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The Progressive Thinker.

SEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IN AT ONCE, AND KEEP PACE WITH ALL THAT IS TRANSPIRING IN THE RANKS.

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SPIRITUALISM IS A TRUTH.

"One truth is clear—whatever is, is at by a legitimate deduction from all the right." Pope.
"I long to know the truth hereof at large." Shakespeare.
"Let us make truth catching instead of falsehood and disease." Ingersoll.
"Truth depends on, or is only arrived for truth." Lucretius.

Let us love our cause and dare to advocate its truth and deny fraud. If we have the pure it cannot be destroyed in the crucible of reason and fair discussion. It will only thrive, and expand more rapidly.

TRUTH IS IMPERISHABLE.

"My mouth shall speak the truth." Prov. viii, 7.
"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." William Cullen Bryant.
"To have truth and not live it is like having lungs and refusing to breathe."
"However unwillingly a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that however true it may be, if it is not fully frequently, and fearlessly discussed it will be held as a dead dogma, not a living truth." John Stuart Mill.

THREE VISIONS,

And the Lessons They Conveyed.

On the night of February 28, 1892, as I lay wide awake on my pillow, immediately after retiring, it was my sweet privilege to enjoy the blessed experience of a happy vision. It appeared in three phases—first, a halo or ring of light so often seen before, encircling my brow, in that same evanescent glow; second, this soon changed into a heart-shaped disc of silver color, at the same time rising toward a point above my head. There this heart-shaped disc was gradually though quickly changed into a brilliant golden hue and assumed the shape of a crown.

This crown was beautifully simple in shape, being devoid of ornamental finish, yet with just that number and variety of harmonious curves and that symmetry of top outlined, which gave the whole a beauty beyond that of any metallic crown ever yet represented to me.

A feature which adds value to the vision, for its truthfulness, is the fact that this crown was not perfect or complete. Only a little more than half of it showed plainly, so as to indicate that my crown of gold is now in the process of construction.

In like manner the perfect shape of the silver heart plainly suggests that a course of discipline even in this world may be so rigorous as to cause the heart to be so perfect as to be one hand, and so perfectly studied on the other hand, that the elements of love may become perfected in one respect, namely, its relation to the entire race of man.

I cannot be so vain as to arrogate to myself a monopoly of this degree of perfection, thus making myself a model, and the only model for the rest of mankind, as far from it as the east is from the west. Yet indeed I have arrived at the stage indicated in the above hint, by a process, which has become to me unique.

Many years ago I reached the conclusion that the highest form of love is that which is most purely philanthropic, or that which aims to include the whole world of humanity in its grasp. At first such a form of love seemed purely theoretical, not to say unattainable; but by degrees, the mind dwelling upon it a certain portion of each day, such a love becomes normal; that is to say, perfect in itself even as a perfect shape is perfect; so that it may very properly be represented by the silver-colored heart shown in the vision. All who are conscious of this love carry the blessed consolation within themselves. The vision may or may not come, to present the fact as it were, in demonstration.

Vision No. 2.—On Sunday evening, July 10, 1904, immediately on lying down for the night, an ether light, or rather two of them, appeared very plainly to me: one a white light, a little to my left, nearly the size of the human face, the other a red disc scarcely as large as the palm of my hand.

These two lights gradually approached each other, growing brighter and smaller till they merged into one another. Each remained distinct, just as the rainbow colors are distinct from one another, yet all blend in one form of splendid iridescence.

This living light—these etherizations—are to me all living entities, developed into surpassing brightness and a beauty unparalleled by anything material that my eyes ever beheld. In its ultimate shape it was a perfect picture of the dawn in its resplendent glory, yet the whole, but little larger than the palm of my hand!

A vision so definite as this, is never without symbolic meaning to me. Moreover it is so striking in character that it never seemed intended for my benefit alone. It seems to belong through me to the world, and for this reason I should be culpable if I did not thus describe it for the readers' benefit. To me the symbolic meaning is that a new day is dawning for me, and not for me alone, but for many another earnest life as well.

This vision came not to me in a dream, but when I was wide awake at the moment of this writing.

Vision No. 3.—On Tuesday, nine days after the experience last described, I was sitting in my room looking into the evening twilight, as I often do, when the numbers 1886, 1896, and 1896 successively appeared in luminous brilliancy, each figure as a gem set in the evening sky. They were of the most perfect symmetry in shape, the vertical diameter or length of each being about one foot.

The meaning of this symbol to me is very definite and clear. It referred to my angel wife. The date of our marriage was 1886; that of her birth into the higher life was 1896. By an accident this last date was made to read 1896 in my narration as given in "The Progressive Thinker" of July 9, a difference of 90 years; my spirit friends thus giving me a strong hint that greater importance attaches to this correction than I was aware of. The reason of this peculiar significance is that in the paper referred to, "A Revelation of Healing Power," all that is set forth is fact. Not one word of it is fiction. It can only be of value to the earnest, thoughtful reader, and this value depends chiefly on the accuracy of the statement of these facts.

THOS. H. B. COTTON.
Edenvale, Cal.

THE VOICE.

I sought to write a lofty theme, Some sweet and righteous poet's dream; When quiet there came from out my heart.

A ghastly voice that made me start: "Such work is for the just," it said, "Thy heart and soul are almost dead; If thou wouldst lead men to the light, First bring thyself from out the night!"

—Max Ehrmann.
We cannot lead simple lives before we have simple wants and thoughts.—Bodley Blount.

The Demonism of the Ages, and Spirit Obsessions.

SPIRITUALISM REPRESENTS THE GRANDEST TRUTH EVER PRESENTED TO THE WORLD. IT IS NOBLY REPRESENTED BY HUNDREDS OF HONEST MEDIUMS AND ELOQUENT SPEAKERS. IT HAS SPREAD BROADCAST THE SEEDS OF LIBERALISM, AND MADE THE WORLD BETTER IN MANY RESPECTS. IT WOULD BE POLLY, HOWEVER, TO DENY THE FACT THAT THERE IS HERE AND THERE DISORDERLY MEDIUMSHIP OF VARIOUS DEGREES, SOMETIMES BORDERING ON DEMONISM, AND IT IS WELL THAT EVERY SPIRITUALIST SHOULD KNOW THIS FACT. IT WILL NOT DO TO SUPPRESS UNWHOLESOME TRUTHS. THEY SHOULD ALWAYS BE SPREAD BROADCAST, AND A REMEDY DEvised. IF OBSESSION BY EVILLY DISPOSED SPIRITS IS A POSSIBILITY, THEN A SYSTEM OF CARE SHOULD BE ADOPTED. AS WELL SUPPRESS A KNOWLEDGE OF DISEASE, AS TO TRY TO SUPPRESS FACTS IN REGARD TO OBSESSION THAT ARE COMING TO THE FRONT ALL THE TIME. A KNOWLEDGE THAT TUBERCULOSIS (A TERRIBLE DISEASE) EXISTS, DOES NOT IN THE LEAST SPREAD THE DISEASE, BUT ENABLES PEOPLE, BY TIMELY WARNING TO PREPARE AGAINST ITS RAVAGES. IT IS THE SAME WITH DISORDERLY SPIRIT CONTROLS—THEY CAN BE PREVENTED BY TIMELY WARNING AND PROPER CAUTION, AND THAT IS WHAT IS GIVEN IN DR. PEEBLES' LATE BOOK ON OBSESSION, A REVIEW OF WHICH FOLLOWS:

"The Demonism of the Ages and Spirit Obsessions." It is only very recently that in my review column we noticed a booklet from Dr. Peebles upon the subject of Reincarnation, or the "Soul's Successive Embodiments." It was really a symposium by Mrs. Dr. Deismore, W. J. Colville and Dr. Peebles, with quotations from Mrs. Richmond. And now there is laid upon our book-table a handsomely bound volume of 400 pages, treating of Demonism in China, India, Korea, Judea, Greece, Rome, and of manifestations of evil-disposed or evil spirits in the ranks of American Spiritualism.

This is new ground for a book by a Spiritualist. We do not recollect of seeing any previous volume by a Spiritualist author upon the subject of "evil spirits" and their dangerous and deleterious influence upon mortals. It is making a new move on the chess-board of Spiritualism and will doubtless receive pungent criticisms from those who believe in no evil, or evil spirits in the spirit world.

In this bulky volume the Doctor takes it for granted that Spiritualism is a fact—a well-established fact, doubted by no careful and conscientious investigator. The several pages of "introduction" specify the general belief and teachings of the Spiritualists and in the following preface he says:

"In the preparation of this volume, I have given more attention to the facts of trustworthy witnesses than to mere artistic expressions. It has been my sole aim to lift the mystic veil and sound the occult to its very depths; to ascertain by whom we are compassed about. Are they our loved relatives, or are they angels or devils?"

"Is it safe to investigate the mist-shrouded occult? If it were to plunge into the unexplored realms of the invisible? If these unseen planes of being are peopled, by whom are they peopled? Are they saints, sylphs or demons? Can they affect mortals? Have they the power to hypnotize? Do they at times obsess and possess sensitive intermediaries? In exploring this vast territory, in entering this comparatively new harbor, what pilot is to be trusted?"

"Should one individuality ever be transferred or usurped by another? Should conscious, rational man ever be hypnotically controlled by unseen intelligences, incarnate or discarnate? Would not such a result be the merest, abject slavery? Is physical or mental slavery ever justifiable? Is the practice of promiscuous spiritism, which is only another name for necromancy, ever safe? Does it better the sensitive? Are well-balanced, sensitive, earnest saints and savants absolutely immune from evil influences? What the results of physical mediumship? Why not lift the veil?"

"Does converse with invisible entities conduce to the enlightenment, to the uplifting and moral betterment of its devoted patrons? Is not this a fair question? Do the Hindus and Chinese, who have believed in and practiced necromancy and spiritistic magic from time immemorial, excel all other nations in wisdom, virtue and the progressive enfoldment of all that constitutes goodness, purity and royal-souled greatness?"

"What does spiritism stand for? Is it demoniac? Is it only destructive and irreligious? Is its keynote iconoclasm? Is it anything more than necromancy—obsession, external, internal and infernal? If it has redeeming qualities, what are they? Are Spiritism and Spiritualism synonyms? What is to be the final outcome of this movement that has stirred alike the thinking minds of the American materialist and religiousist for the last half century?"

After quoting from Andrew Jackson Davis' "Diakka," on page 16, the Doctor says on page 19, "In considering this subject, let us go to the foundation. Did a hand after being amputated by a surgeon ever burn a building? Did a putrefying corpse ever disrobe itself of shroud and coffin and commit a bank robbery? But why not? Plainly, because the causative man, the real, conscious spiritual man had, at death, left the perishing corpse (body) which was only a temporary appendage.

"Rivet the fact in your mind as we proceed with the argument, that no act, good or bad, originated in the physical body. But the real man 'over there,' still embodied, though the old mortal body has returned to dust. In the spirit world man is dual, but

finite; and being finite, taking with him into the invisible world consciousness, emotion, desire, why should he not manifest from both the higher and lower states of his selfhood good and evil?"

"No solid thinker will affirm that the drunkard's craving is wholly of the material body; if so, the cadaver, while being dissected, might inquire why such unfeeling surgical slashings; and in consequence, might crave, if not demand alcoholic stimulants to better bear dissection. No, these desires were from the interwoven essences, elements, auras, blind forces and inter-related inharmonies pertaining to the soul-body, and not from or of the incorruptible spirit, which functions through the imperfect soul-organism."

Hudson Tuttle thus wrote awhile since in The Progressive Thinker: "All spiritual beings were once human beings, and by passing through the gateway of Death have met with no change except such as they have gained by growth. Hence, they are as good and as evil as they were here, no more, no less. When they return and manifest their identity, we note the individual characteristics retained and carried into their spiritual lives. The lover of falsehood and deceit, the envious and hating, retain those qualities, until eradicated by years and ages of advancement."

This volume treats of Chinese obsessions, Hindu obsessions, Korean obsessions, the Black Magic of India, New Testament demonism, witchcraft demonism, and the obsessional influences of evil spirits upon many mediums.

"It was perfectly reasonable that the communing with perverse, obsessing spirits of old should be denounced. Voluntary communications with evil-disposed spirits whether in the body or out, is to be deprecated. Those nowadays who seek such communications are the patrons of necromancy and sorcery as much as those in Babylonian and Old Testament times. No change of law or condition can make evil communications for evil purposes any less than evil. True, there is a little knot of egotistic, spiteful, spiritists in the world who deny the existence of a vestige of evil in the universe. Everything is lovely. A pigsty is just as sweet as a rose garden. They cannot comprehend that the qualities of good and evil are just as opposite as are the properties of heat and cold in physics. Briefly put, to these 'unbiased' pedagogues, vice and virtue are when 'properly understood' synonyms. Rape is just as divine as religion; hell just as holy as heaven, and concentrated malice and murder are but the expressions of 'undeveloped good.' Whether this class of sophists is nearest to senility or insanity, it is difficult to decide. But when practically brought face to face with their pet dogma, and forced to take their own medicine, these quasi-optimistic sophists excel in fault-finding, criticising and gruesome grumbling at the ever-recurring ills of life."

The fifteenth chapter of this book bears this heading, "Pitiful Letters from the Obsessed." Then follow about fifty pages of these pitiful letters abounding in experiences of mediums, among which are such well-known writers as J. W. Dennis, of Buffalo, Dr. Robert Greer of Chicago, Miss Nora Batchelor, the brilliant writer. Here follows a quotation from Miss Sarah C.—New York: "Five years ago I was loved for my genial, womanly disposition. I went to the Cassadaga camp-meeting and attended a seance. The night after coming home from the seance I lay in bed nervous, half-conscious, and half-entranced all night. When I came home I found myself clairvoyant and clairaudient, and I had a great many remarkable things given me. I was very glad for a time to be mediumistic, and I could tell you a great deal if I could personally talk with you. The scene soon changed. I became obsessed. I shall get deranged if I can't stop these spirits hurting me. I suffer the tortures of a burning hell, and I get but two or three hours sleep out of the night. I am getting so thin that I know they will kill me if I can't get help. I try to drive these vile infesting spirits away, but they turn upon me and swear at me and talk their obscene talk. Oh, my God, Dr. Peebles, I can't think of a worse hell than I endure, so do drive these demons away from hurting both my body and my soul. There are two vicious youths and one low female with them. I can see them clairvoyantly. The leader is a witty, devilish spirit, liking to make fun. They will mock me and sometimes will hurt me that I cry out for pain. They have injured my health. Can you, will you help me?"

On pages 180-191 are accounts of Roman Catholic obsessions.

Chapter XX treats of obsessions under the following heading, "Psychological Crimes Indicated by Vicious Spirits." "The statement so often repeated that 'like attracts like,' does not belong to the logician's realm of the universals. It has definite limits. The two positive poles in electricity come under the word 'like,' and yet they quickly repel. Human beings under all skies are of like origin, like species, and gifted with the innate like—or love-of-happiness; and yet dislikes, and fierce, brutal wars have occurred, or are occurring in many lands, the strong oppressing the weak, the powerful forcing the feeble against their wills. Might, in the lower spheres, as on earth, makes right. The will is potent. Vice may dominate for a time. Mobs may temporarily govern. The helms are boastful and spiteful. The once crowned heads, the mighty sovereigns, princely social rulers, the potentates of prize rings, continue their proclivities when stripped of their fleshy garments. The law of spiritual gravity brings them into our daily employments and environments. They suggest, they hypnotize, they control, they may and do force sensitive, subversive as it may seem of moral order, to go wrong, doubtless leading them to the commission of criminal acts. Many clear, well-substantiated cases of this kind are on record. Possibly this may be denied. Negations, however, are cheap, and of little consequence. It is affirmations, coupled with demonstrations and experiences that tell—and tell to convince."

"The soft palliative sometimes advanced by the psychically uneducated, that an evil-inclined spirit can harm no one unless there is active or latent evil

within attracting the evil from without, is not only false and illogical, but absolutely silly. 'How can we reason but from what we know?' asked Socrates. The wild savage that with hatchet brains the babe, gives the lie to this theory. Where the highwayman knocks down and robs the kindly bearer of foods and a few coins to a poor widow, is it because of the evil within this benevolent reformer's nature? Perish such presumption! The suggestion is contemptible! 'But why do not the good spirits and the angels stop the hypnotic obsessions of these depraved spirits?' A fair question! Why do not senators, congressmen, marshals and policemen, clothed with authority, stop drunkenness, gambling, robbery and murder in this world?"

"Is it said, 'They do what they can?' 'That is just the point! Good spirits and the good angels of mercy do what they can. They are not absolutely Almighty. They are not infinite in power. They are limited by law. They minister so far as they can in consonance with their refinement, with moral law, moral duty, and a righteous responsibility.'"

The chapter commencing on page 337 entitled "Rescue Work on the Border Land of the Invisible World," is most interesting. It is from the pen of H. Forbes Kiddle son of the illustrious Professor Henry Kiddle, who for years was the superintendent of the New York City schools.

The last chapters of this book teach the method of being immune from the influence of obsessing spirits. They are also decidedly optimistic. These are some stirring words on page 381: "When Spiritualism the handmaid of Science, with its Divine Fatherhood, its brotherhood, its higher heavenly ministries, its open-heartedness towards all reforms, its self-mastery of the passions, its ideals unattained, its sweet charity for human misfortunes, its parlor seances and orders of worship, its sacred home influences, its tender messages from the loved ones who have crossed Death's silent river into those calmer seas, those holier realms—when this Spiritualism becomes a practical power, then will dawn the glories of heaven on earth."

In fact this work of the staunch old Spiritualist, Dr. J. M. Peebles, is one of his best, and is bound to be of great interest to all who are students of the occult, in that it will point out the dangerous as well as the safe road upon which to study and investigate. It comes to Spiritualism and to mediums as a "lamp to the feet and a light to the pathway," and blazes the way for the coming generations, and should immortalize the name of the author.

It is positively known that obsession exists sometimes where mediumship is claimed and supposed to be, and this work will serve its purpose in helping to educate those who desire to enter into the work either as mediums or lecturers, by showing how to proceed to do the most good and yet escape the annihilation of self-hood, how to evade being captured by evil influences.

Since it has so often been shown, that Spiritualism has this awful thing of obsession to contend with, and since it is proven to be easier for those seeking medial unfoldment to fall into the power of ignorant, designing, evil influences from spirit life than it is for them to get away from that power; since it has been pointed out in article after article where the honest, conscientious seeker for development has been caught and bound to the verge of self-destruction, it is time Spiritualists were placing such books as this before the new converts. In fact, it is time many of the old-timers post themselves upon its subject matter, and be ready at all times to advise new beginners.

The following article from the pen of an M. D., who has had considerable experience with obsession in the last ten years will serve to illustrate just what is occurring every day and how cautiously mediumship should be guarded from evil influences. It is only one of many instances recorded and sent to this office:

CAN MORTALS BE OBSESSED?

A Lesson From the Experience of a Chicago Physician

I have read several articles in the Spiritual press lately commenting on obsession, some writers affirming the possibility and occurrence of obsession, others denying or professing disbelief in such occurrences, and consider the belief in obsession as merely a remnant of past superstitions, and unworthy even of thoughtful or serious consideration by thinking people of to-day.

I think it was Socrates who said, "How can we reason, but from what we know?"

The same I would say to those who profess disbelief in obsession occurring in our so-called enlightened era.

They certainly have not had the often sad, but necessary experience, for if they had had only a few such experiences, they would no more be able to deny the truth of their occurrence than they could deny their own existence.

And what is more, instead of it being difficult to obtain proof of obsession, it is in my own experience extremely easy, in fact, to my mind too dangerously easy, when dabbled in by thoughtless mortals, unconscious of the many unseen forces around them.

I am perhaps in better position to obtain data on obsession—my own wife being a trance medium—than many other investigators might be; our work also, being, to a great extent, missionary work for, or among so-called earth-bound, or spirits in darkness.

My individual experience in this work covers a period of nearly ten years, and the many pathetic as well as comical scenes that I—as well as quite a few readers of The Progressive Thinker—have witnessed during this time, would, I know, fill a good-sized volume with intensely interesting reading matter, if there had been a record kept of them.

But I am ashamed to acknowledge that I have neglected it, contrary to our spirit friends' wishes and constant urging to take notes of and give out to the world our many experiences with the unfortunate ones in spiritual darkness, for the benefit of humanity.

But to-day's experience compels me to write, for I feel that the world should know all that possibly can be known of the unseen world that lies around us, that they may be warned of what might become their punishment in the life to come, unless they heed the dictates of their consciences, and do what is right while in this mundane sphere.

And let it be understood by any one that might want to bring up the "like attracts like" theory, that our work is missionary work, for spirits, good, bad or otherwise, as well as for mortals, and we therefore are not the choosers as to who shall come, but any and all can come—whom the guiding spirits see fit to allow to come, that they think can be benefited by it. And I am happy and proud to say that we have, during the ten years' labor, been successful in bringing every one that has come to better understanding, except in two instances, where the spirits said that they were not ready.

And to-day's experience certainly was one of the hardest cases we have had yet.

For some weeks past we have noticed some mischief-loving influence about our home. But from the nature of our work, we are so used to such transitory influences that we did not give it so much thought as those differently situated might do. Until to-day, when I came home from an outside call, when my wife was very suddenly seized by a very mischievous influence. From previous experience I knew at once that we had a stranger to deal with, so I took hold of her—as I always do at such times—when she immediately became entranced. She is a so-called dead trance medium.

It is not necessary to state the many antics the controlling spirit went through. Suffice it to say, that I put my arms around her, and took hold of her right hand with my left and her left with my right, and so held her, or rather him, for fully fifteen minutes, my hold acting as a straight jacket before I succeeded in getting the spirit to say a word, or answer my questions, while the spirit in the meantime made the most frantic efforts to get away from my hold; but it finally said, "I will tire you out"—which it nearly did before I got through with it. Although my wife is a very slender woman, when thus controlled she is as strong as an ordinary man.

And so I kept holding the spirit—my wife's body—until an hour had passed by, I in the meantime talking to the spirit, trying to get some right sense into it, without the slightest success, until at last the spirit's attention seemed to be attracted to some other spirit present, when the controlling spirit began to give some vigorous kicks and made faces, and said repeatedly, "Don't you come." When I asked who it was talking to, it said, "It is my wife; I killed her. She was such a mean thing. She would always scald me. But I scalded her too, and one day I got so angry at her that I shot her, and then shot myself. And I have been running away or hiding from the police ever since."

The spirit gave the year 1899, and also its name—which I do not deem proper to mention here; they had lived at No. — West Madison street, this city. The shooting had taken place in the street.

I reasoned with the spirit and told him that he should not hate his wife, but make up with her, and "turn a new leaf," as it were, and acknowledge that they were both wrong, and probably equally to blame in their past acts, etc., when he said, "All is humbug and fraud, and life is only a mockery."

The spirit related how he had come to Chicago with honest intentions, had gone into business, joined a church, etc., and had been cheated in all kinds of ways, until he became despondent and began drinking, failed in business and ended in the above tragedy. And now all he cared for was to go around and make mischief and all the devilment he could, etc.

After long and persistent reasoning with the spirit, on the folly of its ways, I got it partially subdued, when his attention was attracted to some other spirit present, and the "controlling" spirit put his hands out in a warding-off manner, and cried out, "Don't you come; oh! mother, don't you come! I am too wicked, but you were my best friend." Then finally the ice was broken; the spirit began to relent and realize the folly of its way, and after further reasoning he at last agreed to turn to the spirit side of existence, and strive for understanding and spiritual unfoldment.

The spirit asked my pardon for having been so rude, and thanked me for having been patient with him, and said that we should not be unworried for our efforts to save such as he from their condition of misery and despair. The spirit finally left, anxious to go with his mother.

I have left out many minor points or happenings in connection with this spirit, not wishing to occupy too much valuable space.

I may, in a later article, relate my strange experience with spirits—also through my wife's organism—while dissecting their bodies during my medical studies at college.

CARL A. WICKLAND, M. D.
Chicago, Ill.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Clever people are the best encyclopedias.—Dr. Stuart Robinson.

Character, good or bad, has a tendency to perpetuate itself.—Prof. Van Dyke.

Adversity links men together, while prosperity is apt to scatter them.—Dr. W. F. Hunter.

If you have any faith, give me, for heaven's sake, a share of it! Your doubts you may keep to yourself, for I have plenty of my own.—Goethe.

Wealth is just so much baggage to carry around and to be taken care of in this world, but a cultivated brain is easy to carry and a continual source of pleasure and profit.—Phillips Brooks.

Death, early death, altogether too fashionable, accompanied with extravagant funerals, is abnormal. Life, the reverse of death, is natural, and should be with us all, not only beautiful, but golden, with joy, and as serene and abiding as the stars.—Dr. J. M. Peebles.

AN OPEN COURT



Established for a Few Weeks Only, for the Consideration of Certain Important Questions Connected with the Welfare of Spiritualism.

An Impartial Hearing Is the Friend of Justice.

It Is a Safety Valve.

THE OPEN COURT IS A SAFETY VALVE WHEREIN VARIOUS OPINIONS CAN BE EXPRESSED BY SPIRITUALISTS THEMSELVES. THE ANALYTICAL MIND WILL READ THE SAME, AND IN SO DOING WILL HAVE AN ACTUAL KNOWLEDGE OF THE EXACT STATUS OF OUR CAUSE. THE ONE WHO KNOWS THE FALSE AS WELL AS THE TRUE, IS WELL PREPARED TO FORM A CORRECT OPINION, WHILE THE ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING BUT THE FALSE, IS ONE-SIDED, IS IGNORANT, AND INCAPABLE OF FORMING A CORRECT OPINION. HE, TOO, WHO HAS THE TRUTH ALONE, AND KNOWS NOTHING OF THE DECEPTION GOING ON IN OUR RANKS, CAN NOT CORRECTLY JUDGE OF THE CONDITION OF OUR CAUSE. IT IS NECESSARY TO KNOW THE BAD AS WELL AS THE GOOD, AND THEN A CORRECT ESTIMATE CAN BE MADE. THE OPEN COURT PRESENTS BOTH SIDES, AND IF YOU WILL CAREFULLY READ THE SAME, YOU WILL BE THE WISER AND BETTER THEREFOR. REALIZING FULLY BOTH THE GOOD AND THE BAD, THE TRUE AND THE FALSE, YOU CAN ACT UNDERSTANDINGLY IN FORMING AN OPINION, BUT NOT OTHERWISE.

SOME AXIOMS IN ETHICS IN THE EXPLANATION OF FRAUD.

There are two primal elements of the human mind that give rise to all the contents of life itself, and embrace all and include every interest of mankind. All theories, opinions, beliefs, the acceptance of all dogmas, all schemes of life are founded on these two elements. They form the basis of every consideration in life. No voluntary rational action is possible without the employment of these two primal factors.

These two primal elements are Sensation and Consciousness.

Sensation is essentially life—that in which we move and have our being. It is desire ever seeking satisfaction—the persistent, irrepresible desire to live, to enjoy, to be happy. It gives rise to a concern for our well-being and that of those whom we love. Well-being is enjoyment, happiness—the end and aim of life. We are constantly pursuing pleasant sensations and avoiding unpleasant ones. Sensation (feeling) is the source, the sole cause of all human activities; and those which are voluntary and rational, are efforts to secure enjoyment, happiness.

Consciousness is that state of mind in which we are aware of our being, feeling, thinking, acting, and of the conception of facts, events and principles. It is the light that illumines the pathway of life and gives rise to knowledge, judgment, reason. These two primal elements are always inseparable in voluntary, rational activities. Sensation could not act voluntarily nor rationally, without consciousness; and consciousness would be of no use without sensation.

Sensation (in some form, as desire or feeling) gives rise to the sense of reality in what is felt. There is no sense of reality only in conscious feeling. That sense of reality we call truth, and accept it as such, and act upon it accordingly. It has its rise in feeling that has been aroused by some outward event. The feelings are unconsciously developed during childhood, youth and adolescence—feelings, the germs of which are innate in every well-born child. Let no one feel confident that he could have escaped the development of any feeling, however delusive or preposterous, had he lived at the time when it prevailed, and was respected by the community. The feelings thus unconsciously developed, give rise to the sense of reality which is felt. Feeling is the basis of judgment, opinion, belief, which are accepted as reality, and acted upon as such.

The feelings are unconsciously developed by the stimulus of environment, either indirectly through prenatal influences, or directly by environment that attend the individual in subsequent life. Since the feelings give rise to the sense of reality in what is felt, by arousing consciousness, that sense is taken for the reality; and all opinions, beliefs and conclusions are founded on that sense. The feelings are developed by their exercise, and since they are as readily aroused by the unreal which is conceived to be real, by the real, according to that which arouses it. Truth, in this matter, depends on the reality of that which arouses the feeling. Besides, the feelings themselves, may be vicious, giving rise to vicious action which is justified by the actor, or founded on unreality conceived to be real. For instance, the devout churchman feels the sense of reality in the atoning blood of Christ, and acts upon it as such. This law of mental action is universal, invariable, eternal.

These axiomatic statements are offered with a view of throwing some light on the question of fraud in mediumship. When they are applied, they afford the means by which all modes of conduct can be explained. The factors in the solution of any problem must be understood and rightly applied. Since feeling gives rise to the sense of reality in what is felt, there is no proof of its being reality; for others equally as intelligent and honest, and having equal opportunities to investigate, arrive at opposite and antagonistic conclusions on the same subject, in ethical matters, simply because they have opposite and antagonistic feelings on the same subject, and all will accept opinions and beliefs in accordance with their feelings, and refuse and repel all others. Truly, "the wish is the father to the thought."

The question of truth or error, of the genuineness or fraud in mediumship, is that of the thing which arouses the feeling, giving rise to the sense of its reality; since in the matter of ethics no one is opposed to the spiritualists.

side of life. But such manifestation is not fraud; it is genuine; but it is to assist the fraud-hunters to denounce it as fraud.

There are certain phases of mediumship that are easily imitated by mortals, and when claimed to be genuine, are readily believed to be genuine by the ignorant and credulous. But there are other phases in which fraud is attempted, and is easily detected. As one of our most experienced spiritualists said, "He who cannot detect fraud, or is deceived by it, needs a guardian," and stupid indeed are those who are deceived by it. Materialization is a phase that can be easily detected if fraud is attempted. If a materialized medium refuses any reasonable test that would satisfy the investigator, it may be considered as prima facie evidence of fraud. There is one kind of so-called materialization, that is, in which the medium is so transformed as to present the appearance and character of the spirit seen. This phase, though genuine, is but little understood, and the spirit is grabbed, the medium is caught, and great is the cry of fraud!

A little careful inspection will satisfy any reasonable person in regard to fraud. Masks and togery cannot be concealed. Those who are already satisfied with their state of feeling, will refuse to investigate, and will be delighted if they are proclaimed to be false. So Error is kept on the throne. All that we can do is to make right conditions; and the spirits will do the rest, but neither right conditions nor the means of communicating with mortals are well enough understood, thus making fraud more easy and profitable.

E. J. SCHELLHOUTS.

FAKE MEDIUMSHIP.

Some Practical Suggestions Towards Its Elimination.

In your issue of July 16, there appeared an article over the signature of the veteran spiritualist, Prof. J. S. Loveland, that was a real eye opener. It was a personal from spiritualists who have the good of the cause at heart. Prof. Loveland pertinently asks, "Can fraud be prevented? Will the fraud and cheatery so rampant in the Spiritist ranks be cured?" To this he answers, "No!" assigning as a reason that the organizations of Spiritualism in their mode of action, and the professional (?) developers of mediumship will prevent it.

Prof. Loveland, I think, has taken the correct view of the situation as it pertains to this extended craze for development of mediums, which, just now, is placing the cause of Spiritualism in jeopardy of its very existence. Ordinarily, I believe, mediums are born, not made. Spiritualists are, we know, and properly so, too, persistent in maintaining that proper conditions must obtain for the presentation of Spiritualistic phenomena. This demand exists to such an extent that skeptics deride the claim. In order for the production of any phenomena, be it on the physical plane or be it from the spirit side of life, the conditions must be proper. And so it is with those entering upon the work of mediumship, proper conditions, both physical and psychical must obtain, or qualities for the work can never be developed.

What can you possibly develop when there is no innate germ to unfold? Proper conditions for development of mediumistic powers do not exist in every human being. How often, in my own case have mediums insisted that they possess latent powers for various phases of their work, when all the time I knew what such powers are entirely lacking in my psychical endowment. I have had those who were in the "progressive order of becoming" so, affected great surprise that I had been a professional medium for so long, and had developed any phase for platform show. I do claim that I am a student of psychical phenomena and of the laws by which they are produced—but only as a student.

I have frequently had readings purporting to come from the spirit side, which I positively knew emanated from spirits, but, upon close investigation, the mediums giving those readings were honest in their belief that the messages came from beyond the veil.

In ordinary platform work, how often it occurs that the medium gives readings which are affected by thought-waves sent by human batteries, sometimes unconsciously to be sure, but frequently trained on the medium for the purpose of testing the strength of the battery in its effect upon the work on the rostrum.

In this connection I herewith relate an incident which recently occurred at an afternoon test session held in this city by the Jumpers. In company with five others I sat upon the seat and we waited in positive thought-force against the effect of the medium's battery. A lady, a grey, very indignant with our little company, shook her forefinger at me and my wicked fellows, though our behavior, other than the silent projection of our united, positive thought, was the pink of perfection. So marked was her treatment of us that the entire audience directed their attention to her. The preacher said that she would not proffer an altar call, that it was no use for the devil's minions were present, and she made a sweeping gesture at our band.

In view of these facts, is it any wonder that messages purporting to come from higher sources so frequently are of the nature of tests, or of the nature of no or no-al, misleading, may more, to the conscientious believer often fraught with disastrous effects?

Why go on seeking to develop seven-sevenths of believers as public mediums, when the fact is patent from experience and observation that perhaps a few, one-fourth of human beings possess psychical powers sufficient to enable them to use their gifts for the good of humanity?

Should not some other qualifications obtain than the production of phenomena? Is this the only training necessary? Should not the intellect be trained so that the mediums be a more intelligent instrument in the hands of the public, possessing a subtle power? Nor is this all. Should it not be required that mediums understand the various phases of psychology and the avenues through which those individual phases may be affected by influences from beings and conditions present?

Should they not understand human nature, its wants, its desires, its joys and its sorrows, in order to administer comfort, consolation and advice to those seeking good? Should not mediums be efficient enough to know in which department of an ever-expanding field of work they are engaged, rather than an ever-expanding vista of pulling the strings of a deluded public by readings and tests weakened in their effect by the ulterior object of personal gains, and totally shorn of any due recompense to the seeker?

The most glaring and persistent fraud permeating all the seances given by professional mediums, beyond the shadow of a doubt—these are they whom your correspondent styles "fraud hunters." I am one of these, and I affirm that if there has been any agreeable notoriety or worldly gain for me in it I have not yet discovered it. Neither have I any anxiety to become a martyr. Spiritualism is a religion, and I have found it a good enough religion to live by and to die by. I have, but a few more years of earthly life to expect, but as long as I am on this side of life I shall protest against the encouragement of commercialism and sensationalism in mediumship, a system which turns many of our meetings into money shows and brings deserved ridicule upon our cause; a system which enables conscienceless scoundrels and scoundrels under the cloak of Spiritualism to fleece the credulous and the inquiring investigator, that they may live in palatial apartments, wear diamonds and play the races, while the real medium, the one who is honest and true, Spiritualist, upholder of the cause, a system which gives every encouragement to fraud and rascality. And I think these are the sentiments of the great majority of those who are with me in this fight.

It is quite customary among a certain class of writers to speak in terms of respect about "fraud hunters," and they also have another stock remark, or alleged argument, that is equally silly and absurd. It is this: "Is there not fraud also in the churches and elsewhere?" As though that proposition had anything to do with the question under consideration. What we are to consider is whether Spiritualists shall uphold or uphold a fraud. Fraudulent practices among their mediums, or stamp it out. There is no question as to the right or wrong of it. Deceit and fraud are ALWAYS wrong wherever found, and those who defend and uphold it are more guilty than the frauds themselves.

Now, as to "going to the bottom and giving the whole thing up," that is for the Spiritualists themselves to do. We "fraud hunters," if you please to call us that, have pointed out to you that the fraud exists, and how the tricks are done. You cannot expect a few individuals here and there over this broad land to do your house-cleaning for you, and the brunt of the evil must be met by us. If we must discuss this question indefinitely, have sensible, clean-cut ideas and argument (if they have any) from the other side, and less silly twaddle. Boston, Mass. FORREST.

FAKE MEDIUMS.

They Live Upon the Credulity of Their Patrons.

The world has always had impostors, and until human nature changes, always will have. They have not been confined to any one nation or to any one association, but have been scattered here, there and everywhere. It is true that Spiritualism has had its fair share of impostors, of one kind or another, but probably as the case may be, more than other associations of men. There will always be an army of fake mediums, just so long as they receive encouragement and support, and no longer. They live upon the want of due caution and the credulity of their patrons.

If a person is sick, and desires the services of a doctor, he or his friends send for a reputable physician if he wants the aid of a good lawyer he does not seek a shyster or pettifogger; if he wants to build a railroad he employs skillful engineers; or, if he wants his blacksmith to repair it.

Now, he should use the same caution in the selection of a medium when he wishes to consult one. It goes without saying, that there are plenty of good, reliable mediums in the country—men and women of character and ability; and, by use of reasonable caution in selecting one, there is no reason for being the victim of imposition. Very much depends upon the plighted word of the Spiritualists. Let Spiritualists use good business common sense, in the selection of the mediums for consultation, and the frauds and fakes will soon find that their occupation is gone. The fault is largely the result of the want of proper care by spiritualists themselves, that unworthy mediums prosper and thrive. There is no need of saying much about the fake mediums. They will be with us just so long as we patronize them, and no longer.

How is the public to know whether a medium is reliable or otherwise? Just as it ascertains the reliability of a merchant, manufacturer or builder. There are plenty of Spiritualists in every city, village and town, in this civilized world, who know where a medium, located in such city, village or town is trustworthy or not; and such Spiritualists should be occasionally taken in, but that we must expect, in this imperfect world in which we live.

There can be nothing gained in saying much about the disreputable camp followers of the grand army of Spiritualists. They are not worth talking about very much.

If the newspapers would take as much pains to ferret out the shortcomings of the teachers of the religious dogmas of the country, as they do to unearth disreputable mediums, they would never lack for sensational scandal with which to regale their readers.

CARL C. POPE.

Black River Falls, Wis.

PREPARED TESTS.

What a Worker Has Been and Known.

To the Editor:—It is more than ten years since a copy of your well-known paper first fell into my hands, and never has it seemed more truly progressive than at the present time. In its able efforts to defend genuine mediumship and protect it from calumny by pointing out the spurious article wherever found.

Much has been said pro and con about the "Blue Book"; its color, however, is of little moment, the fact remains that there are books of prepared tests. Not only books but many other ways by which "watered stock" gets into the test market.

We know whereof we speak. While acting as official reporter for Spiritualism, your correspondent was shown one picked up on a camp ground. The color was not blue; it was a little blank book, with a brown back, and contained the names of many people well known to the writer, together with the name, which is not a nom de plume, signed to this article.

We have never seen the famous "Blue Book," but have seen other books and methods by which prepared tests were made known to the public. The color of the book is of no importance whatever.

One seen last was a small blank book with a brown imitation leather back containing imitation tests. One was addressed to the writer, and many others to well-known people.

Here is a sample of them: "Mrs. Black, widow, one husband dead, one di-

voiced. Father, mother, one sister and two brothers in spirit life. Has also buried one child and has three living. All by first (dead) husband." Names, dates and details follow.

Many of the persons to whom these tests were addressed were labeled as follows: "Easily fooled," "hard to fool," "won't squeal," "will squeal," "guillible," "sharp," etc. Have also seen cipher letters, fans and other articles with nothing on them but the name of the person to whom they were addressed, or being on their revelations.

These statements are not made with the idea of injuring genuine mediumship. The object is to sustain it. The supply is far short of the demand, and we believe this is largely due to the fact that the spurious article crowds it out. It is a lamentable fact that real communications from the spirit world are often interlocked as it were with the rendering of these questionable communications.

The wheat and the tares grow together and it takes a careful husbandman to separate the intertangles of their roots. In this commercial age, for the sake of a few dollars, the medium, which all the while was seated in the chair, the only one present seemingly unconcerned at the episode. Those who saw only the materialized figure, dressed as was the medium, violently denounced the manifestations as paltry fraud.

Those who with better opportunities, saw the whole proceeding, knew that nothing could have better demonstrated the genuineness of the mediumship. He was found bound hand and foot, intact, while his pulse was the same as before anything took place.

In each of these cases, the "cry of fraud" was publicly uttered, and wondrously endowed mediums. With out personal warrants or knowledge, others took up the cry, echoed and reheated it over the land and seas.

If only those cries from who knew it for a certainty, its volume would be greatly lessened. If every case of actual fraud were promptly and justly dealt with, its manufacture would soon cease.

Of the mediums herein referred to, one died shortly after these public charges were made. One, out of self respect, was unwilling to constantly serve as a target for treatment irrational as it was persistent, voluntarily abandoned his glorious mission; and one was imprisoned on the ground of obtaining money under false pretenses. Comment is unnecessary.

GEORGE A. BACON.

Washington, D. C.

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Primitive people are honest. The virgin soil that never has been disturbed bears no weeds. Civilization carries in its bosom the seeds of its own destruction. This seems absurd and inconsistent. Great men are always inconsistent, contradictory and hard to understand. Genius is elemental. It gathers strength from nature and not from art. It drinks from the fountain-head of knowledge and not from every rivulet that flows in farther down the stream.

Some animals burrow in the ground, others live in the sunlight. There are birds that light upon the bushes, low trees and fences, while others perch only on the loftiest trees and high mountain peaks. In the mental as in the physical realm there are dwellers in the valleys as well as dwellers on the mountains. But there is as much demand in the world for weakness as there is for strength; for men of mediocre ability as for giant intellects. It requires only one queen bee for a million workers. China produced her Confucius; Persia, her Zoroaster; India, her Buddha; Arabia, her Mahomet; Greece, her Homer; her Demosthenes; Italy, her Dante; France, her Napoleon; Germany, her Bismarck; and England, her Shakespeare.

Such men are kingdom builders, empire founders, thought molders;—men who plant seed that in time ripen into laws, constitutions and republics. Not every generation can produce these characters. It requires centuries for a nation to bring forth a great man. The United States is yet too young to have a long historic background. She has produced only three presidents of commanding stature—Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Roosevelt is able, brilliant, and daring, but he would never be able on any great moral, social or political question to transform the thought of a nation.

It makes no difference on what line a great man acts—he leaves a memorial for all time. Whether it is Bismarck, unifying an empire, or Jefferson writing the Declaration of Independence, or Lincoln signing the Proclamation of Emancipation, and thereby placing the final crown upon the brow of liberty and making those immortal words true in spirit as well as in letter, "that all men are created equal," that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,"—the act will ever remain a landmark in national progress as long as history is written. A few strokes of the pen seals the argument of years.

After the storm comes the calm; after the battle comes the declaration of peace. Continents are born out of the throes, and upheavals and movements of nature. Mighty institutions are built up and vital truths re-animated upon the ruins of social and political disorder. The French revolution put new life into the spirit of liberty and equality among men that will never be drowned and will forever exert itself more and more powerfully until darkness again covers the earth.

Nature is always trying to restore order in her kingdom. Sometimes she destroys in order to rebuild. There is always a spirit of truth abroad in the land which never entirely loses its power and continually works for justice and righteousness. Humanity in mass is more reliable than it is individually. . . . by a special law of Providence which it is impossible to mistake, a law analogous to that which rules the natural world, there is a certain degree of order, of intelligence, of justice, indispensable to the duration of human society. From the simple fact of its duration we may argue, that society is not completely irrational, savage or iniquitous; that it is not altogether destitute of intelligence, truth and justice, for without these society cannot hold together."

People often act better than they talk, better than they think; otherwise community would not hold together. Men would not dare put in operation all the vagaries of their mind.

Responsibility sobers men and gives them a balance of character which otherwise they would not possess. The condemnation of the public weighs more with people than the condemnation of conscience. It is difficult to analyze all the factors and forces that help to maintain law and order and hold public sentiment together. Some people have strong individuality, some have none; some have strong will power, others are weak. The strength of a man's prejudices is always in proportion to his ignorance and intellectual weakness.

People would be wiser if they would listen and think more and talk less. You cannot substitute words for ideas. There are no secrets. One can neither cover up his ignorance by words or by silence. Every word, look and gesture betrays the amount of mental and intellectual resources we have at our command. The great mass of mankind are led, guided and directed—in fact often deceived by those whom they follow. But the world loves illusion, it loves romance, deception—it really loves a little wickedness. Too much goodness becomes insipid—colorless. It lacks vitality and a certain flavor of animal life. Men

become morally and religiously hidebound—their whole life and soul shriveled up into a creed. A man can be morbidly good as well as morbidly bad. Everything in nature and life is dual.

Two principles are always at work: Progression and retrogression move side by side. Progress doesn't mean happiness,—it doesn't mean righteousness. The higher the culture and refinement the greater the suffering. It is in the large cities and centers of learning, intelligence and wealth that sin and iniquity most abound, not in the ruder and more uncultivated communities.

The pleasures, the luxuries, the conveniences and privileges of civilization carry with them terrible penalties. We cannot harmonize or explain all the conditions we find in the world. Was not Judas as necessary in the plan of salvation as Christ; the serpent as Eve; the tempter as the tempted? Every man you meet, every animal you see, all objects in nature, the insects that fly through the air, and the worms that we crush beneath our feet—are subjects of study and matters of interest to the wise and thoughtful.

We cannot eliminate evil from the world and retain the good. All birth comes through travail—knowledge comes through suffering. Joy and sorrow are so near akin that one cannot exist without the other. "Of suffering and sorrow were born all life's beauty. The hope of immortality came from breaking hearts. Nations rise through a mist of tears. Every great life work is an agony. Behind every song lurks a sign." Man's surroundings color and shape all he speaks, feels or writes. One would not compose the same article upon the prairie that he would upon the mountain, he would not write the same speech in the valley that he would upon the hills.

Theory amounts to nothing—experience is all that counts. Every grand and beautiful thought that has ever spoken, has been ground out of some soul who has lived, felt, and been made to realize the full meaning of the thought, feeling and sentiment expressed. Some writer in speaking of Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress says, "The allegory is the life of its author east in imaginative form. Every step in Christian's journey had been first trodden by Bunyan himself; every pang of fear and shame, every spasm of despair, every breath of hope and consolation, which is there described, is but a reflex mirror from personal experience."

It is only after we have passed through, and from a distance can look back upon an experience that its full bearing and influence upon our lives can be seen;—never in the storm and conflict of the moment. Perspective adds interest to most objects, conditions and scenes. Time gives luster to character and distance adds beauty to paintings, landscapes and clouds. We know nothing about the real Washington, the real Jefferson, the real Lincoln, or the real Grant;—they are nothing but myths as far as our actual knowledge goes; and the same is true of all great men in all ages.

The sunrise, the sunsets and the distant landscapes are beautiful to behold, but it is the intervening distances that give the charm. There is no scene, object or character that will bear too close an examination. In the distance all hues, shades and tints become united and blend together as one color. No two persons think, feel or act alike, yet on the great lines of life they agree and act as one body.

While the multitude are always inarticulate, still there is a certain unison of hopes, aspirations and feelings that cling to an age and a people. And occasionally a single soul endowed with marvelous sympathy, intuition and genius gathers up and voices the universal sentiment and history of human hearts for a thousand years. Every picture must have a background. All that is grand and beautiful, whether in nature or life, is only grand and beautiful because of its background, because of the history that precedes it. Neither art, literature or life come spontaneous or by arbitrary command; each has a long preparation.

How beautifully have these thoughts been expressed by another. "Formerly a few men and women wrote the books of the world. They were the voices of the silent world; as we listen we seem at first to hear no other words than theirs. We might hastily conclude that there were no thoughts in those old times but those . . . But as we listen more intently and patiently, these puissant tones seem to issue from a world-wide inarticulate murmur; they are no longer solitary; they interpret that which lies unspoken in countless hearts. How solitary Job sits among his griefs as we look back upon him! All the races who dwelt about him have vanished; the world activity and thought in which he lived has perished utterly; but there stands the immortal singer with that marvelous song . . . But this sublime argument . . . is not the thought of Job alone; it is the groping, doubting aspiration of the East finding voice and measure for itself; . . . it is the spiritual history of a race. The lonely thinker . . . has made himself the interpreter of the lost world which he alone had survived. Back of the great poem there is an unwritten history greater and more pathetic than the poem itself."

Sometimes all there is left of an age is the voice of a single man. HENRY MORRISON TEFFT. Norwich, N. Y.

Life In the Spirit Realms.

A Series of Letters from Spirit Carlyle Petersilea, Mrs. Carlyle Petersilea, Medium.

LETTER NUMBER THREE.

Now, some may ask, Mr. Petersilea, how is it about sin, wickedness, evil? Are not the wicked punished?"

My reply is: The law of justice is sure. All will suffer for each and every wrong committed; but I would like to give those of earth a little advice. The less one thinks about sin and evil the better. If one makes a mistake and does that which may be wrong, forget it as quickly as possible and try with all your might to think only of good. If you keep thinking about evil, or wrong, one sends out these thought vibrations continually, and the evil grows and increases thereby. Thus it is with all thoughts, and or otherwise. Think only of good. Forget all evil as quickly as you can. Kill it out entirely with good thoughts and good intentions. Like a little child, if you fall, through a mistake, or lack of strength, regain your feet, or retrieve yourself quickly; forget the fall as soon as possible, and run on with a joyful, hopeful smile. If you stand crying and thinking of your fall, and fearing that you will fall again, you surely will. Forget it—forget it, I say! Think only of the good—and that is the true meaning of the words, "overcome evil with good."

It is very wrong to publish evil deeds in newspapers, and fill the whole world with evil vibrations, thereby increasing the one evil deed a thousand fold. Stamp out the evil quickly, as one would fire, before it spreads. Do not give it a chance to spread—and now I want to say a few words about obsession:

I agree with Mr. Hudson Tuttle, wholly and entirely. His exposition of it is the true one; but I will not repeat it here. Read it, and ponder it well. Very few wicked spirits are able to obsess any one. Spirits do not remain very wicked long, either. If you overcome a wicked spirit with good, it will either become good or leave you. If one absolutely refuses to harbor an evil thought, or to do an evil deed, no evil spirit can harm one in the least; but evil is simply the child of error and ignorance. As soon as a spirit, either in or out of the body, becomes enlightened, it ceases to be evil.

False religious ideas have very much to do with so-called sin; and, now, what are sins? Murder, covetousness, evil-speaking, jealousy, greed, lying, fraud, deception, hate, envy, drunkenness in all its various forms, gluttony, meanness, and, as Mr. Hudson Tuttle says, perversions of that which should be true sexual relations. Now who would commit murder if they were wholly and fully enlightened—if they really understood that to murder a man did not kill him but that it gave him tenfold more power to retaliate, if he were so disposed; that instead of putting a supposed enemy out of the way they were giving him the power to remain with the murderer at all times and places and render his life too horrible to contemplate, if so disposed? But, of course, the victims are not always revengefully disposed. Many think, or soon learn, that it is better to forgive.

Who would be covetous if they knew that that which they unlawfully coveted would forever be a thorn in the spirit or flesh, continually piercing and torturing them? Who would speak evil if they knew that the evil would return and find lodgment within their own breast to laquerate and harass them at all times? And none would be jealous if they knew that which by natural spiritual law belonged to another could by no possible means belong to them. As no two faces, or forms, or souls, or spirits, are ever exactly alike, and as no two ever attain to exactly the same degree in art, or music, or in any gift whatever, neither in beauty nor grace, but that each must be his or her individual self, and can by no possible means be any other—knowing this, none would or could be jealous—and that at last each will develop into the perfect God-like angel, forming the particular part of that which is called God, and filling the particular position in the great universal scale of harmony that none other could fill.

And greed: How foolish it is to desire more than enough to be comfortable, refined and happy, with a little surplus for old age; and enough to be benevolent and generous to those who are unfortunate or in poverty.

Lying: Who would tell falsehoods when under all and any circumstances the truth is better; and this brings me to the lying deceptions practiced by so-called mediums. Real mediums are not liars. They may, ignorantly, make some mistakes, thinking themselves right, but they will not knowingly commit fraud. What can be said of those liars and deceivers, who with foreknowledge and premeditation, dress themselves up and personate spirits, make use of confederates, trap doors, phosphorescent robes, illuminated paper corners, and waving telescopic wands tipped with phosphorus?

And now I want to show up a few of these so-called materializers:

When I was in the form, my wife and myself visited a number of these tricksters. Mrs. Petersilea was once one of a committee of ladies who examined a so-called medium, to make sure that she had nothing about her but black—that each article of apparel she wore was entirely black—not a white thread upon her. The ladies examined her thoroughly, as they thought, when one of them discovered that the facings of her black skirt were not sewed to the skirt underneath, except at the lengthwise seams. This facing extended from the knees downward, making five or six great pockets on the inner side of the skirt next to the body, the outer surface of the skirt being perfect. Now the lady pulled out from these deep pockets, which extended entirely around the skirt, wigs, masks, illuminated draperies, and other things painted with illuminated paint.

Now that poor woman will have to make amends to every person she deceived through a long career of deception, in spirit, until she has entirely balanced accounts—a long and weary road, surely. And another: A man, who is still practicing his nefarious business, pretending that he is extremely benevolent, giving sentences occasionally for so-called benevolent purposes, vilely deceiving those who so implicitly trust him.

Mrs. Petersilea some years ago visited his seances, not as a skeptic, but fully believing that he was a genuine materializing medium, and this is what she saw: It was supposed by the visitors that what they saw within the cabinet was the spirit of a little golden-haired child materialized, and most would exclaim on looking into the cabinet: "Oh! what a beautiful golden-haired darling!"

Mrs. Petersilea was the last to go up to the cabinet. The golden-haired darling had become disarranged in some way, and the painted rubber head had partly collapsed or lost the air with which it had been blown up, the golden wig hung loosely on the shrunken head, the painted big eyes had become exceedingly oblong, and the mouth, and red lips drooped horribly. An old umbrella was used to form the body of the so-called "lovely darling," the head being stuck on the point of the umbrella, the umbrella being partly open that formed the body of the same covered with white

drapery. The drapery had become disarranged and the ribs of the old umbrella were plainly visible, the drapery having been accidentally pushed away from them.

Now that man has been for years deceiving thousands of people, and he is still at his nefarious business; but, if he knew positively, as I now know, that he will be obliged to make restitution to each and every one he has thus deceived, even to the last hair of weight in the scales of justice, he would never deceive another human being, and would never give another so-called materialization.

That man—and he himself knows who is meant and who he is—will now, very soon, be here in the spirit world. He will read this. Now, let me tell him, for I know, I can see already within him what will surely cause his departure from earth life; that very soon indeed will commence the work of restitution, and he will have to render to the last hair in the scales of spiritual justice.

My wife together with myself witnessed very many more so-called materializations, but all that we were privileged to see were carried on by fraud very like the two instances cited.

I, being a spirit, know positively that no spirit ever yet took on again a body of flesh, blood and bones together with all the organs appertaining to the body! This is utterly impossible to a spirit. Such a body must be developed and grow by the slow and natural process; neither can it be done at a snap of a finger, but that spirits can, and do make themselves visible, at times when conditions permit, is true. These appear as apparitions. That spirits can and do form the semblance of hands and so forth, is also true. These hands are not flesh and blood but they are formed through what may be called chemical affinity.

My friend, William Denton, could explain it to you better than I can, and he hopes to write a series of letters, through my wife, sometime. I hope to understand chemistry myself better, for I am attending a course of lectures given at his chemical college. My own conservatory of music holds me a good part of the time, but not all by any means. I live in my own earthly home, with my wife, very much as I did before I left the body of flesh; but, when living in the body of flesh, I had a similar school, also my earthly home, living with my wife at our home, going and coming to and from the conservatory. I now go and come in the same way except that now I am a spirit and go home to my wife from my spiritual school. I also have plenty of time to go where I please, attend spiritual lectures, visit the grand old masters in music; in fact, there is no end to that which I wish to see and understand, and as soon as I thoroughly comprehend a subject then I must, by a natural law, teach it and show it to others; this forms the endless chain of progression.

But I here and now wish to say that I do not stand at the elbow of some aspiring earthly pupil every instant of my life and theirs as a guide. My time is not wasted in any such manner. That I occasionally visit a pupil, to whom on account of their unusual talent I am very much attracted, to help them, is true.

My wife is receiving many letters from such aspirants telling her that I have constituted myself their special guide, and they expect, on that account, that she will render them pecuniary assistance. Now this is a mistake. That I am with and do control my wife to write is true and most natural, but that I spend my entire time at the elbow of some young person, who wishes to become a good performer, is not true. I most gladly assist all those whom I can—those to whom I am naturally attracted—but I am no one's special guide in the way that they understand it—that I am with them at all times ready to respond to every whim or question they may ask.

Here in the spirit realms, I teach mostly by class lessons. We grade our pupils and form classes. I spend very little of my valuable time, exclusively with one pupil. It would be a waste of time and force when I can, by the graded class system, teach twenty or thirty, or even a hundred or more at the same time. Sometimes we have the body of the former church filled with youthful new beginners, requiring but one lesson from me at each time.

It seems a little strange to me, sometimes, when I think of it, that I should be situated almost exactly as I was before my departure from the physical body. Here I am at the head of a large and thriving school, receiving many visitors as I was accustomed to on the earthly plane, and many of these visitors I was well acquainted with when they and I dwelt within the material; and how glad we all are to see each other.

All those in whom I was much interested, or to whom I was deeply attached, that had passed out of the body all along the years of my earth life, here they come, one by one, to visit me, just as I visited Denton and Franz Liszt; and then how joyfully we greet each other, how warmly we clasp hands. Friends, I can not express to you the joy we feel as we meet, to realize that we were not dead any of us, simply changed our dull and sodden garments for light, ethereal and exquisitely beautiful ones.

(To be continued.)

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or did you hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

You're beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, The Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

—Edmund Vance Cook.

A fool, indeed, has great need of a title; it teaches men to call him count or duke, and thus forget his proper name of fool.—J. Crown.

What's gone and past help should be past grief.—Shakespeare.

Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.—Disraeli.

Modesty is proportioned to the occasions of life, and strongest in youth when passion is so too.—Collier.

Man cannot make principles; he can only discover them.—Thomas Paine.

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THE JOURNEY OF A SOUL.

She held life's fairest garlands in her hands.
Youth, fame and beauty, and before the shrine
Of the Immortal Nine had bent her knee
Receiving on her brow their awful chrism.
Then life spoke to her sternly, crying,
Yield.
And she went forth with empty hands
And passed into a desert place—but held
One dream a little longer in her heart,
And called on Fate with passionate wild words,
Demanding yet to stand and front the stars
At her full stature on the unsteady earth.
Not glad, but quiet and at peace with life,
The stony lips of Fate made answer,
"Bow."
She held life's bitterest cup and shrinking, prayed,
"Not this, O God, not this. I am too weak."
All have yielded, all save this to Thee,
The warm love centered in my deepest soul.
I pray Thee let this pass." God answered,
"Drink."
Her pallid lips sobbed in the acrid draught
Till pain itself benumbed the sense of pain
As she before Love's desolate altar
Alone forever. And she blindly held
Her hands to the dumb heavens and prayed for death.

Since from her life dear love was sent away,
Death thrust her hands aside and passed her by,
Then she arose and looked upon the world;
And at her feet a wailing cry crept up
The moaning of the human struck her ear
And forced its piteous meaning on her soul.
Naked, bereft of youth, hope, fame and love
She turned to help humanity's despair
And bled the burden of a sad world's woe
Upon her heart, accepting patiently
The lesson she had learned in bitter pain.
Nor asked she aught again of Fate or God
But bound the wounds of many; casting down
All thought of self and luxury of grief
Since joy and pain were one. She had no tears
For in her heart the tears of all the earth
Surged in salt food, and the rebellious cry
Of her own human nature was too weak
To ring above the sobbing of the world.
And where she walked the thorny way
Grew soft
With whitest blossoms—lotus-buds of hope—
All nature felt and answered to her loath.
The very stones were happier for her feet.

A little time, ere she from Death passed on,
Into that dawn of life where self-hood lost,
Means God-god won.
BEATRICE ST. GEORGE.
TO MY WINGLESS GOD.
True, but we spoil thy wisdom by our doubt,
Yet, wilt thou not this feathery shrub weed out?
Spotless art thou, clad in the morning light,
When at my couch thy form appears at night
Where dost thou gather thy fresh gown so free?
Tell, wingless God, thy secret unto me.
Vain would I mould my soul as thou hast thine.
Wrapped in sweet heavenly garments so divine,
Indulge not wish impure, nor sigh for gain,
Yet 'tis impossible—I seek in vain.
Glorious archangel, gift me with thy lore,
Teach me to grow while on the mortal shore.
Vell me to growth which must be all undone,
Give me thy probing power to grow divine.
Else will I come to thee unfit and sore
Garbled and ungainly, ghastly and impure.
Gather me freshness from the wealth of soul
To grow like thee and thus to be made whole.
REV. CORA BENTON, Toledo, Ohio.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1904.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter. You may do so a dozen times safely, and then the next remittance may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal order for five cents, and then you are perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large for the National Spiritualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to answer all attacks in the secular or religious press on Spiritualism. Send him clippings when an attack is made, giving date and name of paper. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

A Church Movement to Render Liquor-Selling Respectable.

It appears from the daily papers that the "Subway Tavern," where one may drink either soda water or good old Kentucky rye, was dedicated in New York, August 2. The tavern has for its purpose the lessening of the evils of intemperance and the viciousness of the American saloon. The Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, Bishop of the New York diocese, came the way from his summer home in Cooperstown, N. Y., to assist in the dedication.

The Subway Tavern is located at the corner of Mulberry and Bleecker streets and is owned by a stock company of prominent citizens, who have followed with much interest the scheme started in England by Earl Grey, known as the Central Public House Trust. In the front of the tavern is a large soda water fountain. Behind a partition in the rear room is the tavern proper. Here may be found the regulation American bar where all sorts of drinks may be bought. A lunch counter is against the wall and down stairs are long tables where workmen may eat their lunches with what they wish to drink.

Joseph Johnson, Jr., chief promoter of the tavern, in opening the proceedings said that the company was capitalized for \$10,000 and that anything made over five per cent would be turned into a surplus fund for the building of other taverns.

He said that liquor would not be sold to minors or to women and that nothing but the pure article in beer or whisky would be sold.

A large audience was in the tavern when Bishop Potter began to speak. He called attention to the Guttenberg system in Norway where liquor is sold by the state, and the ideas and plans of the Central House Trust in England. Speaking of the army of workmen, Bishop Potter said: "When their day of toil is done, what is to become of them? I can go to the Century, Metropolitan and other clubs, but what is to become of my friends in the two-room flat with five or six children. The workmen must go to the saloon and the efforts to close the saloon makes it the most tragic or comic thing in history."

Bishop Potter told of his visit to the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen where the whole population of the city might be found every evening sitting around the tables and drinking and listening to good music and where drunkenness was unknown. The audience sang the Doxology, and the choir finished with a hymn and a drink.

Any reformatory movement will receive the approval of all right-minded people, and undoubtedly there is wide room for reform in the matter of intoxicating beverages and the ways and places of their sale. The saloon as it commonly exists is notoriously a breeder of intemperance and other associated evils. Saloons are the natural haunts of drunkards and all classes of criminals. It is here they find congenial company, associations and environments. It is to the saloon they gravitate to find their affinities. And it is in the saloon that many a non-criminal and non-drunkard has gradually become afflicted with such-badly taken gradual lessons and made gradual approaches to drunkenness and crime.

The stamp of evil is so thoroughly at fixed upon and branded into the saloon business that it is doubtful that any priestly process of blessing the institution or place can suffice to remove the curse or sanctify the business. It is doubtful that "good music," sacred or non-sacred, will overcome or drive out the devil lurking in the drink habit that is fostered by the saloon.

If this "tavern" enterprise shall conduce to lessen the evils of intemperance, so far so good but it is not probable that in another direction it will result in evil that will more than counter-balance the good—that is, by affixing to saloon liquor-selling the tag of respectability, and not only more respectability, but respectability with a sacred, churchy, aroma?

Probably the "blessed" whisky would "go down" with a sweeter relish to some churchy or piously-inclined patrons, for having the blessing of the church upon its sale; but the devil will lurk and linger in it just the same, and evil results will as surely follow with the blessing as without the doxology and priestly benediction.

The saloon will not do less harm, for being rendered respectable or incured with piety.

Adulterations, Material and Spiritual.

It appears from the Chicago Inter Ocean that war on adulterated food products has been commenced by the Illinois state pure food commission. Two hundred suits have been filed by Alfred H. Jones, the state commissioner, against retail dealers for selling adulterated foods, foodstuffs, and extracts. One hundred of these cases were brought in Justice John Richardson's court against retail dealers in Chicago and various Cook county towns and villages. The charges upon which these dealers will be prosecuted embrace violations of the label law, selling impure vinegar, adulterated flavoring extracts, adulterated and imitation butter, and process butter.

Inspectors from the state pure food office, 315 Dearborn street, have been quietly working on these cases for several months past. The inspectors, when buying each article intended for investigation, always asked the dealer, "Is this article pure?" If an affirmative reply was given the article would be purchased, taken to the commission's room and thoroughly analyzed by State Chemist E. N. Eaton and his assistant, Miss Lucy Doggett. When the article was found to be spurious or adulterated prosecution would be determined on. The evidence, after being properly secured and made ready, would be laid before the state's attorney in each county where the violation was made or where the dealer conducted his business.

Adulterated vinegar, flavoring extracts, maple sirups, and process butter, as well as many other adulterated foods, had been found by the state inspectors in large quantities upon local markets, and the state commission determined to commence operations in every portion of the state where violations were believed to exist. Most of the vinegar sold throughout the state is from St. Louis, Mo., Louisville, Ky. It is labeled "Pure Cider Vinegar." Analysis shows it to be a low wine or colored distilled article. The commission is unable to reach the manufacturers owing to their non-residence. But it is hoped that the vigorous prosecution of these violations locally will discourage their sale in Illinois, and eventually find no market here.

The adulteration of flavoring extracts, especially during the heated season, is of serious consequence. Thousands who daily use and buy soda waters and other soft drinks do not realize what they are drinking until sickness ensues, resulting oftentimes in death.

Scores of these violators have been located in Chicago, and in other cities, towns, and even villages. The work of Commissioner Jones and Assistant Commissioner Patterson during the past three years has been of a very strenuous nature, and resulted in more than 1,000 inspections of milk and dairy farms and depots. Detailed accounts of these investigations, with thorough recommendations in each case, appear in the annual report of the commission. It is claimed by dairy and stock men generally to be the most thorough report of all dairy industries ever issued by any state food commission.

The world is moving along the lines of special analysis. Chemical analysis steps boldly to the front, and if poison is secreted in a cup of coffee, or is incorporated with a dose of medicine, it can find it. If a grain of arsenic is in your stomach after death occurs, chemical analysis can bring it to the light of day. Adulterated food confronts us on all sides, and what makes its promoters worse, is the chemical analysis that brings forth the poisonous ingredients. No one will oppose the chemical analysis of food, fearing it will injure the sale of the genuine article.

What is true with reference to adulterated food is also true with reference to spirit return and its proper analysis.

Here let us reiterate again, the stubborn fact irresistibly confronts us that spirit return doesn't belong to Spiritualists exclusively. That which is named Spiritualism belongs to the whole world, just the same as sunshine, rain, the atmosphere, water, etc. Here is a case of spirit return in the church, alluded to last week, as related by the Chicago American: Long before time for services to begin on Sunday night, Aug. 7, at Toledo, Ohio, the East Broadway Church was packed to the doors. Outside a crowd was waiting for even an opportunity to see Ernest Case, the wonderful "man of visions," come. Every car brought more and pedestrians flocked from all points of the compass. But they were in a measure doomed to disappointment.

Ernest Case is just recovering from a severe illness and is a common workman. He was so nervous and ill he dared not undertake to address the people, but promised to do so in two weeks. At the last moment he feared to face so large a crowd in his weakened condition.

A wonderful thing occurred a few days ago, as related by the Rev. Dr. Shupp in the pulpit, and vouched for by several ministers and others.

While sitting at the home of a friend, Case remarked that a certain man, naming him, whom he had not seen in many years, was just taking the train at Fortoria, thirty-five miles distant, to come to Toledo, to see him. He related just what conversation he had with the brakeman and conductor on entering the train, which yesterday was verified to a word.

He says there is a light that points out all these strange things to him. One local paper sent five separate reporters to see him, thinking there was some trickery. Every one came away thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of the man's wonderful visions and his phenomenal powers of discernment. In each instance he was put to the severest tests in the presence of scientific, ministers and theosophists.

He has been examined by insanity experts, theosophists, Spiritualists, hypnotists, newspaper experts, ministers and lawyers, but they do not vary in opinion or diagnosis at all.

Thus spirit return is kaleidoscopic in its character, and no one has a clench on it, and it is always in order to analyze it with the most painstaking care. The dozen or more materializing mediums of national reputation that have lately had the spirits they manufactured disclosed one after another to the astonished gaze of the world, dressed in fancy attire made by mortal hands, were able to go on with their nefarious work because the "spirits" were not, like adulterated food, carefully analyzed. An analysis brought most astonishing results—results that were horribly appalling! In every case the analysis brought to light the lamentable fact that the "spirit" in every instance consisted of the medium or a confederate dressed in an artificial costume.

Only a Little Cripple, But Big Life's Work Done.

Agnes Neal is dead. You do not know of Agnes Neal? No matter; she was one of those few to whom it is given to accomplish a life work before young life goes out.

Agnes Neal was a Chicago cripple and she was only 12 years old when she died the other day in Seattle. But she had completed her mission. She had traced her wandering father alone across the country. She had found him. She had reawakened in him a longing for his family, and then she had made a home and brought mother and father and children together once more in happiness. Then she died.

This was the news which came to the crippled children's home yesterday. Or, more properly, it came to Mrs. Emma S. Haskell, principal of the school, and most of the little lame folk will not know it till the long vacation is ended.

Agnes was a cripple from infancy. Before she could creep about the floor they had put her little body in a brace and when she learned to walk she had to learn on crutches. Agnes could not go to school and she even shrank from playing in the street because the boys and girls were likely to make fun of her lameness. She staid indoors with her mother all day in the little Carpenter street cottage in which the family lived, but her special delight was to play with her father evenings when he came home from his day's toil.

To Agnes' great sorrow, however, the father did not always come home at night; at least before her bed time. She heard her mother say that her father drank and sometimes she herself decided that he acted queerly. Then came a night when the father did not return at all. Day after day Agnes watched for him, but all in vain. The disappearance of John Neal was reported to the police, but nothing came of it and after a time the family settled down to get along without him. Mrs. Neal took in washing and William, the eldest son, got a job which paid \$3 a week.

About this time the family met with a new calamity. Little Joey, next in age to Agnes, was killed one day by a cable car. After the funeral expenses had been paid the family was in a strait. The street car company called on Mrs. Neal and finally paid her \$200 for the loss of her boy. In the great adjustment of the matter it fell out that the share of each of the children in the indemnity was \$33.33.

Not long after this a woman connected with the public school system called at the house to see Agnes. The next day the bus of the crippled children's school backed up at the door and Agnes was taken away to begin her education with the other lame boys and girls. This was two years ago. One day Agnes, who had made remarkable progress in her studies, went to Mrs. Haskell and asked that she might have a desk near the window. She informed the principal that she wanted to sit where she might see her father if he should ever go walking past. Her request was granted.

Thereafter, through the days and weeks and months Agnes watched for the father she never came. She knew just what she would do if she ever saw him down there in the street. She would jump up and clatter down the stairs and catch her father before he could get away.

On another day last winter Agnes sought out Mrs. Haskell with a proposition over which she had been pondering a long time. She said that word had come that her father had been seen in Seattle. She proposed to go in search of him herself, and to pay her way she would take the \$33.33 which the street car company had paid her for the death of little Joey. The earnestness of the forlorn little cripple so impressed itself upon her teacher that Mrs. Haskell finally wrote to the chief of police in Seattle.

Within two weeks Agnes was bound for Seattle. "No fare" was given a tag consigning her to the chief of police, and in her purse was a pass on the railroad and the \$33.33. Agnes and the chief of police got on famously, according to the letters the cripple wrote back to Mrs. Haskell. She became the guest of the chief in the big hospital and she and the chief lost no time in starting the search for her father. In this they collaborated with rare congeniality. The chief advertised for John Neal in the newspapers and everyday he took Agnes for a search of a new part of the town.

In the course of a week a man appeared at the hospital who said his name was John Neal. He had seen the advertisement. The meeting between the father and his crippled daughter was turned into a celebration. The whole hospital, with the assistance of the chief of police.

The father, it turned out, had a good position and did not want to return to Chicago. But the mere sight of Agnes made him want his family back. A letter was soon speeding to Mrs. Haskell, and two weeks from that date the mother and four children had been in Seattle, the way to Seattle with all their possessions. Agnes and her father had a cottage ready for them when they arrived.

Agnes went to school again in Seattle, but when summer came on it was noticed that she was not looking as well as usual. She had a cough and once she fainted on her way to school. When it came time she had laid aside her crutches and was in bed, growing paler day by day. The father now came home every night, but Agnes was too weak to put her arms about his neck. One night last week he came

home earlier than usual, but Agnes had died in the afternoon.

The above incidents related in the Chicago Tribune, convey an important lesson, illustrating the development of angelic qualities in a crippled little girl. And it is not the great wish of angels, but the Spiritualists become missionaries for doing good, assisting all the time in alleviating the misfortunes of others. If a little cripple can do such work, does it not afford a divine lesson to others, to also do something in a humanitarian line for the world?

POOR LITTLE "YELLOW HEATHEN."

As Paraphrased in the Japanese-American Weekly.

Prince Pu Lun, of China, has been traveling in this country in the most extravagant manner. He was not only at the Mount City that the royal personage surprised a hotel keeper with extraordinary generous gifts given to his employees. Poor Prince! He is everywhere welcomed and flattered by hotel clerks, bellboys, telephone girls, waiters, and so forth, simply because he gives away his money in a reckless and foolish way.

At one inland city, where Prince Pu Lun was royally entertained by society leaders, whose highly illuminated illustrations of the material and other charms of their progressive metropolis were confined to things outside the church, a heated discussion over "The Sacrilegious Desecration of the Sabbath," was indiscreetly incited by some disappointed members of the clergy, which threatened to disorganize society, and which placed the hasty complaints in a most unenviable position, in as much as Prince Pu Lun is well provided with a recognized religion of his own, far antedating in popular acceptance and consistent philosophy, as well as in sacred importance to its 400,000,000 devotees, the newer system now reduced to withering fractions by the competitions of creeds.

One of our friends, Mr. Geo. E. Bowen of Chicago, composed a poem on this unhappy event, and kindly allowed us to print it in this column. In a short piece the author says:

"Prince Pu Lun was not invited to attend service in any of the magnificent churches of Indianapolis, while a guest of that city, and a mighty wall is heard from the officially pious. The responsibility for the oversight is still undetermined, but the scandal smarts."

The poem runs as follows:

Poor little "yellow heathen,"
 Poor little Christian creed,
 How have the gates of mercy
 Closed to your equal needs?
 Some one has slept on duty,
 Some one has kept the keys,
 And so, has the host of heaven
 Been closed to the "least of these."

When was my brother's keeper
 Glean the special right,
 Unto his close communion,
 Unwilling to invite?

When was the seal of mercy
 Put in his hand to keep,
 Whelp pangs, bound for perdition,
 Noticed him, fast asleep?

When was the grace of heaven
 Tied with a caveat,
 Held from the heart's desire
 Under a bishop's hat?

When was the human yearning,
 Only its God can know,
 Barred from the communion
 Calling it high or low?

When was this soul exclusion
 Planned, or by what device
 Have we achieved expansion
 Governing Paradise?

When shall our truth be treated,
 When, on the Judgment Day,
 Those of the wasted talents
 Surely are cast away?

How shall the growing hunger
 Wide as the land and sea,
 Looked from a gilded chapel,
 Find immortality?

How shall we know our fellows,
 Where the appointed meet,
 If we are left to wander
 Paths of profane deceit.

Poor little meek Celestial,
 Poor little stupid creed,
 The Voice of the Great Compassion
 Both of your wants shall plead,

And keep, in the New Kingdom,
 No keys to the welcome shrine,
 Where Puritans kneel with Pagans,
 And drink of a common wine.

Churches, mosques and temples,
 Mountains and clouds and streams,
 Lead us to God's own glory
 Just as our consciences dream.

Poor little "foreign heathen,"
 We, of the empty creed,
 Much of your gracious spirit,
 More of your wisdom need.

GEO. E. BOWEN.

Woman Suffrage in Colorado.

Mrs. Elmer Wilson, one of the ladies from Colorado who attended the National Republican Convention in Chicago, in an interview regarding woman suffrage in her state said:

"There are between 30,000 and 40,000 more men than women in Colorado in the population, the women's vote is all the way from 41 to 53 per cent of the entire registration."

"In some elections the issues are more important than in others. Whenever there is a matter of vital importance it has the effect of bringing out the women voters in great numbers. In the case of the new charter of the better class. There are very few clergymen in Denver whose wives do not go with their husbands to the polls. Mrs. Peabody, the wife of the chief justice, the teachers in the public schools, the wives and mothers in the home—these are our chief constituency. Our strong opponents are the machine politicians, who cannot manipulate the women's votes as they expected to do, foreigners who took upon women as inferiors, and above all, the liquor dealers. Everywhere they are the most active of our enemies, because they have the money with which to buy the legislators. This they did in California and the state of Washington."

"When the women of the new charter were chosen to frame the new charter for Denver, after the county was divided last year, the women on Capitol Hill, the principal residence quarter, cast nine eleventh of the vote in that district. You see that charter meant the moral and sanitary regulation of Denver, the saloons, the police, the care of the streets. The men voters either were not much interested or they felt that it could be safely left to women, and they did so."

Mrs. Wilson declared there was not the least danger of woman suffrage ever being repealed in Colorado.

"Good! Upbuilding, Including Co-operative Systems and the Happiness and Improvement of Humanity." By E. D. Abbott, L.L.D., D.D. The complete text of Human Culture and Cure. Paper cover, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

The Color of Voices.

A blow on the head often gives rise to luminous sensations (for luminousness is a sensation and not, as is popularly supposed, a thing per se) and, under the influence of the shock, the person seems to see a multitude of sparks. Describing the effect of a fall on the ice, boys say it made them "see stars." Frequently there is great variety and brilliancy of colors thus seen.

Vibrations which, affecting the auditory nerve, produce the sensation of sound, in some cases have the power of causing the sensation of luminousness. Indeed, there are persons who, whenever they hear a sound, also perceive a color, one sound corresponding with red, another with blue, another with green, etc.

Dr. Nussbaumer of Vienna, relates that when a child, in playing with his brother, he struck a fork against a glass to hear the ringing, and while he heard the sound, he discerned colors. He says that when he stopped his ears, he could tell by the colors how loud was the sound produced by the contact of the fork with the glass.

Very much the same were the experiences of the brother. The doctor relates the observations of a medical student in Zurich, to whom notes of music were translated by certain fixed colors, the high notes by clear, the low ones by dull colors.

M. Pedrona, an ophthalmologist of Nantes, states that he had a friend who was accustomed to the simultaneous perception of sounds and colors, but he avoided speaking of it, not wishing to be thought strange or to be an object of curiosity or a subject of discussion.

At one time a number of persons were repeating a slang expression, which occurred in some popular story, "That is as fine as a yellow dog," applying it in a jocular manner to all kinds of things and actions. One of the company said of another person, "Have you noticed his voice? It is as fine as yellow dog." M. Pedrona's friend replied seriously and with emphasis, "His voice is not yellow; it is pure red."

The downright earnestness with which the remark was made, caused the whole company to laugh outright. "What," said they, "a red voice? What do you mean?"

The gentleman had to explain the peculiar faculty which he possessed of seeing the color of voices. When he had done this each person present desired to be informed of the color of his own voice. The voices were characterized as blue, red, green, etc. The joke was on a young man who happened to have a yellow voice.

M. Pedrona says that his friend had perfect sight and hearing and that he was in the best of health. With him a luminous impression seemed to be made before he experienced the sonorous impression.

So keen was the chromatic sensitiveness that he knew whether the sound was blue, red, yellow, or of other color, before he could judge of its quality and intensity. He differed in one respect from the Zurich student—he did not perceive a change of color with

every modification of tone. A sharp note was only brighter, while the flat one was duller than the natural. The same piece of music played upon different instruments produced different sensations. A melody, played on a clarinet was red and on a piano blue. The color was intense in proportion to the energy of the sound. The colored appearances of the sound were perceived on the vibrating body, for instance, on the strings of the guitar or over the keys of the piano.

"The seat of color," said the person who experienced these impressions, "appears to me to be principally where the sound is made, above the person who is singing. The impression is the same if I do not see any one. There is no sensation in the eye, for I think

of the same color with my eyes shut. It is the same when the sound comes from the street, through the walls and partitions. When I hear a choir of several voices, a host of colors seem to shine like little points over the chorists; I do not see them but I am impelled to look toward them and sometimes, while looking toward them, I am surprised not to see them."

This association of colors with sounds is more common than has hitherto been thought by the few persons who have called attention to the phenomena. It has been assumed that the experiences were hallucinations. It is more probable that they result from some connection between the auditory and visual nervous fibres.

It is now known that there are motor nerve-centers which perform particular functions, and it will probably be found that near the acoustic centers are also chromatic centers, and that, in such cases as have been described above, they echo to each other, or as Doctors Luys and Rosenthal and other eminent authorities claim, the eye-gate may serve as the ear-gate, and vice-versa. The fibres of the nerve of hearing may thus produce vibrations at different periods of the chromatic fibres, causing the phenomenon of color-hearing.

The eye does not see, the ear does not hear. Back of these are the internal eye and ear in the brain and the discrimination between color and sound is by the central apparatus and not by outward nerve termination.

According to the doctrine of evolution all the other senses have come slowly into existence as so many modifications of feeling. Indeed, hearing and sight, as well as taste, are modes of feeling. Differentiation of feeling has, in the evolutionary processes, corresponded with the differentiation of physical structure.

In the lowest forms of life there are no developed and defined parts like the organs of hearing, sight, smell, and none such as in the higher animals make possible variety and sensitiveness through touch alone. "The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine," exclaims Pope. What a difference in the sensation of touch between the speck of living jelly, homogeneous so far as it appears to the eye, and a man with his differentiated structure, his several senses and acute sensibilities.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

CARD FROM DR. PEEBLES—CORRECTIONS.

In this late booklet of mine, 100 pages, embodying the pro and con of Reincarnation, or "The Soul's Successive Embodiments," the price marked in the advertisement was fifty cents. This was a mistake. It should have been thirty cents, and the postage five cents.

In this last book of mine, 400 pages, just from the press, entitled, "The Demonism of the Ages and Spirit Obsession," the price of postage, I regret to say, was omitted. The book is \$1, and postage 19 cents.

Already a thunderbolt has fallen. L. S. Disson of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes me (I quote him verbatim): "Though doubtless this book of yours on 'Obsession' was on your part well meant, and is exceedingly interesting, it will, I fear, hurt our blessed Spiritualism, because making so prominent the shady side of the movement which you call Obsession."

My pointed reply was in part, "If the exposing of frauds," I said, "if solid facts relating to spirit influences; if the plain positive truth will hurt Spiritualism, then let it be hurt. My motto is, 'The truth at all hazards.'"

We have had (so it seems to me) for the last dozen years quite too much from the press and from the platform, that there is "no hell or hells," no "devils or demons," no "evil in the world," and no "evil spirits in the spirit world." The "hells beyond, if there be any are said to bloom immediately into heavens." "Malevolence is pronounced undeveloped benevolence," and "rape undeveloped righteousness;" "all is good," "there is no matter, all is mind; there are no frauds among mediums, or, if there be any they only call attention to the phenomena of Spiritism," and so on, ad nauseam. These teachings, violating every principle of equity and moral justice as related to reason and a cultured conscience, have become morally sickening to not only sound thinkers, but to every man and woman of moral fibre. The consequences of these things are, that many Spiritualists during the past years have "retired," others, not exactly retir-

ing, attend the liberal churches. Who so dull that he cannot discern the signs of the times?

This sophistry of no frauds, no evil, no evil spirits, sometimes called "philosophy," amounts to just this: Conceal the festering wrong. Say nothing of the bad; nothing about that growing fibroid tumor; nothing about that syphilitic blood sure to poison and deform the offspring; nothing about pre-natal murder; nothing about those counterfeit bank notes; nothing about the dynamite that in a midnight hour the incendiary is seen to throw under your neighbor's house; nothing about these frauds, these audacious frauds that blacken and disgrace the seance-room—that seance-room which should be sacred to honesty, integrity, purity, spirituality, immortality and heaven itself; but "all is mind," "all is lovely," "all is right!" I never swear—never; but occasionally use emphatic language, possibly more emphatic than euphonious; but when I see these silly theories advanced, these horrible frauds committed in the great name of Spiritualism, language fails me!

Spiritualism, rooted and enrooted in spirit, pure, essential, and immutable, with its genuine gifts, its heavenly teachings and its necessary and natural unfoldment, is the greatest and the grandest cult in the universe, and the only cult which gives the world the most irrefragable and the most positive proof of a future conscious existence.

Personally I am conscious of the presence of spirit intelligences every day of my life. These later days are my happiest days. My vision of subjective realities is absolutely priceless; and appreciating, I drink in the grand, the glorious and uplifting truths that daily stream from those heaven-inspired lips of the wise, over death's divide, as I do on a more material plane, the shimmering sunbeams of June's loveliest morning.

Remember, reader, that letters or postal cards designed for my personal consideration, relating to books, pamphlets or obsessions, should be directed not to Dr. Peebles' Medical Institute, but to Dr. J. M. Peebles, 36 Bennett street, Battle Creek, Mich.

DR. J. M. PEEBLES.

CORRECTION—LIFE MEMBERS IN THE N. S. A.

To the Editor:—Kindly allow me to correct a statement published in The Progressive Thinker of August 6, occurring in a letter from James L. Dow, on the 17th page. The article refers to State and local societies and contains the following sentence:

"I understand that any person can become a member of the National Spiritualists Association for life, by paying twenty-five dollars, and have all the rights and privileges of a regularly elected delegate, and thus it may be seen that by the payment of this small sum by an antagonist the wishes of a majority of the state associations might be defeated."

All of this statement, Mr. Editor, is erroneous, as all chartered societies know, and the editors of our spiritual papers are aware. The N. S. A. HAS NO INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS OF ANY CLASS. Neither twenty-five dollars or one thousand can purchase individual membership in the National Spiritualists' Association, even contributing membership, which never gave a contributor any right or title to vote in this association, was abolished years ago. Representation can only come through our chartered societies.

The public ought to know all this, as it has been repeated in all of our spiritual papers a number of times. It is true, that at two former conventions, an amendment was introduced, providing for individual life membership, but at each session it was lost by a large majority of votes.

I make this statement in justice to the N. S. A., and would add that while some state associations have individual members, each member is by no means entitled to a representation at the N. S. A. convention. Each state association can send one delegate for its charter, and one for each fifty members; that is, lay members, each chartered society of a state association can send

a delegate, by paying \$2 to the N. S. A. through the state secretary, provided that local is in good standing with its state association at the time. If our Spiritualists would carefully read the reports of the N. S. A. conventions published in The Progressive Thinker and other spiritual journals, just after

All Prodigies Are Mediums. Has the Dog a Spirit?

The following relating to prodigies, past and present, illustrates the universality of spirit influence. They owe their remarkable powers to interested parties in the spirit realm. Blind Tom is a medium and his spirit control has been seen. James Edward McCall, a negro boy of Montgomery, Ala., like Blind Tom, is in close touch with the Spirit World. His parents were ignorant slaves.

According to E. A. Baughman in the London Outlook, the musical season which has just come to an end in that far away city, has been more remarkable for the number of prodigies than for anything else. The sisters Hegner, one a pianist and the other a singer; Miss Mary Harrison, a fourteen-year-old violinist; and her sister Marion, a ten-year-old cellist; Franz von Vecsey and Florizel von Reuter, both extraordinary geniuses, make up a very formidable list. The public never seems to lose its interest in these prodigies; indeed, their popularity has a bad effect on the drawing powers of mature artists. IT WOULD BE WELL IF EXPERTS WERE TO EXAMINE THE PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL QUESTIONS RAISED BY THE MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL PRECOCITY OF THESE YOUNG "FREAKS."

At the same time it must not be forgotten that there always have been musical prodigies, and I dare say it could be proved that the number of them is not really out of proportion to the increase of population of the Western world, nor, considering the facilities, for musical education of to-day, is there any reason for supposing that the increase of prodigies is unaccountable. Rubinstein, Mmc. Schumann, Liszt, Joachim, Sarasate and, in this way, Mendelssohn were musical prodigies. And the most remarkable of all was Mozart. We see a Florizel von Reuter conduct a well-written and well-conceived symphony and we marvel that a lad of twelve should be able to do such things. Yet Mozart was commissioned to write an opera when he was fourteen years of age, and before that he had made a European reputation.

A newspaper announcement thus introduced the prodigy to the public: "The boy, who is not yet seven, will perform on the Clavecin or harpsichord; he will also play a concerto for the violin, and will accompany symphonies on the clavier, the manual or keyboard being covered with a cloth, with as much facility as if he could see the keys; he will instantly name all notes played at a distance, whether singly or in chords on the clavier or any other instrument, bell, glass or clock. He will finally, both on the harpsichord and the organ, improvise as long as may be desired and in any key, thus proving that he is as thoroughly acquainted with the one instrument as with the other, great as is the difference between them."

One can imagine the shocked condition with which such an announcement would be received nowadays. Grave critics would speak of the child of seven as a charlatan, and would stigmatize poor old Leopold Mozart as a monster of avarice working his tender slip of a son to death for the sake of a few pounds. Of course the prodigy appearances of Mozart in public may have helped to kill him at an early age; but to the plain man it is difficult to understand how any composer could have written more than Mozart wrote. His creative life at any rate did not suffer. Nor did the other prodigies suffer as far as we can tell. But nowadays there is certainly more chance that a prodigy will be permanently harmed. If he conquers London, as Vecsey and Reuter have conquered it, he has to give four or five recitals, and in addition he is engaged to play in private during the season—a part of his career which, I should think, is much more harmful than his appearance in public. Then there is always the inevitable American tour to be taken into account. Its hardships try the staying powers of even mature artists. Young Vecsey has been engaged to give a number of recitals in America in the winter, and the press has been teeming with paragraphs hinting at the extraordinary fees that are to be paid. Those extraordinary fees mean that the boy will have to play more often than can be good for him.

Whatever the future of music may be on its creative side, it is clear that we shall not lack great violinists and pianists if the prodigies grow to man's estate. Vecsey, by temperament and training, is of the Joachim school, and Von Reuter is just as clearly of the Ysaye. The first plays with a sturdy calm, master of himself and his instrument; Von Reuter is more a boy of moods. His intonation is not so certain, and he is more liable to make slips; but he certainly has more life, more emotion, more genius. Vecsey plays as if he had been well taught; the other as if he felt the music, young as he is. Still it is perhaps a mistake to compare the two, for both are wonderful children,

and each shows a naturally musical mind. If they develop they will be more wonderful players than either Joachim or Ysaye, and there is everything to show that they have just as much genius for music. Indeed, I am inclined to look on Florizel von Reuter as a modern Mozart. His "Symphonie Royale," if it is all his own work, and there is no reason to suppose that it is not, is a wonderful achievement for a boy of twelve.

And now comes the important announcement that a colored boy, the son of old slaves, has bloomed forth as a remarkable poet. The report sets forth that what Blind Tom was and is to music, James Edward McCall, a negro boy of Montgomery, Ala., promises to be to versification. He is remarkable in several respects, and has developed talents that many believe will make him, with maturity, a rival of Paul Dunbar, the well-advertised negro poet. A son of parents who were both slaves, the boy, now twenty-four years old and blind, has written some beautiful verses and attracted to himself the attention of many men and women of learning.

McCall is a graduate of the Negro Normal School at Montgomery, receiving his education before losing his sight. He desired to be a physician, and studied medicine half a year at Howard University, Washington, D. C. An attack of typhoid fever left him with his eyes in bad condition. In spite of warning, he continued study, and as a consequence he is almost blind. He can see to walk around, but not to read, or even distinguish faces.

From early life he evinced a passion for both poetry and music, and he is a fine violinist at this time. After losing his sight, however, he became more fatigued with the poetic muse, and has spent much of his time composing verses which his sister, who is a teacher in the Normal School at which her brother graduated, copied for him. Some of these have made profound impressions, one of which, entitled "Meditations," aroused some question as to its being his production. Investigation, however, proved that it was. This poem was printed in a local paper, and was talked of by the people of his home city for weeks after.

The young fellow does not grieve over his misfortune. Rather, he looks to the bright and happy life. He says he finds no time to grow despondent over his misfortune. His range of thought is wide, and he shows more than ordinary scope in his reading. After his sister had read pages of mythology to him, he wrote a poem of seventeen stanzas, of which the following is the first:

Aft' Penelope's ill-marriage
Earth had sped but once in joy
Round Apollo's golden carriage,
Ere Mars called her lord to Troy;
Oh, what piercing pains went darting
Through their hearts—hot tear-drops starting—
At the warrior's cruel parting
From his wife and infant boy.

In another, "The Telltale Face," he expresses the following sentiment:

Not e'en the fairest face can long withstand
The poison vapors from a vile soul shed—
The coarsest visage soon finds beauty's charm
When by the breath of a pure spirit fed.

Some idea of the beauty of the poem, "Meditation," referred to above, may be gathered from the following lines taken at random from it:

Consider, too, the insignificance
Of mortal happiness and mortal pain
When placed within the balance scales against
Eternal torture and eternal joy!
Contemplate well, now, man, many ways
Lie in thy power to render precious aid
Unto thy neighbor's soul, as faint and sick,
It groans beneath its load of human flesh.
How mightily a gentle word inspires!
A friendly smile—how it doth soothe and cheer!
And how a generous and noble deed
Can waken joy within a downcast soul!

Again, in a selection entitled "A Two-fold Prayer," he says:

Oh, loving friend, while yet I dwell
In sorrow here,
Will you not kindly help dispel
The griefs I bear?
And wait not till my funeral knell
To shed your tear!

As touching the principle of work and merit, the young writer gives voice to this expression in his "Song to the Faint":

Not he who flies with golden wings
Up to the lofty heights of fame,
But he who climbs unaided there
Is worthy of a hero's name.

Extracts from the following letter written by H. Rider Haggard to the London Times have appeared in American papers, but the communication is of sufficient interest to warrant reproducing in full:

Sir:—Perhaps you will think with me that the following circumstances are worthy of record, if only for their scientific interest. It is principally because of this interest that, as such stories should not be told anonymously, after some hesitation I have made up my mind to publish them over my own name, although I am well aware that by so doing I may expose myself to a certain amount of ridicule and disbelief.

On the night of Saturday, July 9, I went to bed about 12:30, and suffered from what I took to be a nightmare. I was awakened by my wife's voice calling to me from her own bed upon the other side of the room. As I awoke, the nightmare itself, which had been long and vivid, faded from my brain. All I could remember of it was a sense of awful oppression and of desperate and terrified struggling for life such as the act of drowning would probably involve. But between the time that I heard my wife's voice and the time that my consciousness answered it, or so it seemed to me, I had another dream. I dreamed that a black retriever dog, a most amiable and intelligent beast named Bob, which was the property of my eldest daughter, was lying on its side among brushwood, or rough growth of some sort, by water. My own personality in some mysterious way seemed to me to be arising from the body of the dog, which I knew quite surely to be Bob and no other, so much so that my head was against its head, which was lifted up at an unnatural angle. In my vision the dog was trying to speak to me in words, and, failing, transmitted to my mind in an undefined fashion the knowledge that it was dying. Then everything vanished, and I woke to hear my wife asking me why on earth I was making those horrible and weird noises. I replied that I had had a nightmare about a fearful struggle and that I had dreamed that old Bob was in a dreadful way and was trying to talk to me and to tell me about it. Finally, seeing that it was still quite dark, I asked what the time was. She said she did not know, and shortly afterward I went to sleep again and was disturbed no more.

On the Sunday morning Mrs. Rider Haggard told the tale at breakfast, and I repeated my story in a few words. This I need not do here, as the annexed statements set out what occurred quite clearly.

Thought It a Dream.

Thinking that the whole thing was nothing more than a disagreeable dream, I made no inquiries about the dog and never learned even that it was missing until that Sunday night, when my little girl, who is in the habit of feeding it, told me so. At breakfast time, I may add, nobody knew it was gone, as it had been seen late of the previous evening. Then I remembered my dream, and the following day inquiries were set on foot.

To be brief, on the morning of Thursday, the 14th, my servant, Charles Reddingfield, and I discovered the body of a dog floating in the Waveney against a weir about a mile and a quarter away. The two certificates of the veterinary surgeon, Mr. Mullaney, are enclosed herewith. They sufficiently describe its condition.

On Friday, the 15th, I was going in to Bungay to offer a reward for the discovery of the persons who were supposed to have destroyed the dog in the fashion suggested in Mr. Mullaney's first certificate, when at the level crossing of the Bungay road I was hailed by two playmates, who are named respectively George Arterton and Harry Algar. These men informed me that the dog had been killed by a train, and took me on a trolley down to a certain openwork bridge which crosses the water between Ditchingham and Bungay, where they showed me evidences of its death. This is the sum of its evidence:

Sum of the Evidence.

It appears that about 7 o'clock upon the Monday morning, very shortly after the first train had passed, in the course of his duties, Harry Algar was on the bridge, where he found a dog's collar torn off and broken by the engine (since produced and positively identified as that worn by Bob), coagulated blood and bits of flesh, of which remnants he cleaned the rails. On search also I personally found portions of black hair from the coat of a dog. On the Monday afternoon and subsequently his mate saw the body of a dog floating down to the weir, it having risen with the natural expansion of gases, such as, in this hot weather, might be expected to occur within about forty-eight hours of death.

It would seem that the animal must have been killed by an excursion train that left Ditchingham at 10:25 on Saturday night, returning empty from Harleston a little after 11. This was the last train which ran that night. No trains run on Sunday, and it is practically certain that it cannot have been killed on

the Monday morning, for then the blood would have been still fluid. Also men who were working around when the 6:30 train passed must have seen the dog on the line (they were questioned by Algar at the time and had seen nothing), and the engine driver in broad daylight would also have witnessed and made a report of the accident, of which in a dark night he would probably know nothing. Further, if it was living, the dog would almost certainly have come home during Sunday, and its body would not have risen so quickly from the bottom of the river, or presented the appearance it did on Thursday morning. From traces left upon the piers of the bridge it appears that the animal was knocked or carried along some yards by the train and fell into the brink of the water where reeds grow. Here, if it were still living, and, although the veterinary thinks that death was practically instantaneous, its life may perhaps have lingered for a few minutes, it must have suffocated and sunk, undergoing, I imagine, much the same sensations as I did in my dream, and in very similar surroundings to those that I saw therein—namely, among a scrubby growth at the edge of water.

A Few Conclusions.

Both in a judicial and a private capacity I have been accustomed all my life to the investigation of evidence, and, if we may put aside our familiar friend, "the long arm of coincidence," which in this case would surely be strained to dislocation, I confess that that available upon this matter forces me to the following conclusions:

The dog Bob, between whom and myself there existed a mutual attachment, either at the moment of his death, if his existence can conceivably have been prolonged till after 1 in the morning, or, as seems more probable, about three hours after that event, did succeed in calling my attention to its actual or recent plight by placing whatever portion of my being is capable of receiving such impulses when enchainé by sleep, into its own terrible position. That subsequently, as that chain of sleep was being broken by the voice of my wife calling me back to a normal condition of our human existence, with some last despairing effort, while that indefinable part of me was being withdrawn from it (it will be remembered that in the dream I seemed to rise from the dog), it spoke to me, first trying to make use of my own tongue, and, failing therein, by some subtle means of communication whereof I have no knowledge telling me that it was dying, for I saw no blood or wounds which would suggest this to my mind.

I recognized, further, that, if its dissolution took place at the moment when I dreamt, this communication must have been a form of that telepathy which is now very generally acknowledged to occur between human beings from time to time and under special circumstances, but which I have never heard of as occurring between a human being and one of the lower animals. If, on the other hand, that dissolution happened, as I believe, over three hours previously—what am I to say? Then it would seem that it must have been some non-bodily but surviving part of the life or of the spirit of the dog which, so soon as my deep sleep gave it an opportunity, reproduced those things in my mind, as they had already occurred, I presume, to advise me of the manner of its end or to bid me farewell.

A Third Possibility.

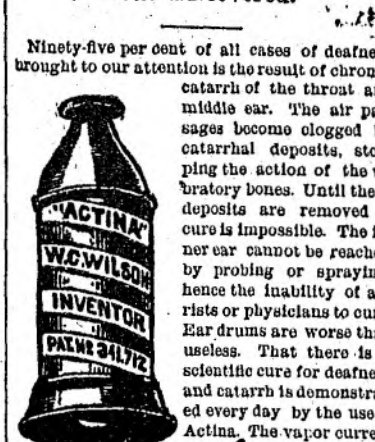
There is a third possibility which I will quote, although the evidence seems to me to be overwhelmingly against it, and, for the reasons already given, it is inherently most improbable—namely, that the dog was really killed about half-past six on the Monday morning, in which case my dream was nothing but a shadow of its forthcoming fate.

Personally, however, I do not for a moment believe this to have been the case, especially as the veterinary's certificate states that the animal's body must have been "over three days" in the water at the time of its discovery.

On the remarkable issues opened up by this occurrence I cannot venture to speak further than to say that, although it is dangerous to generalize from a particular instance, however striking and well supported by evidence, which is so rarely obtainable in such obscure cases, it does seem to suggest that there is a more intimate ghostly connection between all members of the animal world, including man, than has hitherto been believed, at any rate by western peoples; that they may be, in short, all of them different manifestations of some central, informing life, though inhabiting the universe in such varied forms. The matter, however, is one for the consideration of learned people who have made a study of these mysterious questions. I will only add that I ask you to publish the annexed documents with this letter, &c. they constitute the written testimony at present available to the accuracy of what I state. Further, I may say that I shall welcome any investigation by competent persons.

DEAFNESS CURED

By No Means Until "ACTINA" Was Discovered.



Ninety-five per cent of all cases of deafness brought to my attention are the result of catarrh of the middle ear, and the air passages become clogged by catarrhal deposits, stopping the action of the vibratory bones. Until these deposits are removed, cure is impossible. The inner ear cannot be reached by probing or spraying, hence the inability of aurists or physicians to cure. Ear drums are worse than useless. There is a scientific cure for deafness, and catarrh is demonstrated every day by the use of Actina. The vapor current generated in the Actina passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstructions, and passes through the tubes, and loosens up the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the slightest vibration of sound. Actina has never failed to cure ringing noises in the head. Where known people troubled with this distressing symptom for years to be completely cured in only three weeks' use of Actina. Actina also cures asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches; all of which are directly or indirectly due to catarrh. Actina is sent on trial postpaid. Write us about your case. We give advice free, and positive proof of cure. A valuable book—Professor Wilson's 100 page Dictionary of Diseases, Free. Address New York & London Electric Association, Dep. 1, 129 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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CANCER CURED

WITH BOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Stricture, Excess and all Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent Free. Address: DR. BYE, Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

769

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OUR ELEVEN PREMIUM BOOKS.

They are our own publications. They are neatly and substantially bound in cloth. No other publishing house in the United States excels them in the mechanical work—binding, printing and paper. The three volumes of the "Encyclopedia of Death, and Life in the Spirit World," contain more valuable data on Death and Spirit Life than can be dug up in all the libraries of the world. Then comes the valuable work by Hudson Tuttle, "The Religion of Man and Ethics of Science." Then the excellent work by Dr. J. M. Peebles, "The Seers of the Ages." Then comes the "Great Debate Between Moses Hull and W. F. Jameson. It will fill an important niche in your library. Then follows "Ghost Land," "Art Magic," "The Next World Interviewed," and "A Wanderer in the Spirit Lands," and the "Occult Life of Jesus." All these ELEVEN PREMIUM BOOKS are furnished to our subscribers for \$3.35 (postage prepaid)—a price never before known in ancient or modern times. Read over our premium list and then send for them. They will delight you. They will constitute a perennial fountain of knowledge for you and your family. After paying postage about all we realize for these eleven books is \$2.22—an achievement only accomplished by The Progressive Thinker—a miracle in modern business enterprise!

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The Mystic Thesaurus.

Or Initiation in the Theoretical and Practical secrets of Astral Truth and Occult Art. By WILLIAM F. WILKINSON, Editor of "Natural Magic." The book treats of the Symbol of the Cross, Spiritual Gifts, Inspirational Conception, clairvoyance, time travel, the Astral School, Message of the Brotherhood, The Magic Mirror, and Celestial Companionship. It is a good text book for students of the Mystic, and will be sent postpaid, in paper, for \$1.00.

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Lectures by the Swami Vivekananda, on Raja Yoga or Conquering the Internal Nature, and other subjects; also, Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, with commentaries and a copious glossary of Sanskrit terms. Revised and enlarged. Time, Luck, Karma, etc. This is an ancient system of Indian Philosophy, and one of the four chief religions of the world. It is a logical sequence of "The World Beautiful," leading into still deeper harmonies. It is calculated to render the soul in harmony with the universe. His teachings were soon recognized. His teachings are universal in their application. The book is cheap and is sent by mail. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

THE LIFE RADIANT.

BY LILLIAN WHITING. In this book Miss Whiting aims to portray a practical ideal of daily life, that is, one that is simple, sane and exalting, and that leads to enlightenment to life. It is a logical sequence of "The World Beautiful," leading into still deeper harmonies. It is calculated to render the soul in harmony with the universe. His teachings were soon recognized. His teachings are universal in their application. The book is cheap and is sent by mail. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

ANTIQUITY UNVEILED.

The most important revelations concerning the true origin of Christianity, and the bringing to your notice "Antiquity Unveiled." It is with the sincere hope that you are earnestly looking for the truth, and are desiring of other consideration! If such is the case, this advertisement will deeply interest you, and after reading the three descriptions, you will doubtless wish to give the work a careful perusal. Price, \$1.00.

WANTS INFORMATION.

Let Us Have Light on the Errors as Well as the Facts of Spiritualism.

To the Editor:—When I read the article "Reincarnation" in No. 747 of your paper, I thought I had at last come across some one who could throw a little light on that puzzling subject; for how can anyone write with the cool assurance displayed throughout that article without possessing proof positive of the truth of the statements he makes? I see, however, that it was a false hope. After making a weak answer to my review of his article, the author seems to have made up his mind to drop the subject. I am really surprised at that, because, as I have lately discovered, he is a prolific writer and he should be able to defend properly any cause he may espouse.

I wonder if perchance he has discovered that there is more to be said in favor of reincarnation than he first thought. If so, the greater the reason, I believe, to keep up this discussion, especially if he desires us to take him seriously when he says: "Let us have light upon the errors as well as facts of Spiritualism," as he does in his last article.

Are we or not, reincarnated spirits? Is a question of the greatest importance. Its true solution would, I believe, let a flood of light on most of the "facts of Spiritualism."

If by "facts" we simply mean the control of human organism by disincarnated spirits, then I will admit that we need not solve the question of reincarnation to prove or disprove that fact; but if by "facts" we mean also the dogmas and sayings of those disincarnated spirits, then I fear that we will never explain those "facts," never be able to prove or disprove them, until we study them in the light of reincarnation. Let us pass in review some of these "facts": First, I will say it is a fact, a positive fact, that spirits are often unreliable;

many of them assuming great names, ill-fitted to their school-boy talk. It is a fact that even when spirits with great names say something good, they never say anything better, seldom as good as that which they did say or write while on this earth. The only exception I know of to this is the continuation of the story of Edwin Drood by Dickens.

It is a fact that in their descriptions of the mode of living, their occupations and their surroundings in the other world, spirits often flatly contradict one another.

It is a fact that intercourse with spirits seldom benefits the mediums spiritually, rather the contrary. There seems to be no reason to claim that mediums who live a good life do so only through the influence exerted upon them by their spirit friends; while there seems to be some ground for the belief that when the medium has a sort of a taint in his or her make-up, spirits will often, through selfish motives, lead him or her from the path of virtue. I could keep on enumerating facts, but I think these will do for the present.

Of course, I will not ask the writer of the sentence, "Let us have light on the errors as well as facts of Spiritualism" to explain those "facts." I see he does not like to face criticisms, and for that reason I will trouble him no more. Indeed, I almost feel like apologizing for taking notice of his writings again. I had just begun this article when the sentence quoted above accidentally fell under my eyes. It is so well adapted to introduce the thoughts I desired to present that I could not resist the temptation to make use of it.

In my previous communication I appealed to all the Spiritualist leaders for nation to prove or disprove that fact, but if by "facts" we mean also the dogmas and sayings of those disincarnated spirits, then I fear that we will never explain those "facts," never be able to prove or disprove them, until we study them in the light of reincarnation. Let us pass in review some of these "facts": First, I will say it is a fact, a positive fact, that spirits are often unreliable;

tear to undertake the job. The very fact that spirits contradict one another on such a salient point as reincarnation vitiates the truth of all the information they are supposed to furnish us concerning their condition in the other world.

How can any lecturer feel sure that his or her guides (?) can be trusted to describe things properly when no two spirits seem to see things in the same light?

For one, I believe it would be a good thing for the N. S. A. to call in all the lecturers and have every one of their guides (?) put through a severe course of examinations and cross examinations, by some sharp lawyer and see if, after a thorough sifting process, enough will be left of the information thus received to formulate a creed worthy of the Twentieth Century.

I suppose I am not the only Spiritualist who has been asked, "What do you Spiritualists believe in, anyway?" What am I to answer to this if the question is put to me again? Of course, I can say we believe that spirits can make themselves visible to us and can communicate with us under proper conditions. But when I have said this I have gone as far as I dare go. Can any lecturer of the N. S. A. do any more? I am afraid no one can who has a proper respect for the truth.

What advance, then, have we Spiritualists made during the last fifty years? Is it not about time our leaders should come together and study a way to enable us to take a step or two on the road of knowledge? Will we ever be able to find out before we pass on to the other side whether or not we are reincarnated spirits? Will we ever be able to find out if spirit control (obsession) what it be for, good or for evil) is injurious or not, to both the medium and the spirit? Will we ever be able to find out how to detect truth from error in the maze of informations supposed to come from the spirits? Will we ever be able to find out how much of the informations come from the spirits and how much is due to the imagination of the medium? Individual initiative is not strong enough to push to a satisfac-

tory end, investigations along those lines. Moreover, the publication of the results of such investigations would have no weight on public opinion. It would take the united efforts of the N. S. A. to obtain some satisfactory results, if they are obtainable, and their findings would be more likely to attract the attention of thinking people. Can we hope that they will undertake the work?

It seems to be entirely at sea concerning the value of spirit communications and it seems to me a shame for any lecturer to go on instructing the public on points, the truth of which he cannot vouch for.

Had I a seat in the council of Spiritualists I would certainly propose that a large number of spirits be questioned and cross-questioned by men with legal training; that a number of clairvoyants be made to describe in writing the scenes they would see at a given time around a man or woman sitting in the same room with them; and I would also propose that a certain number of trances mediums be requested to visit in spirit the church where Archbishop Potter, Cardinal Gibbons, and Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Redwood and other distinguished prelates of the Roman Catholic Church.

Now why should the Roman Catholic church turn these big guns and threaten to fire them off at the poor, helpless Bishop Potter, whom the Protestant people have already beaten, and cast out for dead, because he had pronounced his blessing on one particular saloon in New York, simply as an experiment in saloon reform, when 85 per cent of the saloon keepers and bar tenders of the United States belong to the Roman Catholic church, receive mass, the blessings and sanction of the bishops and priests in charge. Why should not the Roman church turn these big guns on its own interior and blow up the bishops and priests who are committing the high crime of offering masses and blessings for these heads of institutions of debauchery and sin?

When the Roman Catholic church clears itself of this and other evils, then we can stand by and see it turn these big guns full charged, on Bishop Potter, families in one word, anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful apples of fruit. I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars around here in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for fifteen cents (No two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc.). FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

"Mark Chester; or a Mill and a Million." A Tale of Southern California. By CARLYLE PETERSEN. A pure psychological, elevating and reformatory. Paper covers, 40 cents.

HOT TIMES FOR BISHOP POTTER.

Threatened by the Dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church.

The appearance of an article from the Publishers Press Dispatch, seems rather a great bluff than anything to be considered seriously, although the guns mentioned behind the hot fire to be discharged are all of the large caliber, namely, Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Redwood and other distinguished prelates of the Roman Catholic Church.

Now why should the Roman Catholic church turn these big guns and threaten to fire them off at the poor, helpless Bishop Potter, whom the Protestant people have already beaten, and cast out for dead, because he had pronounced his blessing on one particular saloon in New York, simply as an experiment in saloon reform, when 85 per cent of the saloon keepers and bar tenders of the United States belong to the Roman Catholic church, receive mass, the blessings and sanction of the bishops and priests in charge. Why should not the Roman church turn these big guns on its own interior and blow up the bishops and priests who are committing the high crime of offering masses and blessings for these heads of institutions of debauchery and sin?

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He is a hero who when sorely tried hath yet a firm control
O'er his passions as they strongly rise
To battle with his soul.

The silent battle which the spirit fights,
Warring against desires
Unholy and impure, if right shall win
To higher good inspires.

The soul that crucifies an evil thought,
That keeps a guarded gate
On Christian love and brotherly good
will

Between his soul and hate,
Shall stand, in all his manliness and worth.

As mightier than he
Who takes a city in his strength and pride
Or boasts triumphantly.

The shield of purity when nobly worn,
Where faith has been confessed,
Is stronger than the cunning coat of mail
Upon a warrior's breast.

He is a hero who to truth is true,
Though lowly and obscure,
Long after earthly honors fade away
His triumphs shall endure.

—Exchange.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold. Keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 100 families in one week. Anyone will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful apples of fruit. I consider it my duty to give my experience to such and feel confident anyone can make one or two hundred dollars around here in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for fifteen cents (No two cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc.). FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

"Mark Chester; or a Mill and a Million." A Tale of Southern California. By CARLYLE PETERSEN. A pure psychological, elevating and reformatory. Paper covers, 40 cents.

.. GENERAL SURVEY..

THE SPIRITUALIST FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed; yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. "That must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article."

WRITE PLAINLY.—We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that The Progressive Thinker is set up on a Linotype machine that must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and it is essential that all copy to be sent in should be in plain, simple, and to the point. Write in plain, simple, and to the point. Write in plain, simple, and to the point. Write in plain, simple, and to the point.

ITEMS.—Bear in mind that items for the General Survey will in all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to be abridged more or less, or to be omitted entirely, is a possibility. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require.

TAKE DUE NOTICE.—That all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. It will not do to say that Secretary or Correspondent, and give the name and address of the writer. The items of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

KEEP COPIES OF YOUR POEMS sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

Mrs. M. A. Congdon would notify the Spiritualists and thinkers in and around the city of Washington, for a radius of a hundred miles, that she is prepared to make engagements for lecturing from September 1, in single engagements or monthly.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Myers, who reside at Porcupine, Wis., have been attending the Freewill camp-meeting, and report it as being very fine.

Mrs. Flora M. Allen writes from Manhattan, Kans.: "Mrs. Minnie Martin, of Wichita, Kansas, recently gave five lectures for our society here, and we were much pleased with her work. The parlor lecture to ladies only was especially good and a work that is much needed."

Sarah Stone Rockhill writes from Alliance, Ohio: "I am pleased to say that the Independent church has secured the services of Sister Cora Morrill of Grand Rapids, Mich., for the fall. More, when we read of the fall. Reports from Camp Brady confirm her as being one of the very best teachers and best mediums on the Spiritualist platform to-day, as she gave perfect satisfaction and great praise."

Bishop A. Beals writes: "The Summerland Spiritualists Camp-meeting Association will open its annual meetings on September 18—Sunday—and close the 25th. Mrs. Cowell, the medium and lecturer of attraction, there will be the principal attraction. There will be other speakers besides the usual local talent. Prof. J. S. Loveland, Mr. Parsons and Mr. and Mrs. Little are expected to participate during the meetings, and a love feast is promised to all who may attend."

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain has been sick, we are sorry to learn, and desires her correspondents to be patient; she will answer all letters in due time.

Walter T. Reminger, of Bristol, R. I., is opposed to commercial mediumship. He says: "I will go anywhere that I am called for a Sunday, if I can get back to my work on Monday morning. All I ask is my expenses."

L. Worthen writes from Lake Superior Camp, N. H.: "August 7, opened very nicely, with a good strong wind blowing from the west, with everything in harmony. At 10:45, the second Sunday, the meeting was called to order by singing by the choir, which was spoken of very highly. The first speaker was Mrs. Sadie L. Hand. Her address was well liked. At 1 o'clock there was a service in the hall by Edgar W. Emerson. Every test was recognized. At 2:15 he gave one of his best lectures, and it was well received by the audience."

Mrs. L. F. Card writes: "I, like a good many other true Spiritualists, cannot afford to be without The Progressive Thinker. It feeds the mind like bread feeds the body."

The first charter ever granted to colored Spiritualists in this state was unveiled by the United Spiritual Association of Philadelphia, at their cozy hall, 1235 Pine street. The services, which were impressively held, were opened with the singing of the hymn, "Lead Me," after which the invocation was read by Mrs. Ada Nichols. Sister Williams read selections from the Scripture, and the famous Fowler Sings followed with a rendition of the beautiful hymn, "Hear Our Prayer."

Then came the event of the evening, the unveiling of the charter. The Rev. J. S. Williams, in a few well-chosen words, presented the charter, which was received by the president, Mrs. Cayson, and unveiled by Miss Hattie Anderson. Mr. Hill gave a very interesting lecture, and Mrs. Cayson's remarks on "What Women Could Do," were received with liberal applause, especially by the feminine portion of the audience. The organization, which has been in existence but a short time, is in a very prosperous and gratifying condition—Philadelphia item.

Mrs. Julia M. Beeson writes from Diamond, Cal.: "My soul rejoices over the great effort you are making through your paper, to rid the 'beautiful belief' of the frauds who are throwing a dark shadow over the bright ecstasies of Spiritualism. May your efforts be crowned with success."

C. Kirtland writes: "The Rising Sun Spiritualist Mission, 273 So. Western avenue had an extraordinary large attendance, having to occupy their largest hall, on Sunday, August 7, to hear the gifted orators, Hon. Judge W. L. Snell and Ex-Senator Attorney, Hon. Chas. Hughes. Mr. Hughes' discourse was 'The Ideal Life.' In his remarks Spiritualism was a prominent factor. He said we live not only a physical life but a spiritual life, and to feed the body to the degree of satisfied hunger, and starve the soul, is indeed a pitiful sight. If our people are so situated, cloy that there is no opportunity to improve intellectually and spiritually, then we behold a sad plight."

Take due notice that items for this page in order to insure insertion must contain the full name and address of the writer. Otherwise they may be cast into the waste basket.

ATTENTION LYCEUMS.—During June, July and August the Progressive Lyceum will be sent to Lyceums for one cent per copy. This will enable you to increase your subscription one-half its present number, with no extra expense. Address J. W. Ring, care of the Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

Bear in mind we feed the soul as well as the body, on the earth plane, and to do that we must put in our time properly and be sincere, and when I see you are in sympathy with me in spirit for the good of the human race, I commune with you and you with me, while the soul lives in the body. But consider the philosophy of Spiritualism. Mr. Snell's topic was religious, but as time was limited, owing to the lateness of the hour, he postponed his discourse until a future date. Spirit-messages followed, with the usual good singing. On Sunday, August 21, Dr. J. McFarland will lecture."

G. F. Campbell writes from Seattle, Wash.: "Sunday, July 24, the Seattle Spiritualist Association closed its year's work. It has been a grand year for us, and under the leadership of President Little, with the never-failing power of Rev. L. F. Prior back of him, we have grown until we are stronger than ever before. Wishing to remember our growth we took this occasion to decorate our hall with flowers, ferns and evergreen, and realizing we were about to lose for a time one whose love for her chosen work was no greater than this life's expression, and realizing that we have been blessed for the past year with a mighty band of spirits working around and through our worthy pastor, we felt the occasion should be commemorated with a gift that would at least, in part, express our gratitude and love, so just before the evening address, as President Little had arranged, four of our members presented our pastor with a large, handsome floral design, square in shape, and which represented the four corners of the universe. Inside was a seven-pointed star in bright yellow on a background of white, the star representing the seven vital principles of life. Just inside of the star was a circle of green on a white ground, representing continuity of life, eternity. Inside of the circle was a triangle in purple, representing trine man—man, physical, man, intellectual and man, spiritual. In the center of the triangle were these words in white, 'Our Love.' This beautiful floral gift was most appropriately presented to our worthy pastor by Rev. J. E. Pomeroy. So unlooked for was the gift that only tears of joy came to his eyes. Then we received a sermon we will long remember. Mrs. Prior goes east for the month of August. Before returning she expects to visit the St. Louis Fair, resuming her work here September 4."

D. Boynton writes: "I think all readers of The Progressive Thinker feel like giving a cordial welcome to Brother Carlyle Pettersen from the higher plane of life, as he always has something of interest to talk about, which is taking place on that plane above our vision, but to which we are all tending. I enjoy reading his letters dearly, and would be much pleased to have that distinguished scientist, Prof. Denton, again resume his instruction to our poor denizens of these lower spheres, and how gladly we would greet that dear brother, Henry Ward Beecher, as we received some scientific ideas when he wrote before that we do not find in nature. We also received great instruction from his dear sister, Mrs. Stowe, and we see she still retains those instructive ideas she had on the earth plane, and no doubt much improved, as we are informed the tendency is upward to all so inclined."

G. C. Howard writes from Springfield, Col., stating that he is 81 years of age, but still wants The Progressive Thinker—couldn't well do without it."

Wm. Ruffin writes: "I desire to remind our numerous readers of the fact that we hold the only Sunday morning services where tests are given, at 11 o'clock; also at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., in hall 301 Schiller Building, 109 Randolph street. Our Wednesday and Friday evening services are held at my residence, 3201 Indiana avenue."

Dr. F. L. Mehrens is now holding meetings regularly in Ripon and Milwaukee, Wis. He is doing a most excellent work."

R. W. Thark writes: "At the Church of Spirit Communism, 4303 Cottage Grove avenue, last Sunday evening, the lecture was given by Dr. Randall. It was the best lecture ever given in this hall was the enthusiastic comment of one who has been a regular attendant here for the last seven years. Next Sunday evening, August 21, Mr. E. Dierckx will deliver the address on a subject given to him under control. Mr. Dierckx is an interesting speaker and a large audience is expected. Good music and good messages are regular features. On Saturday, Aug. 20, our society will give a picnic in Jackson Park, on the south end of the wooded island. All are urgently requested to come, bringing aches, hammocks, and games, and an abundance of good spirits—unfettered."

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, a noted platform speaker of Boston, has just filled an engagement of six lectures at Onset, Mass., and is now open for engagements with spiritual societies. Address 337 Summer street, West Somerville, Station, Boston, Mass."

Mrs. L. LeSueur writes: "The eighth Band of Harmony benefit will be at the home, 'Maplebrook,' of Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich, 634 East avenue North, Oak Park, Ill., Thursday, August 18. Take Lake street surface car going west to 48th avenue, transferring to Chicago avenue car to East avenue, then going north to the number."

H. B. Hammond writes: "The people of Heuvelton, N. Y., and vicinity were recently given a treat by Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, second vice-president of our state association, who spent two evenings with us at the home of Mr. Elmer B. Best, who kindly threw open his doors to the public, and a goodly number responded to the invitation to avail themselves of the opportunity to learn something of the knowledge and aim of Spiritualism. We are glad to say that all were well pleased with Mrs. Reynolds and her mediumship. Our local society wishes to thank her for coming to us, and all extend a cordial invitation to come here again, we hope in the near future."

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

We go to press early Monday morning, hence communications intended for the current issue should reach this office not later than the previous Saturday morning. Bear this in mind.

An account of the illness of her daughter, Mrs. Born, Mrs. Isa Wilson, Gaynor, has been compelled to cancel her camp engagement.

On the 21st of July, a little daughter blessed the union between Mary Porter Born and husband—great-granddaughter of Mary E. and the splendid medium, Capt. E. V. Wilson, now deceased.

Priscilla E. McArthur writes: "I gave a series of parlor lectures in East Saginaw, Mich., to a select company, but all but one were skeptics when I began the course, but at the close all, as one voice, said, 'If that is Spiritualism, give me more light and understanding, for it feeds the soul as nothing else has ever done.' We are now holding circles at H. J. Vereg's home, LaGrange, Ind., and meeting with good results."

B. F. Spencer writes: "Mr. Loveland is noted for his correct statements, but errs in giving the year of Franklin's death. That occurred in April, 1790, not 1780, in his 85th year, his birth being in 1705."

Estella Nicum writes from the Ashley (Ohio) camp: "Sunday, August 7, was the opening day, and a more beautiful time could not be evolved out of the laboratory of nature, the crowd being larger than on any opening day for years. W. V. Nicum was the speaker of the day. In the afternoon he took for his subject a quotation from Browning, 'Progress an eternal law; man is a man as he is made, and he is made as he is made.' He spoke on 'Spiritual Consciousness.' Both of the addresses were well received and enjoyed by all. Dr. C. H. Figuers, of Cleveland, Ohio, followed the lectures with tests, which made a lasting impression on the audience. The writer desires to say that the medium has not lost any of his old time power. Dr. Figuers will remain over Sunday, August 10, to follow Miss Lizzy Harlow with tests; thence he goes back to Cleveland to arrange for the opening of his fall meetings."

SEEN AND HEARD.

Brief Notes on Topics of Interest, by Hudson Tuttle.

At the fourth convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, held in Detroit, commencing August 1, the Rev. Patrick O'Brien made the opening address. His mind was so preoccupied with the one subject of public schools, that he made it the prominent feature of his sermon. He charged the Catholics with cowardice, for not taking the affairs of state into their own hands. They were twelve millions strong in the United States. They had two millions of voters, and all they had to do to get what they wanted was to demand it. "The church," he said, "cannot sanction the present public school system of the country because it eliminates religion from the teachings. I know that is an unpopular stand, but we must make it because we are right and the state is wrong."

The arrogance of this quotation is astonishing. He makes the demand because "we are right, and the state is wrong." That is what the Inquisitors said, and every religious tyrant since history began. "We are right," and having God with us, the right to do as we please and compel you to do and believe as we demand! What religion would the priest have taught in the schools? He knows but one, the Catholic, all others are heresies. The protestant religion would be worse than the present absence of all forms. It is Catholicism that is demanded, and the Catholic religion can only be taught by the priest. Think of it, pilgrims, fathers, your own religion refused admission and Catholic priests allowed to lead and sway the minds of the children of this nation!

That time is far off, but it is a menace to liberty that such infamous treason can be uttered in high places and reported by leading journals without an editorial word of rebuke. Two millions of votes thrown by the Catholic party would decide an election, and concessions may be purchased by the promise of these votes, which would be the death of liberty, and the ruin of our government. The threat is the gleam of the fangs of the tiger of theocratic despotism.

Good Excuse for Murder.

Murderers, when given opportunity to make their last apology and excuse for their crimes, have had many and plausible ones, but none have ever thought of the one given by Ray Johnson, when brought before the Superior Criminal Court in Boston. He pleaded guilty to the charge, and then his counsel asked him why he killed the woman?

"He replied: 'I wanted to keep her from sinning.'"

"How would that keep her from sinning?"

"She was going to a better world."

What gratitude should that woman feel as a spirit sitting under the shadow of the throne of grace to the man who opened the door of the new life to her. Not only opened it, but at an opportune time, and pushed her in!

Get Rich Quick Schemes.

There are many of them, and they flourish on the desire of their victims to receive something for nothing. The so-called "trusts," pushed by promoters, are an illustration. The people hate the name of trusts, they hate the isolation against their formation; they excrete the promoters, and yet are anxious to invest their hard-earned in the stock. They jostled each other in the scramble for stock in the great steel combination, and bemoaned the loss of their good money. They intended to get many times what they gave, just like the most vulgar gambler, and do not deserve pity.

The winding up in court of one of these concerns, shows of what moonshine they are made, for it is an example of all others, and ought to teach the people to let all such schemes alone. The Eastern Milling and Export Company is the high-sounding name of a trust which controlled twenty-two mills in Pennsylvania and Maryland. These mills were all doing a good business when a promoter proposed that they go into a trust company. The valuation made since the mills were taken into the hands of receiver is \$1,100,000. On this valuation, \$800,000 of bonds were given to the promoters, and the stock. This common stock was sold on the market and eagerly taken by the deluded people at par. It is now not worth the paper used in printing its certificates.

At the sale ordered by the court the entire holdings of the twenty-six mills were sold for \$316,000. On this foundation eight million dollars in bonds and four million dollars of stock were sold. The owners of the mills put the

money in their pockets, and sold the stock.

They were not deluded, or they would have sold twice as much. Now they are left with a million dollars value, unable to get the interest on five times that sum, and the disappointed bondholders demanded a receivership, and to completely shut out the stock owners have the property sold—to a syndicate formed of themselves. The investors cry out that they are robbed, and so they are! as effectually as ever a ruffian relieved the pockets of his victim. They gambled and lost. They might better have entered Monte Carlo, for there they would have bet against chance and chance sometimes favors the innocent, but here they staked against a certainty planned by scoundrel promoters, and purchased stock that represented absolutely nothing!

What is Before Spiritualists?

In the General Survey, a correspondent declares that he has witnessed astounding phenomena and become a Spiritualist? Almost as easy as for a man on the seafloor to jump through the hazy mists into heaven. Believe me, Christ is never far from us! Yet is Spiritualism the science of this universe, not only the visible cosmos, but the invisible spirit world! It sets forth to explain the source and sustenance of all things.

To the material method of explaining the phenomena of the universe it supplements the spiritual. The first science in matter all potentialities, all possibilities, and claims that of and by itself, it passes through the changes called creation. There is no need of an external intelligence—a God. There is no spirit essence. The conception that love, justice, truth and right grew out of selfishness, are a part of it, and go out with the expiring part, called life.

Spiritualism sets out with the claim that beneath the fleeting phantasmagoria called creation, is a realm of force or energy, of which we only know by the effects we observe. Justice, right, truth and love, are adorable, not because man in the "struggle for existence," as claimed by evolutionists, has found such most expedient as rules of conduct, but because they are wrought into the formation of things. The human being is not a wave thrown up from the seething sea of life, to fall back again into its foam, but heir to an infinite existence.

Most Spiritualists, even those who have left the churches, have sojournd for a time on the barren field of materialism. When they lost faith in the old religion they swung to the other extreme. They were no more satisfied, and with hunger unappeased, toiled up the mountain side to the promising summit, the new Spiritualism leading the way. Reaching that summit we gaze into the remote vistas of two eternities, the past and the future. In the past we view the infinite toil and suffering by which nature has pursued her undeviating aims, and wrought her sublime purposes, until the perfect fruition of the tree of life appears as man, with his intellectual powers and moral consciousness. Beyond, into the future, we see the escaping spirit, carrying forward into another state of existence, the unbroken continuity of individuality which has been the object of this ceaseless travail. The material scientists may talk of the morality evolved by chemical changes in the brain, the religion of the foot rule by which they attempt to measure the aspirations of the human soul; and fathom the depths of the infinite; and bid to the revelation of the religion or philosophy of eternal reality beyond the shadow of the inner reality.

Spiritualism does not, with egotistical presumption, after eliminating God, bow in servile homage to the "Unknownable," for to pronounce on what can and cannot be known, we must be all-knowing. On the contrary, it affirms that to know the birthright of the spirit and its possibilities has no limitation. Having for its aim the development of the highest faculties of the mind, and perfection of character, uniting the present with the future, bringing the world of spirits near, and into direct relation with daily life, cheering as well as instructing by inspiration, and kindling our aspirations for the perfecting of ourselves and the world; actualized, right here and now, Spiritualism has little in common with any other system and least of all with materialism.

Is it a religion? If complete devotion and consecration of life to right, truth, and love that embraces all things is religion, it is the foundation of all. It is a science. It grasps and unitizes the phenomena of two worlds, the physical and spiritual, is science, it is the one science of the cosmos.

Is it a philosophy? If to resolve the accumulated facts of the ages by the power of pure reason, be philosophy, then it is the key philosophers have for ages sought, by which to unlock the secret courts of life and death.

Spiritualism is a philosophy so perfectly blended that it is one, a religion that is scientific, a philosophy that is morality, a science that embraces not only the world of matter but the world of spirit.

The Spiritualist has scarcely, as yet, entered this expanding field. He has everything to learn and much to unlearn. He has no time to waste in the discussion of issues dead in the times of Hume and Voltaire. He has not time to listen to trades against Christianity and the churches, the defamation of gospel ministers, or the coarse, cheap ridicule which passes for Bible criticism. If Moses made mistakes, what of it?

A vast constructive work is before him, and he is assured that when the Spiritual temple is completed, with its foundations resting on the material world, and its dome alight with spiritual knowledge, none will go astray from its portals.

Married.

Married, August 10th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Dr. J. O. M. Hewitt, Mr. Grant DeFow and Miss Anna K. Rosenkrantz, all of Chicago. This was a quiet home wedding, with only a few friends present. The bride, Mrs. M. A. Congdon, was given away by her father, Mr. J. O. M. Hewitt. The ceremony was performed in a simple and dignified manner. The bride and groom were both well and happy. The reception was given at the home of the bride's mother. The wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, bridesmaids, and best man. The ceremony was performed in a simple and dignified manner. The bride and groom were both well and happy. The reception was given at the home of the bride's mother. The wedding party consisted of the bride, groom, bridesmaids, and best man.

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth, or remain childless. Dr. J. S. Dyer, of Chicago, has discovered a new method of giving birth to children without pain. He has proved that all pains of child-birth are caused by a certain condition of the body, and that this condition can be removed by a certain treatment. He has found that this treatment can be given without pain, and that it can be given to all women. He has found that this treatment can be given without pain, and that it can be given to all women. He has found that this treatment can be given without pain, and that it can be given to all women.

"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towle. Valuable for health. Price 50 cents.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

[Obituaries to the extent of ten lines only will be inserted free. All in excess of ten lines will be charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line. About seven words constitute one line.]

Geo. H. Wadsworth passed to spirit life, at his home in Iowa, Kansas, July 27, 1904, of kidney disease. He was almost 74 years old. His wife and two children, Chas. F. and Mrs. M. D. Helfrich survive him.

MRS. A. F. WADSWORTH.

Mrs. Katherine C. Ordway, wife of Wm. G. Ordway, of this city, passed to spirit life, Sunday, July 17, 1904. Mrs. Ordway was born in Leavenworth, Kansas, Sept. 17, 1863. Many years of her life was devoted to the light that shines through Spiritualism. She leaves a loving husband to mourn her departure, but with the knowledge that what seems his loss is her gain. Many friends and neighbors will miss the once sunny smile of their friend. The services were conducted by the pastor of the Rising Sun Spiritualist Mission, Mrs. Nora E. Hill, with words of encouragement, to wait for the time when they would be reunited in the beautiful world beyond the mystic veil. Interment at Forest Home. N. E. H.

I have to record the transition of E. W. Smith of this city. Mr. Smith was a resident of this place for many years, for the past few months of his life was a resident of Santa Barbara, where August 2, 1904, he passed to spirit life. Mr. Smith was a man of lovely disposition and had many friends. Being a veteran of the civil war, the funeral was held under the auspices of the G. A. R. Post of Santa Barbara. Mrs. M. H. Hood of that city conducted the services, assisted by the Rev. M. E. Taylor. Memorial service was held here, Sunday, August 7.

BISHOP A. BEALS.

Mrs. Myron Blakeman passed to the higher life from her home near Tekonsha, Mich., July 16, 1904. A husband, three children, an aged mother, three brothers and many other friends survive her. The funeral services were held at the home Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Mrs. Emily D. King, of Girard, assisted by Rev. F. R. Randall, of Tekonsha.

MRS. MYRTLE MORRILL.

Cement City, Mich.

July 31, at 3 o'clock, occurred the funeral service of Mrs. Isabella Patton, formerly Miss Isabella Glasgow. She was born in Pike county, Ill., March 8, 1852; was married September 10, 1879. She passed to the higher life, July 30. In her early life she was first a member of the M. E. Church; afterward she united with the Presbyterian church. Finally she proved the truth of Spiritualism so fully, that for several years she and her husband dedicated a room to the spirit friends and their manifestations. As I view this room and some of the proofs of spirit return that decorated the walls, I wondered why every Spiritualist did not do likewise, for the atmosphere of that room was truly spiritual, inspiring and uplifting. "By their works ye shall know them," was well proven in the sacred influences of the room in the Patton home, where spirits could come and commune with Brother and Sister Patton, free from worldly conditions and inharmonious influences. Rev. G. C. Love conducted the services, and quite a number present had their first opportunity to listen to the teachings of Spiritualism, the only religion or philosophy of eternal life that proves itself true.

COR.

Passed to spirit life, at the home of his parents, Shelbyville, Ind., Grover D. Ross, aged 20 years. His parents have been Spiritualists for years and they instructed him in its truths from childhood. He looked upon Spiritualism as a great comfort in his last hours of earth life. The services were conducted by Harry J. Moore.

COR.

Passed to spirit life, Aug. 6, at his home, Chesaning, Mich., Mr. Ed Waldron. Deceased has blessed humanity for sixty years with his genial manners and happy disposition. He was a student in the truest and highest sense of the term, doing more each day for the truth by his practice than his teachers could do in years by precept. Chesaning will miss the bodily presence of a loyal, honest, citizen; its people a kind and sympathetic friend; its poor a generous benefactor; the spiritual association a helpful member whose place they never can fill; his family a loving husband, father and brother. Services were conducted by Mrs. Margaret C. La Grange, of Detroit, Mich.

COR.

Mrs. Lena A. Dellinger passed to spirit life, August 8, 1904, after an illness of over two weeks from enteritis. Born in Chicago, Nov. 10, 1873; a daughter of John and Mary Schlegel (Mrs. Herman Schults). She was married Dec. 14, 1892, to James Dellinger, to whom she was a faithful and devoted wife. Of a quiet and unassuming nature, her high character and lovely disposition won her many friends in all walks of life. She devoted much of her time to Spiritualism, being a careful student of both its science and phenomena, and will long be remembered by many friends in its ranks as a faithful, staunch and untiring co-worker in the cause. The Rev. W. G. Smith officiated at her funeral, which took place Saturday, August 13, from the home. The floral offering from relatives and friends were profuse and very beautiful. Her mission on earth was fulfilled early, but it was undoubtedly satisfactory to Him who vineyard she labored. It may be truly said that this world is better for her life and example here.

GEORGE E. FINK.

SEER FACES THEFT CHARGE.

Bring Mrs. Sabin from West—clairvoyant Accused of Getting Money and Jewels from South Side Women to Be Tried for Larceny.

Mrs. Martha Ellison Sabin, a clairvoyant, who is charged with obtaining money and jewels from several South Side women on the pretense of making them immune from disease and evil spirits, was brought from Denver to Chicago to-day by Detective P. S. O'Connell, and will be tried here for larceny.

The complaint against Mrs. Sabin was made several months ago, and a number of women in Hyde Park and Englewood told the police they had given her their diamonds as well as money, in order to have the protection of her art. The woman was unable to give the immunity to her patrons she promised, and was likewise unable to prevent her own arrest, through her alleged mystical powers. Although she disappeared shortly after the complaints were made the detective bureau traced her to San Francisco, where she was captured, but released on bonds. There she was arrested, and the chase was again taken up. This time she was located in Denver by means of her trunk checks—Chicago Post, Aug. 1, 1904.

BOOKS FOR ALL SPIRITUALISTS TO PERUSE.

A Conspiracy Against the Republic. By Judge C. B. Waite, author of "History of the Christian Religion to the Year 200." Price 25 cents.

A Few Words About the Devil. By Chas. Bradlaugh; the great English freethought leader, with a story of his life as told by himself and a history of his Parliamentary struggles. Price, 50 cents.

After Her Death. The Story of a Summer. Pervaded with pure and sublimely spiritual thought. Something to make the reader pause and reflect almost to entrancement. By Lillian Whiting. Price \$1.

After the Sex Struck, or Zugassent's Discovery. This book is intended to teach husband and wife how to agreeably adjust their differences. Highly agreeable is its contents. By Geo. N. Miller. Price 25c.

Age of Reason. Being an investigation of true and fabulous theology. A new and complete edition, from new plates and new type; 186 pages. By Thomas Paine. Price, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

Ancient India, Its Language and Religions. "Translations of the articles 'Religion of the Veda,' and 'Buddhism.'" The Study of the Sanskrit. By Prof. H. Oldenberg. Price 25 cents.

A New Catechism. By M. M. Mangasarian. A book suited to express the thoughts of men, women and children living in the new times. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.

Angell Prize Contest Recitations. To advance Humane Education in all its phases. A book especially adapted to Lyceums. Full of enthusiastic ideas. By Emma Rood Tuttle. Price 30 cents.

Antiquity Unveiled. Ancient Voices from the Spirit Realms. An intensely interesting work, carrying one deeply into the mysteries of the past. By J. M. Roberts. Price \$1.50.

A. P. A. Manual. A complete exposition of the principles and objects of the American Protective Association, with a vivid description of Romanism as it is to-day. Price 15 cents.

Apocryphal New Testament, being all the Gospels, Epistles, and other pieces now extant, attributed in the first four centuries to Jesus Christ, His Apostles, and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. Translated from the original tongues, and now collected into one volume. Price, \$1.50.

Apollonius of Tyana. Identified as the Christian Jesus. A wonderful communication, explaining how his life and teachings were utilized to formulate Christianity. Price 15 cents.

Aryan Sun-Myths. The Origin of Religions. A valuable compilation of historical facts relating to the ancient conception of the necessity for saviors. By Sarah E. Titecomb. Price, cloth, \$1.

A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life. By Dr. Thomson J. Hudson. Price \$1.50.

A Sex Revolution. By Lois Waisbrooker, author of "Helen Harlow's Vow," "The Occult Forces of Sex," "Perfect Motherhood," and many other works. Price 25 cents.

As It Is to Be. By Cora Lynn Daniels. This is a most spiritual book and gives a beautiful account of the process of dying. Price, \$1.

Asphodel Blooms and Other Offerings. A book

IMPORTANT.

Owing to the fact that the courts have in every case decided against Psychic Healers who advertise to cure the sick without drugs, where the case has been between the U. S. government and a Healer (deciding that it is a clear case of intent to defraud) to advertise to diagnose also without leading symptoms being given. Therefore I have decided, as a physician in good standing, to not advertise my gift of Psychic Healing, but will diagnose disease and not as a healer for so doing. I will therefore herewith diagnose disease.

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