

LIFE AND EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT LAND

A Series of Letters From Prof. William Denton,
Through the Mediumship of Carlyle Petersilea.

LETTER NUMBER TEN.

Someone wants to know if I can lie on the grass or the soft moss of the wildwood here and look at the stars as was my wont on earth? It seems a simple question enough, but like the questions of many children it requires considerable knowledge to answer it.

Our light here is not the light of the sun. That is material light. Our light is ethereal and not material. If I lie in an everglade here and look at a planet, I perceive that planet's ethereal spheres. It does not matter whether that planet has an atmosphere or not, its course is distinctly marked in the ether. You know, when I was with you in the body, I talked and wrote a great deal about the soul of things, and also said that all things left an image impressed on any substance near them.

This is a great truth; but what can be said when a spirit is freed from the body and finds that the universal ether is a great mirror, reflecting all things that live and move within it? Now these reflections are clear and plain to the eyes of the spirits.

This had to be explained before the answer to the question could be given.

Now, when lying in a spiritual everglade and looking at the stars, they do not look like little, twinkling lights, set in the sky. The bodies of the planets appear dark, but the reflection of all things existing upon them is mirrored within the ether, and plainly to be seen by the ethereal or spiritual eye. So, now, when I lie, or sit and gaze forth toward the so-called stars, I not only have the pleasure of seeing them, but of reading within the ether all that is transpiring upon them—at seeing just what kind of people inhabit each one of them. This pertains to the planets belonging to your system of worlds, or those belonging to your sun, but all the so-called fixed stars are suns to other systems of planets, or worlds, that you of earth never see. You only see the suns, but not their planets. Suns are not inhabited worlds.

I must pause here to say that spirit Franz Petersilea wrote to the world, in the name of his son Carlyle, in the books thus produced, all about the constitution of suns; and he wrote the truth, so I will not repeat it here. Get the books and read them, everybody. You will be benefited, instructed, interested, and amused as well.

Now we, here in the spirit world, not only perceive all these suns, which are to you stars, but we can perceive all the planets attending them. Just think how our starry heavens are enlarged, and besides perceiving them we can also perceive what is transpiring upon them. All is distinctly marked, or mirrored, or photographed, within the ether. But to return to my spiral circles:

Now when I was in my form of flesh and blood, when I discovered that which I thought to be true, I desired to tell the world about it; and I never failed to draw about me an interested audience—did not have to ask any man whether I could lecture or not, or whether this, that, or the other association considered me competent; but I took William Denton by the hand and said to him: Now, sir, as you are a free man, go you and do as you like. Don't hang on to the skirts of man, woman or child. Do that which you think is for the best. If you have got anything to say to the people, say it, and say it in your own way, and whatever you are responsible for, shoulder your own responsibilities; consult nobody but your wife, she being your other self, or the half of yourself.

And I always found William Denton my best and truest adviser and friend, that is, taken as a whole, wife and self. When I thought I had much to give to the people that would instruct and interest them, I straightaway hired a hall, paid for it, took proper measures to let the people know when and where I should hold forth, and then I held forth according to arrangements made.

The people flocked to hear me, for I had something that I wanted to tell them, and they wanted to hear it. It is of little use to tell a man anything he doesn't want to hear. Now the people really wanted me to knock the bottom out of hell. The most of them were too timid to do it themselves, yet they were kind-hearted and wanted their friends, shut in there, to get out, and so they flocked to hear William Denton demolish hell and fight the devil. This was in the days when the most of people believed in hell and its satanic king. In order to do this successfully I must have knowledge—must know about the formation of the earth—about its different strata—for I wanted to base all I had to tell on the rock of truth.

Now I am up on the spiral another degree, and I am the same William Denton as before; now I have something to tell the people from a loftier perch. I also give lectures and talks to the spirits here. I never lack for hearers, for I have got something to tell them that they want to know.

It must sound very strange to some of you, when I say that I have something to tell the spirits here in the spheres that they are glad to know, for many must think that other spirits have the same opportunity for knowing that I do.

Well, my reply is, that all men on earth have the same opportunity of knowing that I did, but all do not avail themselves of such opportunity. When on earth I did not believe in hell, the devil, atoning blood, and so forth; but thousands, aye millions of other men did, or thought they did, do now, or think they do, yet hundreds, even thousands, came to hear me tell them that those things were not so, and I now have the satisfaction of knowing that I thus struck the fetters from thousands of minds, yet those minds had the same opportunity of knowing that I did; many had far greater opportunity, for many of my hearers were wealthy, some very rich, yet they were bound slaves, so far as the mind was concerned—slaves to the most horrible dogmas—waiting for someone to arise and set them free.

Well, I was one of many others who arose to set them free; so there are millions of spirits here, in the spiritual world, who are yet bound slaves—slaves to other spirits' opinions—and they need me here as much as they needed me on earth; and, as formerly stated, many of them come to hear me gladly and very few after they have once heard me believe as they did before. There is plenty of work here to be done, even more than on earth, and there was much to do there. Someone may ask me, "How is it that a spirit freed from the body, and entering the spirit world, can believe false doctrines, if, as you say, on entering that world they do not find things as they supposed them to be—they do not find a burning hell, they do not find a devil, they do not see God, and the heaven is not as they thought it would be, but, instead, green fields, flowers, forests, waters, birds, animals, cities, towns, homes, and institutions of learning?"

Well, you have all those things on earth, and yet in the face of it, millions believe in everlasting hell-fire, in a devil with horns, hoofs, and a tail, in a vain, wrathful, vindictive God, and a heaven for a few of his favorites who have fallen down and worshiped him.

Any man who can worship such a God, almost deserves to be cast into the hell, in which he so devoutly believes; and the man who will not fall down and worship such a God, nor believe in him, deserves a seat in the highest heaven; but the question is: How can they believe thus after coming here? Precisely in the same way that they do there. A man on earth doesn't, and never did see such a God as he is told to believe in, and not a man on earth, who teaches all about this God, ever saw him, and he never heard of any other man who had seen him, and yet he seems to know all about him, even to the minutest details, and can tell you just what God thinks, just what he wants, and just what he says, and so on ad infinitum, and yet when he looks around over the beautiful earth, with its green fields, flowers, mountains, wildwoods, rivers, and seas, cities, towns, homes, animals and singing birds, in the face of all this heavenly beauty, where all men ought

to be happy and as free as the winds that blow, in the face of it all, he will teach of a horrible devil, a burning hell, a vain and wrathful God, and a small heaven, with pearly gates and golden streets, for a few who will believe such nonsense.

Now men leave the earth and come here by millions, Catholics and Protestants. Nearly all the Catholics think they were not worthy of heaven and have arrived in purgatory. A great many Episcopalians and Church of England people think that the Mother Church was right, after all, and they are in purgatory also. The orthodox Baptists, Methodists, and so forth, think that they are waiting until they become worthy to see their Savior, and then he will come and lead them to God, who will say: "Sit thou here at my right hand." They look out over the exquisitely beautiful spirit world, just as people of earth do over the beautiful earth, without drinking in its beauty; their minds are bound in the fetters of dogmatic belief. Thus you perceive that I am needed here as much as I was on earth; so is Robert Ingersoll; so is Thomas Paine; so are all the great and good men who have ever lived on earth; so is Abraham Lincoln; so is Luther Colby, and a host of others. They all find plenty to do, be assured. There are as many spirits here who wish to bind and fetter the mind as there are on earth. To be sure money cannot enter into consideration, but love of power, love of place, love of worshipful adoration and adulation, all can and do find place here.

A Catholic priest comes to this world and he finds thousands of ignorant, devout Catholics. He is generally too lazy, and too wise and great in his own conceit, to try to discover natural laws for himself; he has been accustomed to the mummeries and flummeries and adoration of his church people; he has been accustomed to holding up a little cross and sprinkling holy water. Now, when he comes here, quite a concourse of devotees rally around him: "Ah! here is the worshipful Father Flanigan," and they cross themselves and make profound obeisance before him. Now they have the same power of erecting a church edifice, or cathedral, that they had on earth, excepting that here they must clothe it with spiritual substance instead of material. They band themselves together and soon a fine cathedral is erected and Father Flanigan installed as their priest, that he may lead them like so many sheep—poor, sheepish things—and pray them out of purgatory, the purgatory of their own minds, for instead of reveling in the beauty of this lovely spiritual world, they revel in the purgatory within themselves.

And how is it with Father Flanigan? Well, nine times out of ten he doesn't believe a word of that which he deals out to his people, but Father Flanigan loves ease, he likes good wine, and to be well-fed, he also loves women, usually the choicest ones of his flock, and the pretty, devout, cloistered nuns; he also likes power. He likes to rule the minds of men; he likes to tell them just what they must think, just what they must do, and how they shall do it; he wants followers, vassals, slaves, and so he binds and rivets the fetters on the minds of other men that he may be worshiped and glorified by them and rule them with a rod of iron; thus he humors their whim and tells them they are in purgatory, that he has been commissioned by the pope and the blessed holy virgin and the crucified Christ to remain with them here for awhile, before he enters heaven, that he may save their souls from hell, to which they will surely go if they do not heed what he tells them.

And thus there are circles and circles of just such priests and people here as there are on earth, and have been for indefinite periods of time, and will be for periods of time to come. Of course, at last, one by one these spirits are led, by someone, up higher, and sometimes they grow sick of the thing themselves and struggle to be free, until gradually all become free; but earth is replenishing these cohorts always, and I find use enough for all the power and knowledge that I can be the master of.

WILLIAM DENTON.

(To be Continued.)

The Hope Prophecy.

The Truth Seeker assails the Hope Prophecy of 1732, concerning the four great rulers of America, saying that Librarian Spofford accredits its fabrication to the year 1879. Not so; what Mr. Spofford said to Mr. Smiley was that he believed it was written by "some wag of recent time." The writing was in the book in 1879 when it was purchased for the library. The MS. of the prophecy itself is not much faded, but the appended tribute to its author, Sir William Hope, signed "James Hope" is very much faded, being evidently written with poor ink.

The Truth Seeker seeks further to prove the falsity of Charles W. Smiley's figures. It says that Washington's age at death was 67 and Harrison's the same—not 68, as Mr. Smiley gave them. It is true that their ages were each a little short of 68 years, but the ages of Lincoln and of McKinley exceeded 56 and 58 by enough to fully make up the aggregate 250 years for the four presidents. So it is the editor of the Truth Seeker who makes the figures lie, and who misquotes Librarian Spofford. And there is nothing in the Hope prophecy nor in the appended tribute to its author by James Hope to sustain or even countenance the theory that either was the work of "some wag."

WM. HENRY BURR.

Give Credit to the Jews.

At all the Spiritual anniversaries which I have attended for the last fifteen years, there was never mentioned a word of the real cause of Modern Spiritualism, or who the originators of our beloved cause were. If you ask mediums, or old-time Spiritualists to answer this question, they tell you Modern Spiritualism originated at Hydesville, N. Y., with the Fox sisters, of course. But we should know who the spirits were that brought Modern Spiritualism where it is to-day. My answer is, the humble Jews. The first Jew was the Nazarene of old, the other was the murdered peddler buried in the basement of the house where the Fox sisters lived; that peddler was the very originator who started the ball rolling, of our so-called Modern Spiritualism 54 years ago; the first raps came through his intelligence and spread like wild-fire ever since, therefore please give credit to whom credit is due; one is just as good as the other.

A JEWISH OLD-TIME SPIRITUALIST.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Distilled Thoughts on Religion.

Religion—formulated adoration of unreason.
Religion—a blessed belief in the divinely incredible.
Religion—man's conceived idea to lead to the goal of his own achievement.

Religion—the supreme result of egotism.
Religion—the universal pursuit of some ideal.
Religion—the individual interpretation of the relationship of man towards supposed higher powers.

The glory of a god is intelligence; of man, too. In other words, a god must have intelligence; so must man. Theological merry-go-round—preaching, praying, pulpit-pounding.

Religion might more safely be left to the natural ideas of man, not to his supernatural.

Our end and the end of all is reason.
A positive religion must answer positive questions.
I can complete my god without a Christ.

Evolution of belief—through the wondrous, the magical, the superstitious, the religious, into the scientific.
Consciousness—a product of molecular motion.
Intellectual virtues are above everything necessary.

Nothing in the world of the least practical importance was ever done according to orthodox canons.

I care not who were vicious back of me,
No shadow of their sin on me is shed;
My will is greater than heredity.

I am no worm to feed upon the dead.
—Truth Seeker.



The President of the Godless and Devilless Club Expresses His Views.

The Taylor bill, granting Mrs. McKinley, wife of the late President McKinley, a pension of \$5,000 per annum, passed the House by a unanimous vote, April 12.

Representative Bell, of Colorado, a member of the Invalid Pensions Committee, took the attitude of protesting against the bill on the ground that it would establish a bad precedent.

"This splendid woman," he said dramatically, "cannot possibly spend her private income, and, as I understand it, she has no children or heirs other than collateral heirs."

"The \$5,000 per annum pension proposed would enable the government to pay a pension of \$8 a month to fifty-two widows whose husbands' lives were shortened by reason of fighting for their country, and we refuse to pension them under our laws because they have incomes of \$250 per year."

General Grosvenor, of Ohio, a life-long friend of the late President and Mrs. McKinley, took the floor. He deprecated the remarks made by the gentleman from Colorado. "Why should this government go into the coroner's business?" he asked, "to inquire into how much of an income the widow of a President had?"

Representative Kleberg, of Texas, a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, from which the bill was reported, said he was a private in the Confederate army, but he was in favor of granting a pension to this widow of an ex-Union soldier.

The House applauded the remarks of the Texan. When Mr. Kleberg took his seat the chairman of the committee put the bill on its final passage and it was adopted without a dissenting voice.

That Mrs. McKinley is a noble woman, and is entitled to recognition from Congress many will admit. She possesses to an eminent degree all those characteristics which render a woman angelic—possesses them to an extent that almost renders her an ideal woman—the highest pinnacle that any person can attain. It is gratifying to know that the people of this country think well of Mrs. McKinley—love and respect her. As Grace Duffie Boylan says:

"It is a good thing to climb to the mountain heights of our souls when we would look out upon the world. For from that vantage ground everything is beautiful and every creature good."

"Go up to a point just below the clouds on Pike's Peak and see that even Paradise is not more fair than the sweet vales beneath you. Descend, and each downward step reveals the blemishes upon the face of nature. So it all depends upon our point of observation how we see our fellow-men. If our own altitude is a high one they are quite sure to appear to advantage; and while it is not reasonable to suppose we can be forever in a position to look down on the world, we can send our minds upon high places and make all of our judgments from their plane."

"It is much better to cultivate a habit of thinking well of people. The men and women about us are as a rule making the same efforts that we are making and doing their best to get over the way without too many falls. We do not always avoid stumbling, neither do they, and I often wonder if any great Judge above does not look upon our failures with the pity we feel for little children who set their weak, uncertain feet in unfamiliar ways and fall and rise, and fall and rise again?"

It is well, judged from whatever light, to take care of the wives of our ex-Presidents, and see to it that they are not pinched with poverty during their earthly career. But there are thousands of women known to the members of the Godless and Devilless Club, equally as pure minded, equally as bright intellectually, equally as near and dear to the angel world, and equally as deserving of assistance as the wife of any of the ex-Presidents. Every human soul expands impressively into existence in compliance with the impulses of certain well defined laws, hence there should be no high and no low in all the planes of existence on account solely of birth or station. Only to the extent that one person does more actual unselfish good to the human race in general than his co-workers, should he be elevated above them in the esteem of the world. Only to the extent that a human soul debases itself by riotous living and licentious conduct and pernicious practices should it be considered on a low plane. The meritorious should never suffer from the stings of poverty or misfortune. Those who constantly persist in wrong doing, who are incorrigible—degenerates—past redemption in all things for a long time to come—well, let them suffer until there is an awakening. "Co-Operation" is in favor of pensioning the helpless aged, and views the matter in the same light that the Godless and Devilless Club does: To the observer of matters philanthropic the attention which the subject of old age pensions is now receiving is deeply significant. Manifestations of interest in this form of philanthropy are so nearly simultaneous in different parts of the world that it seems hardly probable they are imitative or the result of suggestion from one country to another. They appear rather the expressions of an interest which has become world-wide and which has gradually ripened until ready to take on an active form in many different places at the same time.

Accordingly we are hearing now of experiments, plans and proposals for the pensioning of aged and superannuated citizens by various governments and many great employers of labor. New Zealand, in this as in several other important matters of government, has taken the lead. Citizens who have been self-supporting and self-respecting and whose income from private sources falls below a fixed minimum are given a pension graded according to their needs when they have reached the age of sixty-five years. Denmark has a somewhat similar law which has been in operation about twelve years. In Denmark, however, the age at which the pension may begin is sixty years. The amount of the pension varies from \$2.25 to \$4.50 a month according to the parish in which the person lives. Germany also has a pension system. The person entitled to it is seriously to consider plans and laws France is beginning seriously to consider plans and laws upon the subject. Austria is awake to the movement and the discussions in England indicate that a large body received first attention from large employers of labor. Men who have reached a certain age after a given number of years in the service of a company are retired on a pension. The amount of pension is ordinarily based on the length of service and the amount of wages or salary which the employee received.

The entire movement, in a practicable form, is new in the United States, but is taking on an activity which promises much in the future. Several of the great railway companies have pension systems in full operation or about ready for operation, while certain large manufacturing corporations are working out systems adapted to their respective needs or ideas. It is doubtless fair to assume that employers, in establishing pensions for their aged and worn-out workmen, are actuated by motives not entirely philanthropic. The assurance that faithful service will

guarantee old age against want will naturally tend to steady an employee and to make him regardless of such rules and regulations as his employer may establish. It is even conceivable that such an assurance might induce an employee to submit to humiliating restrictions or to wage standards which would be unjust to himself and his fellow workmen. But the entire movement is experimental and it would be obviously unfair to attribute motives which are other than honorable to those who have made a beginning.

The next few years will witness instructive developments in this field. The tendency now is plainly toward the adoption and extension of pension systems. Arguments of opponents are for the time, at least, likely to receive decreasing consideration. Only comprehensive and varied tests will satisfy the sentiment whose extent and strength are indicated by the evidences everywhere apparent.

Judged from the highest angelic standpoint there are thousands of women equally as worthy of being pensioned as any of the wives of the ex-Presidents. It would be worse than folly to think otherwise. Take the "Old Washerwoman," as illustrated by the poet Ware:

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds and in the soap
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone;
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotonous song
She was humming all day long:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spoons;
She still humming of her friend
Who will keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

There are multitudes of women toiling like the one above; it may be they are somewhat superstitious; it may be they attach more power by far to a supposed Savior than he is entitled to, but through that gloss shines forth most beautifully goodness of heart and earnestness of purpose. Measured from the standard of the highest angelic standpoint, such washerwomen, such menials if you wish to so call them, or such servants of the well-to-do, are the peers, if not the superiors, of the fashionable magnates who assemble for a self-admiring dress-parade at the White House at Washington or at the palatial residence of the millionaire Palmer in Chicago, or at a fashionable ball for Sweet Charity's sake. They are even as worthy of a pension as the wives of any of the ex-Presidents, and just as dear to the angel world as they.

The remarks by the President were listened to with marked attention, and as usual created a deep impression. It is being demonstrated daily that the Godless and Devilless Club leads in all progressive ideas.

HIGH SCRIBE.

THE GATES OF THE MORN.

There's an angel that stands at the gates of the Morn,
With roses and robes of the orient born—
An angel that sings while the sky, dropping dews,
Is clothed in the light of all glorious hues.
This angel stooped down to my spirit one day,
When afar from Love's fountains I wandered away,
And over my heart, on a bleak moor astray,
She poured the blest balm of a beautiful lay.
Ah! this is the breath of that wonderful lay
She sang to my heart on a cold, dreary day:
"Thou art weary and fainting, oh! child of the earth,
Wouldst thou know where the fountains of Joy have their birth,
Where sing the sweet fountains of music and mirth?"

List the angel that stands at the gates of the Morn
And hear how she sings to the spirits that mourn,
To hearts that are growing earth-weary and worn!

Hail all who would enter the gates of the Morn,
Let love in your hearts like a jewel be worn;
In the depths of your hearts let the Christ-love be borne.
Let it live in your spirits and glow on each brow,
And your hearts will in sorrow no longer bend low,
But you'll sing by the streams where "the still waters flow."

With love cometh solace oh, child of the earth!
She will lead thee where fountains of joy have their birth—
Where sing the sweet fountains of music and mirth.

Through love, and love love only is duty made sweet,
Or the steps that pursue it made steady and fleet—
"Tis Love, and Love only gives wings to the feet.

Love drops her words gently as rose-leaves let fall,
Perfuming earth's bosom, or dew-drops that call
For flowers to come forth from their darkness and thrall.

Make Love thy companion, and try the sweet arts,
And the blessed enchantment her presence imparts
For a balm she can give to the saddest of hearts.

Oh! give her glad welcome and try the high art
She employs in her empire whence discords depart,
"Tis Love, and Love only, gives peace to the heart.

Let Love then, Love only matters decide,
And teach thee the faults of thy neighbors to hide,
Or viewing them tenderly, tenderly chide.

Oh, spurn not the erring, laugh not at the weak,
Give only a kiss to humanity's cheek,
And never the "bruised reed" burden or break.

Where bitterness rankles, where envy is rife,
There meet the dark spirits of anger and strife
And the poison they carry embitters the life.

If met by revilings, revile not again,
Let the thorn that would wound thee 'neath roses remain,
'Tis the beautiful soul that gives pleasure for pain.

Belvidere, N. J. BELLE BUSH.

To daily mule with subjects mean and low, proves that the mind is weak or makes it so.—Cowper.



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The Blind Fireman of Port Chester.

"'Why, hello there, Jim Blair,' said Saxe, as a smile overspread his face. 'Where you been these twenty-seven years?'"

him wonder how anyone can be so brazen as to bring a trumped-up charge against a so transparently innocent man as the defendant. Let him then go to the jury and tell them what he has seen and heard, and let the jury sift out the real facts of the case from the exaggerations on the one side and the half-truths on the other. The good faith of the witnesses being assumed, it will be plain to him that those statements which he read before were those of partisans. But the replies which Mr. Lang will publish will be those, not only of the partisans, but of the credulous as well as the superstitious and credulous as well as the Fall Mall Gazette.

Referring to the Bible, take the case of Blahin, I. Kings 17:34-35, in restoring to the widow's son: "And he went up and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child; and the flesh of the child waxed warm." Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro; and he went up and stretched himself upon the child; and the child sneezed seven times; and the child opened his eyes. Friends, let us all help this good work along.

HENRY ELLIS.

fact is, he knows no more about the Bible than any other Biblical scholar and the proof is in his silence now and

"The Attainment of Womanly Beauty of Form and Features, The Cultivation of Personal Beauty, Based on Hygiene and Health Culture. By twenty physicians and specialists. Edited by Albert Turner." Of especial interest

The Republican women in Cleveland have taken part in school elections for some years, but this is the first time the Democratic women have organized.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." Vol. 2. Sweet songs and music for home and

Sweet songs and music for home and social meetings. For sale at this office. Price 15 cents.

The Progressive Thinker.

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J. R. FRANCIS, Editor and Publisher.

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SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1902.

Excellent to Die By.

It is always well to send forth kindly words, gentle thoughts, and feelings of compassion when one has passed to the realms of the immortals. All bitterness of feeling, all envy or jealousy is then banished, and thoughts all aglow with kindness and charity are manifested. The obituary is a most excellent place to gloss over most beautifully human character, and to bring out the good traits of one who has passed from the material to the spiritual side of life.

During our many years of experience in connection with the Spiritualist papers we have noticed that in the obituaries published, all the good traits of the deceased stand forth prominently, while the palpable imperfections were carefully concealed under the cloak of what is commonly designated as "charity," and not brought forth for the critical scrutiny of the public. And it is well.

Not long ago two obituary notices were sent to this office by a prominent speaker. They were checkered of extraordinary praise of the deceased, making them appear conspicuously as most beautiful and saintly characters, being devoted Spiritualists. On inquiry we found that they had never taken a Spiritualist paper of any kind, and were not in touch to any great extent with the Spiritualistic movement. Here were fulsome obituaries, extolling to the very skies the deceased, and making them appear more than human in everything connected with their earthly career. A little further inquiry revealed the fact that the one who officiated so gracefully and benignly at the funerals, giving words of angelic cheer to the bereaved mourners, was not himself a reader or patron of the Spiritualist papers. This incident called our attention to the fact that while among a certain few the Spiritualist paper is not in active demand, yet when any of them passes to the realm above, then it becomes most excellent to die by, and their highly glossed, extravagantly worded obituary must be read before our readers.

We are led to this line of thought on account of the large number of obituary notices sent to this office of those who are not patrons of any of the Spiritualist papers, illustrating the fact that they serve a good purpose in glossing over human frailties by giving them a most brilliant send-off, greatly enlarging all their good traits of character, while those otherwise are kept secret in the background. Of this we are not seriously concerned, as it is hardly fair for any one to wait until death in order to have a free obituary notice of their demise published, thus "dead-hounding" in their last moments. Why not, Spiritualists, subscribe for a Spiritualist paper at once, so that in ending your career on this plane you do not, in earthly parlance, really become a "dead-head" exactly when your obituary is published.

We are inclined to believe, after a careful and critical review of the situation, that the Spiritualist who is a constant patron of one or more of the Spiritual papers during his natural life, and then has his obituary published in the same, and his noble qualities mentioned, with perhaps a verse of poetry appended thereto, will, on presenting the same to "St. Peter at the Gate," be admitted into Paradise without further questioning; otherwise his salvation at an early date may not be assured.

A Letter from Bombay.

J. A. Balfour, Esq., writing from Bombay, India, on March 22, says:

"We have the plague here still, and it shows no sign of abatement. It has already destroyed hundreds of thousands of lives, and I am afraid it has come to stay. This is the sixth or seventh epidemic. The poor natives are the principal sufferers, and die by thousands. It began in this city of ours, and has spread throughout India. It subsides in hot weather, and begins again in the winter. Halfhearted serum inoculation is very successful as a prophylactic, but the natives do not take down to date, or 'kismet,' as they call it. It is the principal carriers of the infection.

"Just now the plague is at its height, but it will decrease, and almost die by June or July, when we get rains lasting to the end of September."

Mr. Balfour is an Englishman, and he adds:

"We have the South African war still hanging on. It is a fearful strife, and has caused the death of many brave men on each side. When will such matters be settled by arbitration? I am afraid we have taken our hands off a matter that will take years to settle, though Buller thought it could be done in six months. It is already three years."

"Probably our British friends will reach the conclusion his ancestors did, when they tried to subordinate our own America to their power. Any country held in subjection by military force is not worth possessing. Spain learned that to her sorrow. Great Britain will do the same; and the future will tell what will be American experience as regards the Philippines."

Christening Cats and Babies.

It appears from the Chicago Tribune that New York society has found a new diversion. This time it is a Cat Christening which has been introduced to the smart set of Gotham by Mrs. Anita Comfort, the musical composer and wife of Lieutenant Charles D. Comfort, who recently returned from the Philippines. By "smart set" is meant those who are surcharged with vanity, false pretensions as to ability, and who depend on gold for prominence, and who have but little real intellectual worth to back up.

The Cat Christening is the most absolutely new thing in New York society and in poverty it surpasses the donkey party known to fame, and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the "looking backward" dance, or the vegetable entertainment, all of which are dear to New York's Four Hundred. These four hundred are about as far from common sense in some respects as the incoherent mumbling of an idiot.

Naturally the first requirement for a Cat Christening is a cat, and it must be a young cat to which a name has not been officially attached. Then there must be godfathers and godmothers, one of each for each cat to be Christened. Next in line comes the minister or whoever may be selected to say the ceremony. With these assistants any society woman can have a Cat Christening, but the real success of the event depends largely upon the ingenuity of the hostess in providing entertainment for her guests.

For her divine and highly spiritualizing Cat Christening Mrs. Comfort sent to the choicer and most Christian spirits of her large acquaintance postal cards on which were sketched in ink two large beautiful eyes, beneath which was the date of the affair. To the initiated the eyes meant "looking for you," Mrs. Comfort had two transcendently beautiful kittens, and one was dignified with the name of Punch while the other was christened Judy.

"I called them Punch and Judy merely because I liked the names," Mrs. Comfort said in explaining this somewhat undignified titles that she affixed to her pets.

There were two highfalutin godfathers and two virile godmothers, and the Christening ceremony consumed a little of God's precious time on which, however, there was no charge. After it was over Judy went through the most startling experience of her young life. Her ears were artificially pierced by six highly educated and wealth-pampered young physicians numbered among the guests and a pair of screw diamond earrings were presented to her. At the conclusion of the grave function the guests played plugging and the thing wound up with a christening and highly spiritualizing cake walk.

"Judy is not the first cat to which I have given ear-rings," said Mrs. Comfort. "Several years ago, when traveling in California, I saw a cat in a San Francisco theater with tassels in its ears. It looked too pretty for anything, and I decided then and there that when returned to St. Louis I would have my Cat's ears pierced."

"I got a darning needle and a cork when I returned. It took four people to pierce my Cat's ears. First we put on gloves to make us as pawproof as possible. Then we wrapped pussy up in a sack, but his head and neck protruded so we held him a gentleman pumper pushed his ears with a darning needle, using the cork as a background."

"Did he cry? Well, he did scream vociferously and pleadingly when he saw the blood dropping from the holes, but he behaved in a manly, or perhaps Catlike, manner than I expected."

"I had a hard time getting the earrings, for Jewelers seemed scarcely to believe me when I said I wanted diamonds for my Cat. But the end of it all was that I did not object to making a fair profit at my expense."

Mrs. Comfort's unique entertainment was as sublimely Cat as could have been wished. She had Cat favors for the cake walk, among them being black Cat calendars ornamented with black velvet Cats.

Is it not about time that the ridiculous force of Christening Cats and the equally ridiculous habit of relating to the rear as attic rubbish, unworthy of this 20th century. The Christening of a Cat is supremely ridiculous, a piece of idiotic folly, while the Christening of babies is simply a relic of barbarism, of no benefit to the child here or hereafter, and reflecting no credit on Spiritualism.

Where We Stand.

The time may come when Spiritualism can concentrate her forces into a mighty power for good. The hand of time points us in that direction as we try to sum up the achievements of Spiritualism. We have spent much time in showing to the world the errors of the church and preaching of the beauties of our own beloved cause, and the world is beginning to see the errors of Spiritualism, in fact have been kept pretty busy pointing out such errors, and we are referred to one in the form of a very grave fact: That we have spent too much time in words and too little in deeds.

First of all we had to have a membership and that membership had to be organized into bands of workers. This had to be brought about with great care, for, as a whole, we are sensitive; some have joined us from the ranks of orthodox, some from materialism; some from all the sciences and some from the spheres of ignorance; and many from the commercial or business plane. The impostors have demanded our attention, along with everything else, and so weighted us down with troubles of our own that the needed work of the world has to some extent been neglected.

When we undertake to draw the lines of organization around our people, in an effort to bring them together as a unit, we find such a diversity of opinions upon the various points both relevant and irrelevant to the main issue, we find so many who wish to be entirely free from all lines that they even oppose organization. They are sincere and honorable as the other fellows, but will not unite, and oppose any attempt to organize. But we have organized just the same and are getting in pretty good working order.

organization through which to come in touch with the world, and through which to transact business with the people, as a means of gaining prestige and standing with similar institutions in life, and as a fixture we should have a home. All these things we now have and the world, the laws of man, are beginning to realize our permanency, our importance among all bodies whose motives and objects are for the upliftment of mankind.

Injustice to Spiritualists.

Our readers had the pleasant information editorially placed before them last week that an Indiana court, in direct contrast with a recent decision in Pennsylvania, has decided a Spiritualist will case in favor of the disposition of property as indicated in the will by the Spiritualist maker thereof.

This decision marks a pronounced turn in the tenor of court decisions as affecting Spiritualists and their wills. It indicates the opening of a new era as relates to Spiritualists and their rights under the laws of the States.

There has been, and still is, too much of the unjust and proscriptive spirit manifested more especially by municipalities, under the influence of sectarian bigotry and intolerance.

It must not be forgotten, however, that much excuse for this intolerance and injustice has been given, by the shameless frauds that have been practiced in the name and guise of Spiritualism, by persons claiming to be mediums. The arrant deceptions and trickery, under various forms and phases, carried on by so-called mediums, has quite naturally cast suspicion and discredit, in the general public mind, on everything bearing the name of Spiritualism. The ill-doings of the dishonest and the impostors, have brought the genuine and honest mediums under the same equally with the fraudulent pretenders. The innocent are made to suffer for the evil deeds of the guilty.

The epidemic of fraud is widespread. It is by no means confined to Spiritualism alone. It permeates to-day all kinds of business. The liquor dealer concocts and compounds vile liquors, poisonous as well as health-and-reason-destroying. Articles of food consumption are adulterated and even made poisonous. Money is made and goods of various kinds. Cheating is the real vocation of many a firm whose sign advertises a legitimate and honorable business. Religion and politics are brought under the same influence of fraud and deception.

As Spiritualism presents a wide field for the practice of the arts of the impostor and deceiver, it is not to be expected that it will escape the epidemic infection of dishonesty everywhere prevalent. So, sad to say, there are those who, for the sake of the paltry dollar, will sell honor and their souls' virtue.

But the prevalence of dishonesty in others is no excuse for those who practice fraud in the name of Spiritualism. Spiritualism is in its nature so sacred and holy and pure a thing, that to counterfeit it, morally considered, is a most heinous crime against humanity and all its sacred relationships.

And the persons morally guilty of this crime, who practice in the name of Spiritualism, are responsible for the legal persecutions and injustice so prevalent against Spiritualists and Spiritualism.

The Boston Idea of Sunday.

As set forth in an article in the Chicago Tribune, there are some people who like to live in Boston, but even they must have been a bit discouraged last Sunday. The Boston Sunday laws are curious to read. They must be still more curious to experience. For instance, one must not sell these things: Candy, fruit, soda water, bread, meat. Nevertheless, under certain restrictions, which are easily surmounted, one is allowed to sell malt liquors, vinous liquors, spirituous liquors, cigars. When such regulations are kept on the statute books for the benefit of antiquaries they have an undoubted value. When they are resuscitated and begin to walk up and down and to and fro they affect one as disagreeably as the dead men in the Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

In the first place, they are part and parcel of the Puritan Sunday. No other race in Christendom has had such a Sunday. The Italians have never had it. The Germans have never had it. The Scandinavians have never had it. It was left to the English Puritans to insist upon regarding the first day of the week as the Hebrew Sabbath and to turn a day of worship and innocent enjoyment into a day of worship and gloomy ugliness. For that service the Puritans have received as much praise as Cadmus for his letters or Prometheus for his fire. Yet of all services that they rendered to humanity their Sunday was surely the least. It still wars and wages the clankers of hundreds of thousands of people.

In the second place, if the intention of the law was to put a stop to unnecessary work on Sunday (which, when looked at from the physical rather than the religious point of view, is not a bad intention), it seems odd that the most powerful odd that the rigor of the enactment should be exercised upon candy and soda water, while liquors and cigars are treated with tender consideration. Last Sunday there was no way in Boston of buying ice cream soda. There was an easy way of buying high balls. All one had to do was to go to a soda water stand and buy a sandwich which was likely to look "too good to eat." When one thinks of these hotel sandwiches it does not seem impossible that five thousand men might be fed with five loaves and two fishes. The case then was this, in honor of the Lord's day the city of Boston closed up practically all its places of business except cigar stands and hotel-salons. The natural question arises: Why? The answer of the fanatic is: "Because it is the duty of municipal officers to enforce all the laws on the statute books." It is not the duty of municipal officers to enforce regulations affecting personal conduct which the people have outgrown, regulations which were in conformity with the sentiment of the day, but put into effect, but which do not reflect public sentiment at this time.

It is not the duty of municipal officers to insist upon obsolete laws, the enforcement of which irritates and enforces the people by interfering with their innocent amusements or habits of life which are inoffensive when measured by the standard of this age. A law which forbids the sale of soda water on Sunday is a bad, sumptuary law and should not be enforced. The municipal officer who enforces the law or kindred laws is only seeking to make it odious. But he makes himself odious at the same time.

The Brotherhood of Light.

"The Brotherhood of Light" has applied to the State authorities of Colorado for a charter for religious and educational purposes. This Brotherhood has been working for a year and a half in Denver doing humanitarian work. The means to carry on its work is furnished by the labor of its members. It seeks no publicity. It owns thirty acres of fine irrigated land near the city. Its work is conducted in a large modern house.

The object of the Brotherhood of Light is to improve the physical, mental and moral conditions of the people. They are gathering up orphans and castaway babies. They are nursing them in comfort, harmony and love, and are training them in the arts and sciences to become useful, self-supporting citizens. They will be taught the sacredness of the marriage relation. No member of this Brotherhood is permitted to marry more than once. The marriage relation may cease from any cause, but the couple are not permitted to marry again.

The children are taught that all people on earth are the children of the Creator, The All Light, and that His Eye is ever upon them.

The members are aware that all things belong to the Creator, and are loaned to his children for their use while on earth. All things are owned in common.

The Brotherhood of Light holds that life is continuous; we lay it down at death and take it up again without the corporeal body. For a time we are bound to the conditions lived by us on the earth. It holds that like attracts like; that a clean, noble life, with high motives will attract angels willing to bring about better conditions on the earth.

The Brotherhood subsists wholly upon grains, vegetables, fruits, nuts and hygienic ailments; bathes daily, and devote their lives to raising up helpless babes. They practice moderation in all things.

They believe that a new revelation, Oahspe, is sent to guide the people for another cycle. That the wide-spread and rapid advancement in civilization during the past fifty years, proves that such a cycle is upon us; that a new race of men is to be raised who will live together as brothers; that no special leaders henceforth will appear at this time as they did in the past; that the light is general, and will fall upon all who will accept it; that this revelation gives the history of man upon the earth for thousands of years, and clears up mysterious questions of the universe; that it explains what heaven means and where the heavens are located; that there is no eternal punishment; that eternal justice abounds; that all suffer for wrongdoing, and suffer their bondages for their own sins; that the world is not a prison; that all are free to do as they please, and thus in time the world will be redeemed from poverty and error.

The Brotherhood has two branches, an Outer Council, with headquarters at 251 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. This branch organizes lodges, handles correspondence, and teaches members. The Inner Council is at Denver, Col., postoffice box 682. It cares for the children, and its members live communally. They devote their time to the work. They will locate a large tract of land in one of the fertile valleys of Colorado, where they will establish a large colony of workers.

The Prophetic Patson.

Once upon a time, says the Kansas City Star, a bad boy threw stones at a country preacher. The preacher predicted that the lad would grow up and turn out a convict. The minister afterwards abandoned the pulpit to take up the life insurance business, and finally landed in the penitentiary. The former bad boy became Governor of the State, and, remembering the preacher's prophecy that he would some day turn out a convict, he pardoned him out.

Golden Jubilee, 1852-1902.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia will celebrate its Golden Jubilee in the Temple, Twelfth and Thompson streets, May 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1902.

The First Association of Spiritualists, being the oldest organization of Spiritualists in the world, having held continuous meetings for half a century has decided to celebrate this jubilee year by holding a four days' meeting. Noted speakers, mediums, workers and musicians will assist, which will insure an interesting programme.

All Spiritualists in Philadelphia and vicinity should take pride in celebrating this occasion under its auspices. It seems eminently proper that the Fiftieth anniversary of this veteran association should receive the special attention of the community.

The Progressive Lyceum and Band of Mercy, the Twentieth Century Sunflower Club, and the Woman's Progressive Union, will also hold special sessions during these meetings.

"The Wounds of a Friend Are Faithful."

One who is nominally an outsider perhaps ought not to force his opinions to the front upon matters pertaining to another family circle than his own. Let my apology for so doing be my sincere regard for the views of some close relatives related to me by ties of nature as well as a secret hope that you Spiritualists are really in the right. My beliefs carried me into various and widely separated sections of our country. In the summer of 1897 I came to Philadelphia to find some time for turning my eyes towards the manifestations of mediumship. I taboo no single phase—all are welcome, if uplifting. Thoughtful intermingling with laymen and mediums has stamped some sad lessons upon my mentality.

You have in your ranks too many people who do not care to have your cause purified and made respectable. Just as in days of the Anti-Masonic party in my native state, that cry was "a good enough Morgan" until after election, so you have those who are willing to abstain, if not openly practice, trickery in order to induce people to accept Spiritualism.

That class of converts is poor material for the upbuilding of any cause, be it sacred or secular. Sooner or later their eyes become open to the deception perpetrated upon them and they either become indifferent through dis-

gust, or else begin doing the same deception as accomplices or principals.

The class of people to whom I have referred are opposed to every movement for organization, because they know that of right the first trophies laid should be among the unly and purely. Hence you will find them attacking by covert insinuation and secret innuendo those fearless workers who will not be swayed by their characters by swearing on call that black is white and filth is wholesome.

Too many are contented on the plane of belittling jealousy and dwarfing personal antipathies. Feed them out. Get rid of them; they drop seed and only produce themselves in kind. Your physical phenomena have been almost wholly appropriated by fakers. As it now stands, very little of it is worthy of the least attention, or outlay. I have failed thus far to find a single one of its mediums whom I have not had reason to believe at some time stooped to basely supplement the genuine.

My investigations lead me to the conclusion that occurrences of genuine etherization or materialization are very infrequent—when real they come only spontaneously and cannot be produced at the medium's will. Exhibition of a dollar or hope to secure one cannot create them. Look for the real thing, when it occurs, at private and home circles instead of at commercial scenes. Purify your phenomena. Spiritualize your people.

Your mediums who begin helping out the spirits in their work soon have to do it all by mortal aid, because they lose their power to give anything genuine. Some of the very elect in your ranks are being fooled by one phase or another of physical phenomena. This I am satisfied is not only true of The Progressive Thinker's home city, but of your most prominent camps.

Wake up! Wake up! Do not allow what you have of reality to become buried under continuous vaudeville entertainments, or the illusions of magicians. Save your mediums, your psychometry, your clairaudience, your inspiration, from contamination. Bury the nonsense inspired by gain. Ability to sometimes give the genuine is the very reason against allowing any other kind. WANDERER.

FROM THE N. S. A.

One More Appeal, and Statement.

This is now April 18, and I wish to inform all who are interested in having a genuine Mediums' Home soon established, such as our Spiritualists have been asking for ever since I can remember, and pointing out the various necessary ingredients of the churches as a matter of reproach to Spiritualism and its people that we have none such to show, just how much we have raised to date, in response to the generous offer of two Spiritualists to give fifteen hundred dollars to this work if the country at large would give as much. At my last report we had received in money, excepting the two Columbian half dollars not yet disposed of, the entire sum of \$204.25. Since then we have secured \$77 as follows: G. W. Beesley, \$5; M. E. Arnold, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Vorhauer, \$5; H. C. Hermesmyer, \$2; Alfred Joslin, \$1; Mrs. S. Merrill, \$1; "Dick," \$2; J. G. Walters, \$1; Cleveland receipts of anniversary, per J. C. Hammett, \$27.16; J. Bassett, \$2; M. E. England, \$2; Mrs. A. E. \$5.

This makes in cash received since the call went out for fifteen hundred dollars for the home, to be secured by May 1, \$281.41. We have also secured from Mrs. H. Zeigler, two pillow slips, one table cover and one side-board cover. They have pledged to us by the good friends upon whom we can always rely will perhaps come to between one hundred and two hundred dollars more, and the first of May is close at hand.

We again ask the friends of mediums who have not contributed to this fund to do so at once; we are glad to accept any donation, indeed, the offerings of the poor are much more numerous than those of the rich, and we know they are sent with a blessing, and are received as such. If the requisite sum is not in this office the first of May, I feel that it will be a sad blow to the best workers of donors to this project, and that it will conclusively show that the majority of Spiritualists do not care whether the worn-out mediums are cared for or not. The N. S. A. has already in the salutariness of Dr. Spiney, one of the best known speakers of the day, a good workman and a good medium. Her case is hopeless, she may live a few months, or she may pass on at any time. She is a sensitive, and asks that her name be not mentioned at present, but the N. S. A. is paying for her care and board, and she is receiving the best, for which Dr. Spiney is charging but half, or less, of regular rates.

If this is not a good work, we are at a loss to know what is, and we again beg those who have not as yet sent us, to do so as soon as possible. Ten dollars sent me from "An Investigator" is not to be credited to this Home Fund, as the brief note reads as if it is to be put into our General Fund, which is always being called on for missionary and current expenses.

Concerning our will matters, the case of Wm. Case, of Lafayette, Ind., is so far settled in our favor, since the will has been sustained by the court. We were told by Caldwell & Caldwell, of that city, that the portion willing to the N. S. A. was in fact a gift, and that five hundred dollars; we have already expended a thousand dollars on this case; what the N. S. A. will receive when all is settled can not now be told. The Midway will come of Philadelphia, to be carried to Fair Center, to the Superior Court; the N. S. A. proposes to stand by it, and to do all in its power to strengthen the Philadelphia Spiritualists who are fighting to have the will sustained. In other cases, this association has expended money without return. This association is badly needed in our cause, and should be sustained by sympathy and financial aid.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

Sec. N. S. A.

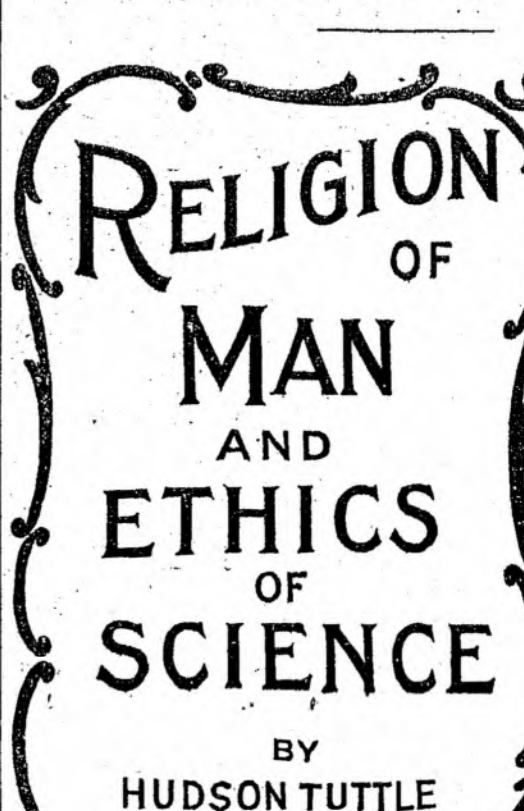
600 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C.

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood. Prof. Lockwood is recognized as one of the ablest lecturers on the spiritual realm. In this little volume he presents in succinct form the substance of his lectures on the Molecular Hypothesis of Nature, and presents his views as demonstrating a scientific basis of Spiritualism. The book is commended to all who love to study and think. For sale at this office, Price, 25 cents.

"The Gospel of Buddha, According to Old Records." Told by Paul Carus. This book is heartily commended to students of the science of religions, and to all who desire a fair conception of Buddhism in its spirit and living principle. Spiritualist or Christian can scarcely read it without spiritual profit. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

"A Few Words About the Devil, and Other Essays." By Charles Bradlaugh. Paper, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Religion of Man and Ethics of Science.



We take extreme pleasure in announcing that our next Premium Book will be by Hudson Tuttle, and will bear the above title. It is one of the best books that ever emanated from the pen of this gifted man and will fill a most important niche in the list of premium books sent out by this office.

It will be neatly and substantially bound in cloth, and will be sent out for 25 cents, postage and express prepaid, to those who send in their subscription for one year for The Progressive Thinker, making it almost a gift to our subscribers. Orders will now be filed for it, and it will be forwarded as soon as printed and bound, which will be in about three weeks. Until June 1, that remarkable book, A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands, will also be sent out for 25 cents. For prices of the other Premium Books, see special announcement. No other bookseller, no other firm on this globe of ours ever furnished books at so low a price (almost a gift) as The Progressive Thinker. We have been instrumental in founding the nucleus of a grand Spiritualistic and Occult library in thousands of homes. Now is the time to send in your subscription.

FOOLISH CRUELTY.

The Destruction of the Birds.

To Mr. William T. Hornaday, of the Geological Park, New York, the world owes an immense debt of gratitude. Mr. Hornaday is trying to save the birds; and whether he succeeds or not the attempt that he is making in that direction is enough to endure him to every one who is not altogether commercialized and brutalized.

That the time has come for such action as that which is being undertaken by Mr. Hornaday will appear by the fact that the birds are rapidly disappearing from the land.

It is as true as anything in the world that there are only about one-quarter as many wild birds in the United States as there were fifteen years ago.

Reports from New York show that in the last decade and a half bird life in that State has decreased 48 per cent. In the same period the decrease in the State of Maine has been 52 per cent; in Indiana, 60 per cent; in Connecticut, 70 per cent; in Florida, 90 per cent.

In other States, owing to certain conditions which it is not now necessary to mention, the record is not so bad, but everywhere the tendency is the same, and the fact that the birds are disappearing is true to a greater or less extent, of the entire country.

From Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate and from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence a mighty army of soulless, lawless amateur hunters is steadily engaged in destroying every species of living creature that comes within the range of its murderous guns. Thoughtless and by no means on "murder bent," these thousands and tens of thousands of men and boys destroy each year millions of birds "just for fun," just to pass away an unoccupied day! They have a little time at their disposal, and instead of reading some good book or going out to study the silent speech of Nature, they sally forth to shoot everything that crosses their path.

But the destruction done by the army of amateurs is but a drop in the bucket in comparison with the havoc that is worked by the calculating, cold-blooded rascals who, in a spirit of sordid gain, go forth to ply their execrable trade of plume-hunting and nest-robbing.

If Dante were living in these days, and should be moved to write another "Inferno," he would doubtless place within the innermost and hottest circle of his hell these same collectors of birds' eggs and hunters of plumes. Nor would the poet forget to include within the same circle the senseless, soulless, heartless throng of women, young and old, who by their foolish vanity and worse than barbarian hardness of heart are responsible for the whole iniquitous business.

Between the thoughtless men and boys who go "a-hunting" just for the fun of the thing and the turf hunters and the egg stealers the bird life of our country is rapidly disappearing, and if the present pace is kept up it will not be long before our feathered friends will be all exterminated.

Against this slaughter of the birds the argument of utility might be advanced. It might be shown that in destroying the birds we are destroying our best helpers in the fields of agriculture and horticulture, and that with the departure of the birds the fruits and grains upon which the very life of man depends would be materially jeopardized, but it is not necessary to use this argument here. There is a higher and a nobler argument—life moral one.

By the moral argument I do not refer to the unquestioned fact that the birds have the same right to LIVE that we have. I make no account here of the modern conception of the sacredness of life—of all life, bird life as well as human—I go further and ground my protest against the slaughter of the birds upon the NATURAL right of the bird itself

and its relation to our own higher selves.

Next to man the bird is the most spiritual of all creatures. Its office is to make music for the world.

A famous European ornithologist declares that it is necessary for us to perceive that the bird "has a soul and is a person," and if it is true that music is the expression of the highest fact in the universe the soundness of the ornithologist's declaration is not to be questioned, for in the birds' throat is the original fountain of song and home of melody. As another has said, "No throat can contend with that of the lark in richness and variety of song," and we may add the thrush, the mocking bird, the bobolink, and hundreds of others almost equally sweet, though not so well known to fame.

And shall the mean spirit of gain, assisted by the thoughtlessness of sportsmen and the vanity of foolish, simpering womanhood, be allowed to forever hush this music, closing the million of mouths that are to be questioned, for in the birds' throat is the original fountain of song and home of melody. As another has said, "No throat can contend with that of the lark in richness and variety of song," and we may add the thrush, the mocking bird, the bobolink, and hundreds of others almost equally sweet, though not so well known to fame.

In the name of the beautiful and the good, in the name of the SOUL OF THINGS, which is far above all material values; in the name of the joy and gladness of the generations who are to come after us upon this old globe, let us protest against this steady, senseless, unnecessary and cruel

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