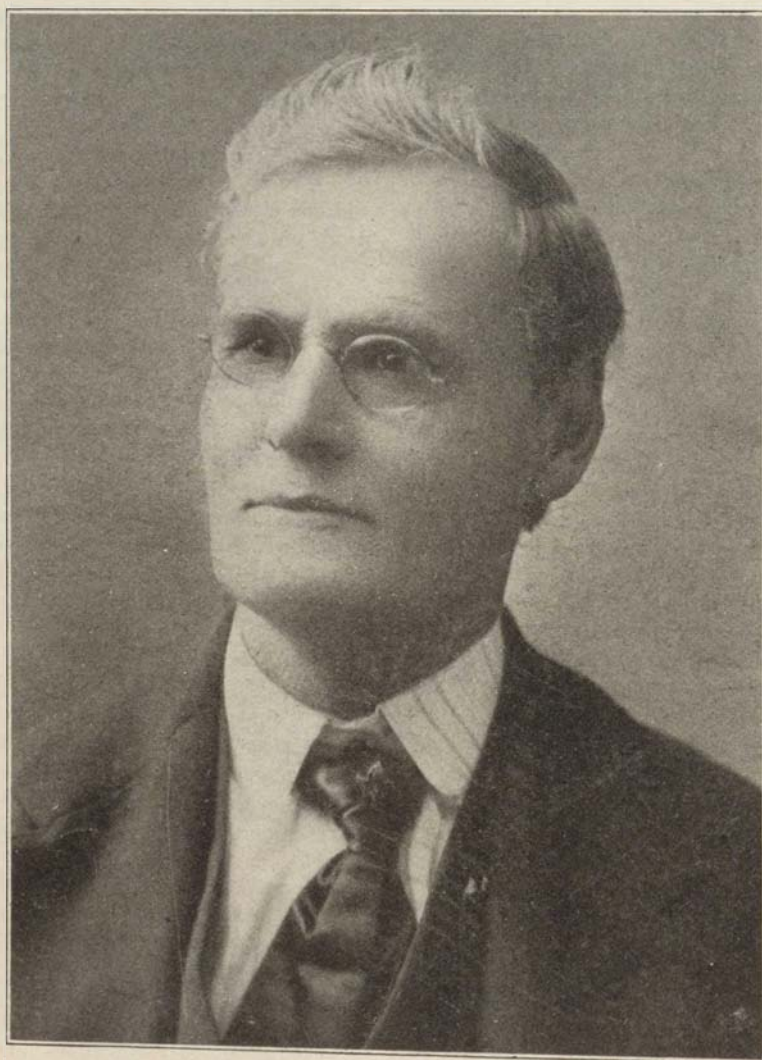
certain chemical peculiarities of the physical-body of the medium. To describe these peculiarities is as difficult as to describe electricity. Technically, whatever is produced from the body of the medium may be described as "the forces." This term "forces" is used improperly even by many mediums. They will speak of their forces when they mean their guides.

The forces of Jim Riley up to this time had been developed to the point where table-tippings and rappings could be produced, and through those tippings and rappings intelligent messages were delivered. Patiently, each night, Farmer Riley and his wife continued their sittings. Sometimes there were present other members of the family and friends. Often Mr. and Mrs. Riley were alone except for their unseen visitors.

The First Slate Message

As these nightly sittings progressed, sometimes in the Riley home and sometimes in the homes of other members of the family, there came an evening when the eldest daughter of the Rileys, Mrs. Emma Billingham, suggested to

her father that they try to get a message on a slate. After some discussion, in which Jim Riley took the negative side, he consented to make the effort. A slate and slate-pencil were brought in and placed on the table, with a large dish covering the slate. The sitting then continued, and there were discussions and there was singing. Finally the distinct sound of the movement of a pencil on a slate could be heard, and



JAMES "FARMER" RILEY, THE MATERIALIZING MEDIUM,
IN HIS YOUNGER DAYS

shortly after this the large dish was overturned and broken. A single word was found written on the slate. The word was "Mother." This first slate message came from the mother of Jim Riley, who had passed into spirit when he was a little boy.

From this small beginning, the messages became more and more important and much clearer. Sometimes the light was turned low. Sometimes the sitters were in darkness. Friends of Jim Riley, who were acquainted with him in those early days of his mediumship, say that he took great delight in these manifestations.

Jim Riley was never much of a talker, but he was a great reader and he did considerable deep thinking. He could not question that these manifestations were produced outside of any human agency. He wished to assure himself not only of the identities of the intelligences giving these messages, but he wished to know how they were received.

The inquisitiveness of the intellect is always reaching out for information which it can not comprehend. It is this property of the mind that has produced the world's progress. We are all living under conditions which we do not understand, and we are dealing with forces which we do not comprehend. The world depends upon steam and electricity and has learned their uses, but there is much about steam and electricity that the most expert engineer does not understand. He knows how to bring about results and he knows what will occur under a great variety of conditions. We all consume food and we know that it is digested and assimilated. But there is much about that digestion and assimilation which we do not know. We know that fatigue-poisons are carried from the body, but the greatest scientist has never learned just what takes place in the building up or tearing down of tissue. There is always something that mortals do not understand. We know that every snowflake is in the form of a crystal, but science has not discovered why these moisture-particles form according to a definite pattern, under the influence of low temperature.

Thus we can understand why Farmer Riley propounded many of the questions about the why and wherefore of these manifestations. He was an instrument and from his body was being drawn a "something" that made possible these manifestations from the unseen world. Through these manifestations, through the employment of these forces, many in spirit were enabled to write with a slate-pencil on a slate.

But there are many samples of slate-writing that depended upon no pencil; at least not so far as mortal eye could see.

It has been stated by some magicians that they can produce anything that could be produced by Spiritualism. The magician never lived who could reproduce the writing of some person whom he had never known, and whose chirography he had never seen. The magician has never lived who could produce a message delivering proof that would manifest itself later, and the nature of which was unknown to any person in the flesh.

Therefore, in mediumship, we find not only the means of producing these various phenomena, but we find communicating intelligence exceeding mortal intelligence.

Jim Riley now had three forms of mediumship. His manifestations were of a physical type; that is, through his mediumship, a heavy table could be tipped and moved freely and quickly. Rappings could be secured. These rappings would come not only somewhere on or in the table, but at different points about the room. And writings would appear upon a slate. As time passed, these writings became more interesting and important.

The Appearance of John Benton

Some months after the first slate message had appeared, there came upon the slate, one night, a message signed by "John Benton," and this message consisted of information that said that John Benton had come to take charge of the medium.

Every medium has his or her circle guides. There is a

chemist, whom the medium seldom knows; and there is usually some prominent governing figure who may be called the boss of the seances. The spirit chemist is one skilled in ethereal chemistry. The spirit-world informs us that all of the manifestations of communication are produced through the application of a higher form of chemistry. It is the chemist who draws these forces from the medium, from others present and even from inanimate objects. Many mediums have found that their clothing worn in the seance-room is not durable. Something happens to it. The life seems to be taken out of it. This fabric does not wear nearly so well as it should wear.

Farmer Riley was pleased to know that some spirit was to take charge of him. But this genuine pleasure extended over a very brief period, because it was not long before John Benton wrote a message stating that he wished his medium to sit for materializations. During these many months of development, Farmer Riley naturally had acquired considerable knowledge about the nature of manifestations secured by different mediums. He knew that in the materializing seances, the medium had to sit in a cabinet and was under control, which meant that some person in spirit entered the body of the medium while the medium's own spirit went into the ethereal; or astral, as it is called by many Spiritualists. This meant that Farmer Riley would not be a witness of his own manifestations, and he demurred. Many mediums object to that which the spirit-world asks them to do. In this respect, they are like other mortals who like to have their own way. Farmer Riley was no exception to the rule.

Jim Riley felt great confidence in John Benton. He knew intuitively that Mr. Benton was his friend and would permit no harm to come to him. So long as John Benton would agree to be absolute master of ceremonies, Jim Riley felt that it was to his interest to accede to John Benton's request.

The spirit-world usually comes with requests. The choice is left to the mortal. We may accept or reject. We are going to do that which our experience demands. If we need a certain type of experience that means grief or pain, and can learn in no other way, then our schooling must be through this grief and pain. The choice is ours. Farmer Riley made his choice in accordance with John Benton's wishes, which explains why Jim Riley became one of the greatest materializing mediums in the world.

Riley's First Materialization

Let us go back to Farmer Riley's success thus far in his career as a medium.

After six months of patient sitting with Mrs. Riley, the heavy dining table had moved, and then a few weeks later the first raps came. Some time passed when the first message on a slate was received. After slate-writing had progressed to a certain point, John Benton put in his appearance, and then came the request that Farmer Riley sit for materializations. This was followed by some weeks of discussion, and then came Jim Riley's consent to place himself in the hands of his chief guide, John Benton.

The first table manifestations had been the movement of the table without a message. The first rappings had simply been rappings without a message. The first slate-writing had been the appearance on the slate of the one word, "Mother." From these small beginnings, the manifestations had become more and more important, and the messages had become clearer and more voluminous. When Farmer Riley consented to sit for materializations, the same process of growth had to take place. It is believed that whatever this mediumistic chemistry of the body may be, it must undergo changes for different types of manifestations. One stage of that chemistry can produce the independent movement of a table or other article of furniture. Another can produce rappings, another writings, etc. In materializations, a cabinet is necessary,

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The Law of Spirit Is the Law of Truth

By MRS. CECIL M. COOK

Pastor and Medium of the Stead Center

Whenever I read a statement in the newspapers to the effect that investigators in Spiritualism must beware of "lying spirits," I feel very sorry to think that anyone can be so ignorant as to make a statement of that kind.

I think that most persons familiar with spirit manifestations will admit that there are persons on the other side of life who are ignorant. While ignorance implies a tendency toward that which is untrue, at the same time why should any of us attract undeveloped and ignorant spirits?

Existence on the spirit side of life insures facilities requiring greater knowledge. As soon as a person sees and understands the right thing, that person is going to be less likely to attempt to do a wrong thing. In this world, we are hedged in by many limitations. We learn but a little, and we learn that imperfectly. People who resort to falsehood do so either because they think it is smart, or because they seek to cover up the truth.

In a state of existence where the truth becomes self-evident to all persons, it is folly to try to hide that which is true. This applies to spirit existence. Those in spirit can learn anything they wish about others in spirit or in the flesh. A lie is transparent.

If all of us in this world knew that we could deceive nobody with a falsehood, then lying would become useless. We have not learned that it is useless, for the simple reason that it is revealed to those on the spirit side of life. We think very often that a lie protects us from something which we do not wish others to learn. Those in spirit know that a lie does not protect them.

But this faculty of seeing the difference between the truth and falsehood, does not mean that all of those in spirit have limitless understanding. They do not come to us claiming infallibility. They come to us with their opinions and tell us that these opinions may change. They are more likely to be

right than wrong, but at the same time they may be wrong.

The test-seeker assumes that every individual is untruthful, and the very nature of his doubting and his tests will so disturb the conditions of communication as to shut off that communication, or so cloud it that the full facts can not come

through. If a mortal were surrounded by other mortals who knew the true state of affairs of any subject that happened to be discussed, it is likely that no falsehood would be resorted to in the statements made by that person. The value attached by human beings to a lie, ceases to exist when the falsehood can be penetrated by others.

When those in spirit communicate, they are surrounded by many others in spirit, and any false statement made intentionally would be recognized by the others at once as being false. We could not expect to command the respect of our friends if we lied in their company. Those in spirit live among others in spirit, and they live naturally, and they know that they can command respect only by living the truth.

The question of truth is presented to us so often in this

world as a question of morality. In spirit it becomes a matter of natural law. When the truth can not be concealed, when it becomes common property, then there is no longer any value—even temporary—in that which is false.

The test-seekers who are proceeding in their investigations with only a smattering of knowledge of spirit communication back of them, seem to think that the thing to do is to "try the spirits." That is as far as they get. Their source of knowledge pertaining to spirit communication ceases with their assumption that those in spirit are just as likely to lie as they are to tell the truth. I believe that any medium who has been in public work a number of years, has become so wearied with these test-seekers that it requires great patience and wonderful fortitude to try to teach them the



MRS. CECIL M. COOK

difference between the true and the false. They come into seance-rooms in a condition of impertinence and insolence. They come with the belief that the mortal mind is a clear and all-knowing mind. They seem to forget that the real purpose of communication is to establish intercourse of friendship, love and harmony with dear ones who have gone before. These test-seekers seem to overlook the truth that when they go before the spirit-world and ask for communications from the spirit side of life, they are like travelers who have gone to a foreign country and who must abide by the laws of that land. They must come to the spirit-world according to the law of spirit, and not according to the law of man. They come under sufferance. They come not in the position of those who can command or demand, but as those who seek. It is not for mortals to lay down the law of communication. It is not their right to say that the voices or the materialized forms or the other manifestations of spirit existence, must take place according to certain man-made rules.

We must not overlook the fact that it is Law that governs this universe—the great Law of God. The law of gravity is simply an expression of that great law, and it makes no difference what man thinks about the law of gravity, because that expression of God's Law operates just the same. It is equally ignorant to expect that any mortal can make or change in any particular any other expression of God's Law.

We come to the spirit-world as seekers—as searchers. And only when we come in truth and honesty, openly and frankly, are we going to receive the communications which we desire. It would make no difference to the spirit-world if the most powerful and influential of mortals met in convention and adopted a set of rules to govern spirit communications. The spirit-world would communicate according to natural law. And if mortals did not wish to harmonize with that law, they would not have results.

In the earth-world, through human ignorance, facts can be withheld. We can withhold facts only from those who do not understand them. All withheld facts are not falsehoods. It is not a lie to tell the wife of a man who has been killed in an accident that he has been badly injured. It is not a lie to prepare her by easy stages for the worst. It is not a lie to withhold useless knowledge that would only be a shock and a cause of worry. We in the flesh have a limit to the shocks we can stand. Those in spirit can perceive the true state of affairs and are not shocked by the truth. They are in better position than we to understand, and that means that they know the value of the truth. They know that a lie is distorting some fact, and that facts exist as they are and can not be made over by the opinion of any person. Knowing these truths, those in spirit come only with that which is true.

Most mortals, in seeking spirit communication, wish to have their own opinions endorsed. When those in spirit refuse to endorse mortal opinions and refuse to smile upon the wrong things which mortals do, then many of those human beings are displeased and they are ready to brand as a falsehood the information which has displeased them. When we set out to learn a thing, we can not manufacture the facts pertaining to that knowledge. Our theories may be wrong—in whole or in part. If we truly wish to learn, then we should be glad to find out where and how we are wrong. Knowledge means acquiring an understanding of things as they are; that is, things as they exist are not always precisely what we would like them to be.

In communicating with loved ones on the spirit side, we are dealing with those who know facts beyond our understanding—who feel and sense conditions which are beyond our perception—who live in a form of life where facts are revealed and where the false falls of its own useless weight—and who come to us only through love and a desire to assist us. Thus, when we look to the spirit-world for communication, for

guidance, we must look for that which is true, even though it may disagree entirely with our own ideas. In communicating, we are putting ourselves in touch with beings who live under a condition of life where the great desire is to learn facts.

Falsehood does not exist in spirit, but it exists in the minds of mortals. It is their misconception. The lie is not of spirit, but it is of the flesh. It is very disquieting to the person who has a secret vice or an evil design to be told about that wrong thing. The mortal who is thus shocked in having his secrets revealed, and finding that there are others in the universe who know what he thinks and does, may wish to retaliate. The only kind of revenge he can think of is to say that he has been lied to.

It is part of human weakness to like to have ourselves praised. We like to believe that we are very wise people, very gifted, very wonderful. Perhaps we really have none of these attributes. The spirit-world is not going to come and tell us that we have all of these virtues when we do not possess them. For these reasons communications from those on the other side very often come as a shock. They seem to indicate a lack of sympathy for those in the flesh.

If parents did not reprimand their children for the wrong things they did, then those children would grow up with vicious habits. They would become criminals, perhaps. Only because their parents correct their mistakes and reprimand them when they are wrong, is it possible for these children to learn that doing the right thing is the surest road to happiness.

We must learn to come to the spirit-world in love, because the law of love, or the law of attraction as it is sometimes called, is a natural law that makes communication possible. We find through these communications with our dear ones on the other side, that they come to us not only because they love us, but because they wish to help us. They wish to assist us in learning through our own experience and by reason of our own understanding, that the right thing is the only thing and that the right way is the only way. They do not come to agree with us, but they come to help us. Many persons seek communications only for the consolation that they bring, but others desire communications for the uplifting teachings that may come through them.

The critics of Spiritualism, who contend that there are lying spirits, would do well to study this law of attraction, and to learn something about the natural law that makes this communication possible between the spirit-world and mortals.

The average mortal believes that God has a rubber stamp, bearing the Divine O.K., which he places upon some, to the exclusion of all others. Sensing one's being, does not make one the center of the universe, and the sooner each of us learns this wholesome little truth, the faster we shall progress.

The Law of Compensation, like the Law of Gravity, works whether we admit it or not. Usually, just as we are situated comfortably and enjoy life, oh, ever so much, along comes retribution and jolts us. It is most uncomfortable, but it harmonizes with natural law. When we learn that we can not think or do ill, and get away with it, we won't try to! But how slowly we learn—every last one of us!

"Yes," says the smiling cynic who was taught to fear God, instead of loving Him, "spirits do communicate, but they are evil spirits!" If these devil-stalkers would just take five minutes daily pondering the goodness and omnipotence of God, they would take this fear thing and toss it into some friendly river, and start anew. Fear is the dad of intolerance, and the world needs less and less of both of them.

Snowdrops

Plucked by Snowdrop

A LULLABY

*There's a soft, sweet song that no mortal hears,
There's a lullaby only for baby's ears,
And a loving vigil by baby's bed
As pure as the lisping prayer she said.*

*The watch is patient, the watch is long,
With a lilt of joy in the watcher's song.*

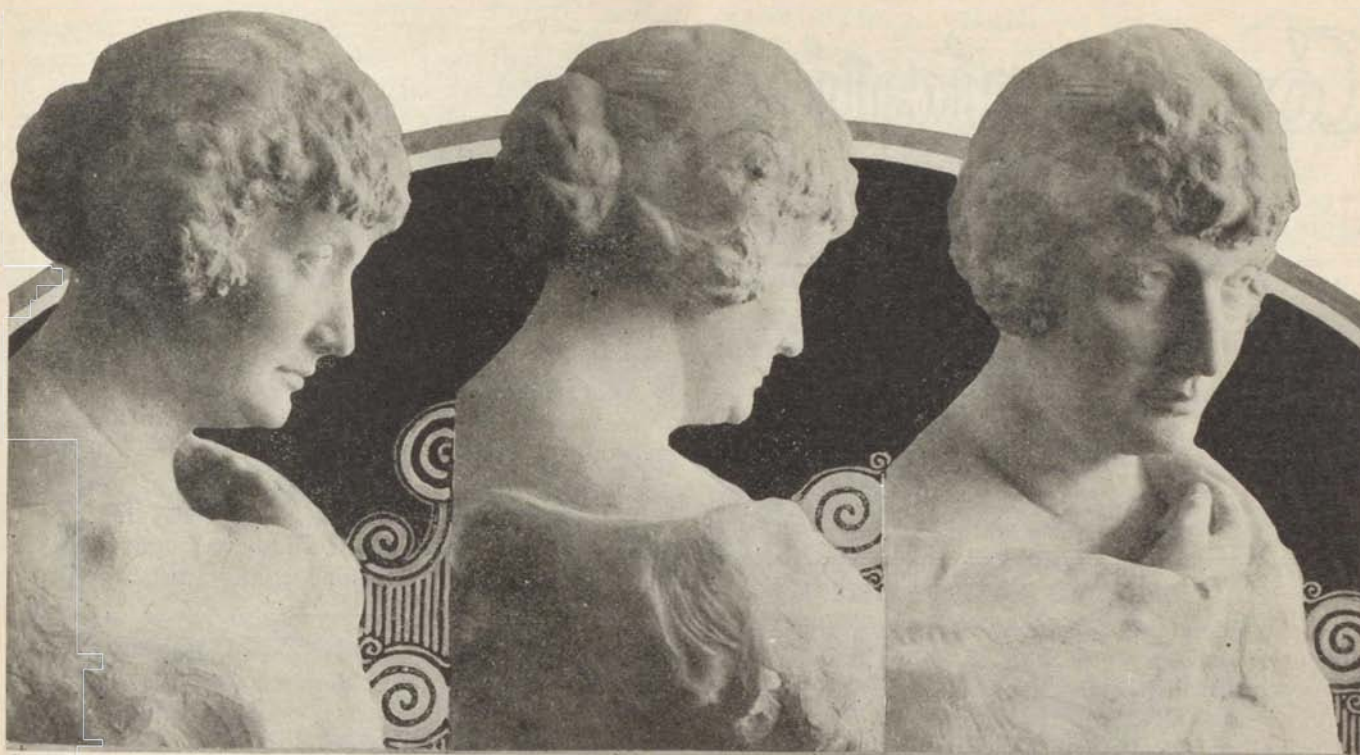
*For the spirit of Babe is as pure as the skies,
And her innocence like the sweet faith in her eyes,
And sleep to her is a bye-bye ride
To a Fairyland where her friends reside.*

*There's a satisfied smile on the dreamer's lips
And content that's snug to her finger-tips.*

*A bud from God's garden, transplanted through birth,
A pilgrim from Heaven, new-come to the earth,
No wonder the watcher must croon her love-song,
For the journey that lies before baby is long.*

*And dark will the nights be, and starless the sky,
And the ears that once heard, will hear no lullaby.*

—SNOWDROP.



A Sculptor's Artistic Portrayal of Modern Mediumship

The photographic reproduction above presents three different views of a bust of Mrs. Cecil M. Cook, Pastor and Medium of The Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center, Chicago, by Sigvald Asbjornsen of Chicago, a sculptor who has attained fame through his many works of art. Mr. Asbjornsen is just completing a statue, heroic in dimensions, of "The Gold Star Mother," which will be reproduced in bronze and placed in some prominent place in Chicago, its location to be decided later.

The life-size bust of Mrs. Cook was a gift to The Stead Center by Attorney John J. Coburn, a Chicago lawyer, who has done much toward securing legal rights for mediums and for Spiritualism.

The presentation speech made by Mr. Coburn was most appropriate and appealing. It came toward the close of "Pat's Party," an annual event at The Stead Center that brings admirers of Mrs. Cook's circle-guide from many parts of America.

Patrick O'Brien was born in Ireland nearly a century ago, and has been in spirit about a half-century. His earthly birthday and his spirit birthday came on March 17th, and either the Sunday preceding or the Sunday following St. Patrick's Day, each year, is the date of Pat's celebration at the Center.

The decorations are in harmony with the occasion, and Mrs. Cook holds seven or eight seances from early afternoon until midnight, giving Pat the opportunity of greeting his friends.

In the earth-plane, Pat aspired to business success, but like innumerable other mortals, he was confronted by adverse conditions—insurmount-

able obstacles. He did not succeed, but his ambition was a thing of this seed-world, and if the seed lacks germination here, it will have its growth in spirit. Thus, inspired by his old desire, Pat is having the fullest measure of success in bringing business achievement to others; that is, through guiding and advising them in business matters.

There is many a snug fortune in the United States that can be traced back to Pat's advice—and all he ever asks is that the heart of the seeker be clean, and the motive be honest.

At Pat's party, there are refreshments—home-made sandwiches, coffee and cake. There is music, too; the kind of music that would make Ireland feel free! There are real vocalists, who hold choir-practice, or concert-practice, or whatever name they may give their rehearsals, in order to put the glint of the afternoon sun on the River Shannon, and make the shamrocks smile every happy mile to Tipperary.

Pat has as broad a brogue as a Chicago patrolman, and the same kind of wit that has made Ireland smile through its sorrows. We believe that we know several hundred ladies who aspire to have Pat as their personal guide. Pat's friends do not pause with the fair sex. Many a successful business man has known these many years that, from his point of better vision, Pat can see the ins and outs of business. What is more, if Pat needs the specialized vision of some past-master in finance, he knows how to secure his assistance.

It was appropriate that Mrs. Cook's likeness should be presented on Pat's natal day.

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

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.

ADVERTISING SPIRITUALISM

"Communication" is being announced to the American public through the medium of full-page and smaller advertisements that are being printed in various large Sunday newspapers.

Through these ads, which carry a sermon on Spiritualism, as well as facts pertaining to this magazine, we may be said to be advertising a religion. This is not new. For years, The Christian Herald has carried newspaper ads periodically, and churches in various cities have made use of newspaper space to announce their services.

To some folk, advertising a religion is objectionable—presumably because it is religious. And yet, religion makes use of other modern devices; it moves forward in its methods, keeping step with other progress.

A year ago, the editor of "Communication" paid for newspaper advertisements announcing The Stead Center, and had these advertisements inserted in newspapers of the largest circulation in the United States. The result of this campaign was the addition of many thousands of men and women to the ranks of Spiritualism. But this campaign was misunderstood in some quarters, precisely as the present campaign will be misunderstood. This is part of the price we must pay for the adoption of modern methods, but in time we hope that our conduct will give us a place in the hearts of the few who wish to criticize us now.

This criticism is not violent, and it is not intended to be unjust. More than anything else, it is the expression of doubt as to the method, as applied to a religion. We can not share such doubt, and evidently refuse to share it, or we would not be advocates of advertising Spiritualism. So long as the purpose back of such advertising is right, the results will be worthy. Evil intentions can not bear a yield of good, durable results. Good intentions, fortified by right methods, will bring the required results.

The quickest, least expensive method of reaching persons who are interested, is through the public prints, provided the advertising is attractive and "rings true." If revival meetings are correct and permissible, then surely advertising—which is a sort of widespread revival—is also permissible.

Spiritualism represents man's foremost progress in religious thought, and to present it in the most modern

way, should be in keeping with the spirit of progress.

If our friends speak to their friends about this magazine, they also are advertising this work. Word of mouth is but another expression of the printed word.

But there is one more point that even the most persistent critic must not overlook: Newspapers and magazines, for the most part, are either averse to giving Spiritualism the credit it deserves, or do not know how to give that credit to us, and by purchasing advertising space, we are placed in position to secure that which should be ours through less expensive methods.

In the meantime, because we believe the practice is right and proper, we shall continue to advertise "Communication" as much and as often as our financial ability permits.

We know that we have reached thousands, and helped them, through this very method—and that is sufficiently important, to our minds, to justify our following the same lines, we hope, continuously.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE COURTS

Periodically, the police department and district attorney's offices in the larger cities, have "raids" on mediums, and drag these defenseless men and women into the vilest police courts to answer charges of "practising Spiritualism."

If the medium pays a fine, he or she may be sentenced to jail, in addition, or permitted to go with the understanding that another arrest will follow in time, with a much larger fine.

We do not endorse the average police methods, nor can we smile with soft apology upon the daily press that delights in such persecution. So long as crime is so rampant and goes undetected and unpunished as much as seems to be the case, we believe that the police and the county officials have much to do in rendering the sort of service to taxpayers which those taxpayers are supposed to receive.

The prosecutors and police are public servants, which seems to be a surprise to them if the fact is mentioned! They owe the public a debt—and that debt does not include raiding religious organizations and arresting their recognized pastors.

While we might prolong this discussion of the official shortcomings, as they pertain to prosecutors and the police, we still can not feel that the Spiritualists themselves are blameless.

Eager to exact everything of the spirit-world, thousands of men and women who are in positions of honor and standing, will hide out whenever their mediums are arrested. They pretend to love the spirit-world, but they refuse to besmirch their garments by appearing as principals or witnesses in a case in court. They invite the contempt of the officers of the law.

To go out looking for trouble, is the safest and quickest method of locating trouble. The man who goes out looking for an argument is a fool. The one who refuses to stand by that which he believes, is a coward. It is better, we believe, to be a fool than a coward—but it is no distinction to be either.

Christian Science underwent similar persecution, but Christian Scientists stood together—fought for that which they believed to be right. For years their practitioners were haled into court and were obliged to

suffer prosecution and persecution. Finally, through co-operation, through fighting together for their common rights, by reason of not being ashamed to admit their religion, these same Christian Scientists gained recognition. Today, in no city in the United States would the prosecutors or police dare to arrest a practitioner for practising his form of healing. Christian Science became mightier than the medical doctors!

When Spiritualism is recognized—as it will be soon if Spiritualists find their spines and their moral courage—there will be no such trouble. Also, when Spiritualism is organized as it should be, and ceases being a number of isolated unions of Spiritualists who hold one another in more or less contempt, such a thing as fraud will be nearly impossible.

There have been many very fraudulent persons who have claimed to be psychics and who have committed such wrongs that the police have confused the right with the wrong.

Whatever position Spiritualism attains, is up to the Spiritualists themselves. We can not demand of the law that which the law can not give us: Self respect and concerted action!

THE SUMMER CAMPS

Each Summer, throughout the United States, there are various camp meetings of Spiritualists. At these meetings, some of which are in progress nearly all Summer, there are many splendid speakers, and there are mediums of every description—representing nearly every type of spirit mediumship.

Some of these meetings are under the auspices of The National Association, some under the direction of independent organizations—but all are good.

As Summer approaches, we shall be pleased to tell our readers about these meetings, and we invite all speakers, mediums and camp officials to give us full information, which we shall be pleased to disseminate through our magazine and circulars.

These meetings merit special consideration, because they put the individual in closer touch with Spiritualism. They give thousands the opportunity of becoming better acquainted.

There will be some camp at no great distance from you, no matter where you live. Motor over to that camp. Get into the atmosphere of the manifestations and the philosophy. Know the big people in Spiritualism, and the little people, and know them better than you could know them in any other way.

These meetings are organized at considerable expense, and require much patient labor on the part of those responsible for their success.

"Communication" wishes all its readers to know Spiritualism and Spiritualists better, and can suggest nothing worthier than these camp meetings, with their get-together spirit.

SPIRITUALISM OF THE PRESS

The newspapers have devoted more space to Spiritualism than they have ever given to any other religious idea—and they have made more wrong guesses about it than they ever made on any other subject.

A society lady, who has as much mediumship as a statue has talent, receives what she claims to be automatic writings from Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in

spirit; and the papers give her first-page position. We do not believe that Mrs. Wilcox ever inspired her poem. If she did, Mrs. Wilcox has deteriorated fearfully in spirit.

Another lady, whose husband passed out suddenly, is quoted by the papers as saying that, after a time, she will be able to communicate with him, but a newly-passed soul needs much rest and must not be disturbed.

This lady makes front-page position!

Their claims to attention are their social positions. To Spiritualists, these claims are absurd. If one may become a medium by fiat, then one may become a sculptor by claiming to be one!

Somebody once said that it is not difficult to understand what God thinks of wealth by watching those upon whom He confers wealth, and there is much verity in this statement.

Since the first rich man, whoever he was, those who possess wealth insist upon commanding gifts, which God did not bestow upon them. And now, in harmony with this new interest in Spiritualism, that gift-by-fiat is mediumship!

But—we are still looking for public statues that were made to commemorate those whose only distinction was great riches.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

Opinion and ignorance can never alter natural law. No congress or parliament or diet or legislature or council can rule any natural law out of existence. It is there "in the nature of things," and is unmoved by opinion.

When our public schools teach the children of the land that the Law of Compensation is as real as the Law of Gravity, there will be a more wholesome regard for right, and a careful shunning of wrong.

We do not drink poison, because we know its consequences. We do not press loaded pistols to our heads and send bullets into our brains, because we know what the results likely will be. But we all do things equally as hazardous, simply because we seem to forget that there is an expression of God's Law that demands payment, in full and in kind.

No man can sow barley and reap wheat. No man can think evil and reap good. No one can do evil and "get away with it."

Some day—and usually when the offender is least prepared—the accumulations of wrong come hurtling home. Some time, every debt must be paid—and were this not true, there would be no gain in experience, and no such things as progress.

So long as the world believes that we may sin as much as we wish, and be forgiven and gain as much as the person who strives honestly and earnestly, that long will humanity resort to that disagreeable and wholly fruitless habit of what men of the street call "fourflushing."

The Law of Compensation works—all the time. It is the highest expression of justice!

During the course of a year, on the basis of free-will offerings, "Farmer" Riley, the famous materializing medium, took in less than eight hundred dollars, but gave seances to about ten thousand persons. Such is good will, left to its own selection. "Something-for-nothing" helps no one!

WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST

By C. WRIGHT DAVISON

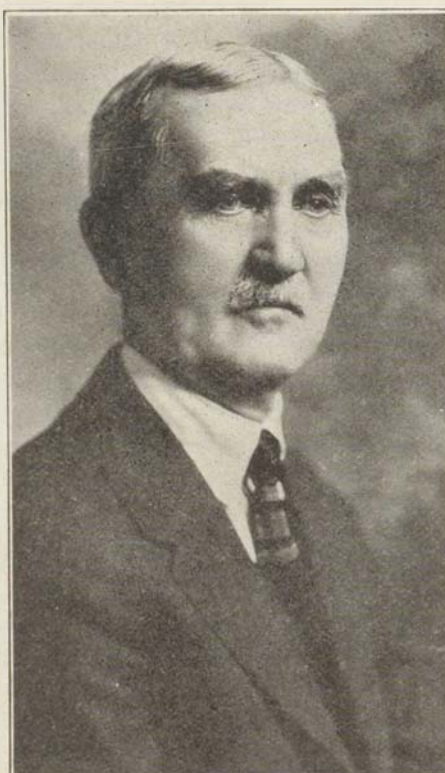
SYNOPSIS OF FIRST ARTICLE

Mr. Davison started life as a poor boy and knew years of hard labor before he acquired his real start. Newly married, he invested his savings, one thousand dollars, in a religious paper, to be defrauded out of his "nest-egg." Some years later, he became interested in one of the first typesetting machines and after battling many attempts on the part of other directors to deal dishonestly with him, he sold his interests for nearly a quarter-million dollars, and had money enough to retire. But—in this school of experience of earth-life, one continues to go on and on until the needed lessons are all learned.

In last month's number, I gave you an insight into how I made my start in the commercial world. I think that the story of any man's life can have value only when it teaches a lesson. I am not attempting to classify all of the "don't's," but I am sure that there are thousands of successful business men who will agree with me when I say that it is unwise to permit one's temper to become ungovernable. It is unwise also to become so self-satisfied that one will permit oneself to believe that the first idea is the best one. We may have impressions of people when we meet them, and those impressions may prove to be correct. But the idea that comes like a flash may need a great deal of analyzing and classifying of its parts before it becomes a dependable idea.

After I had come out of my adventure with the directors of the typesetting machine company with a whole skin and a fair-sized fortune, it was not long before I discovered that I had not overcome my desire to be interested in business. Within a short time, I had interests in two banks and about fourteen corporations. Then there came political changes, and business conditions altered so that where there had been profit at one time, now there was loss. With as much money as I had possessed, I found that I was now unable to lay aside a dollar.

I secured possession of a railway device and built a factory in Chicago for its manufacture. We were soon six months behind in our orders and making a large profit. Then the "confidential advisers" came along. This life is filled with people who stand on the outside looking in. They always know more about a man's business than he knows about it himself. But here is the difficulty: A man who is immersed in business always faces new problems. He becomes fatigued with thinking of the same thing over and over. There are times when he gropes for a solution. At such periods, should one or more of these confidential advisers make their appearance, the business man



C. WRIGHT DAVISON

is in danger of heeding their advice and of thinking that perhaps, like the onlooker who watches a chess game, they can see moves that the player does not discern.

The result of listening to false advice gave rise to a dispute, and then while my temper was having its swing, I disposed of this device. And the person to whom I sold it was offered \$1,300,000 for it! I had come out with my original investment and the other man had made a fortune.

At that time I had no conception that mortals had unseen helpers and that the spirit-world could bring us anything if we would supply the proper conditions. I did not know these truths. Like millions of others, I had grown up with the belief that our own mortal brains must be our sole guidance.

In the Autumn of 1898, a neighbor, who was the originator of skyscraper architecture and an excellent draftsman, came to my office with the drawing of a device that seemed to have great mechanical merit. He was in financial straits and wanted me to back him. All that winter I lent him money. It was not a great deal—about a thousand dollars, I should say; but was a thousand more

than I could spare. Finally, toward spring, it occurred to me to consult this man's patent rights, and I was stunned to learn that the device was impractical, that it could not be made of the material necessary for its success, and that anyway it was an idea that had been pilfered from another inventor. This particular device, in order to be successful should be manufactured of glass.

While I was talking to this patent lawyer, a cloud effect came before my eyes, and in that cloud I saw a perfect device similar to the one of which I was talking and which could be manufactured of glass. The perspiration began to stream down my face.

"What is the matter, Mr. Davison?" the lawyer asked.

I felt I could not trust him, and I replied, "Nothing, only I feel a little faint. I think I had better leave."

I knew that there was another patent attorney on the next floor, and I went to see him. As I entered, he was startled at my appearance, and exclaimed: "My God, Davison, what is the matter with you? You are as white as a sheet!"

I replied, "I want you to call a draftsman. I can see a device before me that I wish to describe. I can't draw it."

A draftsman was called in, and I described what I saw. The vision was still before me and it stayed there until the final detail had been worked out in the drawing.

The attorney then said to me, "Davison, I want you to promise to hold your peace about this for one year, because this is one of the most marvelous inventions that I have ever handled."

However, when we took the model to different glass plants, while the device could be made, the cost was so high the device could not have become a marketable success.

It was soon after this that I had my second vision, and I took it to a glass manufacturer who, after examining my models, said, "I have been in the glass business for over twenty years, but you have learned more about glass manufacture than I ever knew."

I wanted my patent lawyer to protect my invention, but he told me that I was foolish, that I already had enough patents to make ten men rich. Again I listened to outside advice, so I did not protect my invention. And today there are glass manufacturers using ten to twenty or more of these devices, but that means no profit to me.

While I was showing this article to a representative of a large corporation in Philadelphia, he became interested and said that he would take the matter up with his house. I gave him some samples. This house had experts examine this invention, and then they offered my friend full pay to take the device to Europe to promote it. He said that it would require at least five thousand dollars. They gave him drafts for that amount, and then came to me to explain the details regarding this invention.

On the way over, we became acquainted with a Canadian promoter whose father held a government position that gave the son entry to the most exclusive financiers in Canada, and many in the United States. My friend of the Philadelphia corporation quarreled with this Canadian, who told me that if I were to stay in London a year, I would accomplish nothing. He offered me \$100,000 to drop the Philadelphia connections. Again I was wrong, because I refused this offer.

I went to London with the Philadelphia promoter, but everything we attempted simply fizzled out. After a few months, he and his wife decided to make a trip to Rome, but this looked to me like a foolish expenditure of money, and I refused to accompany them. I wished to save something out of this most recent wreck. However, I did go to Amsterdam and then to Berlin, and learned, in the latter city, that some business interests had heard of my device and were interested. The man I wished to see most was a German nobleman, but he would not grant me an interview.

I felt that I had made another great mistake in life. I was homesick and downhearted. I knew that my family was in need of money. There I was, thousands of miles from home, a failure.

While in this dejected state of mind, I visited the American consulate, where I knew I could procure some American papers. While I was reading, a tall, splendid-appearing German came to me and asked me if I was from Minneapolis. He had seen me reading one of the Minneapolis papers. Replying in the affirmative, he asked me if I knew of an attorney in Minneapolis by the name of Kolliner. I told him that I knew that lawyer well. He said that he was the brother of Attorney Kolliner, and then asked me what business had brought me to Berlin. I told him, and he directed me to the man who, he explained, was the one I should see. This was the same person I had tried to interview, and I told him of my disappointment. "But," he replied, "I am connected with the consulate, and this nobleman's door is always open to me."

I told him that I should be glad to pay him for an interview. He excused himself for a few minutes, and then re-

ported that he had arranged an interview. We were admitted to the presence of this august person, and during the course of the interview, this new-made German friend turned to me and said, in English, "This man will have an order at the consulate for five hundred thousand within two hours." I was also told that it would be necessary to meet certain friends of this big man who were in the glass business, and we made an appointment at the Westminster Hotel for the following day. Upon meeting them at the hotel next day, after three hours of questioning, they told me that they were convinced that I had something of great merit—that if I would give them the invention on a fair royalty basis, I would receive five more orders as large as the order the nobleman had given me. I consented, and words can not express the elation I felt.

Leaving the hotel, I encountered the son-in-law of the president of one of the largest American railways. This man had been a life-long friend of mine. I told him of my success, and he said to me, "Dave, there is no man living whom I would rather help than you. Close up the deals, wire me at London and I will meet you in Belgium, and I will take you home with more money than you ever dreamed of having."

But alas for poor mortal vision! The things we think we know, prove to be so much different from the things we really do know.

That very night, my Philadelphia friend came on the scene. Really, it was just like a play. The actors seemed to enter and exit according to certain cues. I know now that these cues came from the spirit-side through guidance. I told this man of my success, but he laughed at me. He said that he could just as easily get \$200,000 out of these people. I told him that I did not believe he could. He insisted that he interview them, with the result that they dropped the whole matter.

I was so nearly stranded when I got back to London that I saw no way of returning to the States. I think that each of us has some pet bad dream, and my favorite bad dream is that I am in London, homesick for America, but lacking just a little money of the necessary passage.

Time after time, I had been put within easy touch of fortune. Time after time, through my human ignorance, I had done the wrong thing or arrived at the wrong judgment. The unseen world is always ready to give us every material success and every happiness when we learn how to look for it. We are so sure of ourselves that in our ignorance and arrogance, we do not look for anything higher. In our periods of greatest uncertainty, most of us are really floundering in the depths of greatest uncertainty.

When we have proved our right to handle money, it will be ours. It was evident that I had not proved my right, that I had done many wrong and foolish things, and I shall explain some of them. I had showered money upon those who neither had earned nor deserved it. I had taken from them their independence. I had made dependents of them. God did not send me to the world to rob others of their necessary experience.

We mortals too often have a misconception of big-heartedness. What do these people say who accept these unearned blessings? They call us fools. They say we are easy. Whenever our backs are turned, they ridicule us. You may contend that this is entirely wrong on their part, but bear in mind that when a person does not earn anything, then when it is forced upon him, he feels instinctively that it was his cleverness that brought to him that which he has no right to own. Not earning these material blessings, the recipient can not profit through them. They do him no good. He can not keep his ill-gotten gains. They bring nothing but harm and regret to the one who has posed as the benefactor.

Individuals and nations learn best and progress most rapidly and solidly in their lean years. Adversity will make workers of people and governments. Too much prosperity has a softening influence. Too much luxury is like too much rich food. There are millions of persons in this world today who have not learned this simple lesson, and who do not realize that God has sent us here for necessary experience. They do not seem to know that we must earn everything that comes to us. These misconceptions of life's duties give rise to wrong thoughts and wrong acts.

If I had known the philosophy of life as I know it now, I would have regarded my stewardship of dollars much differently. I had not earned the right to be the possessor of a great fortune. I had not learned the simplest lessons in the fundamentals of life's duties. I still had all that to learn.

(To be continued)

Judge persons not according to their color, nationality or appearance, but be generous enough to give everybody a fair show. That would be an attainment of which any mortal might be justly proud—but proud only in an honest, happy sense.

As one returns from a funeral, often one feels a warmth of reassurance that can be answered only by the benediction of life-everlasting. The signs of Immortality are many, and if we learn how to read them, each will preach a sermon to us.

Inter-Church Movement---The Christian Spirit

By D. A. Reynolds

Mr. Reynolds, in this timely article, has touched upon one of the most important topics of the day. Is the church going to save itself? Will it return to its simple, wholesome religious doctrines, or destroy itself because of its intolerance and its tendency to wander from the pathway of its original intent?—The Editor.

If Christianity and Civilization are synonymous, as we have been taught to believe, the advocates of Church Federation, or more properly, interchurch comity, have undertaken a most important work that must challenge the admiration and support of all leaders of religious thought. In its broadest interpretation, it means a return to first principles, the cutting away of the non-essentials of church propaganda and the re-establishment of the Church of Antioch in all its simplicity.

This essentially calls for the revival of the spirit of tolerance and the subjugation of creed, that the true Christian character may appeal the stronger to those in need of its sustaining influence. It means that the arrogance of denominationalism must give way to the broader interpretation of the Christ-life, proclaimed in all its purity, and applied to the needs of twentieth century civilization. It means that the barriers of selfishness and church aggrandizement must be torn asunder that the light of the Gospel may shine forth in all its organic purity.

How essential interchurch comity has become must be painfully apparent to those who have noted conditions in the rural districts, where whole communities have become religiously estranged and denominationally antagonistic, fostering a spirit of rivalry repugnant alike to the better instincts of humanity and the religion they profess. It is a rivalry pregnant with all the evils of dissension, and destined to destroy all reverence for the doctrine promulgated on the mount, which the Great Teacher left as a heritage to civilization.

A thriving village with its well-kept church, set within alluring environments, is a beautiful tribute to the intelligence and Christian tolerance of its people, but a multiplicity of indifferent church edifices, pastorless, and in the first stages of decay, proclaim the spirit of intolerance, creed domination, and a community antagonism, extending to every element of society with its blighting influence upon the spiritual, industrial, educational and moral welfare of the community. It is a house divided against itself, from which the Christian Spirit has departed.

If "The roots of the religious and moral life of the nation are chiefly in the country church," as we are told, something must be done to bridge the chasm of intolerance before civilization shall be

engulfed in the vortex of atheism and infidelity. How great this need has become is shown by a survey made by the Commission on Church and Country Life of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, in which the state of Ohio is taken as an example.

The results of the survey are summarized in a volume called "Six Thousand Country Churches," by Charles Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot, published by the Macmillans, describing a condition at once repugnant and alarming. In this resume, it is shown that in Ohio, more than 4,500, or 66 per cent. of the rural churches have a membership of 100 or less; more than 3,600, or 55 per cent. have a membership of 75 or less; more than 2,400, or 37 per cent., have a membership of 50 or less. In 1917, the majority of ministers of the largest denominations received less than \$1,100 each, while the average amount was \$857 and the free use of the parsonage. Over considerable areas, many of the ministers are uneducated, often illiterate, and entirely unfitted to render service acceptable to the more intelligent of their people. We quote:

"A most striking illustration of the churches' inefficiency may be found in southern and southeastern Ohio. Here, in a region covering at least eighteen counties, the failure of the churches may fairly be called pathetic. In this area, after more than a hundred years of the work of the churches, the religious, social and economic welfare of the people is going down. Although the churches have been here for more than a century, no normal type of organized religion is really flourishing, while the only kind which, during the past fifteen years, has been gaining ground, the cult of the Holy Rollers, is scarcely better than that of a Dervish.

"The churches have failed, and are failing, to dispel ignorance and superstition, to prevent the increase of vice, the spread of disease, and the general moral and spiritual decadence of the people. nineteen, or 68 per cent., are either in the eighteen counties is likewise excessive. The rate per 100,000 population for the state is 43.9. Of the twenty-eight counties whose rate is above the average, nineteen, or 68 per cent., are either in the eighteen counties or the counties bordering on them. No fewer than thirteen, or more than two-thirds of the eighteen counties, have an excessive number of illegitimate births. Illiteracy also in the eighteen counties is excessive."

It is said these data do not overstate the urgency of the appeal from the unfortunate over-churched and under-ministered communities of this section, for

gross superstition exercises strong control over the thoughts and actions of a large proportion of the people. Immorality, intemperance, and all manner of crime are declared to be rife. Politics is dominated by corruption, while the schools are badly managed and poorly attended. In one section of the state, there are 15 townships, only 4 of which have resident ministers. Ninety-six townships in the southeastern portion are spotted with churches in decay, with no ministers to occupy them. This is the fruits of intolerance.

Having diagnosed the disease from which the rural church is suffering, the Commission proceeds to prescribe a remedy:

"The ministry must be better educated, and more care should be used in selecting pastors for this particular kind of work. Church and minister must receive more support, which, in most instances, the farmers are ready to give. Circuits must be so arranged that the pastor may have more time for each church and congregation. Parishes must be made more compact, and in every township at least, one resident minister should be established. Co-operation should be substituted for competition, and this co-operation, where necessary, should take the form of a community or federated church."

Thus is proclaimed by this high church authority, the decay of religious teaching found in the rural sections of one of our most populous states, while the city clergy are preaching to empty pews. It is a statement of conditions to which the rules of church management is to be applied, but is the analysis fully sustained? Are there not other elements to be taken into consideration, applying alike to the rural and urban church? May we not go a step further and inquire if the Church of today is the leader of religious thought as in the days of the Apostles? Is it not possible that church dogmas have closed the door to a broader conception of the Christ-life, and imposed a barrier to progress that means the subjugation of a higher civilization? May it not be true that in the propagation of church ethics, the hungering soul has been shut out from that sweet communion with those in the higher spheres, that gave to the Christian era its soul-sustaining power? May we not say with the blind poet:

"Let narrow creeds and forms begone!
They've cramped the intellect too long;
The cruel doctrines of the past
With gloom the future hath o'ercast.
But Truth's immortal, and will stand
Without the aid of Error's hand;
It comes in God's appointed way,
And when it comes, it comes to stay;
To bless the world, to do it good—
A boon to earth's vast brotherhood."

(To be continued.)

The Glow of the Great Beyond

By D. A. REYNOLDS

There ain't no good o' preachin' or argyin' pro an' con,
How ther Lord should run 'is bizness, a pushin' th' world
along;
Fer I've kinder got my notion, when ther end o' our rope
is run,
We'll find ther "Shadder o' Death" is just th' Glow o'
th' Great Beyond.
Ye can't make saints out o' sinners by tellin' 'em what ter
do,
Fer I 'low ther good Lord made us ter paddle our own
canne;
But when yer heart's a breakin' an' ye face ther world
alone,
Ye'll find 'im there ter help ye, if ye'll only let 'im come.

Ye see we had pulled tergether on many a up-hill way,
A alers hopin' termorrer would bring us a brighter day;
An' when ther good Lord took 'er, I felt that th' end had
come,
Fer there weren't no good a livin' an' fightin' th' world
alone.
So they layed 'er out in ther parlor, with curtains closely
drawn,
Ter shut out ther light o' heaven, an' left 'er in ther
gloom;
Till I crept in aside 'er, when nary a soul was nigh,
To be alone with my sweetheart-wife, an' bid 'er a last
good-bye.

If ye want ter sound yer moorin's an' find how mean ye've
been,
Jest stan' by ther side o' ther coffin an' let yer conscience
sting;
An' think o' ther one yer losin' an' what she'd been ter
you,
An' what ye'd done ter please 'er, an' ther things ye
didn't do;
An' what ye said at ther altar, an' how ye kept yer word,
A callin' ther Lord ter witness, a thinkin' He never heard;
An' ye'll feel so tanel guilty, an' willin' ter own ther
corn,
That ye'll cuss yerself fer livin', and wishin' ye ne'er were
born.

An' there I stood aside 'er, an' gazed on 'er pallid face,
Not even Death, with 'is icy han', could rob o' its gentle
grace;
An' smoothed 'er silken tresses, now whitened a bit with
snow,
But to me as fair as th' day we wed, some forty odd years
ago.
An' I thought how oft she'd saved me from some mad an'
foolish freak,
With 'er soft, white arms around my neck, an' a kiss upon
my cheek;
An' how she'd tried ter lead me in ther way that I ought
ter go—
A tellin' th' "Old, Old Story," which I didn't want ter
know.

An' I thought o' ther little daughter, that come in th'
early days,
An' bound our heart tergether with 'er dainty, baby ways;
A fillin' our home with sunshine—a ray from ther land
above—
Then slipped away ter heaven, on ther angel wings o' Love.
An' I knew that the angel mother would find our darling
there,
A waitin' fer 'er comin' in a land all bright an' fair;
But me! **with all my meanness**—could I ever hope ter go
Ter them in ther "Land o' Promise" where ther "Livin'
waters Flow"?

Then I found myself a kneelin' aside ther coffin there—
Ther first I ever did it, fer I never was much on prayer—
An' I prayed ther Lord Almighty ter give me a nuther
show,
Fer He'd swiped my guide ter heaven; an' how was I ter
go?
An' told 'im how she'd prayed fer me when things were
a goin' bad,
A cussin' my luck when I oughter prayed fer blessin's
what I had;
An' asked 'im, if only fer 'er sake, ter give me a nuther
chance,
An' ter knock the Devil out o' me, an' make the Old Cuss
dance.

An' I told the Lord Almighty, if He'd only forgive ther
past,
An' let me enter heaven when my time had come at last,
Ter be again with her I loved, in ther land so bright an'
fair,
I'd sing His everlastin' praise when I got over there;
An' I asked ther Lord ter try me, if only fer a spell,
Fer I 'lowed she'd not be happy if she know'd I went ter
Hell;
An' I know ther good Lord heard me, by ther fadin' o'
the gloom,
Fer I saw ther glow o' heaven a shinin' about ther room.

I raised my head from ther coffin, an' there, with a happy
smile,
My dear wife stood aside me, a holdin' our little child;
A layin' 'er hand on my shoulder, as she did in 'er girl-
hood fair,
Ter let me know she was waitin' until I could meet 'er
there;
So there ain't no good o' preachin' or argyin' pro and
con,
How ther Lord should run 'is bizness, a pushin' th' world
along;
Fer I've kinder got my notion when ther end o' our rope
is run,
We'll find ther "Shadder o' Death" is just th' Glow o'
th' Great Beyond.

FRONSTROM

SYNOPSIS OF MANUSCRIPT I

"Fronstrom," whose identity is unknown and who leaves no clue that will lead to identifying the writer or the location of his adventures, was reared in a Far Country, a child of wealth, without special ability or training. Tiring of his colorless life, he went to a new land, and found employment with a farmer near the frontier. Tending herds and flocks brought him much solitude. One day, hearing singing issuing from a glen, he was surprised to find a strange company of men and women, rejoicing at the funeral of a child. The services were conducted by a materialized spirit, very beautiful, known as Immortelles, who dematerialized after the ceremonies. "Fronstrom" becomes a member of the Homeland Community, and is placed under the directions of the Patriarch. As they journey to the Community's home in the wilderness, "Fronstrom" is told that he has been selected for a most remarkable and important mission of trust.

MANUSCRIPT II

After several days of journeying, we made camp one night on the crest of a wooded hill. My duties having been arduous, I was very weary, and soon after the evening meal I was sound asleep. It was a dreamless sleep, and unusually restful.

At sunup the next morning, I was the first to awaken, but the Patriarch was soon beside me. Before us, spread a mist-filled valley, but the Patriarch suggested that I watch it closely as the warming rays of new-born sunlight dispelled the mists.

I shall never forget the scene of beauty that lay before me when the morning had advanced far enough to give the newly risen sun power over the vapors. Before me lay a great valley, through which a silver-like river coursed its way, and on the west bank of this river, there was a great settlement of tents. These tents were of peculiar form, looking much like small dwellings. There must have been several hundred of them.

Cattle and sheep grazed on the rich green grasses of the valley, and here and there I could discern horses at their ease in the warming morn.

As I watched, enchanted with the beauty of the sight, I felt some animal brush past me, and what was my surprise to see a full-grown animal much like the wolf. It was different from the wolf, however, and much more ferocious to gaze upon.

My first impulse was to find a weapon, but I recalled that the Community had no weapons, and that my own arms had been left behind, though I had not noticed their absence much until now.

"He will do no harm," the Patriarch told me. "His blood-lust would lead him to the sheep, but having the open eye, he sees forms not seen by you, and he thinks better of his ill-conceived enterprise."

"The open eye?" I queried.

"Yes," the aged leader of the Community replied. "Many animals have

clairvoyant vision. Most of the members of the Community also have it, and in time you will—in time. This beast, for example, sees many men and women—some not far distant, and to him those spirits seem as much flesh-and-blood as you. Yet, he does not fear people. He has not learned that as yet. To him, you and I are only other animals, no stranger to him than he is to us. But still, he fears that his designs upon the flock may bring him naught but grief. In time, you will become accustomed to these animals. You will pay little attention to them. In the settlement, there are many such beasts that have become great pets. To us, there are no enemies of mankind, except mankind!"

I pondered this last statement more than a little this eventful morning. Pray, who had ever been mine own worst enemy except myself? If wealth had held me back as a youth, was I not willing to be held back? When I no longer wished to loll in accursed idleness, did I not run away from home? I wondered what my parents thought. Did they worry? Perhaps not to any great extent. Had they loved me enough to worry, why had they put me in the care of hired help to nurse and feed and look after me?

I turned such thoughts over in my mind as I helped break camp, but I know that they were wicked thoughts. Their wickedness lay in the fact that we mortals are forever placing the blame for our shortcomings on others.

While thus engaged, partly in thinking and partly in laboring, I heard a voice say, very softly, "It is all right now, dear. I understand."

Turning, what was my surprise to see my own dear mother looking at me wistfully and lovingly. She was clothed in a flowing robe of most heavenly violet, but as I rushed toward her, she vanished!

The Patriarch had seen, and he said to me, soothingly, "Your good mother passed out soon after you left home. She wishes me to say that she did not take your going so very hard. She was glad to know that your manhood was asserting itself. She was quite ready to return home; to her spirit-home, I mean. You will see her occasionally. Think, Fronstrom, it is but a few minutes since I predicted that psychic sight would come to you in time. Aye, and in time it will be much more pronounced than it was a few moments since."

As I had looked into the peaceful valley, the distance had not seemed far, but when we took up our journey, we were obliged to follow a most circuitous path, winding around the side of the hill in many devious ways before we reached the

level of the valley. The hill, I learned later, was several hundred feet high.

There was no commotion upon our return. It was taken as a matter of course. There were always several such bands out upon missions; some gone for months; others for only days or hours. It was part of the routine of the Community.

Our noon meal was eaten in a large tent, open at both ends, and located in what seemed to be a public square. Here many of the tents were larger than the others, and in some were very rich furnishings. There was an atmosphere of permanency about the camp, and later I learned that it had been in that valley for nearly twenty years.

"But why," I asked the Patriarch, who was my teacher, "why have not others discovered this peaceful home?"

"Because," he replied, "we have thousands of spirit watchers, and should any venturesome person get too near this Community, there are those in spirit who will impress him to change his course. There is a great area in this vicinity where outsiders have never been—and from which region they will be kept until the time comes for us to move farther back, or change our mode of living entirely. Oh, yes, Fronstrom—the time will come when we, or those who follow us, will give up this simple tent-existence, and live in the haunts of commercial men, and there secretly work out our part of the great plan—the overshadowing mission of the Homeland Community."

After the noon meal was completed, I was told that I was at liberty for the balance of the day to follow my own devices. I was glad of the opportunity of strolling about and inspecting this tent village.

The settlement was about a mile and a half long—north and south; and a mile wide. There were some through thoroughfares, with the tents, all of similar design and color, arranged in streets. The tents were made of a material that was strange to me. It was not canvas and it was not skins. It was a fabric, I learned during the afternoon, that was woven from the strands of a wild reed. Some of these reeds furnished a white fibre and others fibres of various colors.

In some parts of the settlement, there were groups of tents segregated—isolated from the others—holding a sort of aloofness. These were the neighborhoods of those engaged in similar missions. One was devoted to artists, another to workers in metals, another to workers in wood, and so on. In one group, there

was a large tent that would accommodate fully a thousand persons. This was an assembly hall, and during the day it was used as a school.

The curriculum was much different from anything I had known in the Far Country. The customary elemental studies were taught, but there were psychic classes, where the mediumistic powers of the children were encouraged to develop. One of the courses dealt with a very wonderful system of physical development, in which much concentration on different parts of the body was practiced, as an aid to the development of particular groups of muscles and nerves. I discovered that there were many remarkably strong men and women—persons of unusual endurance.

Through my own solicitation, I became a pupil at this school, and while most of the pupils were much younger, I was not ridiculed. They regarded my desire to acquire knowledge as most commendable, and encouraged me all they could.

Some days later, after my school-hours (which took up most of the day), I was wandering about the settlement, thinking over the many strange experiences that had come into my life. What was my surprise to be awakened from this reverie by nearly colliding with our beautiful spirit guide, Immortelles?

She smiled at my astonishment, but the smile soon passed from her lips. There were tears glistening in her beautiful eyes.

"Fronstrom," she said, as she took me by the hand, and we walked together, "a very sad thing is to occur today. A child is to be born to a sorrowing mother in yonder tent"—pointing to a beautifully colored tent a hundred yards distant. "The mourners are gathering; not only the mourners on earth, but thousands in spirit."

Then I recalled that, during our first meeting, Immortelles had explained that, at funerals the Community rejoiced; at births they wept; at weddings they prayed that the parents would attract only the most beautiful spirits as children.

The Physician was approaching the tent of birth from the opposite direction. He reminded me for all the world of the men who prepared the dead. He was garbed in deep black, and carried with him a long mourning plume, which he affixed to the outside of the tent.

There were four rooms in this tent, and in the larger room, nearest the main entrance, numerous men and women were gathered, all garbed in black and all weeping.

I could not help feeling sad, but also I felt most uncomfortable. Had it not been for the joy of being near Immortelles, I am sure that I would have stolen from that house of mourning, and sought the sunlight of the late afternoon. The

desire within me to be near this beautiful angel was so great, I was patient in suffering the depressing experience.

Songs were sung, and deep-toned string instruments kept accompaniment. The songs were of the most mournful character, and seemed devoid of even one note of hope. There was an ill-boding influence of despair that caused tears to come to my eyes. Immortelles saw my evident sorrow and nodded her approval.

Presently, from one of the inner rooms came the cries of a mother, and the lusty wailing of a new-born child. In the larger room, the singing was hushed, and all bowed their heads in silent supplication.

We knelt in silence—silence which was interrupted by the sounds from the adjoining chamber—for some minutes, and then the babe was brought to us for our inspection. It was a boy—red and restless and protesting his entrance into this world of sorrow.

I was glad when it was all over—so happy to find the outer air again, I had quite forgotten to thank Immortelles—but the guilty thought had no sooner come to me than I heard her voice beside me.

"Fronstrom," she said, reprovingly, "in time you will learn to feel the solemnity of such occasions. Your poor training has been entirely wrong. Think much about that which you have seen so recently."

I turned to thank her, but she was nowhere in sight.

The past few days had brought so many new experiences to me, I was glad to stroll from the precincts of the settlement out onto the open plain, there to view the splendor of the setting sun, and to contemplate the purpose of this strange experience. But the more I thought about all the things I had passed through recently, the more satisfied I became—and it was not an hour before I knew that, whatever might betide, I would be happy to remain as one of the Community, and to do my utmost to become learned and faithful.

On my way back to the village, I met the Patriarch and a small company of followers.

"Were you returning for the evening meal, Fronstrom?" he queried, as though in some concern.

I replied that I was, but I could see that he expected me to render some service, so I added, "But whatever you wish, I shall be glad to do to the best of my ability."

He smiled his approval.

"Then, Fronstrom," he said thoughtfully, "you may as well come with me while we see how the harvest is progressing; the harvest, mind you, about which I told you briefly soon after we had met. We shall not gather the harvest tonight,

nor for many days. But it is well to view it, and to contemplate on it. We have food with us, and in an hour the full moon will light the way. We shall ride on some of the horses that graze yonder. So, come along!"

I was glad of the change—of the prospect of some new adventure—so I walked briskly by the Patriarch's side, as we found our mounts and prepared to ride over a trail that was strange to me; a trail that would lead to a harvest that would assuage the hunger-pangs of a famished people in some far-distant land.

(To be continued.)

There are many serials appearing in this number of "Communication," and if you have not sent in your subscription, you will miss some most interesting and instructive material. Knowledge merits at least this small subscription outlay.

"Communcation," like a new-born flower, will open petal after petal of growing beauty, and surely you will wish your friends to experience the happiness of enjoying this growth. Two dollars for a year's subscription, is a pre-war price that is out of place in post-war times!

The Teachers say that man will prove he is learning how to live when the trees in public parks, are fruit trees, and when mankind makes every effort to make the earth bountiful for all. If we consider that the large idle estates of aristocratic Russia had a great deal to do with Russian revolution today, we would find much material for contemplation in this wholesome suggestion from the Other Side.

A lady, who laughed aloud at her husband's funeral because she saw the spirit of her husband standing near her and smiling at her, was called crazy by the others present. Sanity seems to inhere in doubting God to such an extent that all the light goes out of life when a loved one is called home. Poor humanity! What a gulf of ignorance must be bridged before the goodness and love of God are understood.

"Why," said a lady who had attended a voice seance for the first time, "They laugh! They actually laugh and have jokes. Oh, I should think it ought to be so solemn." Which proves that most mortals confuse life and the grave, and forget that it would be doleful, indeed, to live for eternity in an atmosphere devoid of merriment. If that is their opinion of heaven, what might they think of the alleged hell?

A Little Chat With Little Ones

By Pink Rose

Every little boy and every little girl will make a mistake now and then. Older people make mistakes, too. Sometimes you learn best through the mistakes you make.

You can't always be marked one hundred in all your studies. When you get a low mark, you should say, "I'll get a better mark next month, because I am going to study harder." You must not think that the teacher was unfair to you.

There are times when you forget to do your errands right. There are times when you do not take time to learn how to do your duties just right. Those are mistakes, and when you see that they are mistakes, you must be honest enough to admit that you were wrong. You must remember that grown-up people make mistakes and that there is always something to learn, no matter how old a person may be. Grandparents find something new to learn the same as little boys and girls.

When any person thinks that he or she has learned all there is to know, that is the time that some very hard lesson will have to be learned. Playing smart is sure to make you sorry. When you act smart, you get so proud that you fail to see so many little things that you should notice. No person can act smart and learn at the same time. This means grown-ups just as much as children.

If others make fun of you when they see you make a mistake, don't let that make you feel bad. If they had never made a mistake, maybe it would be different. Still, it is not nice to laugh at anybody who makes a mistake. It is not nice to laugh at any person who gets hurt, or who is crippled or very homely, or who talks poorly. Those poor people can't help being crippled or ugly looking. You can't always help making mistakes, so if you do not like to have others poke fun at you, try to be considerate about their shortcomings.

If you make a mistake once, it may be because you know no better. If you make that same mistake again, it is because you are not learning the way you should.

Mistakes are just lessons. Some things you learn from your books and your teacher. You can not learn all things that way. Some of the most useful things you learn by going through them. And when you do things, you make blunders until you learn better.

Little mistakes and mishaps just will happen, won't they? There are days when everything goes wrong and you are ready to cry and fret. Your mama and papa may say that you got out of bed on the wrong side. Maybe that is just a

way they have of saying that you aren't very lucky that day.

If every day was filled with play and sunshine and happiness, after awhile you would feel cross anyway. Good, old-fashioned rainy days are good now and then. There's some real fun in hearing the rain patter down on the roof and against the window-panes. When the sunshine comes again, it seems to be brighter than it ever was before. If you had no Winter, Spring would not be half so beautiful or welcome. If you made no mistakes and everything always went just right, you never would feel so happy about doing things well.

Mistakes are real helpers if you know how to use them. When you are brave enough to say, "Yes, I made a mistake, but I'll try not to make another like it," that shows that you are learning.

There are two ways that you grow. Your body grows. That is one way. Your mind grows. That is the other way. Your body grows because you eat good food and take your baths and sleep well. Your mind grows because you study, and learn through every mistake you make. You would not care to have a grown-up body and a brain that stayed little.

I have told you some things about mistakes, but I have saved two kinds of mistakes for the last. These are the ugliest of all mistakes. If you do things wrong, not because you wish to, but because you don't know any better, you can learn the right way. Those mistakes help you learn. They help make your mind grow.

Here are two kinds of mistakes that never can help your mind grow. They are terrible mistakes that you never have to make. One is the mistake of anger, and the other is falsehood.

Every time you get angry, you hurt yourself. You think that you are going to hurt somebody else. But, dear me, no; you are the one who suffers. First, people get so they don't like to be near you when you are angry. Perhaps they are polite and try to laugh it all away, but they simply can't love you when you get mad.

Next, you can't think so much of yourself. Dogs and cats will get angry and fight. They do not know any better. Getting angry should belong only to animals, but not to human beings.

Some grown-up people who have very ugly faces, once were sweet boys and girls. They let their tempers get the best of them. Think of a human being who would be a slave to a temper. It never pays you anything but sorrow. It buys no food for you. It sends your friends away from you. In time it gives

you a mean look. That would make it ever so much harder for you to get along in the world. People who employ others, like bright, cheerful faces.

Anger hurts your body as well as your mind. It brings on sickness. It is like poison, and who would take poison if he knew it?

Anger never spites others. It spites the one who gives in to temper.

Just as anger must be conquered, so must lies be overcome.

Do you think that an untruthful person could get a good position? Would a banker employ a man or woman who lies? The biggest thing on earth is to have others trust you. Nobody will or can trust an untruthful person.

If you lie to cover up a mistake, then that mistake has not taught you a lesson, has it? If you lie to cover up a wrong act, then you become a slave to that wrong act.

Every criminal started out by lying. If he had not lied, he would not steal or do other terrible things. You know that is so.

If you think hard, and see how foolish it is, you would never lie, and if you never get into the habit of telling untruths, you will never get into the habit of doing wrong things, because most lies are told to hide something that is wrong.

It is a great deal better to own up and get a scolding or a thrashing than it is to lie. Some time you are going to pay for every wrong thing you do. Some angel friend sees everything you do and knows everything that you think. If you saw that beautiful angel right near you, why then you would feel so ashamed, you could not do a wrong thing.

Suppose you had a beautiful rosebush, and never watered it or took care of it, but trampled over it and abused it. Would you expect that rosebush to grow beautiful roses for you? You wouldn't expect anything of the kind.

If you get angry or tell untruths or fail to learn your lessons through your other mistakes, you can not grow up with beautiful thoughts and have beautiful friends.

You see, my little friends, nobody can live your lives for you. Not even your papas and mamas can do that. Nor can the angels. You have to learn and grow and be happy and successful according to the way you live.

You will not be little always. But you do just a little of your growing up each day. The way you act today will make some difference with you tomorrow. So try to make the best of your mistakes and try to overcome anger and to keep away from falsehood.

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

We invite our readers to write their most interesting psychic experiences and mail them to us. If these are experiences in the seance-room, we should like to have the name and address of the medium. Also we prefer to publish the full name and address of the correspondent. If you wish us to publish only the initials, request us to do so.—The Editor.

BEAUTIFUL DEATH SCENES

(Compiled from an old Scrap Book, by D. A. Reynolds, 66 Cortlandt St., New York City)

"There is no death;
What seems, is but transition."

They had been sweethearts from childhood, and during their fifty years of home-making, their one great desire had been that they might pass out together. He had been ill for several weeks with an incurable malady, and the wife, worn out with anxiety, had succumbed to heart failure two days before, the knowledge of which they had carefully kept from him. He had lain in coma for several hours, when he suddenly revived, and extending a hand to his daughter, who stood by his bed-side, faintly sighed:

"Good-bye, Mary; Mother is waiting."

They were three boys from the Plains who had followed their leader in Cuba, and later gone to the Philippines under Pershing. They had fought side by side, and each knew the valor of the others. Tom had met his fate in a fierce charge three days before, and as the new order to advance was given, a presentiment was felt that it would be their last. George sank a victim to the first volley, while William was seriously wounded. As he sank to the ground, the death palor overspreading his features, he whispered:

"Good bye, Bill; Tom's waiting."

The family had enjoyed the knowledge of demonstrated immortality for many years, partaking of that sweet communion of the spheres that builds character and leads humanity to loftier endeavor. The father lay in what was believed to be the last sleep, surrounded by the family and chosen friends. Suddenly he seemed to revive, a smile suffused the palid features, and turning to his wife, he spoke in measured accents:

"Catherine—they—have—come—for—me. Sing—a—welcome."

In tremulous tones the wife complied:
"Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room;

They wait to waft my spirit home—
All is well! All is well!"

For ten years her greatest pleasure

had been found in placing flowers on her husband's grave, and her children worshipped her for her devotion to their father's memory. But this day the autumn air was chilled, and the twilight gathering fast. They found her by the grave semi-conscious, but apparently happy. As they lay her upon her couch and renewed the glow in the old-fashioned fire-place, she murmured softly:

"I think I had better go."

She lay motionless for a time as if passing, then summoning all her strength, she sat upright, and pointing toward the door, exclaimed:

"Why, there's Father, now; and he has the very flowers I placed upon his grave this morning."

They had been girl friends, separated in later years, each with her own family. They had always written, and incidentally had discussed "this new doctrine of spirit communication," promising to return, one to the other, "if this thing can be possible." Mrs. Reid had sunken into a decline and was rapidly nearing the Portals. Reviving from a coma that had lasted longer than usual, she looked about the room and addressing her daughter, said:

"Why, Mary; why didn't you tell me Susan had come?"

Then sinking into a semi-stupor, she faintly sighed:

"Oh, yes; I remember; you have come for me. I—didn't—know—you—had—gone—first."

They had traveled life's pathway together for more than forty years, while the friends of their youth had, one by one, passed to the Great Beyond. She now lay motionless, the respirations coming more feebly and at greater intervals. The husband sat by her bedside, her hand in his, watching for the spark of life to vanish. Suddenly she revived for a moment, and smiling up to him who had cherished her through all these years, exclaimed:

"Oh, John; I had to come back and tell you. It's so beautiful, and they are all waiting for us. They want you to come, too."

Experience Outside of the Physical Body

Two or more months before the occurrence of the following experience, a lady friend—not a public medium—said to me, "I see February fifteenth. You are in danger and may pass out at that time. Do be careful of yourself."

This passed from my mind for the time.

On February 5th, an artery in my nose burst. For three days—at intervals—there was a profuse flow of blood. I was very weak, but not at all alarmed, though others were. My husband insisted on having a doctor. I objected. I knew nature must run her course. The Doctor said (as I had) that nothing could be done, although he could try. It was an experiment. I asked "How many arteries will you cut off if you do that?"

He replied, "I do not know what might happen."

"Then let nature take her course," I said. He agreed it would be better so.

The evening of the third day, my husband said to me, "You must not try to go up to your room tonight. I will bring in a cot and put you on it until we have a bed downstairs for you."

I said, "No, just help me into a chair until the bed is ready."

He did not agree with the idea, but consented to do as I asked. Distinctly then I heard a "voice" say, "As surely as you get up, you will faint." This was said at three different times while Mr. Mantor was planning for my comfort. I did not tell him what I had heard. He helped me into a rocking chair; then I heard the voice say, "You will pay for your disobedience."

Mr. Mantor had scarcely turned from me when I said, "Maybe you had better put me on the cot."

To me, my voice sounded miles away. Darkness enveloped me and I heard the voice chiding me. Then I was gone in syncope.

The noise of the chair—when my body straightened out in it—attracted my husband. He put me on the floor and had hard work bringing me back.

When I was coming back, I could hear his dear voice calling me to return; also the other voice saying, "I told you that you would faint—you should obey."

I had never fainted before—I thought I was immune. Had help not been at hand, my friend's prevision would have been verified.

The forenoon of the fourth day—lying on the lounge, wide awake—suddenly I found myself standing between the lounge and the wall. The lounge, being close to the wall, in no way interfered with my natural form of body. Looking down on my physical-body, I made the remark, "That was mine, but it is all right." Then I called to Mr. Mantor and asked, "Eleven o'clock, is it?" He had not heard me.

Seemingly instantly I was again in my physical body—conscious I had been out of it and had inquired about the time of day. I then called to my husband and asked, "What time is it?"

He replied, "The clock has just struck eleven!"

This—to me—was proof that I had counted time while I was out of the physical-body. I also noticed the difference in the wording when I first asked the question, compared with the second asking.

In "Jucklins," Opie Read says: "Sometimes the soul is impatient of the body's dogged hold on life and steals away to view its future domain, to draw in advance upon its coming freedom. Now lingering, now swift as a hawk—and then it comes back and we say we have been absent-minded." This experience of mine has no element of absent-mindedness about it. It is realization—of facts.

(Signed) Olive Shelden Mantor,
Arkansas City, Kan.

Clairvoyant Messages

In the year 1913, as I sat at my desk writing a letter, my hand began to write independent of my will. The message that was written informed me of my father, who lived in a small town in Missouri, stating that he was ill and would like to see me.

I asked my sister, Mrs. L. C. May, now a resident of St. Louis, to accompany me. Shortly after this my hands began to move through some outside force, and I was able to decipher the messages that I received.

On our way to Missouri, we changed cars at Quincy, Ill., where we had a considerable wait. While in the waiting-room, I began to see large letters that came first as "Yes" and "No." These letters appeared in the squares of tile. I noticed that my sister was also watching the floor, but she never said anything. I decided to walk outside, and the letters also appeared on the bricks of the station.

Finally we boarded our train, and it was not long before the letters began forming in the plush of the seat ahead of us. Feeling that I was in a bad way, I decided to speak to my sister about it. Then she informed me that she had also seen the writing in the station and could see it on the seat ahead of us.

Reaching our destination, we went to a hotel, and while resting on the bed, I distinctly heard the question, "Would you at any time or place be afraid to have your spirit leave your body for one moment, and return so as to prove that the spirit lives forever?" I replied that I would not be afraid.

During a brief interval, I am sure that my spirit was out of my body, because my sister thought that I was dying.

Before leaving for our father's home, I received the message that he was now

well and working. We found this to be the case. While dining at his home, the writing again began to appear, and for three days my sister and I could see the writing in various places.

This happened about seven years ago, and neither one of us has ever seen this particular manifestation since. But I do receive messages by closing my eyes. If there is any message for me, I will see a piece of paper, and a hand holding a pencil and writing. I read the message as it is being written. In this manner I received a message that read, "I shall come soon for another member of your family." A few weeks later, my father passed into spirit.—(Signed) Mrs. Lucy Matsch, 610 43rd St., Rock Island, Ill.

A Ouija Board Prophecy

My daughter and I sat for a message on the ouija, and we received word from several loved ones on the other side. Then suddenly a message came through warning us to beware because Alice, my youngest daughter, was going to die. I asked how she was going to die, and the reply was, "By fire."

I then answered and said that the message would not frighten me, and I refused to be afraid. Before the spirit left, I tried to apologize but my apology was not accepted. By this time I was pretty well frightened for the safety of my child. Every member of my family was called into the room, and they were told the same information. I then asked my friends on the other side if they would be sure to be with Alice and protect her. They said they would.

About three weeks later, I had started off to work, and by the time I had reached the boat to take me across the river where I was employed, I could go no further. I wished to return home, and so I sent word by one of the men that I was not feeling well and would not be to work that day. When I reached home, my wife, who was ill in bed, asked me why I had come back. I told her I did not know, but I had a strange feeling.

Alice was preparing to light the fire in order to get her breakfast before going to school. We had a coal fire in the stove the night before, and that morning it seemed to be out. Alice had just put some wood on it, when suddenly there was an explosion and a burst of flame. I made a leap to her side. She had been thrown nearly across the room. Her hair and the upper part of her dress were on fire. She was a living torch. I succeeded in extinguishing the flames with my bare hands, and strangely enough was not burned, and Alice received no scar at all. It seems she had put oil on the wood, but had not put a match to it when the explosion occurred.

Now this certainly is something other than coincidence. It shows that those who have crossed before can and do help

us if we only ask them and put our faith in them.

Another time my second eldest daughter was singing and laughing and having a great time, when suddenly she fell to the floor. She was picked up and put to bed. A couple of hours later, while several of us were sitting in her room, talking, right in the center of the room we heard a gong strike very clearly. Every one present heard the same thing. An experience of this kind convinced me that we have many unseen helpers near us, and that they can give evidence of their presence when we put ourselves in the right attitude.—(Signed) Alexander F., N. Y. City.

Kept His Secret For 50 Years

As a child I was considered very peculiar, and I think I have been misunderstood most of my life. When I was nine years of age, while playing out in a field, I heard a very sweet voice seemingly coming out of a stump. I was frightened. I have heard that same voice at least a hundred times since. For over twenty years I was afraid of it. For fifty years and four months, I kept my secret, taking nobody into my confidence. I know that I have received much wonderful help from this same source.—(Signed) William B. A., Alliance, Ohio.

An Experience in Healing

All of the psychic experiences do not pertain to voices and visions. There are thousands of persons who have experienced healing help from spirit.

We present herewith a letter touching on this healing power of spirit:

"In November, 1916, I was so ill that physicians advised me to go to the hospital. While there the case was diagnosed as tuberculosis. The doctors told me that I would not live for two weeks.

"Despairing, I got in touch with the Stead Center in Chicago, and through the advice of physicians in spirit, I was soon cured. I weighed 165 pounds when I was taken ill, and in the hospital I was down to 98 pounds. I now weigh 176 pounds. The doctors did not know me when they met me. I had to introduce myself to them.

"I know that this remarkable return to health was due to nothing other than the help of those in spirit."—(Signed) Carl Schultz, 3338 N. Robey St., Chicago, Ill.

Same Loved Ones Greeted Her

"My husband and I first received proof of this truth in 1891, when we were living in Bellaire, Mich., up in the pine woods. We had the voices through the trumpet, and also materializations in the light.

"In 1909, we came to Chicago and attended seances at the home of Mrs. Cecil M. Cook, and the same friends came through to greet us."—(Signed) Mrs. Henry Pettit, Chicago, Ill.

EDUCATIONAL

SEARCHING FOR YOUR OPEN DOOR

This is the second installment of an instructive series dealing with different psychic gifts, the signs by which they may be recognized and the things to do in the unfoldment of these gifts. The first article dealt with clairvoyance. This second article is a continuation of the subject treated in the first.—The Editor.

II. Crystal Clairvoyance

One of the oldest forms of psychic power is clairvoyance, and one of the best known divisions of clairvoyance for many years has been known as crystal-gazing. The crystal that has been employed has been a clear glass sphere. Some of these crystals are small and others are large. Some are two or three inches in diameter and others six inches or more in diameter.

The purpose of the crystal, however, is to establish a screen upon which may be projected psychic pictures. The term "clairvoyance" means clear-seeing, and any form of clairvoyance, therefore, deals with the sense of sight. This psychic sight is something that belongs to the spirit. When the spirit has left the body, the material eyes can not see. They can not be adjusted to distances or different rays of light. The human eye is simply an organ of sight. But sight, like the sense of being, is something that belongs to the spirit—to the durable part of man.

In the development of clairvoyance, many psychics must have this screen upon which are to be projected the pictures, and these pictures may be literal, symbolical or prophetic. This psychic vision is aided by the quality of depth in the crystal. It is rather the suggestion of depth than the actual presence of the glass sphere that produces results.

The Stead Center soon will present a form of crystal entirely different from anything that has been used, and this crystal will produce a condition that will insure greater depth of the clairvoyant vision than any ordinary glass sphere could ever bring about.

The psychic vision that is focused on or in the crystal, may seem to appear inside the crystal, or near the back of it, or in front of it, or even beyond it. The crystal may be likened to a lens that gives clairvoyant sight a definite focus. The crystal sometimes is only a step in development, but often it becomes the accepted method of clairvoyance, and the clairvoyant person may always be dependent upon the crystal, or may prefer it.

Many Forms of Crystals

Some clairvoyants can look into a drinking glass or a cup, either containing water or empty. Others can look into a flower. Some get their visions by gazing into a mirror or any other polished surface. In fact, there are so many different methods of focusing the clairvoyant picture that it would be almost impossible to give even a fair classification of these methods.

As a psychic develops, there usually comes a point in that development when that person will be impressed to try a certain thing, and the method suggested by this impression may be different from the method employed by other psychics. When you read in this month's installment of the story of Farmer Riley, how his eldest daughter was impressed with the idea of getting slate-writing, you will realize how these impressions may point out a form of psychic unfoldment which should be followed by the individual.

Whatever the form of crystal, it is placed at a distance in front of the sitter. This distance may be just a few inches and it may be a foot or more. Usually the crystal is placed on a table that has some dark background, such as black cloth draped over a background of some books or other small articles. The crystal has both reflection and refraction. Some experimenting is required in order to get the proper light effect. The crystal should never be glaring. The light should strike it in a manner that will bring out the suggestion of depth, and the crystal should be placed so that it does not reflect other objects. It should not reflect the image of the sitter.

The psychic may get the best results by looking down at the crystal. Others find it better to have the crystal almost on a level with the eyes. The psychic should be seated in a comfortable position and should avoid any position or effort that will produce an eye-strain. In other words, the psychic picture must not be simply the product of tired eyes or it will not be a vision at all. Any effort to force any form of development, to urge it or command it or coax it, is wrong. The individual who seeks to develop clairvoyance or any other psychic gift, must be punctual in his or her sittings, must never sit too long or too often, and must be patient. Once or twice a week should be sufficient for these sittings, and they should not occupy to exceed thirty minutes at a time.

The First Manifestations

While there are exceptions to all rules, it is the ordinary experience of clairvoy-

ants that their first manifestations come through the appearance of lights and shadows in the crystal or near the crystal. You must never forget that these images may not always be in the crystal itself. The first appearance of these lights and shadows may simply resemble a lighting up or a clouding of the crystal. Often there are lights and shadows that seem to float through or around the crystal much like clouds. These may come and go. These cloud effects are the same in the unfoldment of clairvoyance as the first little tender shoot is an indication that a seed has germinated and the plant is beginning to grow. There has to be much development before that plant has reached maturity, and there must be corresponding patient development before actual pictures have followed the first appearance of lights and shadows.

There is a second step, although sometimes the second one may come first and the first one, which we have described, may not appear at all. This second form of crystal manifestation is the appearance of colors in the crystal.

The Interpretation of Colors

These colors have different meanings. They may come like colored clouds, or they may seem to permeate the crystal, or they may be sharp points of light or emanating from the crystal, and these lights have different tints. They may reflect the physical or mental attitude of the sitter or of some person who is in harmony or "en rapport" with the sitter. As these colors develop and become more pronounced, they may form the basis of the interpretation of messages. These messages would really be fundamental, dealing with basic conditions rather than with details.

Following is an interpretation of different colors:

Azure—This typifies a happy, bright state of mind; good conditions.

Black—Emblem of mourning, receiving news or coming in contact with not simply death, but some sorrow or some trouble.

Blue—"All is well," conditions are good; they are spiritual and not carnal.

Brown—One of the earth colors—dull, uncertain, unsettled.

Cloudy or Mixed Colors—Disturbances, and particularly mental disturbances produced by some quarrel that has gone or is coming.

Gold—An excellent color generally and usually associated with success; not only monetary success, but any kind of achievement.

Green—A condition of loyalty; a good natural color.

Lavender—Significant of spirituality, and especially of assistance from the spirit-side.

Orange—Typifying realization, some culmination.

Phosphorescence—Symbolizing coming brightness, clearing up of wrong conditions.

Pink—A color associated with love and friendship.

Purple—A heavenly, spiritual color.

Rainbow—A harbinger of peace, happiness and greater success.

Red—A symbol of passion, temper, trouble, dissension.

Violet—A color of innocence.

White—A great deal like phosphorescence.

Yellow—A harbinger of better things.

These colors, in the beginning, may simply reflect conditions associated with the person who is developing. Later, when that person sits for some friend or a stranger, these colors usually pertain to that other person.

In communications received from the spirit-side, information often is like this: "We see conditions very cloudy," or, "Everything looks bright—there is a good color."

The Source of These Colors

Every person has two forms of emanations of light. These sometimes are referred to as the "aura." There is another meaning to aura, however, that does not pertain to these light emanations. One source of these lights is the physical and the other is the spiritual. There may be very bad conditions affecting the material, such as sickness and trouble, and the material would give out its aura or light accordingly. Thoughts of passion or anger would produce a red glow that a psychic person could discern. These psychics very often see these lights around the head of a person. Sometimes the light seems to emanate from most of the body. A psychic who is highly developed may see not only this material light, but also the spiritual light. The spiritual part of a person may reflect the conditions that are to come, and the material light may signify the prevailing earth conditions. The crystal clairvoyant sees a reflection of these colors in the crystal.

Except in rare cases, these visions in the crystal are not seen by any other person, and indicate, therefore, that the psychic gift will produce a reflection that belongs to the power of that person's own spirit.

There is another point to bear in mind: Wherever any kind of psychic manifestation occurs, forces are built up. There is a chemical change in the body of the psychic. Some chemist on the spirit-side is using these forces to produce the manifestations. This is just as true where no other person sees or senses those manifestations as it is in the voices or in

materializations. The psychic, therefore, develops only as rapidly as his or her psychic chemistry is changed.

The Appearance of Visions

After the lights and shadows and the colors have made their appearance, which typify different stages in the development of the clairvoyant, the vision begins to include pictures appearing in, or in front of, or near the crystal. These visions may be symbols, and the symbols may seem to be nothing but pictures, or they may be animated. The visions may be scenes, and these may be like pictures or they may be animated. These scenes may be the reproduction of something that has occurred, or is happening, or is going to happen—or they may be simply symbolical.

As time passes, the clairvoyant learns, through observation and through impressions received from the spirit-side, just how to interpret that which is seen in the crystal. The symbols are of many varieties. When you consider that every coat-of-arms or trade-mark is a symbol that has certain definite significance, and that this picturization of ideas is one of the oldest forms of language, you will appreciate why many crystal clairvoyants may receive their messages symbolically.

Where a clairvoyant receives symbolical visions, that person soon learns that these symbols are of a certain class. One person may have one type of symbols, and another person another type. The meaning of one class of symbols may be different from the meaning of similar symbols in the vision of another psychic. Consequently, there is no instruction that can take these symbols and classify them intelligently. That would be like saying that a certain specimen of handwriting would represent precisely the standard of excellence of every individual who practised writing according to a certain system. Just as handwriting differs, just as different musicians have a different touch and different singers have different voice qualities and ranges, so do different clairvoyants have different symbols and interpretations. Those are things that come as a growth, and their nature is decided by the characteristics of the individual that no person can analyze properly.

These symbols may be of a nature that we would call trade-marks. One person has a serpent twined around a staff, and he knows the meaning of that symbol. Another person would see an eagle with outstretched wings, ready to fly, and to him that would mean something definite. Another person would see circles, triangles and other geometrical figures. Another would see clasped hands, and so on indefinitely. A psychic may have a great many of these symbols, and new ones may appear that will require considerable study to decipher.

Viewing Psychic Scenes

Beyond these symbolical visions, there may be the actual viewing of scenes in which men, women, animals and other moving things are like actors on a stage. These figures may be very small, but the details may be perfect. They may walk or ride into the focal atmosphere of the crystal and again vanish out of it, or they may start as misty substances that begin to take form much as a picture would be focused on a screen. They may appear suddenly and disappear suddenly, or they may come and go gradually, or come gradually and go quickly, or come quickly and go gradually.

Sometimes these scenes may suggest to the clairvoyant that he is looking through a window and seeing everything in its natural size. Again articles may appear in the crystal for the purposes of identification. For example, the psychic might see a cameo, or a wedding ring with the initials visible, or a purse, or any other article. These may be purely means of identification. The psychic may see initials or names that may appear written, or as solid letters. Again the psychic may not actually see a vision; and, in fact, may discern very little change in the appearance of the crystal, but still be able to get the proper impressions and thereby deliver a message.

There are no two crystal-clairvoyants who get things precisely the same. In some instances they may get the same visions, but each will have his or her own peculiar interpretations.

Psychic sight, through the use of the crystal, may develop quickly. It may take months or years: Usually, if a person is to develop the gift of clairvoyance in a few weeks, the crystal soon will give indications of that gift. These indications may be the appearance of lights and shadows and colors, and with patient development there will follow symbols and scenes.

If, after sitting twice a week for several weeks, no indication comes, it is likely that the person is not psychic in that particular direction. Regularity is very important in sitting for this form of development, or any other kind of psychic unfoldment. It makes no difference whether the sitting occurs during the day or the evening, but a regular appointed time should be set and observed.

For example, let us say, you know that each Tuesday evening and each Friday evening, you are at liberty to do as you wish. You may start your sitting promptly at nine o'clock on each of these evenings, and sit for thirty minutes. Do not try to gaze into your crystal every day or at different times during the day. You know that if you call a physician, and he leaves a prescription, you are not to take that medicine whenever you think you may as well take it, but you find that the directions specify a certain quantity

at certain intervals. In baking a cake, you do certain things in a certain way in order to produce the right results. Surely you must be just as methodical in developing any psychic gift as you would be in taking medicine or baking a cake or doing anything else.

Be regular—and do not regard your sitting as a harsh duty.

Never prolong a sitting after you begin to feel nervous. And remember that drowsiness may be caused by an effort on the part of your chemist to bring about chemical changes in your physical body. This drowsiness may clear up, and likely will, after a few sittings.

It is better to sit alone, to be alone in a room, to be comfortable and to have everything as quiet as possible.

The use of the crystal may produce a clairvoyant vision independent of the crystal. It may bring about results that would mean the discarding of the crystal after a time. Also it might produce clairaudience or bring manifestations of some other type of psychic gift. You can learn your likelihood of development by trying regularly and faithfully and with your heart in what you do. Let the results point out the further procedure. As an individual, you will get things that pertain to your own characteristics—your own nature. And your clairvoyance will be yours. It may be similar to that of others, but still it will be your own type of clairvoyance.

(Next Installment: Clairaudience.)

TRUMPET DEVELOPMENT REVEALED

This is the second of a series of instructive articles on the trumpet and its uses. The first article considered certain fundamental principles of the trumpet which acts as a battery, or an accumulator, for the "forces" the nature of which is akin to electricity. The series comprises a course of instruction in trumpet development and in the use of the trumpet in forms of psychic unfoldment other than the direct voice.—The Editor.

II Independent Trumpet Movements

One person may sit for trumpet development, or a number of persons may sit, and the rules to be observed may be enumerated as follows:

One room should be set aside as the development room; that is, in a house or an apartment, the sittings should occur in just one room. It is not necessary to use that room exclusively for this purpose. It is a fact that a room, like a trumpet, will become accustomed to the vibrations peculiar to manifestations.

Whether one person sits alone, or there are several, there should be punctuality and regularity. It is far better to set aside one evening a week and observe that evening, and sit at the same time on that evening, than to attempt to sit several evenings a week and be obliged to postpone many of those sittings.

Manifestations come more quickly in the dark than in the light, for the reason that most mortals are too positive in the light. The sitting should be as free as possible from disturbances of any kind, and not too prolonged.

Where there are several persons sitting for development, they should form a circle having a diameter of six or seven feet. When two persons sit, they should face one another at a distance apart of three or four feet. Three persons should form a triangle, facing the center.

It is always best to have the trumpet in the center of the circle; or, where one is sitting alone, have the trumpet standing on the floor about eighteen inches or two feet in front of the sitter. Where a number of persons are sitting for development, perhaps some little experimenting will be required in order to find the proper positions. This does not mean that there should be an equal number of men and women, that they should be equally divided. In some seances most of the men sit together and the women sit together. There is no rule. One medium advocates one method, and another has another method.

Many persons sitting for development make the mistake of thinking that every idea that comes into their minds is an impression or an inspiration from spirit. This only tends to make the sitters agitated, nervous, fussy. When this habit of claiming impressions starts, there is usually competition, and the sitters are thinking more about their alleged impressions than they are about securing the manifestations. By far the safest plan is to sit and "see what happens." The mind should be open and the body at ease.

Where there are two or more persons, it is perfectly all right to hold conversation and the talk should be largely along the line of spiritual things. There should be lapses of silence every few minutes. The periods should not be over ten minutes at the longest. Singing is always helpful at intervals. The singing may be of popular songs or sacred songs. It is not so much the nature of the song, but the lightness of vibration caused by singing, that counts.

Some mediums prefer to have a pan of water near the trumpet. The pan should be large enough for the trumpet to be dipped in conveniently. Other mediums moisten the trumpets before taking them into the seance-room. Water is a good conductor of electricity, and there is something about the forces akin to electricity.

Expectancy, anxiety or any state of demand should be avoided. There should be no disturbing influences in the room, such as a ticking clock, and the members of the circle should avoid nervous movements, the eating of candy, the chewing

of gum, or anything else that may be disturbing.

Unless every member of the circle is in sympathy with the work and is sincere, there is no need of the sittings. A moderate amount of levity is not objectionable. It should never take the form—in thought or word—of referring to the spirit-world lightly or in ridicule or contempt. All of these things are just like short-circuits which will shut off the forces. We know that growing orchids in the temperate zone requires great patience and ministering care. But the nature of the forces in spirit manifestations is so extremely fine in comparison, the growing of orchids, at its best, is nothing but neglect.

Where one person is sitting alone, the sitting should not be extended over thirty minutes, because that person can not very well sing or hold a conversation and naturally would meditate upon the thoughts of communication, spirit existence and similar spiritual subjects.

Where several persons sit for development, the manifestations may come as a sort of composite mediumship depending upon two or more persons. Perhaps just one person develops as a medium. Two or more persons may develop, and some may begin to develop other forms of mediumship, such as clairvoyance or clairaudience. These developing classes really are keys that unlock different mediumistic gifts. Those persons, when they find that they are developing other forms of mediumship, may sit alone some other evening in the week, and they may find that the developing class is helping them in the unfoldment of their own gifts.

Where one person proves to be the medium, the others should find happiness in the fact that they have contributed to that development. Envy and jealousy simply retard the unfoldment. Perhaps the person who is developing as a medium will become controlled. It may take many weeks before there has been sufficient development of this control mediumship to get messages.

It should always be understood that there is absolutely no guarantee that sitting for trumpet development will bring the direct voices. The definition of a direct voice is a spirit voice that is heard by others, that is spoken either through a trumpet or independently; not through the body of the medium. Where the voice comes through the vocal chords of the medium, that is control mediumship; or trance mediumship, as it is known ordinarily.

When the Trumpet Moves

Usually a considerable time before any of the voices are heard, there will be an independent movement of the trumpet. But when the trumpet moves, this is not a guarantee that there will be voices. The trumpet may be an auxiliary, as we

explained in the first article. Its movement may mean some other form of mediumistic unfoldment.

One of the most certain ways to put a stop to any development is for some member of the circle to try to deceive the others. This is regarded by the spirit-world as an open insult or as such gross ignorance as to remove even the possibility of manifestations. Sometimes Spiritualists of long experience will "act smart" and pick up the trumpet and move it. Unless there is absolute honesty and sincerity on the part of the sitters, it is unreasonable to expect results.

It might be weeks or months, even where direct-voice mediumship is being developed, before there is even the slightest movement of the trumpet. Again this might occur the first evening or the second or third time the circle meets. Sometimes the first manifestations are tappings on or in the trumpet. Again, the trumpet may move. Sometimes it will touch different sitters. There are times when the trumpet will pass through the air, and there are other times when the manifestations may seem alarming. There have been cases where the trumpet has beat back and forth across the room at a terrific speed, practically demolishing the trumpet in a few minutes. The cause of this is not an evil spirit. It is not a sign that there is some vindictive force in operation. When the forces begin to build up, those on the other side can not always control them. These forces are a great deal like the electricity that is distributed indiscriminately when a trolley wire breaks. This live-wire will strike the pavement and the rails and lash around unmercifully. Where such manifestations occur, meaning where the trumpet beats around with great force, very often the first few strains of a song will bring the forces under control. Also, perhaps a few notes played on some stringed instrument, such as a violin or a mandolin, will calm these forces. Their nature is vibratory and they can be governed by harmonious vibrations.

The receipt of the voices may follow the first movements of the trumpet very shortly. But usually these independent trumpet movements occur many times before any voice is received.

Any person who has sat in a circle for development where no developed medium is present, knows that many trumpets are demolished. There would be less trumpet demolition if the sitters observed the rules for this phase of mediumship and introduced some singing or instrumental music when the violent manifestations appeared.

Every member of a development class should be glad to become a student. Misunderstanding and fear can never produce good results. There is a reason for everything and that reason is not always apparent at the outset. It is not always

in evidence when the first guess is made. Many persons have condemned manifestations as the work of evil ones, when they would have done better and made more progress if they had observed the law of vibration, which is the law of harmony. One must contribute to harmonious results if the results are to be harmonious.

The Suspended Trumpet

In many developing classes, one or more trumpets are suspended in the following manner: A hook is placed in the ceiling and the trumpet is suspended from this hook or from light-fixtures. The trumpets may be suspended by means of ribbons or tape. This tape should be tied around the mid-portion of the trumpet much as one would do up a package; that is, a package to be carried by a handle consisting of a piece of wood through which a wire runs, the ends of which are bent down and looped over. In other words, to pass the tape just once around the trumpet would easily put it out of balance. By tying two strips of tape around the mid-portion of the trumpet, about three or four inches apart, and passing another piece of tape between them, it is then an easy matter to suspend it from the ceiling by passing the suspension cord through this handle, so that the trumpet will swing freely, but will not tip except when some outside force is applied to it. In this manner, a number of trumpets may be suspended one under another, the first within a few inches from the ceiling and the last one about three or four feet above the floor.

Among the members of a developing class there may be some who wish to have their own trumpets, and who may want to use them when the class meets; the initials of each may be marked or scratched on the trumpet for means of identification.

We do not advocate the use of trumpets with illuminated bands. The basic idea of these bands is to keep track of the movement of the trumpet. Back of this curiosity is a secret notion to provide against deception. Any such idea must be harmful to the forces.

Where trumpets are suspended, it is possible that the voices may be received before any appreciable movement of the trumpet is discerned. But even with the trumpet, or trumpets, suspended, it is to be expected that there will be tappings on the trumpet, and the movement of the trumpet, long before there is any voice.

This idea of suspending a trumpet may also be followed by a person who sits alone.

Darkness and Mortals

The question is often raised by those who criticize Spiritualism, and who wish to prove by raising this question that the manifestations are caused by something evil: "Why must the spirits have darkness in order to manifest?"

The spirit-world does not require darkness. Many persons who have become familiar with the conditions of the direct-voice seance, can get the voices in the light—not simply in a dim light, but out in the sunlight. There are mediums who develop their trumpet manifestations in the light, and usually the small end of the trumpet is held to the ear of the person who is sitting, and the medium is within a few feet of the sitter. The voices come through perhaps not as clearly as they do in the dark, but with considerable strength.

Some of the critics of Spiritualism may assert that these voices are only the result of ventriloquism on the part of the medium. But many tests have been made with the medium twenty or thirty feet away and with the trumpet pointed in the opposite direction. The voices came through the trumpet and not from the direction of the medium. Others present could hear those voices coming from the trumpet. Does ventriloquism possess this power of projection?

It is not the spirit-world that requires this darkness. The fault lies with mortals. In the light, most human beings are in a positive state—they are tense. Unless part of the forces are taken from all of the sitters in the room, the seance is not a success. If a person is in a positive, aggressive state of mind, that person has shut off his forces.

Mortals should go to the spirit-world as supplicants. The spirit-world is doing us a favor in bringing communications. Once we assume that we are favoring the spirit-world, we have taken the wrong attitude.

The voices, like any other form of manifestations from the spirit-side, are produced only because forces have been built up. As these forces, or ionic particles, proceed from the bodies of the sitters, their vibration is raised. As the light particles or forces proceed from the ethereal bodies of those in spirit, their vibration is lowered. Thus a bridge is formed, so that when those in spirit enter the zone of these forces and talk, their voices are heard.

If all persons sitting for development were patient and humble and regarded the rules for the upbuilding of these forces, they would secure results more quickly. Body and mind must be passive. This does not mean a state of servility—of submission. It means quietude, tranquillity, and nothing else. There must be no impatience, no demand, no ridicule and no skepticism. There must simply be an open-mindedness and a willingness to be patient until some manifestations are received.

If persons who sit with a trumpet for development, make up their minds that they will be satisfied with no other manifestations except the voices, they are shutting off the very conditions that are necessary for their psychic growth. In

going to the spirit-world for any kind of communication, it is necessary to go with a feeling that you will be glad to receive any form of manifestation.

We find persons who decide that they are going to be artists, but who have very little artistic talent. We find others without natural voices who are taking singing lessons. We find many who are very clumsy and who have no conception of rhythm, trying to dance. We can not decide that we are going to be this, that or the other. We can use the talents we have as gifts which have come from God, but we can not go beyond those gifts. The person who can not sing, may learn a great deal about singing; but if that individual has the conceit that he is a great vocalist, then he will never admit—to himself at least—that some great singer really has wonderful talent. He blinds himself to the gifts of others. The individual who is certain that he or she is going to be a great medium, becomes an unjust critic of those who are mediums and is likely to assume a dictatorial attitude toward the spirit-world. Except as one comes as a seeker, glad to accept whatever is given, there is small likelihood of developing any form of mediumship.

Whenever one person, or a number of friends get together, for the purpose of sitting for development, it should always be with the frank and unqualified understanding that while the trumpet is being used, that is not a guarantee that the manifestations will be voices. It should be borne in mind that the trumpet may assist in some other direction.

It is an excellent idea for the members of a developing class to discuss the results of their sittings, not in a hysterical manner of chattering, but in an orderly way. By studying the results that have been secured, and by listening to the experiences related by different members of the class, where those experiences pertain to the sitting or seance, it is possible to arrive—in time—at reasonable conclusions. Often there is a great gulf separating the first independent movements of the trumpet and the receipt of the voices. The trumpet may begin to show manifestations which, to the trained mind, would indicate some form of communication other than the voices. Unless the members of the circle understand the meaning of these manifestations, they may blunder along and fail to secure some very remarkable type of communications. Therefore, while using the trumpet in sitting for development, it should always be kept in mind that a trumpet is a great deal like a compass; it may not bring the voices, but it may point in the direction of some other important form of manifestation.

(Next Installment: The Trumpet as an Indicator.)

What Is Time and What Is Greatness?

A SEANCE-ROOM DISCUSSION

You talk of time and you talk of greatness, you mortals, but to you both time and greatness are figures of speech. You speak of fame and you speak of glory, but you know neither fame nor glory.

You say that the great dead are too lofty in their onward progress, to pause and use the instrumentality of a medium—and that the falsity of Spiritualism inheres in a maudlin impersonation by vagrant spirits of the great of the earth.

But what is your earth, poor mortal, but a melting pot into which come hurtling the dross and the metal, the ore and the flux? For every ounce of the pure metal of Godliness, there must be tons of the heavy ore of inexperience.

Yours is a melting pot, and times be when your fires burn dull, and the gray ash chokes the flame of achievement—and in the melting process, the great among you are less, oftentimes, in God's unerring vision, than the innocent babes that croon at the passing sunbeams, and find uncounted faith in their mothers' love.

What, pray, is greatness, but a fleeting fame that is akin to notoriety? And who, I ask you, are your great?

You find deep pride in the elevation of your monarchs, your rulers, and your commercial princes, in your artists and your other geniuses—but be these the great, I ask?

The eyes of man are filmed with much low satisfaction, but the eyes of God are bright and penetrating, and He looks into hearts, whereas you gaze into purses and into the emptiness of earthly position.

You say that you have great among you, and in all verity you have, but they are not the great you know. They are the patient souls, with simple faith in God, who do their best and do it honestly, and die with not one crust as a heritage to those who gather their poor bones.

But in the high places of heaven, there will you find the lowly of beautiful hearts and purposes, occupying the mansions, while the great—in their arrogance and pomp—would be glad to serve the newly great in the land that is governed by Law.

What were the greatest of your great but servants, and how many were true to their trust? How many refused to bend to personal aggrandizement, in order that the public weal might be served better? Think you well, for this is a thought that must come close to you—and concern your own destiny.

What have you done to be great—not in the records of the earth world, but in the vision of your Maker? You laugh, you find new glee in the statement that some character of earth history has manifested and sent a message to the world. But why should you laugh? What was their greatness? For a few years, briefer to us than the flickering of a candle's light, they basked in the sunshine of a mythical popularity. Think you that made them great in the sight of God? Of such material, greatness was never constructed.

Each in his own way and his own time did his part of the work; 'tis true. And it is true, also, that each in his time blundered grievously. Did he leave his earthly abode with thoughts of his own magnitude, those thoughts soon were dissipated in the light of his subsequent knowledge.

Here you see a king upon his throne, and his raiment is costly and his jewels many. Gold adorns his throne and his garments. And the world bows down to him, because he occupies a position that man has made for him. But call you him great? Did not God create the gold, the jewels, the materials that form his habiliments of greatness? Think you well. Did not God create his kingly soul and put it in a body of passing clay?

What has this monarch done to be accredited with greatness? What is his fame but a reaction of an earthly habit to worship that which can be sensed by the physical organs?

In yon cottage is a widow, upon whose cheeks many times have nested the bitter tears of anguish and age-old despair. For years she has struggled to care for the wee babes that a stricken father was obliged to entrust to her care. She toils and she prays, and the bright light of Godly goodness never leaves her heart, and she rears for the world of men, children who have precepts of purity and honesty bred in them.

Unheralded is she, and unsung, so far as earthly acclaim is concerned, but think you that God has overlooked her true heroism? What treasures has she stored up for herself compared with the passing tinsel of the idle king?

You say some past emperor has communicated through your seance-room? What of it? Who knows what penitence has brought him to his knees and made him anxious to talk to the lowliest of mortals? Would that you could hear the sweet voice of that patient mother, who accepted without complaint

the severe trust that God placed upon her.

Think you that you have communed with the great because some former statesman has come to confide with you, or some mighty merchant prince has deigned to be your guide?

There is only one greatness in the immeasurable standard of your God, and that is the greatness of a heart grown humble and a mind made pure. Before such goodness, all pomp and majesty and position must fade, for like the materials upon which they depended to display their position, their greatness was as meaningless as the north wind, and as empty as the cast up shells on the lonely beach.

You prattle much about the inconsistency of hearing from the great when you commune with the spirits—but have you once heard from the greatest of all? Has your own patient, loving mother come to you from the brighter side of the bourne? Then you have had converse with one greater by far than the leader of armies and the worker in empires.

Has some little child come to bless you from the spirit side of life, and lisped its "God bless you" as it departed? Then you have talked to one greater by far in the eyes of your God than the greatest monarch who ever sat upon his tottering throne.

And time? Suppose they who were accounted great in your mud world, have been gone these centuries? To you each weary hour is as the dragging out of the scheme of eternity. To us, in our happier state, we measure time not at all, but count everything by duty well done. The task becomes the paramount thing, but the hour, the day, the year are as meaningless numbers. To you a year is a century-old, but to us time matters only as it brings progress.

There are those in this better world who look back upon the fall of Babylon as a circumstance of yesterday. To them the cycles are but days. They think in terms of thousands of years, as you would recall the happenings of the year lately sped by. What should time be to those who live in an atmosphere of unending time? Why should they count the years, when there will be no termination?

You say that it is unreasonable to think that one gone so long would come and talk to man, that one gone so long would no longer be near the earth?

Poor children of the world of darkness! Poor little wanderers! When planets have disintegrated and their substance flown back to the inter-stellar dust, it will not be morn, high-noon or night in the plan of things—but only what it has been always, and must be always—an unending now that moves only because we think it moves, but never

reaches its journey's end.

Think back to childhood. How long it seems. In spirit, think back thousands of years, and it seems like the hour that has just escaped you.

When you tap the channel that leads to this brighter side, you deal then in our terms and our standards. You pass from your own to ours, and you must learn that we come with that which we possess—with the knowledge we have, and the measurements that we know. You come to us—and when you do that, the law of our world dictates, and the misconceptions of yours must have no place.

Time and greatness are thoughts that awe you, but your greatest great do not concern us with more than a passing glance. We have seen them come over—and, oh, how helpless they have been; how bewildered! How lowly!

I have seen a monarch who ruled absolutely over seventy millions of his fellowmen, shrink in his littleness from the brightness of one who was a newsboy in your world. The king had asked everything and given nothing in return, but the boy had given his earth life that a comrade might live.

How can God make comparison between the two? One had filled his heart with gold and idleness and baubles, with selfishness and with deceit; but the other filled his heart with the love of his fellows. And the one whose heart was filled with the things of material gain—filled to the brim and overflowing, could take none to this side, and so he came with a heart that was empty. But the other brought that which was of the spirit, and was blessed beyond measure.

Ofttimes the great of former years come to you and talk as much for their own progress as for yours. They feel that they asked so much of the world, and gave so little in return. Others came because their great love of the world filled their hearts with a yearning to continue to help. Some were great in reality and some in pretense.

So urge neither greatness nor time as your argument, for they count for little. Criticise if you will, but know your subject well, or your criticism will be worse than fallow ground; it will yield a harvest of tares, and each of them must be pulled out—slowly, one by one—before you are prepared to grow the rich golden grain of love.

Greatness and time are of God, and that which is of God must be beyond the littleness of human criticism.

Would you be inspired? Then seek your work with all your heart, with all your soul, because labor well done, is a prayer—and God answers all sincere, worthy prayers.

Fame is a penalty. Seek not fame. Fortune is a risk. Seek not fortune. Honesty is a prize—and he has reached the great goal who has been honest with himself.

To God, all time is just—today. In His sight, our errors were committed today, and our progress begins today. We respect God most when we make the most of God's time.

Maybe your parents are not all you would like them to be, but they are the gateways through which God sent you to this world for valuable experience. Respect that which has been good enough for God!

Maybe it is true that men are just boys grown up, and women are little girls who still have a longing for their dolls. Back of all of this life's tragedies, is a pitiful desire to be little and innocent again.

"I want you to see what Spiritualism really is," friends of ours will say when they show "Communication" to their friends, and add to our circulation. If you doubt this, watch what our friends say in a few of the comments we shall print in subsequent numbers.

Forcing ease upon others and thereby making them dependent, is not charity, philanthropy or good sense. Until each of us has learned to stand upright, and on our own responsibility, we have learned very little of the purpose of this expression of the life that never ends.

You say that you would like to find yourself. Well, you were never lost. In everything you have done, and thought, you have been finding yourself—and until you know just what lessons you came here to learn, you have no right to say that you have been deprived of opportunity.

It is not the body that hungers, because no dead body asks for food; it is not the body that loves, for no dead body responds to a single caress. It is only the spirit that knows, loves and lives, and the clay-body is but a garment that served well for a few years, but no longer is required.

Before you say, "I think that medium is nothing but a fraud," be sure that you understood enough about mediumship, and your own responsibility in receiving communications, to pass judgment. If you bring the right conditions, you need never worry about deception. The right conditions will bring proof far beyond your expectations.

Reaching Hearts and Minds

On the evening of the 10th of March, Orchestra Hall, in Chicago, was filled to capacity, with many unable to gain admittance to listen to one of the most inspiring messages ever presented on the subject of Spiritualism.

Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, editor and publisher of *The Progressive Thinker*, introduced by Dr. C. A. Burgess, spoke in a capable and convincing manner on



MRS. M. E. CADWALLADER

"Thy Son Liveth." This address was particularly appropriate, because in one of the boxes were a number of Gold Star Mothers, who for the first time were experiencing close contact with Spiritualism.

It was in this same theatre that Sir Oliver Lodge gave his several lectures to the thinking people of Chicago. But it was evident that there were thousands in Chicago who were desirous of having more intimate contact with Spiritualism. They had heard the noted English scientist present his evidence, and while they respected his standing and his intellect, many were of the opinion that he was only relaying an important message to them.

Mrs. Cadwallader has been in Spiritualistic work for a quarter-of-a-century, and has addressed audiences in nearly every part of America and in many of the large cities of Europe. She numbers among her acquaintances some of the foremost men of science and letters in

the world who have become interested in Spiritualism. Many of these, like Sir William Crookes, W. T. Stead and Professor Lombroso, are now in spirit. Mrs. Cadwallader has always been a tireless and efficient worker in the cause of the Unseen World.

Dr. C. A. Burgess, who presided at the meeting, is a widely known healer, and is connected with the First Church for Spirit Healing, Lily of the West Temple, Paulina and Monroe Sts., Chicago.

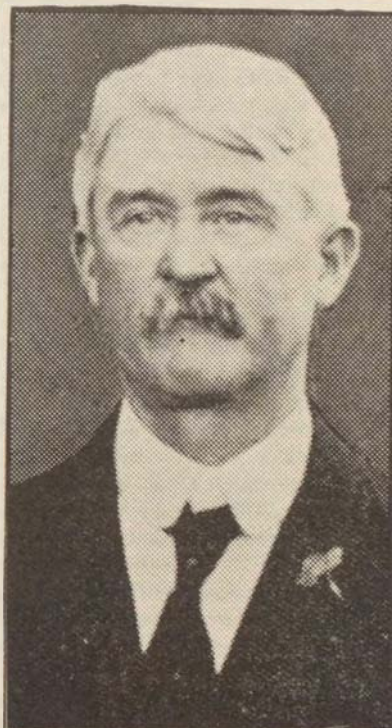
Following the splendid address of Mrs. Cadwallader, John Slater, the world's most noted platform medium, gave countless tests to the amazement of hundreds who had never had experience in spirit communications. Mr. Slater delivers his messages very rapidly and accurately. He has appeared in all of the large cities of America and in many of the smaller ones. Platform mediumship unquestionably encounters very severe conditions. But no matter how skeptical the audience may be, Mr. Slater breaks down the opposition and overcomes all honest criticism through the accuracy of his messages. Mr. Slater makes his home in California, but his services are in constant demand in various parts of the country. He has been before the public for years, and thousands of Spiritualists owe their conversion to the truth of spirit communication to this splendid medium. Mr. Slater's mediumship is something that perhaps he can not explain himself. Evidently it is clairvoyance, clairaudience, inspiration, impression and other psychic phases that are blended in his one great talent.

There were many well known mediums at this stirring meeting, and many others of note in the world of Spiritualistic endeavor. These included Dr. George B. Warne, president of the N. S. A., and Mrs. Minnie C. Warne, Mrs. Maggie Waite, pastor of the Metropolitan Spiritualist Church, Corinthian Hall, Masonic Temple, Chicago, and numerous other pastors and mediums of different Spiritual churches in the city of Chicago and adjacent territory. Dr. Abraham Wallace and Mrs. Flora Arnold, of London, England, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Cadwallader, Jr., of Philadelphia, Pa. Dr. Wallace expressed his hopes, near the close of the meeting, that Mr. Slater could be induced to come to England, where he would be warmly welcomed.

The success of this gathering should be credited to Mrs. Cadwallader. She is ever desirous of bringing before the public the best in Spiritualism. Mrs. Cadwallader's weekly newspaper, *The Progressive Thinker*, which is now in Vol. 60, is an independent publication which tries at all times to be fair and liberal

toward all those engaged in the great work.

This remarkable meeting bears testimony to the fact that while the world is ready and eager to learn all it can on the subject of spirit existence, the most convincing evidence is that which was submitted by direct messages from the other side. Every Spiritualist should ever keep in mind the fact that the great



JOHN SLATER

majority of Spiritualists in the world once started either in an open-minded manner, professing no knowledge of the subject, or as skeptics. While the world is ready to receive the philosophy of Spiritualism, it is a human trait to long for the evidence itself.

Sir Oliver Lodge unquestionably has caused thousands to think seriously about the existence of life beyond the grave. He has brought to them testimony of a mind attuned to placing the facts in logical order. We question that the great scientist has reached the hearts of people. He has awakened a longing, and in that sense he has touched their hearts. But the intimate message that brings with it a touch of a well-known personality and character, opens the door and enables both the heart and the mind to receive and perceive.

There was a time when a public meeting of Spiritualists would bring forth a multitude of the curious, and while this curiosity perhaps obtains to a considerable degree, the meeting in Orchestra

Hall was marked by its atmosphere of sympathy and understanding. It must not be conjectured that all of those present were Spiritualists. A very large percentage of the audience was made up of men and women that lacked any experience in spirit communications.

This meeting proved beyond question that this growing and absorbing interest in life after death is reaching into every channel and claiming the attention of all classes of men and women. Is it possible to name a creed or a profession without finding innumerable members who are seeking direct knowledge of the truth of immortality?

Never before in the history of newspapers has there been so much space devoted to any religious or philosophical subject as that which is now given to Spiritualism. Every attack is bringing forth an equally strong response. Many of those who have started out by condemning Spiritualism from one viewpoint or another, have become less certain of their position. It is not fair for mortals to say that a gathering of high-class men and women who champion the cause of Spiritualism, are mistaken, deluded or untruthful. The nature of these audiences of itself is proof. When we find that others have as much right to claim knowledge as we, and are interested in the subject, then we must admit that the subject itself merits consideration.

Many persons unfamiliar with Spiritualism, its phenomena or its teachings, who attended the meeting at Orchestra Hall, made careful note of the type of persons in the audience. They found that the audience was composed of as intellectual men and women as would be found at any high-class lecture. There were ministers of the gospel, physicians, lawyers, public officials, business men, bankers and representatives of the world of endeavor. When the questioning skeptic can see the class of people who are becoming interested in the subject of spirit existence, much of the doubt and skepticism will begin to disappear. When we meet our intellectual equals and superiors, no matter who they may be, we are forced to feel a certain degree of respect.

Gatherings of this kind are reaching the hearts and minds of the multitude. No newspaper can write disparagingly of these gatherings and still claim a desire to be fair. No person can ridicule such meetings and still profess to be broad. Those who believe that the movement, which they are pleased to term "a wave of Spiritualism," is due to the recent war, seem to forget that this great interest in Spiritualism was growing in the United States years before the conflict. Those persons will find that their claims are not substantiated as time passes, because Spiritualism is becoming more and

more popular as a subject for consideration and investigation.

Reaching the public from the platform is an important part of the missionary work that must be done. The meeting that was held in Orchestra Hall on the 10th of March certainly should be a source of inspiration and encouragement to Spiritualists in other cities to do likewise. The largest and most beautiful theatre in any city is none too good or too large for these meetings. It is no longer a question of inviting the public. It is now a matter of heeding a growing and insistent demand for more light on this most important of all subjects, which is the subject of life itself.

A SPIRITUAL EASTER LECTURE

(Continued from page 15)

We are bright in many ways, but let us pray for the unfoldment of the senses, the unfoldment of the spiritual that will permit the angels to guide us. Every soul that made an effort in the wrong direction has been defeated.

He may think he succeeded, but he did not. Napoleon started for England but he arrived in St. Helena. The Emperor of Germany started for France, but he arrived at a secluded spot in Holland, where he sits in sackcloth and ashes, waiting for his judgment. Columbus started for India, but he discovered this great continent in 1492 and gave you the workings of the great truth.

Do not hold enmity in your heart, but love your neighbor. Be generous, be wise, for verily I say unto you, your eyes shall be opened and the ears and senses that are dull shall be quickened by the touch of that God-power through the ministry of his angels. Let us co-operate with Spiritualism. It is that knowledge that gives you life. It is the only religion before the world today that answers the oldest question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" It will not only prove to you that you live again, but teaches you how to live, and to commune with those who live and return to bless you, guide you, teach you that fellowship that belongs to all men.

Today, the great question arises in the minds of the people. Our men of the army and navy are studying this subject under the benign influence of the glorious sun on the great waters of the mighty ocean, for that is the time when man is face to face with startling phenomena that calls out the best that is within him, and he feels how infinitesimal man is and how great and mighty is God. The soldier when face to face with the inevitable does not call on mother and friend but he calls on God, and his soul is awakened. He has unfolded it through aspiration, which is the key to inspiration.

May this blessed day, the day when the Christ-power is on us, and when all men honor and glorify Him, give to you a knowledge of the principles left by Him. I trust that all talk of the sacrifice of the blood of the lamb and all these platitudes will come into practical use where the world will find repose in the memory of the word of the Comforter. For Jesus brought to the world the truth of the soul's immortality and demonstrated it, left the truth of Divine revelation in the principles laid down and which you will find in modern Spiritualism.

May the light of His life more and more bless and protect the people of the world, bless them with a state of mind where they will know God and be one with the Father.

DO "RULING PASSIONS" SURVIVE DEATH?

(Continued from page 13)

who approach it in a proper manner. It is a subject that must not be trifled with—many experienced investigators have had communications from disbelievers who have passed on and will appreciate the force of that remark.

I could add much to my story of "Captain Bonavita" in relation to his continued interest in "Cap'n Jack" and his meeting with several of his former "comrades of the arena" who have, in their turn, joined him. Such would, however, scarce bear upon the actual theme of my story of a veritable "man amongst men." At infrequent intervals—as the demands upon my time by business matters may permit—I will "hold sweet communion" with him and, thereafter, record many instances of proof of his interest in, and knowledge of mundane affairs appealing to his remarkable personality. I may perhaps claim to have passed the stage of wonderment and accept psychic phenomena as, after all, only one more remarkable instance of the process of nature and in accord with the theme of the Creator of all things—great and small.

One man says that he can do lots of things God can't do, and pretends happiness in this pagan belief. This represents one form of human undevelopment. Why shouldn't we have wars, murder and other crimes?

If it is sinful to believe that God is good enough to have never closed the door between loved ones, then sin seems to be more promising than formal morality. When the world becomes a little less formal in its pretended worship of God, God will not seem so far away and so mythical.

Press Comments and Criticisms

We invite readers of "Communication" to send us clippings from newspapers and magazines relating to Spiritualism. We especially invite criticisms, and ask our readers to please note somewhere on the margin of the clipping the name of the paper as well as the date on which the article appeared. We can not answer all of these criticisms. Our readers will find that in this department we have selected typical criticisms that answer others in the same class.—The Editor.

Detroit Pastor Says Spiritualism Is Not Religion

The following is taken from the **Chicago American** of March 8, based on a special press dispatch from Detroit, Mich.

Voicing his belief that psychical phenomena "has something in it," the Rev. Chester B. Emerson of the fashionable North Woodward Avenue Congregational Church, surprised his hearers Sunday night by declaring in a sermon that his own experiences with the ouija board had revealed to him "some of the queerest things I ever saw."

"If Christ could appear after His death," said the Rev. Emerson, "I cannot say that no one else can. If Jesus can come back, I am not prepared to say that other men may not."

While pointing out the belief in the survival of the soul after death is a part of the faith of every Christian, the Rev. Mr. Emerson said the question of the reappearance of the dead is one of science and not of religion.

"People," he said, "who try to make a religion of spiritualism are all mixed up."

Scientifically, said Mr. Emerson, the question is whether thought is a function of the brain or whether the mind is something independent of the brain and acting through it.

That question had divided scientists into two groups, materialists and idealists. Both schools, generally speaking, opposed the belief in the return of spirits.

The Rev. Mr. Emerson then referred to some of the eminent men, like Andrew Lang, Balfour Stuart, Arthur Balfour, William James, Alfred Russell Wallace, William T. Stead and others, who have testified in support of spiritualism, and said, "One cannot impugn the integrity of such men."

We must commend the Rev. Mr. Emerson upon the views he has taken regarding Spiritualism. But we feel that we must differ with him in the opinion accredited to him, which carries the statement that Spiritualism is not a religion. Remove immortality from any creed, and no religion remains in it. That which makes the religion of a creed is a future state of existence. Irrespective of how

much a creed seeks to teach mortals about moral standards of living in this world, the fact remains that the thing that makes it a religion is talking preparations for a life to come.

Rev. Emerson states his belief that Spiritualism merits sincere consideration, and if this is true, then the thing that makes Spiritualism important is its proof of life beyond the grave. This future life is the one that churches talk about. It is the natural form of existence that follows the change called death. To say that the fact of spirit existence must become a thing of science, and not of religion, is equivalent to stating that life after death has nothing to do with the creeds of the orthodox churches. This is a paradox. If the truth of the continuity of life and personality after the change called death, is established in the mind of any person, then that thought becomes a religious thought, because religion deals with the future state of existence or it deals with nothing.

This Priest Says All Spirits Are Evil

The following is from **The Chicago Tribune** of March 8, which appeared under the title: "Evil Spirits, says Kelley of Occult Cults." This view is so entirely at odds with even the faintest glint of human reason, we are pleased to present it in full.

"There are three possible explanations of spiritistic phenomena," said the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis C. Kelley, president of the Roman Catholic Church Extension society, in his annual Lenten lecture at the Church of the Precious Blood last night. "Either they are of God, or of the departed spirits, or of evil spirits such as Christ drove out of the people when he was on earth."

"They are not of God. They lie, and God cannot lie. Not one spirit has proven his identity to the satisfaction of the critical investigator; so there can be but one explanation. The manifestations come from evil spirits, who, of course, have supernatural knowledge."

"The proof they are evil spirits is given every day by the adherents of the spiritist cult and the members of the various societies of investigation. They merely go to establish and justify the position the church has always taken towards them and the attitude of the Bible towards necromancy and other forms of magic."

"Sir W. F. Barrett, one of the best authorities as to the character of the utterances of these weird spirits, shows that not only does the will power and reasoning ability of mediums who sur-

render themselves to these spirits rapidly degenerate but that the witness of the spirits is against all that is high and holy and moral. They scoff at mortality; they tell lies and contradict themselves and show themselves to be demons in every way."

"When our Lord came in contact with any one who was possessed by a demon he did not stop to reason with the evil spirit—he merely drove it out. He knew whom it represented. In Deuteronomy warning is frequently uttered against consulting familiar spirits, and other practices of magic and necromancy."

"There is no question that the evil spirits are attempting to win over the faithful by these methods. They take advantage of every possible means to deceive and mislead even the elect. They do not hesitate to assume the personality of a dear dead relative or souls of men and women. They are 'the elements of this world' spoken of frequently by St. Paul."

"Why did not Christ tell us of the possibilities of communication with our dear departed if it were possible? The Christian revelation contains no such promise, excepting through the mediumship of God. We believe in the communion of saints—but that communion centers in God."

"Spiritism in all its manifestations is a direct attack by the powers of evil upon the revealed truths of Christianity. It would separate man from the supernatural and reduce him to the helplessness of his natural state before Christ came to free him. True science and true religion should unite in opposing its wasting but violent influences in our day."

The Rev. Mr. Kelley says that these spirits are not of God. In our limited human way, we think of God as the Creator of all things. We can not conceive of a universe belonging to divergent powers and still being governed by immutable law.

Rev. Kelly is quoted as saying that no spirit has ever proved his identity to the satisfaction of the critical investigator. We know of one medium in the East who has given a seance one day of every week for priests of the Roman Catholic Church, so we assume that these priests are very grossly deceived, or perhaps they do not share the Rev. Mr. Kelly's views.

The Sir W. F. Barrett quoted as having demonstrated facts, unfortunately has not made quite the same intellectual record as that of Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge and other scientists. In-

deed, the history of scientific progress will show that men who are so fearful of orthodox prejudice, have never added to human knowledge. Like phonograph records, they repeat what other scientists have demonstrated. They do not discover nor invent, for the reason that they have so warped and stunted their mental growth that it can do no pathfinding. This statement is not restricted by any means to Roman Catholics. It pertains equally to such intellects as that of Oliver Cromwell, or any zealot of any faith who seeks to crush or destroy that which is opposed to his own belief.

We have sat in many seances, and we have never heard a spirit speak slightly of God or of moral things. We have listened countless times to teachings that told us that we must believe that Jesus Christ lived and brought His teachings to the world—that the only happiness is believing in God, and especially in the love of God and in the supremacy of God. This particular god about which the Rev. Mr. Kelly speaks—if he is quoted properly—is not the Supreme Being, because the Supreme Being would not have to share His power with anything. If there is just one Creator, then whatever exists belongs to that great Creative Intelligence. The god Mr. Kelly presents may take his place with the old gods of mythology, who had certain qualifications and therefore certain limitations. They were localized gods.

Rev. Mr. Kelly is quoted as saying that evil spirits are trying to deceive mortals, to lead them to destruction. He says that Christ did not tell us anything about communication. The New Testament is full of the truth of communication, and the spirits who were seen during the period of the Transfiguration were the spirits of many who had been known.

There is no sect that can trade-mark Jesus Christ and copyright the Cross and protect the Bible by letters patent. There is no creed or sect that can monopolize God's Law and make it subservient. The things that Mr. Kelly says about Spiritualism today correspond with the things that his antecedents said about science and about every effort of the world to progress. Through these dark and dreary centuries, men have been learning how to think, and the things that the predecessors of the Rev. Mr. Kelly said about progress failed to keep the world in darkness. Mr. Kelly's church exists today because the things that his church once said belonged to the devil, are contributing to its support.

Every sermon, such as the one reported by *The Chicago Tribune*, is a challenge to the divine right of every mortal to inquire and think. Every such sermon is going to speed the world toward independent thought and inquiry. Therefore, we ask our readers not to heap maledictions down upon the heads of Mr. Kelly

and his ilk, but to regard them as missionaries who are certain to do the same thing for Spiritualism which they did for science and invention, which they opposed just as bitterly. Now that they find that their opposition makes no difference, their arms and hearts are open to the very works of the devil which they villified in the days that were.

G. Stanley Hall Laments

The President of Clark University appears in *The Boston Herald* of Feb. 12 in a tirade against Sir Oliver Lodge. We believe in being more fair to our critics than most of them are to us. Consequently, we are presenting this criticism in full. The reasons we are doing this is because it takes in the entire scope of criticism of many scientists relative to Sir Oliver Lodge and Spiritualism. In placing this before you for your perusal and consideration, we wish to point out the following, which is presented as our own point of view:

In the first place, if Sir Oliver Lodge represents only a man grieving for his departed son, and thereby forfeiting his keen insight as a scientist, it would follow that Sir Oliver Lodge would be so overcome by this grief in all his work that he would be incapacitated for it. He has not shown this lack of capacity as a scientist.

Prof. Hall says that both the English and the Catholic Church have protested Sir Oliver's views. Considering the statements of Professor Hall which follow, it is strange that he should mention any church views, because what he says belongs to no religion.

He states that sleight-of-hand can reproduce anything that can be produced by spirit manifestations. Professor Hall would not make this statement if he had witnessed real spirit manifestations. But we doubt that in his state of mind we would ever find the spirit-world bowing down to his demand. No sleight-of-hand can establish the fact of identity. And if Prof. Hall had enjoyed any experience in telepathy, he would know that no form of mind-reading, or as he states it ignorantly, "muscle-reading," could ferret out of the mind any subject upon which it was not concentrating.

We wish our readers to see this sorry scientific exhibition based upon many high-sounding terms and filled with far greater inanity than Prof. Hall attributes to those in spirit. The statements made by this educator are not right, for the reasons that thousands of men and women just as capable as he of thinking, have had proof beyond question of spirit communication, of existence after death and of the survival of personality.

If Professor Clark is capable of disproving Spiritualism, then why does he say that the manifestations are either sleight-of-hand or deception of some

kind? Why does he say that they may be legerdemain or hallucinations or subconscious manifestations? If he knows that they are not that which they purport to be, why is it necessary to make all of these selections? If he knows that these manifestations are false or deceptive, then he must know why they are false or deceptive. They can not be due to this cause or that cause or some other cause. He pretends to know that they are wrong, but in his long dissertation he fails to show why they are wrong. He attacks that which his superior scientist says is so, and who fortifies his statement by giving his reasons. Prof. Hall, to the contrary, shuffles the deck of all his theories and deals out a dozen different hands. The reader may select the one he wishes.

When Professor Hall and other critics of Spiritualism, which they term flippantly as "spiritism," can point out in a coherent argument, the specific reasons why Spiritualism is not so, the world will pay more attention to their claims.

Prof. Hall, like the novelists of old, seems to be inspired to show how much he knows. That is one of the points that will appeal to you as you read his article. And another point that you should not overlook is that he gives no definite reason. He says it might be sleight-of-hand. Later on he says it might be subconsciousness. He is confused. He is groping.

We present in the book, "God's World" some of the "inanity" he says comes from the spirit-side, and we would direct special attention to the cohesion of that entire argument. It comes as a definite teaching—not by saying that you can take your choice from among seven or eight theories. If this thing which we call Spiritualism is only a product of subconsciousness, then it is not legerdemain. If it is sleight-of-hand, it is not subconsciousness. If it is delusion, it is neither of the others. Professor Hall has not established his claims because he has not come down to the solid rock of definite argument. He presents a bewildering mass of theory, but is unable to say which theory fits the case.

If this is what our colleges are teaching to pupils through their professors, then God pity the future of those halls of learning! The man who can do a thing, no matter what it is, knows how to do it. We do not know until we deal with fact. So long as we are asked to accept any one of several theories, and then to claim that the theory which we accept explains away Spiritualism, truly we can not accept such attacks as bearing the mark of coherent thinking or the verity of sound argument.

Prof. Hall's attack follows:

As a psychologist and also for many years a student of spiritistic phenomena I have several times been asked for my opinion concerning the mission of Sir

Oliver Lodge to this country. Up to the present I have refused, as have so many other scientific men, all of whom I believe essentially share my views. Some have been silent from motives of courtesy to a foreign guest, a venerable man, a nobleman and of impressive personality, and a man once of high, though I am told, not the highest standing as a physicist. Moreover, the spectacle of a father exhibiting a bleeding heart for his son who died in the war, seeking and thinking that he finds personal comfort and that he may also help the friends of the millions of other young lives which the war has extinguished, seems to add its plea to immunity from criticism, whatever he may say.

Painful as it is, and little as my voice will carry, I have come to feel it my duty to raise it in protest and to say frankly that to me Sir Oliver's mission is an affront to science, comparable to that of the very aged Leipzig astronomer, Zollner, who left his observatory (to the great scandal of his colleagues) to make propaganda for his no less uncritical credulity—as to the sleight-of-hand tricks of the notorious American medium, Slade.

Sir Oliver is far less critical than the sanest members of the English Psychic Research Society, which for 40 years has been investigating spirit phenomena, so that he does not bring us even their endorsement. Both the established English and the Catholic Church have protested his views. He does not attempt any kind of scientific demonstration or logical proof of post-mortem survival, and flouts those who demand this, but appeals only to his own intuition and to his wish and will to believe.

Moreover, he lacks nearly all the essential and recognized qualifications of an investigator in this field. These are the following:

(1) Some knowledge of what modern sleight-of-hand can do. The magician Keller claimed to be able to produce by natural means every one of the physical phenomena of spiritism. Nearly all mediums have been sooner or later exposed by showing that they made use of one or a number of these devices. Modes of producing spirit writing, raps, levitation, many forms of materialization, and all the rest that defy detection by the uninitiated, can be bought from a dozen catalogues, and I have often found it hard to convince those who saw my clumsy performances that I was not in league with spirits, even after I had shown just how it was all done. "You think it more respectable as a professor to claim you do these things with this hidden scientific apparatus, but in so claiming you are a traitor to the spirits that really do it for you." Whoever heard of even an amateur prestidigitator who took the slightest

stock in spiritism, although many spiritists caught in the act have had to at least confess that they held such methods in reserve to be used when the spirits would not come.

(2) Far more important for every such investigator is some knowledge of what is sometimes called border-line psychology, sleep, complete or partial; dreams; reveries; perfervid imaginations that mistake their own creations for realities; secondary personalities; delusions, hallucinations; tonic cramps of the attention; what might be called the pathology of evidence and testimony, where the best and most sincere lie. Often lunacy in its progressive stage is measured by the increased vividness of belief in incorporated beings, and cure is exactly registered by their fading. The psychology of doubles, perhaps imaginary companions, sometimes complementary in character, sheds its ray of light here. Delusional insanity, which has upset so many minds, often begins in belief in spirits. The twilight state of falling asleep and awakening is especially fertile in visions, apparitions and wraiths. Hypnotism in its many aspects has perhaps shed most light of all here. There is no indication that Sir Oliver has given the slightest attention to these sources of error, and whoever heard of a psychiatrist who believed in spirits!

(3) Any explorer in this field must also be armed with all the knowledge derivable from normal psychology. He must first of all understand something of the unconscious wherein live and move all the primitive springs of thought, feeling and action which man inherits from his savage ancestors, who always and everywhere have believed in ghosts. He must realize how prone men are to believe with the heart, which leads often to the *credo quia absurdum*; to build a little kingdom made up, as Kant and Swedenborg's theories were, of the dreams of visionaries interpreted by the theories of metaphysics and which prompted the warning that Sir Oliver should especially heed, "Physics beware of metaphysics." All this teaches us that spiritism, even in its most plausible and modernized dress, is the quintessence of all the superstitions of the past, the obliteration of which has always been the chief purpose of science. Unless we except Mr. Myers, the chief founder of the English society, who was obsessed with what he thought the supreme problem of the race—if a man die, shall he live again?—whoever heard of an up-to-date psychologist of the normal who advocated spiritism? It is because Sir Oliver lacks all these that spiritism has been to him a Potiphar's wife, to whose allurements he has, unfortunately, proven no Joseph.

Again, did all the ghosts and their messages ever really give the world any-

thing? Do not, rather, all the inane and trivial communications purporting to come from Washington, Lincoln, and later James Royce, Roosevelt and scores more, suggest that these noble souls are now in various stages of decrepitude, not to say decomposition? Does Sir Oliver realize how many thousands of the bereaved who flock to hear him will be impelled by what he says to visit mediums, who will exploit to the uttermost their yearnings to get into rapport with their dear ones beyond the veil and thus reap a rich harvest from his tour? The best of those I have found, from a long study of them, will bring the sifter communications from purely fictitious personalities who never lived, but who are made up and suggested from the living, and that both are just as ready to come to the spiritual end of the phone and talk with me as are the really dead, and that thus all these phenomena follow any subtle suggestion, for mind reading proves in the end to be always nothing but muscle reading.

Modern spiritism, then, is the last stronghold of superstition in the world, the common enemy of science and religion. The kind of life it suggests for our departed is much like an asylum for the feeble-minded, who are rather deteriorating than improving, and if its interpretation of life beyond the grave is valid, who would not prefer eternal sleep if that were the alternative—which, we may hope, it is not.

Sir Oliver's thinking in the very small field left him and the not very sequent apperçus which makes up all that can be called his theory are naive, and are more like those of a poet than a scientist.

(a) He believes in a universal ether diffused through all space more real than matter, which was secreted or precipitated from it and to which all physical things are porous. Out of this all worlds and all that is in them has come, and into it they will all be resolved. This is hidden to sense, which can only apprehend corporeal forms of existence which are not really real. This, too, a few seers have intuited, but science is now proving.

Now, either is the modern conception which all the ontologists from Parmenides to Hegel anticipated in their idea of the pure and primal being, which is equal to nothing because no predicates, save negative ones, can be attached to it. It is not unlike Spinoza's substance or the Indic Nirvana. But all such conceptions have always been and must forever be pantheistic. The corollary of them all is absorption of everything, including personality, into the one and all out of which all things sprang. It knows nothing of any form or limit and is homogeneous. Thus to admit that it is the medium in which spirits

move and have their being is to destroy its very nature.

(b) Again Sir Oliver believes in the pre-existence of souls, as Plato did, and which he seems to think necessarily involved in the belief in their post-existence. Children come into the world haunted by prenatal reminiscences, as Wordsworth thought, but lose them slowly with advancing years. The brain is a screen which keeps out supermundane experiences, and men were made thus blind to celestial visions so that they might not be ravished by them but stick to their job of living out their lives here and now.

To this the answer we deem to be both obvious and overwhelming. All these vestigial intimations of a higher life in infancy are perfectly explained in modern paidology as due to the larger racial and hereditary momenta developed in the long experience of the human stirp and its animal forbears which tend to crop out here because childhood is both older and larger than adulthood, the stages of which have been added slowly step by step as man evolved. Thus the infant recapitulates the stages of the development of the race and is a better representative of it than the adult. Infant souls thus pre-exist, but solely in their progenitors by Mendelian laws.

Again, if the brain were made a screen thus from higher supermundane influences, it would seem that Sir Oliver's brain and that of those who long to penetrate the veil between this and the next world were imperfect and leaky, and had failed in some degree of performing its function as a filter to keep man at his job here. Bad filters cause often the most malignant epidemics. Now, if as of old the gods punish those who pry into things not permitted man's estate, let us hope that Sir Oliver, who has left his laboratory to make propaganda for spiritism, will not illustrate this Nemesis. Yet we cannot forget that excessive devotion to other world studies has driven gifted and able minds to insanity. "One world at a time and this one now" would seem to be the moral from his own conception of man's anatomical and physiological make-up.

(c) Just as life has progressed "from the black beetle or the amoeba" up to man, so Sir Oliver conceives an ascending order after death up through saintly communion, supernal beings or angels, to God himself. But this would require some kind of transmigration of souls here. If I did not descend from the black beetle, the beetle is not immortal in me. There is no more of the beetle in me than there will be of me in the angel that may evolve out of my life in Sir Oliver's other world, and my desire for another life will find no more satisfaction in the angel when he is evolved

than the beetle gets in me. Indeed, the gulf is wider in the former case, for there is a somatic continuum between the beetle and me. Perhaps it was a betraying lapse that made him choose the beetle, which, in fact, no one puts in man's pedigree.

Telepathy is the last stronghold and sine qua non of all spiritistic conceptions, and Sir Oliver assumes it—souls communicating with other souls at a distance without the mediation of any of the organs of sense.

This, very many sincere and intelligent people believe from incidents in their own experience, but it can never be accepted by science as a fact until we can so control its conditions that we can announce in advance that at such a time and place we will prove it. Now in fact all nerve fibres are so isolated that even in the nerve centers an impression never leaps from one fibre to another within the same sense; much less does the strongest sound impression jump over to the nerves of sight, etc. Now if impressions cannot thus leap over such microscopic distances, how improbable that they should be transmitted between individuals or across continents! Psychologists believe that coincidences and the similarity of structure and function of the minds of friends and relatives are sufficient to explain all so-called telepathic phenomena, and that there is no true wireless telegraphy at a distance. Students of electric and magnetic phenomena are particularly predisposed to the infection of telepathic theories, but they often fail to see the vast difference between analogies and literary tropes on the one hand and scientific demonstrations on the other.

Again, psychologists find that the "sense of presence" or the sudden delusion that some one is in the room has a perfectly natural explanation. The same may be said of *deja vu* experiences which give us a strong sense that we have had the same experience before. We might also add that sudden and intrusive ideas with apparently no associative links to explain them are all perfectly amenable to science as mediate associations.

The devastations of the war have raised the question: What sort of comfort can be administered to the bereaved? It is often a consolation to feel that the dead are still near, like imaginary companions. Why not encourage this belief as a sort of pragmatic first aid to scab or bind up the wounds of death? Let survivors cherish so fond a wish and believe it true if this have real therapeutic value. The dead do live on in memory and in the influence of their deeds and words, and let us hope they love us beyond the bourn. But the true comforter teaches survivors to live without them, to close up ranks and "carry on" till we, too, cross the "great divide" and go to

them. To bring them back to us is regressive and degenerative for both them and us. It is not to take up their tasks but to burden them with ours. It is psychologically a necrophilism which cannot part with corpses. It is to camouflage the grim fact of death, to help mourners to flee from reality rather than to face it courageously. The position of the Protestant Church in this country ought to be clear and also articulate on this theme, but it is not, and clergymen are too prone to fall into the old, cheap and easy way of ministering to the afflicted, not realizing that in so doing they are opening the door to superstition as old as the cave-man and as persistent as rudimentary organs.

Greater cultured and half-cultured Boston has always been uniquely susceptible to cults that tend to split or dualize the soul. In Puritan days the other world stood over against this in the sharpest contrast, and both were equally real. The Concord transcendentalists refined, but in no degree lessened this contrast. Then came the circa 10 years of the Concord summer school in which W. T. Harris and his group sought to graft upon Emersonianism an exotic German idealism. Eddyism, spiritism, and later Emmanuelism had in Boston their chief center, their journals and their ablest advocates. The faltering but profoundly sympathetic attitude of William James, who died just before the psychoanalytic movement was felt in this country, helped greatly to prepare the soil for Sir Oliver and the Ouija cult, always a symptom of dualization of the soul and loss of its unity and control, as is also intensive interest in writers like King, Bond, Cameron, Hill, Hyslop, et al. Like the medieval church Sir Oliver preaches a domain of faith over against that of science and reason. All churchgoers execute a kind of flight from modern reality Sundays, but Greater Boston has learned to do so on week days as well. I insist that there is no single golden grain of truth in all this mass of spiritualistic dross which will stand the assay of modern psychology. If there is, as so many affirm, what is it?

Garrett P. Serviss Again Explains

Conducting a daily column on scientific subjects, is likely to tax even the most versatile writer or best informed scientist. Consequently, it is not surprising that Garrett P. Serviss, who writes on scientific subjects for the *Hearst newspapers*, should at times go beyond his depth. No man can be well informed on all things.

There are many practices in the world of business that are not scientific. Inventions come into the minds of inventors without the aid of science. Banking, salesmanship, merchandising in general, and many of the other all-important material successes, progress according to circumstances that can not be demon-

strated in any laboratory. Mr. Serviss, like many other scientists, seems to believe that everything, to be real, must be amenable to the explanations of science.

We reproduce herewith Mr. Serviss' article appearing March 11th in the different **Hearst Newspapers**:

"There is a fundamental violation of scientific principle in the statement that the question of the reality of 'messages from the dead,' such as Sir Oliver Lodge and Prof. Hyslop think that they are receiving, can be determined by accumulating 'a multitude of proofs of personal identity,' meaning the identity of the dead persons supposed to be sending the communications.

"To pile up more volumes on top of those that the Society for Psychical Research has already published, filled with the same sort of stories, would not in the slightest degree strengthen the evidence, for that must be judged not by quantity but by quality. Zero multiplied by a million is zero still.

"The more intimate the alleged revelation of the discarnate spirit to the still earth-bound recipient is in its nature, the more impossible it becomes for any unbiased judge to base any opinion upon it. The witness is forced to say: 'You must trust my word for it, and you must trust my judgment, because there is no test available outside my own consciousness.'

"In other words, the evidence of identity that the dead man offers is of such a nature that nobody can recognize its force except the recipient of the message, and he is open to no cross-examination because the examiner has no way to test the answers to his questions.

"While Mr. Rinn's offer of a prize for proof of the genuineness of the alleged communications has been indignantly rejected, it has brought out interesting admissions to the effect that 'spirits cannot always remember' that 'they have the same defects of memory as when in the body,' and that 'mediums are seldom capable of reproducing any message verbatim,' but only receive 'intimations' from the ghost which they 'must render in their own language.'

"If these admissions, credited to Prof. Hyslop, represent the facts, they are of much importance, for manifestly they show that the basis for the claim that the alleged communications originate only with disembodied spirits is even more uncertain than it appeared to be before the admissions were made. And then we get the further admission that not only are mediums liable to err, but that all of them are 'occasionally' tricky and given to deception! What is the proof that this occurs only 'occasionally'? Such persons would not be received as credible witnesses in any court of law or justice. Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.

"Much stress is put upon 'noncommercial' mediums, by which is meant those who do not give seances for pay. I have had a little experience myself with a non-commercial medium, a lady well along in years, who won much fame twenty years or more ago, and to one of whose seances I was conducted by a distinguished literary man who was clearly disposed to believe, if he did not actually and fully believe, in the genuineness of her alleged communications from the spirits of deceased persons who had been widely known to the public while living.

"I sat close beside my friend at that seance. I saw and heard, apparently, all that he saw and heard, and I shall never forget my disillusion with respect to his acuteness when I found out that apparent mysteries which it almost seemed as if a child might have explained, and which had not even suggested the supernatural to me, seemed to him to be strong indication of 'spiritual' agency.

"The medium, it was evident at a glance, was of a high-strung temperament, easily subject to self-deception. The phenomena of multiple personality while in themselves mysterious because of their abnormality, though certainly not supernatural, suffice to account for all such cases."

We agree with Mr. Serviss that there is no sense in piling up a multitude of proofs such as the Society for Psychical Research has accumulated. We agree with him that acceptance of Spiritualism, or any other religion, is a matter of personal concern. If Mr. Serviss will apply the same reasoning to Catholicism, to Christian Science, or to any other creed, he will arrive at the same conclusion. Millions of people are taking the word of scientists, and yet science has had to back-track many times. It will have to do the same thing many times more. Our religion and our science are fragmentary. They are in harmony with human understanding.

We agree with Mr. Serviss that these so-called "non-commercial" mediums, meaning mediums who do not receive pay, are like most other amateurs. The charge that mediums receive pay, has as much weight as worrying over the lamentable fact that mediums must eat and wear clothes. Ministers of the gospel receive pay, and yet they talk about and sometimes condemn the things that mediums demonstrate.

The very habit of thought of a man like Mr. Serviss is not the broad method of thinking that he believes it to be. Mr. Serviss takes what the creative scientists have given him. He thumbs their pages and thinks according to the rules they teach him. Sir Oliver Lodge is a creative scientist. Centuries hence, when there will be no records of such names as Gar-

rett P. Serviss, Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes will be known and respected.

The present scientific school is iconoclastic. It does not seek to construct. It gives us nothing new in politics, in religion, in education, in manners and customs and morality. It is part of the big plan, but it is not the big plan itself. If the idea of religion is to simply feel glorified in the knowledge of immortal life, with no respect to an effort to live this life properly, then religion must fail. Science has not progressed any further than religion, or government, or any of the other branches of human knowledge and practice.

There are many more like Mr. Serviss who go into seance-rooms demanding—who bring the most putrid conditions and expect the spirit-world to get on its knees and worship their silly little knowledge. Mr. Serviss is doing a beautiful work. He is doing more than any other person, we believe, to popularize science. But when he oversteps the boundary of the things he can do, and attempts to talk about something of which he is woefully ignorant, then he is detracting from the value of that which he is skilled in doing. Like many other scientists—or scientific students, we should say—Mr. Serviss makes statements in the article we have reproduced that will be recognized by many thinking men and women as indicating that Spiritualism can mean nothing to him in his present frame of mind. But has he a right to attempt to ridicule or pull down that which is satisfying to thousands of persons just as wise and just as good as he?

Faith and Spiritualism

We print below an interesting letter that was published in **The New York Times** recently. This letter was headed: "Faith and Spiritualism."

"To the Editor of the New York Times: "Your editorials and comments upon the visit and message of the doubtless kindly and well meaning old gentleman who is now with us interest me very much because I am a student of Spiritualism and to some extent a believer in it. Theories of philosophers and deductions of scientists are dangerous when the proposition involved does away with an accepted belief of the majority of peoples and the moral tendency of their creed by whatever name one wishes to call it. If Sir Oliver Lodge is right in his view that humanity is merely a mixture of ether of which all the spaces in the firmament are filled, and matter gathered naturally from earthly substances, and that that death, so-called, simply separates the matter from the ether and the ether or spirit returns to the ether from which it was taken, what need for bothering much about anything? As your editorial phrases it, the call from what

we call life is apparently a military as you were.

"If also general headquarters, to pursue the military idea, is so brilliant that the etherized subject cannot look upon it without blindness, as Sir Oliver maintains, what becomes of our belief in Almighty God, whom we hope some day to see face to face? It appears to me that Sir Oliver goes too far in his theories, or if he wishes to make his message one of hope and encouragement he does not go far enough; he does not take into account the soul hunger of the Christian belief that not alone is fed on the hope of meeting hereafter the loved ones who have passed beyond the veil but of seeing and knowing God the Father of us all.

"If I were to believe Sir Oliver's very unconvincing ideas as I understand them I should not hesitate between playing golf on Sunday or going to church. I should apply for a captaincy at least in the great army of drifters from the church, for what can the churches give me that evolution in the end will not? I should attend solely to the upkeep and pleasure of my body; evolution will take care of what I have called my soul. Spiritualism is a great unanswerable question. Where it brings hope and encouragement, as to many simple souls it undoubtedly has, it can do no harm. Where it undermines a faith in the living God it is dangerous. In the life of every man who has taken his adventure through life thoughtfully there must have been happenings unattributable to any but a spirit force—not the odic effluvia that snaps a watch or tips a table, and that is supposed to emanate from a sitting medium at \$5 per sit, not from working of a ouija board glaringly printed 'patented' and 'trade-mark' lest some unclean spirit steal its commercial value, but from some mysterious power that I like to think of as coming direct from God.

"Investigations in mediumistic work have proved without a doubt that the majority are fakers. If they have, as has happened and will again before exposure, been able to fool many so-called scientists, how much the more easily is the earnest but simple seeker after the truth fooled? So-called psychic phenomena are more often a matter of mechanics than not. Spirit writing is always a trick. In all earnestness, I say to Sir Oliver and his followers:

"O tell us not in numbers sad
That Heaven is but a myth;
Oh, take not from our simple faith
The marrow and the pith.

"Say not that there's no dreadful place
The earth's thin crust beneath,
Where sinners play the castanets
Forever with their teeth.

"Enough! Earthly trees, flowers, and animals await me. I may not see them

again from my present pleasant point of view.

JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD.

"Elizabeth, N. J., Jan. 17, 1920."

Mr. Haywood, in his letter, has revealed a very important point that must not be overlooked. To Sir Oliver Lodge, and to many others, God is a great loving, creative Intelligence, of which all things are One. To Mr. Haywood, God is a person, a man, a superman, the divine composite of all men. If this letter will be compared with the article of Garrett P. Serviss, to which we made reference in the preceding division, it will be noted that while Mr. Serviss is clamoring for scientific evidence, Mr. Haywood is saying science robs him of the tenderness and love of that which is religious.

Spiritualism presents three viewpoints: One is scientific (although Mr. Serviss disagrees with this statement); the next is philosophical, and the third is religious. The person who is reached only by that which is religious need not worry about the scientific or philosophical aspects, but he can not stay their progress.

No mortal—now or in the future—will ever have a complete conception of life in spirit. We are told by those who return to communicate, and who have been on the other side long enough to have observed and studied to a considerable degree, that the conceptions of spirit existence gained by those entering spirit from the earth are as varied as human character and experience. In other words, we enter the other state of existence naturally—and if things are going to seem natural to us, they must be productive of no shock to our preconceptions. That many who are giving messages from the other side have a great variety of ideas about that which they see and experience, is unquestioned by the careful student of Spiritualism.

If any number of human beings went to some strange city and attempted to write their views after they had been there a few days or a few weeks, they would agree in certain facts, but there would be other points upon which they would differ. Each person would see that city from a different viewpoint. We have talked to many persons who are bright, progressive, broad-minded, but who can not see the same color of meaning in seance-room experiences. This is not remarkable, because each individual understands according to his own viewpoint. This does not mean that he takes a perverse point of view, but it does imply that each one of us must see things for himself. We must come to the conclusion of that which is seen.

Fay King Spouts Her Wisdom

From the *New York Evening Journal* of Feb. 28, we take the following intellectual offering under the authorship of Fay King, who, as we recall, was once the

wife of a well-known pugilist, who could fight better than Fay can write.

"The first time I saw him was about five years ago and he was all dolled up in a brocaded robe, with diamond medals on his chest. We was in a room full of old rose dimmers, and a swarm of swell society dames were hanging around waiting to hold his hand while he went into a trance and told 'em the story of their lives (as they would like it to be). He had a gorgeous accent.

"A couple of years later I bumped into him at a ball park. He was wearing a snappy sport suit and had 'lost' the voodoo lingo. He told me he'd chucked the crystal gazing for baseball and golf, but said the concentration on the glass ball helped him a lot with the white.

"Then the other day I ran into him again here on Broadway, looking like a style plate, and he tells me he's just picked out a swell new car and he's going to hit the Lincoln DRY-way for Los Angeles pretty soon. It wouldn't surprise me if he goes into pictures—he's still young and handsome, and hasn't seen a life-line since he went in for life insurance.

"But I thought I'd ask him what he thinks of this new spirit wave that has hit the world.

"'Bunk!' says he.

"He says there have been cases where people have had strange dreams or premonitions—but there ain't no such things as paging the spirits any time you want 'em. If there's any commuting to be done from where they're gone they'll do it, but this weegee board and medium stuff is bunk! He says the first thing you know we'll go back to the old days when Spiritualism was a game of catch as catch can. The bilkers in those days would have some poor devil show up with five hundred dollars in an envelope to be left in their care for three weeks, and then returned to the sucker and he was to put the sealed envelope away and not open it for six months, and they told him the five hundred would be five thousand. Needless to add that in the meantime the swindlers had blown the burg and the poor guy would find a packet of blanks when he opened the envelope.

"He never pulled stuff like that, however. According to him developing the sub-conscious mind and reading another man's thoughts can be accomplished by study and psychology, but when it comes to getting the spirit world down to the place where you can put in a call for a spirit and get a connection or a 'line's busy,' that's bunk, and the sooner folks lay off that stuff the better—unless they want to take a chance of getting swindled.

"I asked him how he ever happened to check out of the swell scenery and the accent, when he seemed to be doing such a big business, and he told me that just

between us holding hands with rich old dames ain't all it's iced up to be!

"So he decided to work for a living."

The above is supposed to be in the English language, and probably it is! Also, it is supposed to be an argument against Spiritualism, and we assume that it represents Miss King's method of reasoning. It is a fair example of the argument that is being put up by opponents of Spiritualism. Miss King slices it in the raw. We think that our readers should see this phase of the alleged brain-power that is aligned against the subject of spirit return and communication.

The one part of the article which we like especially is the last paragraph, which reads: "So he decided to work for a living." Really, we suggest to Miss King that she ponder that idea seriously. It seems to have its merits.

The Belief of the Rev. Mr. Cardey

The following is taken from a **Boston** paper relative to a sermon by the Rev. Elmer E. Cardey given in Symphony Hall, Boston:

"Here," he said to his audience in Jordan Hall, "is the Bible, the faith of the fathers, my faith and yours. It has lived and survived through the ages. Are you ready to pass it by, to throw it down for the theories of Spiritualism of Sir Oliver Lodge?"

"The Rev. Mr. Cardey found the Bible speaking of a very 'literal' life after death. He quoted whole passages describing the mode of life in the great beyond, and he asked of his audience whether there was anything as tangible, as concrete, and as positive in the 'space' and 'nothingness' theories of Sir Oliver."

"The evangelist declared himself 'amazed' at the conciliating attitude of the Protestant churches throughout the country towards Spiritualism."

No other volume ever placed in human hands has been so misquoted and so misunderstood as the Bible. From cover to cover, it teaches us a certain moral code. It says that materialism should never be put before spiritual truth. And yet the orthodox churches have pandered to wealth. Easter, which is supposed to solemnize Christ's great demonstration of life-after-death, has become a fashion parade. The orthodox churches permit this material ascendancy, and now that the world is inquiring into the kind of life we must live after we leave the body, there is evident danger threatening this reign of materialism.

Just because an evangelist can stand in a pulpit and declare that the Bible is the greatest of all books, is not going to make people religious. Proclaiming to cling to the Scriptures while hovering about the fleshpots, and depending upon the things that are material to the exclusion of all else, does not put into the Bible the sanction of that kind of relig-

ion which many persons aver they believe. The message of the Scriptures prepares for the life to come, and asks us to try to live this life decently and industriously, and look upon material things as something that has been lent to us for our experience.

If in the evolution of mankind, human progress has finally tapped that portion of the law of progress that will awaken the minds of mortals to the truths of spirit, all of the opposition that is offered will avail nothing. There are many indications that would point to the belief that the time has finally arrived in human progress for a closer scrutiny into the existing facts of immortal life, and the relationship of those facts to the life we live here.

Another Boston divine, the Rev. Dr. William Harmon van Allen, rector of the Church of the Advent, is quoted as saying that the teachings of Spiritualism are grotesque, disgusting and trivial. That "some of the statements of the Spiritualists and mediums regarding the life of the spirits after passing from this earth are so grotesque and so disgustingly trivial that I have no desire to share in that life. With no glorious Father to welcome us, and with nothing but vague shadows all about, with their earthly desires still remaining, what do they have to offer? Why, I would rather go out like a candle than pass into the spirit-world as pictured by the mediums."

The Scriptures have been trying to tell humanity for the past nineteen centuries that if mortals insist on making a fetish of the things material, we are going to be weighted with those material desires when we enter spirit. If the Rev. van Allen believes that all of our shortcomings are going to fall away, that we are going to be perfect in purity and wisdom, we are afraid that he is going to be disappointed. We also suspect that he can not prevent living in spirit any more than he could prevent his living here.

On the other hand, we know that many statements made by Spiritualists would lead one to believe that there is nothing but confusion and idioecy in spirit. Women and men who have never had any mediumistic gift, push the ouija or sit down and get what they call "automatic writings," and then claim solemnly that these sudden results are revelations. These are errors that belong to the pioneer days. Ten thousand Spiritualists will be very likely to give ten thousand different versions of immortality. Each claims a sort of superiority of knowledge and feels sorry for the others.

Until Spiritualists are willing to become students, they can not expect to convince others. Our experience has been that it takes years of careful observation to learn the facts that are given in seance-rooms, so as to see their pur-

port and import. Today, there is no form of belief that has such a diversity of opinions as Spiritualism. There is no other religion in which one can find so many claimants of leadership. We receive letters occasionally from men and women who say that they have developed as far as the soul can go. So long as such egotism obtains, there can be little progress for those individuals.

Some More Views of the Ouija

The following is taken from a recent issue of a **New York** paper, the name of which our correspondent neglected to write on the margin:

"It's dangerous to talk to the ghost of Julius Caesar, Shakespeare, or even the spirit of a dear departed uncle, cousin or aunt, says Dr. Menas Gregory, head of the psychopathic ward of Bellevue Hospital, today in commenting upon a dispatch from Chicago quoting Dr. William J. Hickson, head of the Chicago Psychopathic Laboratory, who warns of the perils of the ouija board and spirit mediums."

"Said Dr. Gregory: 'If you are weak minded, prone to lean toward the mystic or impregnated with the germ of insanity keep away from Ouija. This recent wave of consultation with Ouija is a most unhappy thing and has many unhappy results, which we here in this ward see close at hand.'

"We have many cases of victims of their own desire to peer into the future, to wrest secrets from the ouija board, or some spirit medium. Their interest stimulated, their imaginations get the better of them and their nerves break down."

"Just recently we had a case of two brothers. A bit unbalanced mentally, they began to use ouija boards for all manner of questions. They began getting 'messages' and they ended right here in the psychopathic ward of Bellevue. There are lots like them.'"

The following, containing much more truth than jest, appeared in **The Chicago Sunday Herald-Examiner** of March 7th:

"A certain woman came from the west some time ago and kicked a hole in the existing condition of mundane ignorance by announcing that she had a direct wire to spookland, via the ouija board, and was ready to take telegrams and night letters and guarantee answers to same in less time than Mr. Burleson could get a reply from Hackensack."

"As soon as the lady announced the possibility of connecting up with the eternal hence by means of an ouija board a great many persons suddenly discovered that they had business with the future state, business that could not wait. Men who had struggled along all their lives without delving into the mysteries of the unknown, went home with ouija boards tucked under their overcoats and got busy with them after the folks had gone to bed."

"When Marconi invented wireless, which would speak through space for a hundred miles, it was thought a wonderful thing and about three hundred thousand private citizens started little wireless plants to their homes with home-made antennae on the roof.

"But the ouija board speaks not only hundreds of miles but millions—nobody knows how many or just how far it is to the other side.

"An expert like the western lady may be able to do something with an ouija board, but when an amateur gets hold of one it is time for angels to weep and for the weak-hearted to take to the woods, for the ouija board is capable of giving some of the weirdest information to be had either this side or the other side of the River Styx, when engineered by someone without experience.

"Like a flivver in the hands of a man who never drove before, it is apt to climb trees or crash through fences or dash through the front windows of millinery stores, figuratively speaking. It is liable to upset about everything in sight.

"It is positively dangerous for an amateur to ask an ouija board any question, the answer to which is liable to in any way embarrass him. It is best to stick to generalities. When a man and his wife get to hectoring an ouija board together disaster is just around the corner.

"It isn't safe to play any jokes on the thing or to try to tease it for an intelligent ouija can throw any parlor wit that ever lived.

"One gentleman thought to joke with an ouija board the other night and asked if his business partner was on the square.

"Y-e-s," spelled the ouija, 'b-u-t y-o-u a-r-e n-o-t.'

"Whereat they all laughed merrily and many of them believed it and always will believe it.

"Where is Henry, my husband, to-night?" asked a hesitating lady at an ouija party. The party gathered over the little board to get the answer. The ouija hesitated somewhat and then spelled: 'T-e-l-l t-h-e-m a-l-l t-o l-e-a-v-e t-h-e r-o-o-m a-n-d I w-i-l-l t-e-l-l y-o-u.'

"So, an ouija board has a heart.

"There are but few principles to observe when operating an ouija board in public. The most vital one is not to ask any question which you are at all particular about. An ouija board plays no favorites and cannot be bribed."

We do not know why this writer calls it "an ouija," unless he pronounces it "o-eeja"!

We regard the ouija as the greatest misrepresentative of Spiritualism on earth. We do not believe that those referred to in the Bellevue Hospital were made crazy by the ouija. We do believe that they were crazy to begin with, and

that the ouija happened to appeal to their mad fancies.

When the song, "Casey Jones," appeared in this country and finally trickled down to the Isthmus of Panama, it is said that hundreds of colored persons on the Isthmus became so infatuated with the song that they stopped work and sang it night and day, introducing their own parodies. The ouija has a similar hysterical effect on persons of this type, who ask miles of idiotic questions and who get about as much communication from the spirit-world as they would from the dog-star!

The ouija has its baneful effects, because where there is one person who uses the ouija properly, there are thousands who regard it as a toy and who get nothing but the product of their own reflexes. We can not blame Dr. Gregory for the attitude he takes, nor do we attach any blame to the humorist whose article we reproduce. That humorist has said something very important, and the truth of what he says should not be overlooked.

The Opinion of Bishop Welldon

The February number of *Nash's Magazine*, an English church periodical, quotes Bishop Welldon, Dean of Durham, relative to Spiritualism:

"Spiritualism, says the Dean, is the antithesis to Materialism. It is Materialism, not Spiritualism, which is the enemy of the Christian faith—nay, of all religious faith. For if there is no God, no spiritual life, no spirit or soul which transcends the bodily life, then all religion, all Christianity, falls to the ground. Nothing remains but Positivism or Secularism, or that unhappy Rationalism, which calls itself 'free thought,' as though nobody could think freely unless he were to think as the rationalists themselves think.

"Spiritualism, like Christianity itself, is the attestation of man's spiritual nature. Whatever may be its faults or vagaries or extravagances, still it affirms that man is not body, or body alone, but spirit; that the life which he lives upon earth is not his only or his whole life; that there is in him an element which survives death; and that as a spiritual being he stands, or may stand, in a definite intimate relation to God as the Father of Spirits. So far, if so far alone, Christianity and Spiritualism are at one. Spiritualism, indeed, may or may not be Christian. But Christianity is, and must be, spiritual—and, indeed, spiritualistic. It is spirituality of view which is the barrier between religion and all such systems of thought as, whether they are professedly religious or not, do not take account of man's spiritual nature; and is the bond of union between all religious faiths and systems which base themselves upon the spiritual conception of man and of the universe in which he lives.

"For the present it is enough to declare that **Spiritualism** is in its nature the ally and not the enemy of Christianity; that it has passed beyond the stage of ridicule or negligence; and that the Church of Christ must seriously ask herself what truth lies in Spiritualism, and what is the bearing of that truth upon Christian doctrine and practice."

Bishop Welldon has seen the situation as it is. When Spiritualism has reached that point in its progress where it demonstrates its truth to many millions of persons, then the Christian churches; and, indeed, orthodox churches that are not Christian, will be in position to say: "The truth of immortality is proved!" If the church is going to change, if it is going to see a new interpretation of the Scriptures it has preached, why should it block, forestall and battle such an upward evolution? The foundation of all religion is immortal life. No matter what any opponent of Spiritualism may say, the fact remains that we are in the flesh for a little while, but we are out of the flesh for eternity. The things that will concern us throughout eternity surely should make the material things subservient to the greater truth of time-unending.

Some folk will belie a trust, but where one person is untrue to a trust, many will strive to live up to it.

Dwell not at all on the wickedness in people, but look for the good in them, and most of them will respond to your search, and justify your efforts and confidence.

A minister of the gospel isn't such a bad fellow when you come to know him. In his way, he is trying to do good, and while it may be charged that the ministry has held the world in bondage, there are reasons to believe that, without the ministry, humanity would never even have discerned its bonds.

If prayers must be learned and repeated by rote, why not put them on a phonograph? That would simplify matters. The person who cries from his heart, "God help me!" has sent up a prayer far more likely to bring response from his Maker than all the cut-and-dried supplications ever set in type.

The city in which a man has failed, looks like the ugliest place on earth, but if a man should win and find happiness in that city, it becomes the most beautiful and homelike place in the world. In like manner, as we learn more about the beauty of things Immortal, and the justice of Life Never-ending, we begin to see more beauty in this world than we ever suspected could exist.

THE BROKEN REED

(Continued from page 9)

IV SHADOWS

January, 1919,
10 P. M.

"Madam, there's a shadow comes between me and you sometimes when I try to reach you. Now, you wouldn't think that we Here cast shadows, would you? For you think of us as shadows.

"That's one thing makes you laugh when you get Here. For we are so solid—no, not solid, that's too gross a word—substantial, that's it—the thing that is, you know. You on earth are like the long slants that the falling sun leaves on a field. Or say life Here is a sunbeam; its vapoury counterpart, and only seen at some angles, life there—the earth side—there's only one life—say it over and over, one life but—two sides—well, then, life there, with the notes the feeble expression of life through dust. A sunbeam is the figure for the soul—the radiance of the spirit over the dust of the earth.

"We seem to have risen to a place (or feeling of a place) that is finer than earth and yet realer. This way. If I want an apple on earth I have to make some effort to get it. Pick it or earn it or just reach out to take it. Effort, somehow. But Here, if you want an apple, you have it. An apple or anything that's good or lovely or satisfying. Beauty, say. Or companionship or understanding. And everything whole, perfect; no broken dreams or half glimpses at truths; but always the thing as it is in its first, its real being. A little closer to the understanding of the eternal, divine law of being on this side, some one says.

"So there's truth in what some schools of religious thought are trying to get at, on earth. You do think things to you Here. And you can think things to you there. Only Here, the thing IS—goodness, loveliness, perfectness. But there, you have to work for the thing you want, along with the thinking. That's what high thinking is—keeping your feet in the valley, because you are learning the paths there, taking your first steps; but keeping your eyes on the light of the mountain top.

"Some one on this side has put that truth—about thinking good to you—into some fellow's soul, back there. Planted a seed; or grafted; or done something to start a spiritual thing to growing.

"You don't think evil to you Here. Of course not. But you have to think yourself out of evil. You always have to think yourself up, to good. The good is, all right. Unchanging, unvarying. You can't bring good down to evil. Never. On earth, when good apparently is brought down to evil, it's only that you think or make believe to think, that

evil is good. You hug it to yourself, lie to yourself—I ought to say we, oughtn't I?—we put veils over our faces and see good as 'through a glass darkly.' You can think yourself up to anything that is beautiful or helpful or—or growing.

"Some one says that even Jesus had to think Himself into full accord with the divine law of Being. I hadn't thought of that ever, had you? But some one says that perfection is a matter of attainment, not of conferment, that is, where mortals are concerned. That the mortal part of Jesus was what helped in the understanding of His fellows, their needs, their hopes and dreams, their temptations and failures. Yes, and their joys, like when one said, 'I do believe,' or when the woman wiped his feet with the hair of her head, or when the multitudes came down to the shore and 'the common people heard him gladly.' That if it hadn't been necessary for the purification of Jesus—the exalting of spirit above matter—there would not have been the Temptation and the overcoming of temptation. That we think of it only as a lesson in fellowship to us, but that it was more—a step in the gradual refining away of the mortal in Jesus, in preparation for the end.

"Strange.

"There's a lot of thinking up, Here. Chaps that didn't just get right with life, back there. Queer sorts. But there's always some one to help. Sometimes the help comes like when a chap thinks he's going down in water for the last time. Sometimes it's like the point of a star, far, far off. But if you are in dark—among grey clouds, say—choked, smothered, held down by something, I should mind you how you watch to see that star point grow.

"But to get back to shadows.

"It's when shadows rise or fall between you and me that the word doesn't get through straight. Then the word has to feel its way through the shadows, rather than shoot straight ahead.

"The man with the Christ look says it's when I project myself, thinking of myself in this too much, my part in it or my hope in it, that the shadows come. He says that's the way we stand in our own light. We shadow our grosser aims before our nobler selves. It's all natural law, the only law there is. Natural law is divine law. Of course. Divine couldn't be unnatural, could it? And what we call supernatural is only something controlled by natural law in its essence, its finer expression. He says if there were supernatural things, there would be subnatural law. There can't be an above without a below. Relative-ness, that's it. And between supernatural

and subnatural, natural law would be flung about and interfered with, at the will of either.

"There is only one law, and that is natural law. Call it divine law, if you like. It's all one. There is only one law for the cure of any ill, soul or flesh—the law of Spirit that lifts, expands, harmonizes. The law that swings tides to their ebb and flow, seasons to their changes—and whether it's a country of four seasons or otherwise, there is change—planets in their orbits; that is the law that bears me, say, Madam, to the shore of your being and draws me back when the wave is spent.

"Rhythm. That's it. Vibration.

"Too, sometimes, when the word fails, it is you who put yourself before the work. The shadow rises between me and the shore of your being, the shore line is a thin, wavy line, mists rise like white birds against a grey sky, the harbour is dim, the Word that should be a full-laden ship, is only the dream of a ship, it is a broken tangle of seaweed.

"He says we make our own shadows as we shine our own lights or reflect our own soul color. The spirit has everything on the unseen side that it experiences on the seen side.

"The body casts its shadow. Then, the spirit—we'll say back of the body but it's really before or above,—has its even less tangible self, corresponding with the shadow. Everything has its like in a finer, more ethereal form—everything. Degrees of fineness, layers, say. That's a rude word for a delicate thought, but I can't say it better. Words are such clumsy tools. And once I was keen on words. But now it's like using a broadsword when I need a rapier; or a big coarse brush where I need a camel's-hair.

"This way. As you get to larger understanding in music, you come constantly on finer and finer appreciation of it. You find there are worlds in it you didn't know. That so?

"The spirit can cast a shadow both ways. Behind, like the perfume that trails when some one passes by or like the fragrance a flower blows back.

"Or before, as a let, a hindrance to something or some one.

"That's how shadows come between friends on earth. Even when they seem to be created by others, by circumstance. He says that when shadows come between lovers, it is because self has put its shadow in the way of love. And love hasn't held. Self has made a shadow out of distrust or jealousy or impatience. And love couldn't shine the word through.

"He says that Christ made no shadows between Himself and the world; that He was the perfect love. And that the shadow of the Cross in which He walked was really the shadow of the

cross the persecuting, misunderstanding world had builded—for itself.

"That His Cross, the one He bore, was not alone the one to His aching back, but the one to His bruised spirit, and that spiritually, it was a staff to Him, a staff of shining light held before Him, not to measure the steps away from the world, but rather to shine the steps unto the heart of the world. He knew that only by that strange and beautiful Staff could He find His way into the heart of humanity, shine the way of truth through clouds of doubt and sunless worlds of superstition and inglorious strife. He knew that only by the Shining Staff could He climb to the Mount of Transfiguration. And that the gleaming of the Staff would become the light of the world and the glory of the nations.

"He says, too, that Christ suffered more in spirit than He suffered in body. Though we might know that. In those awful last hours, the shadow builded by people faded away and His spirit shone above the bruised body, so He could look down on the flesh like it was only a part of the Cross, no part any longer of Him, but a thing cast aside, having served its purpose. It became a garment cast off even before the expiring breath ceased to ruffle the folds of the earthly garment and He reached for the seamless vesture.

"I'd like to get that comfort over to the rector. He had a way of tearing at the body part to make you see the spirit part. I've seen him go white at the mouth, reading that tormenting scene where the sponge of vinegar was given for drink. He made you feel it in your own mouth, on your own lips, in your own body, your own mind. But somehow, he never made it plain about the crucifixion of the spirit. He kept to the material side so long to make us not forget, that he never quite got around to the real meaning, or at least, what I've learned, this side, is the real meaning.

"Perhaps that was one of the things he couldn't say well. Though most things he said better than any one. He got inside you. I've seen him take a crocus and a bit of leaf mold at Easter-tide and make you see the Resurrection. Life renewed. And a bit of Life-Everlasting and you'd see the eternal meadows blooming for your coming. Once a heavy snow came on in the night. It kept right on until the drifts banked the hedges out of sight and you sunk knee-deep when you floundered out. Cold! But we went to a service. He read the story of the sheep that strayed. And then he made you hear that lost plaint out in the mountain, baa-ing at you, not only from Judean hills but nearer home. You held your breath for fear the shepherd wouldn't find the sheep. But when he did! And you saw the crook far off and the wind blowing the shepherd's

cloak and you knew, for certainty, he carried the lamb in his bosom, you felt like huzzahing as you do at a game.

"So I think the rector knew, after all.

"The man Here says we still crucify on earth. We build the shadow crosses of hate and nail sensitive, lovely souls to them. Poets. Reformers. Dreamers. Idealists, those that see the shining mountain-tops where our eyes are near-visioned; those that reach out for the Shining Staff while we are fashioning clubs.

"And the humble, the meek that stand bound before the Pontius Pilate of narrow judgment. He says we are accusers, pitiless arraigners; spineless judges; or of those that part the garments among themselves, forgetting the vesture seamless. And that the malefactor had in his dying hour a clearer eye and whiter heart than have we, for he cried out what was at once penitence and absolution and redemptive promise.

"He says that we shadow crosses—Oh, well, then, build crosses, if you like that better, for those we love best—every day, every hour. Selfishness. Love selfishness. Love tyranny, the cruelest of any tyrannies because it's harder to revolt against. Dominance, that's it. We must think for our beloved. Act for them. We must shadow ourselves between them and their given or chosen work, between them and the happiest expression of themselves. He says it. Hard. But true.

"We raise shadows between us and life. Fears. Indecisions. We try to bring good, which is God, down to us, foolish as it sounds. We fail. Naturally. For good calls up, always up. We build a ladder of shadows and we step the rungs down, climb backward like a man going down into a sewer or pit.

"Then we blame life.

"But he says there's another meaning to shadow—a picture, a painting; or perhaps still another, a vision. Visions are as you will them. So the spirit visioning itself bright, can build a ladder whose rungs are like the jasper of the unseen walls.

"He says the story of the Great Shadow in which Christ walked, should be told from the spirit side out, to the material side. That hurt of the soul goes on generation after generation. But that hurt of the body ends. As we know."

I ask him what of the sins of the fathers? What of the children whose teeth are set on edge with sour grapes? Does not nature demand tribute—always?

He answers:

"The man Here says that out of the purple bruise of the soul comes the purple grape that is sour. The hurt to the body spills out in the blood stream,

after a time. But spirit moves in cycles—the manifestation of spirit."

I wonder can he mean reincarnation? I hope not.

"We should be made to see that Christ first crucified His soul on that cross which the tormenting world builded, before He brought Himself to willingness to let His body be bruised. That is the spiritual teaching. If we give ourselves up in spirit for the glory that lies beyond, we shall not greatly mind the pricks or prints in the flesh. The first Master Painter saw the spiritual significance of the Crown of Thorns and caught the nimbus in his vision.

"He says that the world throws a shadow between itself and the shining just-beyond; that loitering at the crook of the road, it darks the path of Peace.

"The world itself builded the cross on which so many men lately have died. Not one man, not one country—though we'd like to think that—but all men, all countries, by the hate of their souls, of each other, for each other; little hates, big hates, envies, jealousies, vain-glory; not this year, not last year nor the year before that, but for many years, builded the shadow-cross, terrible, real, more real than any material thing of torture.

"The world itself builded the cross on which love and promise and rich treasure of soul gifts were to expiate the sin of hate.

"They saw it from this side—the glory side of life—long ago.

"From the earth side, they saw it long ago.

"When Napoleon was at Elba—he saw it. By the vision, which was his beside, the door of slain ambition and blasted dreams.

"The ghosts in the Tower saw it. Through innocence, that whispered of unborn years to them; through guilt that mocked them from the crumbled porticoes of years that were.

"Dead kings and queens could not love their kingdoms back to sanity, though they trailed their robes close along the Borderland that earth might hear the rustle and know them near; though they humbly laid crowns and scepters at the feet of the kingdoms they had lost, for redemption of their kingdoms menaced.

"The kingdom of angels knew. Long ago. Even they, feeling the pulse of the world, could not stay the fevered torrent. They could not love the world back to the Way of Peace. It had darked the way at the bend in the road.

"Perfect love has no shadow.

"That one thing only—perfect love that is the love of God speaking in the love of man to man."

He says—

His message breaks on the word. The strength of communication between us is broken for a time.

Prudence Hopewell, joying in her role of "wee moder," goes on:

"Godde zawn thet yeef mon hode na schadewes, thone volde heem haf na membrance aff hiss lenth aff dayes. So Godde yode ye sonne a cloke to thraw vram hese bak to zay: Ye zee! nicht fol-ews eftir mee.

"Sae, Lif, com to its glome-houre, thraws its cloke what ye callen deth—ye zay deth bee the cloke o' lif? No?—back, to zay: Zee ye. Deth moste com eftir mee. Deth nefre wi' life. Nefre afore. Alle vays eftir lif. And lif been fleet o' fut. So Deth can nefre quete com oop wi' Lif. And Lif, safe through ye yett, lauchs oot: Owt schadewe, gade ye to the derk!"

"God saw that if man had no shadow, then would he have no remembrance of his length of days. So God gave the sun a cloak to throw from his back, to say: 'You see! night follows after me.'

"So life, come to its gloaming hour, throws its cloak that you call death—you say death is the cloak of life? No?—back, to say: See you! Death must come after me. Death is never with life. Never before. Always after life. And life is fleet of foot. So death can never quite come up with life. And life, safe through the gate, laughs out:

"'Old shadow, go you to the dark!'"
(To be continued)

Said the casual reader, "I see that Archangel was captured by the Reds. That shows what these Balshies will do. Even heaven isn't safe against their raids!"

One of the most conclusive tests for women, is that their loved ones on the spirit-side sometimes persist in coming through and telling their right ages. Only a spirit could ever know a woman's right age! Only a spirit would dare tell it!

The world has not had many gods. It never had more than the One God. But it has had many names for Him. And it has formed its conception of Him through many images and many forms of worship. Has it ever been possible to worship anything in God's exclusive creation, without worshipping Him?

You can, if you only will, get five or more of your friends to subscribe for "Communication." If just one out of every five of our subscribers would make that effort each month, the circulation of this magazine would soon be among the big ones. Is not the subject worthy of the effort? Now that "Communication" is a reality, isn't it a splendid idea to add to its strength and broaden its scope?

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This resort is located in the heart of the Rocky Mountains where some of the most picturesque scenery in America abounds. There is a wealth of pines, and running streams well stocked with mountain trout.

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.

This estate consists of 100 acres, of which 30 acres are platted in blocks and lots. Improvements consist of 10 cottages, a large boarding house, a store building, a clubhouse, an ice-house, a barn, and a two-story building equipped with stage and scenery for entertainments. The cottages are always occupied, and the demand easily would fill 100 additional cottages. Cottages and larger buildings completely furnished for housekeeping.

Prior water rights, and reservoir site surveyed for construction; a natural basin. Small lake on resort. Adjacent to prosperous mining districts and the greatest tungsten field in the world. Tungsten and other minerals have been discovered on property. Construction of large lake, and stocked with trout, would make this one of the most popular resorts in the Rockies.

Owing to advanced years, will sell at a price less than cost of the improvements. Will consider part cash, balance in small suburban tract, or fruit farm, or other income property. Can deliver clear title. This resort must be seen to be fully appreciated. An excellent opportunity for paying investment. Tourists to Colorado are increasing rapidly in numbers each year.

Address: J. W. HATFIELD, Tolland, Colo.

Life of James "Farmer" Riley

(Continued from page 17)

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If, as has often been charged, these manifestations, while genuine, are only projections from the medium's own mind, then we must be crediting to the mind of

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What Is This New Heresy?

"Just what do these Spiritualists believe?"

It is asked in railway trains, in hotels, in churches, in clubs, in the columns of newspapers, and in homes. It is asked, over and over, in the hearts of men and women.

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Just as all Presbyterians have their own little individual twists to their belief, and all members of all churches see things according to their own understanding, so do Spiritualists differ on some of the articles of Spiritualistic faith.

For the benefit of the inquirer, and to help the Spiritualist answer this oft-repeated question, we present herewith a condensation of that which Spiritualists believe:

Spiritualists believe in survival after death, not only of life, but of personality.

They believe that the ethereal part of the universe is as real as the material, and less subject to change, disintegration and decay, and can exist co-existently with the material, so that those in spirit, while possessing bodies that look much like the earth-bodies they had in this world, are invisible to mortals—except those who have psychic sight.

Spiritualists believe that when a person dies, that person passes out of the flesh, and from particles existing in conjunction with the earth-body, there is formed at once an ethereal counterpart of that body; that the soul, or life-principle, always operates through a body and through material or ethereal means.

They believed that those who pass through the transition called death, will be greeted by loved ones in spirit, and that the change will be natural. This means that those who believed in no hereafter, will see only that which they saw in this world, may refuse to believe that they are dead, and must be brought gradually to a realization of the change that has taken place.

Spiritualists believe that an honest effort to lead upright lives, serves as preparation for the life-beyond, and that all mortals owe to God the duty of doing the best they can.

They believe that there is a Law of Compensation that is essential to progress, and that whatever we send out in thoughts or deeds, is a possession that must come back to us sometime; that all debts must be paid, and that all wrongs must be righted.

They believe that all life is unending, and that all Nature belongs to God—that God does not share His proprietor-

ship of the universe with anybody or anything.

Spiritualists believe that this earth-life is given to us for the purpose of gaining certain experience that could not be gained on the spirit-side, and that the process of birth is a natural means of bringing the spirit into the conditions of this earth-life, and for the tenure of this span of life, of shutting out direct knowledge of the things of spirit, so that human experience will seem most real and do us the most good.

Spiritualists believe that, under certain conditions, it is possible to converse—in language—with those on the spirit-side, and also to see, touch and sense the unquestioned reality of spirit-existence as proved by the return of loved ones under these right conditions.

They believe that this communication is perfectly natural, and is possible only because God's Law makes it possible—that of all boons to mortals, communication is the greatest, because it is proof of Immortality, and helps mortals to so live their lives that they will progress more rapidly once they have entered spirit.

Spiritualists believe that God has so gifted some men and women that they act as open doors between the earth and spirit, and that these Mediums are serving God's purpose in being true to their gift. They believe that this is a gift that may come naturally or spontaneously, and also that may be developed under the right conditions in many persons, and in varying degrees.

They believe that we in this world are guided by loved ones in spirit, and that these loved ones are "the angels of the Lord," and that this guidance becomes better and stronger as we of the earth learn how to open the door wider.

Spiritualists believe that we of the earth are instruments of the spirit-world, and that we are serving God's Will when we try to make that instrumentality pure and holy.

They believe in prayer; that prayer is a direct supplication to God, and counts only as it is sincere; that our loved ones in spirit, as God's Messengers, hear, or sense, these prayers and help answer them in accordance with God's Law; that we may pray without effect for that which is contrary to God's Will or that which is for selfish motives; but with assurance of success when our prayers are with due respect for God's Will and for honest, unselfish purposes.

Spiritualists believe that what is known as evil, is ignorance, and that there is no original sin, but that every individual is responsible to God, account-

able to God for his or her own progress, and can not escape that responsibility by putting the blame, the shortcomings off on any one.

They believe that there are planes or stages of development and that, when we have progressed, here or hereafter, we attain that plane to which we have grown.

They believe that God never created any soul in sickness, deformity or insanity, and that as we learn how to call upon the healing forces of spirit, those forces will be brought to us. They believe that, in spirit, there are none of the infirmities of the flesh—that bodies are whole, and faculties perfect.

They believe that we have progress to work out in spirit, that we live under natural conditions, and that while we are in this world a few years, we are in spirit for always; hence, spirit is our normal state of being, and in this world we are like pupils who go from home for a few semesters, to attend school.

Spiritualists believe that there is no hell and no devil, but that awakened memory and natural law will do all the punishing necessary, which is not punishment from the viewpoint of vengeance, but the payment of a debt—which payment is essential before further progress is possible.

Spiritualists believe in Jesus Christ as a Master Guide and Teacher, who lived for the good of humanity, and as a spirit of high progress, is working for humanity today—but that there are many other Master Guides and highly developed spirits, and that there is only One Deity, which is the Great Creative Intelligence—not a person, but the foundation principle of thought and force.

There are many Spiritualists who do not believe in Reincarnation, and many who do. This depends largely upon the experience of the Teachers who have brought lessons from the spirit-side. But all Spiritualists are agreed that there is so much to learn, we have small conception of the opportunities of learning that lie ahead of us, and can not gain a fair conception of the beauty of spirit while we are in the flesh.

Spiritualists believe that no mortal has the right to commit suicide, that such an act only places upon that person an obligation that must be paid; that we should try to make the best of the conditions under which we live and try to learn more and do better as moral agents.

Spiritualism possesses the interest of a religion, a school of philosophy, and as science—and variously, it appeals to mortals from these different angles, according to their conceptions and their leanings.

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Spiritualists believe in survival after death, not only of life, but of personality.

They believe that the ethereal part of the universe is as real as the material, and less subject to change, disintegration and decay, and can exist co-existently with the material, so that those in spirit, while possessing bodies that look much like the earth-bodies they had in this world, are invisible to mortals—except those who have psychic sight.

Spiritualists believe that when a person dies, that person passes out of the flesh, and from particles existing in conjunction with the earth-body, there is formed at once an ethereal counterpart of that body; that the soul, or life-principle, always operates through a body and through material or ethereal means.

They believed that those who pass through the transition called death, will be greeted by loved ones in spirit, and that the change will be natural. This means that those who believed in no hereafter, will see only that which they saw in this world, may refuse to believe that they are dead, and must be brought gradually to a realization of the change that has taken place.

Spiritualists believe that an honest effort to lead upright lives, serves as preparation for the life-beyond, and that all mortals owe to God the duty of doing the best they can.

They believe that there is a Law of Compensation that is essential to progress, and that whatever we send out in thoughts or deeds, is a possession that must come back to us sometime; that all debts must be paid, and that all wrongs must be righted.

They believe that all life is unending, and that all Nature belongs to God—that God does not share His proprietor-

ship of the universe with anybody or anything.

Spiritualists believe that this earth-life is given to us for the purpose of gaining certain experience that could not be gained on the spirit-side, and that the process of birth is a natural means of bringing the spirit into the conditions of this earth-life, and for the tenure of this span of life, of shutting out direct knowledge of the things of spirit, so that human experience will seem most real and do us the most good.

Spiritualists believe that, under certain conditions, it is possible to converse—in language—with those on the spirit-side, and also to see, touch and sense the unquestioned reality of spirit-existence as proved by the return of loved ones under these right conditions.

They believe that this communication is perfectly natural, and is possible only because God's Law makes it possible—that of all boons to mortals, communication is the greatest, because it is proof of Immortality, and helps mortals to so live their lives that they will progress more rapidly once they have entered spirit.

Spiritualists believe that God has so gifted some men and women that they act as open doors between the earth and spirit, and that these Mediums are serving God's purpose in being true to their gift. They believe that this is a gift that may come naturally or spontaneously, and also that may be developed under the right conditions in many persons, and in varying degrees.

They believe that we in this world are guided by loved ones in spirit, and that these loved ones are "the angels of the Lord," and that this guidance becomes better and stronger as we of the earth learn how to open the door wider.

Spiritualists believe that we of the earth are instruments of the spirit-world, and that we are serving God's Will when we try to make that instrumentality pure and holy.

They believe in prayer; that prayer is a direct supplication to God, and counts only as it is sincere; that our loved ones in spirit, as God's Messengers, hear, or sense, these prayers and help answer them in accordance with God's Law; that we may pray without effect for that which is contrary to God's Will or that which is for selfish motives; but with assurance of success when our prayers are with due respect for God's Will and for honest, unselfish purposes.

Spiritualists believe that what is known as evil, is ignorance, and that there is no original sin, but that every individual is responsible to God, account-

able to God for his or her own progress, and can not escape that responsibility by putting the blame, the shortcomings off on any one.

They believe that there are planes or stages of development and that, when we have progressed, here or hereafter, we attain that plane to which we have grown.

They believe that God never created any soul in sickness, deformity or insanity, and that as we learn how to call upon the healing forces of spirit, those forces will be brought to us. They believe that, in spirit, there are none of the infirmities of the flesh—that bodies are whole, and faculties perfect.

They believe that we have progress to work out in spirit, that we live under natural conditions, and that while we are in this world a few years, we are in spirit for always; hence, spirit is our normal state of being, and in this world we are like pupils who go from home for a few semesters, to attend school.

Spiritualists believe that there is no hell and no devil, but that awakened memory and natural law will do all the punishing necessary, which is not punishment from the viewpoint of vengeance, but the payment of a debt—which payment is essential before further progress is possible.

Spiritualists believe in Jesus Christ as a Master Guide and Teacher, who lived for the good of humanity, and as a spirit of high progress, is working for humanity today—but that there are many other Master Guides and highly developed spirits, and that there is only One Deity, which is the Great Creative Intelligence—not a person, but the foundation principle of thought and force.

There are many Spiritualists who do not believe in Reincarnation, and many who do. This depends largely upon the experience of the Teachers who have brought lessons from the spirit-side. But all Spiritualists are agreed that there is so much to learn, we have small conception of the opportunities of learning that lie ahead of us, and can not gain a fair conception of the beauty of spirit while we are in the flesh.

Spiritualists believe that no mortal has the right to commit suicide, that such an act only places upon that person an obligation that must be paid; that we should try to make the best of the conditions under which we live and try to learn more and do better as moral agents.

Spiritualism possesses the interest of a religion, a school of philosophy, and as science—and variously, it appeals to mortals from these different angles, according to their conceptions and their leanings.

To the mortal who has experienced a personal loss through the change called death, Spiritualism is a religion. It

brings consolation and a new and brighter view of life, by proving the truth of Immortality.

To those who aspire to live this life the best they can, and thus prepare themselves for further forward stages of progress, Spiritualism appeals more as a philosophy than as a religion.

To those of the purely intellectual type, into whose lives the majesty of thought has come more strongly than sentiment, Spiritualism appeals for its scientific interest.

Thus, in the discourses of different Spiritualists, these three angles may give rise to entirely different impressions, and leave the novice wondering.

Spiritualists believe that it is through God's Will, or the working out of God's Plan, that spirits come to this world to live as mortals, but that we are all spirits now as much as we shall ever be, even though our earth-bodies are of material, and our spirit-bodies will be ethereal and durable.

Spiritualism deals with Cause and Effect—and while every Spiritualist, like everybody else, must keep on learning, Spiritualists believe that they have come into a knowledge sufficiently tangible to rob death of its fear and the grave of its victory.

Spiritualists believe that each day is the Judgment Day, because God's Law rules all things, and exacts compensation of everybody and everything.

Those in spirit tell us that they come with their opinions, and that no one is infallible; that infallibility belongs exclusively to God, and that God never makes any mistake, even though we, in our littleness and ignorance, may be so presumptuous as to question His motives; that this life is a segment of the life-unending, and that many things are begun here to be finished hereafter.

Manifestations of Spiritualism are received in a variety of ways—through some form of mediumship. The more pronounced forms of mediumship may be summed up briefly, as follows:

Trance mediumship, or the control by some one in spirit of the medium. The spirit uses the body of the medium, and talks through the medium's vocal chords. Under control, a medium's body, actuated by the possessing spirit, acts like and talks like the spirit in control.

Test mediumship, in which the medium sees clairvoyantly and hears clairaudiently, and tells that which is seen and heard.

Voice mediumship, in which the voices come through trumpets or independently—not through the medium's body—and conversations are held direct with those on the other side.

Materializations, in which the spirits utilize certain material particles or forces, and emerge from the cabinet, looking as they did in the flesh, and hav-

ing corporeal reality during the time of their materialization. Often they dematerialize before those present.

Transfiguration, in which a spirit builds up around the features and sometimes the body, of a medium, a resemblance of the spirit manifesting.

Etherealizations, which are materializations held in the dark, but bringing their own light. Sometimes these forms are very filmy and transparent.

In all these forms of mediumship—in most types—the mortals present have a common experience; they all hear the voices or see the forms, or the transfiguration.

Independent slate-writing, in which messages are written on or between slates, and wherein often the materialized hand of the writer can be seen, free and independent of any physical connection.

Spirit photography (of two kinds) in which the spirits materialize in a cabinet and are photographed by the medium, or where spirit forms and faces (many of which are recognized as belonging to those who have been in the flesh) appear on the same plate as the photograph of the mortal.

Physical manifestations, in which articles are moved without visible force, in which articles are dematerialized and rematerialized, in which rappings or other sounds may be produced, and lights may appear.

Healing mediumship, in which the medium acts as an instrument through which the healing forces of spirit are brought to mortals who are ill.

There are numerous other forms of mediumship and spirit communications, including automatic writings, ouija-board messages (if under the right conditions), inspiration, impression, psychometry, clairvoyance, and so on.

Spiritualists believe, after long experience, that these manifestations are produced without trickery, that they prove active intelligence on the part of those manifesting, that they can not be answered away by mind-reading, hypnotism, delusion, trickery or aught else; that only after prolonged experience can the truth of these statements be appreciated by mortals, and that those setting up any other hypothesis, do so only without the complete facts.

Spiritualists ask only open-mindedness and patience on the part of inquirers, and ask to be credited with sufficient intelligence to believe that they would not be deluded over a period of years, and still live perfectly normal lives in all other directions.

Spiritualists know that, at this time, it is part of their heritage to be laughed at, but they feel that they can afford to bear up under such ridicule, on the basis that the truth can not be laughed out of existence.

If women would realize that abortion is murder, maybe they would try to follow a different code of morals.

Profanity makes no difference with God, but it does use up a lot of energy that might be put to better purpose.

There are people who just stand around and try to find something to weep over or swear about. That is zero in avocations.

There are many things in this world far more profane than blasphemy—and we don't have to look very far to find some of them.

It is not a wish alone that brings something worth while. It is the effort back of that sincere wish. The effort alone makes the wish sincere.

If we are to pick and choose in our beliefs, then we shall believe only that which we are disposed to accept. But the truth often comes as a jolt.

Experiencing spirit communication does not give one an inside track with the Unseen World, but imposes upon one the new obligation that goes with new knowledge.

No matter what you think of any President at any time, do not overlook the fact that a position of responsibility is the least enviable of all human positions—and that to serve, also means to suffer.

If you are a Dreamer of Dreams, remember that we shall give "Dreams" as a premium with each yearly subscription to "Communication," and you will be interested in checking up on your dreams—and those of your friends.

The question for Joseph Rinn to decide is not, "Who is Patience Worth?" but "What is Patience Worth?" If he gets too serious in accepting Mrs. Curran's challenge, Patience Worth will be worth five thousand dollars of Mr. Rinn's money.

Just when the world will end, concerns some folk unduly. If they would stop worrying about the duration of this old globe, and wonder what they will accomplish before their part of this world ends, they would be happier and march forward considerably faster.

Those in spirit are trying to reach their loved ones in the flesh, without respect to their creeds. Remember that the person who does not believe in Spiritualism, still has loved ones in the light who are helping the best they can; the

The Story of the Titanic

April eleventh, there appeared in a large number of Sunday newspapers throughout the United States, a page story by Lloyd Kenyon Jones, entitled, "How I Died on the Titanic," being a reported account of the great sea tragedy of April 14-15, 1912, in which Wm. T. Stead and many other noted persons passed into spirit. Mr. Stead is the narrator.

This story will be mailed shortly to "Communication" subscribers, and therefore it will not be repeated here.

It is part of the plan of this magazine to syndicate articles on Spiritualism, and thereby place before the reading public dependable views pertaining to this absorbing subject.

Many fiction writers have devoted more or less effort the past few months to articles and stories based on Spiritualism, and the fiction viewpoint has been paramount. To round out their periods, to bring in the necessary story elements, and "grip their readers," these writers have paid less heed to the facts and more attention to the story interest.

Spiritualism is a subject too broad and too deep to lend itself to the casual observations of professional writers. The majority of them start out by deploring the fact that there are professional mediums. Usually, they find some lady who gives seances only for a select circle of relations and friends, and whose mediumship accordingly is developed but little. Some of these articles are based on ouija-board messages and automatic writings, or table-tippings. The result is confusion. One's impression usually, after reading one of these stories, is that the spirit-world is a badly disjointed place, where there is neither law nor order.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, through his long experience and careful study, presents the subject intelligently. While he is a fiction writer, he has been interested in Spiritualism for the past thirty years, and knows whereof he writes. But the majority of authors who turn their attention to Spiritualism, have a finality to their decisions that carries a wrong and often harmful impression.

The Titanic story was syndicated through the National Newspaper Service, one of the large syndicates. The interest shown on the part of editors was more than merely encouraging. In these days, with a print paper shortage, and an excessive amount of advertising, syndicated articles are not received with the same welcome that was extended to them prior to 1914.

There are many newspaper syndicates, and some of the best-known staff writers of various large newspapers, have been syndicating their material for several years. The result is an over-supply of this type of material. Yet in the face of these conditions, the Titanic story was purchased by many Sunday newspapers, which indicates the interest there is in this subject, and which points to the future possibilities of other articles dealing with Spiritualism.

"Communication" purposes to so deal with the daily press as to present the best that Spiritualism has to offer, and thereby gain more editorial friendship. This of itself is a tremendously important work, and it can be accomplished only by following the lines of experience.

The public press is ready, willing, even anxious to be friendly to Spiritualism, but has not been given the proper opportunity.

It is evident to any experienced newspaper man that the articles which will be accepted, must be of a type that will command the respect of editors, and must contain certain essential elements that will make them good reading. Heretofore, many of the articles that have responded to the demands of good reading, have misrepresented Spiritualism. It is our purpose to measure up to editorial demands and, at the same time, promote interest in our truth.

The editor of "Communication" has had long experience as a syndicate writer, having written for The Associated Newspapers of New York, a syndicate comprising about seventy of the largest newspapers in the United States; and George Matthew Adams of New York.

Up to this time, there never has been a genuine effort to put Spiritualism in the right light with the newspapers. No organization movement is complete without due respect for the proper cultivation of this publicity field. The Catholic Church maintains an excellent syndicate, and is getting stories printed every day. Christian Science has a well-organized publicity bureau that is successful.

"Communication" can not, and does not propose to try to, monopolize this syndicate field. It is open to all, but unless the work is done correctly, it can not succeed. There is one right way of doing things, and there are many wrong ways. We are trying to do our work in the proper manner—in a way that will insure the greatest success.

"Communication" will expand its syndicate efforts, and will add to those ef-

forts other departments of publicity that will give Spiritualism the right kind of newspaper representation.

The importance of this work may not be apparent, upon first consideration, to all our readers. As time passes, they will see the value of this publicity, and will be glad to support this work in every possible manner.

If you never have attempted to write for newspapers and magazines, to sell your writings, to enter into competition with thousands of other writers, you know little of the obstacles that must be overcome. If you have never written for a living, and therefore have not been dependent on the checks of the publishers, you do not understand the trials and tribulations of authorship.

One may publish one's own magazine and thereby get into print as often as that publication appears, but there is a gulf of difference between this type of work and getting representation in many newspapers. It is not an easy task to get into forty or fifty Sunday newspapers with a story—particularly under the conditions that prevail at this time. There is some mark of distinction in this accomplishment; in getting paid for the story, in addition to having it appear.

What we think about is the value that will follow—the good to the cause that will result. For the sake of Spiritualism, we propose to bombard the journalistic field and secure as much representation as possible. In doing this work, we need the support of our friends; we need their co-operation in many directions.

In order to get these stories through, we must stand ready at all times to guarantee any expense incurred. We must take the initiative. We must have the courage of our own convictions.

"Communication" can not, consistently, announce its syndicate plans. We can tell only of that which we have accomplished. Business judgment makes any other course hazardous.

A lady who "wrote up" what she called a Spiritualistic story, and who never had been a writer, sent her manuscript to one of the leading magazines. Without knowing its fate, she announced to a gathering of Spiritualists that, "In the December issue of the Blank Magazine, you will read my story!" Her manuscript came back and never did "stick" anywhere, although she had the advantage of possessing a big name, socially.

After we have put over a story, we shall be glad enough to tell you about it.

An Open Letter to Doubters

Dear Doubters:

If every one of us did not have a right to think as he pleases about religion, this would be a disconsolate world. Sometimes zealots are too anxious to convert others to their way of thinking, and maybe that conversion is not what is needed at all.

It is difficult to think that all religions are wrong, or that any is wholly right. Like human beings, these religions represent different experiences and viewpoints.

There is a Catholic priest in our neighborhood, who is goodness personified. He never asks any person about his or her religion. He just simply helps. He thinks about others, and if any man ever did His Master's work, this priest is doing it.

There was a time, dear Doubters, when I looked upon all priests and ministers as mountebanks—as easy-living charlatans who were sucking the lifeblood of their parishioners. That was my viewpoint once—a long while ago, before I began to try to get charity into my heart and develop a breadth of vision; although God knows the germ of charity has not manifested itself within me to any great extent, and my vision is still tinged by selfish motives and impulses.

That's the greatest trouble with most of us in this world: We take snap judgment. We try, convict and sentence without the law or the facts. We crucify as surely as the Turks ever crucified the Armenians.

We are "belongers," and that to which we belong, becomes so important in our estimation, there is little room for anything else. No man should be a believer. He should co-operate, should assist in many ways, but still be independent. He may be a Catholic church-member without "belonging" to his church. The moment he belongs, he becomes part of the fixtures. So we find some church-members who are believers and some who are individuals.

It is the same in Spiritualism as it is in Catholicism. It is the same in all churches, and outside of them.

Here is a chap who says that all churches are wrong, and that he will worship God as he sees fit. Most of the time, he prefers not to see fit. At least, those who attend the different churches are doing something in a concerted way to help the community. It is better to try even though you are wrong, than to not try at all.

When a person says that he is a Catholic or a Christian Scientist, or anything else religious, that means only as much as the person makes it mean. Here are

two Christian Scientists: One would crush all those who are not of that faith, and the other sees in all religion a sort of forum, where the many may gather in friendly debate—or without debate.

Here are two Spiritualists. One is out with a knife for everybody who does not believe. The other does not care what other people believe. He feels that he has a large contract in satisfying his own religious longings, and in trying to measure up to a decent standard of manhood.

Suppose we all saw things in the same light: What a sorry world this would be.

Somehow, as I grow older and experience more of the weariness of earthly efforts, I feel more friendship for all persons. I can understand how impossible it is for all persons to have the same belief. This world is a great school. We are here for necessary experience, and all do not need the same experience. If all these religions were wrong, I do not believe that God would permit them to exist. They are not degenerate religious tendencies, but efforts to find the truth, to do better, to learn more.

Every person can not be an artist, or a financier. Every woman can not be beautiful, or every man an athlete. Every person has his or her individual experience and environs, and develops accordingly.

You know what happened to many of the early Christians in the Roman arenas. You know what happens to everybody who leaves the beaten path! That is part of the penalty of progress, because no matter what has been done in the past, it is assumed that the latest discovery is the final one, and that all progress must come to a standstill.

It is a good thing that every person in the United States does not wish to live in New York City. It is a good thing that every person in the United States does not aspire to be a merchant. And it is equally good that all persons do not wish to believe in the same religious teachings. One church acts as a "governor" for the others, and if the others become too radical, that one which stands for tolerance rather brings the others to time.

Maybe—and I believe this—if it were not for the Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant churches might become too powerful and too dictatorial. The Catholic church is better because Martin Luther lived.

All of these churches base their right to exist upon their fundamental belief in Immortality. Take that away, and nothing remains; nothing but formal church government.

We Spiritualists come along and say, "Immortality is a fact, because we converse with those who have passed through the change called death." Then the members of other churches say: "It can not be so. That is impossible!"

Maybe if Spiritualism were not gaining so much headway at this time, the other churches would get so far away from their simple faiths, they would cease being religious. Perhaps Spiritualism is coming in time to save other churches from their materialistic tendencies. All new movements have a purpose, even though their greatest devotees may not see that purpose clearly! Certainly their opponents will not!

The worst thing we are doing, dear Doubters, is to say that the contentions of other denominations are right—that life survives the grave, and that loved ones meet again. We go farther and say that, in reality, loved ones are never separated! Instead of looking upon each day as a step farther away from some dear one who has gone before, we think of each passing day as a nearer approach of the time of reunion.

Do not believe if you do not wish to, but do not condemn. All religious thought is helpful and is serving some good purpose. And as there have been changes in the past, so may there be changes now, and in the future.

All religion is necessary, for the reason that human experience is varied, and human viewpoints are different. Spiritualism is doing its part, and whether it be welcomed or not, it is needed. Whatever evolution brings forth, is an effect that has been produced by some definite cause. Spiritualism has come not to upset other religions, but to give substance to them. Think of it as an ally, and you will have more respect for it, and its followers.

Yours thoughtfully, a Believer.

If the hour of doom strikes before the labor unions get through with striking, it will have to hurry.

No matter what you think, we are glad that our wife is not a medium, or the sick friend story would never get by.

The spouse of a medium may as well be a pioneer in telling the truth, because anything else is sure to elicit a whisper from the other side that will make an alibi look like a cardhouse caught in a Sou'wester!

Every time the members of a medium's family go Christmas shopping, the medium spoils the surprise by telling about the visions she had the night before! Let Mr. Rinn duplicate what happens in the household of any medium, any day, and he will be less reckless about his wagers.

The Hoax of Sub-Consciousness

"The mind that does not think!"
Did God ever create a thoughtless, or thought-powerless, intellect?
What a paradox!

Somebody once said that there is "dual consciousness" or "dual personality." For every bell-wether, there are hundreds of trailing sheep. It is easier to accept what somebody said than it is to do independent thinking.

What are the fortifying reasons that seem to support subconsciousness?

First, hypnosis, which is a form of spirit-control; a type of control or trance mediumship that is staged for the pleasure of undeveloped, vagrant spirits who have never aspired to anything higher than the earth-plane.

Mind is synonymous with spirit. Mind can not suspend its functions any more than spirit could cease to exist. Sleep means the dry-docking of the brain, but the mind itself continues to search.

Second, "unconscious cerebration" is given as evidence. But what is it?

Unconscious cerebration is a name applied to two types of phenomena. One type is "abstraction," and the other is reflex action. Intelligent force dominates bodily functions and actions. It does this by means of directing energy at its command to different parts of the body; orderly, systematically, naturally.

No dead body eats or functionates. No dead body feels. Remove the self, the spirit, and mind and its manifestations are gone also.

Third, memory is presented as an argument favoring subconsciousness. If the mind has the power to observe, it has the power to retain that which it observes. Spirit memory is thorough. It is keen, active, far-reaching. A mind incapable of coherent thinking is incapable of coherent memory. Indeed, memory is only one manifestation of thought.

Fourth, various phenomena of subtle mental powers, such as accurate time-measurement, are quoted as evidence of subconsciousness.

Whatever is an attribute of intellect belongs irrevocably to the intellect, and if there is thought, there also is intellect. That means understanding, but the subconsciousness is supposed to be lack of understanding.

Fifth, "dual personality" is presented as an argument. That duality may be spirit-control, or physical impairment—a short-circuiting of the thought-force as it screens through the brain.

Normally, life belongs to spirit. Existence in the material is a method of schooling. It shuts out complete understanding of spirit-freedom, beauty and happiness. Thereby the earth-life is more real; and being real, it is more earnest, more pro-

ductive of a type of essential soul-experience.

Functioning through a material mechanism, spirit (or intellect) is more localized, more restricted. To illustrate: A magnet exercises its "pull" through any substance. Iron is no barrier. Put a magnet in a hollow iron sphere, and no other magnetic vibrations can reach it. Magnetism itself is of the cosmic. Although it acts upon the gross material, it is still of a finer nature. Acting upon material, it finds restrictions. It becomes localized.

Mind, being of a finer nature than material, is restricted, or localized, while acting upon or through the material. It seems to separate—to break up into different types of mind. It only seems to do this.

The force that digests one's food or circulates one's blood, or that carries away worn-out cellular matter and replenishes the cells, is intellect. It is mind—spirit—operating through a coarse material that is less responsive than the ethereal, or finer material.

The mind itself has not divided. It has not ceased to be one thing. It has simply manifested itself in different ways, which mortals call functions. If mind could divide itself, spirit entity would be endangered, and the survival of personality would be imperiled. If personality does not continue, of what value is experience? God is utilitarian, the Great Economist. He is never wasteful of matter or energy. Who has the temerity to say that He is wasteful of sentient life, the greatest of all created things?

Folk will babble learnedly about subconsciousness, because somebody said it is so. Study of the nature of intellect would prove that if subconsciousness is essential, mind itself would be too weak to retain that which it acquires. If a muscle can gain strength, that muscle can exhibit strength. If intellect is strong enough to learn fact, it must be strong enough to retain fact. If this were not true, it would expel that which it learned. The weak stomach, through its very weakness, expels food which it can not digest. If mind can digest thought, it can retain that thought as memory. To intellect, memory is assimilation. That memory can not be stored in something outside of intellect and still belong to that intelligence.

The brain sleeps, but the soul knows no sleep. If it did, sleep would mean death. If the continuity of life and life's functions does not belong to the soul, it belongs to nothing!

Subconsciousness sounds learned. It is a big word. It goes well with tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses and a cane. That's the best that can be said for it.

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"Tell Hazel I Would Like Them to Get an Automatagraph So I Can Talk to Them Direct"

This message was started with this introduction: "This is Martha." Following this request for this lady to write to her sister, the message continued to come through the Automatagraph:

"Tell them I go to see them every day and would like to be with them always, but I have so many places to go, I can not stay long at one place. Albert and Junior and Richard will soon be better. Tell them they must do as the doctor tells them to do. Tell them Mary Louise is here. She says that she goes up to see them every day, and loves them and watches over them always."

The Same Message Comes Through the Direct Voices

The message that we have given above was received on the Automatagraph by a lady in Middletown, Ohio. Her brother, Mr. Chas. Kerr, 1203 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, comes to the Stead Center, and he sent his sister in Ohio one of these writing devices.

At the time Martha (in spirit) was giving this message on the Automatagraph to her sister, Ruby, in Middletown, Mr. Kerr was having a sitting at the Stead Center. One of his dear ones came through and said, "Get one of the Automatagraphs for Hazel. We wish to write messages to her."

Mr. Kerr had already sent an Automatagraph to his other sister when he received the letter from his sister, Ruby, of Middletown, Ohio, stating that the loved ones in spirit wanted him to send an Automatagraph to Hazel.

Here was the same message coming to the sister through the Automatagraph in Middletown, Ohio, and through the direct voice in the Stead Center seance-room in Chicago.

This is one item of countless numbers of testimonials that are coming to us, showing that the Automatagraph is bringing dependable, correct messages from the spirit-side of life.

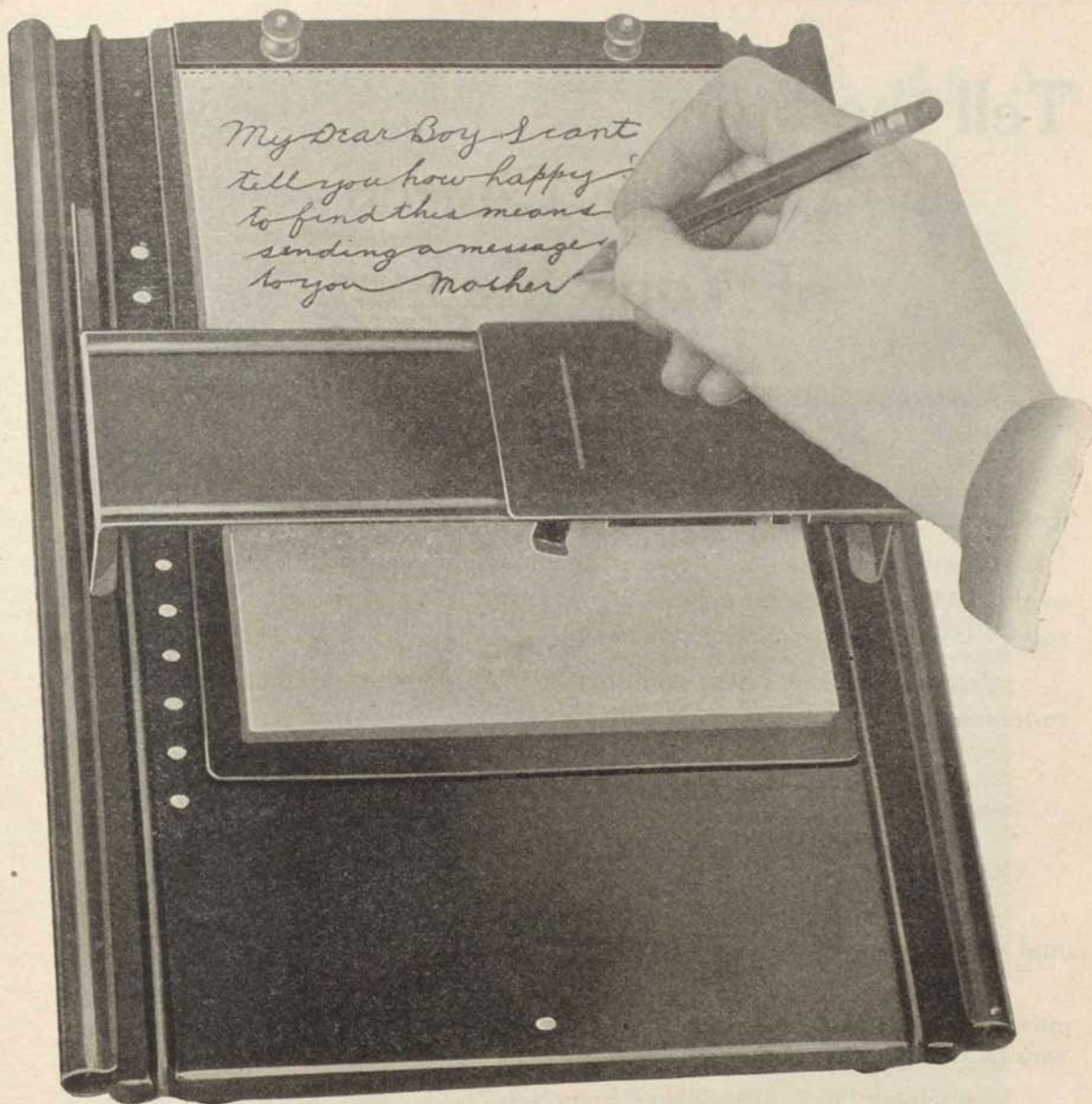
A Letter From Her Little Daughter in Spirit

"The day I received the Automatagraph, I sat right down and never thought of receiving a message. But to my great surprise, my little girl in spirit wrote for me: 'Mother, you will like this when you know how to use it, and you will be all right soon.'—Mrs. J. P. H., Lisbon, Me."

A New Jersey Physician Receives Messages

"I received the Automatagraph and think it is just fine. I have had very good results so far. It is so handy and easy to write with. I have gotten what I think some very good writings. So much better and quicker than using the ouija.—Very sincerely, Dr. E. R. P., Perms Grove, N. J."

Mr. Charles M. of Hartford, Conn., says: "I am very much pleased with the Automatagraph as to workmanship and neatness, and I think it is going to be a great help in receiving writings from my spirit friends."



A Battery for Psychic Development

The Automatagraph Not Only Develops Writing Mediumship, but It Unfolds Many Psychic Gifts

The Automatagraph is a battery for the generation, accumulation and direction of psychic forces. Many persons who purchased this remarkable writing device find that apart from the written messages they receive, they are being assisted in the unfoldment of their psychic powers.

All mediumship is related, and when development is systematic, results will follow. These results will be according to these persons' own peculiar psychic nature. The Automatagraph is both a writing device, and a compass that points the way for psychic capabilities.

Guaranteed for One Year

The Automatagraph is made entirely by die work and wholly of steel, and over fifty stamping operations are necessary in the fashioning of this beautiful device. The steel is electro-

plated with copper, giving every part of the device a rich statuary bronze finish. The parts are all buffed and carefully assembled.

We guarantee the Automatagraph in material and workmanship for a period of one year, which is proof of its merit.

The Automatagraph will bring you automatic writings if you have any degree of that particular psychic gift within you; and if your psychic powers tend in a different direction, the Automatagraph will help you find and develop them.

The Automatagraph is sent by parcel post, prepaid and insured. \$5.00 to May 15th! If a personal check is mailed, please send 10c to cover exchange. Make checks and money orders payable to Stead Center, and merely write in the letter: "Enclosed please find \$5.00 for one Automatagraph, to be sent prepaid." Be sure to sign your name and address clearly.

THE STEAD CENTER

533 Grant Place, CHICAGO, ILL.

"Tell Hazel I Would Like Them to Get an Automatagraph So I Can Talk to Them Direct"

This message was started with this introduction: "This is Martha." Following this request for this lady to write to her sister, the message continued to come through the Automatagraph:

"Tell them I go to see them every day and would like to be with them always, but I have so many places to go, I can not stay long at one place. Albert and Junior and Richard will soon be better. Tell them they must do as the doctor tells them to do. Tell them Mary Louise is here. She says that she goes up to see them every day, and loves them and watches over them always."

The Same Message Comes Through the Direct Voices

The message that we have given above was received on the Automatagraph by a lady in Middletown, Ohio. Her brother, Mr. Chas. Kerr, 1203 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, comes to the Stead Center, and he sent his sister in Ohio one of these writing devices.

At the time Martha (in spirit) was giving this message on the Automatagraph to her sister, Ruby, in Middletown, Mr. Kerr was having a sitting at the Stead Center. One of his dear ones came through and said, "Get one of the Automatagraphs for Hazel. We wish to write messages to her."

Mr. Kerr had already sent an Automatagraph to his other sister when he received the letter from his sister, Ruby, of Middletown, Ohio, stating that the loved ones in spirit wanted him to send an Automatagraph to Hazel.

Here was the same message coming to the sister through the Automatagraph in Middletown, Ohio, and through the direct voice in the Stead Center seance-room in Chicago.

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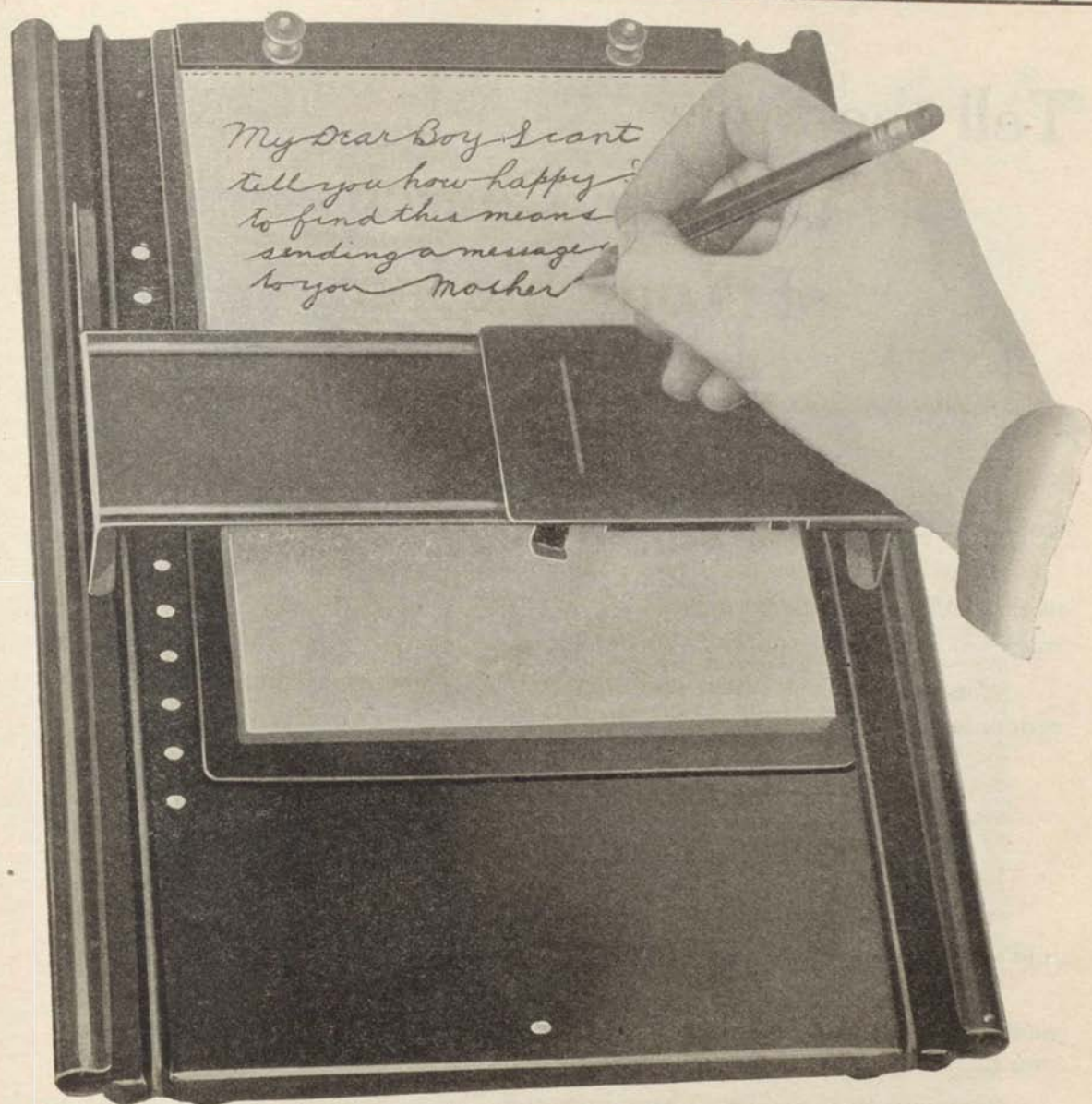
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THE STEAD CENTER

533 Grant Place, CHICAGO, ILL.

Tell the Story of Your Church of Your Medium

What Spiritualist church do you attend, regularly or occasionally?

Who is the Medium—or Speaker—or both?

Do you have platform messages, or numerous small circles after the service?

What is your Medium's type of mediumship—when did he or she begin to do public work—what remarkably interesting examples have you of messages coming through that medium?

Can you secure a photograph of the Church or the Medium or of others prominent locally in this work?

Tell the World All About Spiritualism in Your Town!

If you feel that you can not write the story well, do the best you can, and we will round it out for you.

Remember that "Communication" is going into the offices of prominent newspapers and magazines, and that you are aiding the Cause you love, when you help spread the gospel of this Truth and its disciples!

Remember, too, that "Communication" has a syndicate service in operation and will have many stories in the newspapers of America—and will be glad always to represent Spiritualism from every angle of progressive vision.

Take this up with your Church and your Medium, and learn that "Communication" is open to all who are helping in this noble work.

**See if You Can Be Among the
First to Get Your Church and
Your Medium Represented!**

Mail All Manuscripts and Photographs to:

Communication

981-991 Rand, McNally Building

Chicago, Illinois

Exceptional Trumpet Value At An Unusually Low Price



FOR LIGHT OR DARK MANIFESTATIONS

We are offering a limited number of Standard, Three-Section Aluminum Trumpets, weighing but a few ounces and made in a high-class manner, beautifully finished, that are adapted to either dark or light manifestations. These trumpets come in three sections so that they may be telescoped and carried around conveniently or stored in a drawer when not in use.

The photograph we reproduce above is that of the seance-room of The Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center, of Chicago, Ill., showing the Pastor and Medium, Mrs. Cecil M. Cook. The trumpets used in the seance-room are like the trumpets that we offer. Being made of aluminum, these trumpets are rust-proof. The large end is reinforced by a wire ring over which the aluminum is rolled, giving the trumpet greater durability and beauty.

THE PRICE WILL BE ADVANCED SHORTLY

We have been able to secure only a small quantity of the aluminum at a figure that will permit the sale of these trumpets at \$3.00 each. The price will be advanced shortly, and if you wish to secure one of these trumpets at the present price of \$3.00, be sure to remit at once. Please add 10c to any personal check to cover bank exchange. These trumpets are sent parcel post insured, and we will replace any trumpet that arrives in bad condition.

Address:

533 Grant Place WM. T. STEAD MEMORIAL CENTER Chicago, Illinois
or send the order direct to

Communication

981-991 Rand, McNally Bldg., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Your order and remittance will then be turned over to the Stead Center

April, 1920, is the Beginning of the Second Year of the Oriental Lessons

During the past year, twelve hundred men and women, as members of the Stead Center Oriental Class, have experienced the benefit of the happiness and broader understanding that have come as the result of this most interesting study. In fact, these lessons deal with life itself, and they make clear the true condition back of many of the most puzzling situations in life's experience.

A Few Expressions of Appreciation:

We have taken just a few of the many letters we receive relative to the real value of the Oriental Lessons. We take extracts from these letters and present them to you for your consideration.

"The lessons and teachings are more than what I had expected, and I am sure that if everyone who has purchased 'God's World' would unite with the Oriental Class, they would have a much better understanding of this great work.—Very sincerely yours, Charles E. C., Lebanon, Pa."

"The Oriental Lessons are the clearest and simplest explanation of many points that have long puzzled the human race.—Mrs. U. S. K., Grand Junction, Colo."

"I am unable to express my complete satisfaction as to the lessons. Nothing else has ever met my own personal requirements.—Helen M. R., Bay Center, Wash."

"I think that they are wonderful and beautiful. I only wish that I could remember them and learn faster, but I know that my dear guides will help me.—S. S., Duboistown, Pa."

"I enjoy the Oriental Lessons so much and can hardly wait for the time for the new lessons to arrive.—Mrs. A. J. G., Hopedale, Mass."

"I can not tell all that I have enjoyed through these lessons. It would take too long and too much room.—Sincerely yours, J. C., Crescent, Okla."

"In the lessons of the Oriental Class I have found some of the most interesting incidents. I must confess that they hit me. I must acknowledge that I have made mistakes in the past, but I am trying to repent for my folly. Your lessons have awakened a latent psychic power, and it is my intention to try and study much harder.—Very sincerely yours, James R. S., Medford, Mass."

"Your lessons are a never-ending source of enjoyment and profit.—Yours truly, Mrs. A. L. D., Denver, Colo."

"I work every day, but all of the time I have to myself I surely will enjoy reading and studying the lessons and questions. They are a help and a blessing to me.—Mrs. Mary B., East Aurora, N. Y."

"I would not miss one now for anything. They are the very thing I have been thirsting for. They are such a help in reading 'God's World,' as so many things are made clear.—Sincerely yours, Mrs. Ella S., Minotola, N. J."

"They are the best I have ever read. I can't tell you how some of the answers pleased me. I won't have time to comment on them all, but believe me, I shall hold onto them.—Very sincerely yours, Mrs. Marie W., Brooklyn, N. Y."

"I can not refrain from telling that I earnestly feel that I have been benefited personally in health since I have been interested and joined the Oriental Class.—Sincerely, Mrs. Leila M. S., Gilmore, Ark."

We give you these excerpts only as specimens from a great file of correspondence that bears testimony to the value of these lessons.

We ask you now to read the next page of this announcement

A Message with Each New Oriental Lesson Enrollment

We believe that every person who has visited our seance-room, or who has been brought in close personal contact with the forces of our seance-room through receiving a message from our Pastor and Medium, Mrs. Cook, will get greater value out of the Lessons and will be in closer harmony with the Teachers. Therefore, as rapidly as each 1920 enrollment is paid in full, meaning as soon as we have received the ten dollars for the new twelve months' series of Oriental Lessons, each class member thus remitting will be entitled to receive a message through Mrs. Cook's mediumship.

You May Pay in Installments Teachings, Questions, Answers

If you wish, you may pay in installments, sending part of the original enrollment fee of ten dollars now and part later on. You may divide these payments into two or three installments if you wish. When we have received the full amount of ten dollars, you will then be entitled to this message. We do this because we feel that those who send their full enrollment fee at once are entitled to the first messages. In requesting a message at the time your remittance is sent, send your request in the form of two or three questions of loved ones in spirit, asking something that vitally concerns you.

The Oriental Lessons consist principally of the beautiful Teachings given by the Teachers on the Other Side, followed by Questions and Answers. Members of the Class are permitted to send in any number of questions they may wish to send each month, provided those questions pertain to the teachings, healing and psychic experiences. These questions are answered fully, and thus every class member has the advantage of the cumulative study of all of the class members. These are not the questions above referred to as the basis for a message, but study questions. You will find that these Lessons are very easy to study.

Lessons for Examination

If you wish to examine some of these Lessons, we should be glad to mail them to you for your examination, asking only that you return them if you do not wish to enroll. If you desire to keep them, then you may remit in part or in full, just as you wish. A large percentage of the present members of the Oriental Class enrolled after a similar examination of the Lessons.

Offer of First Year's Lessons

We have a number of complete sets of the Oriental Lessons of the first twelve months, and those who are enrolling and who wish to have a complete set of the Lessons for the first year, will be given a very special offer while these extra sets are available. You will find the Oriental Lessons helpful and inspiring. You will find that they assist you in your life here and now.

Address all correspondence pertaining to the lessons, and make all remittances payable to

The Stead Center

533 Grant Place

Chicago, Illinois

No Messages from Mrs. Cook from June 1st to Sept. 1st, 1920

¶ Beginning early last September, Mrs. Cecil M. Cook, Pastor and Medium of The Wm. T. Stead Memorial Center, has been sending messages to friends of the Stead Center in different parts of America. The contributions received from these messages are turned over to the treasury of the Center.

¶ The reason these messages have been sent from our seance-room is because there has been such a persistent demand for them, we felt that we could not slight our friends and co-workers simply because they were not residents of Chicago.

¶ Mrs. Cook will be away from Chicago most of the coming Summer, and we can not accept any requests for messages during June, July and August.

All Requests for Messages Must Be Sent Before May 15

¶ This means that the members of the Oriental Class who are renewing their subscriptions for the Oriental Lessons, and who will be entitled to a message when they have paid the full amount of the new enrollment—which is ten dollars for the year—must have their enrollments in as soon as possible in order to receive their messages.

¶ We have hundreds of beautiful letters from men and women who have received messages through Mrs. Cook's mediumship, and who have never met Mrs. Cook personally. This work has been a great burden upon our medium, but she has been glad to comply with these requests so far as possible, because it is her wish to bring these comforting and helpful messages to those who are trying to live in harmony with their loved ones in spirit and with God's Law.

The Stead Center

533 Grant Place

Chicago, Illinois

FREE—These Educational Features—FREE

"Communication" has started the publication of two important educational features.

We realize that there is nothing else a tenth as convincing as manifestations in one's home. We have proved through extensive experience and observation and dealing with many thousands of persons that everybody is psychic to some degree. Consequently, it lies within the domain of the possibilities of nearly all persons, and of every person if the right conditions are observed, to secure manifestations of spirit origin. The types of mediumship are nearly as varied as the classes of character.

Beginning in the first number of "Communication," two important educational series started. One of these appears under the general title of "Searching for Your Open Door," and the other under the general title of "Trumpet Development Revealed."

Before explaining our special offer to you, we shall give you a brief description of the scope of these serials.

"SEARCHING FOR YOUR OPEN DOOR"

This series of instructive articles explains different types of psychic gifts and gives the best methods for their development. Sitting for development for one type of manifestations does not necessarily guarantee the unfoldment of that form of mediumship, but it will bring indications that will point out the type of manifestations a person can secure.

This series of articles started with Clairvoyance, and continues through Crystal Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Psychometry, Telepathy, Inspiration, Impression, and other branches of psychic gifts.

These articles tell the why and the how. They explain what to do and how to do it. If either of these series was to be put in book form, each volume would be worth at least two dollars, which is the price of "Communication" for a whole year.

"TRUMPET DEVELOPMENT REVEALED"

During the past year, much greater attention has been devoted to the trumpet than has ever been given to this instrument of communication in the past. The trumpet can be used in such a variety of ways and in conjunction with so many different types of mediumistic development. The articles comprising these series will prove a revelation even to many mediums. We have been years in gathering the facts that are brought out in this series, and it makes no difference what type of manifestation you seek, because you will find that the trumpet can be used in conjunction with any other form of mediumistic unfoldment.

Both of these series are bringing forth many laudatory letters, and they are regarded as one of the most important contributions to the interesting and absorbing subject of psychic development.

YOU GET THESE ARTICLES FROM THE BEGINNING

We have had reproductions of these two series made from the beginning, so that when your subscription is received, we will make you a present of these instructive articles, and then you can begin with the first number of "Communication" that reaches you, and keep up with the series. We wish to have these two series complete. We are thinking of your interests in insuring this special service for you.

It will not be necessary to mention this premium in sending a subscription for "Communication," because you will receive the past installments of these articles as a gift. It makes no difference whether you send a direct subscription for "Communication"—with the premium, "Dreams"—or send a clubbing subscription, because in every case the past installments of "Searching for Your Open Door" and "Trumpet Development Revealed" will be mailed to you as a present from us.

Communication

981-991 Rand, McNally Bldg.

Chicago

Illinois

Your Thoughts--Today!



*TODAY, some speeding ray of light from out the stellar
depths of space,
Has reached our world one million years since
first its freedom gave it speed
And sent it on its way!*

*TODAY, each thought projects itself in all directions
from the place
Where its conception made it real, a SOME-
THING growing from a seed:
Each thought you think today!*

*A million—aye! a BILLION—years may pass, but
thoughts can never die,
Tomorrow's wings may carry far, but thought is
fleeter than mere time,
More durable than clay!*

*The FUTURE that you call your goal, the time as dis-
tant as the sky,
Will bring you to the things you thought—may
pause you in your upward climb—
So weigh your thoughts TODAY!*

—LLOYD KENYON JONES.