

THE INTERNATIONAL  
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## Our Outlook Tower.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

THE second anniversary of the passing of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle falls on July 7. Sir Arthur still lives not only in the world beyond and on the plane of spiritual manifestation here, but in the loving hearts of millions of Spiritualists throughout the world, who rightly regarded him as the Apostle Paul of our Movement. We venture to hope that some befitting monument—perhaps a life-size bronze statue—may be erected ere long either at his garden tomb or in some prominent position in London. Ample funds have been generously subscribed, or will be forthcoming, if only the stagnant Memorial Committee will become alive and active.

### THE MEURIG MORRIS APPEAL.

The Court of Appeal, consisting of Lord Justices Scrutton, Greer, and Lawrence, on June 17 dismissed the appeal of Mrs. Meurig Morris *v.* The Associated Newspapers, Ltd., and another.

In the first trial the jury found that the defence of "fair comment" had been sustained by the *Daily Mail*, but that Mrs. Morris had not been proved dishonest or a fraud. Mr. Justice McCardie decided this was a verdict for the defendants, and Mrs. Morris appealed against the judgment and verdict.

On the first day of the hearing of the appeal Lord Justice Scrutton, who presided, expressed the opinion that there could be no "fair comment" unless that comment was true to the facts, and that therefore there had been no verdict. In the course of the lengthy hearing, however, much irrelevant comment was made by the three judges which seemed to show that their religious prejudices against Spiritualism were being allowed too free play. They appeared altogether to forget that a Court of Law is neither a Court of Science nor a Court of Religion, and that the true question before them was whether Mrs. Morris could be defamed with impunity—the defamation was not denied—and the defamers acquitted of their offence on the plea of "fair comment," which the jury who heard the evidence had decided was not based on true facts.

Lord Justice Scrutton, in delivering justice, said that "The idea of laying down any universal standards by which a jury can find that God exists or not, or that hell exists, is a state of things which the sensible person shrinks from."

But no questions of the existence of God or of hell were involved in the trial!

Similarly he said:—

"If I were called upon to say whether I believed or disbelieved the Spiritualist creed, I would say that the rational view to take is neither to believe nor to disbelieve, but to say that these phenomena, like a great many others, are full of mystery and incapable of explanation on this side of the grave."

But Lord Justice Scrutton's beliefs or disbeliefs, though perhaps important to himself, ought not to have been imported into the case, and his judgment, along with that of his fellow Judges' appears to be thoroughly out of accord with the public sense of justice.

In these circumstances it is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Laurence Cowen is, with great courage, notwithstanding the enormous expense, taking the case to the House of Lords, where it is to be hoped personal religious prejudices will be less in evidence, among the Supreme Court Judges who will adjudicate on the case.

### "CARRY ON!"

"I want you to carry on," was the dramatic instruction "Power" gave to Mr. Laurence Cowen as he concluded his trance address through Mrs. Meurig Morris at the Fortune Theatre, on June 19. "I will, sir," replied Mr. Cowen, who seemed to be taken completely by surprise.

"Power" had previously delivered a stirring appeal for the fight to be continued, stressing the fact that every prophecy he had made before the case of Meurig Morris *v.* Associated Newspapers Ltd. had been decided, had been

amply fulfilled. He now made the further prophecy that if the fight were carried on the law affecting religious tolerance would undoubtedly have to be strengthened. Prejudice, born of ignorance and preconceived ideas must, he said, inevitably be destroyed and the truth and reality of survival established universally even if it had to be won by the sword.

"The finite part of man can not suppress the infinite," he concluded with great emphasis.

The theatre was packed as usual, and immense satisfaction was expressed among the audience as it dispersed at Mr. Laurence Cowen's decision to carry the case to the House of Lords.

### A SCOTTISH VIEW.

Newspaper Comment on the judgment has been scarce, but the following leaderette, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, is very much to the point:—

"The Meurig Morris case has ended without satisfaction to anybody. There was a strong opinion from the first that it should never have been entered into, for it involved questions that no jury could decide. The original verdict seemed to be contradictory, finding for both parties to the dispute. The appeal leaves the matter in the same state of indecision.

"Spiritualists will not agree with the somewhat blunt assertions from the Bench of what the trial involved. They maintain that there was imperfect understanding of their beliefs and practices. But that was unavoidable in a case of this sort.

"What the trial has done is widely to advertise Spiritualism, and to cause people who have only a vague notion of its beliefs to wonder if there may not be something in it after all. From one point of view that may be gratifying to believers; from another it is not. For the desire of serious students is that the subject should be pursued not by the merely curious but by persons well qualified to observe, to weigh, and to judge."

### TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.

*Light*, in its issue of June 3, refers in friendly terms to the fact that this *Gazette* had attained its twentieth birthday last month, and after quoting our remark that "there is still much useful work that needs to be done by those who love the truth and are prepared to fight for it," it says:—

"*Light* agrees and extends to the *Gazette* its congratulations on its achievements, and its good wishes for the future."

*La Revue Spirite Belge*, the official organ of the Belgian Spiritualists' Union says:—

"The *International Psychic Gazette* appeared for the first time in June, 1912. This vigilant English review, edited by the courageous and untiring protagonist, Mr. John Lewis, has therefore lived twenty years.

"On this occasion, the *Revue Spirite Belge* offers to its English contemporary and its eminent editor its cordial congratulations and best wishes for the future. May they still long fight for our dear cause!"

J. L.

### MORRIS *v.* ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.

(Letter to the Editor.)

London,

June 20, 1932.

DEAR SIR,—In giving judgment on the Appeal in the above action Lord Justice Scrutton said the jury might have drawn the conclusion there was evidence that Mr. Laurence Cowen considered me a money making asset. The only evidence on this point was that given by the firm of chartered accountants who attested that not one penny of the income received from my work was retained by either Mr. Cowen or myself, that we received no fees nor payments for expenses, and that the gross total was either given to charities or paid into a fund to enable me to fight my action against the *Daily Mail*.

The expenses incurred in running my Sunday Services at the Fortune Theatre, and on my tour of the provinces, were three times the amount of income resulting, and these were furnished in their entirety by Mr. Cowen.

I will be obliged by your assisting me to give merit where merit is due.—Yours faithfully,

MEURIG MORRIS.



## The New English Materialising Medium. OUTRAGEOUS ATTACK BY AN ALLEGED MEDIUM.

WHEN we published last month a detailed account of the remarkable and varied materialising and other rare psychical phenomena witnessed at a seance with Mr. Cyril Budge, a youth of eighteen, we were fully aware that that would probably awake the malevolent activities of medium baiters, but we did not expect an attack quite so soon.

Our account was written by a sympathetic observer who has sat with many mediums during the past thirty-five years, and we here give with pleasure our personal testimony that it was an absolutely truthful description of what occurred, for we were personally present and remarked that the seance was "quite like old times with Cecil Husk and Craddock."

On Tuesday, June 14, we heard that young Budge had been subjected to an outrageous attack on the previous night by another young medium, and also that rumours were flying about that he had been "exposed as a fraud." We therefore promptly invited Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, the boy's uncle and aunt, to come and tell us precisely what had happened. They called next day, Wednesday, and this is the story they told us, though we shall take the necessary precaution of using another name for the rude and hysterical disturber than that she claimed, and call her "Wilson," for perhaps she was an impostor, temporarily impersonating a certain young medium—one never knows!

### MR. COLEMAN'S STORY.

Mr. Coleman made the following statement:—

On Friday afternoon, June 10, a young man on a motor-cycle came to my house when I was not at home. My wife was having a bath and could not answer the door. On getting no response to his knocks he went across the road to a neighbour and left a message for us to telephone to a Mrs. "Wilson" at a certain telephone number in the Paddington circuit. I have since looked up the telephone book and cannot find the name given me (not "Wilson") as being at that number!

About seven o'clock I went to the Lewisham post office and rang up the number. A lady answered and I said, "Is that Mrs. Wilson?" The reply was, "No, but I will fetch her." Then someone else spoke and I asked, "Is that Mrs. Wilson?" She replied, "Yes." I said, "It appears you want a materialising seance on Monday night at eight o'clock?" She replied, "Yes, I want to come with two friends, a lady and a gentleman." I said, "Then that will be all right," and I told her what the fee would be.

On Monday night the lady and gentleman came to time and said they were Mrs. Wilson's friends, but they did not give their names. We waited, however, for Mrs. Wilson for half an hour, and when she did not turn up we started the seance. We were singing hymns while the medium was going into trance when there was a knock at the door. Mrs. Coleman found a young lady there, in a dance or dinner frock, who asked, "Is there a seance held here?" Mrs. Coleman replied, "Yes, but we have started." The young lady said, "I am sorry to be late; my mother could not come; I have come in her place; how long will it be?" Mrs. Coleman said, "About an hour," and Miss Wilson told the taxi-driver who had brought her to come back in an hour.

When the lady came in, I put her in the chair left vacant for Mrs. Wilson. In a short time "Agar," the Egyptian control, fully materialised. First of all he held up with one hand the musical box, which weighs about fourteen pounds, and then he swayed it about with both hands while it played a tune. Then he turned on a little red electric light and showed us his face, and also his hand, writing his name on a piece of paper.

### "MISS WILSON" SEIZES THE DRAPERY.

He retired and another form materialised, whom neither my wife nor I recognised. This form went straight over to Miss Wilson, holding two luminous slates, one on either side of his face. Miss Wilson peered into the face for a moment and then shouted, "It is a fraud; it is a fraud; if ever I saw a fraud this is one. Would any materialised spirit have a veil round its neck like that?" And thereupon she seized the materialised veil and violently tugged it. As any experienced Spiritualist knows, such idiotic conduct seriously endangered the health of the medium,

and he has been suffering great pain in the throat and solar plexus ever since. The form promptly gave her a sharp rap on the knuckles with one of the slates, and she let go the drapery, crying, "Would a materialised spirit hit me on the hand like that?"

The materialised form then slowly evaporated, robes and all, and Miss Wilson said to her two friends, "It is the medium masquerading." In reply to that the gentleman said in a dubious tone, "Is it?" I then turned to the gentleman and asked, "Who is this lady; is it Mrs. Wilson?" and he replied, "No, it is Miss Wilson." Then I turned to the excited young lady and said, "Wait a minute, miss; and do not upset things."

At that the spirit control called "Little Reg" said, "Sing something. They are having such a trouble with the medium. They are trying to bring him back." We started a hymn, but Miss Wilson kept on saying, "I know a fraud when I see it; I have been to hundreds of seances; I was at one last night with Mrs. — and that was none too good." Mrs. Coleman then said, "Sh—" to silence her, but Miss Wilson replied, "You can 'Sh—' as much as you like, but I know a fraud when I see it."

"Reg," in the direct voice then told Mrs. Coleman to go and hold the young lady's hands and try to calm her. She went to do so, but the gentleman said, "It will be all right; I am holding her hands." Then for a little while she kept quiet while the medium was coming back. He was groaning as if in terrible pain, and the moment he regained consciousness he called on us to get him out of the straps and bring some water.

### APOLOGY FROM "MISS WILSON'S" FRIEND.

I called on the gentleman to come to the cabinet to see whether the straps had been interfered with. He did so and said they seemed the same as before, but he added that he was not an investigator and did not want to have anything to do with the upset. Later on he apologised to us and said he was very sorry that all the disturbance had happened.

After the medium was unstrapped from his chair he fell in a heap on the floor, where he lay groaning and moaning. We gave him some water and he said, "Lay me on my back." Miss Wilson said, "Oh, he is all right; he is as strong as a lion; he would have been dead by now if that had been real." After he had lain there about ten minutes the gentleman and I dragged him out of the room into the passage.

During this time Miss Wilson sat on the musical box, and wanted to switch on the electric white light. Mrs. Coleman told her sharply, "You dare to put on the white light! that means the medium's life." Miss Wilson replied, "I meant to bring a torch with me and I am sorry I didn't."

Then she started up and said, "I am going to search this room." With that she went into the cabinet and pulled at the hand straps but could not get them off the chair. Then she examined the cabinet in detail and even lifted up the carpet on the floor, but she found nothing to justify her suspicions.

Next she went to the fireplace and put her hand up the chimney as far as she could reach, and I said jocularly, "Yes, there may be some ghosts up there!" She said, "I am looking for wraps," meaning, I think, the materialised clothing she had seized hold of but which had long ago evaporated. Then she opened the cupboard and peeped into every nook and cranny and found nothing to satisfy her. She continued her prying all over the room without any better success, and finally went out into the passage and lifted the rugs. I saw the funny side of her detective operations and remarked, "Perhaps she will discover some trap-doors!" Her two friends also saw the humour of the thing and laughed, though they were apparently rather annoyed with her.

The gentleman, then addressing my wife, said, "This is your house, Mrs. Coleman; what do you want us to do?" My wife replied, "There is nothing left to do but for Miss Wilson to get out of my house since she has completed her search." Miss Wilson then looked to my wife as if expecting her to show her out but Mrs. Coleman said, "No, I do not open the door for persons like you; you can open it yourself." Thereupon she walked out.

The gentleman then kindly offered to pay us £2 for the seance but this we did not accept. Then he and the lady left, to join Miss Wilson in her cab.

I have forgotten to mention that after I had been out of the room a moment to see how Cyril was recovering Miss Wilson said to me, "He would not give a test seance?" I replied, "Oh yes he would." She rejoined, "With Harry Price?" And I replied, "No, not with Harry Price or anyone else of his type."

July, 1932

Mr. Frank  
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## A New Phase of Spirit Portraiture. PERFECT PICTURES OF MEDIUMS' INVISIBLE CONTROLS.

By FRANK LEAH.

*Mr. Frank Leah is an artist, well-known in journalistic circles, and has been art editor of newspapers in London, Dublin, and Calcutta. He has recently developed a new and interesting phase of spirit-portraiture, which is of unique value. In the presence of entranced mediums and clairvoyant witnesses he is able to draw at lightning speed portraits of the spirit controls, which he is assured by the controls, the mediums, and the clairvoyant witnesses are absolutely faithful representations of the invisible "sitters."*

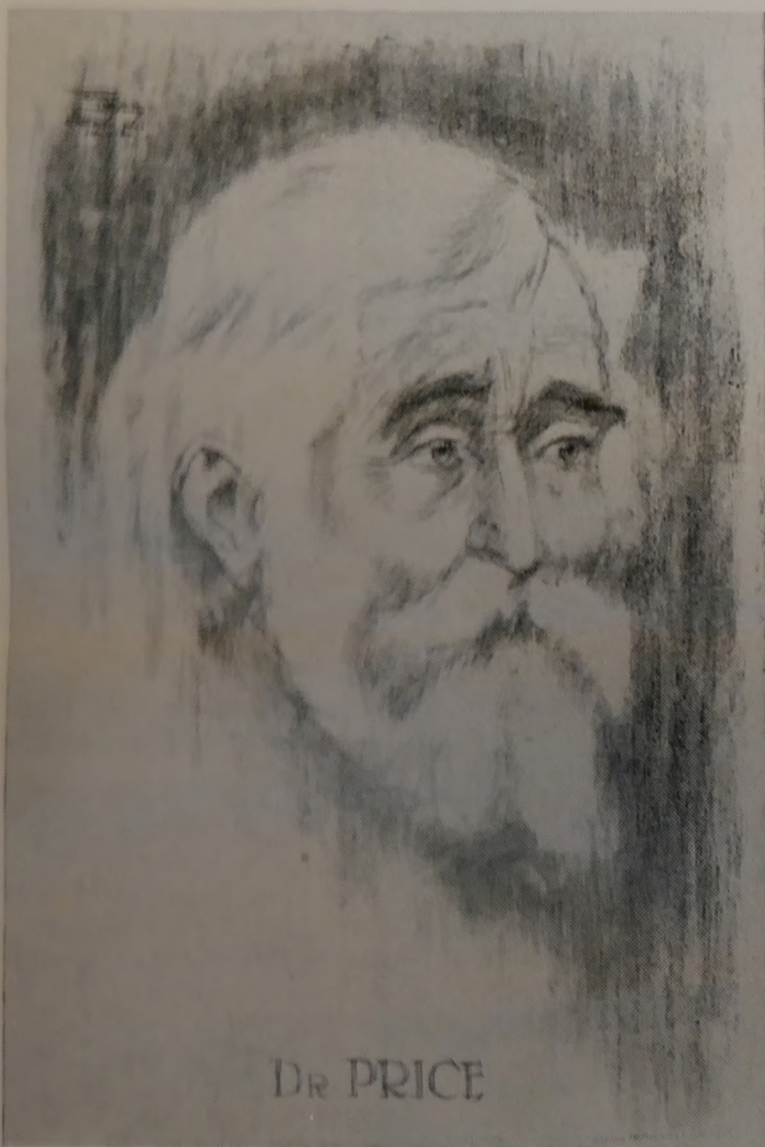
**H**EREWITH are reproduced four of my spirit portraits, and these are, briefly, my experiences concerning them.

Each of the original drawings was, with the exception of that of "Dr. Price," produced in the presence of independent witnesses, the mediums in every case being in trance. Each

subject for a separate article, seeing that his work is now so well-known that patients specially visit him from places as far apart as Central India and Norway. But even then I only partly knew his features, for he usually appeared wearing the head-dress of fox skin he wore when he practiced at Llantrisant, South Wales, until he passed over, aged ninety-five, in 1893.

It is all the more noteworthy, therefore, that since my drawing has been reproduced both Mrs. Bird and myself have received many letters from psychics in various parts of the country testifying to the accuracy of my delineation of the uncovered head, the compassionate expression through the eyes, and the length of the hair, which, as I saw it, disappeared behind the shoulders.

Corroboration of this by those still alive who knew him intimately I have since received from a lengthy article about him in the *South Wales Daily Echo*, which says that on earth he wore his hair in two plaits! On



DR. PRICE.



"LILY."

was definitely commissioned from the other side of life by the controls desiring portrayal, and each control has definitely assured me that the drawings faithfully reflect their appearance as they are at the present stage of their development. This is important, because my claim merely concerns what I see, and what I draw or paint, during these specially ordered sittings; neither more or less.

### DR. PRICE, MRS. BIRD'S CONTROL.

Each drawing has been produced, even for a quick professional worker like myself, with extraordinary ease and celerity. Each one is life-size, and, considering the depth and sympathetic handling that characterises them, few artists, I imagine, would claim to be able to turn out unaided such finished portraiture of any of their material sitters in the brief space of twenty-three minutes! That is precisely the duration of the trance sitting, which "Dr. Price" ordered for his portrait, at a moment's notice, for Mrs. May Bird, the celebrated healing medium, and myself, at the Grotrian Hall, London, on April 4 this year.

"Dr. Price," by the way, was the only one of these controls whom I then knew, and to whose remarkable cures, effected through his medium, I can myself bear eloquent testimony. But these alone would form the

earth, too, his eyes were so fierce and hawk-like that the woman librarian at Llantrisant hid behind the counter whenever he approached the library. He has, consequently, had to answer the inquiries of many patients as to the remarkable change in their expression, and thus he has made a helpful addition to the already abundant evidence of his advancement, and the complete breakaway from the extraordinary, not to say eccentric, views he held on earth of life both here and hereafter. While I was drawing him I observed that his beard "was coming raggedly." "Yes," he replied naively, "before I came over here they cut my beard, and they left it ragged!"

### "LILY," MR. BOTHAM'S CONTROL.

All these sittings have been characterised by a free flow of conversation between the controls and myself, and, in the case of "Lily," whose medium is Mr. Glover Botham, by an exquisite sense of humour, combined with a fine knowledge of human frailties and spiritual needs. I had known Glover Botham for years, but I knew nothing whatever about his control until he went into trance for the purpose of securing this portrait. I did not even know the sex until "Lily" began to show herself to be a beautiful girl of about seventeen years of age, with a wealth of black hair streaming over her shoulders and terminating in a torrent of thick ringlets. Even then I did not know her race, and, when one of the six witnesses to this phenomenal experience mentioned the word "Indian," I immediately questioned: "But,





TWO ASPECTS OF "MEUGHLI."

Lily, you have got blue eyes." "Of course I have," she replied. "I belong to a race of Indians who all had blue eyes."

"Still," I persisted, "the contour, as well as the colour (pale olive) of your features, is more European than Indian." "So it is," she rejoined, "but I am Indian all the same." Her hair, I saw, had little white flowers entwined into it, but I could not see them in detail, and had to admit that I could not conscientiously draw them. "No," said Lily, "they don't belong to your sphere." I have since, however, been presented with a very clear vision of them, and they encourage the observation that if these are some of the products of "The Summer Land" then others besides horticulturists must marvel at their exquisite beauty.

When I began to rough in her dress of blue, richly ornamented, with an Easter lily, opened outwards, at the throat, she became very illuminating—to me more evidentially than in any other aspect of the drawing. One of the witnesses said she was carrying a bunch of lilies. "Lily" made no comment. Neither did I. Instead I rapidly drew the lily as I saw it placed, and as it is now depicted in the original. Then I asked "Lily" what she thought of what I had done without giving her any sort of indication. She replied, "That is quite correct. That is the only way I wear it, opening outwards, just as you have drawn it."

After the sitting one of the witnesses averred that this was splendid evidence, as on one occasion she had, in "Lily's" honour, included two Easter lilies in a bouquet, that one of them was subsequently found broken, and that "Lily" had gently admonished her, saying, "I broke the lily, because I am known with only one."

"Lily" is a very charming girl, as well as a very ready helper. The actual drawing time in this instance was about forty minutes.

#### "MEUGHLI," MRS. CASSEL'S CONTROL.

My experience with Meughli, one of the controls of Mrs. Esta Cassel, was entirely different. Meughli is a powerful, lofty, commanding soul with whom I had not made conscious contact until I had incurred one of my few failures in material portraiture. Mrs. Cassel had commissioned a portrait of herself, and I turned out two quite delightful drawings but they were not, facially, of the *petite* Mrs. Cassel. While she was posing, her delicate features became overshadowed, and a strong masculine nose and powerful chin soon completely trans-

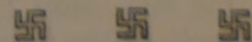
figured her. Mrs. Cassel quite delightedly exclaimed that the face I had drawn was almost that of Meughli. "Then," said I, "will you ask him to kindly step aside and allow me to finish you alone?"

She laughed, and although I made several attempts to correct the drawings she, as yet to me, unknown Meughli persisted. A few days later he asked me, through his medium, if I would portray him himself. I readily agreed, and in the presence of several witnesses, at two separate sittings, I drew the two portraits here reproduced. On each occasion Mrs. Cassel was entranced for three periods of from fifteen to twenty minutes each.

A point I should like to make here is that I had no expert knowledge of the construction of the Indian head-dress and, because I could not see the head-band distinctly and the way the feathers fell away from it at the base, I remarked about my difficulty, almost inaudibly. To this Meughli laughingly rejoined, "Then we go together to that place you call Mu-se-um and see one." There was, however, no need; the drawing literally finished itself, and, as in all such experiences, my india-rubber was merely used for drawing and never for correction. Meughli expressed himself delighted with the aspect of both drawings, and I am happy to say that they have given his medium intense joy, for she assures me that fully ten years have elapsed since, begging for some likeness of him, he had promised "to find the man" to satisfy her desire. Also, as in every other instance, independent psychics who are acquainted with Meughli have readily testified to the faithfulness of these drawings.

Another point I wish to make is that my hand is in no way guided, that I am intensely alert and conscious of what I am seeing and drawing, that it is borne upon me that I must do my share, and that, in doing so, I am also conscious of enormous outside help, which makes such work an indescribable pleasure to myself and to those upon whom it confers its inestimable blessings.

These are a few of my psycho-artistic experiences, and, in printing them, I trust that they will prove a collective reply to the many correspondents who want to know "how it is done."



Our grand business is, not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.—*Carlyle*.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would say that we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—*R. L. Stevenson*.



## Mevrouw de Wed A. E. Noë, THE DISTINGUISHED DUTCH SPIRITUALIST.

ALL Spiritualists who were present at the World Congress of Spiritualists at The Hague last September will remember with especial gratitude and admiration Mrs. A. E. Noë, who was a leading member of the Organising Committee. On account of her linguistic abilities she was able to converse with the delegates of all countries in their own tongues and was able to translate to them the various papers and discussions that took place. Her fervour and enthusiasm for the Cause drew around her all the sincere hard workers who achieved its historic success.

Recently Mrs. Noë came to England to visit her son, who has a large poultry farm in Kent, and we had the honour and pleasure of interviewing her there to secure the entrancing story of her Spiritualistic adventures, which we noted down from her own lips as follows:—

### FIRST CONTACT WITH THE SUBJECT.

I am a native of Amsterdam, and come of people who were Protestants of the old type, who never wanted to hear about Spiritualism.

Long after my marriage I had a nursery-governess who began to talk to me on that subject after the children had gone to bed. She told me of experiments made in her father's house. That was a seaside pension in the north country, where they sometimes had student visitors. When she went home at holiday times they used to try table-turning in the evenings and on rainy days. On hearing her talk of spirits spelling out messages in this way, I said, "Please nurse, do not talk to me about it for I do not approve of such weird things." But a younger nurse, for I had then four small children, said to her, "Oh, let us try it together and see what comes of it." This junior nurse was a Roman Catholic.

When they had sat a couple of times without any result they told me about it and I said, with true feminine curiosity, "I should like to see whether anything would happen if there were three of us." This was twenty-five years ago. Soon the table began to rock about in a curious way and the Catholic girl said it was because she had called upon the devil! I got very nervous, for I did not like her calling on evil forces, and I began to pray to God and the good forces to guide and protect us. The table then began to spell out messages and some of them were very good.

### HOW MY SON WAS SAVED FROM FIRE.

One afternoon we were sitting with the blinds down when the table rocked furiously and dragged us along with it to the mantelpiece. There it halted and rocked on one leg as if directing our attention to the photographs of my children and knocking spelt out the word "Alex.", the name of one of them. At the same moment we heard a crackling of fire as if from the garden. We raised the blind and saw a copse of bamboo bushes in a blaze. My little boy, who had taken a box of matches

out of the house had set fire to the bushes and was trying to extinguish the fire by throwing water on it, which he brought from the pond with his little pail. Now Alex., for it was he, was supposed to be resting in bed after his lunch. We rushed out and saved him, for his clothes might very easily have caught fire. Then I rather blessed that table!

### UNSATISFACTORY SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Before long the Catholic girl showed symptoms of mediumship. She began to write almost every day automatic messages from a spirit who was not ill-inclined but who only took an interest in earthly things. He had not made much advance in a spiritual direction.

Then we removed to another part of the country and I became acquainted with a leading lady Spiritualist in the "Harmonia" Society at Nymegen, near the Belgian and German frontiers. The Catholic nurse and I took

part in seances at this lady's house. The sitters were mostly undeveloped, and the messages they received were of an exaggerated and incredible kind. The credulity of the sitters was amazing and I got disgusted and stopped going.

### A CATHOLIC PRIEST'S WARNING.

At that time I was accustomed to give donations to both the Protestant and Catholic communities of the village, and the Catholic priests soon looked me up. My whole staff was Roman Catholic except the gardener. One priest was pretty liberally-minded and thoroughly well-intentioned and he used to come in for friendly talks in the evening. I told him about our spiritualistic experiences and he said he disapproved of laymen looking into these things. He said it was certain that such things existed and the priests had the liberty to study them. I said, "The study has been very interesting to me and has given me much comfort. I miss my dear husband very much and I hope that some day I may get into

communication with him." He replied, "I know you are a good woman and are not likely to go too far, but be careful for it is not without danger." I said, "That I know." Thereafter he lent me some books on the subject. He disapproved, however, of my nurse's interest, and reproved her for having practically left the Catholic faith.

### A SPIRIT DESCRIPTION AND ITS SEQUEL.

The girl developed clairvoyance and one day she said to my old cook, "Mary, did your mother wear a head-dress like this"—(and she described the coiffure of a farmer's wife)—"for I see someone dressed like that standing there, and I think she is your mother." The cook replied, "Oh, leave my mother in peace; you have no right to say that." The cook went straight to the priest and said, "I can't stay any longer in that house for they have converse with devils." The priest said, "Oh yes, you can stay in that house, for I am very sure your mistress has no such converse. You can stay without harm to your soul for I know what her religious views are."

### KING LEOPOLD'S PROPHECY.

In 1916 we left that place and went to Switzerland. I took with me an introduction from M. Gabriel Delanne to his friend M. Léon Martin, the chief of the Spiritualists in Geneva. We attended seances at his house where the medium was a lady not very highly developed. She was



MRS. NOË.



a trance medium and my nurse seemed to develop through her power. One day she described to me the spirit of Leopold, the King of the Belgians. She said she saw him dressed in a monk's garb and praying on his knees. She heard him saying, "Oh, where have I led my people! Their state is all due to my own evil life, but they will win in the end, and I see a great victory coming to them." That was in 1916 when the outlook for the Allied forces seemed hopeless. M. Martin said, "If that is really true I shall be grateful to God," but he added that he could not believe it.

#### HYPNOTIC ATTEMPTS AT DEVELOPMENT.

Then we went from Switzerland to the south of France, through the influence of M. Martin, who was attached to the French Consulate, our French origin being taken into account. Settling at Nice we went to a doctor there whom M. Martin said would help to develop the nurse's mediumship. Instead of helping, however, he made her ill—so ill that she looked as if she would wither away—by attempting to force the development by means of hypnotism, instead of letting it blossom gradually. The girl was afraid of getting entirely under his influence and we stopped it. We went to another doctor who put her on a milk and cream diet and in a few weeks she was better. This unhappy experience put an end for the time being to our investigations.

#### TRAVELS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

We removed to Paris, where my daughters were being educated in a boarding school, and remained there till the end of the war. Then we returned *via* England to Holland where my sons were at school. In 1920 we all went to California together, but had no contact with Spiritualism there. My family did not take to American life, and we returned *via* Holland to Paris, as I had a beautiful chateau and grounds at Ville d'Avray, quite near. Here M. Delanne wanted the nurse, who had now become my companion, to have her gifts developed by Dr. Geley, but she would not consent.

#### SPIRITUALISM AT THE HAGUE.

Then in course of nature, my family having grown up, began to scatter. My daughters got engaged or began an independent existence, with lots of travelling, my sons went to London to study commerce and economy, and my companion married a Dutch sea captain. So I was left alone until my Scottish friend, Miss A. M. Suttie, joined me, and we have been together ever since. We came back to Holland in 1925 and settled down at Wassenaar, near The Hague. Here we heard of the Spiritualist Society called "Harmonia." I thought as there was now no more danger for the nurse I would like to go into the subject for myself. We joined a seance circle, but the medium was no good. We met, however, some excellent English mediums, including Mr. Vout Peters, Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. Barkell. They all told me some wonderful things. Spiritualism was new to Miss Suttie and she approached the subject with true Scottish caution, but when she met Mrs. Garrett, whose guide "Uvani" described members of her family and accurately gave their names, she became entirely convinced.

#### MY INTENTION TO FOUND A PSYCHIC COLLEGE.

At that time I was better off financially than I am now and thought of founding a Psychic College on a small scale at The Hague. I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Beversluis about this, but he said a better plan would be to found a Spiritualist Church, with a settled minister. Then I looked up the secretary of "Harmonia," who also discouraged me.

#### MY INTRODUCTION TO SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

My interest, however, did not slacken and I visited England. I went to Miss Stead's Bureau in 1928 and arranged with her to lecture on behalf of the "Harmonia" Society at The Hague, Amsterdam, and Rotterdam. Mrs. Estelle Roberts accompanied her to give clairvoyance and their success was overwhelming.

Then we attended some of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's lectures, and at the London International Congress we were introduced to him and Lady Conan Doyle. We were also present at the Reception on their return from South Africa, and went next morning to the Psychic Bookshop, where we found Sir Arthur making a photograph of the shop. I told him how much I should like him to come and speak to the people of Holland at the World Congress, and he said he would like to come if that were possible.

I said that Mr. Goedhart would make all necessary arrangements, and as we were taking leave Sir Arthur patted me on the shoulder and said, "I am very glad to know you, little woman, and if I am spared I will come to your Congress."

#### SIR ARTHUR IN HOLLAND.

But fortunately, long before the Congress, which he did not live to see, Sir Arthur came to Holland in the course of his last great tour to Continental countries, with which he intended to round off his work as a world

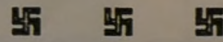
missionary. He addressed great meetings at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague. At the last-mentioned city he addressed an immense assembly in the Zoological Gardens with the aid of loud speakers, and it was a triumphant success. Some of us gave a banquet to himself and his family, and I had the honour of making a little speech and presenting him with a silver emblem of The Hague, which is a stork watching over the city. I said that he and Lady Doyle were, like it, birds of passage as an advance guard of all that was light and happy and of good promise, through their propaganda for the cause of Spiritualism. Sir Arthur was so deeply moved that he could hardly reply. Notwithstanding his unceasing strenuous activity it was easy to see that he was really ill, and I was distressed to see how he had to stand all through his noble addresses while they were being translated sentence by sentence, which must have been a great weariness to him.

#### THE DUTCH PEOPLE UNPREPARED.

Also I think I should say that the Dutch people were not prepared for his full-blooded Spiritualism. That was not what they wanted; they chiefly came out to see the great novelist and hear all about Sherlock Holmes! Our people are still terribly frightened of letting go of old prejudices and being looked upon as credulous fools! We have no Spiritualistic churches, few good speakers, and only a few mediums, some very imperfectly developed. For myself I came out frankly as a convinced Spiritualist and did not mind at all being called "the spooky woman!"

#### THE CONGRESS AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Our preparations for the Congress were greatly marred and hindered by continual dissensions and bickerings in "Harmonia," the official organisation of Spiritualism at The Hague, and Mr. Goedhart, our valiant leader, had to come out from amongst them before the organising of the Congress made any real headway. His able presidency over the proceedings will ever be remembered. He bravely pursued his own way, welcoming all, conciliating all, and inspiring everyone with enthusiasm for the Cause. We now look forward to the day when Spiritualism in our land will become less and less a matter of curiosity about supernormal phenomena and more and more a matter of a spiritual religion based on solid ground and not on the morasses of old theological dogmas.



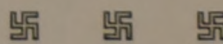
#### TO MY DOG.

I've said "good-bye" to him, my faithful friend,  
And now a deep cool grave is dug beneath  
The lavender, and where the roses bloom.  
In autumn purple daisies will stoop low,  
And drop their dainty petals. In the gloom  
Of eve, dead leaves will hide his grave, I know;  
But I shall always treasure that small mound;  
To me, 'twill always be like sacred ground.

I've said "good-bye" to him. His faithful eyes  
No longer dance with fun; his soft black nose  
No longer nozzles in my hand; his wise  
Sweet ways, his clever tricks, his love for me  
Are dead, his pattering feet are silent, cold;  
And yet, if God is just, it cannot be  
That love and faithfulness like his can die.  
Oh God! give him a tiny place on high!

Heaven would not hold pure joy without the birds  
And animals we loved and mourned, and he  
Deserves a tiny corner in your Heaven;  
Such loyal comradeship he gave to me.

JESSIE FREEMAN.



#### MADAME BLAVATSKY'S WORKS.

A CENTENNIAL Edition of the complete works of Madame Blavatsky, in many volumes, is to be issued by Messrs. Rider & Co. The first volume, now in hand, covers the period of 1874-1879, and throws a flood of light on the origin of the modern Theosophical movement. It also explains Madame Blavatsky's early association with the Spiritualists. Later volumes will include authentic reprints of H. P. B.'s standard books. Each volume will be obtainable separately, and the period over which publication of the complete edition is spread will naturally depend on the welcome accorded to the earlier volumes.

NOTE.—"ARLE" a writer well known in Continental Europe, brotherhood, and though an older learned than thirty years of that time by Washington U. of the Naples other learned experiences is of the person. confidentially in

#### THE MATER

AS some real a part in will come mother's, as I various occasions

Her firstborn child who were carried hours of each other respectively.

One afternoon mother was seated on matters entirely she suddenly heard two children, across the tessellated

Next moment like a small hum lap and ensconced their arms round cheeks.

My mother posed for several minutes they were "dead" they began slowly had completely

My father, insisted that my and I in my call view—until about

#### A SPIRIT P

A brief reflection life can hardly hood I was p Prince and I residence was Paris, though and sometime for two or three occasion, after I accepted t at Rome for s

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I concluded, "What ridiculous tion, however, and preserved to inquire, "nonsense?"

Without dirt the room, returned This he grumbled I recognised the Princess s while in front cribable grace The Prince in He then told the Veil had v her permission acquiesced by operation adv



# Vivid Stories of Visitors from the Other World.

By "ARLEDEL."

NOTE.—"ARLEDEL" is the regular nom-de-plume of a writer well known in Great Britain, America and Continental Europe by his vigorous articles on disarmament, abolition of war, recognition of human brotherhood, and altruistic subjects generally.

Though an English journalist and author of more than thirty years standing, "ARLEDEL" has for most of that time been domiciled abroad. He is a Ph.D. of Washington University, as well as a Member of Honour of the Naples Academy of Literature and Science, and other learned bodies.

The following narrative of interesting psychic experiences is fully supported by the names and addresses of the persons concerned, which he has placed confidentially in the Editor's hands.

## THE MATERIALISATION OF MY SISTERS.

AS some readers may deem heredity to play a part in my own strange experience, I will commence by relating a story of my mother's, as I heard it from her own lips on various occasions.

Her firstborn children were two girls, Annie and Helen, who were carried off by scarlet fever within twenty-four hours of each other, at the ages of three and four years respectively.

One afternoon about twelve months later, when my mother was seated in her easy chair, her thoughts running on matters entirely unconnected with her bereavement, she suddenly heard the voices and merry laughter of her two children, accompanied by the patter of their feet on the tessellated floor of the hall.

Next moment the door flew open, and in they rushed like a small human whirlwind, landing in their mother's lap and ensconcing themselves one on each knee, with their arms round her neck and their lips pressed to her cheeks.

My mother positively stated that she held them tightly for several minutes, never once recalling the fact that they were "dead," when she was startled to find that they began slowly to melt away, as it were, until they had completely vanished.

My father, a religious man of orthodox principles, insisted that my mother had been dozing and dreamt it all, and I in my callow youth was inclined to back my father's view—until about 1902, when my awakening came.

## A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH AND AN APPORT.

A brief reference to this turning-point in my life can hardly be avoided. In my early manhood I was privileged to enjoy the friendship of Prince and Princess Wiszniewsky, whose chief residence was at 7 bis, Rue de Debarcadère, Paris, though they had a chateau in the country and sometimes travelled abroad. I visited them for two or three weeks once a year, and on one occasion, after the Princess had passed away, I accepted the Prince's invitation to join him at Rome for six weeks.

After luncheon on a certain sunny afternoon in 1902 the Prince and I were alone in his library at his Paris home. He was engaged with correspondence and I was whiling away the time reading the magazines. Ere long I burst out laughing, and my host turned round to inquire the cause of my amusement. I begged him to listen while I read what I regarded as a plausible though unconvincing account of a man who returned from the grave in order to interview a relative concerning family matters of a pressing nature.

I concluded my reading with the emphatic observation, "What ridiculous rubbish!" Contrary to my expectation, however, the Prince declined to join in my levity and preserved a serious demeanour. This caused me to inquire, "Surely, Prince, you don't believe such nonsense?"

Without directly answering, the Prince arose and left the room, returning a moment later with a photograph. This he gravely placed in my hands. In the photograph I recognised the smaller salon of the Prince's suite, with the Princess seated on a low chair near the fireplace, while in front of a tall curio cabinet stood a lady of indescribable grace and beauty holding in her hand a bouquet. The Prince invited my remarks, but I was struck dumb. He then told me how this superb creature from beyond the Veil had visited them some weeks before. He asked her permission to photograph her. She smilingly acquiesced by an inclination of her head, and after the operation advanced to a table near the centre of the room

on which she deposited her bouquet, and then with a gracious bow retired backwards and finally disappeared in a sort of luminous mist.

## THE BOTANIST'S AMAZEMENT.

The Prince further informed me that next morning he called upon the Curator of the Jardin des Plantes. Handing him the bouquet the Prince said he would like his professional opinion with regard thereto. The Curator looked nonplussed. He inquired, "How did your Highness get these?" "A lady left them at my house last night," was the answer. "It is most mysterious," rejoined the Curator, thinking aloud rather than addressing his caller. "Why mysterious?" demanded the Prince. "Because," continued the famous botanist, "these flowers grow only on the Himalayas, and since their fresh condition indicates that they were gathered not more than ten hours ago I am at a loss to understand how they can now be here in Paris!" The Prince thanked him and left, without satisfying the Curator's evident desire for further information. "For," said the Prince to me, "it is not wise to cast pearls before swine, and to impart truth to unprepared and prejudiced minds is equivalent to that."

At the conclusion of his story the Prince produced the flowers, now dried, for my inspection. There was no room for doubt on my part; the Prince was not only a man of blameless life but also of vigorous intellect—a most unlikely individual to be hoaxed! My friendship with him, notwithstanding his exalted rank and my comparatively humble one, continued till his death just before the War.

## AMANUENSIS TO A SPIRIT-VISITOR.

And now as to my personal experience. In the summer of 1911 I was spending a holiday in Dalmatia. My headquarters were the Grand Hotel Imperial, half way between Gravosa and Ragusa, a mansion standing high in lovely grounds, and overlooking the amethystine expanse of the Adriatic.

One evening after dinner as I sat in my room engaged with my correspondence, the door being closed, I was suddenly confronted by a breezy middle-aged gentleman—obviously English—who accosted me: "I say, old man, while you are at it, you might write a few lines for me—will you?" It did not strike me at the time as in any wise extraordinary that a stranger should enter my room silently, unannounced, and propose to employ me as his amanuensis!

Assenting, I drew paper and envelope towards me, and, pen in hand, awaited his instructions. "First address the envelope to Miss E—A—, — House, near W—, England." I did so. "Now just tell her that I am quite all right; sorry to have kept her waiting all these months; but though I have been constantly trying to let her know, I have hitherto been unable to do so. Fondest love to her and the mater."

I turned round with the intention, before putting anything of this to paper, of asking him quite a string of questions; about the form of commencing the letter, whether he would sign it when ready, etc.—But he was gone!

Thereafter, I wrote to the lady a full account of the mysterious incident and by return of post received a reply from her. Accompanying her letter was a photo of the very person who had visited me at Ragusa. She informed me that he was her only brother, a barrister, who had passed away six months previously.

I have related this experience to exceedingly few people, for one does not like to have his sanity or veracity called in question. Well-meaning but sceptical friends have suggested that "it was due to my subconscious mind." To that I would object that I had never before known anyone of the name of A—, while W— was, and still is, merely a geographical expression, so far as I am concerned. Other sceptics have suggested that my visitor was some human individual who for some reason impersonated the deceased barrister. To them my reply is that immediately after his disappearance I went down to the hall porter, who, in answer to my inquiry, informed me that I was the only English-speaking guest in the hotel.

Some years ago a Birmingham friend desired me to have the account published in the interests of psychic truth. I personally was willing, but on writing to Miss A— to inquire whether she also were willing, I was informed that though she had no objection, yet the aged mother was averse to a matter so sacred to her being laid open to the scoffs and scorn of the unbelieving masses. Consequently the story now appears in print for the first time, the aged mother having passed hence.



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## The Scott Centenary.

### SIR WALTER'S RETURN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the celebrated novelist, was born in 1771 and died in 1832, aged 61 years. As a boy of ten we took part in the centenary celebrations of his birth in 1871, and we have happy recollections of the gay festivities that then took place all over Scotland, and in particular on a smooth green sward by the banks of the classic Yarrow, opposite "Newark's stately tower," where the Last Minstrel sang his Lay.

And now, in 1932, the centenary of his death is already being celebrated in the north—though not due till September 21—and we realise that our own span of years has exceeded those of Sir Walter by ten! Men lived more furiously in his days; they worked harder, and died earlier. The sum of literary work alone Sir Walter accomplished was gigantic.

A Scott Centenary Exhibition was opened in Glasgow on June 8 by Major-General W. J. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford, the great-great grandson of Sir Walter, who was made a baronet the week before. In his opening speech he struck quite a Spiritualistic note in saying:—

"I am firmly convinced that Sir Walter Scott is permitted to know what is going on this year in the way of celebrating his memory."

We are equally convinced of this fact, and perhaps on more substantial grounds than those of the Major-General, unless he happens to have been favoured with Spiritualistic proofs of his great ancestor's continued existence in the upper realm, and of his continued interest in the concerns of the present world.

Thirty-six years ago, that is after Sir Walter had been sixty-four years "dead," we made our first contact with Spiritualism by attending a Sunday night meeting of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association. There, though we were unknown to anyone present we received convincing evidence of the survival of a relative and a friend, and a prophecy that we should take an active part in Spiritualistic journalism, which then seemed to be utterly improbable. Shilling tickets were sold for a private seance to be held in Regent's Square on the following Saturday night. We bought one and went to the seance, still unknown to any person present. The medium was Mr. J. J. Vango, who is happily still with us. About two dozen sitters were arranged along the two sides of a long narrow room, and the proceedings had little more than commenced when the medium halted in his progress round the room and coming to the place where we were sitting asked, "Does anyone here know Walter Scott?" What thereupon happened we described in a letter written next day to Mr. Andrew Lang, who was then editing a new edition of the Waverley Novels, as follows:—

London,  
August 13, 1896.

MY DEAR SIR,—Having begun to be interested in the subject of Spiritualism, I attended a meeting of the Marylebone Association of Spiritualists as a visitor on Saturday night. There, what appeared to me to be a remarkable incident occurred. Whether the "revelation" is of any value or not you are probably best able to decide, and it is for that reason I write you.

The medium present was Mr. J. J. Vango, of 43, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington. Under the control of his familiar spirit, he described the departed friends of persons present, and gave messages to the living from "those on the other side."

As by a sudden inspiration, he came over to the side of the room where I was sitting and asked:—

"Does any one here know Walter Scott?"

No one claimed the acquaintanceship, and I asked:—

"Can it be the novelist?"

"Yes," he replied, "it is he."

"Did you know him?" continued the medium.

"No," I answered, "he has been dead for sixty years, but I lived four miles from his residence."

"Well, he comes to you for a particular reason. He says that he was interested in this subject (Spiritualism) and he wants you to communicate with his friends. I see a house, a large house, standing in its own grounds back from the road, and the grounds are fenced on the roadside by means of a paling."

I said, "Your description is quite right."

"He wishes to say that he left a manuscript of an unfinished work which is still in that house. Has he a son?"

"No," I replied.

"But some connection of his is still living in that house?"

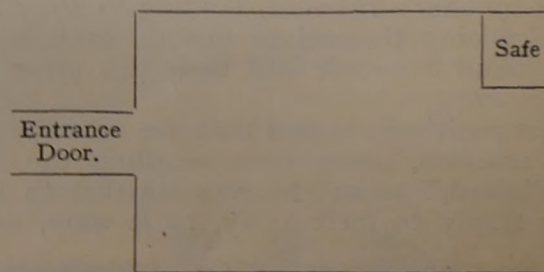
"I believe his granddaughter and great grandson."

"Some one of his connections living in that house is able to finish this work, and he wants you to communicate with them and tell them so, and that he will help them to do so."

"Does he say where the manuscript is?"

The location seemed to be a difficulty to the medium and I suggested, "Is it in the library?"

He replied, "I see what appears to be a small room, with books along the walls from floor to ceiling, and there is a door leading out of this room, I think into the conservatory, but whether it is a conservatory or a smooth lawn I am not clear. In this room there is a safe. The door into the room is *there* (pointing to one place) and the safe is *there* (pointing to a position which would be on the left side of anyone entering the room).



"The manuscript is in this safe. Will you communicate with his friends?"

I said I would write to his present editor, and the medium added, "You may take this as a test, though the sooner you pass from tests to the higher considerations of the subject the better."

I asked the medium after he came out of the trance if he was aware of his communication and he replied that he knew nothing he had said while giving the tests and descriptions. And as far as I can judge human nature I should say he was quite a truthful person.

If not asking too much, I should be glad to know if there is such a room in Abbotsford as he described, and if there is a safe and a manuscript. I do not remember having seen a room with a door leading into a conservatory or on to a lawn, but there may be such a room not shown to visitors, or one I have seen but forgotten.

Should a manuscript be found and completed as a result of this "message" the work would certainly have a startling effect on the reading public. The idea of Sir Walter, so untiring in his literary labours here, wishing to continue them when across the vale is pathetic, but perchance that might be his heaven!—I am, Yours faithfully,

JOHN LEWIS.

Mr. ANDREW LANG replied as follows:—

The Lochinvar Hotel,  
Dalry, Galloway.  
August [19, 1896].

DEAR SIR,—If the ghost of Sir Walter is not in its right mind it *may* contemplate finishing his fragmentary work, but not otherwise. His descendants would not encourage the ghost in any such design.—Faithfully yours,

A. LANG.

[P.S.]—As anyone who chooses can know what Abbotsford is like, and that Scott left fragments of unfinished works, there is no "Test" in the matter. These people are all quacks, I believe.

The subject being then new to us, Sir Walter's request was thus dismissed, though we have often regretted since that no attempt was made to give effect to his wishes.

Now, why should Sir Walter Scott—assuming it was he—have manifested so convincingly and so unexpectedly

(Continued on page 159.)



# OUR INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE:

A MONTHLY RECORD OF SPIRITUALISTIC AND PSYCHIC HAPPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, WITH SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

By MONSIEUR PASCAL FORTHUNY.

(This Chronicle is Written in French, and is Translated into English by the Editor.)

## Personal Recollections.

### THE LINDBERG CHILD.

THREE months ago a Paris newspaper consulted several clairvoyants in the hope of getting some real clue to what had happened to the Lindberg baby, so cruelly stolen from its parents and murdered.

This journal sent a reporter to myself, and he asked me to tell him something. I replied, "My impression is that the baby will be brought back in two or three days towards its parents, almost to their house, and that is all I am allowed to say." This message, which seemed reassuring, was given in the beginning of April.

Day after day went past without news, and I became convinced that my prediction was false. The mystery of the child's disappearance and fate was as much shrouded in darkness as ever; therefore I had been deceived.

Then, suddenly came the monstrous news that the child had been found strangled. It was lying on the edge of a forest quite near to the Lindberg home, and to judge from the body's state of decomposition it had probably lain there for a month.

Now on examining the facts and dates I find that the child must have been deposited near the Lindberg's house about the 3rd or 4th of April, almost immediately after my prediction. There was one tragic omission, however, that had not been revealed to me, namely that the baby would be brought back "dead." Had that been told me I would probably not have believed it possible that the kidnapers, whose object was obviously to obtain a large sum of money, would have murdered their little victim before laying it near its parent's door. For to do so was to abandon all hope of receiving any further ransom—a most unlikely proceeding.

There are infamies so horrible as to be utterly beyond human credibility until they happen, and this was one of them. The true history of the atrocious crime may yet be revealed, and then only shall we know why the child was deposited dead instead of being exchanged alive for a great sum.

### A BANKER IN DIFFICULTIES.

Several times in the past four months the wife of a Paris banker has come to me in a state of terrible anxiety to ask me whether her husband's bank would crash, or pull through a period of dire difficulty.

I replied to her quite sincerely at each of her visits that I had no feeling of collapse. I said, "Your husband has wonderful luck. He has committed follies which should have several times brought about his ruin. However I do not see the catastrophe you fear as imminent. He will come well out of his present embarrassment, but tell him to pay great attention during the period from May 7 to May 20."

On May 19 my telephone bell rang. I heard a tearful voice saying, "Ah, monsieur, this time it is all up! Calamity is at our door. My husband is under an absolute obligation to produce a great sum of money by midday to-morrow or we shall be ruined. He has not got it."

I replied firmly, "No, you are not yet ruined."

The voice continued, in the same tone of despair, "Oh, yes, it is a smash-up. I know it only too well. I have no longer any hope. It is true that a friend, a very powerful emissary, has gone to the provinces to try and find the necessary money, but I know that last effort will fail. No one will come to the rescue. It is all over."

I gave her then a new exhortation which came suddenly to my lips with irresistible force. I said, "Madame, do you know how to calm yourself? Listen attentively to me. The gentleman who has gone to the provinces has succeeded in his mission. He has found the money required, and the news will reach you as in a dream!"

"Oh, that God would only hear you!" sighed the lady through the telephone.

Next morning, at nine o'clock, the telephone bell rang again. It was the voice of the same lady, but her voice was now quite joyous. In a sort of feverish exaltation she cried, "Monsieur, we are saved once more! Last night my husband and I were in absolute despair. We had no news from our friend, though we sat up till midnight. Then we went to bed, convinced that he had failed.

"At half-past two in the morning we were awakened by a telephone call. It was from our friend who, from the other end of France, told us that he had succeeded in obtaining a loan of the sum necessary to save us. Ah, God is good!"

I replied, "He is so good, madame, that He has sent you all this money as in a dream, just as I had the honour of telling you!"

### THE SWASTIKA.

One of my readers has asked me for some information about the swastika which Herr Hitler, the German leader, is credited with using as his mascot.

The swastika is the sign of the sun in movement and it has been found carved on smooth stones belonging to far past ages. It has been traced by archaeologists back to 4,000 B.C. in the region of the Indus, and it has also been discovered in the ancient sculptures of China, Japan, Mexico, Brazil, North America, Egypt and Chaldea.

The mysterious symbol has been regarded as powerful equally by religious initiates and political conspirators. Early Christians engraved it in their catacombs, and it is to be seen on the porch of the Paris Cathedral. Doubtless in these two cases it was intended to signify eternal life.

There is a legend that when the Czarina of Russia was imprisoned in the house where she, her husband, and her children were assassinated she drew the swastika on the wall, but unhappily drew it backwards, and hence the calamity. That is a story which must be attributed to superstitious invention for there could have been no witnesses!

### THE FATE OF PRESIDENT DOUMER.

It seems possible that M. Paul Doumer, President of the French Republic, had some presentiment of his untimely death.

On the day after the first election of Deputies, M. André Tardieu, the Prime Minister, went to him to discuss the political situation. During their conversation, suddenly, without any apparent reason, M. Doumer said to him, "Supposing I were to die soon it is the former Chamber that would elect my successor?" M. Tardieu was startled and replied, "Come, come! Do not think of that. You are in excellent health." "Yes," gravely responded the President, "I have never felt better in my life, but . . . an accident! A misfortune happens so quickly."

When, a few days later, M. Tardieu heard that the President had been assassinated by the abominable Gorguloff, he at once remembered his ominous conversation with the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. [Alexandre Dumas in his "Chicot the Jester," refers to the assassination of many important personages as "accidents."]

### PREDICTIONS AT A DINNER.

On November 18, 1931, M. Maurice Garçon, one of the most eminent advocates of Paris, gave a dinner to his friends.

There was present among his artistic and literary guests an American who was reputed to have the gift of seership. During the conversation prophecies were mentioned, and a French journalist said that a few days ago he had heard a strange prediction. He said, "Let us write it down and see if anything comes of it. The prediction was, 'M. Paul Doumer will be assassinated in the springtime, perhaps about the end of April, and probably by a revolver.'" On hearing these words the American said, "I too have had that intuition." Alas! both previsions were only too true.

### THE PRESIDENT AND NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Some curious coincidences associated with the late President and number 13 have been noted.

M. Doumer was the 13th President of the French Republic; he had been elected by the 13th Legislature; and his assassination happened on a Friday in front of Box No. 113 at the Exhibition where his murderer awaited him. He breathed his last sigh at 4.45 a.m. (4+4+5=13), and his election to the Presidency in 1931 had occurred on a Friday which was the 13th day of the month.

P. F.



## Foreign Chronicle.

## CLAIRVOYANCE AT GERMAN HEADQUARTERS.

AN interesting case is at present being tried at the Berlin High Courts. Three brothers—Willy, Max, and Leon Sklarek—are accused of swindling and of corrupting Prussian officials.

These men were furnishers of arms during the war and it is alleged that they made a great deal of money dishonestly, in collusion with high functionaries at headquarters.

During the proceedings a clairvoyante named Seidler testified that the brothers had often come to consult her, and three years ago she had a vision of three thieves being hung and warned them that would be their fate if they did not mend their ways.

During her examination the clairvoyante stated she had also been consulted during the war on behalf of the headquarters staff, concerning the probable result of proposed offensives, and that modifications as to dates of attacks on the French and Russian fronts had been made in consequence of her counsels.

## A MATERIALISING SEANCE.

It is something new to find the Paris journal *Quotidien* giving a serious account of a materialising seance held the night before.

"The lamps had been veiled," says the reporter, "but the room remained dimly lit. We had formed a chain of hands around the room for a quarter of an hour when from behind a dark curtain there emerged a cloud like the smoke from a cigar. But no one was smoking. Soon the cloud became thicker and longer; it came forward swaying. From white it became grey, then it began to assume a human form. It became more and more defined until I distinctly saw it shaping a face, pale but clear, with white lips, a small nose, and eyes which seemed blind. The phantom advanced towards us a little way, then vanished."

The report tells Spiritualists nothing they are not familiar with, but it tells the outside world something about materialising phenomena as facts, and not as mere nonsense to be jeered at. And that spells progress.

## SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.

We recently mentioned that Spiritualism was being combatted in Italy by means of a war against mediums in certain cities.

That fact has not prevented the creation of a "League for the Study of Spiritism" in the country, and among the ruling elements of this League figure openly the names of high personalities, both Catholic and Protestant.

Let us cite a few of these names:—Professor Lapponi, who was principal physician to Popes Leo XIII and Pius X; Cardinal Alimonda, Archbishop of Turin, who holds Spiritualist seances in his own palace; Antonio Folgazzaro, the artist; Gabriel Morelli, an ardent Catholic metapsychist; Father Angel Zachi, a Catholic theologian, highly esteemed by the ecclesiastical authorities; Vicente Tummolo, a monk who has written much on Spiritism; Professor Teodoro Longo, of the Faculty of Theology of Rome; Hugo Jaroni, the principal propagandist of Protestantism in Italy; Alexandro Chiappoli, the senator; Professor Oreste Pafunsi, promoter of an international inquiry into Metapsychism; Tomas Coreni, author of "Spiritualism in a Christian Sense," etc.

I learn from an Italian Spiritualist that Mussolini is extremely interested in the question, but he is careful not to divulge at what point his thoughts have arrived.

## THE PRESENTIMENTS OF ANIMALS.

It is acknowledged that lower animals have in some directions keener sensibilities than human beings, and historic records confirm this belief.

At the time of the earthquake in 1855 which destroyed the city of Taocahuano, in Chili, all the dogs had fled into the country on the day before the shock. In Japan, horses have been observed to show great nervous agitation at the approach of cataclysms. At Caracas, when people saw dogs and cats rushing out of the houses they deduced an approaching earthquake. At Sienna some years ago, swallows and other birds were seen to fly very high into the heavens, and eight hours later an earthquake occurred. At the time of the cataclysm which ravaged Calabria in September, 1905, it was noted that the swine, well in advance of the shock, rushed against the doors of their shelters, broke down all barriers, and escaped to the fields. These are only a few indications that animals have also a sixth sense.

## A CONVINCING EXPERIENCE.

Professor Ismael Gomes Braga, one of the most eminent Spiritualists in Rio de Janeiro, and President of the society called "*Espirita Paz*," has kindly sent me an account of the experience which first brought him conviction as to the truth of Spiritualism.

In 1910 he attended a table seance for the first time in his life. In order to "control" the facts he put a question to the table in Esperanto, a language no other person in the circle knew. He said, "*Kiom da fratoj mi havas?*" (how many brothers have I?), but in his thought he really meant to ask how many brothers and sisters he had. The table instantly rapped out "nine," but at once corrected itself by saying "five." In answer to further questions, all in Esperanto, the table told him correctly that he had five brothers and four sisters. The Professor considered these replies so decisive that he became a persevering student of Spiritualism, and later an ardent propagandist.

## INSANITY CURED.

The Professor also gives me the following details of an extraordinary case of spiritual healing at Rio.

A young man, named Decio de Souza Nogueira, became mad as the result of a poisonous wound in the left leg. The doctors proposed to amputate the leg, but in view of his obvious madness postponed the operation, believing he would die in the crisis of his mental trouble.

The sick man's family were in despair and yielded to the advice of a local Spiritualist to convey the patient to a Spiritualist group known as the "*Humildes de Jesus*," which meets in the Twenty-fourth of May Street in the city. The patient arrived and the spiritual guides of the circle were invoked. Very soon the young man became calmer, and the guides prescribed a remedy for the poisoned leg, which was applied with complete success, while his mental aberration progressively ceased. In a few days he was quite well. This remarkable case happened two years ago, and the young man is now perfectly sane and healthy.

This is only another example of many difficult and seemingly hopeless cases in which spiritual dealers have been able to effect cures when the ordinary medical faculty has been powerless. I do not disparage the great skill of our modern medical practitioners, who daily achieve miracles by orthodox methods, but they do not know everything, and they may yet learn to avail themselves of the co-operation of their colleagues in the spirit world and so increase their beneficent powers.

## CROOKES' "RESEARCHES" IN ITALIAN.

Signor Emilio Servadio has translated into Italian Sir William Crookes' famous work on his "Researches into Spiritualism," and it has been published at Milan by the Libraire Lombarda, in its collection of classics in psychical research.

In his preface Signor Servadio describes the work as a model of critical method and clearness, and refers to the author's courage in writing it at a time when Spiritualism was supremely the world's *vexata quaestio*. It is full of such instruction, he says, as one might expect from a man of the laboratory, who was ever precise, patient, persevering, and constantly verified and substantiated the proofs he obtained. He says that every page of the book confirms Sir William's own pronouncement that "Science is obliged in honour, by the laws eternal, to face fearlessly all the problems loyally presented to it," and he adds that the great savant was himself a noble example, for he never retracted his conclusions as to what he had seen and recorded.

## A DREAM BY WIRELESS!

Actual happenings at a distance can apparently be reproduced in a dreamer's consciousness, and the following example is printed in *Zeitschrift für Metapsychische Forschung*.

At Klagenfurt, Germany, Mrs. T., one Friday night dreamt that she saw her sister obliged to go to bed owing to a sudden illness. The invalid became yellow and her relatives had to rub her body with vinegar in order to restore her to consciousness. On awakening, Mrs. T. told her husband about her strange dream, but they thought it was "only a dream."

On Sunday Mrs. T. visited her sister, who lived in a village twelve miles from Klagenfurt and was surprised



to learn that her sister had in fact been suddenly seized with illness on Friday, that she had changed to a livid colour, and that she had been briskly rubbed with vinegar after being put to bed. The dream had been a veritable photographic reproduction by wireless of what had really happened in her sister's home earlier on the same day.

#### A PREMONITORY DREAM.

A dream of a similar nature is being narrated in the Italian press, as follows:—

Girolamo Piarra, an inhabitant of Parma, was a man in quite robust health, in spite of his eighty-eight years. One morning he awoke as usual, alert and not at all ailing, but said he had dreamt that he would die next day. He therefore put on his best clothes and went off to the nearest church to confess and communicate. The curé tried to convince the old man that he had no reason to fear a death so soon, but he repeated in a tone of certitude, "I shall be dead to-morrow."

Parra next betook himself to an undertaker's and had himself measured for his coffin, and then he went home and spent the day quietly with his family and friends. In the evening they all dined together, Piarra took a good meal, and everybody laughed at his lugubrious idea of being dead to-morrow. He went to bed in good humour and never had he seemed in better health, but next morning he was found dead in his bed. He had passed away in his sleep; his dream had proved true.

#### TREASURE-TROVE.

The newspaper *O Povo*, of Fortaleza, Brazil, reports how a sum of money buried underground has been found owing to the intervention of the deceased owner.

Manuel Ferreira de Abreu, residing at Taboleiro Grande, fell ill and died in a few days, without having been able to arrange the payment of an important sum of money he owed to a woman named Ana Venancia de Barros.

His family shared among them all his property, and Ana believed that the money she ought to have received from Manuel had been lost to her for ever. One night, however, when lying awake, she saw, or thought she saw, the phantom of Manuel, and heard him say, "Go to my house. There is a room there which my brother has arranged as a little chapel. Just under the altar is a large sum of money which I buried unknown to anyone shortly before my death. That is for you."

Ana was frightened by this vision, but decided it was a hallucination. Therefore she did nothing, but the phantom appeared on another night and renewed his order. Still she hesitated, as she feared the family would think her mad. A third time the phantom again appeared and insisted on her obedience.

Ana thereupon decided to go and tell the whole story to Jose Ferreira de Abreu, the brother of the deceased. He received her courteously but said he could not believe such an unlikely story. "However," he said, "let us dig beneath the altar and see." In presence of the whole family a hole was dug, and lo, underneath a plank was found a great sum of money, just as Manuel's ghost had said. Thus Ana came into possession of her property, which she had despaired of ever seeing again, and the marvellous story has caused quite a sensation in the country.

#### A STOLEN TOOTH.

*La Revue Spirite Belge* publishes an interesting story of what happened in a Spiritualist circle in New York, U.S.A.

Among the sitters was an old man and suddenly the medium said to him, "I see beside you the spirit of a tall man. He is looking at you very severely. I do not know if he is an Indian but he looks like it."

The old man said, "Can you tell me what this spirit wants with me?"

The medium replied, "He says that you stole one of his teeth!"

The old man rose to his feet and addressing all present in an indignant tone said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I declare that during a long life I have never yet stolen anything from anyone."

The seance continued without further interruption, but at the close, the old man, who had been reflecting, said that an incident had come back to his memory from the distant past. It was true after all that he had once stolen a tooth, in the following circumstances.

As a young man he started out with others to seek his fortune in the gold fields of California. On the way his party stopped for a little at an abandoned cemetery. Here he saw an open tomb which contained a number of

skeletons, and among the bones he noticed a skull which possessed a remarkably well-preserved set of teeth. The notion came to him to extract one of these teeth as a souvenir. He did so and kept it carefully for many years until he lost it in a fire at Chicago.

And that is how he stole the tooth. The accusation was quite true, but it happened so very long ago that he hoped its owner would now forgive him and think no more about it! His crime was a very harmless one for it was of no further use to its owner, but the manner in which it was brought back to his memory was an excellent proof of survival.

#### A LIBERATED ROMAN.

A review called *La Recherche Religieuse* is published in Rome and edited by Signor Ernesto Buonaiuti, an Italian, who after having long served the Papacy has liberated his thought in order to return to "pure Christianity." For this he has been excommunicated. The following is a striking passage from his review:—

"The Christian world is experiencing a crisis which is shaking it to the roots of its being. Christianity, made up of formalism, pretence, and false rhetoric has ceased to exist. Its time is over. To couple its life with camouflaged paganism is henceforth impossible. And now begins an era of concrete realism which brings out into the open the primitive reality of life, makes all veils fall to the ground, and places the human soul face to face with the mysteries of life and death. Conventions become without significance. The soul aspires to rise into the higher perspectives of life; it wishes to know the one thing needful; it wishes to lose itself in Truth, as in Justice."

#### A TEA PARTY ALARMED.

Mr. A. W. Sterry narrates in the *Australian Theosophist* what happened at an afternoon tea-party, to which he had been invited, in the house of Mrs. Ellerker, at Hawksburn, Victoria.

The guests were seated around the room, at a distance from the table, on one end of which stood the tea urn, cups, saucers, and cakes. The table was large and stood on four massive legs. It was so heavy that four men could scarcely lift it. Suddenly it rose at the end where the tea things were lying and everything immediately slipped down towards the other end, and seemed in peril of being smashed. The guests jumped up and caught the urn, porcelain, and cakes in their flight!

When peace was restored Mrs. Ellerker thus addressed the disturbing force:—"My! but we nearly lost our best tea-set, dad. I shall have to scold you if you do that again." At these words the table stood up on two of its feet, cracked loudly, swayed violently, and then fell back with a terrible noise.

Mrs. Ellerker then explained that this manifestation had been caused by her deceased husband. She said he had wished once more to exhibit the circumstances in which he had found his death. In his life he had been a sea captain and his ship foundered at sea.

And what seemed very wonderful was that the disturbing manifestations had been produced in broad daylight, without any joining of hands or sitting close to the table.

#### PETITES NOUVELLES.

The Belgian Clerical press gives flattering praise to a book on "Spiritualism in Belgium" by Father Charles. But the book is as absurd as the work on "Spiritualism and Madness" by Dr. Xavier de Oliveira, of Brazil, or that on "Spiritualism in Brazil" by Dr. Leonidio Robeira. The partiality and false suggestions of such Catholic documents can only appeal to readers who are ignorant or who love blatant falsehood.

*Constancia*, one of the oldest Spiritualist publications in the world, has just celebrated the 55th anniversary of its foundation.

A new Spiritualist publication named *Astralis* has just appeared at Craiova, in Roumania.

Competitive papers are being invited by *Recherche Psychique*, Milan, on "Theories on the Soul's Survival in the scientific and philosophic thought of Italy in the 19th century."

A Dutch reader who studies the mechanism of dreams asks me to cite some good books on this subject, and I refer to "*Les Rêves et les moyens de les diriger*" by Hervey de Saint Denis, the books of Havelock Ellis, Rank, Max Simon, Yves Delage, Maeder, and the recent volume of Mrs. Margaret Combes, entitled "*Le Rêve et la Personnalité*" (Boivin, Paris).



## Do Earth Memories Persist in the After-Life.

BY WILL CARLOS.

**S**PIRITUALISTS generally believe that the soul carries its consciousness into the spirit-life, and that memory—a part of consciousness—also persists. Yet it is found that many of our communicators, especially those who have passed over a considerable time, have very vague recollections of earthly events.

We have been assured that renewed contact with the conditions of earth and with contemporary souls is requisite before those who have passed over can recall events in their earth lives, and then only by utilising the brains of a suitable medium—that is, one of a similar mental calibre.

We know how a chord of music, or a familiar sound, expression of a face, or even a gesture, reminds us of things of long-ago that we had forgotten. Trifles light as air awaken in us dormant feelings and visions. But then we who are alive possess in our brains the repository of all our sense impressions. The souls who have passed out of the body have left behind them that receptacle, and seem, therefore, deprived of that advantage.

Can it be said that the soul possesses a duplicate brain in which the memories are stored? If so, it would surely not need mediums on earth to act as agents, or the renewed phenomena of sight or sound to stimulate the memory.

Some of our memories automatically reveal themselves, recurrently or occasionally; while others seem dormant altogether and almost require delving up before they can be awakened; and still others cannot by any means be resurrected and are apparently defunct.

If that is so with us on earth, it is at least credible that earthly memories, though permitted to survive in some form, as shadows or echoes

of the past, and persisting for a time should fade and become at last obliterated as advancement is made and new impressions are being continually received in the life beyond.

Most human souls have memories they would willingly relinquish, and it seems unthinkable that pure unalloyed peace of mind can ever be attained if such memories should continue to haunt the future life.

Unprogressive souls who have surrounded themselves with replicas of their mundane environment may still retain memories, for their conditions and associations will retain their original character, but souls who have progressed and engirded themselves with new environments and new associates will probably gradually lose earth memories, which will finally become obliterated by the ever multiplying awareness of much higher and nobler things.

The stream of thought—(we wonder sometimes, "where is its source?")—brings back memories when we least desire them, and conversely *not* when we do. Sometimes these thoughts come without chronological sequence. The same occurs in our dreams where the past and present become hopelessly confused and factors unknown to us are introduced; we see persons and scenes we are not familiar with, and we wonder why they should obtrude on our consciousness.

Such being the case, can we assume that when the carnal body is laid aside (the brain, of course, as well) we shall still carry memory with us? May it not be that some faint impressions of the brain memories may be retained by the soul while we remain within the earth's conditions, but once we are liberated therefrom those memories will be mercifully wiped out, so that they shall not mar the bliss of the world to come.

## Materialising Seances in Holland.

### UNRULY DISTURBERS AT AMSTERDAM.

BY B. K. KIRBY

**I**N the month of May I accompanied Mrs. Singleton to Holland, in response to an invitation we received to give materialising seances at The Hague and Amsterdam. We gave three seances at Mr. Van Walt's house at The Hague, and one to the Amsterdam Psychic Research Society. There were over twenty sitters at each meeting.

Our first seance, at The Hague, on a Monday, was very satisfactory. "Ivy," Mrs. Singleton's little black guide; "Ethel," the friend of Mr. Jobson's who operates the "Reflectograph"; and a child of Mr. Van Walt's all materialised, and were seen in a good red light. Each spoke in the direct voice. Ethel greeted by name the friends she had met before in Holland, and presented each with a flower which she took out of a vase. Ivy put on a little fancy cap Mr. Van Walt offered her, and played a tune on a little toy piano. Mr. Van Walt's little girl did not materialise so strongly, as it was her first attempt, but she manifested better at our third seance.

On Wednesday we prepared for a big experiment. A well-known photographer at The Hague, Mr. Oppenheim, wished to take a photograph of Ethel in a red light. He said the exposure would take six minutes, but Ethel was only able to stand still for one minute twenty seconds. The result was therefore only a faint impression, but Ethel's features were sufficiently shown to encourage the photographer to make further experiments with a more powerful camera later on.

#### TWO MEDICAL MISCHIEF MAKERS.

On Saturday Ethel, Ivy, and the little Dutch girl again manifested. The last mentioned embraced her father and spoke to him in Dutch. Two medical men, Dr.

Fortuyn and Dr. Boelens, who were new to the subject were present, and although they had no fault to find at the time, they said next day that the whole thing could be explained away! They also sent letters to the friends at Amsterdam saying they did not trust us! Mr. Van Walt told us further that the doctors had arranged for the materialised spirit form to be seized when we went to Amsterdam, and that electric torches should be flashed out during the seance.

In view of this warning we went to Amsterdam on the following Monday morning, and interviewed Mr. Druyff, the Secretary of the Psychic Research Society. We held a seance with him and another leading member, Mr. Polak. Mr. Jobson, controlling the medium, referred to the suspicions of the doctors and said the seance must be held under the same conditions as those at The Hague, and that every sitter must obey myself as leader. Mr. Druyff and Mr. Polak accepted these conditions and promised they would be fulfilled, shaking hands on it with Mr. Jobson through the medium.

Accordingly, we held a seance that same night at Mr. Druyff's house, when twenty-four sitters were present. Ethel, Ivy, and the Eastern Guide of the President of the Amsterdam Psychic Society materialised, and at the close everyone expressed their satisfaction, excepting some in the back row who said they had been unable to see.

On Tuesday morning the members of the Society drove us in a car to see the sights of Amsterdam and neighbourhood, and in the afternoon they took us by boat through all the canals and waterways. On Wednesday they took us by steamer to the islands of Volendam and Marken and through the Zuyder Zee.

#### "A VERITABLE BEAR GARDEN."

On our return about 6 p.m. we were to give another seance at Mr. Druyff's house. We found that Mr. Druyff



had been called away and that Mr. Polak was to preside. Mrs. Druyff entertained us to tea and by eight o'clock twenty-four persons had assembled. With the aid of Mr. Polak, I arranged the sitters, picking out those he considered most sympathetic for the first two rows of seats. A number of persons not included in these rows clamoured for front seats and tried forcibly to oust those in these positions. They pushed the chairs about and set up such a condition of noise and disturbance that I warned them unless they could compose themselves and behave in an orderly manner within five minutes there would be no seance.

Thereupon the disturbers filed out into an adjoining room, taking with them some of the sitters from the front rows. The uproar from this room was even worse than before, and knowing the conditions were utterly hopeless I went amongst them and said they would now have no five minutes to consider, as the seance was definitely abandoned.

On account of the turmoil the medium had almost collapsed, and was only partially restored by the attentions of Mr. L. Klopman, a powerful magnetiser, and four very sympathetic ladies. Their healing treatment was

continued till about ten o'clock, when Mr. Druyff arrived home, and wanted to know what had happened.

I told him it had been impossible to hold any seance owing to the circumstances above mentioned. He said he had received no fees from the sitters but would pay for the seance himself. This I declined to accept.

Mr. Druyff also told us he had learned that the disturbers had torches in their pockets and had made up their minds to seize the materialised forms during the seance. Fortunately they themselves had made this impossible by turning the seance room into a veritable bear garden in advance. Had a seance been held they would obviously have made it a pandemonium!

We learn since our return that there has been a great deal of controversy about our materialising seances in the two camps of Dutch psychical researchers, but the above account may be taken as a true version of what occurred.

Since writing the above article I have heard from Holland that Mr. Druyff has resigned from the Psychical Research Society.

## Psychic Photographs of My Sister-in-Law.

By F. W. FITZSIMMONS, Port Elizabeth.

I DESIRE to place on record that I obtained a psychic photograph which is genuine beyond any shadow of doubt through the mediumship of Messrs. George and Craig Falconer. Whatever may have been said to the contrary, these boys undoubtedly possess the rare gift of psychic photography.

When the Falconers were in Cape Town in May and June of 1931, I wrote asking if they would be so kind as to take a couple of photographs on my behalf, with the hope that some spirit whom I might recognise would appear. They wired me the day and time they would make the experiment in Cape Town, and I sat for fifteen minutes in my home in Port Elizabeth, and concentrated on a psychic photo of my wife's sister Annie, who passed out some thirty years ago when nearly twenty years of age. This photograph I had obtained under perfect test conditions, through the mediumship of Mrs. Deane, at the Borderland Library, 5 Smith Square, Westminster, in September, 1930. It is a miniature and full face.

The Falconers, in due course, sent me three photographs with psychic extras, two of which I did not recognise. The third, however, was a very fine psychic extra of Annie, with face two-thirds profile, smiling and with eyes looking down. Accompanying these prints was a letter from Craig Falconer informing me they had only intended exposing two plates, as requested by me, but their mother became entranced, and her Guide gave a perfect description of the girl in question, giving her full name, "Annie Russell." The Guide said she begged them to make a third exposure, because she had not succeeded in impressing the image on either of the former plates, "because other spirit people had pushed her aside."

In August of the same year I was in Johannesburg and was present at the weekly Circle of Service, which has been held there for the past two years. It is a direct voice circle, and the three aluminium trumpets in use are clearly visible all the time. Six well-known citizens form the circle, and the room is absolutely bare of furniture, except chairs for the sitters and a square of carpet on the centre of the floor.

After the trumpets had been whirled through the air and various spirit people had spoken through them, my turn came. The largest of the trumpets struggled up my leg and arm, and rested on my shoulder. Then it floated out, the bell-end pointed to my face, and the words came forth, clear and distinct, "Annie! It is I. The Guide will tell you about it. The Guide wants to tell you something. Do not say anything now. Just wait."

Prior to the sitting I had placed an unmounted copy of the psychic photo the Falconers took on my behalf in the left-hand pocket of my coat. I said mentally at the time, "Annie, if this is a photo of you, tell me so at the seance to-night if you can succeed in getting through."

After Annie had spoken, I drew this print from my pocket, and putting it on my knee held it firmly down with my fingers, allowing half of the print to jut out beyond my bent knee. It was pitch dark, therefore my movements and the photo were unseen by anyone present.

After the three spirit friends of other sitters had spoken, the largest of the three trumpets floated up. It passed itself in the air some six feet above the floor. The bell-end pointed down to me, and a man's deep voice came through it. "U. G. (Unseen Guide) greets you. Yes, that is a representation of Annie on the photo-

graph. It was not a very successful one; but it conveys quite a good idea of what she is like now."

The trumpet then dived down and the rim of it struck the photo three times, so loudly that Mr. T. A. R. Purchas, who is rather hard of hearing, ejaculated, "What's that?"

Two days later I was granted the privilege of a private sitting with a wonderful trance medium, who is the wife of a well-known Johannesburg gentleman. She went into trance, and her spirit control spoke to me. I said, "Can you tell me who the spirit is on this photograph? I then drew out the Falconer picture and laid it on the



THE PSYCHIC EXTRA OF "ANNIE."

[Reproduced from a Photographic Enlargement]

table, face downward." The control immediately said, "It is a lady, and her name is Annie. I will let her come and speak to you. She is here now."

The medium then sank back, but after a short interval she leaned forward and impulsively extended her hands to me. She whispered, "I am Annie, Henny's (my wife's) sister Annie." I said, "If it is really you, Annie, please tell me whose picture is in the centre of a cloud of ectoplasm in this photo," and I laid my hand on it. "It is I," came the eager reply. "Did not 'U. G.' tell you about it? Yes, yes, both are pictures of me—one is a miniature" (referring to the other spirit photo I had obtained through Mrs. Deane).

Could anything be more conclusive of the genuineness of the Falconer photography than this?



## The Church of Scotland and Spiritualism.

By THE REV. W. A. REID, M.A.

THE attitude of the Church of Scotland to "Spiritualism," or as I have called it in the five Petitions I have made to the Church (three to the General Assembly and two to the Presbytery of Glasgow), "Modern Psychic Phenomena" and "Spirit Communion and the Exercise of Spiritual Gifts," is to the outsider rather difficult to comprehend. Yet it is simple; and I stated in these Petitions, in various forms and perfectly plainly, the principles involved.

In this last Petition, which the General Assembly rejected in May last, I elaborated the points even more clearly; and I give now the main points:—

1st.—The psychic phenomena in question are recorded as facts in the Bible.

2nd.—The same psychic phenomena are vouched for by thousands of living witnesses and trained recorders, so precisely that their testimony may be regarded as logical and legal evidence.

3rd.—The Bible psychic phenomena standing alone are quite insufficient to satisfy this age and civilization; but when substantiated by repeated similar evidence to-day, the central doctrines of the Church, for example the Resurrection of Jesus, become not only credible but indisputable.

I asked the Church of Scotland General Assembly to welcome this modern proof, and pointed out that, if they refused to do so, they might lose the confidence and support of many of their loyal members, as well as show that it is their settled corporate opinion that no modern proof of their basal positions is possible. Thus an enormous, and it may be irreparable harm might be done to the Church institution and to the world at large. The Church—even the Roman Catholic Church—is losing its power and influence. It could largely retain both if it would thankfully accept the support to its dogmas and morality which modern spirit communication offers in such profusion.

### THE SCOTTISH CHURCH'S POSITION.

The time has come for me to reveal the following. As a result of the Petition I laid before the General Assembly in 1920 a report was presented in 1922. Great names were on the Committee. When the final draft was read to the Committee both fair and unfair things were stated, as well as some progressive ideas. I said that they might put into the Report what they pleased, but if they did not state that "there was room in the Church of Scotland for Christian Spiritualists," there would be a Minority Report. The clause was inserted; and as the result of my Petitions of 1931 and 1932 this statement remains, and all and sundry are referred to it, certainly supplemented by the statement on the Report that psychic research is an investigation which has a bearing on "the cure of souls."

But this means very little, as it evidently connotes that Spiritualists in the Church are tolerated, but are regarded as a nuisance. The Church has twice refused to say that Modern Spiritualism contributes anything of value to religion, or that human survival needs to be proved to-day, or that anything new can be received by prophets of our day.

To me this seems direct disobedience to Bible commands and repudiation of the example of Jesus with the three disciples on the Mount. He encouraged them to talk with spirits. As they prayed a cloud was formed, and a voice spoke to the disciples, "This is My beloved son, in whom I am well pleased: hear Him." And later, Moses and Elias warned the three men of the approaching death of the Master. It looks as if the Church of Scotland—certainly an aggressive section of it—were criticising the Master Himself, and calling the Voice and the conversation with Moses and Elias a fake and a fraud.

### "MANY CHURCH SPIRITUALISTS."

I bear testimony that the Rev. Dr. White, properly called the Leader of the Church, received my Petition with courtesy and toleration; but he completely ignored my arguments as stated. He was careful not to speak

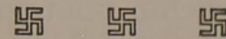
adversely of Church Spiritualists, as many influential ministers and laymen have declared publicly that their opinions coincide with mine. I understand his delicate position. He knows quite well that no Presbytery would agree to expel from the Church any Spiritualistic minister or layman; but there is an aggressive and narrow element in the Church, some of them people of means and influence and genuinely sincere, who think *modern* (though not ancient) spirit communion is of the devil. These last have been allowed to force this decision on the Assembly. This fact, therefore, remains, that the General Assembly has twice explicitly and definitely declared that while they tolerate Spiritualists they can find no practical or religious value in their activities.

For myself I feel no grievance, nor even personal disappointment, which might be essentially egotistic; but my heart bleeds for some ministers, convinced as I am, who are held in fear by these sincere bigots and wise scribes, and dare not voice their convictions lest they might jeopardise their living or lessen their chance of promotion.

### THE CHURCH ON THE DEFENSIVE.

The Church has much to offer the world, but unfortunately at this moment it is everywhere on the defensive. The great breath of spirit communion would help to make it irresistible; without it it may fade away. But "The Truth goes marching on," leaving behind it many glorious candlesticks in which its Light once burned.

*Verb. sap.* I have done the best I could for the Church I love: I can do no more.



### GLIMPSE OF A HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS.

By ELIZABETH TERRY.

SOME years ago, when an art student in a large city, I passed through a strange experience, the memory of which has often been of great help to me during the long years of illness and loneliness which have followed.

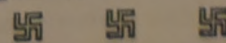
One winter morning I suddenly experienced an unwonted feeling of great happiness. I seemed to hear music and singing all around me, and my body felt light and incapable of pain or fatigue. I seemed to be surrounded by an ocean of beautiful light. This feeling of happiness continued and was so intense that I could not sleep at nights. I lay awake with my eyes closed, meditating and praying, and especially longing for light on the Kingdom, which our Lord said was to come.

Very early one morning I got up to dress, but fearing to awaken the household I lay down again; but my joyful emotions would not allow me to sleep. I closed my eyes and the moment I did so I found myself away from my bedroom, apparently in mid-air, in a certain part of the city where four lines of street cars crossed. A tramcar was coming up the street facing me, and a voice at my right hand said, "These things have no solidity, except the form which thought gives them." At once a sort of shiver passed through the car, and it appeared to disintegrate. I was able to see its atoms, of a bluish colour, vibrating rapidly before they spread out and disappeared altogether.

The voice then said, "Put your finger through this." At once a large lamp-post, beside which I was, turned into what seemed to be a column of fog-blue atoms vibrating at a terrific rate, and it also disappeared. The voice again spoke:—"They shall be lifted up as eagles by the strong wind of the Lord"; and at once I was flung up in the air like a feather or a leaf by the greatest wind of which it is possible to conceive, a wind which I knew was beneficent as well as mighty.

By this time I had come to the conclusion that I was "dead," or that I had passed out of the physical world for good, and I thought what a delightful and glorious experience death is, instead of being terrifying and awful. But the moment I began to think, I found myself back again in my room looking at my body, which lay on the bed with its eyes closed, and with the face looking like a mask. I knew the eyes could not open again unless I entered the body, which I did at once.

Then my eyes opened again on the everyday scenes, and I rose to thank and glorify God, who had vouchsafed such a wonderful experience.



"Psychometry by Post."—Will the contributor of the article on this subject, which appeared last month, kindly communicate with the Editor.

### SIR WATER SCO

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**SIR WATER SCOTT'S RETURN**—Continued from p. 152.

in that little seance room in the heart of London? The medium knew nothing about him beyond having heard his name. No one knew who we were or where we came from.

We had no thought in our mind at the time of Sir Walter, or the slightest notion of ever receiving a message from him. Was it perhaps because we had been born and brought up within four miles of Abbotsford, the "romance in stone and lime," where he lived and wrote his novels? Or because from infancy we had been soaked in the Scott tradition and had daily seen his monument in the Selkirk Market Place, in front of the Court House, where he had sat as Sheriff of the County? Or because we had been so deeply interested in everything concerning Sir Walter that we had for years made a hobby of rooting out every old man or woman left alive who remembered him and had talked with him, and whose affectionate reminiscences we had printed in a Scottish newspaper we were then editing. We had known old Granny Waugh, who nursed him on his death-bed, and who had described to us his last days on earth. We had interviewed Mrs. Jean Renwick, the young scullerymaid at Abbotsford he used to question when seeking for some doric word he could not recall. "I juist used to speak to him as I would speak to ma mither, an' the other lassies were a' that nebbly when speaking to the grand folk," was her explanation of why she had been selected for that honour.

We had often heard "Wullie Broon, the gravedigger"—who used to boast on very slender grounds, "Oh, aye, Sir Walter an' me were weel acquent"—narrate an

incident that happened at Ettrickbridgend "on the very day afore Sir Walter went off to Rome, an' efter he came back he was never ower the bed sensible." We had known since infancy Old James Murray (sometimes nicknamed "Cappen" and sometimes "Huggen," because he used to sing "The Battle of Copenhagen" with that pronunciation!), and seen him show how Sir Walter walked with both hands leaning on the walking-stick before him. We knew well Mrs. Mary Steensin (Stephenson) who remembered as a girl seeing Sir Walter often in Melrose when he drove there in a basket carriage followed by his famous dog "Myda" (Maida) "that was as big as a cuddy" (donkey). And after her marriage, in Selkirk, she used to walk to Melrose to visit her mother and never passed Abbotsford without stopping at "Maida's" tomb in the little wood opposite, and, on seeing the tombstone with its Latin inscription, "I juist used to say, 'Eh whow mei, what an awfu' regaird that man must have hed for his dogw!'"

All these and many other affectionate reminiscences may well enough have been overheard by "the ghost of Sir Walter" if he had still kept in touch with "the forest toon" and "the ballad-haunted region" of his immortal labours. And if in his spirit-life he had any wish still to express, as to matters on the mortal plane, we were perhaps the most likely person within call to receive it and attend to it. The moment the opportunity offered Sir Walter seized it, and though unhappily nothing was done to gratify his wish we have no doubt that it was in reality he and no one else who manifested in that humble upper-room in Regent Square.

J. L.

## "Twenty Years After"—Things Worth Recalling.

(FROM THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE OF JUNE, 1912.)

**MR. STEAD'S AUTOMATIC HAND.**

THOSE who charge Mr. Stead with credulity overlook his possession of an "automatic hand," that gave him correct answers to questions of practical moment year in, year out.—*Felicia R. Scatcherd in "A Prince and Pioneer of Psychical Research."*

**HOW TO ATTAIN HEALTH AND WEALTH.**

Suppose you want wealth or health. Somebody is enjoying that health or wealth. Get into that group soul, feel the radiant health of some child, of some savage denizen on the Pacific Ocean islands. Feel it, because in that state of ecstasy you are everybody.

There are other ways: If you want health, go in spirit to the children at the seaside and run and laugh and shout with them, feel you are them, and health will come to you.

If you want money take a walk in Bond Street among rich people. Or go out in spirit into these people by a sort of psychometry. Feel their minds, and you will come away feeling just as rich as they. There is a hint for you. Pick up the sense of having money. "To him that hath it" in this way "to him it shall be given."—*Mr. Frederic Thurstan, M.A.*

**THE REALLY LEARNED PEOPLE.**

Cocksure people are not learned, the really learned ones are not at all sure that they are learned; and we who practice the art of happiness never argue about things, because we feel there is no necessity to argue.—*From a Translation of the writings of Lao-Tze, read by Dr. Bernard Smith.*

**BURIED FOR A MONTH.**

Count Hamon ("Cheiro") in a lecture to the International Club, over which Dr. Abraham Wallace presided, said when in India he witnessed the burial under the earth of a Yogi for a month. Flowers were planted and grew over his grave. At the end of the month he was restored from the grave and was perfectly well.

**A LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND PALMISTRY.**

Lord Russell of Killowen three years before he became Lord Chief Justice of England went to Cheiro to have his hands read. Cheiro did not know the very exacting and apparently severe old gentleman who came to see him. "I told him," he writes in his Reminiscences, published by Rider, "that in a certain year and in a given month in that year he would reach the summit of whatever his profession was, and that he would at that moment hold the highest position that his career could confer on him."

Pressed to give the exact day, he replied, "By my calculations, the day should be any one of those days which made by addition the figure of one in the month of July, 1894, such as the first, tenth, nineteenth, or twenty-eighth."

Cheiro asked his visitor to give him an impression of his hands for his collection. The reply was, "You shall have it on one of the days you have mentioned, provided the prediction is verified."

Some three years later Cheiro was summoned to the Royal Courts of Justice—for what purpose he did not know. After waiting nearly an hour in a nervous state of mind, a side door opened and the Lord Chief Justice appeared:—

I admit (says Cheiro) I did not recognise my client of some years before, but, without waiting a moment, rolling up his sleeves, he said, "I am willing to keep my promise; you can have impressions of my hands now."

I had no apparatus for doing such work with me, so I took a candle standing on the table, blackened some sheets of paper which the Lord Chief Justice himself found in a drawer, and in a few minutes I had obtained an excellent impression of his hands.

Taking a pen he wrote, "Russell of Killowen," with the date, and simply said, "You see I have kept my promise; this is the first day I have put on these robes as Lord Chief Justice of England—your date was exact, though how you did it I cannot imagine."

That was assuredly the act of a very brave and honest man. Newly enrobed as the chief dignitary of English law, Lord Russell was not afraid to acknowledge the accuracy of Cheiro's prediction, nor to give a signed impression of his hands on paper stamped with the seal of the High Courts of Justice.

Among other distinguished patrons of Cheiro were King Edward, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Joseph and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Parnell, Sir George Lewis, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt.—*From the Editor's Review of Cheiro's Memoirs.*

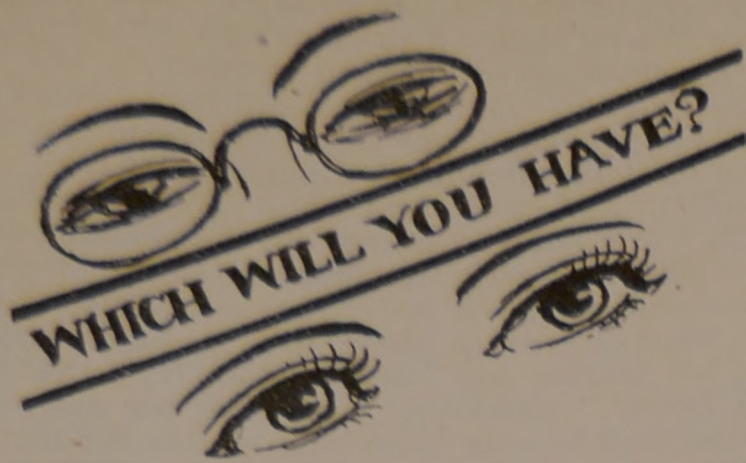
**"WE ARE HERE."**

WE have pleasure in announcing that a second edition of Judge Dahl's notable book, "We are Here," has been issued by Rider at the very moderate price of 3/6.

It will be recalled that in our original review of the book in November last we called it "The Spiritualistic Book of The Year." The reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement*, though he found some of the tales related "extremely curious," still admitted the "the volume compiled by Judge Ludvig Dahl from the records of his own family circle presents a more coherent and possible picture of the existence to which the newly-discarnated awake than any so far known to us."

The book is soon to appear in Swedish and German translations. About 6,000 copies of the Professor's three books on his psychic experiences have been sold in Norway and Denmark, and nowhere has the genuineness of his experiences been doubted in the press reviews.





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