

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people."

VOL. I.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1901.

NO. 3

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

BY W. B. WAGNER.

J. H. Foucht and N. H. Wolfe were delighted with the pictures taken for them by Mrs. Jurens. Both recognized in the photos the faces of friends and relatives.

A Topeka lady, while visiting relatives in the east, told them that she was investigating Spiritualism. A skeptical son, who had read about some mediums being arrested, spoke thus to her as she was about to depart for home: "Now, mother, take my advice, and don't fool around those people who pretend they can 'rubber' into the spirit world. They will get you into trouble." "Rubber into the spirit world" is pretty good. It may have no attractions for some people, but, in the language attributed to Ingersoll when, as the story runs, he got a message from his brother between closed slates, "it beats hell."

Those legislators, governor and ex-governor who are so anxious to have murderers hanged in Kansas should call to mind the case of Durant, the young medical student of San Francisco, who was hanged for the murder of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. Last summer Rev. Gibson, who had been the girls' pastor, believing he was going to die, confessed to having committed the murder for which Durant was executed. What must be the feelings of the jury that sent this man to his death? How is such a wrong to be made right? Had Durant been sent to prison he would have been released when his innocence was established.

Dr. A. R. Wallace, the greatest naturalist now living, is a Spiritualist. No doubt he has often been told by many of the lesser lights in the scientific world, those with more theory than sense and more bigotry than knowledge, that Spiritualists are subject to hallucination. The learned man concluded to see whether there was any truth in that charge. With the aid of a friend who was a photographer, he prepared everything necessary to taking photographs. Then he got a medium to put her hand on the camera when the plate was exposed. Not only was the mortal sitter photographed, but many faces which they recognized as those of spirit friends appeared in the picture. The doctor has since been trying to find that camera's "subjective mind," which T. J. Hudson says sees things that are not and is easily deceived.

At the request of Mrs. J. G. Wood, of this city, a bill has been introduced in the legislature to prohibit public exhibitions of hypnotism. No legislature of that kind to apply to a case in which the subjects for hypnotization are adults, should ever be passed, and I do not think there is any danger that this measure will be adopted by this or any future legislature. However, I do not believe in the practice of hypnotizing children either for public or private entertainment, but it is questionable whether it should be prohibited by even a city ordinance; certainly not by a state law. All the prohibition needed is a little knowledge of hypnotism on the part of parents, who can be trusted to look after the welfare of their children. The evil which may result from hypnotizing a child may not at first be apparent. He may, to all appearances, be restored to the same condition he was in before being hypnotized. But the act of making him subject to another's will develops in him a tendency to enter a negative or sensitive condition at times, and when in this condition, although conscious and apparently in the full possession of his faculties, he will be influenced by thoughts coming from both the spirit and mortal side of life. The only protection a sensitive has is an organized band of spirits, but this fact is either unknown or ignored by most of the so called professional hypnotists.

Looking over some old manuscripts recently, I came across several spirit messages which were written years ago through the mediumship of Mrs. Linnie Wagner of this city. In the phase of automatic writing, this lady has no superiors. The messages given through her hand are always characteristic of the spirits from whom they purport to come, whether written by them directly or by the guide under their dictation. The following was not given as a test, although it contains one, as I happen to know that Mr. Randolph, when on the earth plane, not only wore black, but in his occult work often used a room with black walls and ceiling. The message, as I remember the circumstance, was given in answer to some question of mine in regard to colors: "Strong, bright, deep colors belong more to the physical plane, and hence when you see those striking colors it indicates strength but also spirits who are near the earth plane, while the more delicate colors indicate spirits of the high planes. And now there are a few colors I wish to speak of in particular. For instance, during strong physical manifestations, you will see those bright red lights. The color emanates from the power that

has control, and you not only hear and feel this power, but can see it by the force of color thrown before you. But when that light grows dim, sometimes taking on that purplish hue, then it is that a spirit of high intelligence is taking a part and working through the mentality of the medium. There is one color that is very beneficial to mediums, and yet so little worn, because the ladies say it is so very trying to the complexion, and that is the color that varies or blends between a green and a blue. The green imparts life, vitality; the blue modifies and softens the nature, and, taken together, it brings a good, tranquil feeling to the wearer. And again, there is another color that we love to see our mediums wear, and that is the lilac, which attracts the infant influences to you. And so we like to have them wear sometimes one color, sometimes another. Could I have my way, I would say for every sensitive to have in his or her room as many colors as possible, and in the sick room let the colors be bright, plenty of red and green, but oh! banish all the black from the sick chamber. As for my medium, I never want him to wear black at all. It makes one sad and sick and will attract gloom. I hate it, and had I known when on the earth plane what I now do, I could have stayed the demon that tracked me through life by using care in the colors of my wearing apparel.

P. B. RANDOLPH."

AN EXHIBITION OF GALL AND ASSININITY.

The few Spiritualists who were at Lincoln Post hall last Sunday evening witnessed a spectacle which brought to their cheeks the hot blood of shame mingled with indignation. Nothing could have been more humiliating. A lecture to Spiritualists denouncing Spiritualism; a speaker, talking under the auspices of a Spiritualist Society, telling the members of that society that they were a lot of deluded ignoramuses; a husband of a medium, whose tests from the platform on which he stood were heartily applauded, assailing mediums, describing them as people with little character and less sense; a self-styled professor of psychic phenomena urging, to the verge of brutality, that his refined and sensitive wife go on assisting him in a tiresome and worthless exhibition of what he was pleased to call wireless telegraphy or hypnopathy, after she had expressed her repugnance for it and a desire to quit it and do the work which her spirit friends wanted her to do, viz: give messages from spirits to mortals in the audience—this was the spectacle to which I refer. The name by which this mixture of audacity and assininity is known in this world of deluded mortals is Calef, with the handle Prof. attached thereto, and the place where it was compounded and still resides is Boston. Perhaps the latter fact may partially account for his inordinate egotism. When he first came here he called himself a Spiritualist. In his Sunday evening lecture on "Hallucinations," he said that his only reason for calling himself a Spiritualist was that he was raised one. To believe he was one was an hallucination. To this the Spiritualists in the audience could take no exception. He ranged pretty freely over the field of psychic phenomena and could find none which would prove a future existence and the communication of spirits with mortals. All phenomena which seemed to establish that belief are hallucinations. Every psychic manifestation is either mental telepathy or an hallucination. He called attention to the fact that in his line of work, mental telepathy, he was not assisted by spirits. This the audience well knew. For that reason his tame exhibition was so out of place and so tiresome to a Spiritualistic audience. He was not even assisted by ordinary horse sense. But it is folly for me to take up more space in this paper reviewing a lecture which contained nothing of interest to an intelligent reader. I hope my readers will forget that I have mentioned this unequaled conglomeration of gall, assininity and inanity, and think of him only as an hallucination. He probably thinks he is one himself.

THE GREAT "ANARKIST" VISITS TOPEKA.

Elbert Hubbard, the erratic editor of the "Philistine," East Aurora, New York, and a reformer and humanitarian with methods for accomplishing good peculiarly his own, spoke at the high school building, this city, last Saturday evening. I am glad to see so much liberality manifested by those who were instrumental in getting him to come here, for, from the standpoint of the world, he is a political and religious "crank" of the most pronounced type. To be called a "crank" by the masses, however, is often the greatest compliment that can be paid to a man, for it may mean that he is simply one who is in advance of the times—one whom the world does not understand. Hubbard, although peculiar, is certainly an advanced thinker, and, while I cannot endorse all his views, I must acknowledge that he is doing a vast amount of good. Perhaps, no one but himself could do as much good in the same way. He exercises a strange power over those unfortunate and often morally-dwarfed people whom he under-

takes to uplift and generally succeeds in making them better and happier. He calls himself an "Anarkist," spelled with a k. The following is part of an article from his pen published in the Philistine about a year ago. It will give the reader some idea of his views and methods. I publish it, bad spelling and all, in lieu of a report of his lecture delivered here:

"I am an Anarkist.

"All good men are Anarkists.

"All cultured, kindly men; all gentle men; all just men are Anarkists.

"Jesus was an Anarkist.

"An Anarkist is one who minds his own business....

"Would you make men better—set them an example.

"The Millenium will never come until governments cease from governing, and the meddler is at rest. Politicians are men who volunteer the task of governing us, for a consideration. The political boss is intent on living off your labor. A man may seek an office in order to do away with the rascal who now occupies it, but for the most part office seekers are rogues. Shakespeare uses the word politician five times, and each time it is synonymous with knave. That is to say, a politician is one who sacrifices truth and honor for policy. The highest motive of his life is expediency—policy. In King Lear is the 'scurvy politician,' who thru tattered clothes beholds small vices, while robes and furred gowns, for him, covers all....

"Mankind is governed by the worst; the strongest example of this is to be seen in American municipalities, but it is true of every government. We are governed by rogues who hold their grip upon us by and thru statute law. Were it not for law the people could protect themselves against these thieves, but now we are powerless and are robbed legally. One mild form of coercion these rogues resort to is to call us unpatriotic when we speak the truth about them. Not long ago they would have cut off our heads. The world moves.

"Governments cannot be done away with instantaneously, but progress will come, as it has in the past by lessening the number of laws. We want less governing and the Ideal Government will arrive when there is no government at all.

"So long as governments set the example of killing their enemies, private individuals will occasionally kill theirs. So long as men are clubbed, robbed, imprisoned, disgraced, hanged by the governing class, just so long will the idea of violence and brutality be born in the souls of men.

"Governments imprison men, and then hound them when they are released.

"Hate springs eternal in the human breast.

"And hate will never die so long as men are taken from useful production on the specious plea of patriotism, and bayonets gleam in God's pure sunshine.

"And the worst part of making a soldier out of a man is, not that the soldier kills brown men or black men or white men, but it is that the soldier loses his own soul.

"I am an Anarkist.

"I do not believe in bolts or bars or brutality. I make my appeal to the Divinity in men, and they, in some mysterious way, feeling this, do not fail me. I send valuable books, without question, on a postal card request, to every part of the Earth where the mail can carry them, and my confidence is never abused. The Roycroft Shop is never locked, employees and visitors come and go at pleasure, and nothing is molested. My library is for any one who cares to use it.

"Out in the world women occasionally walk off the dock in the darkness, and then struggle for life in the deep waters. Society jigs and ambles by, with a coil of rope, but before throwing it, demands of the drowning one a certificate of karacter from her Pastor or a letter of recommendation from her Sunday School Superintendent, or a testimonial from a School Principal. Not being able to produce the document the struggler is left to go down to her death in the darkness.

"A so-called 'bad woman' is usually one whose soul is being rent in an awful travail of prayer to God that she may get back upon solid footing and lead an honest life. Believing this, the Roycroft principle is to never ask for such a preposterous thing as a letter of recommendation from any one. We have a hundred helpers, and while it must not be imagined by any means that we operate a reform school or a charitable institution, I wish to say that I distinctly and positively refuse to discriminate between 'good' and 'bad' people. I will not condemn, nor for an instant imagine that it is my duty to resolve myself into a section of the Day of Judgment.

"I fix my thought on the good that is in every soul and make my appeal to that. And the plan is a wise one, judged by results. It secures you loyal helpers, worthy friends, gets the work done, aids digestion and tends to sleep o' nights. And I say to you, that if you have never known the love, loyalty & integrity of a proscribed person,

Continued on 4th page.

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

LAURA B. PAYNE, Editor.

W. B. WAGNER, Associate Editor; C. F. ROBERTS, Business Manager.

Published every Thursday, at 813 Kansas Ave., Topeka, Kan., by

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Entered at the Topeka postoffice as second-class matter.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per Year in Advance.

If not renewed, the paper will be stopped when subscription expires. No bills will be sent for extra numbers.
If you do not receive your paper promptly, write us, and errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1901.

PHILANTHROPY.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,—
“What writest thou?”—the vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still,—and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

LOVE.

“Tis not in title nor in rank,
Tis not in wealth like London bank
Can make us truly blest,
If happiness have not her seat
And center in the breast.
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.”

Love is the element of the soul, that great infinite sea in which it alone can live, move and have its being. The soul can no more be happy without love than a fish can swim without water, and love is as necessary to the life and growth of the soul as is water to the existence of that animal.

Love is the principle which governs the world from the lowest in the scale of being to the highest. In the lower animals we see it manifested in the care of self and young. Who can doubt that the impulse of love moves the lioness to guard and defend her young and to care for them with that gentleness which would naturally belong to a much less ferocious beast. Love builds the tiny nest and feeds the birdlings, it gathers the brood under the mother's wings, guards them with the tenderest solicitude. As to whether the thoughtfulness for self and offspring be reason or instinct we are not prepared to say, only this, that it is evident it must be a commingling of both. Yet if it be only blind instinct as some say, what is love but instinct? Who ever reasoned himself into love! Many have tried to reason themselves out of love, and could not much less reason themselves into it where it came not of its own accord. “No force divine can love compel.”

So while love seems to be an instinct, a natural attribute of the lower animals, it is love just the same. And the same power that impels the beaver to construct with such untiring energy and wonderful skill his dwelling place, builds also the thousands of beautiful homes we see scattered all over this broad land, and gathers at evening the family circle around the cheerful fireside. We find that love in the lower animals can be cultivated to a very great degree, so that their regard will extend beyond self and offspring, even to human beings. For instance, the dog has been known to grieve himself to death, refusing to eat or drink after the death or departure of his master or mistress. Horses have sometimes pined away and died soon after the decease of a beloved master. The fiercest animal may be made gentle and harmless by love. Even the snake, loathsome reptile though it be, has been tamed by kindness and has been known to feed from the hand of its mistress, and in many ways showing unmistakable signs of affection. Thus we find that love's kingdom is not only among men, but extends upward and downward and round about, encompassing all things so far as human intelligence can discern.

Love perpetuates the race and cradles the squirrel in its leafy bed as well as the infant heir to a throne, upon its downy pillow.

The love which at first manifests itself in the care of self and of offspring, we find in the human race spreading out to a love for fellow beings, and a sympathy for all creatures in their struggles for an existence, until we have that great humane heart and that uplifting altruistic current which shall eventually constitute every man his brother's keeper, and every woman her sister's protector, and bind the human family together in one eternal brotherhood.

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not love, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

“And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not love I am nothing.

“And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profiteth me nothing.”

We have been told that God is love, also that in Him we live and move and have our being, and we know that love is an infinite ocean, outside of which human souls cannot drift. Hence, if God is love and love is God, if we can comprehend love we can comprehend God.

Some are wont to belittle the love between man and woman or between parent and child, etc., as an inferior sort—as something not to be considered in the same category as infinite love, but I want to say here that love is the same the world over, here or elsewhere, whether it throbs in the heart of the dairy maid or aspires to lofty adoration the tongues of angels. The difference is in degree not in kind.

O, let every human heart be filled with love for where love is there is happiness. Love moves us to mighty effort, turns our souls to rapturous music, bids us aspire to better things and makes us forgetful of earthly care. A celebrated poet has said: “It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.”

When we take a retrospect of our lives, the days, months or years we have spent in love, when the soul has been filled to overflowing with that mighty passion, seem like oases in our otherwise sun-scorched desert of life, and the faces of the ones we have loved look at us even through the long vista of years, and sometimes from behind the dark curtain of death with unfading beauty and radiant light.

I believe that as we are lifted higher and higher in the scale of being our loves shall be broadened and intensified until our souls shall vibrate in harmony with the great universe, and for love's sweet sake we shall care not only for our own, but shall, with tender solicitude help our neighbors and our neighbors' children, manifesting in actions like that of the good Samaritan the philanthropic tide of goodness surging through our being.

Thus love shall not only perpetuate the races, but shall redeem the world from all inharmony, and finally bring about that nicety of balance in the spiritual realm which we find existing in the material; for I verily believe that what gravitation is to the world of matter, love is to the world of spirit. Gravitation! We talk learnedly about it, yet who can explain it or tell us more concerning its mysteries than can be told of the mysterious thing called love; and as the world of matter was changed from chaos to cosmos through the force of gravitation and its planets and suns brought to a state of eternal equilibrium so the world of spirit through the omnipotent force of love will be evolved to a state of eternal harmony. Then will the human soul know true happiness, and then shall it experience the ecstasies of its long hoped for heaven and enter into joys supernal.

CHRIST COMES TO TEXAS.

The following is from Brann's Annual of 1897. Like many other of the great iconoclast's writings, it will bear more than one reading.

The editor was reading a report of the regular meeting of the Dallas Pastors' Association, at which the Second Coming of Christ was learnedly considered. Dr. Seasholes declared that all good people will rise into the air, like so many larks, to meet the Lord and conduct him to earth,—with flying banners and a brass-band, I suppose—where he will reign a thousand years. At the conclusion of this felicitous period Satan is to be loosed for a little season, and after he has pawed up the gravel with his long toenails and given us a preliminary touch of Purgatory, we are to have the genuine pyrotechnics. Some of the divines did not agree with the spectacular ceremonies arranged by Dr. Seasholes for the Second Coming; but he seemed determined to either carry out his program or enjoin the procession. The editor was musing on this remarkable controversy, and wondering, in a vague, tired way, why the fool-killer did not take a pot-shot at the Dallas Pastor's Association, when there came a gentle rap at his door and a strange figure stood before him. It was that of a man of perhaps thirty-three-and-thirty years, barefoot, bareheaded and clothed only in a single garment, much worn and sadly soiled.

“Peace to his house,” he said, in a voice soft and sweet as that of a well-bred woman. “A cup of cold water I pray you.”

“Water? Cert. Steer yourself against the cooler over there. You look above the Weary Willie business. Sit down until I find a jumping-off place in this article on the Monetary Situation; and perhaps I can fish up a stray quarter that's dodged the foreign mission fund.”

He bowed his thanks and sank wearily into the proffered seat. In five minutes he was sleeping softly, and the editor made a careful study of his face. It was of the Jewish type, strong but tender. The beard was glistening black and had evidently never been to the barber's, while a shock of unkempt hair, burned by the sun, hung round his shoulders like the mane of a lion.

“Hello,” said the business manager,” as he helped himself to the editor's plug tobacco, “another of your Bohemian friends? Some fellow who's tramping around the world on a wager of 'steen million dollars? Good face, but a bath wouldn't hurt him.”

The stranger roused himself and the b. m. continued: “Neighbor, we were just about to crack a bottle of beer. Have you any conscientious scruples against joining us?” He winked at the book-keeper and the stranger bowed his thanks, accepted the amber fluid, scrutinized it curiously and drank it off with evident relish.

“That is very refreshing,” he commented as he wiped

the foam from his black beard with his sleeve. “Will it intoxicate?”

He was informed that if taken on the allopathic plan it would make drunk come, but not the wild-eyed, murderous mania peculiar to Prohibition booze. He declined the second glass, saying gently, “We should not abuse the good things of life.” The book-keeper was so startled that he missed his face with a pint cup, and the mailing clerk did up a package of hymn books for a man who wanted “Potiphar's Wife.” But the stranger was evidently unconscious that he had forever queered himself with the Bohemian Club. He took a dry crust from a leathern wallet and, blessing it, offered a portion to the editor.

“Jesus Christ! You don't eat that do you?”

The visitor rose, a startled look on his face.

“You know me then? Yes, it is I—Jesus of Nazareth. I have walked the earth an entire year, clad as I was eighteen centuries ago, living as I did then, mingling with those called by my name, conversing with those who profess to teach my doctrine, and none knew me. Nay more: They sometimes spurned me from their doors, and even delivered me to the minions of Caesar as a vagabond. You look incredulous. Behold the nail-prints in my hands and feet, the spear-wound in my side, the scars made by the crown of thorns upon my brow.”

“But I thought your second coming would be in power and glory, and all the righteous would rise up into the atmosphere to meet you and show you a soft spot to light. Dr. Seasholes says so, and if he doesn't know, who does?”

“I attended the discussion by the Dallas Pastors' Association,” he said wearily. “They permitted me to sweep out the room and stand down in the hall. It may appear incredible; but there are just a few things that the Dallas Pastors' Association don't know. Of course you couldn't make those gentlemen believe it; but it is a lamentable fact. The world is young, it must run its course. Our Heavenly Father did not create it as the Chinese make crackers—just to hear it pop. Not until its power to produce and nourish life is exhausted will the end be. Your poet, Campbell, was a true prophet. ‘The sun itself must die.’ And not until that mighty source of light and heat becomes a flickering lamp, will those fateful words be spoken, ‘Time was, but Time shall be no more.’ I am not come yet to judge the world, but to mingle once again with the sons of men, and observe how they keep my laws.”

An expression of unutterable sadness stole into his face and he sat a long time silent.

“I have suffered and sacrificed much for this people,” he said at length, as tho' speaking to himself, “and it has borne so little fruit. The world misunderstood me. The church planted by my toil and nurtured with my blood has split up into hundreds of warring factions, despite my warning that a house divided against itself cannot stand. Nor has it stood; the Temple of Zion is a ruin, the habitation of sanctified owls and theological bats. The army of Israel is striving in its camp, tribe against tribe, or wandering desolate while the legions of Lucifer overrun the land. Here and there among the simple poor, I find traces of the truth I taught, here and there a heart that is a holy temple in which abide Faith, Hope and Charity; but the shepherds do not keep my sheep.”

He leaned his head upon his hand and wept, while the editor shifted uneasily in his chair and strove in vain to think of something appropriate to say. During his reportorial career he had interviewed Satan and the arch-angel Gabriel. He had even inserted the journalistic pump into Gov. Culberson and Dr. Cranfil without being overwhelmed by their transcendent greatness; but this was different. The city hall clock chimed 10, the hour when the saloons sat out the mock-turtle soup and potato salad, the bull-beef and sour beans as lagniappe to the heavy-laden schooner. The editor remembered that Christ first came eating and drinking, sat with publicans and sinners and was denounced therefor as a wine-bibber and glutton by the Prohibitionists and other Miss Nancys of Palestine. Still he hesitated. He wanted to do the elegant, but was afraid of making a bad impression. A glance at the dry and mouldy crust determined him. He tapped his visitor on the shoulder and said:

“Let's go get some grub.”

“I wouldn't worry about the world if I were you,” he continued, as he led the way to the elevator. “It is really not worth while. If the devil wants it, I'd let him have it. I can think of no greater punishment you could inflict upon him than to make him a present of it. It were equivalent to England giving Canada to the United States for meddling in the Venezuelan matter. Perhaps you know your own business best, but I have lived here longest. I used to think that perhaps the world would pay the salvage for saving it; but that was before I moved to Waco. I tell you frankly that if I had your job in the New Jerusalem I'd nurse it and let Bob Ingersoll, Doc. Talmage and the rest of the noisy blatherskites scrap it out here to suit themselves.”

He did not reply, and the editor, remembering that his advice had not been asked, changed the subject.

“I'm not going to steer you against a first-class hotel. Jim I. Moore wouldn't let you into his dining-room with your shoes off, even tho' you brought a letter of credit from the Creator. Jim loves you dearly, but business is business. There's a place down here, however, run by a man who doesn't trot with the sanctified set, where you can waltz up to the feed trough in the same suit you wore when you preached the Sermon on the Mount, and that without

PATRICK MORIARITY, the Adept in Theosophy.

By W. B. WAGNER.

There is a doctrine widely taught
Throughout the land
Which I for years have vainly sought
To understand.
It teaches that we may have more
Than once been born;
That earthly garments oft before
We may have worn.
In child there may be incarnated
Some soul to parents unrelated.
Such doctrine, brought from land
afar,
Must make some wonder who they
are.

That spirits may return to earth
I'm not a-doubting,
But talk about another birth
Sets me to spouting.
One birth's enough—man needs no
more
To show his vim in;
To incarnate him o'er and o'er
Is hard on women.

They say we're born—and 'tis not
fair—
To different stations;
Then we must have, to make things
square,
More incarnations.
So thought the hero of the tale
Which I'll relate:
I think he always claimed to hail
From that old state
In which the diet seldom varies—
They live on beans and dictionaries.
The city's learning was not lost on
This intellectual light of Boston.

His name was Pat. He had not
failed
To learn how Isis was "unveiled."
The "Master Key" known to Blavatsky
In course of time was also Pat's key.

Upon his hard lot he had brooded,
And, when at work one day, concluded
That he had been condemned, by
God,
In this cold world to "tote" a hod,
Because, when on the earth before,
He had been wicked to the core.
He was—he felt it at the start—
The first Napoleon Bonaparte.
Now, you'll agree
With me
That in occult Theosophy
No greater adept e'er could be
Than Patrick Moriarity.

He had a very striking mug.
His hair was red, his nose was,
too.
The latter was a classic pug.
'Twas said the contents of a jug
Had given it its rosy hue.
His eyes in infancy were blue,

But had been dimmed
In time, and trimmed
In red
To match the color of his head.
Those windows, which his soul
looked through
And got a view
Of earth and sky,
Were somewhat crossed and set
askew—
Cocked was one eye.
His mouth had also got awry;
It had a smirk,
Oped with a jerk,
And did a vast amount of work.
His jaws were certainly well hinged,
And one was fringed
By beard which like his hair was
tinged.

His legs were bowed.
He always strode
Majestically in the road,
Quite pigeon toed.
His graceful mode
Of walking showed
His mother's blue blood in him
flowed.
Upon him also she bestowed
A birth-mark red,
And it was said
This mark he never would have worn
Had she on lobster salad fed
Ere he was born.
While I aver
In some respects he looked like her,
'Twas plain to all the young man
had
A striking semblance to his dad.
Yes, you'd agree
With me,
If both of them you e'er should see,
This adept in Theosophy
Was like as any one could be
The elder Moriarity.

No one would question his descent.
His father's sanguine temperament,
The glowing face, the head of fire,
Pug nose and cross-eyes of the sire,
(One of the latter set too high
And angling toward the mouth
awry),
The wagging jaws, with tongue un-
loosed,
Had faithfully been reproduced;
As, also, was his mother's mode
Of walking proudly pigeon toed.
Even the traits and little flaws
That differed from his ma's and pa's
Could be explained by natural laws.

No person would have thought or
known
'Twas he who built himself a throne.
Now, you'll agree
With me
No one more marked could ever be.
With any coroner could he
Establish his identity,

And make both him and jury see
'Twas Patrick Moriarity.

His poor old mother could not hide
Her feelings caused by wounded
pride,
When Pat his origin denied.
She said some one to him had lied,
For well she knew that in him ran
No blood of any Corsican.
His father swore by good and bad
That Patrick surely had gone mad.
He'd leave no wealth to any one
Who would not call himself his son.
He'd not agree,
Since he

Believed not in Theosophy,
To give to one who would not be
Plain Patrick Moriarity.

One night this scion of "The Hub"
Had left the Theosophic Club
And started for his humble home,
But, coming near, he thought he'd
roam
About the Commons—lonely ground,
That long ago became renowned.
He stopped at times along the road
To take aboard a liquid load.
Though somewhat clouded was his
vision
He still could see with some preci-
sion.

There, on that great historic field,
A frowning spectre stood revealed.
Pat recognized it with a start;
'Twas old Napoleon Bonaparte.
His blood ran cold, his vitals froze,
The bright bloom vanished from his
nose.

Had he been threatened to be shot
He could not leave the awful spot.
The spectre spoke in measured tones,
That froze the marrow in Pat's bones:
'My acts on earth for many years
Made Europe flow with blood and
tears.

My daring, dark and vain ambition
Has dragged me down to deep perdi-
tion.
But I've not been so badly damned
To cause my spirit to be jammed
In such an ill-shaped frame as that—
I tell you I won't stand it, Pat!
Such handiwork I'd never nab it!
Old Nick himself would never nab it!
Give up this idle speculation,
And this most vile impersonation.
If you don't stop, I swear it, I
Will haunt you nightly till you die!"
Then, with a fierce, disgusted look,
In air dissolved the wrathful spook;
Leaving our hero standing there,
With trembling limbs and standing
hair.

It only needs now to be stated
That Pat's reform from that night
dated.

He now says that
He's just plain Pat,
And not some soul reincarnated.

but he resented it not. He was beaten with many stripes, and mocked and crucified; but he freely forgave. Be thou humble as he was humble; be thou forgiving even as he forgave. Love God and thy fellow men. That is the whole law given by him ye serve. Words are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, but a good example endureth forever."

"Lord! Lord!" exclaimed the editor, "Why didn't you reveal yourself to him?"

"He would not have believed me. No; tho' I performed before him miracles more wonderful than those accredited to me in Palestine. I have resumed my early raiment and adopted my old mode of life as the best possible disguise. Believing me a vagabond, those pretending to worship with all their heart and with all their soul, shew unto me what they really are. Now as ever do men polish the outside of the cup while within is all uncleanness."

"Have you interviewed many of the big preachers?"

"Many, almost all. I attended Sam Jones' recent services at Austin. He is simply a product of the evil times upon which the church has fallen. In religion, as in art and letters, decadence is marked by sensationalism. The trouble with Sam is that he mistakes himself for me—thinks he has been called to judge the world. I was pained to hear him consign about fifteen different classes of people to perdition without sifting them to see if, perchance, one not might be in the lot worthy of salvation. I presented him with a copy of my Sermon on the Mount. He took a fresh chew of tobacco and remarked that he was inclined to think he had read it before somewhere. Then he took up a collection. Sam represents the rebound from the old religious belly-ache. For years preachers had an idea that there was nothing of gladness in the worship of God—that it consisted of a chronic case of the snuffles. Jones has simply gone to the opposite extreme and transformed the Temple of the Deity into a variety dive. Nero fiddled while Rome burned; but Jones indulges in the levity of the buffoon while consigning millions of human beings to Hell. Alas, that so few preachers understand the pity which permeates all true religions!"

"All true religions?"

"Even so. All are true and of God that make people better, nobler, more pitiful. The Father is all-wise. He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. He gives to each people a religion commensurate with its mentality. I had hoped that the church established nearly nineteen centuries ago would suffice until the end of the world; that the simple theology I taught would grow with the world's mental growth and strengthen with its intellectual strength. It was a religion of Love. I bound its devotees to no superficial forms of ceremonies, these were after-growths. I expected them. The child must have something to lean upon until it can walk; the barbaric worshipper must have symbols and ceremonies to aid his comprehension. These should have passed ere this in Europe and America. A religious rite appropriate to semi-savages becomes, when injected into an age of civilization, that good custom which doth corrupt the world. The people, seeing these savage non-essentials insisted upon by the priesthood as something sacred and necessary unto Salvation, turn skeptic and reject religion altogether because it is encumbered by ridiculous rubbish. O when will men understand that the whole world is a temple and all right living is worship!"

The editor was becoming really alarmed. He was fearful that his visitor was frightfully heterodox, hence he broke in with, "If you're not careful, Doc Talmage will denounce you as an infidel!"

"Brother Talmage is like unto the west wind, he bloweth whithersoever he listeth, and no man knoweth whence his blow cometh or whither it goeth. I tried to have a talk with him while in Washington, but he was too busy writing a syndicate sermon on the political situation, demonstrating that Dives had already done too much for Lazarus, and peddling hallelujahs at two dollars apiece. I had heard much of him and expected to find him toiling early and late among the poor and wretched, the suffering of the Capital City. When I called at his residence the servant told me that his master could not be disturbed, said there had been a dozen tramps there this morning. I asked him what salary his master received in a city filled with homeless vagabonds for preaching Christ and him crucified, but he vouchsafed me no answer. I went to hear the great man preach, but the usher told me there was a mission church around the corner where my spiritual wants would be attended to. If I failed to find a seat there I could stand on the street-corner and hear the Salvation Army beat the bass drum and sing Come to Jesus. I lingered in the vestibule, however, and heard his sermon. I asked for bread and he gave me wind pudding. I was sorry that I didn't attend the Salvation Army exercises. I prefer the bass drum to the doctor. It may be equally noisy but hardly so empty. I saw men attired in fine cloth and women ablaze with jewels kneel on velvet cushions and pray to me. Then the choir sang.

"O how I love Jesus, for Jesus died for me."

And Dr. Talmage exclaimed: "Come dear Lord, O come!" I came. I walked down the center aisle, expecting a mighty shout would shake the vaulted roof of heaven and be echoed back by the angels. I supposed that Dr. Talmage would advance and embrace me. But no; the men stared their disapproval; the women drew back their perfumed skirts of glistening silk, and Dr. Talmage thundered, "Sirrah! who are you?" I raised my hand and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"Jesus Christ!"

The editor started up from his siesta and rubbed his eyes—the foreman of the Baptist Standard had "pied a form."

giving the ultra-fashionables a case of the fantods."

"Ah, there we will doubtless meet with many of the good brethren who do not observe empty forms and foolish ceremonies."

"Rather. But perhaps I should tell you that the church does not approve of the place where we are going. They—er—sell wine there you know; also that amber liquid with the—er—the froth on it."

"And why not wine?"

"Damfino—I mean—Oh, you'll have to ask Bro. Cranfill. I s'pose it is because old Noah jagged up on it."

"Noah who?"

"Why just Noah; that old stiff—I mean that good man who was saved for seed, when the overflow came, and who's the great gran'daddy of all the niggers."

"Is it possible that the church is retailing that wretched old myth which my Hebrew fathers borrowed of the barbarians? Noah? There was no such man. By the shifting of the earth's axis about 16,000 years ago a portion of the Asiatic continent was overflowed."

"But the Noah story is in the Bible."

"So is the story of Adam and Eve, and many other absurdities which a really intelligent people would purge it of. O will men be mental children ever!"

He ate sparingly, but scanned the visitors closely. At the next table a quartette of Texas colonels were absorbing mint juleps through rye straws. The Nazarene nudged the editor and inquired what the beverage consisted of. The latter explained the mystery, and would have placed one before his guest, but the latter insisted that a little wine for the stomach's sake would suffice. Several entered into conversation with him and would have given him money, but he gently declined to accept it, saying that the good Father would provide; that he was seeking to do good, not to lay up treasures.

"Are these people sinners?"

He was informed that, according to the theology of the Prohibs, they would occupy the hottest corner of Perdition.

"But they give to the poor, speak kindly to the stranger, even tho' he be clothed in rags. I am sure they would not lie or steal or kill."

"But they will blaspheme a little sometimes. Just listen to those colonels. Did n't you hear them say 'damn' and Hell's fire and 'Devil'? O, according to our theology, there's no hope for 'em. A man may defraud a widow or swindle an orphan and make a landing; but when he talks about the Devil and Hell he's sure to be damned."

"Is Satan a sacred person, or Hell a place to be mentioned reverently? Blasphemy is speaking evil of God. The priesthood of every religious cult has manifested a propensity to magnify venial faults into cardinal sins and thereby bring worship into contempt by trifling. To Hell with those who make religion a trade and thrive thereby!"

We were on the street and it chanced that a well-fed, silk-hatted dominie, sporting a diamond stud, was dawdling by as the man of Gallilee uttered this emphatic protest against gain-grabbing preachers. His face flushed with anger, and turning upon the ill-clad stranger, he said:

"Do you mean to insult me, fellow?"

The Nazarene faced his heated interlocutor and replied with quiet dignity: "Assuredly not. I did not suspect you of being a minister. You are not clad like one of the Apostles. Surely you are not one of those disputatious sectaries who wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day while countless thousands cry to their Father in Heaven, 'Give us to eat and to drink lest we die!'"

"I want no lectures from you, sir; I know my business!" exclaimed the man of God, with rising choler.

"Ah, I fear that 'business' is to coin the blood of Jesus of Nazareth into golden guineas."

The infinite pity in the speaker's voice cowed the pugnacious preacher, and he was about to pass on; but a brown, toiled-stained hand, the hand of a carpenter, was laid upon his shoulder. "Wait, my brother. Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath. Him ye serve was even as I am—poor and friendless. He spake as I spake, the truths that welled up in his heart. Cruel things were said of him,

THE PSYCHIC CENTURY.

Notes and Comments.

Continued from 1st page.

you have never known what, love, loyalty and integrity are.

"I do not believe in governing by force, or threat, or any other form of coercion. I would not arouse in the heart of any of God's creatures a thought of fear, or discord, or hate, or revenge. I will influence men, if I can, but it shall be only by aiding them to think for themselves; and so mayhap, they, of their own accord will choose the better part—the ways that lead to life and light."

Was the Bird Controlled by a Spirit?

A tame partridge has acted very strangely this fall near the home of Charles Garland, in the Bow Lake section of our town, causing many citizens to think that the bird is ruled by the spirit of the dead. It is near the Garland burying ground that this bird has been noticed, a lonely place where lies all that was mortal of Vina Garland, Mr. Garland's beautiful and accomplished daughter, who a few months ago died. She was a beautiful young lady, endowed with many intellectual attainments, being a teacher in the Northwood seminary, under Principal L. G. Williams. A few weeks after Vina's death, Mr. Garland drove through a field near the cemetery, and was surprised to see a full-grown partridge appear in front of his team, resembling a mother bird defending her young. It was unwilling to be driven away from the dangerous proximity of the horses' hoofs, and showed no fear when Mr. Garland pushed it from the path. As the farmer proceeded with his load, the bird followed, and on the return trip kept near the team until the cemetery was reached, when it mysteriously disappeared. Many other trips across the field did the farmer make that day, and each time the bird accompanied him to and fro. Mr. Garland became very much interested and a little nervous, and after his day's work returned to the cemetery. The bird soon appeared, and when the gentleman called it, it hopped upon his knee. The man had a strange sensation pass over him, which resembled some mystical influence, as the bird, in answer to his summons to come, brushed his beak softly on his wrist and uttered a low note. The farmer put the bird one side and returned home. The bird story created interest for miles, and many people witnessed its queer actions, as Mr. Garland was always willing to show visitors the whereabouts of the partridge. The bird shows great affection for members of the family, but is indifferent to others. It is related that Miss Garland had a message to deliver to the family, but died without doing so, and many superstitious people believe that through this bird her spirit is endeavoring to convey the message. Your correspondent does not wish it understood that he is superstitious, but merely relates the story as it came to him.—Ex.

There was once a woman who came to Topeka to make it her home and sought employment at anything she could find to do to make an honest living. She was a widow and had two children whom she supported by her labor. One day, while looking for employment, she stepped inside a dressmakers's shop and asked if she could get work. Being a competent seamstress, she was employed with the assurance that in the course of three or four days her pay would begin; that just as soon as she should get familiar with the ways of the shop and could do the work well she would be paid for her labor. She had but a few dollars in the world and was living with one of her children in a small room, the rent of which must be paid weekly. Each day she saw her sum of money grow smaller and smaller and nothing coming back to her for her work. A week went by and she entreated her employer to remunerate her for her services, but with a sneer she told her she could not pay anything until she had accomplished a certain task and that she should set about it next day. So next morning, bright and early, she began the task, which she speedily accomplished and presented to the proprietress. She could find no fault with it, which she was constantly doing with all the tired creatures who toiled there, from day to day, year in and year out, so perfectly was the work done. After this the little woman entreated her to pay her as she was much in need of the money, but she would not. Time went on and she had been working two weeks when the establishment was going to be closed for a vacation. Again she implored the woman to pay her and tears came in her eyes and her heart was breaking as she thought of her empty pocketbook and the sweet little girl waiting at home, perhaps hungry, while she was unable to provide her with food. The woman told her she could not pay her now as it was not customary to pay an apprentice until she had worked much longer than this. She told her how much she stood in need of the money and how she had seen her last cent go while she had been working in her shop. "That's nothing to me," she retorted. "I'll not pay you now, but if you come back when the shop opens again I will give you employment. She never went back but found employment finally in a more congenial place. But some months after this she was passing a fashionable church where many grand people were congregating and among them she noticed her old employer of the dressmaking establishment, and something impressed her to follow her in. Within a grand cushioned pew she took her seat, bowed her head upon her jeweled hand in prayer. When the contribution box was passed she gave freely to the Lord, and her employe of other and sadder days wondered, as she looked around upon the magnificence displayed in dress, etc.,

if this were indeed the church founded by him who said, when speaking of his earthly condition, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head." "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth doth corrupt and where thieves break through and steal."

Spiritualism will never grow in this or any other place while Spiritualists are never willing to hire a speaker and pay him or her for services. One competent lecturer who understands the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism and is able to interest and educate his audience and who has the good of the cause at heart will do more in one year toward building a society and not only a society but a Spiritual temple than transient speakers will do in five. It is a well known fact that every flock must have a leader. The wild geese "fanning at that far height the cold, thin atmosphere" as Bryant says, have their guide which pilots them through the pathless fields of air safely to their destination, and this is true of men as well as birds; they must have their leaders. The success of the church is due to the fact that a shepherd is secured for the flock and ample remuneration made him for his services, while he gives his time and talent solely for the benefit of his people. Spiritualism is but a small tree as yet, planted in the midst of brambles and poison vines which grow close up about it to choke it out of existence; yet with the proper husbandry it will soon grow into vast proportions, its branch is spreading far and wide, a shelter for the weary, and its leaves for the healing of the nations. There should always be a local speaker for a society and occasionally one from abroad for a change and to help the local workers create a revival in the cause. Topeka must have a temple in which to hold Spiritual meetings; then we may expect to see the cause grow and prosper here. We would like to hear through the columns of The Psychic Century, or by private correspondence, from any man or woman of means in the Spiritualistic ranks who will donate toward the building of a temple. Let us hear from the brothers and sisters all over the land upon this question.

A very interesting address was delivered by Dr. Fiske to the graduating class of the Topeka high school at the Congregational church last Sunday. He spoke of the improved educational facilities of today over those of a half century ago, saying that now the student had an opportunity to actually learn something in the school, which has not been the case heretofore. His remarks on capital punishment and lynch law were forcible. Referring to the incident at Leavenworth he said: "What has Kansas done in fact to liberate the black man from bondage and slavery? What has she done to eradicate these barbarous tendencies which dominate the negro, were born with him in the jungles of Africa, intensified by years of serfdom in every land inhabited by civilized man, and denied the right of citizenship or the right to exist in any capacity except that of the slave until the proclamation emancipation set him free in this country? What is our social system doing to make him less a beast and more a man? I am not here to sanction crime or to endorse a policy that allows it to go unpunished. But felonies are not lessened by punishment which is in itself a crime. And the state which tolerates such procedure but augments demoniac disposition among the criminal classes."

The Rev. Henry Frank, pastor of the Metropolitan Independent church, New York, says: "Psychic phenomena are no longer 'alleged,' their existence is admitted by everyone who is not either an ignoramus or a bigoted materialist. While in no enterprise is the importance of starting right so vital as in the exploration of an unknown realm, yet the psychic-realm to some minds is much less of a terra incognita than to others. The 'discerning of spirits' is frequently as much a matter of capacity as of opportunity. By all means be conservative and scientific; but it should be remembered that not all the things of the spirit are measureable by the yardstick of material 'science.' Their only analogy is their dependence upon conditions. As in chemistry and agriculture, so in the affairs of the psychic world, definite results are only obtainable by compliance with certain conditions. The law of dependence pertains to the conditioned everywhere. The absolute alone is unconditioned."—World's Advance Thought.

A sound mind in a sound body is a short but full description of a happy state in this world.—Locke.

"Christianity" in China.

The following stinging letter appeared in the columns of the Chicago Journal on the 12th inst.:

Hagerstown, Md., Jan. 10.—Editor of the Chicago Journal:—Under the heading, "Wanted, Christianity in China," you recently commented on the extreme brutality of the so-called Christian armies there and rightly said that "the behavior of ruffian European soldiery in China has set back the cause of Christianity in that country a hundred years," because "no Chinaman now living will view it with any sentiment save destitution and horror; so that the work of missionaries hereafter will be lost upon them." Brutally executing, as a scapegoat, the soldier who, in loyally obeying his superior's orders to "let no foreigner pass," shot Baron von Ketteler as he was passing, and then hanging his ghastly, decapitated head in the street, may impress the "heathens" with the "dignity" of retributive justice, but it is more likely to excite disgust and revenge. In looting villages, killing families of officials, and committing other outrages south of Sochienfu, in direct violation of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee's specific promise to not send an expedition south of Sochienfu, the Chinese are given a "Christian" example to point to in justification of reciprocal infamy on their part.

Shooting Christianity into the Chinese with Krupp guns seems a more forcible than consistent way of teaching them to "turn the unsmitten cheek," forgive seventy times seven," and "love their enemies," as the European nobility and populace generally profess to do, though professing to follow Christ, who taught these doctrines. To loot, outrage and butcher the helpless noncombatants while peace negotiations are pending actually degrades these barbarous Europeans to the very lowest depths of brutality, and arouses in the victors a bloodthirstiness that will react on them in times of peace through multiplied crimes when this idolized but brutalized soldiery disbands and returns home. To have army chaplains daily ask God, in Christ's words, to "forgive their trespasses as they forgive those of others," by mercilessly butchering helpless beings "made in his own image," seems the height of mockery and blasphemy. Yet, so hardened or afraid of losing their jobs are the clergy, that comparatively few see anything wrong, or protest against the inconsistency and brutality. On the contrary, many incline to applaud, in revenge for lost missionaries, who were primarily largely responsible for the insurrection. Why not "do unto others as we wish them to do unto us?" Yours, for consistency, justice and peace.

D. WEBSTER GROTH.

Several prominent men and women of this city met at the new court house Thursday evening of last week for the purpose of forming an organization to remonstrate against the proposed medical bill becoming a law. There is a strong protest being raised against a bill becoming a law in this state which would deprive any individual the right to of have any kind of treatment in case of sickness he may choose. The organization was perfected and steps taken to further the movement against the passage of the bill. Let all liberal minded people rise enmasse and declare against laws being made which would not only interfere with the rights of citizens to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, but to have bodily ailments relieved by any of the numerous means now known and practiced by scientific men and women outside of the medical profession.

O. G. Richards, of Eudora, Kan., to whom was sent a copy of The Psychic Century, writes: "I do not see any reason why the Spiritualists of Kansas should not support a home paper. Success to you is my wish. I enclose \$1.00 for a year's subscription." That is the kind of a letter we like to see. We not only want wishes for our success, but that upon which our success so much depends—the almighty dollar. We started the paper with the belief that the Spiritualists of Kansas would support it, and so far we have not been disappointed.

The first time Master Vernon Gilbert, a four-year-old boy of Eau Claire, Wis., attended Sunday School, he was asked by his teacher what he knew about the Saviour, and turning his large, blue eyes upon her he very truthfully and earnestly replied: "I have heard of Him but never saw Him." In my opinion he told his teacher as much as she had ever learned herself concerning the Saviour. "From the young and sucklings' mouths shall be established a law."

Laura B. Payne's Beautiful Songs The Topeka Magnetic Institute.

Can be had at this office. Latest, The Millennium, can be had for 25 cents. By mail, 30 cents.

MRS. INEZ WAGNER, Trance and Platform Test Medium,

Located at 320 Monroe, Topeka, Kan. Gives private readings.

We desire to exchange with all progressive thought papers.

Are you sick? Do you have a chronic disease? Then you need our assistance. There is health in store for you. We have never failed to effect a cure, even in the most severe and chronic cases. We do not claim to perform miracles, but we do, by natural and scientific methods, banish disease of the worst character. Call or address Prof E F Roberts, 109 E Ninth Street.

Now is the time to subscribe.



You Can Be Healed

By A. M. EIDSON, M. D., The Chronic Disease Specialist,

Who is not only a graduate of a standard, four-years course, Eclectic Medical College; but a graduate as "Doctor of Psychology" and as a Mental and Magnetic Healer, and has taken special courses in "Medical Electricity, Osteopathy and Hydropathy," and being a graduate in "Optics," is prepared to test your eyes for glasses free of charge. All consultations, by mail or in person free and confidential. Write for question list, or call at the Life Saving Station, 934 Kan. Ave., Topeka Kan. Phone 305.

Subscribe for The Psychic Century now.