









# PSYCHESTIC MAGAZINE

## A HAUNTED HOUSE AT LOS ANGELES

On the east side of South Main street, not far from Sixth, nestling as "snuggles" a bug in a rug in the midst of almost a score of tall and spreading eucalyptus trees, towering date palms, massive and stately pepper trees, with their drooping branches, stands a two-story frame building.

Years ago when Southern California was yet wild and woolly, and when this bright, bustling and busy little sun-kissed Southern California city was still in its swaddling clothes, this oddly constructed and now rather antiquated frame structure was listed in the category of "Handsome Homes of Southern California."

Long, long years ago, when adobe houses were almost without exception the abiding places of early Californians, this white painted frame building was considered in reality a mansion, and in those days so it was. That the grounds surrounding this old-time place of abode are exceptionally handsome and picturesque, goes without saying.

There was a time, and that time was not a great while ago, when the native Californian, with a certain degree of pride, pointed out this old homestead to the visitor and tourist to Los Angeles as the palatial residence of one of the Southern California pioneer families. The name of the owner and occupant of this grand old mansion home was a household word, and just as sacred as that name was held in bygone days, it is held to-day; and just as much honored and respected is that name in Los Angeles to-day, as it was in the early history of the city.

Time, as everybody knows, brings about wonderful changes in all things, and time has effected a wonderful change with this one of Southern California's pioneer families. Within the past dozen years, the founders of this old Los Angeles family have passed away; but their name and memory still live and are held in highest reverence by all.

The first of those two old pioneers to pass from this life was the good housewife and mother of an interesting family. In the course of time, the vacancy caused in the family circle by her demise was filled by another. Three years or so ago the founder of the name in Los Angeles also journeyed across the dark river of death, leaving a widow—by second marriage—and a step-daughter, in addition to the original family.

As for the old homestead—well, it, too, has undergone many changes, and to-day, instead of being looked upon with admiration by the town folk, and pointed out by them as the once palatial residence of one of Los Angeles' pioneer families, it is referred to now as the abandoned home of former occupants. If the early history of this old homestead was pleasant to relate then the bit of history that has recently attached itself to this abandoned home is just the opposite.

Recently, strange, weird and uncanny tales have become current in this city concerning this old house, and the stories that are being gossiped about are of that character which cause cold chills to chase up and down one's spinal column, producing a tingling sensation at the roots of the hair and causing the listener to glare at the narrator with an expression of horror and exclaim, "Goodness gracious; you don't say so; it is really possible, etc., etc." To-day it is no different matter—nor has it been for some time past—to find people in Los Angeles who will willingly, readily, and in all seriousness, relate strange stories about this old homestead and will back up their assertions and declarations by descriptions of decidedly unpleasant personal experiences, encountered while occupants of the old house, and who will openly and above board say, "I have seen such things as haunted houses then surely, and beyond all question of doubt this old mansion is one of them."

On more than one occasion has it been my pleasure to hold conversation with at least a dozen good, reliable, trustworthy and truth-loving people—citizens of Los Angeles—who have unhesitatingly and with all seriousness, related their personal experiences of the many strange and uncanny things that occurred in this old house while they, at one time or other, were unfortunate enough to be occupants of the "haunted old barn," as many were pleased to call it.

Like the old Senator from Missouri, I insisted that seeing was believing, and that they would have to show me. To-day it is no different matter—nor has it been for some time past—to find people in Los Angeles who will willingly, readily, and in all seriousness, relate strange stories about this old homestead and will back up their assertions and declarations by descriptions of decidedly unpleasant personal experiences, encountered while occupants of the old house, and who will openly and above board say, "I have seen such things as haunted houses then surely, and beyond all question of doubt this old mansion is one of them."

Did I hear anything? Well, just listen to me while I relate it to you. First, however, I will give the experiences of others; those who, along with myself, are responsible for the branding of this old abandoned mansion as the "haunted house."

During the months of October, November and December of 1890, and January, February and March of 1891, the old residence was occupied by a family from the East, consisting of husband, wife and brother. During the winter other Easterners came to Los Angeles and took quarters at this house. Whether or not the previous occupants of the house had been subjected to any spook experiences or spiritualistic manifestations is not known. Certain it is, however, that the aforesaid occupants from the East got all that was coming to them in that particular line.

On the first night of their stay in the house, Mrs. Brown declares, she repeatedly heard a sound each morning as if some one was following her downstairs. It was a heavy, shambling footstep, like that of an aged person, and more than once did she experience the strange sensation as though a heavy hand had been placed on her shoulder. So convinced was she at the time that she was being followed by some person that, in order to make sure, she turned and looked about.

An experience related by Mr. Brown, who has previously hooted and scoffed at the stories, regardless of the noises she heard, is equally as spooky. Three nights in succession was he aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a strange noise. "My room," said he to the writer, "was as a rule dark. On the three nights I speak of I awoke to find my room all aglow, as if lighted by a phosphorescent substance. Each time I observed the figure of a tall, graceful young woman, with light flowing locks, glide across my room. I actually heard several loose boards in the floor of my room creak beneath her—or its—feet. Although the time my room was closed and locked, and the doors seemed to pass right through it. The first night I got up and made a search of the entire first and second floors, but my search availed me naught. My young and handsome female visitor was nowhere to be found. This happened the last week of our stay in the house."

A year or so previous to the demise of the former owner a room was built for his special benefit on the south side of the house, and herein, for quite a while, the old gentleman slept and spent most of the time in the last few months of his existence. In this room

strange things have happened, and peculiar sounds have been heard. Recently a party of well-known local Spiritualists, who had heard the spook stories that were afloat, called at the house. The evening, they gathered themselves, along with the other members of the family, in the room in question. All lights were turned out or lowered. Presently one of the Spiritualists exclaimed, "I see a very old man. He is tottering across the floor. Now he has passed out that door leading into the rear yard." The description of this "visiting spirit" tallied, it is asserted, with the deceased owner of the house. Other members of the party announced the presence of several other male and female spirits.

Early in October a young man from the East came to Los Angeles to spend the winter. He engaged a room at the house in question. The first night in the house was spent in the aforesaid room. He retired about 10:30. Here is what he has to say regarding these spook "happenings": "I had a very bad night's sleep. I was awakened by a noise that I took to be the sound of a door opening. I turned on the light and found that my attention was attracted by what appeared to be a very heavy and laborious breathing, and by some one apparently lying alongside my bed. Several times, in order, if possible, to figure the thing out, I held my own breath for a few seconds and lay perfectly quiet. The idea of spirits or spooks never entered my mind. My only conclusion was that possibly a sneak thief had entered the house during the day and had concealed himself in that room with the intention of helping himself to the property or possessions of the various members of the household after they had journeyed into slumberland. In order to satisfy myself in this respect, I got up, lit the gas and personally inspected under the bed, in the closets and every nook and corner in that room. No sooner had I made a light than the light and tumbled into bed. Having satisfied myself that the only thing in the flesh and blood line in that room was myself, I returned to bed. Immediately the room was darkened and the heavy breathing was resumed, and it was still going on when I, too, passed into the land of 'Nod.'"

"During my six weeks' stay in that house I experienced many of the incidents related by others, with a few extras thrown in, all of which were of a character sufficient to cause premature gray hair." Several of the local Spiritualists present at the seance previously referred to, explained that the many strange noises heard were due to one or more "earth bound" spirits who had departed this life before having fully and satisfactorily "checked up" their earthly affairs, and were consequently not at rest in the spirit world and would not be until said matters were "fixed up" satisfactorily. They advised the occupants of the house to ask, some night, when the spooks were perambulating, "Who are you, and what do you want?" As none of the aforesaid members of the household could be induced to get familiar, cultivate an acquaintance or strike up a conversation with any "earth bound" spirits, the latter continued to make "rough house" almost nightly. As for me, I concluded that if there were any "earth bound" spooks wandering about the premises with troubles to tell, they had best engage the off ear of one of Los Angeles' handsome "coppers."—Nina E. Morrow, in the Herald, Los Angeles, Cal.

## THE DYING CENTURY.

Arouse, ye watchers of the night, what ho!

The giant's strength grows weak, his pulse is low!

Stand near him, here on either side, And smother his pillow—hold his hand—

And listen for his last command—Ere yet the Century has died.

The clammy sweat of death is on his brow—

Another breath! He does not feel you now!

His lips are moving—let him talk, And catch each word; as treasured

The wisdom that experience taught, An hundred years along man's walk.

"O, time! here, quick, your hand upon my heart,

Another pulsing hour and I depart—To that firm state of being long

That marks the record of the past, The pages of the rocks—the cast

Of things in life's eternal flow!

"Press on! In vain, in vain, the past may call!

The ancient gods must perish where they fall!

The promise of the morning's glow Lies far beyond the dying sun—

Forward is the command that won—Lo! the doubting wife, looked back,

and lo!

"Press on! All those who loiter in the rear

Catch but the echo of the voice you hear,

Stand where the lightning's flash is bright,

Stand where the precipice is high—The lofty Alps may guide the eye

When lesser peaks are clothed in night.

"The ladder Jacob saw has no top rung—

The poetry to come cannot be sung In Pyrrhic feet or Gothic runes,

And he whose hand controls the lyre, Above Pantheism must aspire

To Inspiration's thrilling tunes.

"Up! up! Forsake the battlements of hate!

Advance! Love's welcome parapets await

And beckon to the coming man! Shake off the curse of gold and greed,

The tyranny of priestly creed, And battle in the foremost van.

"Advance! and to the cringing souls who yelp,

With mainly grasp reach back the hand of help,

And from the depths of error's mire Lift them to heights where shines the sun

Of Liberty—the only one.

Who kindles Truth's eternal fire.

"Advance! Not with your armies' iron heel—

Advance! Not with your navies' clad in steel—

Not with your Bibles and your rum, Not with commercial glare and greed,

Not with your dogma and your creed, Not with your piercing life and drum!

"Advance! and may your banners glad the sky—

The earth, with mottoes that may never die!

"We come, the messengers of love and peace,

To cheer the poor, to free the slave, And give what nature's bounty gave

The liberty that will release.

"Hosannas loud, of music and of song, With victory, of righteousness o'er

With sun of truth, with light of mind, With balm that heals the heart ag-

grieved,

The Word that never has deceived, The brotherhood of all mankind!

O, priest, and king, and president, and czar,

Hear ye those words, and what their meanings are?

For Death has flashed their far and wide

Atward the ether firmament! In letters bold of discontent,

And lo! the Century has died!

—B. F. SLITER.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

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## THE TRICKSTER, And How He Imitates the Spiritual Phenomena.

ONE WHO ACTED AS CONFEDERATE TO A CHICAGO "MEDIUM" AND LEARNED ALL HIS TRICKS.

Wheeling, W. Va.—It appears from the Wheeling Register of a late date that that city has an educated trickster, who is able to deceive the very elect. It goes to state that the most satisfying, instructive and altogether pleasing entertainment was the one given by Mr. Harry W. Rogers, on the stage of the Opera House some time ago. He had a fair sized audience, composed mainly of skeptics, but including one or two "mediums," and a number of persons who have made a partial investigation of the "phenomena" which Mr. Rogers showed in a more skillful manner than the ordinary medium, but with the explanation that his results were achieved through trickery, pure and simple. The public is familiar with Mr. Rogers' investigation of Spiritualism, and a number of persons have attended private seances given by him. It was because of numerous and persistent requests for private exhibitions that he decided upon the public exhibition. The proceeds went to the City Hospital.

Those who were present at the time witnessed a duplication of all the so-called "phenomena" which mediums have developed in Wheeling. No medium ever did so much, as it is generally understood that a medium excels in a particular line for which he is "developed." This fact was explained in a short preparatory talk by Mr. Rogers. His investigation covered a wide range of the "phenomena" connected with attendance upon "seances," but embraced a study of all the literature obtainable, having a bearing upon the subject.

A peculiar phase of Mr. Rogers' investigations and subsequent expose, as explained by him fully, is the unwillingness of honest believers in Spiritualism to accept the result of his investigations. It is being said that he actually has the "power" and is really a marvelous medium, but is endeavoring to deceive the public. There is no doubt the degree in which the mysteries of the "dark circle" and the cabinet have fastened themselves upon the minds of Spiritualistic dupes. To offset this, the Register is authorized to offer a reward of \$2,500 to any medium who will come to Wheeling and produce a single supernatural result.

Incidental to his tests, Mr. Rogers gave evidence of the earnestness of his desire to undeceive the dupes of so-called mediums, and he came dangerously close to mentioning names, in giving instances of mediums which are being practiced in Wheeling. He told of one or two cases in which victims of "mediumistic" frauds were driven almost to the verge of insanity, and he was bitter in his denunciation of the commercial side of the deception.

On the matter of the "seances" were Col. Robert White, Henry M. Russell, Esq., Dr. Benbow and Dr. Eugene Hildreth. Other persons in the audience responded to his call for volunteers to assist in several tests. He first exposed slate writing, by showing how easily duplicate slates are used. He then answered several letters, which had been previously mailed to him, returning the letters to the writers with the seals unbroken.

It was his cabinet work which was most mystifying. He permitted the committee to go through the cabinet and invited every person in the audience to inspect it. Then, seated behind a black curtain, with a gentleman on each side, their heads protruding from holes in the curtain, he caused tambourines and bells to ring in the cabinet, after which they were tossed out by "spirit" hands. "Spirit" flowers were materialized, blank cards were passed into the cabinet, and returned with faces drawn by "spirit" hands. When the curtain was raised members of the committee were willing to swear that they held his hands all the while. Mr. Rogers then permitted himself to be handcuffed, using bracelets for which the manufacturers offer a reward of \$100 to any person who can open them without a key. The same results were obtained, and "spirit" hands were seen moving in the cabinet and touching members of the committee who endeavored to grab them. Then two slates containing no writing, were nailed together and clinched, and passed into the cabinet. In a short time they were passed out, pried open, and found to contain a message.

All this was done in full light, and the members of the investigating committee were compelled to acknowledge themselves mystified. Mr. Rogers did not give up, however, and then it was trickery. He exposed a trick by Anna Eva Fay, however. He started patting his hands, so that the noise so produced could be heard in the audience. Then he walked into the cabinet, and the noise continued, but the tambourine played, the bell rang, and a spirit hand was seen. The expose was so simple as to be almost ridiculous. Mr. Rogers made the patting noise by striking one of his cheeks, his other hand being free.

His materialization of full forms required the extinguishing of the lights. The cabinet was examined and found to contain nothing. Mr. Rogers entered, and a little later a ghostly form, clad in white, emerged and conversed with the gentlemen on the stage. A ridiculous use of phosphorus paint figured in this test. Mr. Rogers then exposed the trumpet voice fraud, showing plainly how it is produced. He concluded his entertainment by having the committee tie him securely in a sack. The committee sat with their backs to him, but the audience was enabled to see him get out of the bag. There were two bags. The audience enjoyed the blindfold look of the committee over this test.

One of the most inexplicable tests was the "trance." Mr. Rogers fixed his eyes on an object for a few minutes, then fell into the arms of two gentlemen, who placed his head on one chair, his feet resting upon another. While in that position two volunteers, whose combined weight was 265 pounds, sat upon his breast.

A more interesting entertainment of this character has never been seen in Wheeling. This man Rogers, who is said to be refined, courteous, and gentlemanly, has mastered all the methods of the educated tricksters. He first acted as a confederate to W. L. Brown, who had serious trouble last season at the Anderson Camp, but who received the cordial endorsement of an association located in Chicago, and in consequence has been able to do a great deal of harm. Mr. Rogers, with his wonderful sleight-of-hand ability, is a most acceptable medium at many camps, provided he wished to pose as such, and if he should happen to be exposed the gullibles would flock around him and defend him, or cry persecution. Few can realize the great damage being done to our beloved cause by these educated tricksters. They are in every city. They

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Dept. M. K. 7, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Infest every camp-meeting more or less. They are traveling around the country endorsed by Spiritualists, just as Mr. Rogers would be if he wished to act as a wonderful medium. Spiritualism is true. Spirits do return, and no one can expose the fact, but educated tricksters can in a certain degree "imitate" the various phenomena, and deceive the gullibles. Mr. Rogers is a friend to Spiritualism but an enemy to sleight-of-hand phenomena, such as produced by this man Brown.

To such an extent have these educated tricksters and sleight-of-hand performers injured Spiritualism, that the authorities in Washington, D. C., compel all mediums to take out a license, as if of some show. I wish the facts of Mr. Rogers spread before your readers, as a matter of news, and education, to let them understand the inroads that trickery is making in our grand cause.

T. A.

## HYPNOTISM.

VALUABLE WORKS ON SUGGESTION.

HYPNOTISM AND SUGGESTION, WHEN RIGHTLY APPLIED BECOME POTENT AGENTS FOR GOOD.

Mental and Moral Culture.

Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture. By John Duncan Quackenbos, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, Member of the New York Academy of Sciences, Fellow of the New Hampshire Medical Society, Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Beat in mind, please, that this book treats of Hypnotism in Mental and Moral Culture. It should be in every family. Price, \$1.25.

A Complete System.

Hypnotism, a Complete System of Method, Application and Use, including all that is known in the art and practice of mesmerism and mental healing, prepared for the self-instruction of beginners, as well as for the use of advanced students and practitioners. By L. W. D. Laurence. A good work for anyone to read. Price \$1. Paper, 50 cents.

The Field of Hypnotism.

Hypnotism, by Albert Moll. The author says: "Various recent researches in the field of hypnotism have rendered it necessary to remodel in part the earlier edition of the work. I have brought the history of hypnotism down to the present, and have throughout, I trust, presented the subject in its present state. In accordance with a wish which has been expressed by many, I have especially developed a chapter on the medical aspects of 'Hypnotism.' This is a work of over 400 pages, and is certainly very valuable. Price \$1.50.

Hypnotism—Its Uses and Dangers.

Hypnotism, How It Is Done; Its Uses and Dangers. By James R. Cooke, M. D. Dr. Cooke has hypnotized altogether about one thousand, three hundred and fifty people. The greater part of these were Americans, some Germans, quite a number of French, a few Russians, and a few of the Northern races, such as Danes, Russians, etc. It has been his purpose to illustrate the differences in the hypnotic state as they occur in the various nationalities, and in that respect the work is very valuable. Price \$1.50.

Its History and Present Development.

Hypnotism—Its History and Present Development. By Fredrick Bjornstrom, M. D., Head Physician of the Stockholm Hospital. This being a Swedish production, it will fit into your library very nicely, though you have all the other works on Hypnotism. Price 75 cents.

The Theory and Practice.

The Theory and Practice of Human Magnetism. Translated from the French of H. Durville. The preface by the publishers is as follows: "In these days when Magnetic Healers of positive and negative ability are inflicting their courses of instructions from \$5 to \$100, courses of instructions which are neither more nor less than 'rot' from cover to cover, there is a real need for a popular work bearing upon the subject of Magnetic Healing in all its branches, from the hand of one who is at least a scholar and a master of his profession." Price \$1.00.

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