

# THE FORUM

## OF PSYCHIC AND SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

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### IN THIS ISSUE

Diversified Thoughts of the Editor.....	Felicie O. Crossley	3
The Dark Side of the Moon.....	Hamlin Garland	5
A Haunted House or Ghost Writing.....	Ransome Sutton	7
H. P. Blavatsky as a Medium.....	Gustave P. Wiksell	8
Modern Pillars of Hercules.....	Glenn Palmer	9
Modern Cave Men.....	Donald A. Fareed	11
Life and Death.....	Shri Vishwanath Keskar	13
Tangibles and Intangibles.....	Hal Rush	14
Hail the New Play!.....	George Scarborough	15
Religious Liberals Meet.....	Report	16
Ramon Novarro's Vision of Ben Hur.....	Mal Brentley	17
Your Birth Sign and Its Influence.....	Zaral L'Verne	18
Weird Whispers within Two Worlds—Part III.....	John S. Tanner, M. D.	19
Theosophy—What is It?.....	Felicie O. Crossley	20
The Life Ahead.....	Victor Hugo	22
The Mediumship of George Francis.....	David Gilson	24
Book Reviews.....	Aedene MacGowan	25
There Is No Death!.....	Mary M. Shultz	26
The Mediumship and Art of Inez Wagner.....	Report	28
C.S.S.A. Church News and Miscellany.....	Reports	29

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## Diversified Thoughts of the Editor

*"The first and best victory is to conquer self; to be conquered by self is, of all things, the most shameful and vile."—Plato.*

### Moods—Life and Death

THE "Akron" passed over Los Angeles. The sun was bright, but a low, grey fog hung close to the earth. Every one was tensely expectant. Then the whistles! A million eager eyes turned heavenward. We could hear the "whirrr" coming closer and closer, but could see nothing until— It seemed supernatural, that tiny speck of silver piercing the haze. African savages would have trembled in fear, thinking it a god descending upon them. Knowingly we stood, nevertheless enthralled, and watched it materialize gradually into a magnificent floating spectacle. Spellbound in admiration of the "works of man" we watched it sailing over us, and then fade again into the hazy vaults of heaven. It was gone! How like life! Out of the "nowhere" a soul is born, sails across a span of time and then fades into the "nowhere of eternity." Gone? Was the Akron gone when it faded from view?

Life sweeps around us, through us, and leaves the influence of its grim realities graven on our soul. A woman we know—young, vital, happy—was heavy with the burden of childbirth. The hour of labor was upon her and she went down into the valley of the shadow in painful solitude—agonized in the throes of creation. A moment when birth and life and death are strangely interwoven! Close to the portals of the

Silent World the expectant mother lay. And then came the signal of new born life—a babe's first cry—and two reposed where one had been a moment previous. Freed from labor the young mother was weary and spent—but happy. She had moulded a body for an immortal soul, her child. That is birth!

But finite birth is only one phase of life. Its constant companion is death. Death also has touched us recently and taken a friend from our midst. A familiar form is still. The mystery of the cold, sepulchral slumber rests upon a once animated face. Like the Akron, a soul has slipped on into the "nowhere of eternity" depriving us of the intellectual and spiritual companionship. Does it, like the Akron, carry with it a cargo to regions beyond our horizon, a cargo of intellectual and spiritual development for future use? The eternal question. This is death!

Down our Main streets and Broadways and out along the trails and highways, masses of humanity dance or drift or trudge. On all their faces are written the record of their lives: dreams, ambitions, wonderment in youth; wealth, comfort; poverty, despair; full bodies, hungry bodies; blase world-weariness; eager enthusiasm; players; toilers; knights and ladies of spiritual nobility; slaves to drugs, drinks, depravity; disease; death. This



Felicie O. Crossley

is life as humans have made it. Before it all, through it all, beyond it all, lies a vast uncertainty.

#### Uncertainty—Questions

**W**HAT is life that we should grope forever in uncertainty? We love and laugh and weep and pray and die. Is that all? Whence comes the soul that enters into us with our first breath; the consciousness that saved us mercifully from the pain of birth? What Cosmic Imperator destined us as male or female; as black or white or brown or red or yellow? What partial fate predestined us as beautiful, or plain, or homely; as a vital, perfect form, or a mass of puny flesh and bone? Why are some humans noble, strong of character—not tempted by the passions—and others weak and crippled, slaves to vice and hate? Mankind longs to know—hence, religions, philosophies and sciences are born.

A million years or more, science tells us, man has dwelt upon the earth, and yet we are in ignorance of the mysteries of birth and life and death. Man still is pondering earnestly over the question of the origin of the species and the illusiveness of the soul. So perplexing are the contrasts and inequalities of life that some even doubt there is a "soul."

Seeking to solve these problems, religions are divided against themselves—slaves to creeds and dogmas. Scientists wage subtle controversy over their pet theories and "discoveries" in the realm of so-called matter. Uncertainties! Mysteries! Controversies!—everywhere.

#### Spiritual Nescience

**C**ARLYLE said, "It is a poor science that would hide from us the great deep sacred infinitude of nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as mere superficial film."

This is characteristic of Carlyle's superb pessimism. He was as cynical about religion and society as he was about science. However, he did not know the scientists of our day, nor did he presage the four-dimensional world into which modern science would penetrate.

Yet we are approached constantly with similar queries, even in this day. One earnestly asks why physical science is averse to discussion of the vital questions of life and death; why it delights in focusing its telescopes and instruments out into space beyond the world of mundane affairs. Though conceded to represent the most penetrative, brilliant minds, science is as much in the dark concerning the mysteries of life and death as those of common learning. Does it deliberately forsake the problems which lie closest

to us and "wander out in space" trying to forget it all? Modern youth wants to know!

On the other hand religion professes to concern itself entirely with the enigmas of life and death, but what has it done? Are religious leaders so hopelessly adrift in spiritual nescience that they must create creeds and dogmas as toys for the "children" of earth to play with, while they struggle with cosmic puzzles—or do they themselves drift in listless ignorance? Has religion failed because it has not proved whence we came and whither we go? Has it committed sacrilege because it has permitted war and hate and

bloodshed to be perpetrated in its name? In arguing theories about Deities, hells and heavens, has it lost sight of the moral principles which should inspire harmonious human relationships? How credulously humanity has sunk into a lethargy of creeds, losing the fine essences of character and spiritual nobility, in controversies over "salvation." In the past one dared not ask for proof. Now we cannot find it. We are wanderers in life's desert of uncertainty, blinded by the mirage of matter. Phenomenal appearances have obscured the noumenal realities, and so we wander in spiritual nescience—athirst.

#### A Light from

Annie Fellows Johnson

**O** YE, who vainly question why there must ever lie twixt man and the far City of his Desire some desert waste of disappointment, where he must watch the Caravan pass on and leave him with his baffled hopes, here is the reason: By the grace of Allah.

"Patience! Thou camest into the desert a vendor of salt; thou mayst go forth an alchemist, distilling from life's tasks and sorrows such precious attar in thy soul, that its sweetness shall win for thee a welcome wherever thou goest, and a royal

entrance into the City of thy Desire.

"And this, O Son of Shapur, is the secret of Omar's alchemy: To gather something from every one thou passeth on the highway, and from every experience fate sends thee, as Omar has gathered from the heart of every rose, and out of the wide knowledge thus gained of human weaknesses and human needs, to distil in thine own heart the precious oil of Sympathy. This is the attar that shall win for thee a welcome wherever thou goest. And no man fills his crystal vase with it until he has first been pricked by the world's disappointments, and bowed by its tasks."

(Continued on page 24)

## LIFE

By FELICIE O. CROSSLEY

**M**ASSES marching, marching —  
The tread of vibrant tripping;  
Steady step, and wavering gait;  
Women, men and children;  
Suckling babes, and mascots—  
Marching from oblivion to oblivion  
Driven by Life!

Endless hosts of "captive souls"—  
Listless, brilliant,  
Sensual, subtle,  
Sparkling, wailing —  
Echoing down the pathway of the ages  
From the dawn to setting sun,  
Where waits the Mystery.

Mighty caravans of merchants  
Weighed down by riches;  
Beggars with threadbare clothes  
And bleeding feet;  
Plebian—the Atlas upon whose shoulders  
Rests the power of governments.

Bound by creeds and passions;  
Blind to Spirit; drifting, plodding;  
Masses of humanity marching—  
From the cradle to the grave,  
From the morn to setting sun—  
Marching ever toward the "Night"  
Visioning another "Dawn."

# The Dark Side of the Moon

By HAMLIN GARLAND

*An Account of Baffling Phenomena Which the Author Does Not Seek to Explain.  
"What Would Constitute Proof of Their Source?"*

TO a business man, to the average citizen in fact, the material universe is an orderly and rather humdrum matter of routine. The seasons come and go without even any exciting wonder or surprise. 'Nothing inexplicable ever happens to me,' my friends say. True, they cannot tell why an apple turns red nor how a grub becomes a butterfly, but these mysteries, so habitual, so familiar, are commonplace. Even the night and the alchemy of the moon no longer appeal with their old-time wizardry.

Nevertheless, mystery remains in the world, and one has but to step aside from the dusty beaten path to find oneself confronted (in the dark and silence) with hooded forms, flitting to and fro, and to feel intangible forces pulse and play. Ghosts still walk at midnight, innumerable voices thrill through space and strange warnings quiver across the void. The ultimate is unknowable as ever.

Forty years ago, like most young men, I smiled at the dreamers who pottered about the libraries with volumes of 'psychic research' under their arms. I was a bit impatient of those who permitted their affections to mislead them into acceptance of portents, mediumship and the return of the dead—it smelled (as Emerson said) of a kind of 'rat-hole philosophy,' a creed for which a vigorous and active young student could have no sympathetic relationship whatsoever.

Nevertheless, through a man in whom I had faith, I was induced to become a member of the American Psychic Research Society of Boston. I was, indeed, for several years a member of its executive board and a special committee to investigate the physical phenomena of Spiritualism. I was at that time an admiring student of Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, and other of the great evolutionary group of thinkers, and, most important of all, I was not yet bereaved. I had not lost a mother or wife or child.

In preparation for my work I turned to the literature of the occult and my first surprise came in reading the work of Sir William Crookes who had applied the same analytic care to the study of mediumship that he used in attacking a new problem in chemistry. From him I passed to Sir Oliver Lodge and Alfred Russell Wallace. Their references led to an examination of Continental authori-

ties like Flammarion, Lombroso, Richet, Maxwell, Morselli, Bottaozzi, and many others. The books dealing with psychodynamics were many. Myers with his theory of the subconscious, and Zollner with his fourth dimension hypothesis, interested me less.

Meanwhile, together with the secretary of the psychical society, I began my experiments. My second surprise came in the realization that there were many persons in private life apparently gifted with supranormal power over matter. Requests for investigation poured in upon us. Haunted

houses and magic wells claimed our attention. Poltergeists offered their pranks. Automatic writing and trance artistry abounded. Telekinesis was common.

Up to this time, like most men of outdoor life, I was inclined to grant the stability of matter. Silicon was silicon and carbon was carbon. The fact that air could be liquefied was curious but not revealing. Space was filled with ether, an exceedingly tenuous form of matter, and matter was conveniently divided into solids, liquids and gases.

Now, suddenly, things began to happen which disturbed my acquired

*IN THE early days of psychic investigation only two hypotheses were advanced. The phenomena observed were declared to be either the work of spirits or were denounced as entirely fraudulent. During the last thirty years, however, scientific investigators of the subject in the New World as the Old have employed a third hypothesis; namely, that these supranormal manifestations may be due to unknown powers of the human organism. This hypothesis which the radio machine and the dark-ray photograph appear to support is concerned with what has been called 'unexplored biology.'*

*Last night a man speaking in Paris was distinctly heard in Detroit. Twenty years ago this would have been called 'supernatural,' it may be that twenty years hence many spiritualistic phenomena of today may be included under the head of supranormal biologic activities and be of everyday occurrence. The mystery of life after death, if solved, must agree with the physical laws of the natural world.*

philosophy. Matter began to change position and weight without known cause. Under my own test conditions books were moved from A to B without a visible or tangible push or pull. Metals and heavy wooden objects floated in the air and globes of flame moved silently and without apparent heat across the room while cold winds blew illogically from dark corners without reason. In brief, I found myself in the world of 'unexplored biology.'

There was always something unconvincing in these phenomena. They puzzled me, they interested me, but they did not startle me. Being young, healthy and without bereavement, I set myself the task of following out the leadings of these amazing exceptions to the prevailing laws of my world. As one of a small committee on 'the physical phenomena of Spiritualism,' I darted hither and yon wherever a good subject offered, steadfastly insisting on physical tests, and resolutely throwing out doubtful results.

Like all other investigators I soon discovered that the events of this occult world were not lawless. The confusion was only apparent. Upon closer study the phe-

nomena were found to be orderly and rather monotonously restricted in their orbits. The same things were stated of the mediums in Australia that were recorded of those in Vienna and Boston. The dreams, prophecies and warnings of German sensitives were precisely the same as those of the men and women we were studying in New England. Whatever the causes of the phenomena might be, they plainly did not transcend human nature. They plainly began and ended in the minds of men.

Do not misunderstand me. The phenomena exist. They are imaginary only in the sense that all things are imaginary. The constitution of matter is imaginary. Space is imaginary. No one knows what life is or where it originates, but there are certain settled, agreed-upon notions concerning space and matter and time—that is all.

I soon found that under certain conditions the mind of man can act upon matter independent of visible means. Over and over again psychics have produced for me writing under my hand, in a slate under my foot, in the central pages of a pad held tightly between my fingers. It is of no use to talk of 'trick slates' for I have dictated the words or lines to be written *after the closed slates were in my hand*. Voices have spoken to me from the air and nimble hands have developed from dusty corners to play tricks for my amusement. Heavy objects forgetting, apparently, the laws of gravity have risen without discoverable human agency and pencils have taken on life and intelligence.

Naturally I read as I experimented, keeping clear of those who took their phenomena on trust. I was not much interested in the vague, unverified reports of wondrous clairvoyant readings, vivid portents and warning visions. I was after the physical side of every phenomenon. The Italians, who had 'put the screws' on the psychics, interested me above all others.

In these books I found my own experiences duplicated and now and again surpassed. All of them agreed that matter was moved without known cause, that writing outside the psychic's ordinary reach took place, and that appearances resembling fragmentary human forms flitted about the room and in some cases permitted themselves to be photographed. Ghosts were discovered to be akin to these phantoms and poltergeists were related to mediumship. Visible 'third arms' emanating from the psychic's body were taught to perform difficult tasks, such as opening boxes and sealed packages in a way to suggest that 'the astral body' could penetrate matter at will.

With all these things to stimulate me, I kept at my own experiments. One by one I duplicated some of the most striking experiences of Crookes and Wallace. Tables rose under my hands without adequate physical cause. Mysterious odors filled my nostrils and masses of cold, white flame developed from the darkness and floated across the room, precisely as described by Crookes and Flammarion. Several times taking my cue from Wallace's reports I removed the closed slates from the psychic's control and, *while holding them in my hands, dictated the lines to be written on them*.

Once in the presence of a company of my friends in a private library I tested the powers of a psychic by placing my hand on the closed lid of an upright piano and asking her 'guide' to drum upon the strings in time to my whis-

ting. This was done. The room belonged to the librarian of the public library, the psychic was a stranger and had never been in the house before. The library was dark but *I controlled the piano cover and dictated the performance while my hand was on the lid*. At my request the invisible force leaped from bass to treble and back again.

At another time sitting alone with a psychic in a brightly lighted room at four o'clock in the afternoon, I interrupted the slate-writing seance by saying, 'I'm something of a psychic myself; it isn't necessary to place the slates under the table, put them down on top.' She did as I commanded. I laid my hand on the slate, she put her hand above mine and I flung the cover over both our hands, and still the writing went on. I could feel the vibrations beneath my palm while the psychic's right hand remained motionless; at my command the slate was laid in the middle of the table. Neither of us touched it but the writing went on. But strange to say, her left hand lying in full sight twitched in hundreds of the small muscles, synchronously with the writing. The message amounted to nothing. It had no reference to me and was signed by the name of a man I had never known, but the physical test was complete.

In the home of my friend J of Indianapolis, I made another severe demand of a psychic. She was in the house for the first time. It was about three o'clock of a summer day. After some fine examples of slate writing, I went to my friend's desk, opened a drawer at his direction, and took from it a large yellow paper pad. Without surrendering this pad to any other hand even for an instant, I approached the psychic and extended the closed end of it. She merely laid her finger tips upon it. Almost immediately I felt a weight, and the center of the pad sagged. When I withdrew it and opened it, I found on several of the middle leaves messages written in pencil. I drew a circle around each of these and again extended the pad to the psychic keeping it in my hand. In this way I secured three other messages all seemingly signed by personalities known to me.

As another test I took a book from a shelf, a thick one selected at random. Opening this I placed a pencil in it and held it for the psychic to touch, carefully retaining it in my grip. Stepping back I opened the book. The number of the page which I did not know was written across the opposite page in pencil. The pencil did not stir and the book never left my hands for an instant. It was a marvelous exhibition of psychodynamics.

In all these experiments and scores of others I worked solely for physical phenomena. I used every precaution to satisfy myself that they were supranormal. I sought no messages from the dead. I had no creeds to uphold. I was simply curious to see what the human organism could perform. However, to be perfectly fair, I am obliged to state that all along the way I met with unaccountable forms and listened to unaccountable voices.

At the same time that Professor D and I demonstrated to his bewilderment in his own library that some of the laws of physics are unknown, we both listened to 'spirit' voices and watched 'spirit' hands under our own test conditions—with no one present but the psychic, D, Mrs. D and myself—we witnessed the movement of heavy objects

(Continued on page 23)

# In a Haunted House, or Ghost Writing

By RANSOME SUTTON

*The author of this article, a nationally known writer on scientific subjects, states that the incidents in this story, though woven together in the form of fiction, are all based upon facts.—Editor*

MY FRIEND was waiting for me. An overworked editorial writer, his nerves had gone haywire and he had been away for a few days, trying to get control of himself.

"Well, well," I exclaimed to cover the shock his appearance gave me, "you're looking fine."

"Cut out the compliments," he snapped. "I want you to come with me to a shack I'm using in the mountains. Unless I'm crazy it's haunted."

Not what he said but his manner of saying it sent shivers up and down my spine. Too much work had apparently turned his head. Anyone working as he had always worked would wind up wool-gathering sooner or later. "Why do you pick on me?" I asked.

"Because you write science stuff and don't believe in ghosts. I don't believe in ghosts either, but believe me something supernatural haunts that shack, and it has claws. Look here!" and he pulled open his shirt, revealing a series of black and blue scratches diagonally across his breast. "The thing that did this made no noise and left no tracks. I tell you the shack's haunted. Will you go?"

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While driving down, he told me the whole story.

"I was trying to write a feature for a syndicate," he said, "but couldn't get started. Too nervous. What I wrote during the day, I'd tear up at night. My doctor told me to take a vacation in the country. So I took my typewriter down to my sister's ranch near Corona. A fine old place—barns, sheds, silos, cows and plenty of milk. No honking horns, no annoying letters. But inspiration wouldn't gush. There were three disturbing factors: two nieces and a nephew. The first day was wasted. The second day started better, for my sister went away with the children, leaving me alone—with the telephone. I was expected to answer calls and the damn thing rang all day. I did nothing but answer calls, or wait in a jumpy state for the bell to ring. On the following morning my brother-in-law, named Asley, proposed a horseback ride and I was too weak-minded to say no. Up a picturesque canyon we rode as far as the 'haunted house.' It was built by rustlers, he said, during rough and tumble times. Later on, the ranchers got together and exterminated the rustlers. I'll show you their bones in a gulch back of the house. Ashley says no one's been in the house since. Even his Herefords shy around it.

"The quietude of the place fascinated me. It was serene and sequestered. Here one could work without interruptions. And that evening, as casually as possible, I told my sister I was going to move into the haunted house. Did

she object? Not at all. She just stared awhile, then said something about having Dr. Willard, whom I happen to know is an alienist, call on us. Despite everything, however, I had my way. Last Friday right after breakfast one of the ranch hands went with me. We took plenty of blankets and provisions. Also a broom, a lantern and my typewriter. We swept out and burned all sorts of debris and by nightfall the old haunt looked quite home-like. Then the ranchman rode away. I watered my horse at a waterhole in the canyon, stabled it in a lean-to at the end of the house, started a fire in the antique brasero, ate a good supper, smoked a couple of pipes, placed the typewriter and a new package of paper on the table and went to bed.

"Only once during the night was I awakened," he went on. "One horse was whinneying. Now you know, everybody knows, that a horse never whinneys in the night without reason. What would be the reason. Of course there were sounds—creakings, patterings, slitherings. Night sounds, I thought. Rats or bats or what not. But at such sounds horses don't whinney. Lighting the lantern, I went into the lean-to and found the horse wild with fright, trembling all over. My presence, however, quieted the animal, then I looked around but saw nothing alarming, and finally went back to the blankets. No use saying I felt uneasy. The moment I blew the lantern out, either the house or my head began to throb with—God knows what. In order to get a grip on myself, I pulled the blanket around my ears, closed my eyes and tried to plan the story I was going to write. Now, whether you believe it or not, I did become interested in my story. It had been all tangled up, but was now straightening out. I could hardly wait for daylight to begin writing. Even when I went to sleep, the story kept running in my mind, for I certainly dreamed out a thrilling climax.

"No one could wish for a finer place to wake up. Birds were singing, insects humming, dawn-light streaming through the window shutters. Counting on a busy day, I turned toward the typewriter and—held my breath. Someone had opened the package of paper, inserted a sheet in the machine and typed these words," and he gave me a strip of typewriting paper containing this sentence:

*People who do not believe in ghosts should sleep in the light of the moon.*

"What does that mean?" he demanded excitedly.

"It looks as if you'd had a visitor."

"Impossible! The door wasn't locked; it was too warped to lock. But I placed a brick at the bottom, and it hadn't been moved. Not a window had been opened. No one had entered the house."

"Then you must have written this ghostly message yourself absent-mindedly."

"Listen! An absent-minded person may forget to do something he has planned to do, but he never does anything

science.

Therefore, our activities carry us beyond the recognized bounds of knowledge into "uncharted seas." Any sailor upon waters for which he has no chart must postulate a destination in order to give his ship steerage way. He must arbitrarily establish a course and give definite orders to his steersman or his ship will drift. So also in psychical research we must arbitrarily set up an hypothesis explaining

gossamer network of nerves so fine that he appears like a cloud form. These, the anatomists tell us, are the sympathetic nerves, for over them flow currents of a high frequency that we recognize as emotions, or premonitions, or hunches, or any of the phantasmagoria of individual experience that we vaguely recognize as a part of our inmost spiritual existence.

he has planned not to do. I definitely decided not to unwrap the ream of paper, yet there it was unwrapped and a sheet in the typewriter. What's more, I'm a light sleeper. Do you think a human being could have pussy-footed into the room and picked off a message within a yard

Just as sense impressions are regenerated to a higher frequency and sent over the mental nerves as thought, so also thought is regenerated to a still higher frequency at the various nerve centers of the body and sent over the sympathetic or spiritual nerves as emotion. Accordingly, what starts as a mere impression of the physical senses may, by being regenerated twice to higher frequencies, become in turn a thought and an emotion. Then what becomes of it?

Doctors of the East tell us that there lies in front of the base of the spinal column a ganglia or tangle of sympathetic nerves that acts as a radio broadcasting and receiving set for currents of very short wave length, or very high frequency. They tell us further that this human radio broadcasts and receives currents of love and anger, and many others to which in our preoccupation with physical science, we have closed our consciousness.

According to these same Doctors of the East, when man is coordinated, whole or holy, the currents pass freely backward and forward through these three nerve systems. While from one terminus he may listen to the messages of the physical senses regenerated into thought, so from the other terminus he may listen to the music of the spheres, the higher frequency love vibrations of the plants, the trees, the animals, comprising Nature's symphony. Through the human radio he may pick up the delicate waves in the ether emanating from other human radios at all climes and at all times, for a vibration, we are told, once started, never stops.

Consequently, if our hypothesis be correct, human nature has two outlets and two inlets to its consciousness, giving rise to the two kinds of knowledge: conscious knowledge brought in to the brain from the physical nerves; and intuitive knowledge brought in to the brain from the sympathetic antennae of the human radio over the spiritual nerves.

Because our whole system of education for hundreds of years has been designed to develop reason and the mental nerves at the expense of the emotions and the sympathetic nerves, we have broken down the coordination of the three phases of man's nature and stultified the finer preceptions of our spiritual nerves and their nerve centers. Therefore, we are inclined to discredit as illusion all intuitive knowledge.

But history has shown that intuitive knowledge always precedes conscious knowledge, just as Democritus knew that matter was made of atoms two thousand years before Millikan measured and weighed the electrons of which these atoms were made.

But to return to our hypothesis. Our ghost of a man still stands before us, and we have still to answer the question of how "Patience Worth"—alleged to have lived three hundred years ago—can talk to us through a mortal "transmitter."

Over this ghost of a man, whose form and aspect is maintained by his sympathetic nervous system, I shall pour a fourth acid that destroys these nerves and nothing else. What have we left?—an aura of colors. This aura, we are told by the Doctors of the East, is the entity or the ego of that man existing in a high frequency field

## H. P. Blavatsky as a Medium

By GUSTAVE P. WIKSELL

IF we say all the good things about H. P. B. that have

of vibration, apprehended only by his sympathetic nervous system, the beginning and end of his being. This ego, we are told, continues its individual existence long after the process we call death.

The answer of this hypothesis, then, to the phenomena of "Patience Worth," is that this English woman, losing her physical existence three hundred years ago in England, still maintains her identity in a high frequency field of vibration, and is able to contact her "transmitter," Mrs. Curran, through the delicate nerve radio of her sympathetic nervous system. When Mrs. Curran throws her eyes slightly out of focus she shuts out momentarily the currents flowing over her physical nerves to her brain and clears the wires for the currents flowing in the opposite directions over the sympathetic nerves, to be regenerated at nerve centers to a lower frequency current passing over the mental nerves to the brain. If the hypothesis be true, there is nothing abnormal in the process. On the contrary, it would seem that the over-mentalized life we live today is much more abnormal, could the whole truth of our natures be known.

I give you this hypothesis for what it is worth, not to be believed but to be tested. It was given me by Hanus Von Yahnah, an American boy of Norwegian parentage who, as a student of Vivekananda, spent thirty years of intensive psychical research in this country and India, and supplemented this research with several year's study of nervous anatomy in the anatomical laboratories and nervous sanitariums of Kansas City. What I have told you of his theory is but a fragment, but it will serve as a basis for experimental work, through which and only through which we can test its validity.

The first experimental step should ascertain whether or not thought or emotion produces an electrical radiation and what frequency this radiation is. A method of conducting such an experiment is through the medium of the alleged thought photographs. Other methods may be devised. Whatever method we pursue, let us remember that no matter how firmly we are convinced of the existence of a psychic phenomena, until we can explain it experimentally in terms of physical science, our conviction will carry little weight with the vast majority of people today. Let us seek conscious knowledge of these phenomena and their workings, and thereby lift them out of the realm of illusion into the realm of reality. Let us explore honestly the uncharted psychic seas lying beyond the "Pillars of Hercules" and rob the modern "Phoenicians" of the monsters of fear and ignorance with which they bleed the people.

(Mrs. Curran was introduced by Mrs. A. B. Smith of Los Angeles after which she outlined the fascinating story of the coming and personality of "Patience Worth." In the half hour following she "transmitted" poems and proverbs in response to subjects called for by the audience. Within that period she had dictated forty-six of them, some in classical verse form, all of which depicted a personality quite distinct and apart from that of Mrs. Curran herself. A mimeograph copy of these forty-six poems and proverbs may be secured from the Society by sending 50 cents to Secretary, Post Office Box 801).



# In a Haunted House, or Ghost Writing

By RANSOME SUTTON

*The author of this article, a nationally known writer on scientific subjects, states that the incidents in this story, though woven together in the form of fiction, are all based upon facts.—Editor*

MY FRIEND was waiting for me. An overworked editorial writer, his nerves had gone haywire and he had been away for a few days, trying to get control of himself.

"Well, well," I exclaimed to cover the shock his appearance gave me, "you're looking fine."

"Cut out the compliments," he snapped. "I want you to come with me to a shack I'm using in the mountains. Unless I'm crazy it's haunted."

Not what he said but his manner of saying it sent shivers up and down my spine. Too much work had apparently turned his head. Anyone working as he had always worked would wind up wool-gathering sooner or later. "Why do you pick on me?" I asked.

"Because you write science stuff and don't believe in ghosts. I don't believe in ghosts either, but believe me something supernatural haunts that shack, and it has claws. Look here!" and he pulled open his shirt, revealing a series of black and blue scratches diagonally across his breast. "The thing that did this made no noise and left no tracks. I tell you the shack's haunted. Will you go?"

In Africa I had seen black magists perform what looked like miracles and I had myself gone through several strange experiences, but for everything, I believed there was a natural explanation, providing one could get at the bottom of it, and I fancied it would be easy to find out exactly what had so upset my friend.

While driving down, he told me the whole story.

"I was trying to write a feature for a syndicate," he said, "but couldn't get started. Too nervous. What I wrote during the day, I'd tear up at night. My doctor told me to take a vacation in the country. So I took my typewriter down to my sister's ranch near Corona. A fine old place—barns, sheds, silos, cows and plenty of milk. No honking horns, no annoying letters. But inspiration wouldn't gush. There were three disturbing factors: two nieces and a nephew. The first day was wasted. The second day started better, for my sister went away with the children, leaving me alone—with the telephone. I was expected to answer calls and the damm thing rang all day. I did nothing but answer calls, or wait in a jumpy state for the bell to ring. On the following morning my brother-in-law, named Ashley, proposed a horseback ride and I was too weak-minded to say no. Up a picturesque canyon we rode as far as the 'haunted house.' It was built by rustlers, he said, during rough and tumble times. Later on, the ranchers got together and exterminated the rustlers. I'll show you their bones in a gulch back of the house. Ashley says no one's been in the house since. Even his Herefords shy around it.

"The quietude of the place fascinated me. It was serene and sequestered. Here one could work without interruptions. And that evening, as casually as possible, I told my sister I was going to move into the haunted house. Did

she object? Not at all. She just stared awhile, then said something about having Dr. Willard, whom I happen to know is an alienist, call on us. Despite everything, however, I had my way. Last Friday right after breakfast one of the ranch hands went with me. We took plenty of blankets and provisions. Also a broom, a lantern and my typewriter. We swept out and burned all sorts of debris and by nightfall the old haunt looked quite home-like. Then the ranchman rode away. I watered my horse at a waterhole in the canyon, stabled it in a lean-to at the end of the house, started a fire in the antique brasero, ate a good supper, smoked a couple of pipes, placed the typewriter and a new package of paper on the table and went to bed.

"Only once during the night was I awakened," he went on. "One horse was whinneying. Now you know, everybody knows, that a horse never whinneys in the night without reason. What would be the reason. Of course there were sounds—creakings, patterings, slitherings. Night sounds, I thought. Rats or bats or what not. But at such sounds horses don't whinney. Lighting the lantern, I went into the lean-to and found the horse wild with fright, trembling all over. My presence, however, quieted the animal, then I looked around but saw nothing alarming, and finally went back to the blankets. No use saying I felt uneasy. The moment I blew the lantern out, either the house or my head began to throb with—God knows what. In order to get a grip on myself, I pulled the blanket around my ears, closed my eyes and tried to plan the story I was going to write. Now, whether you believe it or not, I did become interested in my story. It had been all tangled up, but was now straightening out. I could hardly wait for daylight to begin writing. Even when I went to sleep, the story kept running in my mind, for I certainly dreamed out a thrilling climax.

"No one could wish for a finer place to wake up. Birds were singing, insects humming, dawn-light streaming through the window shutters. Counting on a busy day, I turned toward the typewriter and—held my breath. Someone had opened the package of paper, inserted a sheet in the machine and typed these words," and he gave me a strip of typewriting paper containing this sentence:

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"What does that mean?" he demanded excitedly.

"It looks as if you'd had a visitor."

"Impossible! The door wasn't locked; it was too warped to lock. But I placed a brick at the bottom, and it hadn't been moved. Not a window had been opened. No one had entered the house."

"Then you must have written this ghostly message yourself absent-mindedly."

"Listen! An absent-minded person may forget to do something he has planned to do, but he never does anything

he has planned not to do. I definitely decided not to unwrap the ream of paper, yet there it was unwrapped and a sheet in the typewriter. What's more, I'm a light sleeper. Do you think a human being could have pussy-footed into that creaky room and clicked off a message, within a yard of my ear, without waking me?

"The second night I stayed up and nothing happened. Not even a whinney. But the following night, my third in the house, something clawed those marks on my breast—without waking me and without producing the slightest pain. That's the story. Now do you believe in ghosts?"

Although I was still a doubting Thomas, the thought of spending a night in that spooky old house was beginning to get on my nerves also.

We arrived at the ranch shortly after four o'clock. Mrs. Ashley was of course delighted that her brother had company. He had cautioned me not to mention his experiences and we rode away as soon as horses could be saddled.

We reached the house just before sunset. There must be something the matter with a man, I was thinking, who would select such a forlorn place for writing a cheerful story. Half logs and half lumber, surrounded by high weeds and brush, with the canyon walls in front and behind, it was certainly superannuated. The roof sagged, the floor slanted. There were just two rooms—a living room and a kitchen—with a trapdoor to an attic. I explored the attic thoroughly, finding nothing worse than rotting rubbish and a few frightened bats. Then we lifted up loose boards and poked around under the living room floor. Satisfied that there were no human stowaways in or under the house, we made a pot of coffee, opened some canned stuff and pretended to feel at home.

To be sure, there were noises, startling indeed some of them. Sufficiently spooky at any rate to keep me wide awake. My nerve-shaken friend, however, lying down with his clothes on, finally dozed off into a restless sort of sleep. Like a tired dog, he seemed to be hunting in his dreams. Then, shortly after midnight, he rose from the bunk, strode slowly through the kitchen into the lean-to and began saddling his horse.

Now I understood—he was a somnambulist. They say one should not wake a sleep-walker, but I took a chance. Although harder to awaken than I had supposed he would be, he came to at last and allowed me to lead him humbly back to bed. Next morning we found the barbed wire fence which had scarred his breast. The mystery solved, his nerves quieted down and he was his own brilliant self again.

All of which goes to show how little we know about our minds!

Had he also on the previous night unconsciously risen, taken the paper from the package, and himself written the "ghost message" without becoming conscious of his acts? I do not know as I was not there. But if he did, what dictated the message that an unconscious man would write? There's something for psychical researchers to answer.

*(What frightened the horse?)*

## H. P. Blavatsky as a Medium

By GUSTAVE P. WIKSELL

IF we say all the good things about H. P. B. that have been related of her and well attested, we shall not have space left to relate the bad and stupid things. Not that she would have us gloss over any mole or wrinkle on her visage, but she, like the rest of us, wanted regard of her fellow mortals whose opinions were worthy of notice.

I love the story of her first voyage to America. As she was about to embark she saw a poor peasant with two children in great distress; a swindling emigrant runner at Hamburg had sold her bogus steamer tickets, and there she was, penniless and helpless; her husband waiting for her in America. H. P. B. rushed to the ticket office and exchanged her first class ticket for steerage passage for herself and the poor woman and her children. H. P. B. never told of this, but it became known from the passengers who witnessed it. This was a sample of the kind and noble things she did all her life long. It is this that makes a life rich, the unselfish thought of others. Her straightforward honesty and hatred of sham makes it impossible to doubt the genuineness of her mediumship, though we may differ as to the source or value of the many phased phenomena that was daily experienced in her presence. Let us accept all as true. What of it? Such things have happened before and since. It does not require a high grade of spirit power to write on slates; bring flowers from a distance; materialize objects and forms; cause independent voices, etc. In fact all these things are set aside by higher angels who come from heavens unknown to the earth-bound and bring only wisdom and exhortation to purity of life and universal brotherhood.

The Theosophical Society grew out of the meeting of Colonel H. L. Olcott and H. P. B. at Chittenden, Vermont, where they both had come to witness the phenomena in the presence of the Eddy family—William, Horatio, and Mary. In the presence of forty or fifty persons at a time the full form materializations took place and the accounts in New York papers created such a furore that copies of the papers were at a premium as soon as they came from the press. The probity and simple honesty of these farm people was never questioned.

July, 1874, was the time of the meeting of the two persons who were to become known as the founders of an oriental cult of Spiritualism, which for good or ill led thousands into a hard and fast allegiance to an occult philosophy that is so full of chances for difference of opinion that after over half a century it has split into many sects, each claiming to be the original pure H. P. B. direct from the Masters of Wisdom, who hide in the mountains of India and plan the Universal Brotherhood of mankind through the revelations of ancient doctrines of Karma and reincarnation.

Madam Blavatsky was truly a great woman and a great medium. Almost all the phases of spirit phenomena known took place in her presence and she convinced thousands of the truth of angel presence, and she defended the truth of spirit intercourse all over the world. It was only after

*(Continued on page 14)*

# Modern Pillars of Hercules

By GLENN PALMER

*A Talk Delivered Before the A.S.P.R., Los Angeles Section, May 23rd, Presenting the Hypothesis of Hanus Von Yabnah*

CENTURIES ago, when all the people of the civilized world clustered like a large family around the Mediterranean Ocean, the western boundaries of man's knowledge were marked by the Pillars of Hercules. Between these great rocks the familiar waters of commerce flowed into an unknown sea that extended westward into the sunset and provided a convenient dwelling place for the creatures born of man's ignorance and fear. These mystical monsters, we are told, were given authorship and perennial horror by the Phoenicians as a means to guarding from invasion the storehouse of wealth these crafty traders of the Mediterranean had established and maintained in the Azores.

Today, when civilization has encircled the globe, we still have our "Pillars of Hercules;" we still have our uncharted oceans; we still have our "Phoenicians" seeking monetary gain through the ignorance of others.

Today the "Pillars of Hercules" are built from the deductions of physical science. Living as we do in an age of material progress and rationalistic standards, it is but natural that we should establish as the boundary of our knowledge, the deductions from the observations of the physical senses, aided and abetted by the physical instruments man has been able to devise.

Any experience that these deductions fail to explain we discredit as an illusion, a mirage on the ocean of mystery. In this category of illusion men have placed most of the so-called psychic phenomena that this Society is organized to investigate.

Because the modern "Pillars of Hercules"—marking the boundaries beyond which all knowledge is denied—happens to be the findings of physical science, it does not follow that these boundaries are final. Nor does it follow that physical science provides the only test of truth. Truth is a diamond of many facets and man's finite intellect is able to see but one facet at a time. Physical science itself is already beginning to realize the limitation of its knowledge. But since the majority of the people of our time accept the tests of truth set up by physical science, we should also submit to these same tests in our investigation of psychic phenomena in order that our findings may be intelligible to the majority. And Truth fears no test.

As the majority of us are bound by the standards and limitations of physical science, any hypothesis that we set up to test should be expressed in terms of physical science.

Therefore, our activities carry us beyond the recognized bounds of knowledge into "uncharted seas." Any sailor upon waters for which he has no chart must postulate a destination in order to give his ship steerage way. He must arbitrarily establish a course and give definite orders to his steersman or his ship will drift. So also in psychical research we must arbitrarily set up an hypothesis explaining

the phenomena we investigate in order to provide a program for experimentation. This hypothesis may be right or wrong when tested, but without it we merely drift hopelessly on a sea of mystery. Natural science provides no explanation of the phenomena of "Patience Worth" we are to witness this evening. Therefore, if we are to make any headway toward a solution of this mystery, we must arbitrarily assume an hypothesis to be subjected to the test of experience.

Here then is our hypothesis concerning the phenomena of "Patience Worth," whom we are to hear tonight through her alleged "transmitter" Mrs. Pearl Curran. This is not a theory to be argued over, nor a doctrine to be believed but an hypothesis on which to base scientific experiments that will prove or disprove it.

If you will lend me your imagination I shall stand before you a man stripped of all but that nature endowed him with. Over him I shall pour an acid that will destroy the flesh cells and nothing else. You see his form and aspect still maintained by a fine network of nerves that the doctors call the motor-sensories. For greater simplicity I shall call them physical nerves. Over these nerves low frequency electrical currents flow from the sense organs to the brain to form sense impressions; and from the brain to the muscles to produce bodily actions. Scientists have established and measured these electrical currents.

Now I shall pour over this man a second acid that destroys the physical nerves and nothing else. Still the form aspect is maintained, but by a finer network of much smaller nerves. These, the physicians call the cerebro-spinal nerves, though for a simpler name I shall call them mental nerves, for over them flows a higher frequency current we know as thought, relayed to them by the nerve centers in the brain and spinal column. A sense impression reaching the brain over the physical nerves may be regenerated at a higher frequency to pass over the mental nerves as a current of thought. Likewise thought may be regenerated to a lower frequency and sent over the physical nerves as an action-message to the muscles. Scientists have not yet established thought as an electrical current of high frequency over the cerebro-spinal or mental nerves. Notwithstanding, this hypothesis may be prophetic of future "facts."

Now I shall pour over this man, or what is left of him, a third acid that destroys the mental nerves and nothing else. Still his form and aspect is maintained but by a gossamer network of nerves so fine that he appears like a cloud form. These, the anatomists tell us, are the sympathetic nerves, for over them flow currents of a high frequency that we recognize as emotions, or premonitions, or hunches, or any of the phantasmagoria of individual experience that we vaguely recognize as a part of our inmost spiritual existence.

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of vibration, apprehended only by his sympathetic nervous system, the beginning and end of his being. This ego, we are told, continues its individual existence long after the process we call death.

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# Modern Cave Men

By DONALD A. FAREED, *Freshman, Occidental College*

*Prize Winning Oration in the Southern California Oratorical Contest*

UNDOUBTEDLY many of you recently enjoyed the moving picture drama "Frankenstein." You remember the man who, inflamed by sudden inspiration, set to work in his laboratory and finally created with his own hands a human being. Yet in the heat of his zeal he forgot that in his trespasses upon the domain of his Divine Maker he was impotent in one respect, he could not endow his mechanical creation with a soul, and this monster, this "Frankenstein," arose to crush its thoughtless creator. This is a parable of modern civilization. In the course of human progress, man has created a machinery of civilization which today dominates its creators. Why? Because it too is a mechanical structure in which the soul of man and his spiritual needs have been persistently neglected and under evaluated. And the day may come when this mechanistic civilization will be the "frankenstein" of our destruction.

Turn back a leaf in history to the opening of the nineteenth century. It is reported of Napoleon that in the midst of his campaign for a glorious world empire he was approached by a group of men with the model and specifications for a new type of sailing vessel to be propelled by steam. He contemptuously dismissed them saying, "I have no time for foolish toys." A few months later the electric telegraph was tabled by this same organizer of armies who labeled it as "the product of a foolish German notion." Within the span of a lifetime this very steam engine wrought an influence upon modern life more profound than all the restless activity of a Napoleon or the "Iron Policy" of a Bismarck. Within the span of a lifetime electrical telegraphy was destined to lasting significance as one of the greatest unifying forces of the nineteenth century. These "foolish toys," which Napoleon superciliously ignored, might have spelled the realization of his dream of universal conquest, which now was doomed to failure. Within a century from the day Napoleon scorned the idea of telegraph and steamboat the entire world was locked in a titanic struggle, fought not only upon the land, but in the clouds and under the sea.

One hundred years ago men carried flint and steel; today we use the electric light. In Napoleon's time men drove in stage coaches; today, in automobiles. In 1800 men shrieked in mortal agony under the surgeon's vacillating knife; today we are singularly blessed by the application of antiseptic and anaesthetic. A century ago a newspaper was rare, a journey across the sea required months, life was narrow, selfish, restricted, isolated; today isolation is a virtual impossibility. Steam, electricity, telegraphy, radio have reduced the size of our world and the breadth of our seas until we are one interdependent federation of interests, inseparably intertwined by the products of our scientific age—an annihilation of time and space—all within the span of a century—an incredible progress admirably epitomized in the words of Ingersoll,

"Lightning and light, wind and wave, frost and flame, and every subtle force of earth and air have become the tireless toilers of the human race."

Now in the very midst of this orgy of mechanical creation, this vortex of complex existence, there is presented to mankind a burning question which impels Harry Emerson Fosdick to write, "The tremendous development of the physical sciences with very little development of the social sciences has brought before this generation the question: Have the great changes in physical environment outrun our capacity for adaptation?" Now what does Mr. Fosdick mean by his question. He means primarily that we have been unable to modify human nature in the same proportion as we have changed the conditions of our physical environment. He means that our physical progress has outstripped our moral progress. *He means that man, instead of controlling the thing which he has built is, like Frankenstein, the victim of his own ingenuity.*

The point is perhaps best illustrated by existent conditions in the modern industrial order. Here we are confronted by a situation in which primary emphasis is placed upon the *machines* of industry, not upon the *men* who operate those machines. They lose their identity as men and become automatons, semimechanical parts of a factory. Human labor is regarded as primarily a means to the production of wealth and the gratification of private interests. On a vast scale personality is dwarfed, human values underestimated in a world of industrial materialism.

Appalling inequalities in the distribution of profits are distinctly characteristic of the present industrial age. Today, 2% of our population controls 60% of our wealth. This condition is the result of an unrighteous manipulation wherein the masses are exploited for the profit of the few, the aggrandizement of private interest at the expense of common good. We have further failed in adapting ourselves economically with respect to an efficient, just distribution of products. At this very moment when a surplus of numberless bushels of wheat overflows sheds in the South, people are actually perishing of hunger in the North. While an overburden of coal exists in Pennsylvania, people are dying of cold in the Middle West. Though bales of cotton be stacked to an oversupply in the South, people wear threadbare garments in bitter Eastern climate. Isn't this a flagrant admission of our failure to adapt ourselves environmentally? How can such facts be explained? There is but one answer: *Our industrial life is permeated by acquisitiveness.* The economic sphere is a battle ground of competing interests in which avarice and selfishness lead men to grasp all that is within their reach without concern for the common good. We are suffering from "the sickness of an acquisitive society." And since the attitude of the individual becomes the attitude of the nation, this acquisitive policy has been the guiding star in our political and economic life, manifesting itself

in bitter and costly war. The Mercantile Theory, based upon the accumulation of wealth and national greed, actuated war between English and Dutch trade interests, and between English and Spanish colonial interests. This acquisitive motive was the basis of the recent World War and today has impelled the Sino-Japanese conflict. *The dollar, the omnipotent dictator, commands the minds and hearts of men.* From a convenience, a medium of exchange, money has grown to be the object of a mass worship. It has become synonymous with power and even a symbol of happiness until today it holds a distorted position in our scale of values. Instead of a *means* to an end, it has become the *end* of effort and life itself and as such dominates the motives of society. Such is the nature of acquisitiveness.

You question why the acquisitive principle is an evil influence? It emphasizes the material and neglects the spiritual. It negates our ideal of love and brotherhood and fosters social injustice. It places things above men; industry above labor; machines above human life.

Now a balanced civilization necessarily reflects the integrated and co-ordinated personality of men physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually, and unless we pause to equilibrate our physical growth with a consideration of moral and spiritual values, it is not without justification to predict the inevitable and utter collapse of the civilization of whose safety we are so vainly assured. The question before us is: Shall we continue to view this approaching, intangible crisis with apathy and indifference? Or shall we cast into this chaos an illuminating ray of intelligent thought. Man has ever been characterized as a rational, thinking organism and to contemplate his possible destruction by a civilization which is a product of his mind and hand seems contradictory. Yet the one respect in which we have miserably failed to make our adjustment to civilization is our thoughtless neglect of moral and spiritual development until today it is imperative that we recast our outworn scale of values and begin our social reconstruction on the basis of that morality. *Religious ideals should not be divorced from industrial and business life but made an inseparable part of it.*

In my presentation of a constructive suggestion for social reorganization I am not concerned primarily with details of execution but rather with dominant attitudes. We are not oppressed today by persons but by mental convictions and beliefs. Just as a deed is predetermined by a thought, so a persistent mental attitude determines a definite course of action. Before we can ever hope to realize peace we must disarm the *minds* of men, not the *arms* of men. Before we can ever contemplate an ideal industrial world we must re-educate the attitudes of those persons involved. On this basis, therefore, we should first inculcate the attitude of justice in the economic order. The abolition of unjust privilege is logically of primary importance. The select few should not prosper parasitically by the exploitation of the masses. Human life should be placed above the machine and not subservient to it. Industry should be made to exist for men, not men for industry. The sacredness of personality should factor in the determination of policy. Such an attitude, as embodied in this program, would be reflected in concrete measures de-

signed to promote the welfare of labor: A safeguard for workmen against the ravages of widespread unemployment, an income sufficient for sustenance and well-being, the assurance of adequate leisure for culture and self-realization, and consistent with this attitude of justice should be a more democratic organization of industry, a more efficient supervision of production and distribution and a more just apportionment of wealth.

Secondly we should strive to supplant the attitude of selfish individual aggrandizement with one of systematic friendly cooperation toward the common welfare. It is time that we began to place emphasis away from the acquisitive principle upon the cooperative principle. For fully a century the competitive doctrine has abided with capitalistic nations, and this spirit of competition has elicited fear, jealousy and greed, which have culminated in political and economic warfare. The time is ripe, when we should turn from acquisitive ethics, which repress goodwill and evoke fear, to the cooperation which elicits goodwill and promotes confidence. We should reject the acquisitive doctrine whose mainspring is *selfishness* for the cooperative policy whose mainspring is *love*. In that day of spiritual nobility the strong shall no longer crush out the weak by law of tooth and nail nor shall the successful ascend to fame over the fallen bodies of their less able fellows, but those who are strong shall stoop to lend an aiding hand in the ascent of their weaker brethren. Thus, the new social order, in the words of the British Labor platform, must be built, "not upon the competitive struggle for the means of bare life, but on deliberately planned cooperation in production and distribution for the benefit of all who participate by hand or brain."

You are all familiar with Goldsmith's admonition, "Ill fares the land where wealth accumulates and men decay. What doth it profit a nation if it gain the whole world of tools and ships and goods if the men in the factories are broken in spirit and go sullen to their tasks." Such wealth is poverty, lying paint on the outside of a sickly cheek. *The true wealth of a nation* lies not in its mart of trade, nor in its factories, nor in its material goods. *The true wealth of a nation lies in the nobility and happiness of its people.* Today we live in a machine age which menaces this happiness and well-being of our fellow men, but if we weave into the very fabric of our civilization the humanitarian attitudes of justice and cooperation as opposed to unfairness and acquisitiveness, if we place human life and happiness above machines and wealth, and not subservient to them; if we give due consideration to moral and spiritual progress, *then* we may declare the great changes in physical environment have *not* outrun our capacity for adaption, and we turn with renewed faith to a future era of strength, power, and greatness.

#### CONTRIBUTORS IN NEXT ISSUE

ARTHUR FORD, M.A., Dr. Lowell C. Frost, M.D., Glenn Palmer, Dr. Sheldon Shepard, Hanus Von Yahnah, Horace Leaf, F.R.G.S., J. C. F. Grumbine, Swami Paramananda, Hal Rush and others. There will be a special interview with Billy Burke, wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, and other noted actors and actresses appertaining to their psychic experiences. Other new and interesting features will be contributed each month.

# Life and Death

By SHRI VISHWANATH KESKAR

*"Fear of death, fear of opposition, fear of obstacles, fear of failure,  
these are not realities but shadows."*

**L**IFE and death, death and life again! So live that you may be able to smile at death. "Flowers bloom and fade, the fruit begins to swell. So, when our bodies die our Souls in glory dwell." But if our souls are to dwell in glory we must first live a good life. That is the secret. Death laughs at life, but what is death, and why is it necessary to understand anything about it? We apply the terms life and death to things of change. Man is not life, man is not death. But he experiences those changes described as life and death.

In the new education the philosophy of death will take, as it has taken in the long past, a great place. Man ought to learn the glorious art of dying. There is a wonderful passage in the Gita: "Who are you, man?" In the first two lines the Lord describes man as soul. "You are not born, and so you cannot die." Then who are you positively? You are undying, eternal and ever-present. Then what is it that frightens you? What is this fear of death? It is only the encasements, envelopes, bodies that you use for experiences that come and go.

There are three great systems of the Philosophy of Death: the Indian, the Tibetan and the Egyptian. All are great and ancient, but the oldest and most completely organized is the Indian. It lays down rules for guidance from childhood up to the stage of death of the physical body, and into life after death.

The Tibetan is based upon the same fundamentals—man as Soul, life as preparation just before the change known as death. It gives man all the necessary help to receive the change cheerfully, and also gives him a glimpse of life after death. The Egyptian admits man as Soul, but develops the process of preservation of the house more than it does the training for the life of the Soul.

The Soul in Egypt is symbolized as a bird,—a splendid symbol—soaring high, though shut up in a cage, captive. So the soul flies, soars and tries to reach its own place. The pyramids are glorious specimens of the art of preservation of the "house" for the return of the bird, or the soul, who must find the house intact.

In the Tibetan teachings the Guras, or teachers, give a person an intimation of the time of death, and ask him to prepare himself. Generally the process occupies a few months.

Returning to the Indian method, to understand death, and to realize the value of death as a necessary change in evolution, you must first know the value of life. There is one line in the Gita which summarizes the philosophy of life and death. "The thought that is predominant at the moment of change called death determines for man his future in the next life." And therefore the Lord says, "It is the hardest thing to remember then how to surrender yourself to His Will at the moment of death." It is so hard that you cannot do it unless your life is a school of

training. It is not possible for man to concentrate his mind on God unless he has trained himself as a Soul. He must prepare himself gradually for the change, and consider it as a gateway into the higher life. To die is the glorious privilege of man.

Spirit and matter begin the work of creation, of growth, of evolution, and of consummation, only when united. The process begins when they are put together by Higher Will. It is necessary for Spirit to become separated from matter from time to time, for it to obtain a better vehicle for higher experience. If you were incased in one body for all time you could never grow. You need the change, a better-fitted instrument. Therefore death is a useful change only for those who understand how to live. There is often the everturning wheel of life and death, without progress, because the simple change of body, known as death, has brought no improvement. We must use death as a gateway to a larger life, and return from it broadened by the experience. Otherwise death fails in its purpose. We want to go from stage to stage in ever-growing consciousness of life, and so live and so die that the life after death is a better and higher life. Utilize opportunities. Understand that you are the indweller in a body, and that the house is there for your experience. The laws of Karma, justice, love, fraternity, cooperation, harmony, service, all make one law of Love and Life. In fact man can only be helped by the law of love and cooperation with the higher laws of life. Through love you make yourself a channel, a self-conscious instrument, a living person, not a mere psychological asset, a token of life.

In order to understand the Philosophy of death we must understand the life after death. We are living all the time in many worlds. Each individual lives in a world of his own, that is, the world of personality. But he is simultaneously contacting, using, and living in a number of worlds, each world fitted to be a field of activity and experience for each of the bodies being used as instruments. The two worlds most vitally important for experience are those two immediate worlds, the physical and the super-physical. Both are worlds of matter and motion. The same laws hold good, the same thoughts and feeling, and the same character. You even bear the same names. There is no difference in consciousness in the individual or in the habits of the individual.

The sciences, especially the science of Yoga in the highest sense, are intended to help men find methods, quick processes leading to heights of Illumination and Perfection, by better cooperation with the laws. There is no royal road to perfection. There is only one method and it is a slow up-hill process. But for strong minds, willing hearts, for those who understand the laws, there is always a path open. They must use their own effort, but they are helped by the great Guides.

Today the minds of the children and the young are filled with fear of death. Tragic! This fear must go. For fear is the greatest danger and the worst enemy of man. The goal is fearlessness, deathlessness. And unless we root out this fear by living a life of positive love and conscious cooperation, the psychological complex will always be dangerous. Fear of death, fear of opposition, fear

of obstacles, fear of failure, these are not realities but shadows. Death is a great shadow on many thresholds, and the problem of it must be faced cheerfully. The better we do it the more able we shall be to live a higher life. Build a better future by living a good life now, and then a nobler picture for the life to come is formed.

## Tangibles and Intangibles

By HAL RUSH

*"The world is shaped indelibly by the intangible things of Life."*

THE present depression is giving the world a momentous adventure in values. It is true that the world always has been awry in its system of evaluations, but never before have so many people awakened to the fact that what they had thought to be balm and myrrh was but gall and wormwood.

I am speaking of humanity's disposition to judge only by the standards of tangibility. It is a very human trait to judge a man by what he has—the cost of the house in which he lives; the richness of its furnishings; the size of his bank account and his position in the economic scheme of things—rather than by what he is.

We have awakened to the fact that our standards based on tangibilities, are not builded on firm ground but upon shifting sands. We are bewildered and now are going from one self-styled "Moses" to another, seeking some one to lead us out of our various wildernesses.

However, there have always been a few who have had an entirely different standard of values. They judged humanity not by what it had in its purse but in its heart. They accepted man for what he was. If he were not exercising his divine heritage of progression they would not hesitate to assist him to a higher goal.

Untold billions have used the standards of tangibilities, and they are now but nameless dust. Less than a hundred in our ken have used the standards of intangibilities, and history records them as Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Copernicus, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, Galileo, Newton, Garrison, Lincoln, Whitman, Emerson, Lanier. "Why!" I hear you exclaim, "these men dealt in tangibilities!" Yes, they dealt in tangibilities but they were not actuated by them.

As humanity grows wiser, it will discover that the only real things of life are the intangible things. Men and women perish, but Life goes on. They see, hear, feel, smell and talk. In their corporeal bodies they are tangible but the life which motivates them is intangible.

The world is shaped, indelibly, by the intangible things of life, not by the tangible. The influence of environment is intangible although it is created by tangible things. Love is intangible. The young couple at the altar will tell you it is the greatest thing in life. Hate is intangible but it

produces very tangible results, as the havoc of the World War so horribly discloses.

Individually we are "penny wise" and "pound foolish" in our persistence in judging by the standards of tangibility. We think that the intangible emotion of happiness is created by tangible things. It is not.

We fret and fume because our motor car is not as handsome, our lawn as nicely kept, our clothing as fashionably cut, our social position as great as that of our neighbor. We go from one absurdity to another in an effort to equal if not surpass our neighbor. If successful we believe that we are monarch of all we survey, until we discover that Fate has "slipped" us a pair of dark glasses; we discover that somewhere, someone else has something we have not, that we can never be happy until we possess that thing or something better. It is a vicious circle always ending in misery and discontent.

How much humanity would benefit if only we would allow each to go his way, serene and confident that in the final analysis of things everything counts—but nothing very much.

If only we would learn to evaluate things by the intangibles and live accordingly. What an exalted world it would be! Of course the world is glorious—we must not be pessimistic because our purse is poor—but a more joyous world would result if only we could change our standard of values. We must cease to seek the Golden Fleece in material things. We must not attempt to find the pot of Gold at the rainbow's end or in a millionaire's mansion. We must follow our own natural dictates, express our own "soul's" inspirations and let the world scoff or admire as it sees fit—it probably will be too busy to do either.

H. P. BLAVATSKY AS A MEDIUM

*(Continued from page 8)*

she became dominated by a group of spirits who called themselves "The Masters" and claimed that they had not died, but held their bodies at their own pleasure, that she drew away from the Spiritualists and began her magnum opus "Isis Unveiled"—a digest of ancient mysteries and magic far beyond her powers, and evincing a meeting of many personalities who brought evidence of great learning and research in the realms of ancient lore.



# Hail the New Play!

By GEORGE SCARBOROUGH

*Author of "Sun Daughter," a Play Produced by David Belasco; "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," and Other Noted Stage Successes*

ALL along down the line of recorded things may be discerned evidences of a close connection between the temple and the theatre. Formerly the connection was closer than now. No human institution has equalled either as a means of influencing and shaping the thoughts of man.

Today the theatre seems to have edged ahead of the pulpit in potency. This, perhaps, because more people go to the theatre than to the church. It is not impossible, therefore, that the theatre may come to be the effective forum for the presentation and discussion of all questions.

Primarily, the theatre is but a place of 'let's dress up and play at pretending.' It has nothing to sell beyond its cheap admission ticket. Its object is entertainment and diversion. Occasionally, only, comes along a play designed to stimulate thought. To stimulate, not control. The drama has no dogma to drive down the throat of any one.

Long ago it was concluded that there are available for plays only thirty-six different and distinct dramatic situations. No play can be written but which will have one or more of these catalogued situations. Each new play must depend for its newness and interest, if any, upon some individual handling, some trick of style, some unusual development or unexpected twist. Granted that there is this limited number of situations for plays dealing with our every-day world, wherein bootlegging has become an art and divorce a common luxury, still, there is another world of drama, as yet uncharted, with which to enrich the theatre—namely, the vast reaches of the Psychic. It is a safe guarantee that the hoary thirty-six situations will be increased when the playwrights of the future commence to play on the psychic theme.

Playwrights of the future? Why not of the present? Yes, of course. Why not? As a matter of fact, the play carpenter right now is ready, willing and anxious to say dramatic grace over things psychic. He is aware of the newness of the theme, of its vitality, and its utterly fascinating dramatic possibilities. Already, indeed, have a few bold craftsmen gone in imagination into the unseen and milled much over its wealth of situation and story. Some have, in fact, put the product of this mystic thinking into earth words, and expectantly are seated on the producers' doorsteps, pockets bulging with manuscripts. However, they are likely to sit long and vainly. The commercial producer is industriously engaged in looking the other way. Any play with a new theme or even a vagrant new idea makes the producer quickly duck behind his curtain. A psychic play makes him duck faster, and stay ducked. He is not now, nor does he hereafter expect to be, interested in plays dealing with that bourne from which, Shakespeare opined, no traveller returns. (The lamented bard's present opining on the subject would be illuminating.)

The ordinary producing manager (and producing manager includes motion picture producer) is still plodding along in the beguiling twilight of the material, quite disdainful of the suggestion that the spiritual may be important, also. If possible, he is even harder to convince of a psychic truth than is a charter member of the Society for Scientific Psychic Research.

Just how much of this general vigorous skepticism is due to the somewhat odoriferous repute in which so-called Spiritualism finds itself today, is uncertain. It is likely, however, that until Spiritualism weeds out its charlatans the rest of the world is liable to have to keep its nose to the windward. Too many fakeful impostors seem to need the money!

All who are desirous that Truth shall be made manifest, by whatever agency, must rejoice in the work that is being done by the scientifically-minded men and women along these lines. Investigators who have no religious idea to force upon others are in the best position to stimulate dignified, earnest interest in matters psychic. The man in the street is more apt to listen to the findings of the man in the laboratory, or to the thinkings of the trained literary mind, than he is to heed the pulpit fulminations of some brother whom nature really intended should do his fulminating between a pair of plow handles. Today the man in the street is, for the first time ever, beginning to do a deal of his own thinking along all lines—political, social and metaphysical. When the average citizen finally does come to do even so much as one-half of his own thinking, right then many of our revered and moss-covered, but inherently bunk institutions, are going to do an ungraceful tumble.

That interest in the unseen worlds and in the spirits of the dead has grown is not to be gainsaid by any one who is accustomed to broach the subject on opportunity. The response from the majority of hearers is instant and eager. Skeptical, usually, it is true, but eager. Most people have, in the course of their own lives, experienced something which is inexplicable on natural, normal grounds. With the least encouragement they will tell of their brushings with the unseen and seek earnestly for explanations. It is only the bigoted and ignorant who now absolutely refuse to discuss the psychic subject from any angle. Page the ordinary play producer! Page, also, the individual who has been 'bunked' by some alleged medium whose 'spirit guides' were guaranteed to do anything from giving advice on matrimony to moving the furniture and tossing the crockery around.

Once I almost wrote a psychic play. It was when the interest in such things was unnaturally stimulated by the war. I built a story plot along orthodox psychic lines. It seemed to me, though, to be absurdly fantastic and impossible. I laid the story before Professor Hyslop of Co-

lumbia, then one of the leading investigators of the New York Psychical Research Society. He approved the proposed play as being perfectly plausible psychically. He made some very valuable suggestions and urged that I get at once to the writing of it. Spurred by his kindly enthusiasm I did write an act or more. However, try as I would, I could not, at that time, bring myself personally to believe in the basic psychic premise. Nothing Professor Hyslop could say converted me. So I abandoned the writing of the play. Many, many times since then I have regretted this. The half-completed script went into the waste-basket. I cannot recall all the ramifications of the plot nor Professor Hyslop's valuable suggestions. Perhaps he now, from his spirit place, is smiling at my regretful dilemma.

In rare instances only have the producers dared or desired to touch plays with the psychic theme. Generally they are taboo, de trop, verboten, or whatever the word is in any language, including the Scandinavian. The late David Belasco (I salute you, Governor!) ever an artistic pioneer in the theatre, was one producer whose ear was not ever cocked for the clink in the box office till. More than a dozen years ago he wrote and produced "The Return of Peter Grimm," the first and only frankly psychic play in the American theatre. The play was not greatly successful on the stage nor upon the silent screen, to which it was transferred later. Whether this was due to its psychic theme, or to a lack of audience interest in the individual story, is not knowable. However, "The Return of Peter Grimm" carried a message and was epoch-making.

The only psychic play of serious pretension which has come across from England is "Outward Bound." Neither was this play greatly successful on the stage or on the talking screen. Other produced plays occasionally have contained psychic scenes or have been faintly, timorously psychic. "Liliom," for instance, had its Sixth Scene laid in "A Court Room in the Beyond." It darted back to earth for its Seventh Scene. In "Mourning becomes Electra," Eugene O'Neil hints strongly at psychic forces at work amongst his group of characters but seemed to lack the conviction to take a definite stand.

Some years ago a silent picture play, "Earthbound," was screened. It had a sufficient enough measure of success to promise much for other similar psychic picture plays, but, strangely, they have failed to come along. No. It is not so strange, either. Very likely they were written. Very likely, also, the producer was looking the other way.

The daily prayer of the powers that be in the theatre is that they may play safe, if not safer. That is, safe financially. Year in, year out, the producer insists on ringing up or fading in on the plays with the familiar themes and situations—plays which have in the past put money into some producer's pocket. Plays of romance are the ordinary producer's delight—plays wherein the romance wilts hopelessly in the first act, wilts worse in the second, but suddenly revives and takes amorous nourishment in the last act. Some producers, it is said, have been known to reap rich harvests from so-called sex plays. So, they insist on giving us plays with plenty of sex appeal, if you please—or, even if you don't please. In fact, the usual producer demands that the aforementioned old 's.a.' be sprinkled over his 'drammers' after the manner that tabasco is applied to a helping of questionable tripe. His

stock argument is that pungent plays are necessary to catch the interest of the modern, snappy, little talcum-tossers of the cigarette advertisements. The play with unlimited sex appeal crossed with a double-back action machine gun is a combination of great joy to the producer, although it throws the censor into an epileptic fit and gives the audience an ineffable pain.

How can the man whose eye eternally is glued on the stock-ticker be taken by the idea of a play about mystic places, where the ticker doesn't tick at all, and which is habited only by beings who are no longer intrigued by the romances of flesh-bound Romeos and Juliets? This is not necessarily a reflection against the commercial producer. Not necessarily. Rather is it an earnest plea in his defense. He is not guilty by reason of an utter lack of spirituality. Until his finer senses are better tuned the psychic play will not get a look-in in his theatre. His understanding and comprehension cannot approach the psychic thought, much less the psychic places.

The worth-while facts of Spirit will ever be realised and appreciated, just as they will ever be best put forth, by the one whose interests are primarily spiritual, and whose life is exemplary of spirituality and lofty aspiration.

The Psychic Theatre must look for its effective impulse from some healthy, upward-pushing artistic dramatic organization. Such, for instance, as the Theatre Guild of New York. When such an organization has projected and popularized the psychic play and gotten a paying audience for it, then, the commercial producer will promptly get a psychic complex and fill his ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of theatres with occult and spirit and black magic and 'where-do-we-go-from-here?' plays.

It is ten to one, also, that he will insist on the playwright filling his psychic 'drammers' with the aforesaid wilted romances, sex appeal and machine-guns. Oh, mores! Oh, tempora! Oh, Gohenna!

## Religious Liberals Meet

### REPORT

DR. SHELDON SHEPARD, noted educator and religious liberal of Los Angeles, presided recently at a breakfast forum of "Religious Liberals." It was his inspiration. There were gathered leaders from various progressive philosophical and religious institutions, representing differences of opinion, but attracted by one common sentiment: hunger for genuine, human fellowship devoid of creeds or dogmas. Imperative needs of the day—moral, ethical, spiritual—were discussed freely. Each expression resolved itself into a desire for greater human understanding.

The gathering was characterized by one of those present as a human, liberal brotherhood bound by no tenet except spiritual attraction; meeting for no purpose except spiritual fellowship; striving for no end except human understanding, tolerance and unity!

It was the concensus of opinion that not until religions lay down the sword and cross, and clasp friendly hands across the turbulent sea of creeds, can there be an effective spiritual League of Nations and a sympathetic understanding of human affairs that will lift the world out of the depression in which it finds itself.

# Ramon Novarro's Vision of Ben Hur

By MAL BRENTLEY

*A Special Interview for the "Forum of Psychic and Scientific Research"*

"ALL the world is a stage, and all the men and women are merely players," Shakespeare wrote. In Hollywood all is a world of motion pictures, and many are its players. They have their entrances and their exits; and one man in his time plays many parts. And Ramon Novarro's life is no exception. He has had his entrance—has lived through many cycles of experience—but as yet there is no suggestion of his exit. His destiny is not completed.

In his adolescence he played the part of a dreamer. All great artists and creators have known that period, but they have done infinitely more than dream. They have imbued their dreams with a "soul" quality that has animated them and given them sentient life. Ramon Novarro has not ceased to dream great dreams, to study the subtle qualities of true artistry. Consequently he continues to grow in character and popularity.

But his has not been an easy road. He, too, has known the heartaches of uncertainty; has been torn between hope and despair and fear of being lost in the "mob" of the motion picture world. He has run the gamut of experience before the powerful klieg lights. But in the early days little did he know his destined path and its rewards—until he had a vision.

He was standing before a mirror practicing gestures, character interpretations and other thespic exercises, when the room seemed to expand into space. It was a thrillingly new and singular experience for him. He seemed to distend with the walls until eventually he lost all sense of physical proportion. He noticed a soft light radiating from his body—occultists would call it an aura. It was in this "superior condition" that he sensed a vision, and comprehended something of the experience of Joan of Arc and Saint Theresa and Napoleon when they had their immortal visions of prophecy. He sensed himself—and yet something greater than himself—as a bud must sense the full blown flower. He was not Novarro of the "atmosphere," but Novarro as Ben Hur—a Star! He was no longer a boyish Ramon, but a Novarro with the physical strength of the real Ben Hur.

We asked him how he explained the experience. "I do not pretend to explain," he replied naively. "I claim no supernatural power. I know nothing about such things."

Wholly lacking in curiosity as to the source or cause of his vision, he only knew that it was prophetic. Faith and intuitive knowledge would not let him believe otherwise. His whole world changed instantaneously. But in his exultation he did not lose sight of the fact that any achievement, however remarkable, cannot be of a lasting quality unless balanced by understanding. Then he reasoned that constructive thought must be the basis of un-

derstanding, and perseverance the basis of success. So he combined the two and unconsciously began to exercise the law of mind over matter; to control his thoughts, and to create a vital, muscular body befitting the perfect physique of the character *he knew* he was destined to portray.

One year, two years and finally three years went by with no visible prospects of his vision materializing—but his faith never wavered. And then he met Rex Ingram, famous continental director, responsible for the discovery and development of the late Rudolph Valentino, and an ardent student and investigator of psychic phenomena. He did not indicate at this meeting, however, any particular interest in the artistic possibilities of the handsome Latin player. It was not until a much later period that he finally approached Novarro with regard to portraying the character of Ben Hur in what he had planned to be a stupendous screen production of Gen. Lew Wallace's famous book. The young player was not surprised. Had he not been told several years before? It seems the director was likewise inspired for he could visualize no other actor so completely qualified for the role, even though Ramon was a minor player almost completely unknown among the galaxy of stars.

Loyal to his vision of Ramon Novarro as Ben Hur, Mr. Ingram succeeded finally in overcoming the objections of studio executives who had chosen a well known actor for the part. So great had been their determination to star another player that Hollywood rumor whispered that the other actor had already left for Europe with the production crew. Notwithstanding the rumors and delay, the hopeful aspirant never lost faith in the prophecy, nor did he cease to concentrate upon his success. Continually he enlarged upon his vision of himself as a star in Ben Hur. He believed implicitly that a "Power" greater than man—greater even than the wills of studio monarchs—had selected him to enact that coveted role.

Then came realization! Ramon was to play Ben Hur! The motion picture world was agog. Little did it know that Rex Ingram and Metro-Goldwyn-Maver were creating motion picture history—and giving to the firmament of stars what was to be one of its greatest and most versatile artists.

That was several years ago. Those who saw him playing opposite the great Garbo in "Mati Hari" know that greatness has not lessened the fine character and gentle artistry that has played so important a part in his success. In his eyes still radiates the light that comes with having faith in the goodness of Life. His vision and intuition have taught him this.

From whence came this momentous prophecy in vision? Ramon Novarro does not know. He only knows that it was true. For him that is enough.

# Your Birth Sign and Its Influence

By ZARAL L'VERNE

*A Sun Reading of Cancer—(The Crab)—June 21st to July 20th*

**T**HE SUN enters the constellation of Cancer about the 21st of June, ushering in the summer season of life and growth. In ancient times it was represented by a beetle or scarab, the signature of the soul. In modern day astrology it is symbolized by the crab, denoting tenacity.

The chief peculiarities of the crab are a clumsy body, slender limbs, and powerful claws. These characteristics are strongly marked in people born in Cancer. They are usually of medium stature, with well shaped shoulders and a well developed chest. They have a large upper body, augmented in later years by a prominence of the abdomen, acquired by over-eating. The face is full, the hair brown, the eyes blue, complexion pale and sickly. The limbs are extremely slender in proportion to the upper body, so the structure appears "top heavy."

The domesticity of this sign is probably its most prominent feature, whether the native of it is male or female. It is the sign of fatherhood as well as of motherhood, and is related very closely to the soul-principle. They have a deep sense of responsibility in regard to family ties. They are especially fond of children.

The moon, being the ruling planet of Cancer, gives these people a very changeable nature. This trait causes financial loss through shifting about from one occupation or location to another. Frequently they waste time in learning many new things. Yet they cannot be called fickle and flippant for they are very tenacious whenever they have undertaken a certain work or assumed an obligation. Neither do they run haphazardly into anything. In fact, they are inclined to be too cautious.

Cancer people should learn to overcome their extreme sensitiveness. Their feelings are so intense they are easily hurt—often due to fancied slights. They are usually timid and retiring, yet they want and need friendship and understanding. Their fear of ridicule, disapproval and adverse public opinion makes them somewhat conventional. Often they will completely abandon a plan or undertaking because of criticism. They are also greatly influenced by their environment but do not realize it. They need cheer-

ful surroundings to counteract their tendency to be depressed or unhappy.

The Cancer memory is very retentive especially concerning events of the family or nation. They have no difficulty in recalling incidents in past history or in their own lives. They are inclined to dwell on past experiences and occurrences—to live backwards. Remembrances of past pleasures or victories stimulate them, but recollections of disappointments and defeat are depressing and injurious to their present prospects. They should use their imagination constructively.

The developed Cancerians living on the higher plane of life are progressive and anxious to better the conditions of the world. They display great executive ability and often become organizers and leaders of large enterprises. Many a great library, hospital, college and public institution owes its establishment to some Cancer individual.

Being endowed with a fertile imagination Cancer people possess dramatic and literary ability. Many lawyers and public speakers are produced by this sign. Their interest in public affairs and community welfare makes them excellent teachers of social and domestic sciences. In business or professions they succeed best in vocations requiring persistent effort combined with patience, such as hotel owners, nurses, manager of restaurants and stores. They also excel as caterers, butchers, chefs and bakers. Employments on the water are congenial to these people. They frequently gain wealth quickly through speculation, travel, invention or inheritance.

Cancer people should marry very carefully for their success depends so much on their harmonious contacts. Their restless and changeable tendencies often affect the harmony of their matrimonial union. Usually they like the home-loving, domesticated partner who takes an interest in family life. Their most congenial mates will be found in the signs, Scorpio, Capricorn and Pisces. They are also attracted to Taurus and Virgo. They like friends who are not too assertive, positive or dictatorial.

Physically, Cancer rules over the breast, lungs and stomach. These people suffer from poor digestion, which produces a defective circulation and brings all the relative disease such as biliousness, fermentation, rheumatism and pneumonia. The best remedies for their troubles are plenty of pure air and sunlight, regular hours, freedom from hurry and anxiety, especially with regard to personal or domestic affairs.

Some of the famous people born in this sign are: John D. Rockefeller, Lord Kitchener, Cecil Rhodes, Calvin Coolidge, W. T. Stead, Prince of Wales, Irving Cobb, P. T. Barnum and John Gilbert.

*(In order to obtain a complete analysis of this sign a personal horoscope must be made. This will show the rising sign and other influences which cannot be ascertained in a general sun reading.)*

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# Weird Whispers within Two Worlds

By JOHN S. TANNER, M.D.

*"The Selective Intelligence of Elephants," a Chapter from the Author's Forthcoming Book of the Above Title.*

*(This series of articles were selected by the editor from Dr. Tanner's forthcoming book. As they include not only the author's varied experiences in psychism and psychical research, but also in social and sports' circles in the far corners of the earth, we are selecting at random excerpts from various chapters so that our readers may know his interest in the occult is equally balanced by a healthy interest in sports and outdoor life. One of the chapters tells of the methods East Indians use in capturing, taming and training wild elephants. This is followed by one on "The Selective Intelligence of Elephants," excerpts of which appear below. Ed.)*

THE elephants selected from a wild herd are sometimes thirty or forty years old, but the majority are about twenty years old—especially the tuskers. The fine, large, outstanding specimens are generally sold to some Rajah, or are chosen by the Rajah from his own herd for domestic and personal use. Many of them grow to be quite aged. Some of the eighty or ninety year old monarchs are very selective in their companionship, and show a personal preference, and often a genuine friendly feeling, at once toward some one whom they meet—especially those trained for shooting expeditions. When this is the case the elephant will voluntarily select a person and do all the "stunts" that it does for the Mahout, even to raising its trunk in salute when this person comes near it. It will also hold its trunk on top of the chosen one's head, as if in blessing, and then drop it and curl it up as an invitation for him to put his foot in the curl and be lifted on its back. These acts are all voluntary as proofs of favor, and are done even when the Mahout is not guiding them.

The writer had an interesting experience, while living in the jungle for a month, watching the training of one especially large, fine tusker, who, at first, was not at all docile. Each day I took it a banana tree, throwing it the leaves, which elephants enjoy as much as humans enjoy salad. However, I was careful to keep away from the end of its trunk. Within two weeks this elephant began to expect this attention and became very friendly. This friendship, however, even after several weeks, did not give me the courage to risk getting too close to him, though occasionally I braved a "pat" on the end of his trunk, being certain that it was extended to its full length. He was chained.

Three years, later, accompanied by some American friends, I was visiting Kandy, Ceylon, at which time I made inquiries about the elephants I knew worked in the river near Kandy. I was informed that several large elephants of the kraal were at work there. Curious to see the elephant I had watched in training during my previous visit, and to test whether or not it would remember me, I told my friends about him and suggested that we go

over and watch them work. My belief that it would remember me immediately started an argument which concluded with a bet by these friends that I would not be able to select the elephant from among a herd after so long a time. And they thought it positively preposterous that the elephant would remember me.

Going toward the river we stopped and I selected the elephant I believed to be the one in question. The English speaking guide was sent to the Mahout to inquire concerning it, and it proved to be the elephant I had been friendly with during its training at the kraal three years previous. He was a massive, fine fellow.

When we approached the group the Mahout recognized me and salaamed in greeting. After acknowledging his salutation I walked up to the elephant and patted him. Immediately he curled his trunk for me to step in it and be lifted to his back and I did so.

My friends paid the bet, but they still suspected that I recognized the Mahout rather than the elephant—though they do admit that the elephant acted rather "knowingly." Whether I was saved by their timidity—because they were too wary to go near enough to see if the elephant would curl his trunk to lift them to his back—I do not know. It is an amusing speculation.

Another instance of selection was shown on a "big tiger shoot" in northern India. A herd of thirty-five elephants were loaned us by a Maharajah friend. The Mahouts had lined the elephants up for our inspection. As I approached the line, one great ninety-year-old tusker—the tallest and largest elephant I had ever seen—stepped out of line and reached his trunk to me. I patted the old fellow. The Mahout spoke to my friend, the Colonel, who in turn translated to us that the elephant had selected me to ride him during the hunt. This caused some consternation among us, and resulted in the Maharajah and Colonel telling us fascinating stories of the "selectiveness" of the old elephants. I questioned them, believing that the Mahout had a hand in the matter, but both of them insisted that it was the elephant and not the Mahout who had given me the honor, and that I might count on absolute protection of my life by that elephant. Notwithstanding my friends' assurance I remained skeptical until the elephant gave several demonstrations proving his friendliness.

Another instance was when the Maharahani—who owned the land over which the party was shooting that week—called to spend the day with us. The elephants were drawn in "line" with trappings on for parade, their heads decorated in white, red and black colors as on a holiday. Then they knelt and all in the party were seated in their "shooting howdahs."

I was about fifty paces away taking a moving picture of them, and had commanded the "line" to turn and walk in file past me so I could get an impressive picture. I had moved the camera across the field on the "line" once as

the elephants started to walk away, when this big jumbo turned out from the rest. The Mahout pounded him on the head in an attempt to hold him in line, but he paid no attention. Trotting over to me he knelt down for me to climb aboard him, then he turned his trunk for a few friendly slaps and a big hug. Finally I got aboard. Immediately he trotted on to catch up with the procession and take his place at the head of the line—a place which he insisted on holding. Whenever he made for the front of the line and some other elephant appeared to be in his way—and did not move out of the way—he gave the intruder a good jab in the ribs with his big tusks, and the path was made clear for him at once. All the other elephants seemed to accede to his authority and gave him this position as leader.

Every evening, upon returning from a drive or shoot, the camp boys would bring to each of the riders a large ball of brown, sticky cane sugar, the size of a man's head, to give to his respective elephant. One evening I returned after dark. Having had an exciting experience with a leopard my friends clustered about me in lantern light to hear the story. I thought my elephant was standing directly behind me, so while talking I held the ball of sugar in my hand back of me for him, not looking as I was concerned with enthusiasm over the hunt. The ball of sugar was taken immediately, so I went on talking. In a moment or two I felt a delicate touch on my neck and sensed the breath of an elephant. The end of a trunk ran down my arm to my hand. Thinking the elephant was seeking affection I patted the end of its trunk and went on talking. The soft nose of its trunk was then felt on the opposite side of my neck and slid gently down my arm to my hand. I then turned to him and asked: "What is all this about?"

The Mahout said that my elephant did not get his lump of sugar as the elephant next to him had reached over and taken it out of my hand, and that he would not leave until he did. I then ordered two lumps of sugar to be brought. Putting my arm around his trunk I patted him. He then curled his trunk under my knees like a hammock and I sat down with my arm still around his trunk, and holding me there he stood quietly content until the sugar was brought. After I fed him the two big lumps of sweet he turned immediately, and leaving us went over to be tied by his hind leg to his tree for the night.

A touching ceremony occurred the day we were breaking camp preparing to leave. The elephants were drawn in line by the Mahouts, and a lump of sugar was distributed to each member of the party to feed his elephant. When I came into view my elephant walked over to me, although the other elephants stood in line and waited for their reward. He curled his trunk trying to get me to put my foot in the curve so he could lift me onto his back. I talked to him and told him that I was leaving and could not climb up this time. He then uncurled his trunk, as though he understood, lifted it and put it around my neck as gently as a woman's arm. He held it there for a moment, then lifted it high in the air. Then he dropped it in a curve and put it on the top of my head as if in blessing.

Following this the Mahout astride his neck raised his hand and bowed his head to me, giving me a blessing, ask-

ing that 'Om,' the Omnipotent, should ever guide me and keep me in the paths of peace because I was the selected friend of the acknowledged master of all elephants.

The elephant then raised his trunk on high, let out a clarion trumpet call, turned resignedly and went quietly back into line.

My friend, the dear old Colonel who had made this two month's shooting trip such a wonderful success, turned to us and said: "You know the Rajah here and the Mahouts, like your American Indians, believe in a Happy Hunting Ground beyond the grave. There the favorite elephant, horse and dog who have attached themselves by great love and joyous sacrifice to a human, will find him in his home 'beyond the stars.' Doctor, it looks as if you have won the 'Old Master' and as they never forget, I can visualize you upon his back tripping from Orion to the Great Bear in your restless wanderings among the worlds."

The Rajah then spoke: "Yes, our religions and lore, dating back before history to the formation of man from the great Om, tells us of perpetual life from that descent to now, and of our building back to the Logas. The 'Vedas' state that our kind, home animals are evolving through love and attachment to humans—away from the animal race—and that in eons of lives of association with and love of humans, they will evolve along with them, receiving a human 'spark' each time. Eventually, in a cycle some millions of years from now, they will be reborn into a human body for human experience, having collected an individuality and lost all the principal animal traits.

"I can see further than you and the dear Colonel," the Rajah continued, "though you may doubt what I am about to say. I can see the 'lights' of the soul of animals and men. I watched this ceremony of parting. The aura of the 'Master' glowed with affection, which seemed to me to date back far into the past.

"My dear Doctor, I have appreciated very much our evening talks together under the soft glow of the stars, and also your interest in my humble expression of our great cosmic Truths. May I predict to you that some day, after you have followed the path of life in which you show interest, you may meet some one who will reveal to you your past. Then you may find that in one of your experiences you were born an Aryan in India. . . . The elephant has an instinct of 'previous lives,' and this old monarch has shown an affection which must have been born of the past. I transferred my sight to you to study the elephant's effect upon you. Your aura blazed into a very rosy light which makes me take pride in knowing you. . . . It is time for parting. May you take my friendship with you until we meet again 'among the stars.'"

The parting with the Colonel was of our usual Western style of reserved thanks: "You did a lot for us old fellow. Will see you soon at the Travelers' Club in Paris."

I replied in Britain's best: "Did nothing at all. The shoot ran itself. Funny old codgers these Indians, aren't they? Funny things get into your blood out here, somehow. Bye, bye. Daresay we will meet again soon."

A hand shake, and our motor rolled away. Yes, it was a "funny way," but who knows which of us is the "funniest?" Time will tell!

*(To be Continued)*

# Theosophy » What Is It?

By FELICIE O. CROSSLEY

*A Sympathetic Statement of the Theosophical Viewpoint. The Second of an Unbiased Series of Twelve Articles on Comparative Religions and Philosophies*

**I**N a series of this nature one cannot elucidate so vast a subject as Theosophy. Lest our readers attempt to judge it by our statements, we must in all fairness emphasize the necessary brevity of our exposition and refer them to the proper authorities for further information and explanations.

The name "Theosophy" is compounded from Theos, meaning God, and Sophia, meaning wisdom. Hence, Theosophy is intended to signify God-Wisdom. It is organized to investigate and promulgate the study into the hidden side of nature and consciousness. It is an immense, universal system of philosophy, science and religion; an all-inclusive synthesis dealing with cosmic laws and relationships.

Though the name "Theosophy" has been used since the third century A.D., representing an eclectic system accepting truth wherever it may be found, it was not until 1875 that Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky introduced it into the United States. She had studied with Masters in Thibet where she obtained the "ground-work" for what later was to be a monumental teaching. Her books, "The Secret Doctrine" and "Isis Unveiled," give evidence of a brilliant and penetrating mind.

It is significant that no member of the Theosophical Society is asked either to believe or promulgate its teachings, and that he may reject part of them and continue in good standing. He may even remain true to his convictions in religious matters, whether they are those of a Christian, Hindu, Hebrew, Buddhist, Mohammedan, et cetera. Perfect tolerance and liberalism is the keynote. As Annie Besant said: "Theosophy is not the profession of a common belief, but a common search and aspiration for Truth. Theosophists hold that Truth should be sought by study, reflection, purity of life, devotion to high ideals, and they regard Truth as a prize to be striven for, not as a dogma to be imposed by authority. They consider that belief should be the result of individual study or intuition, and not its antecedent, and should rest on knowledge, not on assertion."

Though different branches have resulted from the original Society, their methods of study and research are all based upon the fundamentals established by the founder, Mme. Blavatsky.

Theosophists regard man as a composite being having a physical body, an emotional or astral body and a mental body, each with complimentary spiritual bodies, through which he, an Eternal Spirit, manifests. The physical body is the organ of "sense registration." The emotional body is the instrument of the astral world. The mental body, with the reasoning faculties is the vehicle of the intellect, which demands that life and matter shall be intelligible. This composite body expresses on one or more planes of consciousness, according to the development of the Spirit.

Theosophists hold that the senses, emotions and intellect

are but facets of the one diamond; aspects of the one Spirit. They premise that the eternal man is Spirit, a fragment of God—literally a Son of God—reflecting and expressing His Life through Will and Creative Activity. They concede that "consciousness" is equipped with faculties to manifest in the different worlds, and can, through certain studies and spiritual development, acquire the ability to transcend matter, even while in the corporeal existence. The development of these faculties through positive methods of physical, mental and spiritual unfoldment gives to the aspirant clairvoyance, clairaudience, clairsentience, et cetera. Theosophists teach that man should not be a prey to other Wills, incarnate or discarnate; that negative submission to external forces or entities destroys the fabric of the instrument's Will and in a large measure hinders its spiritual development. They also teach that man should at all times be in complete control of his faculties, hence they are basically opposed to negative "submission." According to their discoveries they conclude that the actual unfoldment of consciousness begins with the physical body, the first organized as the instrument of knowledge. They claim that one's ability to manifest in the Invisible World depends on the stimulus obtained from the physical world through the quickening of the seven *Chakrams*. There is a voluminous literature filled with lengthy explanations on this subject of man's structure and manifestation in the various planes of consciousness: the physical; emotional or astral; desire or purgatorial; mental; heaven world and higher spheres, the details of which space forbids.

All phases of human association are defined as with purpose, consequently permeating all Theosophical literatures—and other teachings having their origin in the East—there is ever the suggestion of fatalism. This is influenced by Karma, or the law of action and reaction. Karma means action. Karma is said to be a law of Nature and not an arbitrary enactment which may be changed at will. It is neither reward nor punishment, but a series of effects. If we touch a hot stove and are burned we suffer, not because some mystic Deity is punishing us for some fancied wrong, but because we have broken a law. Likewise we create karma—good and bad—and are subsequently affected. Man's suffering and the apparent inequalities of life are said to be effects set into motion by previous experiences—either in this or some other life.

Nature's laws are not commands, but sequences of relationships. As the combination and action of certain chemicals create results according to the law governing them, so, through combinations of mental, emotional and physical relations, do we create karma which brings joy or sorrow to the soul—depending on the cause. We are alleged to be victims of karma through ignorance of Nature's laws, because lack of understanding enslaves us. Every law of Nature has its usefulness in man's life. As elec-

tricity has found a useful place and become our servant, so may we gain knowledge of other forces and use them. Knowledge is the king through which we may learn the formula to neutralize the destructive forces and through constructive growth gain our eventual freedom. Nature is proud, she is conquered only by obedience. She does not command, she merely lays down invariable laws under which things can or cannot be done. It is for us to find out the conditions that we may avoid subsequent suffering. Being a law of Nature karma gives us as much freedom as we can take.

Theosophy teaches that there is but one existence—one God Force—which manifests under three different aspects: the hierarchies of super-human beings; Devas, Angels and Archangels; the incarnation of Spirit in matter which through alleged reincarnation becomes the human. These three different gradations of intelligences express and gain experience on the Path of Liberation in three worlds consecutively: the heavenly; intermediate and physical. It is also claimed that there are still higher heavens. Man manifests in so-called matter through three bodies reflecting spiritual counterparts. The three higher bodies are his permanent vehicles for all time, and the three lower aspects are but temporary instruments through which the real entity seeks expression and experience. When these lower bodies have been spent in their relative planes of being—physical, astral and mental—not having completed the path to Perfection, it is asserted by Theosophists that the Spirit seeks new experiences through birth in a fresh earth vehicle. It is believed that a Spirit cannot be freed from earth laws until he has gained complete mastery over them and their influences. Theosophy teaches that man is destined to master Nature's laws rather than be controlled by them, and until he does fulfill his destiny he is subject to rebirths or post-graduate courses in the school of matter. He must master all temptation. It is not enough that he learns not to steal. He must learn not to commit adultery. Having learned this through physical regeneration and virtue, he must learn not to bear false witness, et cetera, before he can graduate and not have to "return to school." It is opined that the soul cannot learn mastery of the passions in higher planes where there are no physical senses to overcome; hence it must return to earth. The sufferings resulting from transgressions in former lives create a particle of conscience which seeks to prevent repetition of the sin in another life. Edward Carpenter said: "Every pain I have suffered in one body became a power which I welded in the next." This doctrine teaches that *qualities* evolved from earthly experience are returned to earth for the service of man, and how every effort brings its full result under unerring law. By giving him sufficient time it puts in man's hands the power to make his destiny as he wills, and to create himself after his ideals. It points to a future of ever-growing power and wisdom gained through experience. It makes the body the instrument of the Spirit instead of its owner, and removes the fear that as the Spirit required a physical body in order to come into existence at birth, he is likely to perish when deprived of that body at death.

"Memory of past lives has its seat in the Intellect, not in the Mind; in the permanent individual, not in the mortal person . . . This personality which looms so large down

here is only a new set of leaves or a new coat. The Spirit knows himself as one man all through, with an unbroken continuity of consciousness, with a single identity and an uninterrupted memory. The days of his mortal life have for him no more weariness than the long succession of mortal days have for our consciousness working in the physical body. We rise in the morning and go forth to interests ever renewed, and each day brings its own pleasures and pains which we live through with zest. The fact that our physical body is always changing does not trouble us a bit; we are the same inside it. And so, in the larger life, *we* are the same, the ever-living, ever-working Spirits. When we realize this, pain and weariness drop away, for we see them as belonging to that which is not ourselves."

Theosophy deals with worlds and systems of worlds; races and root races; the building of form and planetary chains; with Monads and Logos. It teaches the Divine At-one-ment of all life; man's moral relationship, one to the other, on the succeeding rungs of the ladder leading to spiritual perfection.

The principles of the Theosophical Society are: (1) To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color; (2) To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science; (3) To investigate the unexplained laws of Nature and the powers latent in man."

(Continuing this series on *Comparative Religion and Philosophy*, in the next issue of the FORUM the author will present a treatise on "Mohammedism—What Is It?")

## The Life Ahead

By VICTOR HUGO

*"The Tomb is not a blind alley:  
it is a thoroughfare."*

I FEEL in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down: the new shoot are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing in my thoughts in prose and verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song: I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like many others—I have finished my day's work. But I cannot say, I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley: it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight—it opens on the dawn.



THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON

(Continued from page 6)

without apparent cause and conversed for hours with a humorous voice which came through a trumpet absolutely out of the reach of the psychic.

Connected with these physical phenomena we recorded marvelous exhibitions of clairvoyance. Facts known only to me were written upon slates under my fist. The names of dead relatives were whispered from the air in daylight, and yet nothing came that convinced me of the personality of the speaker.

Once only in my thirty years' experience did I thrill to the conviction that I was about to demonstrate the personality of a spirit. Henry Fuller and I, under the most satisfactory conditions, received on folded slates several bars of a complicated piece of music, written (the 'guide' declared) by the spirit of my friend M, an eminent American composer, *while the slates were entirely in my control.* Part of the time the psychic did not even touch the slates, and yet under these conditions the music was written and corrected. Bars were changed, the sound and vibration of writing being plainly perceptible.

At last a whispered voice spoke to me apparently from the air. It sounded just above my head in a sunlit room and though I studied the lips of the psychic, I could not detect the slightest movement. This voice told Fuller where he and the composer had last met, who were at the dinner and other matters indicating at least mind reading of astonishing clarity. While Fuller and I held the slates, on the opposite side of the table from the psychic, the score was minutely and masterfully corrected, and I was given to understand that this fragment would be found among the composers' manuscripts in New York City.

For the first time in my many years of experimentation, I became excited. It seemed that I was about to secure from a medium who knew nothing of music, irrefutable proof of the identity of my 'spirit voice.' M seemed (at the moment) veritably present, and when Fuller played the weird little composition we had thus supernaturally produced, I experienced a genuine stir. The score was difficult, and very idiomatic, beyond the comprehension of the psychic or myself, parts of it baffled Fuller. 'Never mind,' said the voice of M kindly, 'I will write it differently.'

With these notes and the bars of music carefully written out, I went to New York to see Mrs. M. At the first touch of her hand the whole of my glittering edifice fell to the ground. No such MS existed. No such transaction with a publishing house had taken place. Nothing in all that astounding mass of testimony concerning the musical composition was true.

Only one thing interested Mrs. M and that was the signature on one of the folding slates, a signature which I had considered of no value for the reason that it did not in the least resemble the composer's signature as I knew it. Mrs. M at once exclaimed, 'That is exactly as Edward signed his name when I first knew him in Germany.'

This was wholly unaccountable until I suddenly remembered having seen this very signature on a framed certificate hanging in Mrs. M's studio. Like the information concerning the family, and the account of Fuller's dinner in New York, this signature appears to have been drawn

from my mind and in some supranormal way written upon the slate.

Again and again in the absence of Fuller I tried to go on with the music, but without a musician the 'spirit' was helpless. The psychic could not record music and neither could I, so the ghost plaintively asked for Fuller and fell silent. The melody upon close examination bore curious resemblance to M's masterly scores but Fuller suggested that it was a close blend of his knowledge of M's piano pieces and my own memory of Sioux, Cheyenne and Hopi song. Despite this failure, with many others, I retained and still retain my interest in psychodynamics. From time to time I verify some of my experiments. The phenomena exist, there is no reasonable doubt of that, but what they mean I do not assume to say. They should be studied in this country by men of science, working in the spirit of Crookes and Morselli, not with intent to prove or disprove a theory, but to develop and record the latent powers of the human organism. *There should be full, careful and considerate cooperation between the psychic and the scientist.*

This study has an unexpected virtue. It brings back a sense of the wonder of the world which our inventive, money-chasing age has lost. It enlarges the potential field of mental activity. It humbles the bigoted, half-educated scientist and puts a check on the emotional geographer of heaven. After all we are forced to confess that matter is quite as mysterious as spirit and that both are parts of the unknowable ultimate from which all life is drawn.



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# The Mediumship of George Francis

By DAVID GILSON

*Special Interview for the Forum of Psychic and Scientific Research*

**W**HIPPED in childhood because he made mud pies with a spirit playmate, accused of being an offspring of the devil because he clairvoyantly saw six sailors drown a week before they were swallowed by the sea, Rev. George Francis, pastor of the Francis Church of Truth, 517 South Workman Road, Los Angeles, has lived to see himself and his phenomena vindicated by a critical world.

This pioneer California Spiritualist in fifty years of piercing the veil for an ever increasing public has dedicated himself to create as much happiness and contentment in the world as possible. Significantly, he would not alter his life's course were he to live it over again.

The mediumship of George Francis is well known. The personality behind that mediumship, however, is not so familiar.

A voluble speaker, he is addicted to the use of strong words and you will seldom hear him engaged in airy persiflage. It takes no clairvoyant to place him as of English birth. Neither, do you suspect with reason, will he sacrifice truth to convenience. His sentences are crisp, to the point and quite often disconcerting to you—if your conscience twinges when a remark he has made scores a personal "bullseye."

He has little time for triflers and you recognize his genius—if he is a genius—has been the result of unremitting work "along psychic lines. His verbal onslaughts always make you think. He is glad if you agree with him, not downcast if you do not, for he realizes things speak for themselves.

After his sanity had been formally attested when but a youth—it has been constantly imputed since because of his psychic work—he prayed, like Christ that the bitter cup be taken from his lips, but likewise tacked onto the divine petition, "Your will not mine be done." He entered the Methodist ministry and until 25 believed in the tenets of that faith. His psychic powers however would not be denied—he laughingly asserts the devil is persistent. After some experience as an officer of the Salvation Army he became an unreserved exponent of Spiritualism.

His championship of Spiritualism has alternately cast

him in the role of saint and devil according to the person making the judgment. He waives both judgments aside as of little value and continues his work—which is to convince the world that psychism is a fact, that survival is demonstrable, and that the world will be an infinitely better place when mankind in general realizes that physical life is but a prelude to the eternal harmonial.

In over 30 years of endeavour in Los Angeles, Spiritualism, Mr. Francis has come to the conclusion that politics and religion are not compatible. Any attempt to entwine them inevitably results in detriment to each, he believes. He sees Spiritualism as a bright and shining star in the present overcast religious firmament, and is outspoken in his belief that in one form or another, eventually it will become the world religion.

His mediumship? He "dotes" on test messages, is clairvoyant, a good psychometrist and readily obtains his asserted spirit contacts. He was the medium who obtained the bulk of the "Aubrey Messages." He has been consulted by the great and the near great, the rich and the poor, the wise and the otherwise, and all attest to his absolute sincerity. He does not claim or even think that every message he gives is absolutely true. But he stoutly maintains that it is free from conscious coloring or fraud on his part. He realizes full well that mediumship is such a subtle thing than in the course of thousands of messages there inevitably will be some which are not free of the element of error.

DIVERSIFIED THOUGHTS OF THE EDITOR

*(Continued from page 4)*

The precious oil of sympathy and human understanding, for this men walk in darkness, because they have not found the substance with which to light their "lamps." And so we go about the world asking questions, as though eager for wisdom, leaving undiscovered the vaster kingdom within ourselves. In man's consciousness lies the key to all knowledge. To force us within ourselves life visits adversities upon us. Across the vaulted heavens, in the desert sands, through the waters, and in the hieroglyphics of nature, the initiates behold the Sign of Wisdom and know there is a Cosmic Intelligence directing us.

Mystery is the incentive of human evolution. The man has not lived who has not sorrowed and suffered. Dull life would be if there were no enigmas. We have but to learn the lesson of patience and poise, that we may depart this desert of life—into which we came as "vendors of salt"—alchemists, distilling spiritual attars. Thus we shall gain a royal entrance into the "City of our Desires."

And so, in retrospect, as we watch the Akron float beyond the limits of our vision—like a friend passing into the "nowhere of eternity"—we realize that the mystery of its going is part of life's plan. It is a challenge to see what lies beyond the horizon; an incentive to effort through which and only through which we may develop toward the Perfection that is the goal of all living.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

REVIEWED BY AEDENE MACGOWEN

**A**RTHUR CONAN DOYLE, A Memoir—By the Rev. John Lamond, D.D., with an epilogue by Lady Conan Doyle. 310 pages, including index. Illustrated. Bound in dark blue cloth, gold lettered. Price 10s-6d. Published by John Murray, Abemarle Street, W., London, England.

The Rev. John Lamond wrote this book at the request of Rev. Arthur Ford of New York. In corroboration Lady Conan Doyle wrote the author: "We feel convinced that you are the man we would choose for the task." It is dedicated "To the men and women the world over who knew and loved Arthur Conan Doyle."

Through this book we become acquainted with Sir Conan Doyle, the man, and we follow him sympathetically through his early life, his medical career, his political activities, and we see him at his desk during his literary years creating a life like character in Sherlock Holmes—a character which many people believe to be a living, breathing entity.

His early psychic studies, his noble work during the World War, and his very happy and congenial home life are clearly depicted. In studying his early agnostic and literary periods we are forced to believe, as Arthur Conan Doyle himself felt, that they were preparation for the mission to which he was called. It was in 1916 that he publicly announced his belief in the psychic facts of Spiritualism. He felt that the message of Spiritualism was of such vital importance that in spite of the loss of prestige and material gain he was happy to dedicate his later years and fortune to promulgating its Truth.

This book is extremely interesting and is written with a wealth of detail concerning this great man's public and private life; written with the sympathy and understanding of a friend. This book puts on literary record the greatness and versatility of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

**P**AST YEARS, an Autobiography—By Sir Oliver Lodge. 364 pages, bound in dark blue cloth, gold lettered and illustrated. Price \$3.50. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

This book is not the usual, "dry reading" autobiography. In "Past Years" Sir Oliver Lodge speaks to you, incorporating all the loveable idiosyncrasies which keep him thoroughly human along with fame. He admits that his school days were the most miserable part of his life, and tells us why—and we find ourselves sympathizing with him. He tells us why he took up science as a life work and what forces and influences he encountered.

So natural and flowing is his style of expression that we become acquainted with his friends and family life, and learn how, finally—though he was unused to femininity and had dedicated himself to science—he became the hero of a shy courtship which culminated in a happy marriage.

Sir Oliver Lodge is gifted by that rare ability to make technical things plain to the layman, and so we find ourselves reading with great interest the scientific details which ordinarily we would have passed by. However, despite his devotion to physical science, he believes that hu-

man personality survive physical death, and that he has found the objective proof which places survival in the category of fact.

Spiritualism owes a debt of gratitude to this great man of science, who has courageously testified to his convictions. He is a cautious investigator whose influence, in pronouncing the spiritual world as the greatest of realities, has carried much weight in the scientific and social world.

This is a book that would interest any progressive person, and dignify any library.

**S**EVEN MINUTES IN ETERNITY—By William Dudley Pelly. 84 pages, heavy paper cover, stamped in red and black. Price \$1.00. Published by The Galahad Press, Inc., New York—Washington.

Mr. Pelly gives us the history of his notable experience in which his spirit left the body for seven minutes in 1929, Altadena, California. He describes how he felt and what he saw in such a manner that we all may wish to share it. In explanation of his difficulty in trying to explain the fourth dimension, he asks us if we ever considered the difficulty in describing the color red to a person color blind from birth. He believes that his experience occurred to him because it is his "brevet to delineate in book and preachment something of the spiritual 'redness of red.'"

Since his experience Mr. Pelly has "received" clairaudiently enough script to fill volumes. These explain the significance of his "Seven Minutes in Eternity." He claims that he has been told his mission in life is to head a great spiritual movement that involves the whole world, and that the social order of things must change. He says that he and his associates are receiving from "Hierarchies" a complete delineation of a New World Society. In 1930 he published the first issue of "The New Liberator." Before this spiritual episode in 1929 he was a well known author, but so impressed has he been with his revelation that he has forsaken the craft to devote his life to human "liberation."

This book inspires deep thought upon the serious problems of life, and is a wholesome addition to the library.

**T**HE MEANING OF SPIRIT—A Sermon by William E. Barton, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. 46 pages, bound in green leatherette. Price 25 cents. Published by the Austin Publishing Company, Los Angeles, California.

This booklet is a series of "automatic writings" received through the pen of J. Sheldon Scott, who by profession is a college trained chemical engineer with a background of six years extensive biological studies. Being skeptically minded he set out to prove for himself whether or not incarnate humans could communicate with incarnate humans. As a result he developed automatic writings of a profound order.

This scholarly book is alleged to be from the late Dr. William E. Barton, known and loved by millions all over America—former moderator of the National Council of Congregational Churches—for many years the most noted and eloquent man of that body; a leading college professor and author of many articles about Lincoln, the "Parables of Saged, the Sage," etc.

Mr. Scott declares that the thoughts embodied in this

book are not his thoughts. Many of them, he claims, are completely beyond his understanding, which he cannot fathom at the present time. With other statements he positively does not agree as they are out of accord with his own opinions, which he has arrived at after careful thought, and which he finds no cause to modify.

Regardless of the actual authorship, this is by far the most interesting "sermon" of modern times. A king among pulpit orators speaks from "Spirit"—especially to ministers. It is a bold, logical and convincing treatise on various subjects; biblical, moral, social and economics. The value of this book merits a tremendous sale.

**THE SYMPHONY OF THE ZODIAC**—By Valeria B. Jack. 31 pages, bound in heavy light blue paper, stamped in gold. Price \$1.00. Published by author, Hollywood, California.

This booklet gives each month of the year with the color rays, jewels and flowers of each planet which the birth sign designates. It is a very acceptable volume for persons interested in numerology, astrology and colorology. as it gives a brief summary of each system.

The author has spent many years in research work into these subjects, the results of which she has combined in this booklet. It is interesting to the student of occultism and is good for reference purposes.

## There Is No Death!

By MARY M. SHULTZ

**I**N Death there is no mystery. The misunderstanding or ignorant wrongly suppose the body dies. Nothing is lost or destroyed for there can be no such thing as utter annihilation. The body belongs to the earth and must remain, but Life goes on in its fullness. It but takes a different form. When the body resolves itself into the living organism, of which earth is composed, it is because the Soul has outgrown its mortal habitation and can no longer endure its "cramping confines." The Soul has no more use for the body and is freed. We are eternal because we are all divine, and if we but let the divinity within us express freely, life will be happier.

Death or what is called death, is the best possible fortune for anyone. Do not say, "I am going to die." Why call

it dying? We know the real "I Am" cannot die. Every grain of dust contains a germ of life—how much more the Soul!

As sounds vibrate in countless millions of tones or rates through every nook and corner of the universe, not a whisper or cry from the human lips is ever lost or the thrill or rustling of a leaf—so nothing that the soul experiences, nor itself can ever be lost. We are told a child is born into the world of spirit. It goes to school to gain understanding and eventually grows to manhood or womanhood. There are societies who receive and care for these children when they are not met by those who know and love them and they are taken to places of peaceful rest, where music soothes and helps alleviate their loneliness.

It is said that death is so natural some do not even know they have left the body.

Spirit life is the real life where the real self is free to function. The physical world is but a preparatory state. Death is but the birth of a fuller, higher phase of expression where some one is always waiting to help us; and it is a short journey. There is a spiritual home prepared by loving hands awaiting our occupancy. We are never alone, "Never less alone than when alone." We cannot hide from God; we cannot hide from Life for they are omnipresent.

### OKLAHOMA SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION

**T**HE Oklahoma State Spiritualist Association closed its twenty-seventh annual convention in Oklahoma City, May 6, the sessions being held in the Masonic Temple. The convention was a pronounced and harmonious success, the representation of delegates and numbers of visitors equaling previous sessions in more prosperous times.

Rev. A. Vervin of Taylor, Texas, national trustee, maintained his reputation as a lecturer and message bearer.

Monday evening, May 2, a banquet was served followed by an entertaining program consisting of vocal and instrumental musical numbers, reading and tap dancing. On the program were: Mrs. C. A. Griffith, Jean and Jane Mason, Mildred Morgan, Marjorie Watkins, Joseph Oyer and Roberta Oyer.

A resolution requiring all applicants for membership to attend the church study class three months previous to being accepted into the church was adopted. Certificates were granted to twelve applicants.

New officers elected were, E. L. Reynolds, president; Mrs. Mary Oyer, vice president and M. Carmichel, trustee.

—Correspondent

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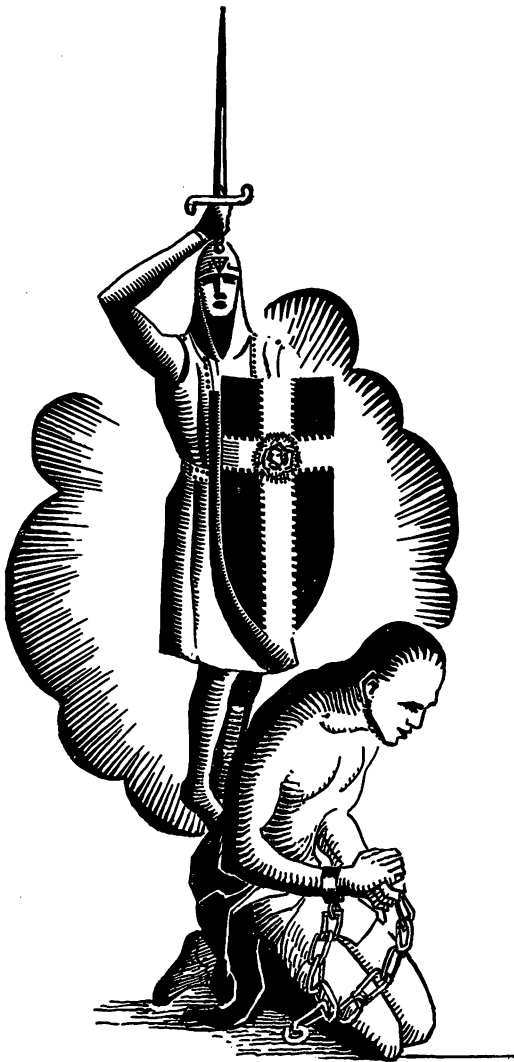
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# The Mediumship and Art of Inez Wagner

A SPECIAL INTERVIEW

**F**EW people have ever had the experience—and thrilled at it—of watching their monument grow before their death. Such, however, has been the experience of Rev. Inez Wagner, pastor of the Peoples' Spiritualist Church, Twelfth and New Hampshire streets, Los Angeles. Her monument—one of the best equipped churches in the Spiritualistic movement—is a warm, glowing, living thing in strange contrast to the cold block of insensate marble which will mark the resting place of your mortal body and mine.

Mrs. Wagner has a wide reputation as an excellent ballot reader. She is gifted with the trumpet—having both light and dark room phenomena. She is also an independent message bearer.

A phase of her mediumship which is little known, but which has been highly praised by many investigators, including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is her painting done under spirit guidance. Her reproduction of Rosa Bonheur's "Highland Cattle" has been pronounced astounding by art critics. Seeing the picture at the World's Fair in St. Louis, Mrs. Wagner returned home. She asserts she was prompted by Spirit to paint the picture, so she hastily assembled paint tubes and brushes and reproduced this masterpiece of the renowned French feminine artist. The reproduction, experts claim, is flawless, of exact coloring with the same technique being employed in it as characterized the original.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle held a trumpet seance with Mrs. Wagner when in Los Angeles a few years ago. In his book, "Our Second American Adventure," he said:

"We had a seance on May 24 with a Mrs. Inez Wagner, who is pastor of a Spiritualist church, and a strong trumpet medium. Denis came with us and besides my wife Mrs. Finlay, the lady who took us to San Diego and her mother, Mrs. Evans, were present. There were lights, most of which were invisible to me, but Denis, whose psychic perceptions are very acute, could see them and report them as quickly as the medium. The lights had not been out more than a few minutes when the deep masculine roar of the spirit control broke forth, welcoming us. It was a sound no woman could produce, and I was the only man present. As the control spirit was an Irishman, I asked him: "What about poor old Ireland? Is she to have peace at last?" "Yes, she is," he answered. "We have spirit conferences sitting over Ireland day and night endeavouring to get peace ideas imposed upon the leaders. We have succeeded. There will be no civil war with Ulster. All will unite in time." I give the prophecy as received, though I have never looked upon prophecy as one of the certain gifts of the

spirit." . . . . "We had a number of messages which came from John Doyle, Richard Doyle, Mary Doyle, Charles Doyle. These are just the names that were got in New York. . . .

"The control clearly knew intimate details about our own little circle. 'We will do Billy's eyes good,' said one message. 'Malcolm will write cinema plots on psychic subjects,' said another. What could this California medium, a complete stranger, know in her own normal self about Billy or Malcolm?"

"Mrs. Evan's son, Nelson came through and spoke in a very convincing way. He said that he had met in spirit my son Kingsley at Oceanside. Now Oceanside was the little place where we had stopped for lunch on our way to San Diego, and Nelson Evans had said to his sister in advance that he was coming in the motor with us. The medium had no means of knowing we had ever been at Oceanside—the only place where we got out of our motor. This seems to me highly evidential. . . .

"Mrs. Wagner seemed to me a good woman and an honest medium, and her control was certainly a very striking personality."

Subsequently Sir Arthur wrote to Mrs. Wagner: "Dear Mrs. Wagner: May I say how much I admired both your mediumship and your church. We are greatly in need in our movement of churches which will meet the requirements of the more educated public and I thought all your arrangements admirable." —*Arthur Conan Doyle*

In Pearson's Magazine, for April, 1924 Sir Arthur Doyle wrote: "I have seen an untrained woman, possessed by an artist spirit, rapidly produce a picture now hanging in my drawing room which few living painters could have bettered." The article was accompanied by a full page reproduction of the picture painted by Mrs. Wagner.

California Spiritualists should have a pride in the art of this gifted woman. It is a rare asset to mediumship and its Cause. Mrs. Wagner is the widow of a Kansas City newspaper editor. The "profession's" optimism is ever with her and increases her influence for good.



Rev. Inez Wagner

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## C. S. S. A. Church News and Miscellany

**T**HE thirty-seventh annual convention of the California State Spiritualist Association will convene June 22 to 26, at the Central Spiritualist church, 22nd and Union streets, Los Angeles.

A formal reception of delegates and a banquet will be held the evening preceding the convention at The Elite, 2200 West Seventh street. The guest speakers will be, State Senator Tallant S. Tubbs of San Francisco; Superior Court Judge Lewis Howell Smith of Los Angeles, and John Slater, N.S.A. Missionary. The banquet will be followed by dancing.

Speakers and message bearers on the evening programs will be: Wednesday, lecture by Rev. John G. Patis, messages by Rev. Minnie M. Sayers and John Slater; Thursday, lecture by Rev. E. Lee Howard, messages by Rev. Florence Becker and John Slater; Friday, lecture by Rev. Marion Carpenter Vail, messages by Rev. Inez Wagner and John Slater; Saturday, lecture by Felicie O. Crossley, messages by Rev. Mae M. Taylor, Hildred Hope and Rev. Mary Miller; Sunday afternoon, lecture by Rev. Lillian Brouse, messages by Lillie C. Senz and Rev. Vincent Wilson; Sunday evening, lecture by Dr. H. Duncan McFarland, messages by Rev. Elizabeth Courtney and John Slater.

The musical program during the convention will be directed by S. Howard Brown, noted concert director and teacher of Los Angeles. He will present Helen Davis, Helen Carder, Betty LaFreniere, Louise Shaffer, Marguerite Sinclairs, and Don Donaldson, all of whom are radio and concert singers. Adela M. Hatch, Estella Orser and S. Howard Brown at the piano and organ.

This program has been carefully planned. Outstanding speakers and mediums will teach and demonstrate the principles and phenomena of "survival." The public is cordially invited.

### Official C.S.S.A. News—Certificates Granted

**L**ICENTIATE—Maryellen Parlee-Nottingham — Unity Spiritualist Church, Los Angeles.

**CERTIFIED MEDIUM, CLASS A**—Mildred Baxter and Ann Ticknor, both of Omada Spiritualist Church, Los Angeles.

Mrs. Lillie Senz was granted a permit to teach the Philosophy and Unfoldment.

Charter granted—The Builders' Spiritualist Church, San Bernardino, Anna Laura Cowburn, Minister.

Mrs. Christina M. Irving, Oakland, Director of the C.S.S.A. was present at the Board meeting June 4. Mrs. Irving will visit friends at San Diego and Los Angeles before the Convention opens.

### Harmony Grove Camp Opens

**T**HE thirty-sixth annual camp meeting of the Harmony Grove Camp Associations at Escondido, California, will convene July 3rd to August 28th, inclusive. The accommodations have been improved throughout the grounds. The cabins have been thoroughly renovated and new fixtures are installed in the various departments. Special attention will be given the cuisine, and the prices of both cabins and meals have been reduced in keeping with the times.

The services have been arranged with especial care and will be representative of the best psychic and lecture talent in Southern California, details of which may be obtained

## President's Message

**W**E are about to enter into the thirty-seventh annual convention of the California State Spiritualist Association; a great convocation of delegates gathered to assure the future welfare and augment the integrity of our Cause. Spiritualism, like every other great movement in the world today—ethical, religious or commercial—is affected by the signs of the times which inspire disturbances and unrest. But such conditions must not influence us to doubt or distrust. The world is but experiencing a testing time, testing whether or not our Nation, our Movement or we as individuals are strong enough or progressed enough to bear the responsibilities which Life imposes upon us. But it is not enough to be well meaning and strong, unless fortitude and integrity of character go hand in hand with strength.

Reciprocity rather than antagonism should be our goal, not only as individuals, but as a Movement and a Nation. To assure this we must have a liberal and constructive program—a program in which academic education is comparative to spiritual inspiration, and vice versa.

As a philosophy, science and religion proving the demonstrability of survival through the phenomena of mediumship, we must maintain a religio-philosophic attitude in all things and not become prey to the pessimism, criticism and skepticism which is obsessing nations as well as men. It is my wish that in our convention we shall create such a mighty vortex of spiritual power, unity and Truth that the vibrations radiating therefrom will inspire the peoples of the world to actually embrace the true principles of Universal Brotherhood, and let the real ethics of Divine Truth become paramount in their lives, so that beauty and purity and constructive habits may supercede the creeds and dogmas and selfish propensities by which humanity is enslaved.

—Dr. H. Duncan McFarland

### HARMONY GROVE SPIRITUALIST CAMP

Opens July 3rd. Season inclusive to August 28th

Outstanding Speakers and Mediums at all Services  
Tents rented: one person \$2.50 per week; two persons \$5.00. Meals and board very reasonable. See program for further details.

Follow Auto Club signs to Escondido, then follow signs posted by Harmony Grove Camp Association.

by consulting our program. The public is welcome not only to the meetings but to while away a few days or weeks with us. Harmony Grove is rapidly becoming a vacation and spiritual gathering place.

—Correspondent

#### Anniversary Service

THE one hundredth birthday anniversary of the late John R. Francis, noted Spiritualist and founder of the "Progressive Thinker," will be celebrated by a commemoration service at the Peoples' Spiritualist Church, Twelfth and New Hampshire streets, Los Angeles, at 7:30 P.M., Sunday, July 17th. Other pioneer workers will also be honored. Rev. Marion Carpenter Vail, C.S.S.A. Missionary, will be the master of ceremonies and will deliver the principal address. Mrs. Francis will be an honored guest. All friends are extended an invitation to be present.

#### A New Heir

CLARENCE C. ACORN, vice president of the C.S.S.A., and his charming wife, Nan Acorn, are the proud parents of a new son, Robert Allen Acorn, born to them at 8:40 A.M. May 24, 1932. Congratulations!

#### Omada Spiritualist Church

ON May 20th the California State Spiritualist Association sponsored two Mass Meetings at this church. The invocations and benedictions were given by our Pastor Mrs. Lillian Senz.

In the afternoon service Mrs. Florence Hall was the lecturer. Her address was informative and exceptionally well delivered. The message bearers were Mrs. Maria Sykes and Florence Langelier, both of whom gave many comforting tests. Following this service there were message and healing circles, the latter being conducted by Mr. Albert Loellke, president of Healer's Association, assisted by Dr. Carl Senz.

The evening meeting was conducted by State President Dr. H. Duncan McFarland, who introduced Mr. Clarence C. Acorn, vice president, as the speaker. The address was dynamic and fearless in defense of the speaker's ideals for Spiritualism. Rev. Lillian Lloyd and Rev. Elizabeth Courtnew delivered the messages, and they were not only evidential but spiritually inspiring. This church was happy

### SPIRITUALISTIC TEMPLE OF IMMORTALITY

MARQUIS THEATRE HALL  
Melrose at Doheny Drive

Services—Sunday, 7:30 P.M., Thursday at 2 P.M.

KATHERINE VON DER LIN, Minister  
Residence, 8921 Dorrington Avenue, West Hollywood  
Phone OXford 5326

### FIRST COMMUNITY SPIRITUALIST CHURCH

HUNTINGTON PARK

Cor. Clarendon and Malabar Streets, Ebell Club House  
SUNDAY SERVICES—Healing 7:15 P.M. to 8 P.M. Lecture and Messages. 8 P.M.—By co-workers.  
THURSDAY SERVICES—Healing and messages from 2 P.M. to 4 P.M. Also open forum for discussion of spiritual development. Message Circles 8 P.M.

Public cordially invited to all services

to have Mr. and Mrs. Courtney with us in an official capacity.

—L. H. Andrew, Sec.

## Spiritualist Church of Revelation

Garfield Hall, Walker Auditorium, 730 South Grand Ave.  
Elevator Service

REV. MINNIE M. SAYERS, Pastor

DR. W. Q. SAYERS, D.C., Spiritualist Healer and Pres.  
Lectures by Prominent Speakers

#### SUNDAY SERVICES

1:40 P.M. Healing and Conference  
2:30 P.M., Lecture and Messages  
4:00 P.M., Message Circles  
8:00 P.M., Lecture and Messages

#### WEEK-DAY SERVICES

Friday, 2:30 P.M., Flower Readings; 3:45 P.M., Message Circles

Study of Pastor and Spiritual Healer 516½ South Hill St.  
Suite 221. Phone VA 7461

Strangers and Investigators Welcome to All Services

## Spiritualist Science Church of Hollywood

6100 Hollywood Boulevard

REV. MAE M. TAYLOR, PASTOR

Sunday services—

10:00 A.M.—Lyceum.

10:45 A.M.—Open Forum.

7:45 P.M.—Lecture and Spirit Radio Messages by Rev. Mae Taylor.

Wednesday services—

2:00 P.M.—Open class lesson and test questions answered by the Pastor.

8:00 P.M.—Lesson and one hour public Messages given by the Pastor.

Friday services—

7:30 P.M.—Open Class Lesson and Spirit Radio Messages answered by the Pastor.

PASTORS STUDY 5558 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

Phones GR. 7578 & HO. 1711

## Central Spiritualist Church

Cor. 22nd and S. Union Ave.

REV. ELIZABETH R. COURTNEY, Pastor

#### SUNDAY SERVICES

9:30 A.M. Lyceum

11:00 A.M. Open Forum

2:30 A.M. Message Service

3:45 P.M. Message and Healing Circles

7:45 P.M. Lecture by Pastor, followed by messages

#### WEDNESDAY SERVICES

2:30 P.M. Message Service

3:45 P.M. Message and Healing Circles

7:45 P.M. Sealed questions answered

#### FRIDAY SERVICES

7:45 P.M. Message and Healing Circles

Take either A or U car to Union Square

Phone PROspect 3827

## Meridith Spiritualist Church

1726 Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Z. J. Allyn, Pastor

Phone: RO. 3690

Private Trumpet Reading by appointment

Circle work by Mrs. Fannie O'Bryan, associate Pastor.  
Phone: ROchester 8211.

Circles:

Tuesday 2 to 4 P.M. and 8 P.M.

Thursday 2 to 4 P.M. and 8 P.M.

Healing Service Sunday at 7:30 P.M.

Regular Sunday Service at 8 P.M.

EVERYBODY WELCOME



# Directory of Mediums, Healers and Speakers

MEDIUMS EXAMINED AND GIVEN

CREDENTIALS BY C.S.S.A.

*We will publish your name, address, telephone number and hours in this directory for only \$2.00 per line per year.*

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## HOLLYWOOD

TAYLOR, REV. MAE M., Pastor Spiritualist Science Church of Hollywood. 6100 Hollywood Blvd. Pastor's Study 5558 Hollywood Blvd. Phones GR. 7578 or HO. 1711.

NYSTROM, ELVIRA, Spiritual Healer. Treatments by appointment. Ph. HEMpstead 4070. 7205 Franklin Ave.

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## LOS ANGELES

ALLYN, MRS. C., 1726 W. Venice Blvd., Minister Merideth Spiritualist Center. Tel. ROchester 3690.

BALLANTINE, MRS. CATHERINE, Associate Minister. Consultation by appointment, 1613 W. Santa Barbara. Phone UN. 4295.

COPPERSMITH, EDWARD J., Licentiate Minister; Spiritual Healer. Spiritual Consultations. 257 Douglas Bldg., Cor. Third and Spring Streets. Room 331. Phone MUTual 7795.

CRANDALL, MRS. ELLEN ALLEN, Lecturer and Psychic. Consultation by appointment. Phone FEderal 2754. 1239 S. New Hampshire Street.

EDWARDS, REV. JOSEPHINE, pastor First Spiritualist Temple, Res. 1312 E. 75th Street.

LANGELIER, FLORENCE, Associate Minister affiliated with People's Spiritualist Church. Consultation by appointment. Phone JEfferson 9538. Res. 4114 Florence Ave. At home Thursdays.

McFARLIN, IDELLA, 1401 S. Berendo St., Secretary C. S. S. A. Tel. EX-9130.

MILLER, REV. MARY, Pastor Spiritualist Temple of Light, 1512 Magnolia Avenue. Ph. FE. 0448.

PARLEE, MARYELLEN, C. S. S. A., affiliated with Unity Spiritualist Church. Certified medium, class A. Lecturer and teacher of aura colors. 4011 Ingraham St. Phone FITzroy 2636.

PIERCE, CARRIE M., Circles Tues., 2:30. Consultation, 10 to 4 or by appointment. Res. 3448 E. 3rd St. Phone CH. 1549.

SAYERS, REV. MINNIE M., 516½ S. Hill St. Pastor Church of Revelation. Officiates at weddings and funerals. Consultation by appointment. Phone VANDike 7461.

SAYERS, Dr. W. Q., Chiropractor, Magnetic Spiritual Healer, 20 years' practice in L. A. 516½ South Hill Street. Phone VANDike 7461.

SEYBOLD, SABELLE, Minister of C. S. S. A. 101 S. Mariposa. By appointment.

SYKES, MRS. MARIA A., Licentiate Minister, Central Spiritualist Church. Consultation by Appointment. 133 W. 48th St. AXridge 0742. Services: Tuesday 7:45 P.M., Thursday 2:00 P.M.

WHITTEMORE, MRS. KATIE DE GROOT, Associate Minister. Readings by appointment. Spiritual Healing. Circles Wednesday 8 p.m. 227 S. Flower St. Phone MUTual 2697. Affiliated with 1st Spiritualist Temple.

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## OCEAN PARK

THOMPSON, CHAS. A., and NELLIE, 132 Ashland Ave., Ocean Park. Phone 61346. Private readings by appointment.

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## SAN DIEGO

WHITE, ESTELLE M., Trumpet circles Monday and Friday, 8 p.m., and special circles, by appointment. 3730 Mississippi. Phone: 5606 J.

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## SANTA MONICA

WILSON, VINCENT M., Pastor First Spiritualist Temple of Psychic Science, 2025 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. Services Sun., Mon., Wed. and Friday at 8 p.m. Consultations by appointment only. Phone 26-334.

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## WEST HOLLYWOOD

VON DER LIN, KATHERINE, Minister Spiritualist Temple of Immortality. Res. 8921 Dorrington Ave., West Hollywood. Readings by appointment. Phone OXFord 5326.

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## INDEPENDENT WORKERS

SPIRITUAL HEALING CENTER OF LIGHT LOVE AND LABOR, 121 So. Concord St. Take P or F car going east. Rev. Emily H. Fallon, Pastor and Healer. Consultation by appointment. Phone CHicago 3547. Los Angeles, Calif.

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## OCEAN PARK

BENNETT, REV. JESSIE A., Ocean Park; 2704 Third St. Ocean Park. Pastor Bay City Spiritualist Church. Phone 64225.

EATON, WM. HENRY, Healer and Minister of Bay City Spiritualist Church. Appointments only. Phone 64225.

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## CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THOMPSON, CHAS. A., 2330 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill., will answer three questions for one dollar.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS

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# California State Spiritualist Association

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**REV. MARIAN CARPENTER VAIL**  
1841 Wellington Road, Los Angeles  
**REV. ETTA S. BLEDSOE**  
1324 1/2 S. New Hampshire St., Los Angeles

## CALIFORNIA STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION AUXILIARIES

### ANAHEIM

Golden Circle Spiritualist Church, Anaheim. Corner Chestnut and Lemon Streets.

### BAKERSFIELD

First Christian Spiritualist Church.

### ESCONDIDO

First Spiritualist Society.

### FALLBROOK

Fallbrook Spiritualist Church, Odd Fellows Hall.

### HOLLYWOOD

Spiritualist Science Church, 6100 Hollywood Blvd.

### HUNTINGTON PARK

First Community Spiritualist Church, corner of Clarendon and Malabar Streets, Ebell Club House.

### INGLEWOOD

First Spiritualist Church, 102 1/2 N. Commercial St.

### LONG BEACH

First Universal Spiritualist Church, 317 E. Broadway

### LOS ANGELES

South Side Spiritualist Church, 5840 S. Broadway.  
First Spiritualist Temple, 906 East Twenty-third St.  
People's Spiritualist Church, 2537 West Twelfth St.  
Soul Development, 918 So. Gage St.  
Central Spiritualist Church, 2201 South Union Ave.  
Merideth Spiritualist Center, 1726 Venice Blvd.  
Spiritualist Church of Revelation, 730 Grand Ave.  
Omada Spiritualist Church, 4707 So. Vermont Ave.  
First Spiritualist Church, Belvedere. Arboretum, 936 McBride St.

Unity Spiritualist Church, 3847 S. Broadway.  
Spiritualist Church of Spiritual Prosperity, 1820 So. Hobart.

### OAKLAND

The Spiritualist Church, 743 Twenty-first St.  
Spiritualist Science Church, Porter Hall, 1918 Hall St.

### OCEAN PARK

Bay City Spiritualist Church, 2621 Washington Blvd.

### SANTA BARBARA

Spiritualist Success Church, Garden and Cota Sts.

### SAN BERNARDINO

First Spiritualist Association, 599 Arrowhead Ave.

### SAN DIEGO

First Spiritualist Society, 1240 Seventh St.  
McClure Spiritualist Temple, 3940 Fifth Ave.  
Unity Spiritualist Church, 120 Washington Street.  
Trinity Spiritualist Church, 1671 5th Avenue.

### SAN FRANCISCO

First Spiritualist Temple, 3324 Seventeenth St.  
Golden Gate Spiritualist Church, 240 Golden Gate Avenue.

### SANTA MONICA

First Spiritualist Temple of Psychic Science, 2025 Wilshire Boulevard.

### SUMMERLAND

Summerland Association of Spiritualists.

### WEST HOLLYWOOD

Spiritualist Church of Immortality, Marquis Hall, Melrose Ave. at Doheny Dr.

## DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

Adopted by the National Spiritualist Association

1. We believe in Infinite Intelligence.
2. We believe that the phenomena of Nature, both physical and spiritual, are the expression of Infinite Intelligence.
3. We affirm that a correct understanding of such expression, and living in accordance therewith, constitute true religion.
4. We affirm that the existence and personal identity of the individual continue after the change called death.
5. We affirm that communication with the so-called dead is a fact scientifically proven by the phenomena of Spiritualism.
6. We affirm that the highest morality is contained in the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them."
7. We affirm the moral responsibility of the individual, and that he makes his own happiness or unhappiness as he obeys or disobeys Nature's physical and spiritual laws.
8. We affirm that the doorway to reformation is never closed against any human soul, here or hereafter.

## DEFINITIONS

1. Spiritualism is the Science, Philosophy and Religion

of continuous life, based upon the demonstrated fact of communication, by means of mediumship, with those who live in the Spirit World.

2. A Spiritualist is one who believes, as a part of his or her religion, in the communication between this and the Spirit World by means of mediumship, and who endeavors to mould his or her character and conduct in accordance with the highest teachings derived from such communion.

3. A Medium is one whose organism is sensitive to vibrations from the Spirit World, and through whose intrumentality, intelligences in that world are able to convey messages and produce the phenomena of Spiritualism.

"Spiritualism is a Science" because it investigates, analyzes and classifies facts and manifestations, demonstrated from the spirit side of life.

"Spiritualism is a Philosophy" because it studies the laws of nature both on the seen and unseen sides of life and bases its conclusions upon present observed facts. It accepts statements of observed facts of past ages and conclusions therefrom, when sustained by reason and by results of observed facts of the present day.

"Spiritualism is a Religion" because it strives to understand and to comply with the physical, mental and spiritual laws of Nature, which are the laws of God.