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# True Mystic Science



**SHE TALKED with MARS**  
WALTER STUART

**AFTER DEATH, WHAT?**  
SIR OLIVER LODGE

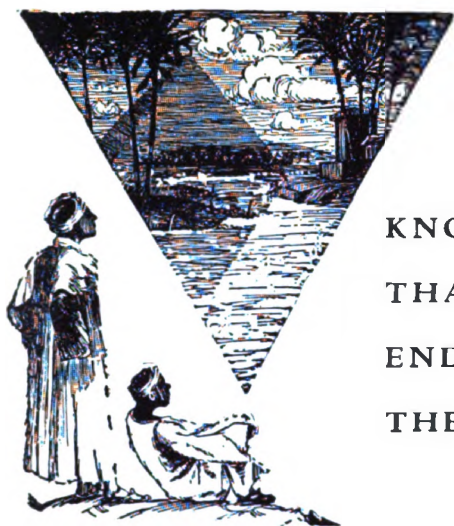
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**JOAN OF ARC—FRANCE'S PSYCHIC SAVIOR**

By Paul Chadwick



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THAT HAS  
ENDURED WITH  
THE PYRAMIDS

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## SUCCESS NOW ASSURED!

The impossible has happened in the publishing business! The editorial staff has been literally swamped with requests for the first two issues of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE Magazine from ardent followers of the progress of spiritualism and psychics. Thousands of our readers complain that a new issue of the magazine comes on the stands before they can acquaint their friends with the last one. Our office is going at constant high pressure to meet urgent requests for back numbers.



## Combined Issue The Solution

In order to give hosts of new readers the time to catch up on the wealth of ground covered by TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, the January issue is combined with February, but without in any way changing the number of issues due readers on subscriptions.



# JOAN of ARC—



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

**T**HERE CAN be no doubt about it. Strange, mystic forces, outside the realm of ordinary human knowledge, made their appearance five centuries ago in the darkest hour of France's history. The year was 1425. For three whole generations the senseless, bloody turmoil of the Hundred Years War had been going on, and the all-seeing eye of the Cosmos seemed at last to tire of it.

Half of France lay in ruins. Farms stood neglected. Villages were blackened, corpse-strewn. Robbery, rapine and murder were the order of the day. Pestilence and famine followed in the wake of human butchery. In Paris alone eighty thousand people had died of starvation.

France was like a place accursed, agonized and blighted. Something miraculous had to happen, or a once great

nation would utterly succumb. Then, as though in answer to the prayers from millions of anguished lips, an uncanny, mystical star rose over the little town of Domremy in the grim, fog-bound valley of the Meuse.

The luminous cloud that appeared suddenly in the garden of the peasant, Jacques d'Arc, on that summer day was a phenomenon now known to students of psychic science.

Such clouds of shimmering, nebulous iridescence have been seen at deathbeds, in rooms of deceased persons and at mediumistic séances. Great authorities on spiritualism like Myers, Lodge, Hill and Flammarion have described them. But to the thirteen-year-old peasant girl, Jeanne d'Arc, that luminous patch hovering in her father's garden was a thing of wonder and terror. Up to that moment she had been like the other children in the quiet little village. She had taken part in their games. She had gone to the edge of the nearby and dreaded *Bois Chenu* to pick flowers and whisper about goblins when she was not helping her mother around the small cottage.

Now suddenly her status changed. With the coming of that unaccountable light, in which a figure would appear and hold out a gleaming sword to her, she was transformed into a person of destiny, selected by the strange, occult forces of the great Unknown to play one of the most heroic, tragic rôles in history.

No Cinderella story ever devised by a master fiction writer can

equal the documented facts of Joan of Arc's short life. The strange figure in the light would speak in an astral voice. This mystical entity came apparently from nowhere, but it told the trembling girl that she had been chosen to do great things. It was she, the voice said, who must save France by restoring the authorized government and by breaking the strangle hold of the English invaders and the Burgundian traitors.



# France's Psychic Savior

By Paul Chadwick

*A fascinating account of the mystic Maid of Orleans, whose occult powers and tragic sacrifices are revered by an entire nation after five hundred years.*

Joan of Arc's house at Domremy, France, and (bottom) the room in which she was born more than 500 years ago.

GLOBE PHOTOS

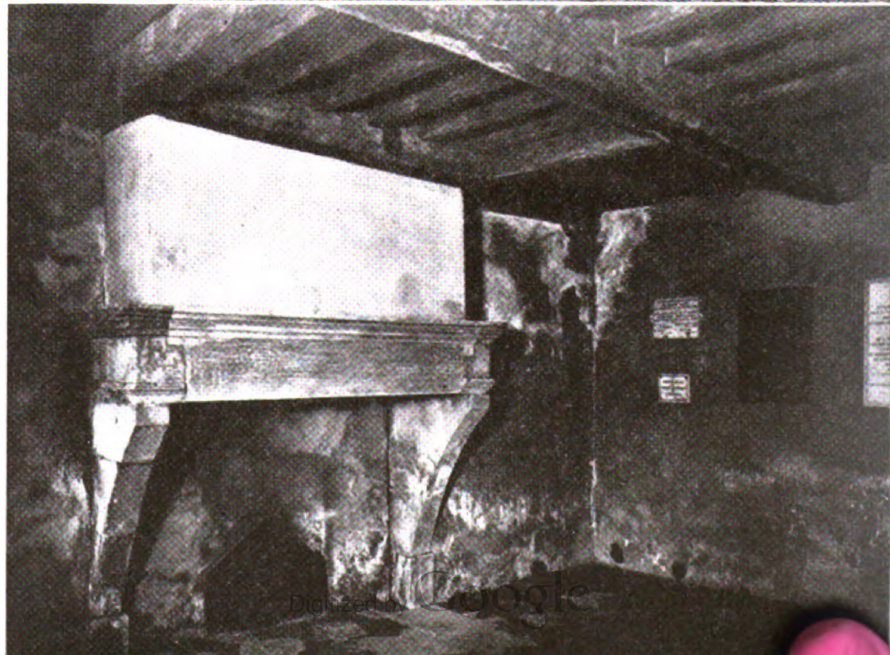
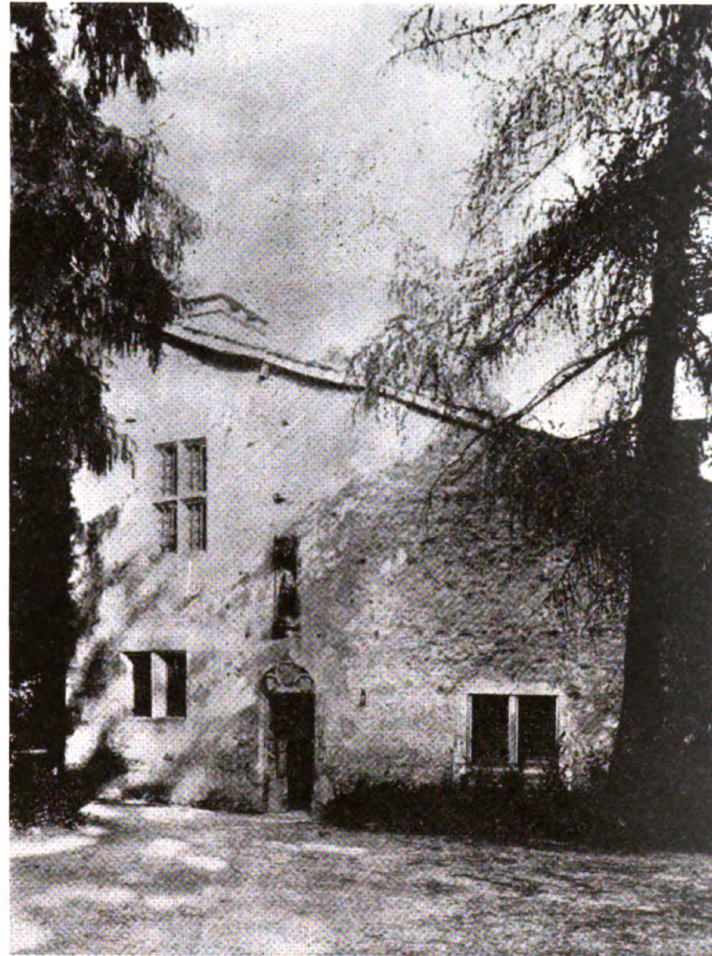
The voice frightened Joan of Arc as it would have any child. She confessed this to her friends afterwards, mentioning it again at the trial in Rouen when she was parrying verbal thrusts with the most cunning, crafty ecclesiastical brains in the kingdom, trying her best to escape the fiery death of the stake.

She kept her knowledge of early psychic secrets for a while. But it and the light came again and again in days following. There were apparitions, too, dimly seen figures of men and women materializing and disappearing like vapor. With each successive astral visitation the girl grew more used to the experience.

Psychic phenomena, however, hadn't been studied or recognized at that time. People who possessed psychic powers were regarded as witches and sorcerers and were liable to be tortured or put to death. Joan herself, a simple peasant girl, had to find some explanation of her strange experience that would fit in with the temper of the age and convince those around her. So she decided that the voices she heard, and the figures she saw, were those of St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret. Perhaps they were. Mysticism is not inconsistent with orthodox faith. But it seems significant that all of Joan of Arc's strange experiences parallel the known facts of psychic science. Unseen hands, good as well as evil, grope from behind the veil of death to aid or destroy human beings. Socrates is said to have been inspired by a "demon control."

Joan of Arc, an unlettered girl brought up in narrow village surroundings, could never surely have accomplished what she did if she hadn't been in the control of some discarnate entity.

Again and again she herself disclaimed credit for her acts and said that her uncanny knowledge of military tactics and complex politics came from the "voices." All the existing documents, including the detailed record of her trial at Rouen, show that she was psychic. She developed pow-







INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

**Mlle. Nelly Wilhelme, believed to be the most beautiful portrayer of France's patron saint.**

ers of telepathy, clairvoyance and clairaudience as she grew older. More than that, she came of a family gifted psychically, for her father was disturbed by clairvoyant dreams in which he saw his daughter riding away to France in the company of soldiers—and modern students of psychic science know that such powers often run in families, just as musical ability does.

The surprising truth of Jacques d'Arc's prophetic dream soon become evident.

Domremy, though it is now part of France, belonged at that time to the separate province of Lorraine. Joan of Arc decided in December, 1428, within a few weeks of her seventeenth birthday, that the time had come for her to act on the advice of her astral voices.

Saying nothing to her father, she stole away to the nearby French village of Vaucouleurs, went to the fortress and asked to see the commander of the garrison, Robert de Baudricourt. When she was conducted into his presence she at once showed her psychic powers of divination.

Baudricourt was standing in a group of men. There was nothing about his dress to identify him. Joan of Arc had never seen him before. But history tells us that she walked straight up to him and spoke.

She said she had an important mission to fulfill and asked Baudricourt to take her to the uncrowned king of France, Charles VII. She urged that she was destined to

help the king, that voices which spoke to her had told her so.

It was a bold, an unparalleled, request for a seventeen-year-old girl to make. For Joan was no wanton, as some of her enemies tried to prove later on. She was high-minded, virginal and intensely idealistic.

Baudricourt, however, a cynical soldier, was unimpressed by Joan's words. He ordered her angrily to go back to her family and stay there before she got into mischief. The soldiers around him laughed and made obscene remarks.

Joan should have been discouraged, but she was not. She knew her voices were authentic. Her uncanny intuition told her, though, that it would take more than just her pleading to convince a man like Baudricourt of her destined mission. She would have to show some "sign" that a thick-skinned military man could understand.

**J**OAN returned home, and her chance to impress Baudricourt with her clairvoyant powers came a month later. Her voices spoke to her, told her of the defeat of the French at Rouvray. No one else in Domremy or Vaucouleurs had heard about it. Joan hurried again to Baudricourt and told him the news. When word of the disaster did come a few days later by official messenger, Baudricourt reluctantly admitted that there might be something unusual about Joan of Arc. He authorized her departure for Chinon. Joan, accompanied by two young squires, Jean de Metz and Bertrand de Poulengy, set out on her Great Adventure.

The astral voices were with her almost constantly. The strange aura of psychic forces around her seemed to converge and grow more powerful from that moment on. They led her through incredible hardship, incredible glory, up to the final moment when her white body would be consumed in the horror of the flames.

She and her companions rode only at night. They hid during the daytime in woods and thickets. Even at that, it seems strange that they weren't captured or killed by the roving bands of robbers that infested the country, or





by the hostile English, whose lines they had to penetrate to reach Chinon.

There are grounds for believing that Joan of Arc's powers of clairvoyance helped her here, too, in escaping the fate that might be expected to overtake a young girl traveling at night in those lawless times through wild and ruined France.

She glimpsed horrible things as they went along: once fertile farm lands lying fallow, cattle and horses dead, villages desolated, with the grisly corpses of peasants sprawling at their thresholds. These sights only strengthened Joan's resolve to follow her voices and aid France.

There is one particularly strange incident in that journey to Chinon which historians have puzzled over and never been able to explain.

Joan told an intimate friend afterwards that she heard mass at the Cathedral of Auxerre during the trip. But Auxerre was a walled city, guarded by hostile men-at-arms during the daytime, its great gates locked tightly at night. No stranger could possibly have got through into the town itself, not even a girl dressed in men's clothing, such as Joan wore at this time. Jean de Metz and Poulengy, Joan's comrades, did not hear this mass. Yet they surely would have insisted on going with her if she had undertaken to enter Auxerre, for they had pledged themselves to guard her closely.

The strongest explanation seems to be that Joan of Arc heard this service in the cathedral either through clairauidience or by a projection of her own astral body into Auxerre. The possibility of this is strengthened by things that happened to Joan later.

From the vicinity of Auxerre she went on toward Chinon. She and her friends had already come a hundred and fifty miles, fording a dozen rivers, including the Marne, the Aube, the Blaise and the Seine. How she came safely through these adventures has also puzzled the historians. The distance to Chinon was much greater than the distance she had already come.

Joan and her two friends traveled day after day, and at the town of Gien she announced for the first time in public that she was on her way to see the king and save



Paul Chadwick, author of this article, whose by-line appears in many magazines throughout the country.

France. The story passed from mouth to mouth. An old prophecy was recalled which stated that a maid would come from the borders of Lorraine to help the king. Many people began then and there to believe in the destiny of Joan of Arc, and her voices guided her cannily as she built up prestige. She had a reason for wanting to do this. It was an age when all men feared sorcery.

When news of her coming reached the English camps, a superstitious dread of the Maid began to develop, even though the invaders hid their fears behind sneering laughter. Dread of her would make her more invincible when she led her armies into battle. Joan of Arc was already acting in a way that no uneducated, inexperienced peasant girl could be expected to behave. Under

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD



the influence of her strange "control," she was using psychological persuasion and doing exactly the proper things at the proper time.

**S**HE WROTE a note to the king next and had it sent on ahead, telling him that she was coming with knowledge of certain things for his good. She added that, though she had never seen him, she would "know him among all others."

Probably that last sentence caught the king's attention, just as Joan had expected it would. For when she finally reached Chinon and was admitted to an audience with the king, Charles VII stood well back in a large group of courtiers and waited.

Unhesitatingly, just as she had approached Robert de Baudricourt, Joan now approached the king, through divination or sensitivity to his psychic emanations. She spoke quietly, telling him that she was destined to help him, see that he was properly crowned at Reims, and see that the siege of Orleans was raised.

In emphasizing these two things, Joan, the peasant girl, showed miraculous psychic knowledge of the exact situation in France. She proved that she knew, better than statesmen or counselors, just what was needed to cure the horrible ills of the aimless Hundred Years War.

Crowning the king at Reims was the key to the political situation. It would centralize all authority in France under one banner, unite and unify the nation. And Orleans was the key to the military problem. If the English

could be driven away from Orleans, their campaign of conquest down the valley of the Loire would be stopped and the French armies could begin to regain their lost territory.

How did Joan of Arc know this so well? There is no answer except that, under her astral control, she was an instrument of human destiny.

Being an instrument of destiny, she couldn't fail; for, even by her seeming failure at the end, she actually succeeded, as the history of the next half century shows.

Even the fact that Charles, the king, was a weak, vacillating, suspicious fool didn't stop her. She waited patiently during the time when he had her put in the tower of Coudray, there to be questioned hours on end by the wily, crabbed monk, Seguin.

Charles was afraid she might be a witch. Seguin and his colleagues asked every conceivable question they could think up to trap her, even going into the intimate details of her past life. But Joan of Arc answered so simply and logically, and her life had been so blameless, that they finally testified in her favor.

That was Joan's first great moment of public glory. She stood suddenly on the threshold of her mystic fate.

She had never doubted her own powers, but now the seal of ecclesiastical and royal approval was put upon her. The miracle happened. Joan, the peasant girl from Lorraine, was made *chef de guerre* of the armies of France. The astral voices must have sung a paean of triumph at that moment. They were playing a historic symphony on their frail, living instrument, a symphony destined to ring down through the ages. For Joan remains the patron saint of France. Soldiers in the World War, dying in the blood, mire and filth of the trenches, whispered, gasped her name. If war comes again, Joan's living memory will help the forces of enlightenment and democratic justice win over the dark forces of slavery and retrogression. Joan of Arc is bathed forever in the white light of spiritual decency and high human purpose.

**J**OAN made warfare herself after the king had put his trust in her. But it is recorded that, at the great siege of Orleans, she tried first to reason with the enemy. Again and again, at risk of her own life, she went close to the English bastions and urged the invaders to withdraw peacefully from Orleans and from the country where they had no moral right. When they wouldn't, when battle had to come, Joan of Arc showed her compassion many times, both for the soldiers of France and for the enemy. Once she dismounted from her horse, took the head of a dying Englishman in her lap, gave him a drink of water and wept as his last breath came.

Before she began the historic siege, and fulfilled the first half of her great mission, something occurred which throws more light on Joan's psychic powers.

The coronation of Charles VII is brought about in 1429 at Reims due to Joan of Arc's prevision. The king was impressed by Joan's psychical feats of identifying people who were strangers and totally unknown to her.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE





Many modern clairvoyants can locate lost or hidden articles, and it is plain that Joan of Arc had that power, too. For the question of a sword arose. As *chef de guerre* of the French armies, Joan knew she must have some weapon, hallowed by age and symbolic of her authority. Robert de Baudricourt had given her a regulation campaign sword when she had left Vaucouleurs. But that wouldn't do. At the king's orders an armorer at Tours was going to make her one, just as he had made her a suit of shining, "white" armor. But Joan of Arc had other ideas. She startled her friends and captains by asking one of them to go to the church of St. Catherine de Fierbois and fetch an ancient sword that was concealed there behind the altar.

The sword was found just where she had said it would be, hidden under a pile of old fabrics and a layer of dust. It hadn't been touched or even seen by human eyes for years. It was rusted, tarnished. But there were five crosses on the hilt, and Joan said that her voices had suggested that she use this sword.

Carrying it, and clad in her burnished white armor, Joan of Arc rode at the head of the king's soldiers toward Orleans. There is a letter in existence today, written by the Flemish diplomat, Lord de Rotslaer, on April 22, 1429, in which there is concrete proof, too, that Joan of Arc knew by clairvoyance that she would be wounded.

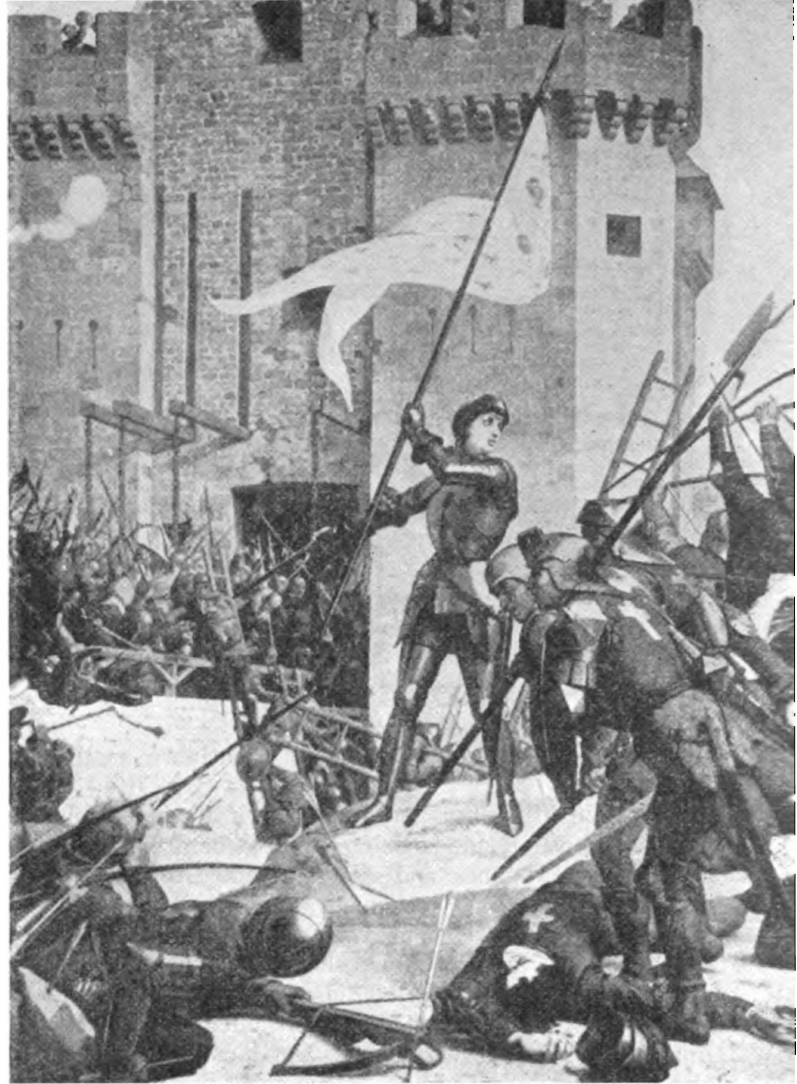
The letter mentions the army that Charles VII, king of France, was assembling at Orleans, and adds: "A certain maid, native of Lorraine, of the age of eighteen years or thereabouts, is close to the king. She has told him that she will save Orleans and drive away the English who are besieging it, and that she herself in an engagement before Orleans will be wounded by a shaft, but will not die of it, and that the king will be crowned in the city of Reims before the end of the summer."

It was natural that Joan of Arc might expect to be wounded in her fighting; but why in the first battle, and how could she predict that it would be a shaft that would strike her, and not a pike, a spear, a sword or a stone thrown from a catapult?

This incident alone, documented by history, is proof of her psychic powers of foreknowledge. For an eye-witness, writing of the battle, several days after Lord de Rotslaer wrote his letter, tells how the girl, Joan of Arc, led the French in a successful attack on the English fortifications, and how she was painfully wounded by an arrow from a crossbow which struck her between the shoulder and the throat so hard that it pierced her armor.

The witness goes on to say that Joan refused to leave the fight, and merely dressed her wound with lard and olive oil and went on battling until Orleans was saved.

This victory accomplished the first half of Joan of Arc's great mission. Orleans held a key position along the Loire River, and now the English had been forced to retire. The seed of a nation's rebirth lay in that single victory. It was proof to the weak King Charles that the Maid was an extraordinary person. Her victory was the "sign" that he needed to trust in her completely and follow some of her other suggestions.

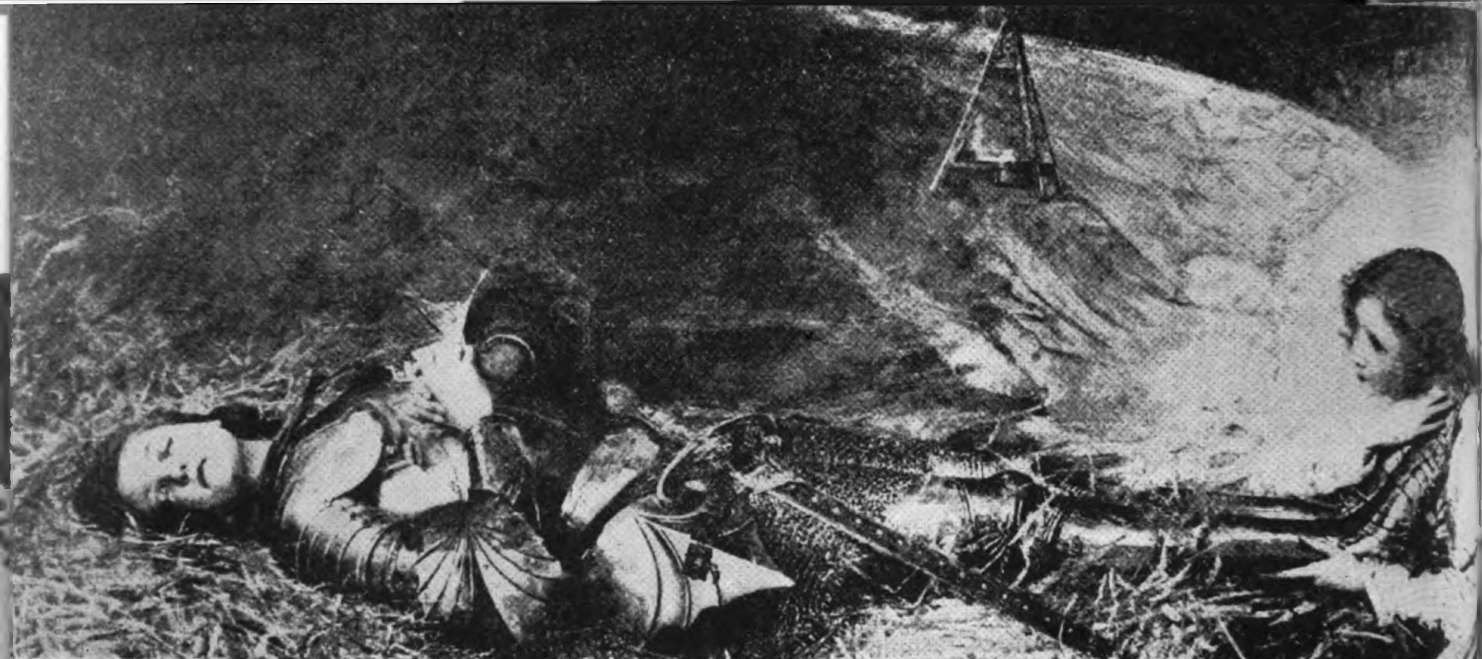


BETTMANN ARCHIVE

The siege of Orleans, raised by Joan of Arc in 1429, at which she showed touching compassion to both French and English.

The soldiers, too, now trusted Joan of Arc and even worshipped her. Because their respect for her was so high she, a lone girl, could share their camps with them at night without being molested. Old letters say that she was "well built," and one captain who watched beside her at night, saw her take her armor off and glimpsed her unusual feminine beauty. He writes that on account of her great spiritual qualities and strange powers of leadership, he did not think of her in a carnal way. Among her captains were fierce, half-barbaric fighters like La Hire, who had formerly led roving, pillaging bands. Yet Joan of Arc was able to make even such men obey her. And she knew, after Orleans, that the second half of her great mission—crowning King Charles at Reims—was still to be accomplished.

REIMS was in the hands of the enemy, hostile Burgundians who sided with the English. The king's counselors tried to tell Joan that it wouldn't be safe to go there and that, if the king must have a coronation, it would have to be in some other city of France. But here again Joan's voices gave her uncanny knowledge of the state of affairs. Respect for the government must be re-established if France was to be saved from utter ruin. And only a king crowned in the ancient cathedral of



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Reims would be recognized by all Frenchmen as the true monarch.

The Maid of Orleans refused to back down. An inflexible control outside herself seemed to be driving her on. She wept at times, and said she wanted to go back to her father's farm, live quietly and forget war and politics. She pleaded once or twice that she wasn't fitted to handle such things because she knew nothing about them. There are pages in her history that are pathetic with proof of her inner struggle. She wanted peace, quiet. But destiny was at her elbow. She must obey those astral voices.

She pleaded with the weak young king to go to Reims and be crowned at once. It was necessary for him to hurry, her voices told her, for the English were planning to crown a puppet king of their own. She began dictating letters, addressed to the mayors and captains of towns between Chinon and Reims, commanding them to

The sleep of Joan of Arc after her arrest and imprisonment, comforted by the figure who appeared in her visions.

allow the royal procession to pass unmolested. Many of these letters are intact today, and they increase the mystery of Joan of Arc's strange powers.

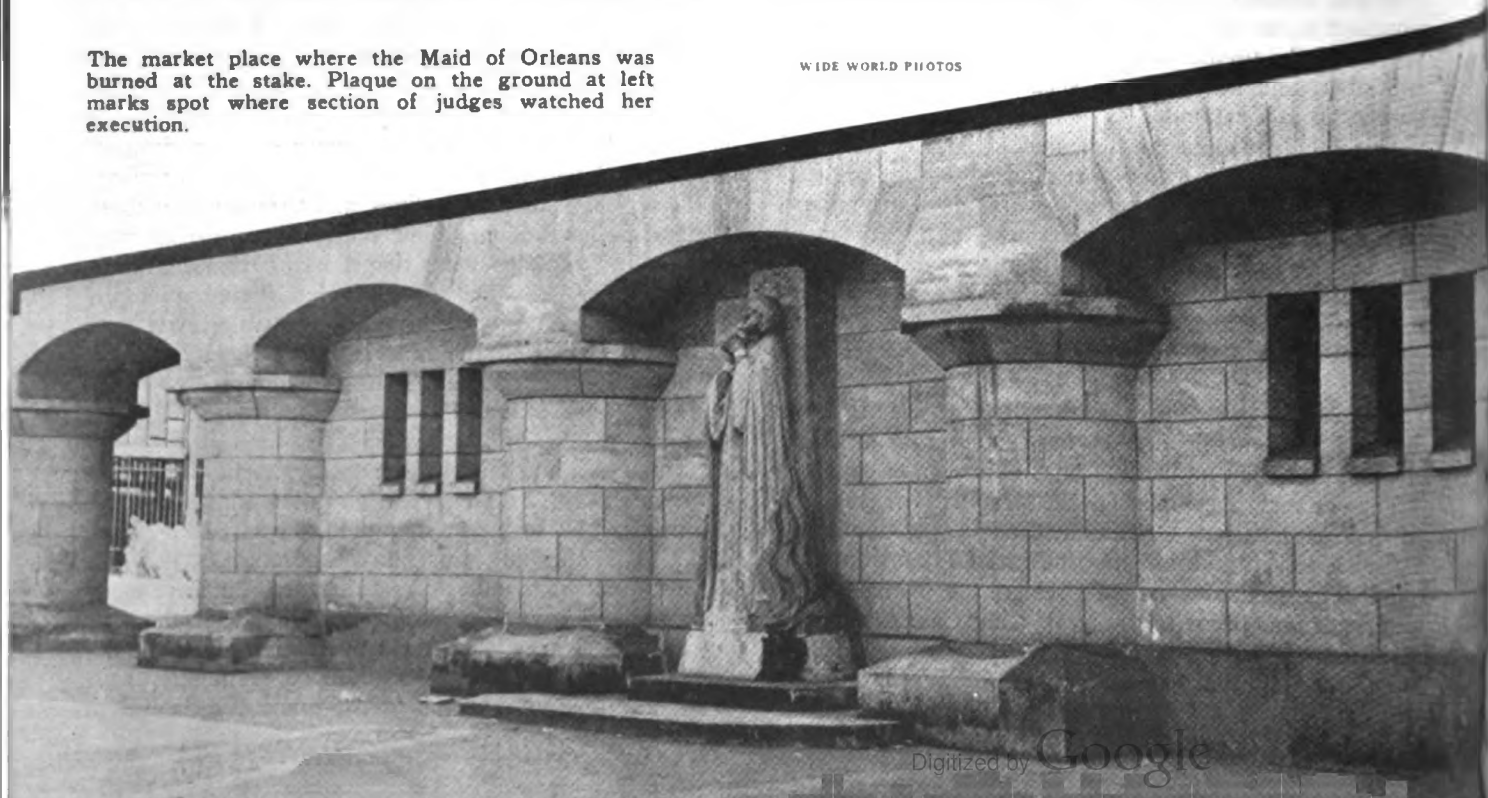
So forceful were her arguments, so confident was she, that most of the towns gave in and rejected their alliance with the English and took oath of loyalty to France.

The way was cleared for Joan to go with the king to Reims, but, by going and fulfilling her duty, she signed and sealed her own death warrant in a strange, indirect manner.

At Reims the king was crowned in splendor, with Joan of Arc, the former peasant girl, standing at his side. And after the coronation other towns nearby began

The market place where the Maid of Orleans was burned at the stake. Plaque on the ground at left marks spot where section of judges watched her execution.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS





to pledge their loyalty to the crown. One of these was Beauvais, and the French soldiers expelled the bishop, Pierre Cauchon, from the cathedral, because he had long been an ally of France's invaders. Joan of Arc had made a deadly enemy.

How deadly, her own astral voices did not even seem to warn her. For, at this period, confusing, sinister outside forces of treachery, jealousy and malice clouded Joan's psychic vision to some extent. Every great medium has known such moments, when currents of hostility and suspicion make a jangling, paralyzing psychic discord.

Joan's own army captains and other supposed allies began to work secretly against her. She knew it. She could feel it with that inner psychic sensitivity, which may partly have been true clair-audience. Besides this outside confusion, there was her own knowledge that the two greatest parts of her mission had been fulfilled. Orleans had been freed and the true king of France had been crowned. Weak and foolish he might be, but he was still the symbol of government that, in those violent times, was needed to pull the nation together.

Joan believed France was saved, but she was impatient to help along the recovery process and a little confused as to what she ought to do next. Her astral voices seemed less distinct. It was now that, more than ever, she wept at times like a frail girl, and wished that she might go home to her father's cottage. It was now that she showed her human qualities that make her stand out in history as a suffering, idealistic, flesh-and-blood being, gifted with rare powers of psychic insight. Though the treachery of those she trusted was dulling her powers a little, she was by no means insensitive to the main psychic currents controlling her life. Some historians have said that it would have been better if she had left the army at this point, regarded her work done and gone back to her peasant's life.

**B**UT THE STAR of luminous vapor that she had seen in her father's garden was not without purpose and meaning. Joan of Arc had, shortly after the battle of Orleans, told two of her army captains that she must die. Her voice had been pathetic, fearful. She was only a young girl after all. And, to her inner senses, that mystic light had foretold from the first the crackling light of the flames that would consume her physical body at Rouen—the flames that would bring her martyrdom and make her name and memory sacred throughout France. Perhaps that is why her first glimpse of that luminous cloud had filled her with such terror. Joan of Arc had somber premonitions of her destiny, and so refused to leave her soldiers even in the face of treachery.

La Tremouille, a counselor of the king, who for a time had seemed to work with her, now plotted against Joan. He was really an ally of the English Duke of Bedford and didn't want to see the invaders driven from France. Instead, he tried

to use King Charles as a human pawn to get more concessions for himself from Bedford, and he deliberately checkmated the Maid of Orleans at every turn.

She sensed this man's treachery, as old documents in existence show, and she tried her best to fight against him. She argued with the young king to march on Paris and take it away from the enemy while the French soldiers were still inspired and still in a fighting mood.

[ Continued on page 69 ]

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD



# AFTER DEATH, WHAT?

*Life force, manifested only materially, may exist outside our material bodies, based on the findings of science and sound logic.*

Introduction by

AUSTIN C. LESCARBOURA

**W**HERE DO WE go from here? In other words, after death, what? That question rings down through the ages. Ever since man attained sufficient mentality to be awed by death, he has wanted to know what becomes of his ego, soul, personality or innermost self, following the phenomenon of physical death. Is personal survival possible—and probable?

Heretofore, death has presented the parting of the ways for different broad schools of thought. To the materialist, death has been considered the final chapter, the dropping of the curtain on individual existence—oblivion. The materialist could not reconcile himself to the idea of any personal survival following the decay of the physical body. To the religionist, buoyed by a strong faith, death has been looked upon as the dawn of a greater and more glorious existence for that thing called soul which, so the religionist holds, is merely clothed in the worldly body for its short sojourn on this earth. To the spiritist, death has been just a logical and unavoidable step in passing from one state of existence to another.

But from one of the world's greatest scientists and thinkers comes a simple, reasonable, altogether pleasing basis for a common ground where materialist, religionist, and spiritist, spiritualist and psychic researcher, can meet and, while staying within the confines of their own basic beliefs, be satisfied with the feasibility of personal survival.

In Sir Oliver Lodge we have at once a great scientist and thinker, and again a philosopher who has the time, courage and patience to think things through, even if conclusions sometimes are in contradiction to his scientific training. Born in Staffordshire, England, in 1851, Oliver Joseph Lodge graduated from London University in 1877 with the degree of Doctor of Science. He was in turn reader in natural philosophy at Bedford College for Women, assistant professor of applied mathematics at University College, London, and professor of physics in University College, Liverpool, in which position he remained for nineteen years until chosen first principal of the new Birmingham University in 1900.

Sir Oliver ranks among the foremost workers in the electrical and radio arts. His contributions to early wireless communication are on a par with those of the late Guglielmo Marconi. In 1902 he was knighted for his contributions to the world of science. He has conducted

many electrical researches, headed several learned societies, and has written many scientific treatises as well as books and papers on metaphysical and theological subjects. So we may well give due thought to what Sir Oliver Lodge has to say in the accompanying article.

He has bravely tackled the question and has written a most intricate discussion in the simplest terms possible. He has really made out a very plausible argument for individual survival, based on the findings of science quite as well as on sound logic. When asked, several years ago, to write on this subject, he immediately accepted because, as he stated, he has strong and positive views on the question of individual survival.

When Sir Oliver points out how immaterial is our so-called materialistic universe from the standpoint of such vital forces as electricity, light, magnetism, which are quite beyond our ken save as they affect the material plane in which we live and thus come to our attention, we begin to wonder whether we are really as substantial as we think we are. It may be that the evasive space between materialistic things or particles, called the ether by scientists, in which reside the various forces which move our universe, is the real solid or substantial state and that our materialistic state is quite a ghostlike and imponderable thing after all, simply floating about in the ether. Our very limited human mentality, so wed to the materialistic concept, becomes more apparent than ever.

Sir Oliver's splendid thesis on individual survival is reprinted here from the magazine *Progress* by special permission of the publishers, Street and Smith, Incorporated. Sir Oliver Lodge writes:

**W**HEN WE CONSIDER the question of Survival from the physical point of view we are up against the ancient problem of the connection between mind and body. The body is certainly made of matter, but matter is inert, it never does anything, it is completely controlled by the forces acting upon it, which forces exist in the empty space surrounding the atoms. **Left to itself**, matter merely continues in whatever state it was last made to accept. If it was spinning it continues to spin with constant angular momentum. It has no power of changing its state or of stopping. If it was in a state of locomotion, that motion also continues unaltered. This is called the law of inertia, and to it all material atoms

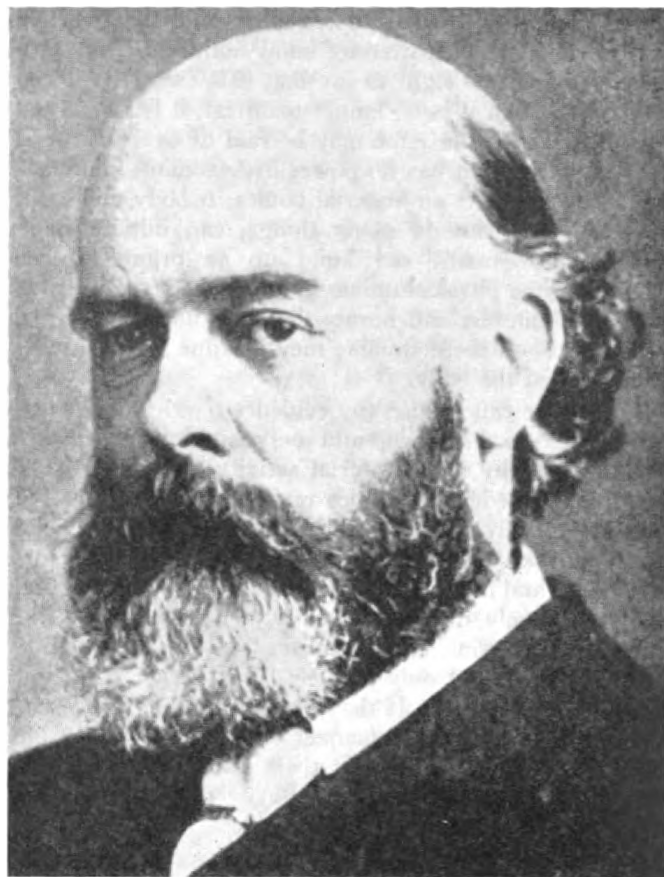


## By SIR OLIVER LODGE

are absolutely obedient, whether they form part of an engine or of a clockwork mechanism or of an animated body. There is no exception. All matter is inert.

If any change is observed in atomic or material behavior, it is a sign of some activity, some energy apart from matter, demonstrating its existence by acting upon matter and causing some acceleration or retardation proportionate to the force exerted. This is called the second law of motion. Furthermore every kind of energy known to us exists in the empty space between the atoms and exerts equal force upon the boundary atoms at either end of that space, so that every atom is accompanied by an equal opposite reaction. This is called the third law of motion, or it might be called the law of energy. Energy only makes itself manifest by its effect on material bodies, but its main existence is in space. We have no sense organ for perceiving energy itself, our senses tell us of nothing but matter. We can see the results of energy as expended upon matter, but we have no direct apprehension of the energy. We are not acquainted with anything in the universe save by its effect upon matter, and that is the origin of our tendency to philosophic materialism; we are liable to doubt whether things not apparent to the senses can have a real existence, though there is no justification for such a doubt.

The physical universe does not consist of matter alone. If it did, it would be absolutely inert, no change would ever occur. Experience shows us constant change, constant activity; and when analyzed, the source of this activity is always found in the field or space between the atoms. That is where the energy exists, that is where it is stored; and we can gradually realize that it is through interaction between the void and the material particles that every change or activity is accomplished. A field of force always exists in what we call vacuum or ether, what the Ancients called void; never does it exist in matter. Yet force is only made manifest by matter. It is only by observing the behavior of material bodies that we can become aware of the existence of a field of force or of a seat of energy. Energy is constant in amount, but it takes various forms. The form with which we are best acquainted is the form of motion, and that is the only form ever associated with matter. All the other forms are hidden and make no impression upon us, save when they encounter material particles and thus display their existence. No one, for instance, could experience a magnetic field without a bit of iron to test it with. No one has any knowledge of the broadcast waves which now surround us unless he has a suitable detecting apparatus in the form of a wireless set and a telephone. And, strange to say, we can only appreciate light when it impinges upon some piece of matter and thence is deflected into the eyes. When we see a lighthouse or searchlight-beam tracking its way across space, it is not the beam that we observe, but the dust particles which are illuminated by it. We only see material objects; we have no sense for radiation itself, nor for an electric current, only for its activity in affecting various kinds of matter. These are only instances of a quite general law.



Sir Oliver Lodge, world-famous scientist and exponent of the survival of man after death.

We cannot understand the activity of the material universe without taking energy into account, and this energy exists in the space between the particles. Matter is discontinuous, consisting of isolated particles, they are connected only through space. But inasmuch as this space is impregnated with energy, it must be something more than mere emptiness. It makes no impression on our senses, and yet it is full of energy, and is the reservoir of all activity; hence we have agreed to call it the ether. A magnetic field exists wholly in the ether, iron filings are only used to demonstrate it and map it out. An electric, a gravitational, field are in the same predicament. Cohesion, too, and indeed every action between material particles is an affair of the ether. In no other way can one piece of matter act on another. Every kind of physical action is really transmitted across space—that is, through the ether—just as really, though not so obviously, as electric and magnetic attraction, gravitation, and light. Atoms and their constituents are never in contact. Ether forces or ether strains have to be appealed to when we try really to understand the most ordinary activities in daily life. Even a simple push is exerted through an infinitesimal layer of ether. Every variety of potential energy exists in the ether: matter has no energy except kinetic, and recently an ethereal explanation of even that kind of energy shows signs of emerging from the theory of relativity. Animated matter

differs in no respect from every other kind of matter, except that it is subject to animation.

So when we say that life only exists in a material organism, we ought to say that life only manifests itself in association with such an organism, and that when it is dissociated from matter we know nothing of its existence. We have no right to say that it is extinct. All that we know is that it is no longer manifest, it has gone out of our ken. But the same may be said of every form of energy: in itself it has no power of becoming known to us but by its effect on material bodies. A body under the action of life can do many things, can initiate spontaneous movements, can build up an organism, can operate on the physical universe, and leave structures behind it of interest and beauty, but it is not the material body that does these things; they are due to the life or animation of the body.

If then we can adduce any evidence that life or mental activity exists in space, and only sporadically makes itself evident by some material activity, the state of our present knowledge of physics renders our acceptance of the fact entirely harmonious. We have to do no violence to our physical conceptions if we admit the fact of survival. Life and mind never were functions of the material body, they only displayed themselves by means of the material organism. The organism was not essential to their existence, but only to their display, that is, to our apprehension of them. If they ever find means of operating in a novel or unusual manner on a physical organism, then they may still manifest their continued existence; and that is exactly what they do. Why should we decline to receive the evidence?

**T**ELEPATHY SHOWS that mind can act on mind without the use of any bodily organs, hence certain people may have a faculty of apprehending a spiritual world directly and this may account for genius and inspiration. This has been well argued by F. W. H. Myers; I shall not labor it now.

If you have evidence of the existence of a spiritual world, a world of help and guidance and sympathy, then you can hold to it in face of every denial of the materialists, who can only base their denial on the absence of any sensory stimulus to their material organisms. Such a world may exist all round us, and yet can only be spiritually discerned. The faculty of discernment does exist in some people, and their positive evidence overweighs a wilderness of negation from people whose perceptions are limited to the bodily senses.

One of the most elementary forms of discernment is (rather absurdly) called psychometry. An object put into certain hands may convey more information than the senses can give; a psychometrist can tell something of its history, something of its association, something of its possessor. By special faculty the psychometrist can tell far more than could be arrived at by chemical tests. He or she can tell, for instance, that a bit of stone has formed part of a pyramid, or that a ring has taken part in a scene of slaughter, or that a piece of writing or a drawing has been done by a certain person normally

quite unknown to the psychometrist, and can even tell what the circumstances of that person were at the time, and what he was doing.

The existence of a spiritual world throughout the depth of space is becoming to me a great and fundamental, even a physical, reality. The manifestation of that world in connection with material organisms on one or other of the planets is a comparatively trifling and temporary episode, of great importance doubtless in the history of evolutionary development, but our real existence is not dependent on a material organism. Our spiritual and real home is in the ether of space.

Chemists and biochemists are liable to limit themselves unduly to the purely material aspect of things. A chemist's business is to deal with matter in its various forms; that is his job, and he need not be expected to go beyond it. A physicist takes into account the ether as well, though he may for a time prefer to call it space. He is not limited to material particles, but studies the fields of force which connect them and make them active. The psychologist goes further still, and studies the action of mind. I would I could say that the biologist is a student of life, but at present the tendency is for him only to study animated organisms and their behavior, limiting his attention to what is manifested by the material processes brought about by life, and not thinking that life has any existence apart from its instrument of manifestation. We shall never understand the universe by attending to matter alone and ignoring everything which makes it active and interesting. We cannot even understand the bending of a steel spring nor the fall of a raised weight without implicitly taking the ether into account. We are continually making experiments on the ether and realizing the consequences of its abundant qualities. We only extend our generalization if we assume that it is a physical vehicle of life and mind.

A supplementary and semiphysical treatment of Survival is now becoming possible; a treatment which is well calculated to replace the old materialistic view that man had only a material body, and that when that body died and decayed, the animation, the personality, and the individual, necessarily ceased to exist. It is also well calculated to replace the popular idealistic notion that any spirit which survives the death of the material body must survive in an entirely disembodied condition, and be out of relationship with the physical universe. Many people suppose that it then belongs to another order of existence, or, as some would say, of nonexistence; that it is likely to be free from any relationship even with Space and Time, and must have departed entirely out of our ken; so that communication or intercourse is no longer possible, until perhaps at some future day when the material body shall have been somehow resuscitated and restored to its old function, in glorified form, so that the spirit can resume its active control. That this superstitious idea has been prevalent, is testified to by popular modes of expression, such as:

"On the resurrection morning all their dead the graves restore:

Father, mother, sister, brother meet once more."

# ACTUAL LIFE DOES NOT EXIST ONLY IN

This depressing notion of future existence—if it can be called existence in the interim—is not a scientific or psychological view at all; but it has been the religious or at least the ecclesiastical view through mediaeval times. Hymns and liturgies are saturated with it, and it continues to this day the chief representation of what by strictly orthodox people is meant by Survival.

A modern theory which seeks to provide the emancipated spirit with any kind of organism related to the physical world, might thus be ranked as a return to a modified form of materialism. For though, when properly understood, the view I advocate ought to emancipate us from materialistic bugbears, and although it wholly condemns the idea that flesh and blood or any particles of terrestrial matter are revived and inherit Eternal Life, yet popular ignorance of what is meant by the ether, and of the certain fact that the ether is a part of the physical universe and has definite properties which can be experimented on and ascertained, may well suggest all manner of difficulties in understanding the hypothesis I am trying to expound. Wherefore it will probably be considered unsatisfactory, both by the scientific materialist and by the theologian; possibly also by some spiritualists.

The necessity for some kind of organ or instrument or habitation for an emancipated spirit has been intuitively felt by many inspired writers. The most ancient classical idea was that of a condition rather melancholy—unhoused, wistful, shadowy, and sad; but this notion was improved upon even in later classical times. And toward the end, "Not unclothed but clothed upon," "God giveth it a body," are modes of expression very familiar to modern ears.

The existence of a spiritual body is an idea, in one form or another, at least as old as St. Paul. It has been upheld by some of the Greek Fathers of the Church; it has been vaguely in the minds of many modern investigators; sundry obscure and supernormal facts seem to lend it strong support. And recently an etheric version of such a body has been approved—and if not inculcated, at any rate regarded as a step in the right direc-

tion—by some of the more thoughtful and philosophically minded communicators "on the other side."

What they know by experience is that, though disembodied, they are certainly not disembodied; they feel no more disembodied than we do. They tell us that they still have substantial instruments of manifestation which serve for intercourse among each other, and that it is through this permanent instrument that they are able, occasionally and under certain conditions, to operate indirectly, through our organisms, on the matter of this

planet. They operate with more difficulty than in the old days, partly because they have to make use of other people's mechanism; but still, subject to many restrictions, they exert influence in a somewhat similar way, and thereby are able occasionally to know what we are doing; and they claim sometimes to succeed in helping and stimulating us, not only mentally but physically.

Now although the departed may not understand fully and completely of what their present body is composed, or how they operate on it so as to produce the results they design and aim at, they are still only in the same predicament as they were when here, and as we are now. For we do not know how we control our bodies of matter, nor what is the nature of the connection between mind and matter. We know that we have muscles and nerves and brain centers. We can dissect and describe this part of the mechanism. But how a physiological instru-

ment—how any kind of mechanism—can think and feel and plan and will and remember and hope and love, we certainly cannot explain. And probably we never shall be able to explain how such a thing can happen; for the thing to be explained does not happen, it is only imagined to happen through a misapprehension. The truth is that it is we ourselves who really do all the psychical things; we employ our bodies only as instruments for recording and transmitting our thoughts and for exercising muscular action on matter. The body itself neither thinks nor wills nor sees nor feels. It is an instrument, a channel, a medium. Although full explanations about our method of controlling a body are not yet forthcoming—either on

[ Continued on page 75 ]



Austin C. Lescarbourea, former managing editor, "Scientific American," who wrote the introduction to this article.

## MATERIAL ORGANISM, SAYS SIR OLIVER



# BLAVATSKY, A CENTURY'S

*Not since the days of Salem witchcraft had New Englanders been stirred as they were by the uncanny happenings in the old tavern of William and Horatio Eddy. It was here that Helen Petrovna Blavatsky cast new light upon psychical phenomena.*

ONE OF THE most unique characters of the past century was the Russian occultist, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. From the time when, as a girl, she saw her Master, the East Indian adept, in the streets of London, her life was guided by invisible and supernatural forces. No fiction could be as dramatic, as uncanny, as inexplicable as some of the experiences through which Madame Blavatsky passed.

Coupled with her unsurpassed gift of higher mediumship, which made it possible for her to write "The Secret Doctrine," that stupendous compilation of philosophy, science and religion, was her keen mind and a personality as bizarre as it was dynamic. Her temper was like tinder, her wit caustic, yet withal she was a charming and lovable woman who drew around her a circle of friends as unfailing in their loyalty as her enemies were unrelenting in their determination to prove her psychic experiences fraudulent.

Her second appearance on the American scene was on the Eddy farm in Vermont where psychic phenomena were attracting the curious, skeptical and gullible, and creating a sensation.

In October, 1874, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky received inner directions from her Master to go to the Eddy farm where she would meet Henry Steel Olcott, correspondent for the *Sun*. The first contact between these two, who were to be co-founders of a great world movement, The Theosophical Society, came when Colonel Olcott held a match to light Madame Blavatsky's cigarette. Even at that time, through the mystic power that was hers, she knew something of the work they were destined to do together, though she did not reveal those plans to Olcott until later. Their attention was too much occupied with the psychic manifestations of the moment.

Not since the days of Salem witchcraft had New Englanders been so stirred by uncanny happenings. Horatio and William Eddy, the last of a long line of supernormal psychics, were holding nightly séances in the old taven that was their home. Reports had reached New York of Mr. Eddy's going into trances and the uncanny appearances from a cabinet of Indians, sailors with cutlasses, the inexplicable ringing of bells, music, and even a materialized shawl held by one of the phantoms. Colonel Olcott, hearing of these Eddy manifestations, went up to the isolated farm in August, 1874. On October 17th, one "W. H. C.," a fellow reporter, wrote the following account for the *Sun*:

Colonel Olcott, who has been here for several weeks, and who may remain for some time, has watched the movements of every-

body here closely. He some time ago closed the window of the "cabinet" from the outside with a portion of mosquito bar, carefully tacking it and sealing it with wax. It remains exactly as he left it weeks ago. I examined it this morning myself. Colonel Olcott also placed a measuring scale on the door of the cabinet, by which the exact height of every spirit can be ascertained. Some of the Indians are over six feet high. . . . Colonel Olcott does not appear to be carried away by the manifestations, but he is watchful—in fact, too watchful to please the spirits, the Eddys say.





# GREATEST OCCULTIST

By Ruby Lorraine Radford

Colonel Olcott had appointed himself a psychic research committee to investigate this phenomena. The dilapidated house that had once been a tavern was no longer occupied by gay summer parties, but now gave shelter to a strange assortment of curious, morbid, and marvel-seeking people who watched the nightly séances of Horatio and William Eddy.

Countess Helena Petrovna Blavatsky and Colonel Henry Steel Olcott, her co-worker in founding The Theosophical Society.



THE CORRESPONDENT who signed himself "W. H. C.," and an artist, accompanied Colonel Olcott on this investigation. Many of the artist's drawings appeared in the *Graphic*. On October 11th, the following was reported in the New York papers by W. H. C.:

Mr. Olcott wanted to know if people who attended séances as doubters, and went away doubters, would have to take back seats in the spirit world. She (Mrs. Eaton) said they would be sent away for many years.

The account of October 12th, written after Madame Blavatsky's arrival, opens:

The séance began as usual with Honto. The only novel thing she did was smoke a pipe, which was given her by Mr. Olcott for the occasion. Mr. Horatio Eddy lit it and passed it over to her. She smoked it for about a minute, the light from the bowl making her dark skin distinctly visible. Then, like a true Indian, she desired that all her spectators should smoke the same pipe, handing it to Madame Blavatsky, who was standing nearby. . . .

Colonel Olcott thus describes the people he met at these séances: "Ladies and gentlemen; editors, lawyers, divines and ex-divines; inventors, architects, farmers; peddlers of magnetic salves and mysterious nostrums; long-haired men and short-haired women; sickly dreamers who prate of interiors and conditions and spheres; clairvoyants and 'healers,' real or bogus; phrenologists, who read bumps without feeling them, under 'spirit direction'; mediums for tipping, rapping, and every imaginable form of modern spiritual phenomena; people from the most distant and widely separated localities; nice, clever people whom one is glad to meet and sorry to part from; and people who shed a magnetism as disagreeable as dirty water. They come and go, singly and otherwise; some after a day's stay, convinced that they had been cheated, but the vast majority astonished and perplexed beyond expression by what their eyes have seen and their ears heard."

Into this motley company came Madame Blavatsky, the greatest psychic of them all, knowing far more than she thought wise to explain at the time of what was coming through from beyond the veil. Later she had this to say about the manifestations: "that (1) those apparitions which were genuine were produced by the 'ghosts' of those who had lived and died within a certain area of those mountains, (2) those who had died far away were less entire, a mixture of real shadow and of that which lingered in the personal aura of the visitor for whom it purported to come, and (3) the purely fictitious ones, or, as I call them, the reflections of the genuine ghosts or shadows of deceased personality. To explain myself more clearly, it was not the spooks that assimilated the medium . . . but the medium who assimilated unconsciously to himself the pictures of the dead relatives and friends from the aura of the sitters. . . . These simulacra



of men and women are made up wholly of terrestrial passions, vices and worldly thoughts, of the residuum of the personality that was; for these are only such dregs that could not follow the liberated soul and spirit, and are left for a second death in the terrestrial atmosphere, that can be seen by the average medium and the public."

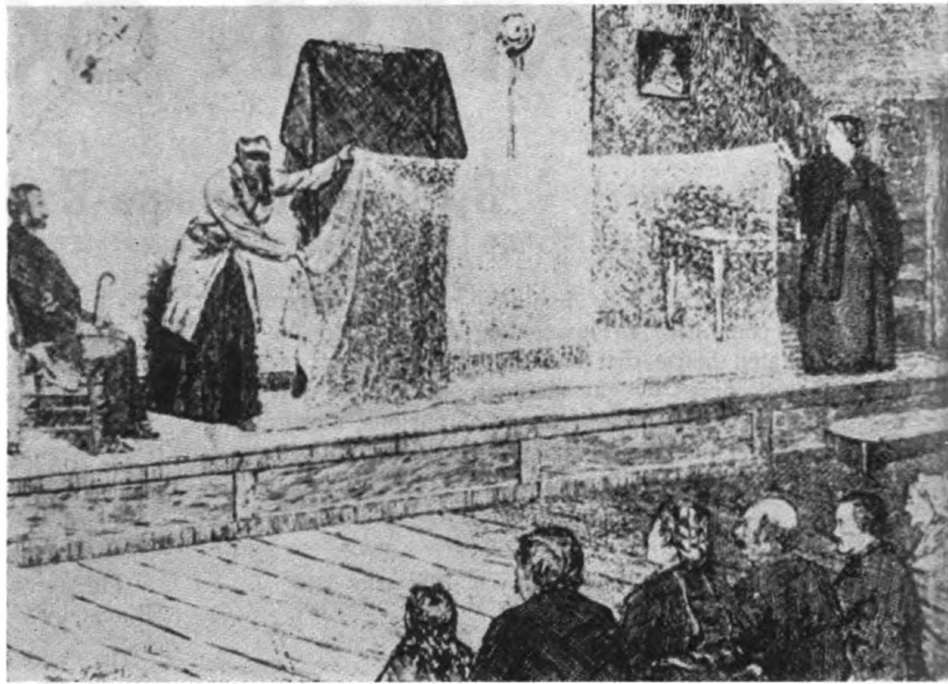
**H**ELENA BLAVATSKY, following as always the guidance of her inner teachers, had come to America to prove the reality of spiritualistic phenomena, but more important still, to demonstrate to her future co-worker in a great world movement, the real nature of what he witnessed on the Eddy farm. It was her mission to explain the plastic nature of the human double, revealed in the crude Western mediumship and replace it with a true spiritual philosophy. Her arrival changed the whole atmosphere of the séances. The *Graphic*, on November 27th, carried the following account:

The arrival of a Russian lady of distinguished birth and rare educational and natural endowments, on the 14th of October . . . was an important event in the history of the Chittenden manifestations. This lady—the Countess Helen P. de Blavatsky—has led a most eventful life. . . . In the whole course of my experience I have never met so interesting, and, if I may say it without offense, eccentric a character.

Madame Blavatsky was of noble birth, granddaughter of Princess Dolgorouki. At sixteen she was married off to the Governor of Erivan, who was seventy-three. However, she never lived with him, but took herself off to Egypt and world travel. She had plenty of money of her own even before she was left a fortune by her grandmother, Mme. Brajation. She spent several years in India, traveled in Egypt, Greece, Palestine, Syria, Arabia. In Paris she met Daniel Home, who converted her to spiritualism. In an interview quoted in the *Daily Graphic*, Madame Blavatsky, in answer to a query as to whether she had seen any of Home's levitations, said:

"Yes, I have seen Home carried out of a four-story window, let down very gently to the ground and put into his carriage."

When the magnetism of Helena Blavatsky was added to the Eddy séances, the whole personnel of the group was enlarged and diversified. The artist, assisting Colonel Olcott in the investigations for the *Graphic*, sketched many scenes from these séances. Madame Blavatsky drew around her quite a number of interesting characters from beyond the veil. Hassan Agha appeared, the family nurse, Marya, and many others among her former associates. Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky talked to each other in French, and the apports talked to her in Russian and Georgian! Could the Eddy brothers,



The Indian spirit guide Honto appears from curtained cabinet with materialized shawl. Colonel Olcott sits at left.

provincial Vermont farmers, have staged this as fraud in the presence of forty witnesses?

At another time came Michaelo, a Georgian servant of Helena Blavatsky's sister. His mother came with him, and he played Georgian and Persian airs on the Tchi-charda. At another time there was a juggler from Central Africa.

**T**HE MOST AMAZING manifestation of all came on the bright moonlit night of October 24th, when George Dix addressed Madame Blavatsky, saying:

"Madame, I am now about to give you a test of the genuineness of the manifestations of this circle, which I think will satisfy not only you but a skeptical world besides. I shall place in your hands the buckle of a medal of honor worn in life by your brave father, and buried with his body in Russia. This has been brought to you by your uncle, whom we have seen materialized this evening."

When the light was struck, there was Blavatsky holding a curiously shaped silver buckle, which she looked at in amazement. This buckle had been worn by her father at the time of his burial, along with all his other medals and decorations. There could be no mistaking the identity of this particular buckle, for the point of the pin had been accidentally broken by Helena, herself, as a child. But here was the buckle in her hand! "A jewel from the breast of a warrior sleeping his last sleep, in Russian ground, sparkling in the candle light in a gloomy apartment of a Vermont farmhouse! A precious present from the tomb of her nearest and best beloved

## BLAVATSKY WANTED SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

of kin, to be kept as perpetual proof that death can neither extinguish the ties of blood nor long divide those who were once united and desire reunion with one another."

Later, Madame Blavatsky visited the office of the *Daily Graphic* and displayed the silver jewel of the Order of St. Ann, which had been buried with her father at Stavropol. With this the skeptical Colonel Olcott had seen enough. He had not gone to Chittenden merely to see some uncanny phenomena, but to meet the occultist, Helena P. Blavatsky, and through her to come into the light of understanding what was back of the manifestations.

In a letter to the *New York Tribune*, almost a year later, on August 30, 1875, Colonel Olcott says, "I have looked in vain these past twenty-five years in spiritualistic literature for anything worthy the name of philosophy. I have watched the varying phases of 'manifestations' in the hope of seeing the elucidation of some law to explain their occurrence, and reconcile me to the same. . . . Throughout a quarter century I have hoped against hope that some day a Newton might arise, deduce from the fall of one of these Sodom apples of the circle the law of spirit intercourse, and demonstrate with mathematical certainty the immortality of man's soul.

"'The World,' reviewing my book, 'People From the Other World,' calls me a 'spiritualist,' and so have other papers, whereas nothing could be more opposed to the truth. If to have long acknowledged that phenomena occur in the presence of mediums which are not the effects of legerdemain, and to admit that they rooted fast and strong my faith in God and my soul's immortality, makes me a spiritualist, then I have been one for many years; but if to discredit nearly every theory of spirit communication, existence and employment advanced by the recognized leaders of that people since the Hydesville epiphany; if to dissent from their views upon social questions, to have no faith in the uniform integrity of mediums, and the truthfulness of their familiar spirits, is to be the opposite, then the *World*, the *Graphic* and other journals have falsely stigmatized me."

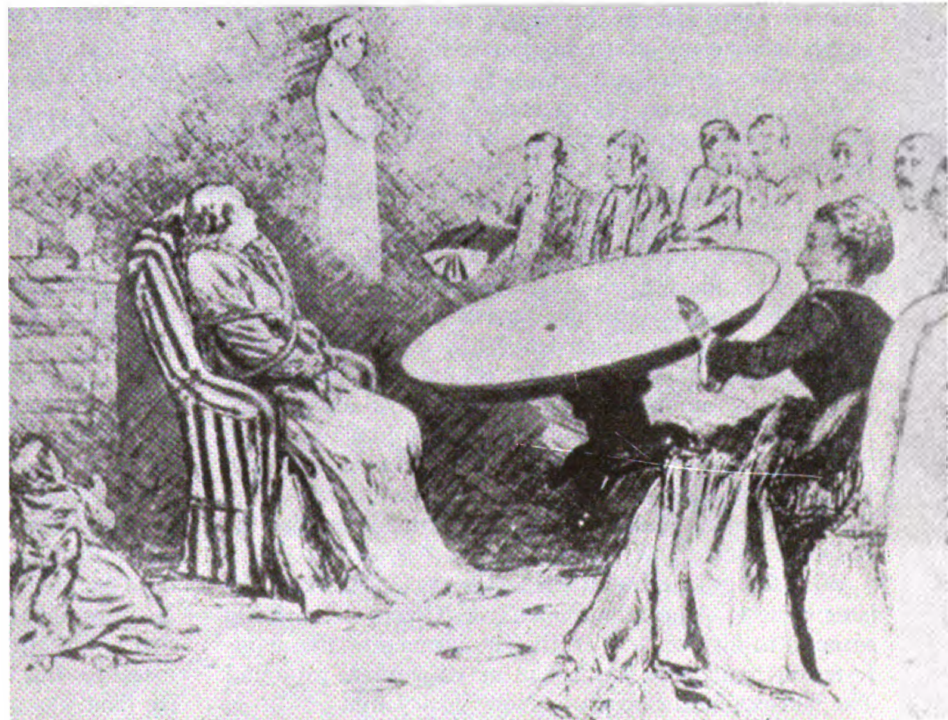
Colonel Olcott ends this rather long letter to the *Tribune* by saying: "Suppose I should tell you that in a most unexpected way, and at a most fortuitous time, I had come into contact with living persons who could do, and had in my presence done, the very marvels that Paracelsus, Albertus and Apollonius are accredited with; and that it was shown to me that all these seeming miracles of the circle are no miracles at all, but natural manifestations of absolutely natural law; that man has domain

over the powers of nature by right of his immortal soul's divine parentage: that the 'spirits' which produce nine tenths of the genuine 'manifestations' are not the spirits of men and women from this earth, but something quite different, and something that does not inhabit our future world, or stroll with us among the asphodels; that the wise, the pure, the just, the heroic souls who have passed on before us into the Silent Land, cannot and do not come back to spout sapphics through scrub women, or swing through stricken mediums for the delectation of the gaping crowd. What then? You see there are likely to be found some grains of wheat under the mountain of chaff. If the priceless treasures of the Alexandrian Library had not been used to heat the public baths, the 'Lost Arts' of the ancients, including the art of communing with the dead and the power to look beyond the veil to our future home, might not be now 'lost' to all but a select few in the Oriental fraternities and it would not be necessary for so humble a pen as mine to rebuke so distinguished a critic as yourself for writing what you have about these people from the other world."

It is well known that the burning of the Library at Alexandria was perhaps the greatest loss the world has ever suffered. Historical records and priceless treasures of knowledge were totally destroyed.

Through meeting H. P. Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott came to understand the true meaning of the things he had seen. Through the help of her Master, Madame Blavatsky had trained herself from that unconscious

**Materialization séance at the home of Horatio Eddy, Chittenden, Vermont. Note medium bound with ropes, table careening without visible physical means, and book flying through the air.**



# TO REPLACE CRUDE WESTERN MEDIUMSHIP



mediumship, which had been hers since childhood, to the seer, who by the exercise of will could accomplish the seemingly impossible. As early as 1858—sixteen years before she attended the Eddy séances—she made a small table remain immovable in a roomful of curious observers. “(1) Through the exercise of her own will directing the magnetic currents so that the pressure on the table became such that no physical force could move it; (2) through the action of those beings with whom she was in constant communication, and, who, although unseen, were able to hold the table against all opposition.”

A. P. Sinnett in “Incident in the Life of Madame Blavatsky,” says, “Let it be clearly understood . . . that H. P. B. has never pretended to be able to control *real spirits*, i. e., the spiritual monads, but only elementals; as also to be able to keep at bay the *shells* of the dead.”

The strong exercise of her will enabled H. P. B. to throw the pictures she made upon the medium's aura. It was never the true spirit of the man that was attracted to the séance room, but only the shell drawn by certain strong terrestrial affinities.

“For certain psychomagnetic reasons,” said Madame Blavatsky, “the shells of those spirits who love us best will not, with a few exceptions, approach us.”

Skepticism and abuse were heaped upon her when she said she had caused the appearance of people she had known; that they were not true spirits, but only the precipitation in the medium's aura of a manifestation she willed to appear. The exercise of her will in the production of psychic phenomena was a development of H. P. B.'s maturer years. A natural mediumship had been hers since birth. As a child she frequently saw in the astral form the Great Being who watched over her. She came to regard Him as her guardian angel, who never failed to protect her in times of danger.

As a girl Helena paid a visit to London with her father. One day on the streets of the great city she came face to face with a tall Hindu accompanied by some Indian princes. She instantly recognized the protector and guide she had seen so many times in the astral form. The next day she met her teacher again in a quiet park, and there he outlined her life work. After some deliberation—for the difficulties promised to be great—she agreed to undertake to re-proclaim to the world the Ancient Wisdom, which had been hidden in a few secret cults since the Middle Ages. Three years' preparation in India was necessary before she undertook this work, and Helena soon left London for her instructions under the Indian adepts.

With the guidance of these teachers, H. P. Blavatsky later came to America to find H. C. Olcott at the Eddy séances, to instruct him in the significance of the manifestations, and later, with him as co-worker, to found The Theosophical Society in New York City.

In the apartments which they took on Forty-seventh Street, New York City, most amazing phenomena are recorded. The library, which Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky shared, was called the “Lamasery.” This room

witnessed many strange manifestations, for it was here that Madame Blavatsky began the stupendous task of writing “Isis Unveiled.” Without her remarkable mediumistic power the writing of this book would have been an impossibility. All she had for physical reference were a few miscellaneous volumes. In spite of this, H. P. B. drew upon all the great teachings of religion, science and philosophy of the past ages in the composition of the book. She saw these references clearly in the astral light. A curious fact noted by those who helped with copying and editing the book, was that page and number references would often be reversed, as though she had seen them reflected in a mirror.

Later, when H. P. B. was writing “The Secret Doctrine,” she used the same method of looking into the astral light for her material. This was evidently a great strain on her, for her inner guides thought it wise to change the method. In a letter to A. P. Sinnett, Madame Blavatsky wrote:

“Master finds it too difficult for me to be looking consciously into the astral light for my S. D., and so it is now about a fortnight; I am made to see all I have to as through my dream. I see large and long rolls of paper on which things are written, and I recollect them. Thus all the patriarchs from Adam to Noah were given to me to see—parallel with the Rishis; and in the middle between them, the meaning of their symbols—or personifications.”

Whenever H. P. B. was worried or annoyed by the numerous persecutions that came as a result of her unusual powers, she found it difficult to transcribe what she saw on higher planes. When she was in Europe working on “The Secret Doctrine” the Countess Wachtmeister came to her aid and copied page after page of the manuscript. In her “Reminiscences of H. P. B.” the countess repeated this explanation given her by H. P. B. concerning her method of composition:

“Scene after scene passes before me like the successive pictures of a diorama, or if I need a reference or information from some book, I fix my mind intently, and the astral counterpart of the book appears, and from it I take what I need. The more perfectly my mind is freed from distractions and mortifications, the more energy and intentness it possesses, the more easily I can do this; but today, after all the vexations I have undergone . . . I could not concentrate properly, and each time I tried I got the quotations all wrong. Master says it is right now, so let us go in and have some tea.”

H. P. B. could command the help of elementals to do her bidding in many amusing and trivial things. Visitors have seen her slippers glide to her across the floor, without any visible motive power. She picked messages out of the air, and was even said to materialize fruit.

It was during the days spent in the Lamasery in New York that the letters began to arrive and the Indian Mahatmas to materialize. The letters were to bring upon Madame Blavatsky the condemnation of a skeptical

***Visitors have seen Blavatsky's slippers glide to her across the floor, without any visible motive power***

world, and later in India led to an investigation by the British Society for Psychical Research.

Colonel Olcott gives the following description of his first contact with a Master, which occurred in the heart of New York City:

"I was quietly reading, with all my attention centered on my book. Nothing in the evening's incidents had prepared me for seeing an adept in his astral body; I had not wished for it, tried to conjure it up in my fancy, or in the least expected it. All at once, as I read, with my shoulder a little turned from the door, there came a gleam of something white in the right-hand corner of my right eye; I turned my head, dropped my book in astonishment, and saw towering above me in his great stature an Oriental clad in white garments, and wearing a head cloth or turban of amber-striped fabric, hand-embroidered in yellow, floss silk. Long raven hair hung from under his turban to the shoulders; his black beard, parted vertically on the chin in the Rajput fashion, was twisted at the ends and carried over the ears; his eyes were alive with soul fire; eyes which were at once benignant and piercing in glance; the eyes of a mentor and judge, but softened by the love of a father who gazed on a son needing counsel and guidance.

"He was so grand a man, so imbued with the majesty of moral strength, so luminously spiritual, so evidently above average humanity, that I felt abashed in his presence, and bowed my head and bent my knee as one does before a god or godlike personage. A hand was lightly laid on my head, a sweet though strong voice bade me be seated, and when I raised my eyes, the Presence was seated in the other chair beyond the table."

The visitor then told him he had come in his hour of need. He explained the importance of the work he and H. P. B. were to do together, and many things which Olcott was not allowed to repeat. Then suddenly there came into Olcott's mind this question:

"What if this be but hallucination; what if H. P. B. has cast a hypnotic glamour over me? I wish I had some tangible object to prove to me that he has really been here, something that I might handle after he is gone."

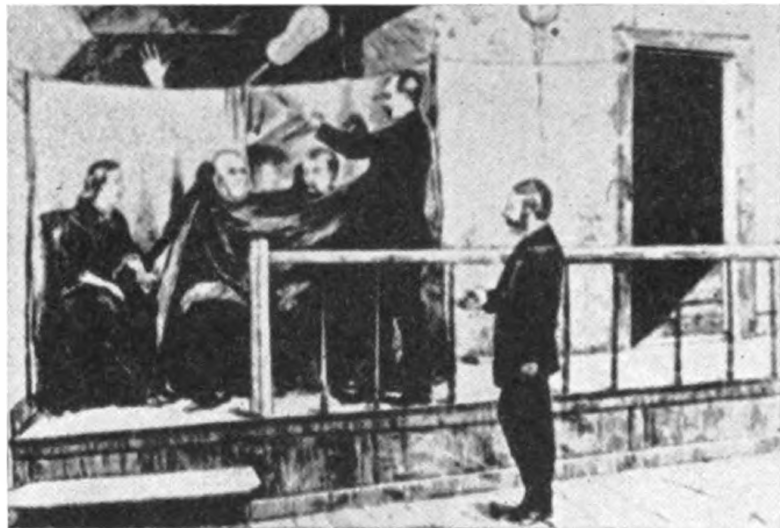
The Master smiled kindly, reading his thoughts and soon after left him alone, but on the table he also left physical proof of his visit in the form of his amber-striped turban. The colonel then rushed to tell H. P. B. of his wonderful experience, and she was delighted that her co-worker had made direct contact with the teachers she had known for so many years.

Some reporters from the *New York World* went to inquire about the wonders that were happening at the Forty-seventh Street study, and eight or ten of them saw one of the adept brothers pass by the second story window. Other marvels manifested for them, all of which were reported in the *World* article. Later, in writing of all this in his "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy," H. S. Olcott said:

"But this, it may be said, was all an illusion; that is the trouble with the whole matter; everything of the kind seen by one person is a delusion, if not a lie, to

those who did *not* see it. Each must see for himself, and can alone convince himself.

"My teachers have always told me that the danger of giving the world complete assurance of their existence is so great, by reason of the low spiritual tone of society, and the ruthless selfishness with which it would seek to drag them from their seclusion, that it is better to tell



Colonel Olcott (right) investigates a light-circle séance, watch in hand. Note materialized spirit hand and musical instrument appearing above curtained cabinet. The "Daily Graphic" covered the story.

only so much as will excite the curiosity and stimulate the zeal of the worthy minority of metaphysical students."

**B**ETWEEN June and August, 1875, Colonel Olcott received many letters from those Masters whom he had contacted on the astral plane. Most of those letters are now in the archives of The Theosophical Society at Adyar, India. H. P. Blavatsky and other advanced students were also recipients of letters from these teachers. Some of them were precipitated astrally, others came through the mail, and a few were delivered by messengers of the Egyptian and Indian adepts.

Later the Society for Psychical Research of England accused Madame Blavatsky of forging these letters, but their investigation was superficial, and their judgment based on false evidence. Numerous letters were precipitated or delivered to various members of this band of occult students when H. P. B. was thousands of miles away.

The first letter ever to be received was delivered to Helena Blavatsky's aunt in 1870 when Madame Fadéef was very worried over the long absence of her niece. This was during the period when H. P. B. was being put through her preparatory training in India, and the letter was written by one of the Masters to assure Madame Fadéef that her niece was alive and well. At the time of the S. P. R. investigation, that letter was in Russia, but has since been translated and published in "Letters from the Masters of Wisdom." The archives of The Theosophical Society have many of these original letters,

[Continued on page 65]





One of the late Sir William Crooks' famous photographs of the spirit of Katie King.

ONE OF THE MOST remarkable cases of spirit materialization ever on record was vouched for by Sir William Crooks, renowned British scientist, who died in 1919 at the age of eighty-seven, whose entire life had been devoted actively to science. It was Crooks who discovered a new element, the metal thallium, and who also discovered the cathode rays, which formed the basis of Professor Roentgen's discovery of the X-ray. Crooks did important work in astronomy, he invented the radio meter and he became the world's greatest authority on spectroscopy. Crooks gave all his discoveries freely to the world, and his degrees, medals, presidencies of learned societies and the Order of Merit bestowed upon him by a king of England have made his name outstanding in the history of science. And so it was only natural that a mind so virile and original should also turn to the world-old mystery surrounding the question of death.

There came to Crooks during his experiments with the psychic, a fully materialized form or spirit calling herself Katie King, and for many months she was practically a member of the Crooks household. Sir William brought to bear on Katie every test his unsurpassed experimental skill could devise, and he declared himself convinced that she existed in the realm of phenomena and that she

# When the CAMERA CATCHES GHOSTS

By Clara Louise Leslie

*True Mystic Science does not vouch for the authenticity of this article and its accompanying photographs. Responsibility for genuineness lies entirely with the author.*

was a spirit with temporary objective reality. A medium, Miss Cook, sat behind curtains.

"I frequently drew the curtains," wrote Sir William, "when Katie was standing near, and it was a common thing for seven or eight of us in the laboratory to see Miss Cook and Katie at the same time under the full blaze of the electric light."

Crooks trained whole batteries of cameras simultaneously on Katie and Miss Cook in the cabinet. He got in all forty-three photographs.

"But photography," he wrote, "is inadequate to depict the perfect beauty of Katie's face, as words are powerless to depict her charm."

She was able to remain materialized for a considerable length of time, and she is said to have cut off locks of her hair and bits of her dress and presented them as souvenirs. Her pulse was found to be 75, while the medium's pulse was 90.

***A fully materialized spirit was said to have been a member of Sir William Crooks' household for many months at a time. Crooks declared that it was a common thing for this etherial being from another plane to be visible under the full blaze of electric lights.***

Katie King claimed to have lived originally in the days of Charles II, when her name was Anne Morgan. Her father was Morgan the Pirate, and this accounted for the gorgeous tales of piracy, sea fights, buried treasure and other wild adventures round the world which Katie told the children of Sir William Crooks. Conan Doyle communicated with one of these children, a daughter, when she was well past middle life, and she remembered vividly the stories this spirit woman used to tell her and the other children.

Dr. T. Glen Hamilton of Winnipeg, a physician and past president of the Canadian Medical Association, who, until his recent death, was a foremost psychic investigator, experimented and caught the phenomenon with as many as twelve different cameras at one time. And he claimed there came to his psychic laboratories this same Katie King, whose visitations over sixty years ago won Crooks to the spirit hypothesis. Dr. Hamilton displayed what were claimed to be photographs of Katie, as well as many other remarkable photographs of ectoplasmic or thought-plasmic phenomena.



dimensional world which, under rare atmospheric conditions, can be seen by clairvoyantly gifted persons. This world, which is said to interpenetrate our own, exists in a higher rate of vibration and is ordinarily invisible to us for the same reason that the fast-moving blades of a fan are invisible.

We hear more and more about this four-dimension world. People are slow to believe in the unseen world, yet find no meaning in the seen world, complains J. B. Priestley, well-known British writer, and suggests that a better understanding of the fourth dimension would enable us to see life as a whole rather than in part.

In a recent issue of a newspaper, published the farthest north of any newspaper in the world, a Fairbanks, Alaska, professor of mathematics states, "The fourth dimension is a mathematical fact," and he proceeds to show that length, width and thickness all taken to-

The "Mary M" mediumship, photographs taken by Dr. T. Glen Hamilton of Winnipeg. In the ectoplasmic flow coming from the medium's mouth in the photo below two faces can be seen, and are alleged to have been proven three-dimensional. The upper right face can be recognized as that of the deceased son of Sir Oliver Lodge.



**T**HE FAIRIES have been seen again in Ireland, according to certain radio commentators, newspaper articles, and photographs.

Leprechauns, they call these little people. Stories of them persist through the years, and reports of them are frequently re-verified. Numbers of people are said to have seen them recently. They were described as about a foot in height, with hard little hairy faces; they wore cute black boots, dressed mostly in red, and one wore a white cape. They were reported as skipping all over hedges in broad daylight. A schoolboy, John Keely, even succeeded in conversing with one. Many people were afraid to leave their homes after dark for fear of encountering one of the Little People.

A prominent Washington lady and daughter of a distinguished United States Senator, vouches for the reality of the Little People in Ireland and describes in detail one she saw while visiting there.

Mr. Geoffry Hodson, internationally known British lecturer, also claims to have seen them and describes such creatures as part of the flora and fauna of a four-



gether are merely a cross-section of permanently accumulating history writing itself in time—which is the fourth dimension.

In some experimental photographs made not long ago with the help of certain Johns Hopkins medical men, they caught, "by accident," the soul of a dying grasshopper. The insect, when about to die, was placed in a glass tube filled with gas. At the moment of death some sort of a smaller body was seen to pass out of the actual body and remain suspended over it. It had much the form of the insect.

For years it has been proved that the brain emits electrical impulses which show up photographically. And so we are accumulating more and more proof of some kind of world all around us which may one day reveal untold wonders.

**F**EW RESEARCHERS in any field have received more attention than has Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University in his recent experiments in telepathy and clairvoyance. He has pushed these mental mysteries into the realm of scientific proof. He has opened up a new frontier.

The relationship between mind functioning independently of the body, and immortality, is obviously very close. Whatever you may believe about the after-life and our ability to contact those who are departed, there is a vast field of additional phenomena related to this subject of the psychic that stubbornly defies explanation on the basis of any other theory. Thomas Jay Hudson in his much-quoted "Law of Psychic Phenomena" declared over thirty years ago that those who deny the existence of phenomena "simply have not seen the evidence."

Unquestionably, much fraud has accompanied this most subtle and elusive of all subjects. The strange field of the psychic has been damnably exploited at the expense of the bereaved. Yet such indisputable scientific authorities as Crooks, Swe-

denborg, Flammarion, Lodge and a great many others, have proved conclusively to their own satisfaction the genuineness of phenomena and have declared themselves unreservedly on the side of the spirit hypothesis. If then, one is lucky enough to witness any of the *genuine* phenomena, the most rare, and by far the most striking kind to have upon is that known as materializations.

There is another type of so-called physical psychic phenomenon where objects are levitated or moved in ways not in accordance with any known laws. It is believed the force applied is some sort of invisible electrical emanation that proceeds from the body of the medium, and which, in some cases, the camera has caught in the appearance of a flash of light. Objects thus moved have a way of falling very suddenly when they fall, at which time the force is supposed to return to its source, and it seems to act in a manner characteristic of electricity. In such cases these emanations are invisible to the human eye, unless, perhaps, you can claim the gift of clairvoyance.

But in the case of the phenomena known as materializations, this force coming from the medium's body, which is termed ectoplasm, (or extruded protoplasm) is visible and takes forms of varying shapes, sizes and even colors. In this way, it is claimed, delicate formations are brought into the region of matter which before existed only in the ether.

**M**ATERIALIZATIONS may vary in size from faces in miniature to life-sized people. In either case, it is very rare to see a materialization that is not swathed in white, billowy ectoplasm, the texture of which feels, to the touch, somewhere between cotton and cold steam. The ectoplasmic swathing is believed to be a form of insolation. It may at first seem repulsive to think of this strange substance protruding in great bunches from a medium's mouth or

Picture shows fairies around a mediumistic little English girl. Photo has been exhibited by Geoffrey Hodson of London and was vouched for by the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.





Armistice Day spirit group, photographed in 1921. An English medium sits in trance. The photo purports to show a flow of ectoplasm starting from his solar plexus, his Indian spirit guide above him, and faces of deceased persons who have been recognized by their friends.

other orifices of the body, and the phenomena are no doubt biological if not pathological. Yet, as Sir Oliver Lodge observes, "Just as we are incarnations or materializations associated with matter for a period of something less than a century, so there are temporary formations or materializations which show themselves for a short time and then disappear; meanwhile being able to be seen, handled and photographed."

Samples of ectoplasm have, indeed, been acquired and submitted to laboratory analysis. And just as protoplasm is regarded as primary life-substance, so, in this instance, ectoplasm seems to be a primary electric nerve-substance which lends itself to taking on the imprint of what are apparently intelligences beyond this life.

And now consider yourself at one of these rare types of séance. . . .

It happened in Washington at the home of a senator whose wife has, for the greater part of her life, been an active investigator of the psychic. The medium was Mrs. Elizabeth Allen Tomson, one of the best materialization mediums ever known and whose work for over forty years had taken her all over the world. Her home was in Chicago. The senator's wife had, herself, improvised a cabinet in her dining room which consisted of nothing but portiers hung in front of a small doorless, windowless alcove. Mrs. Tomson, after disrobing in the presence of a committee, donned nothing but slippers and a black kimono which were furnished her. She was then led to the "cabinet" which had just been inspected by all of the twenty-five or thirty guests present, prominent Washingtonians, who had satisfied themselves that it contained nothing but one bare, wooden chair. The

lights were then dimmed to the point where objects in the room appeared blurred, but were still entirely visible. Then the curtains were dropped.

**T**HE AIR became charged with suspense. All eyes were riveted to those curtains. Were they moving? Eyes strained in the half light. What strange air currents were in the room? For the curtains were swaying. They billowed—and then bulged outward. Some of the guests hung onto their chairs or grabbed each other by the hands. Suddenly the curtains parted, and a figure garbed in shimmering white, the color of moonlight, poised noiselessly for a moment, gestured a greeting in all its beauty, and subtly receded. It might almost have been the Spirit of the Wind or the Goddess of Music. Words can scarcely describe the mixture of emotions that gripped that

little audience. Were they looking upon chill Death? Were they being damnably hoaxed? Were they really in the presence of the unearthly and sublime?

For two hours figures of varying heights and appearance came and went between those curtains. Some were so tall they had to stoop to get out of the cabinet, while others were the size of a child of four. Part of the time the guests took turns in being escorted up in front of the curtains when some spirit appeared who had come especially for them, and talked with them, and in some cases, caressed them. Sometimes at a distance of only one foot away the face of the spirit looked murky and indistinct, like a statue incomplete. In other cases the faces and forms were distinct, even to the coloring. In most of the conversations the names were called out quite naturally by the spirits, and these conversations were considered evidential in themselves, though usually these materializations spoke with voices that sounded as though their lungs were gone, or perhaps in this case, not developed. The voices were thin and hollow.

One of the figures held aside the curtains and invited a guest inside of the cabinet. The guest, whose husband had passed on, described the experience later:

"I plainly saw the medium sitting on the chair. During my stay of two or three minutes, I heard her heavy breathing behind me all the while I stood talking to—my husband."

The beauty of some of these figures can only be imagined. They were swathed in what appeared to be about twenty yards of shimmery, white, gossamer stuff, which all but swirled around them. One of them, on being asked to remove the ectoplasm, pulled fluffy handfuls of what looked like spun cotton candy away from herself, leaving her face and head quite clear and distinct.

One materialization, an Indian maiden, was so highly developed that she came out entirely free from the filmy swathing. Her coarse black hair was neatly parted in the middle and fastened back tight at her neck. Her plain,

[Continued on page 71]



# THIRTY YEARS WITH

**O**N APRIL 15, 1912, the *S. S. Titanic*, carrying 1635 human beings on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York, struck an iceberg and sank to the bottom. Among the many famous people aboard was William T. Stead, the English publisher, traveler, lecturer, and spiritualist. But within a short time of this ghastly catastrophe Mr. Stead had traversed the thousands of miles of land and water that lay between the sunken ship and Chicago, Illinois, and arrived in the séance room of Mrs. Cecil M. Cook, one of America's foremost mediums.

When Mr. Stead took passage on the ill-fated liner, he knew he would meet Mrs. Cook; that, indeed, had been his main purpose in coming to America. But he had no idea that he would see her so soon. He had corresponded with her for some years before he finally met her. They had been great friends—and they have been great friends ever since.

And this is the more remarkable because the body of William T. Stead still lies with the wreck of the *Titanic* at the bottom of the ocean!

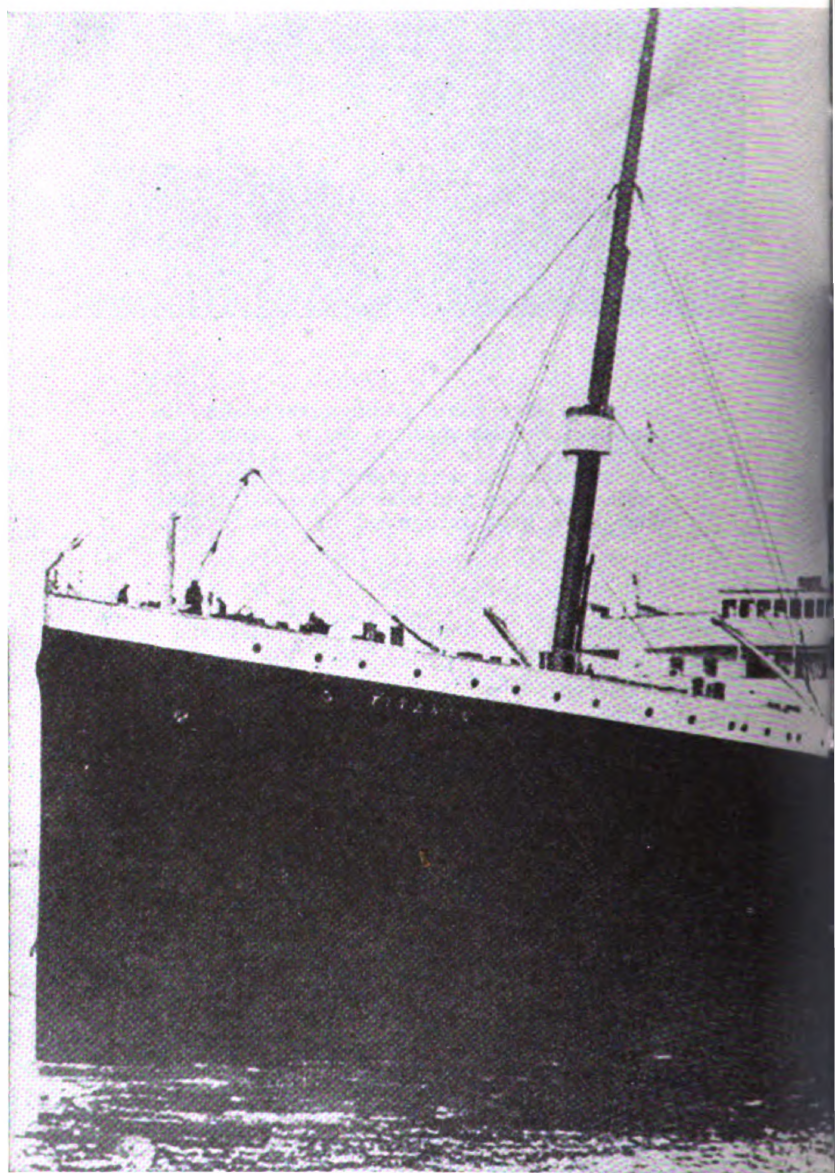
When the collision occurred, he investigated, calmly and deliberately, until he became convinced that the vessel was doomed. Disdaining to partake of the ever-growing hysteria, Mr. Stead went to his stateroom and closed himself in. There he prayed and discussed the situation with his spirit guides. Because of his long intimacy with those on the Other Side, it was decided to release him from his earthly ties without pain. When he arrived in Chicago, in Mrs. Cook's séance room, he told her that he had left his body, quietly, while still sitting in his stateroom, before a single drop of water entered.

The meeting of the spirit and the medium was also the beginning of their long association in the Stead Center of Soul Communion. The center was established for the performance of good works through the religious practice of spiritualism. Mrs. Cook was appointed trustee and pastor, and she, with her now world-famous spirit guides, conducts the bulk of the center's work. Mr. Stead holds what seems to be an advisory office, more or less, for he is called on rarely and then only in important matters which Mrs. Cook feels unable to handle by herself.

This remarkable woman appears to be in her late forties or early fifties. Her hair is curly, her face open and kind. Not overly vigorous bodily, she shows, especially in her eyes, wonderful spiritual strength, and this is amply confirmed by her long and fruitful career as a medium before the public. For Mrs. Cook will soon have completed her thirty-seventh year of service. Hers is indeed a remarkable record. In 1931, before she had completed thirty years of professional work, she had

By Jaime Lord

Author of "Eusapia Palladino—Pioneer Medium"



presided at more than 30,000 séances. This means more than one thousand every year!

She is a "physical" medium; that is, she assists in the production of physical psychic phenomena, such as voices and materializations. Mrs. Cook does not sit for scientific investigations, but if any person honestly needs contact with someone now in the Other World, she is glad to help make such contact. She truly becomes the medium between the Other World and our side.

Though she is wonderfully developed in mediumship through her years of experience, she does not claim to know all about the spirit world—indeed, much of the



# THE LIVING DEAD

The ill-fated S. S. Titanic and (right) Mrs. Cecil M. Cook, famous medium.



*A Chicago medium knew the tragedy of the TITANIC upon the appearance of William T. Stead's materialized spirit shortly after he went down on the ship—and long before the news could have reached land by mundane means.*

cloudy mass of wavering green light after he had repeatedly called out his name—"William! William!" At first Mrs. Cook did not place him and wanted him to go away, as she was much occupied in communicating with other discarnate entities at the time. But the beseeching cry of "William!" persisted, and presently Stead manifested himself and was clearly seen by the several persons present.

The account has it that one of the sitters, a newspaper man, was so impressed that he took a big chance and phoned in to his paper the sinking of the *Titanic*, long before the news could possibly have reached land by any mundane means.

work is done by her controls, her guides, while she is unconscious. On other occasions she is awake, and all her guides may also be present at the same time.

These guides go by simple and poetic names: Snow Drop, Bright Eyes, Pink Rose, and so on. One of them, Prophet, comes once a year to describe national and world events in the year to come. Another is an Irishman who is known, appropriately enough, as Pat. He is genial and an indefatigable prankster. But he has a serious side, too.

According to one account, the materialization of William T. Stead appeared at Mrs. Cook's séance in a

**T**HE FRIENDSHIP between Mrs. Cook and her guides is most beautiful. It is a satisfactory relationship in every way. The guides have aided Mrs. Cook on unnumbered occasions, and, on her side, Mrs. Cook has been able now and then to help the guides. For instance, the guides desired to write a book. Mrs. Cook contributed very valuable assistance by taking down their messages, and the general public can read these today in the volume which represents their joint work. It is entitled "God's World." Stead Center is now world-famous, with friends in every nation on earth, and, of course, in the spirit world. Many of its friends live in Chicago, where it is located, and they gather in large numbers every Friday night ("Healing Night") in the building on Grant Place, which is the center's headquarters, and also the home of its pastor.

On Healing Night, communication is established with spirit doctors who give advice to those who wish it. They do not, however, often cure people. They are, rather, superb at making accurate diagnoses and recommending the sort of operation or treatment necessary.

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# PRINCE of MYSTERY

By Louis Norton Sarbach  
Author of "His Occult Power Won the World War!"

*Madam du Barry saw such dread scenes of the future in Cagliostro's magic mirror that she fainted away at his feet.*

TOWARD THE END of the Eighteenth Century, in France, a gleaming star shot out of the nowhere, blazed for a time with fantastic brilliance, and then, while the whole Western world heaved in bloody revolution, grew black and disappeared. The star was a man—or was it?

Ever since that time, a century and a half ago, critics and biographers have been wrangling over him like savage, hungry dogs over a bone. Some say he was a scoundrel, a charlatan, a fake. Others—among whom is the great Dumas—regard him as a true clairvoyant and medium, one of the great psychics of all time.

His name was Alexandre, Comte de Cagliostro. Those who seek to befoul him claim that he was the same as one Joseph Balsamo, a Sicilian scoundrel who lived at approximately the same period.

But whatever he was, it is certain that Cagliostro had the whole of Paris and most of Europe at his feet during the years preceding the Revolution. In fact, he was often called the Prince of Mystery. It is certain that he achieved hundreds, even thousands of cures, some of which were undoubtedly miraculous—supernormally produced. It is certain that he produced genuine mediumistic phenomena at his séances. And it is a fact that he predicted the Fall of the Bastille and the destruction of the French nobility in the Revolution. He brought to the skeptical, sophisticated French capital the occult lore of the Orient as it had been given to him at Medina, at Mecca, and in the very heart of the Pyramids. In the crash that came, while the walls of the aristocratic world were tumbling, he fell into the clutches of the Inquisition and was never

again heard from. When he died—or if he died, for that matter—was never reported. He vanished as he had come, a mystery, a portent, a psychic meteor, flaming for a time in the world's consciousness, and then

vanishing. The circumstances of his origin are cloudy. According to one authority, his boyhood was passed among Moslems in the sacred city of Medina, from which he later removed to Mecca where, even at an early age, he became an intimate of the shariif, religious leader of the Mohammedan world. Actually, it is said, he had been born of noble Christian parentage at Malta.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Alexander, Comte de Cagliostro, psychic healer and genius of mediumistic phenomena.

CAGLIOSTRO'S first teacher was an Armenian adept named Althotas. With this learned man he set out, at the early age of twelve, to visit the ancient countries of the East. His parting with the shariif of Mecca was touching, for they had been to one another as father and son. There was also an element of prophecy in this leave-taking, for as Althotas and the boy took their departure, the old man cried out: "Farewell, unfortunate child of nature, farewell!"

But what he meant by this, young Cagliostro was not to learn until years afterward.

First he studied the culture and learning of the Orient—Africa, Asia, Egypt. He is said to have penetrated the very heart of the Great Pyramid at this time and received, in those mysterious vaults and corridors, his initiation

into the Egyptian rite of freemasonry. This was the beginning of that part of his career which took him into every important European city, establishing lodges founded on the high and ancient Egyptian ceremonies. Then Cagliostro and Althotas took to the sea and came



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

to Malta in 1766. By now, of course, Cagliostro was recognized as a profound scholar, and the arrival of two such learned mystics was hailed by Pinto, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta and himself a learned occultist, as an event of great importance. Pinto installed them luxuriously in a suite of apartments in his own palace. It was here that young Cagliostro made his studies in the fields of practical and mental medicine.

Althotas died some four years later, and Cagliostro sailed on to Europe. He was but a youth of twenty-two, but even at so young an age he was old in wisdom and knowledge, learned in the oldest lore of all—Oriental mysticism and occultism.

In Italy he found a wife, Lorenza Feliciani, sometimes known as Serafina, one of the beauties of the day and her husband's assistant in his psychic demonstrations. The two of them traveled northward, city by city, until, at last, they arrived in London. Here something happened which revealed a streak of unworldliness, a trait in Cagliostro that was at once fine and impractical.

Without knowing who his companions were, it was his misfortune to fall in with a set of sharpers who sought to use his power of clairvoyance for their private gain. He predicted for them correctly the winning numbers of several successive lotteries, and, when he tried to terminate what, for him, was merely an amusing diversion, they threatened him with death. Thus he made enemies among some of the disgruntled gamblers, and one of them denounced him to the government as a sorcerer—a serious charge in those days. He fled, with his wife, just in time, and returned to the continent.

Now, however, his journeys took a more favorable turn, especially in Holland and Belgium. Gold rained upon him, and great honor as well. It was at this time that the great poet, Goethe, came to know him. Both Goethe and the Russian Empress Catherine II wrote

The Fall of the Bastille. It was while imprisoned here that Cagliostro correctly predicted the time of its destruction and that it would later be made a public promenade. Below, Madame du Barry.



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

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plays about him. But it was Count de Cagliostro's arrival at Strasbourg that marks the true beginning of his rise—and fall. For here he met de Rohan.

**W**EALTHY Prince Louis Cardinal de Rohan was one of the most ardent occultists of the Eighteenth Century. He was at first inclined to snub the celebrated newcomer, but a curious event was destined to throw them together almost immediately.

The Prince Cardinal's brother, de Soubise, was suddenly stricken with a strange ailment, which was pronounced incurable by the best medical opinion available. The American scholar and novelist, Sax Rohmer, tells how de Rohan, having heard of Cagliostro's marvelous cures, was finally forced to call on the famous mystic and plead with him to attend his brother. The count closeted himself alone with the dying man, emerged somewhat later and announced that de Rohan's brother would be entirely recovered in three weeks' time. And it came about as he said.

The grateful de Rohan became Cagliostro's intimate friend and staunchest follower. Together they performed many marvelous experiments according to ancient mystic formulae and also in the new, at that time, field of animal magnetism, recently developed by Mesmer.

Soon the count's fame had spread throughout the country. He became a close associate of that other great occultist of France, Saint Simon, and he was even whispered about in the luxurious halls of the court at Versailles. Houdon, the famous sculptor, executed his bust both in marble and bronze; his portrait appeared everywhere—in fine salons and books, on medallions, on delicate, hand-glazed, enamel snuff boxes, on ladies' fans.

He was now both enormously rich and enormously popular. In appearance he tended to be rotund. His eyes were large and extremely beautiful, containing a quality that seemed to cut through outward forms and penetrate straight to the heart of things.

"His glance," writes the Baronne d'Oberkirche, "was so penetrating that one might almost be tempted to call it supernatural. I cannot describe the expression of his eyes; it was, as it were, a blending of ice with flame."

His conversation enthralled all who had the privilege of hearing it. It ran in torrents of beautiful language, filled with mystic and occult references. Only a few

were prepared and able to follow his meaning consistently.

The count presently rented quarters in Paris, a large house at Number One, Rue St. Claude. Many have pictured the scenes that must have taken place, day and night, at this address. Two hundred fine coaches are said to have swarmed the street before the door, discharging their cargoes of wealthy French nobility, all eager to partake of the count's occult wisdom. At night they still came and went, and the flares with which their liveried servants lighted the scene must have created an impression of weird splendor.

Inside the house there were marvelous happenings. Cagliostro's mediumship was extraordinary, chiefly be-

cause of the ease with which he produced astounding phenomena. The most famous of his séances—and certainly one of the most memorable of all time—took place in the house on the Rue St. Claude. There were places set for thirteen dinner guests, but only six persons had been invited. The count sat down with them and told them each to write the name of a deceased person on a slip of paper, fold it and hand it to him.

He took the six slips, put them into the pocket of his waistcoat, which was embroidered with cabalistic symbols in gold thread on green-watered silk, and darkened the room down to but two candles at either end. There was a profound silence, unmarred even by spiritistic rapping.

Then there came a stirring behind a curtain—which served as a cabinet, presumably—and then six spirits, completely materialized of palpable ectoplasm, came forth, one after another.

Count de Cagliostro clapped his hands suddenly, and servants came in with lights. The hall was soon brilliant again, and the six spirits sat down at the six empty places. Cagliostro joined them, and the thirteen were served a sumptuous banquet.

It must have been a most remarkable banquet, for the ghosts were all celebrated Frenchmen: Diderot, Abbé de Voisenon, Montesquieu, Voltaire, d'Alembert, and the Duc de Choiseul. The questions of the living were no different from those usually put to materialized spirits at séances—and the answers did not vary greatly, either.

At the conclusion of the feast the count clapped his hands once more; the servants ran in with snuffers, and

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Sax Rohmer, American scholar and novelist, who tells of Cagliostro's marvelous healing powers that gave life to the dying.

# HE HAS YOUR NUMBER



By John J. King

Author of "December's Destiny for You"

*The month of January is not far ahead, and it is naturally an important month in a new year for everybody. In this article Mr. King, Milwaukee numerologist, tells you in a specially prepared numerology feature what January has in store for you.*

**I**N AGES LONG PAST Hindu searchers after nature's cosmic laws hid the great truths they discovered in a system of numerical tabulation, lest the unworthy and wicked make use of these truths for evil purposes. The ancient Egyptians and Chaldeans were also masters of the occult and cryptic meaning of numbers. Today modern numerology is fast unraveling numerical secrets of the past. Hidden in a series of apparently simple numbers may be the answer to the problem in life which is troubling you most.

If you desire to obtain your analysis and forecast for the month of January, 1939, you may select the number from the list below by using this simple method. To your month and day of month—reduced to single digits—add the number 4. Example: Suppose you were born February 13. The month of February reduces to a 2 (being the second month), the 13 reduces to a 4 (by adding the digits 1 and 3). Now you add 2 and 4, and 4 equals 1 as revealed opposite the number 1 given below. Again another example: Suppose your birth date is December 18. In this case you would find your number and forecast by adding 3 and 9 and 4, which equals 7. Your number would be 7.

The months reduce as follows: January is 1, February is 2, March is 3, April is 4, May is 5, June is 6, July is 7, August is 8, September is 9, October is a 1, November is a 2, and December is a 3.

## NUMBER 1

As you enter this month you will observe that beneath the surface of conditions there is a strong note of creativity. However, there is a great deal of uncertainty in your own state of mind, which will make it difficult to concentrate or take an aggressive attitude in handling situations. This is just as it should be because of the evidence of changes, new ideas, new projects coming toward you, which, if you were too impatient or very positive, would not reach you. Try and keep an open mind. Be willing to listen and learn. Try and be patient with details and mix easily in the face of social opportunities. Do not take too definite a stand. Exercise

patience and diplomacy, and by so doing you are following a constructive course until after the twenty-third of the month. Disappointment may come through impatience, and your hopes of definite results, for the time being. The purpose of the month is revelation and association in lines of change and the unexpected. Your mental attitude should be that of unity and adaptability.

## NUMBER 2

Inspiration is the key note of this month, both in your own reactions and in the circumstances and opportunities which gather around you. The more serious and matter-of-fact conditions of the year will not be in evidence in the things you are asked to do this month, but instead there will be rapid changes arising which will call upon you in unexpected and unlooked-for ways, and this will be the beginning of opportunities which will entail a good deal of concentration and practical effort in the coming months when things will become more tangible and you have accepted their responsibilities. Since this month offers opportunities for increased self-expression, you will observe it to be an expression in change. Don't try to be too definite, and do not look for a set result. Bring your personality and your ability to the front and do not pass up social opportunities. Bring confidence to bear in presenting your ideas to others. The divine purpose is self-expression in the face of change and improvement. Your mental attitude should be that of tolerance.

## NUMBER 3

The keynote of this month is work. This is somewhat at variance with the characteristic of the whole year, which is of an expressive and inspirational tenor. During this month this quality is not too evident in your feelings and reactions. There is an indication of creative influences at work, but the immediate demands are that you exercise practicality and be somewhat matter-of-fact in meeting situations which may come your way a little unexpectedly and hold a certain element of chance. There is a likelihood that you may be preparing for a change or be arranging many phases of your work and business so as to make a change, but you are advised not to make the change until after January 23rd. The condition in the

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# PSYCHIC GUIDE ENTITIES

By Sylvan Muldoon

Author of "The Amazing Case of Lina Lauter," etc.

THE AVERAGE BELIEVER in spiritualism and spiritism is content to assume that *all* metaphysical guides, controls and communicators are spirit friends, and he is opposed to making the concession that some of them might not actually be so. This attitude is fundamentally prompted by fear—fear that to make such a concession would eventually destroy a cherished and comforting belief. To even consider that his guide might be a phantasm of the living is anathema to the average spiritualist.

Since it is such a substantial part of the doctrine of spiritualism that friends who have passed from this earthly life constantly watch over us, it seems a remarkable oversight that not one word about spirit guides is mentioned in the *Declaration of Principles* or the *Definitions* drawn up by the National Spiritualist Association of the United States.

At the risk of disturbing many of my spiritualist acquaintances, I will state frankly that I, for one, do not believe the entities which represent themselves as spirits are *always* conscious individuals who have passed on from this earthly existence. I hold, on the basis of my own reason, observation, experiment, and experience, that many of these alleged guides are personalities (not persons) brought into existence by some, as yet unknown, mental process.

I can judge the reaction of my contention upon many of my friends. The fiery editor Maurice Barbanell, for instance, will denounce this in no uncertain terms. Editors Ernest Oaten and George Lethem will tender friendly objections. Dr. Carrington and Dr. Fodor will accept the view as quite probable. While Professor Dingwell and Professor Tyrrell will maintain that the "created personality" is the sensible view to

take in the matter. The final question, however, which the "all-phenomena-is-spirit" contender brings against such a view is this, "Can a subjectively created personality, which does not exist as a conscious surviving individual, have the attributes of a consciously existing spirit?" As I have already declared myself, I repeat, there is abundant evidence that the answer is yes.

As a very crude example, take many cases of phantasms of the living. A veritable double of the living person (agent) will appear to some other person (percipient) or to several other persons. The phantasm will not only appear exactly like the agent, but will speak, reason, and act realistically, just as if the conscious individual were really there. Yet, at the identical time, the person represented is elsewhere, fully conscious and unaware of the fact.

I am not referring now to astral projection. Numerous cases of this nature have nothing to do with projection of the astral body, although most spiritualist writers who have had no experience in the matter, do not hesitate to credit all this type phenomenon to projection. On the other hand, when we classify such an occurrence as a hallucination, or collective hallucination (seen by more than one person) we are more than ever faced with the fact that somehow, in the depths of the mind—and quite unconsciously—the personality of the agent has

been brought forth, even though the agent is a total stranger to the percipient, and wide awake somewhere else!

Another simple example: Some years ago the author had a sitting with one of our best recognized mediums. The voice of a former friend, whom I had supposed dead,



Frank Leah's sketch of a spirit later recognized by Percy Cole as closely attached guide.

# CRITICALLY ANALYZED

***Muldoon maintains that so-called spirit controls are often phantasmagoric projections of living persons. Quite cheerfully, Muldoon draws the fire of spiritualists who believe that all communicative psychical phenomena are produced through contact with spirits.***

talked with me, intelligently and in his typical manner, giving me ample proof of identity. Several months later, I learned that my friend had not died at all and was very much alive physically!

Professor Soal had a similar experience. F. W. Fitzsimmons points out the same fact in his writings. Dr. Reginald Hegy, author of "A Witness Through the Ages," and J. V. H., author of "Death's Door Ajar," have also called attention to this fact. One should not seize this as an argument in favor of fake mediumship, for it is not the medium but the identity of the communicator which is open to question.

Those are, I say, merely simple examples, taken from a mass of like evidence, to illustrate that unconsciously created personalities can and do represent and appear to be conscious individuals. It has often been noticed that such a creation can be kindled by a vague thought or idea on the part of one's self or someone else, as in telepathy. The coming into contact with a mere inanimate object is often sufficient to bring forth, in the depths of the mind, the personality of someone formerly associated with that object. Although no one at present understands the hows and whys, it is illogical to assume that because it cannot be explained, it does not occur. Such occurrences strongly suggest, nevertheless, that all minds are more or less connected, or one, in the sublime depths of unconsciousness, and that there is a cosmic reservoir of knowledge.

**M**ARK A. BARWISE, L.L.M., admirably sets forth the spiritistic view regarding "guides." He says:

"Almost everyone is able to be influenced by spirits, unconsciously and in some degree. . . . The chief duty of the spirit guide is to keep in constant touch with his special protégé and influence him, whenever opportunity affords, toward right-doing and away from wrong-doing. . . . These guides may change from time to time, but generally each remains constantly attentive through the earth life of his charge and for some little time after the charge enters the spirit world.

"He selects the members of the band of helpers who are changed as the work and interests of the charge changes, selecting those best fitted to help. He sees to it that no spirit whose influence would be inimical is allowed to contact with his charge. . . . An actor may have an Indian guide, but for the band he selects former actors who may be able to more effectively aid his charge in his work on the stage. . . . If a charge becomes mediumistic, so that he is aware of his spirit help, or is able to



**Sylvan Muldoon,**  
specialist in astral  
research.

be entranced, we speak of the entrancing spirit as a 'control.' Most people have guides, but only mediums have controls."

While I am as convinced of survival and communication as anyone, I must confess the chagrin I feel when looking at conditions in the world today, after so many centuries of spirit guidance, and I cannot help but wonder if the being influenced toward right-doing, by spirits in the beyond, is not greatly exaggerated.

It is safe to say that most of us derive our knowledge of our alleged spirit guides through what we are told about them by mediums. Guides also introduce themselves to their mortal charges at materialization, trumpet, and direct-voice séances, and through table-tilting and ouija-board sittings, etc.

Guides of many well-known mediums are as widely known as the mediums themselves: Red Cloud, guide of Estelle Roberts; White Hawk, Kathleen Barkle; Walter, Margery Crandon; the Abbe, Colin Evans; White Eagle, Frank Decker; Feda, Mrs. Osborne Leonard; Moon Trail, Horace Hambling; Julia, William T. Stead; Wild Rose, Mrs. Annie Brittain; Nona, Rosemary; Imperator, Rev. Stainton Moses, and numerous others. While Hannen Swaffer is one of England's foremost labor leaders and dramatic critics, Silver Birch, guide of Hannen Swaffer's home circle has international popularity in his own right.

North American Indians, Hindus, and Chinese, are regarded as the most desirable guides. Spirits "John Smith" and "Henry Johnson" appear to be somewhat ruled out of the picture in so far as the elite are concerned. I have often noticed that almost every medium considers his or her guides second to none, and have met quite a few who have informed me, confidentially, but with an air of pride, that the Nazarene heads her band of helpers. Very noticeable is the large number of red Indians—as the British distinguish American Indians from inhabitants of India—claimed as guides by English mediums of late years.





Percy Cole, whose out-of-the-body experience is outstanding.

**M**RS. EILEEN GARRETT is probably the only internationally known medium today who doubts that her guides, Abdul Latif, an ancient Persian physician, and Uvani, are disembodied spirits. Having been tested by a large number of scientific men, in America and abroad, many of those tests seem to indicate that Abdul Latif and Uvani are each distinctly separate personalities from Mrs. Garrett herself, and each personality reacts differently to the same tests.

For example, while under the control of Abdul Latif, blood chemistry tests showed the blood to be like that of a man in the last stages of diabetes. The blood count while Uvani was in control was much lower than the count of the normally conscious Mrs. Garrett.

Mrs. Garrett's attitude toward her own mediumship was recently expressed by her in a lecture before the L. S. A., where she was questioned by such persons as Professor Dingwell, Miss Lind-af-Hageby, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Lethem, and others:

"I cannot logically, for myself, believe that there are two fine Oriental gentlemen without anything better to do than run in and out of the recesses of my mind. *It may be true*, and it is the simplest explanation, but for myself, I cannot believe it."

On the other hand, the statement of the widely recognized healer, Mr. R. H. Saunders, with whom Mrs.

Garrett collaborates in his healing work, is of interest. Says Mr. Saunders:

"As the one who was privileged to be the first to reveal to the world the spirit of the great Persian physician, Abdul Latif, I say that he is not and never was one of Mrs. Garrett's controls. He manifests through her, as through other mediums, for ministering to the sick. He has proved himself on hundreds of occasions as a definite and separate spirit."

Apropos of all this disagreement regarding the identity of guides is an article in the August issue of *The Month*, a journal published in England, by the Jesuit Priest, Father Herbert Thurston, who is a widely read and well-informed student of psychical research and spiritualism, and whose expressions both for and against certain psychical phenomena are most puzzling to Catholics and spiritualists alike.

Father Thurston attempts to show that sitters cannot always be certain of the identity of the communicators and that impersonations are quite probable. He writes:

"Some well-informed person seems to be speaking to us from beyond the veil. That much we may readily allow. But despite his own professions, we are not sure who it is. . . . I am not for the moment contending that it is impossible that there should be genuine communications from souls that have passed on."

In his discussion of the point, Father Thurston points out the fact, which I have already pointed out, that some of the communicators possess the personality of persons still alive. The zealous

defender of spiritualism, Maurice Barbanell, lost no time in turning fire upon such a contention, and, naturally enough, went about explaining the situation—as thousands of other earnest spiritualists do—by the phenomenon of astral projection. Said Barbanell:

"Father Thurston knows that spiritualists contend—and that they have unassailable proof to support them—that all people are possessed of an etheric body as well as a material body, and that it is possible to travel in the astral body and possess, when in that condition, all the faculties that they will ultimately have after death. Father Thurston does not mention this, though he

must know about it. *It is the perfect answer to his objections.*"

All of you must surely understand the firm convictions of the writer regarding the phenomenon of astral projection and certainly know that I shall be the last to deny the reality and possibilities of such. I can agree heartily with Mr. Barbanell when he states that "all of us have an astral body which can travel and possess, when in that condition, all of the faculties that we shall ultimately have after death." But I cannot agree that astral projection is the perfect explanation, and especially in the large number of instances where the



Mrs. Eileen Garrett, international medium, who doubts that two of her guides are disembodied spirits.



personalities of the living manifest and communicate while the physically alive person represented is conscious somewhere else at the time.

I cannot agree because I know, from years of experiment, that such a situation is utterly impossible, that the spiritual body is the vehicle of consciousness and, once withdrawn from the physical, leaves the latter unconscious. Surely spiritualists will not claim that the physical body can function consciously without a spirit. That is materialism!

It should be obvious to any unprejudiced person that personalities having all the attributes of the conscious individual communicate and manifest otherwise, but are *not* actually those conscious individuals. There are scores of records of such cases, and as I stated in my book, "The Case for Astral Projection," I should feel chagrined to offer the phenomenon of astral projection as an explanation for them, and I am personally convinced that we have phenomena which are of the spirit and phenomena which are of the mind.

Many will no doubt wonder if there is anything in astral projection which indicates that we do have real spirit guides. In this connection we have the testimony of a large number of persons who tell how, while projected and conscious, they were brought into direct contact with their guides. The Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond has much to say of her contact with her guides while projected, in her book, "My Experiences While Out of My Body." D. D. Home's testimony, as given in his autobiography, is similar. Both those cases are related in my before-mentioned book. Among my records I have dozens of other cases contributing evidence to establish the existence of real spirit guides. On the other hand, many other persons, having experienced projection, mention nothing about guides. Although having experienced several hundred projections, the present writer has never yet met one of his alleged guides, although he has met them scores of times at materialization, trumpet and séances. Projection is not controlled by spirit guides, however, but by the crypto-conscious mind.

The interesting out-of-the-body experience of Mr. Percy Cole, of 42 Ramsay Avenue, Melbourne, Australia, formerly of England, is significant. . . . Some time ago it was necessary for Mr. Cole to have a large number of his teeth extracted, and having very little time to spare, he decided to take a general anaesthetic and have all of them removed at one time.

While the consideration of a convenient time was occupying his mind, he had, one night, a peculiar dream in which he saw a lady who was

dressed like a nun. Near her was a doctor, dressed in the regular army uniform.

"I had seen this same lady several times before in dreams," said Mr. Cole, who is a pharmacist. "But in this particular dream she handed me what I thought was a prescription, written on a piece of khaki-colored paper. It was a queer prescription, I thought, in that it contained only one word, 'wawn.' Being very puzzled, I turned to the doctor, who was standing beside the lady.

"What does this mean?" I asked him.

"It means," said the doctor, "that you have mitral regurgitation."

"But why, I questioned, is that written as *wawn*?"

"The doctor made no reply, so in my dream I picked up the medical dictionary and started to look up the definition of the word 'wawn.' Finally I interpreted it as meaning *warn*, by its relative sound.

"This dream was so vivid that it persisted and annoyed me after awakening. I felt that it was some kind of warning, so decided to see my doctor and have a medical examination before consulting the dentist.

"Usually I consulted my friend, Dr. Pace, who was a near neighbor, and I ordinarily would not have gone elsewhere. But it so happened that, a few

days later, Dr. Bender, with whom I was also well acquainted, chanced to be talking to me. Quite on the spur of the moment I changed my mind about consulting Dr. Pace and decided to consult Dr. Bender. The latter was a large, strong man, whereas, Dr. Pace was of slight, fragile build.

"Dr. Bender examined me, but aside from a slight murmur, detected nothing wrong and said it would be safe to go ahead with an anaesthetic. He agreed to administer the ether and have the operation take place at his surgery whenever I was ready.

"I said nothing to my wife about all this. That night she had a very disturbing dream. It was that she saw me lying in bed, apparently dead, with a peculiar triangular stream of blood running *up* the side of my cheek. It occurred to her in the dream that blood could not run uphill in such a manner.

"When I told her of my intention to have all my teeth extracted, she at once associated the dream with that, suggesting that there was a possible connection between the dream and the pending dental operation. This was about three weeks before the actual operation, the day of which eventually arrived.

"After the usual preliminaries, not feeling the least bit nervous, I lay on the operating table and had the ether

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Hannen Swaffer. His spiritualist home circle is famous. His guide is Silver Birch.

R. H. Saunders, healer, who disagrees with Mrs. Garrett that one of her guides may not be a disembodied spirit.





# PENPOINTS of FATE

By John H. Geller

Author of "Handwriting a Means of Startling Prevision," etc.

**T**RUTHFUL character analyses of world-famous people by means of graphology has been most evidential in case after case which I have studied. But I also find it just as interesting and evidential to make character analyses from the handwriting of people not so famous, or of people in everyday life. That is why I have so many requests for readings from readers of this magazine who have also asked me to publish the following handwriting analyses of famous people. . . .

Abraham Lincoln possessed a profound spiritual nature, the extent and depth of which is scarcely known to the general public. His handwriting sheds a revealing light upon this side of the Great Emancipator's personality. Lincoln, the seer, the spiritually endowed leader, the student of the occult, is strikingly portrayed in his handwriting. All the graphological signs of a spiritual nature

have never been so well displayed in a single specimen of writing. The most common of these signs, which is to be found in the scripts of many individuals whose intuition is highly developed, is the separation of letters.

It would have been the easiest and most natural thing to have connected the small letters "o" and "r" in the word "Major" or the letters "n" and "c" in Lincoln. However, a flash of insight or intuition caused a momentary pause in the president's logical sequence of thought—consequently the break in the writing.

Individuals whose writing is characterized by these breaks get excellent hunches, and invariably regret it if they do not follow them. Lincoln possessed a keen faculty for hunches, and placed a great deal of confidence in them. This, coupled with his high mental and spiritual development, enabled him to anticipate many significant events.

However, the handwriting of the martyred president reveals that his interests extended much further than the limits of his native intuition. Observing his script, it is to be noted how some of his final strokes, such as in the small letter "l" in "General" and the letter "n" in "Lincoln," ascend vertically. This is the graphological sign for the student of the occult, the person who is interested



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Major General Butler  
Fort. Monroe. Va  
A. Lincoln

in spiritual and supernatural matters. To those who have read of Abraham Lincoln's participation and interest in psychic experiences—of the many mediumistic séances held in the White House—this will, of course, be no surprise.

Perhaps the most fascinating formation in the Great Liberator's handwriting is the curved, bow-shaped "t" crossing as it appears in the words "Butler" and "Fort." This "t" crossing is often referred to as heaven-shaped, due to its resemblance to the horizon or part of the horizon, and is quite a rare occurrence in handwriting. It is the symbol of great spiritual power, the

ability to sublimate one's personal urges and impulses into creative, religious, or humanitarian channels. People possessing this sign in their handwriting can reach limitless spiritual heights. Abraham Lincoln has proved this. As though that were not

sufficient, the signature of Lincoln depicts even further the humanitarian nature of this man who is remembered as the benefactor of the Negro people. This particular formation of the capital "A" is the sign of protectiveness, concern with the welfare of others and the desire to protect the weak.

With all these unusual characteristics in Lincoln's writing, his script still remains a very plain and unassuming one, free from all embellishments and flourishes so characteristic of his time, a script almost childlike in its simplicity.

Eleanor Roosevelt

**A**MERICA'S First Lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, has an interesting signature, reflecting a personality which we all know is interesting. She has something in common with her famous husband, according to her handwriting, something which may account for part of her popularity—and that is a sense of the dramatic. She, too, has a feeling for showmanship. This is indicated by a sign in her signature that is even more pronounced in the writing of the President. It is the outflung beginning

**A leading Northwest graphologist enjoys making evidential analyses of the handwriting of *True Mystic Science* readers as much as the ones of world-famed people for which he is noted. Your fate lies in your penpoint as much for you as for celebrities. See Mr. Geller's special offer to you on page 71**

stroke and dashing ending stroke of the signature. Mrs. Roosevelt's signature as a whole is unpretentious. The letters are plainly made, showing no sign of affectation. Her small "a" and "o" are left wide open, indicating a frank, straightforward nature, a person who is above board and straight-from-the-shoulder. No airs about her and no beating about the bush! When she has certain ideas to express, you may be sure that you will hear about them, for her open, expansive script reveals a strong love for expression and communicativeness.

She is the extrovert type who loves people and human relationship. Much energy and resourcefulness is indicated by her very angular writing. It is the sign of an enterprising nature. Adaptability is shown in her small letter "n" which is reversed. While her "t" crossing, which flies away from the stem, reflects her impulsive, enthusiastic nature. It is the sign of animation, life.

**T**HE HANDWRITING of the late Thomas A. Edison is as excellent an example of the scientific and inventive mind as can be found anywhere.

*my regular handwriting*  
*Thomas Edison.*

The typical handwriting of the scientist is small and sharp, the size indicating concentration and the angularity providing the observation and keen perception which are perquisites in this field.

Mr. Edison possessed those signs in his handwriting. But he also possessed more than that. His script is a classical example of inventiveness. It has the squareness, the rectangular appearance which we associate with the inventive mind.

When we examine Edison's writing further, we find that the letters are practically all printlike in their appearance. Here we discover Edison, the creator, the artist, the adaptor. In this respect, he is in the same company with the great artists, great musicians and great painters.

From here it is interesting to proceed to another characteristic in Mr. Edison's writing which links him with the artist, the creator. We would naturally expect in a scientist a logical, analytical mind; in other words, a script in which all the letters are connected in the words. Instead we find that practically every letter in Mr. Edison's writing is unconnected. Hardly ever are more than two letters connected in many of his words. This displays an unusual intuition. This is the sign of the inspirational thinker, the visionary, rather than a nose-

to-the-grindstone man of science. Darwin, as well as other great figures in that field, belonged to that category. They were more than scientists; they were gamblers who played their hunches. They were seers who had faith in their visions.

Nevertheless, we must not minimize the "nose-to-the-grindstone" element in science, and for that matter, in any field, if such singular success as that of Edison's is to be expected. Mr. Edison writes with precision and evenness; he dots his "i's" carefully, crosses his "t's"

[Continued on page 75]

## LESSON TWO

### Geller Continues His Graphology Instruction by Special Request of *True Mystic Science* readers.

*f* **LOWER LOOP LONGER THAN UPPER LOOP**—Practical, worldly, interested in earthly things; realistic.

*f* **UPPER LOOP LONGER THAN LOWER LOOP**—Idealistic, interested in ideas or in achievement rather than in pure worldly gains.

*f* **LOWER LOOP SO LONG THAT IT TOUCHES OR RUNS INTO THE LINE BELOW**—Person goes beyond the realistic; is interested in the romantic, the unusual, the colorful; is venturesome, loves travel, change of atmosphere; must have variety; is inclined to plunge into things, takes chances; loves to gamble or is fascinated by the gambling element.

*f* **THE RETURN STROKE DOES NOT TOUCH THE STEM**—Impatient; person does things hurriedly rather than well; inclined to be slipshod.

*f* **LOWER LOOP IS MADE TO THE LEFT INSTEAD OF RIGHT**—Independent spirit; cannot be forced or "made" to do things; takes duties as a burden; inclined to shirk responsibility; must have freedom of action; cannot be "bossed."

*f* **LOOP TO THE LEFT AND EXTREMELY ANGULAR**—Contrary; a "balky" person.

*f* **MADE WITH AN EXTRA LITTLE LOOP OR KNOT ON THE LEFT**—Concerned very much with details; easily annoyed by little things.

*f* **LOOPS ELIMINATED**—Individual, independent of thought; original.

*f* **SIMPLE AND RHYTHMICAL**—Musical, or appreciative of music.

*f* **FORMED IN THIS MANNER**—Conventional; lacking in originality.

*f* **MADE LIKE THIS**—Loves beauty; has artistic tastes.

*f* **FORMED THUS**—Individual, constructive.

*f* **PRINT-LIKE**—Creative, intellectual, or artistic.





# Child Hypnotist Astounds Adults

*Acme Newspictures, Inc.*

**A** TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL demonstrated the hypnotic eye recently among amateur magicians in Chattanooga, Tenn. The man who was to perform the hypnotism act failed to go on, so Sue Nye, 12, volunteered. She had never before performed in public.

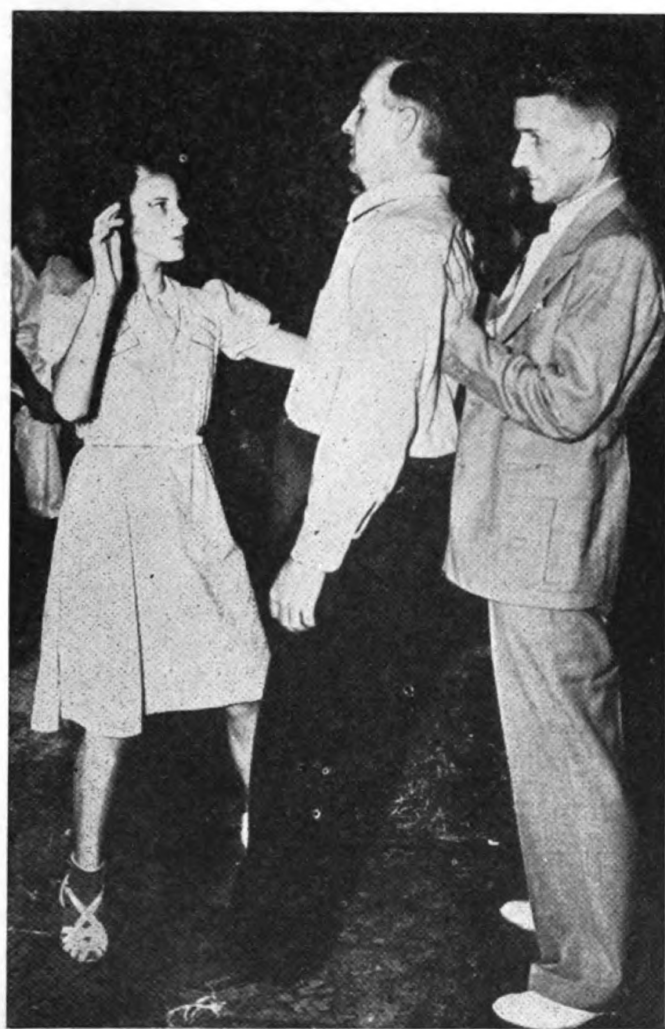
Choosing Taylor Gibson, enamel-firm inspector, as her subject, she began by removing his tie and loosening his collar. Next she held up a coin, commanded him to watch it until the eyelids grew heavy, then to close his eyes.

Gibson's body soon became rigid. At Sue's command he fell backward and was caught by an assistant and placed on a rug. A physician examined the subject and announced that hypnosis, or catanic state, was complete. Then Sue had Gibson raised, his feet on one chair, his shoulders on another. There he rested, body rigid.

Concluding the demonstration, Sue awakened Gibson by stroking his arms, speaking softly. First his arms sagged, then his knees bent. He was again placed on the rug, where he regained consciousness and enjoyed a cigarette.



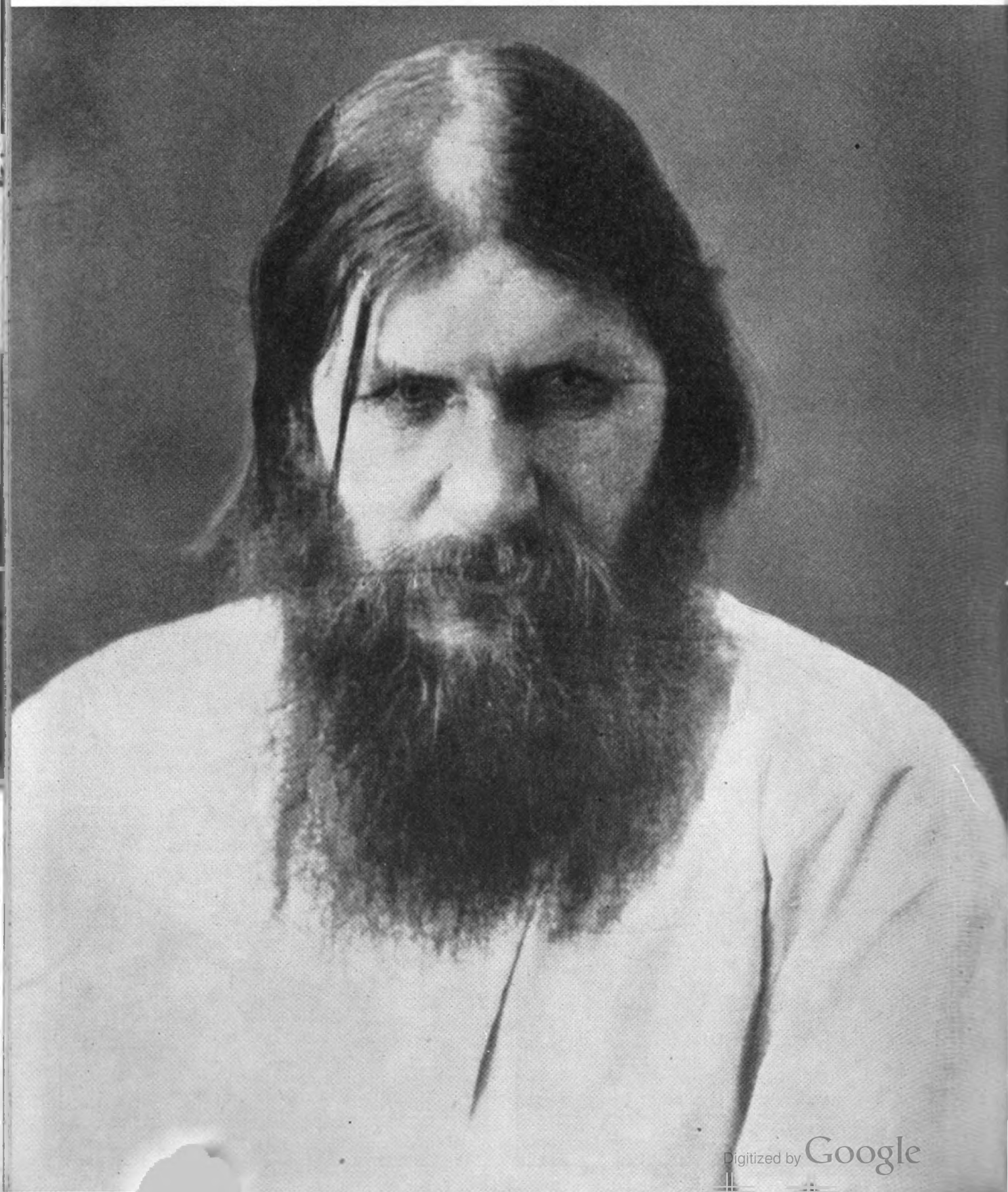






# WAS GREGORY RASPUTIN

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS



# RUSSIA'S HOLY DEVIL?

By Prince Vladimir Ivanévitch

*A gentle savior and healer of the sick, the "mad monk" was also a demonic debauchee who believed that to know perfect purity one must first practice and learn complete wickedness and sin.*

**A** TERRIFYING pall of doubt hangs over events in Russia. Violence, treachery and bloody conflict are interwoven in an opaque curtain that is difficult to pierce. Against this sinister background a bearded human face stands out like some somber apparition. There is an eternal question mark before it. The features are paradoxical in their contrasts, seeming in some occult way to characterize the unsolved riddle of man's creation and his ceaseless struggle up from the black depths of the brute.

Half satyr and half messiah, those strange features belong to the mysterious, psychic "mad monk," Gregory Rasputin, who was shot to death on the night of December 16th, 1916.

Saint or fiend incarnate? The world is still in disagreement on the matter. There may never be any final answer, either. For all existence is a puzzle. Blacks and whites blend into grays. Straight lines drawn between good and evil sometimes have a way of bending, or fading out of sight. The stories of Rasputin's orgies, his colossal debaucheries, still echo round the globe. But there are other stories of his wisdom, his powers as a mental healer and his championship of the oppressed.

Russia has always been a land of violent contrasts. The passions of men are splashed there in startling colors across a far-flung canvas. Ivan the Terrible with his insane cruelties was a fellow countryman of the gentle Tolstoy. Pushkin's sublime poetic culture grew from a soil of abysmal ignorance and darkness. Heart-rending poverty in the heyday of the czars was contrasted with riches that would have put King Solomon to shame. Voluptuousness was linked with mystic purity in this land of elemental conflicts, which Rasputin personifies as though fate itself had chosen him to play the master rôle.

His enemies called him a lust-mad fiend. His friends thought of him as a holy being. They both agree on one thing only: he was an extraordinary person, gifted with some rare, uncanny magnetism that made it possible for

him to impose his will on others. He was a psychic who, despite good or evil, foretold the coming of one of the mightiest upheavals in human history.

Even Rasputin's loving daughter, Marie, has not been able to clear him of the charge of licentiousness. In the Russian language the very name Rasputin means "rake" or "debauchee." And it was his almost demonic, and surely hypnotic, power over women that indirectly thrust him to the heights of fame, at the same time sowing the seeds of his own destruction.

Yet Rasputin was no shallow-minded satyr. The will-o'-the-wisp of a strange, exotic occultism lured him along forbidden, erotic paths. A hulking, uncouth peasant from the far-off village of Pokrovskoe, Siberia, bearlike in his proportions, there was an uncanny restlessness deep in his soul that drove him to wander thousands of miles across Russia, leading him finally to join the Khlysty sect, one of the most amazing religious groups that the world has ever known.

Salvation through sin and repentance was the doctrine they preached. Beginning in prayer and ending in Bacchanalian orgies, their meetings in the midnight darkness were supposed to purge all evil from the hearts of the men and women who attended. Their devotees professed to rise above carnal temptations by yielding first to the call of the flesh. Rasputin, vital, brutish, elemental, became a fanatical follower of this distorted cult. He taught that to have perfect purity, one must first practice and learn complete wickedness and sin.

The wild dances that were a part of the Khlysty ritual appealed to him. Like the whirling dervishes of India, the Khlysty sect found physical escape in the mere sensation of rhythmic motion. Through motion they worked themselves into a frenzy of hysteria close to dementia.

In the lurid, candle-streaked gloom, men and women moaned and screamed and prayed. Strange music was played, rising higher and higher, beating faster and faster. Voices lifted from somber monotonies into a wailing, childish babble. Clothes were discarded. Moral barriers were dropped. The chambers where the Khlysty devotees met became infernos of debauchery when the ceremonies reached their heights.

A characteristic photograph (left) of Gregory Rasputin, whose occult power controlled the imperial family of all the Russias.



In this fantastic atmosphere Rasputin's peasant soul found strange release. He developed confidence and magnetic influence, began to make dark prophecies and use telepathic divination on the people around him. His hypnotic power over women increased so that most of those with whom he came in contact both loved and feared him. Not only simple peasant girls, but women of wealth and breeding went to him for advice and help.

Once they were near Rasputin he seemed to draw them into the net of his hypnotic personality as a spider does a fly. After a few meetings with the "mad monk" they came to believe that, by giving their love to him, they, too, would be exalted. Many claimed that he had helped in their soul's salvation, and the wonder of his teachings grew.

**R**ASPUTIN'S HOME in Pokrovskoe became a place of pilgrimage to scores of unhappy people. There were some men who sought his counsel, but always they were outnumbered by the women. And when Rasputin moved to Petrograd, feeling that the occult, demonic forces driving him had grown too powerful for his native village, it was women again who aided in his rise to power.

The famous Madame Bachmakof, wealthy and aristocratic, set him up in a luxurious apartment. Here he was like the high priest of some pagan shrine. With his big hands and feet and black-bearded face, he still had the aspect of a hulking peasant. But he dressed now in fine clothing. Dozens of women visited him daily to be advised, exalted, or just to watch him at a discreet distance out of trembling curiosity because of his reputation.

As confessor, occult counselor, or frenzied lover, he satisfied them all. His small blue eyes, set close below his low peasant's brow, would sometimes glow with an

unearthly light as he moved among his worshipful disciples. His face had the changeableness of nature itself. It held a look of sublime peace at certain moments. Then the peacefulness would disappear like sunlight before clouds. A storm of smoldering passion would convulse his features into the flushed mask of a lustful satyr. A fatherly pat would turn suddenly into a burning caress.

A letter that one woman devotee wrote at this time has been preserved. "I am afraid," she said, "yes, fearfully afraid of Gregory Rasputin. Oh, how those eyes of his can cow me, frighten me—and seem to penetrate to the deepest places of my soul. Even at a distance of five hundred versts I feel him close to me. He seems to me at times an angel, and at other times an evil force, capable of anything in the world."

Rasputin made the same impression on many women—evil and goodness blended together in a mixture as fascinating as it was repulsive.

Though his arch-enemy, the monk Ilidor, wrote that Rasputin was nothing but a money-mad debauchee and charlatan, there is no documented evidence that Rasputin tried to pile up riches for himself. The proof is all on the other side. His own daughter states that when Rasputin died, and after he had enjoyed the princely allowance that the czar finally gave him, he left an estate of a mere two thousand rubles. Hundreds of poor people testified to the fact that Rasputin gave away his wealth as fast as it came to him. On the credit side, too, is the reputation he built up as a healer. Perhaps it was only through his own great vitality that he was able in some way to infuse energy into the minds and bodies of others—as if he could actually recharge them with his primitive, dynamic energy. In any case, it was his fame as a healer that, in 1907, led Feofan, rector of the Theological Seminary and confessor to

the empress, to introduce Rasputin at court. The small son of the czar and

The Czar of all the Russias (right foreground) reviewing troops.



***The lives of the czar and czarina were inextricably woven in a skein of occultism, spiritualism and every sort of psychic phenomenon possible.***

czarina, the czarevitch, was ill with haemophilia, the dreaded blood disease that runs in so many royal families. It was thought that Rasputin might be able to help him.

**R**ASPUTIN went to the child's chamber, and those who saw the meeting claim that, from the moment the mad monk's great peasant hand passed over the czarevitch's frail body, the child grew better. Brought up in the stifling, artificial atmosphere of the Romanoff court, the czarevitch seemed to find in Rasputin some occult and needed contact with the vital, elemental soil. The deep, soothing tones of Rasputin's voice were like a balm to the child's maladjusted nerves.

"Fear not!" Rasputin would mutter. "You will get better. Lie still, my child. Have faith."

The czarevitch grew stronger, and from that moment on, Rasputin became an intimate in the royal household.

There is a story, documented by letters written by members of the imperial Russian court, that Rasputin not only aided the czarevitch's haemophilia but actually saved his life on one occasion by powers of clairvoyance similar to those of Swedenborg, when the great Swedish mystic was visiting the home of the philosopher Kant and received a psychic warning of the Stockholm fire two hundred miles away.

Rasputin was talking quietly to the czar and some guests. Suddenly he leaped up and said:

"Look! I see terrible danger about to fall upon the child!"

The czar and the others could see nothing. Rasputin was staring at a blank wall of the chamber in which they

sat, his blue eyes glowing strangely. The czarevitch was playing in the billiard room out of sight and a hundred feet away. But Rasputin rushed down the hall, snatched the czarevitch up in his arms and whirled him through a doorway. A moment later a section of the heavy plaster in the ceiling overhead fell with a crash on the spot where the child had been.

This episode so impressed the czar and czarina, along with Rasputin's healing influence on the czarevitch, that, even when scandal concerning him was at its highest pitch, even after he was murdered as a foul human monster, they retained their faith in his goodness and his mystic powers.

Their imperial blessing during his lifetime made Rasputin's star rise like some flaming astral body in a storm-swept sky.

He was invited out to the famous Romanoff palace at Tsarskoe Selo near Petrograd. The czar and czarina were interested in spiritualism, occultism, and every sort of psychic phenomenon. Deep in their hearts they may have sensed the storm clouds of war and political revolt that were gathering over Russia. They may have been trying to find help and escape from situations they did not know how to face. Like Rasputin, they were being swept forward to destruction by historic forces and complex human passions.

Rasputin was not the only professed psychic who had been a guest at the palace. But the czar and czarina, though weaklings, were not fools. Others before Rasputin had been put to the test and dismissed as fortune-hunting charlatans and frauds. It was Rasputin's un-

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD





couth peasant simplicity, and the actual demonstrations of his psychic powers, that convinced them he was genuine.

Illustrious and clever people attended the séances that Rasputin helped conduct, and most of them came away convinced that he had mediumistic powers. For, in the ancient chambers of Tsarskoe Selo, weird things occurred. Astral voices were heard. Ghostly apparitions appeared. Some of them were recognized as the spirits

of great Russians long deceased, literary men, statesmen, generals and philosophers.

An air of gloom was cast over the gatherings at most of these séances because the voices and the visions seemed to be in a state of agitation. There were dark prognostications by Rasputin, too, of macabre things to come. Danger, conflict and bloody events, he said, were in the air. Rasputin's enemies argue even today that he made these prophecies just to keep his hold on the



The late Czar Nicholas, cousin of the late King George V of England, and members of his imperial Romanoff family. Fourth from the left (front) is his young son, the czarevitch, whom Rasputin is said to have cured of haemophilia, dread blood disease of royalty, by the simple laying on of hands. The "mad monk" also saved the czarevitch from violent death by means of clairvoyant power.



imperial family. But it might just as easily be argued that happy auguries would have been better, if ingratiating had been his only motive. For people respond more willingly to pleasant predictions than tragic ones, as fortune-tellers know.

Some of the court nobles resented the atmosphere of apprehension Rasputin seemed to create. They preferred to live in a fool's paradise, turning their backs on the things that were leading the Romanoff dynasty toward ruin. The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovich soon grew to hate Rasputin. As the mad monk's influence with the czar increased, jealousies arose in court circles, and more enemies were added.

Dark scandals began to be whispered. It was even hinted that Rasputin had formed an illicit liason with the czarina herself. No proof of this has ever been found; but the scandal grew so that even the czar had to take notice. He advised Rasputin not to visit at the palace any more for a time.

Rasputin returned to his native village, where his enemies followed him like an evil swarm. An attempt was made to murder him early in 1914 by a woman who was inspired by Rasputin's arch-rival, the monk Iliodor. The woman succeeded in stabbing Rasputin in the stomach, and, if it hadn't have been for his tremendous vitality, he would have died.

If he had, the world at large might never have heard of him, and the later proof of his uncanny occult powers might never have been shown.

But Rasputin recovered. His convalescence coincided with the first grumbings of the threatened war. He hurried back to Petrograd and to the czar, and it was then that he first spoke with the voice of a prophet on national affairs. Scowling darkly, he warned the czar not to declare war on Germany.

"The Germans are our brothers; why should we kill them?" Rasputin asked.

In spite of his own violent passions, he was a man of peace. His strange eyes glowed uneasily as he spoke of the threatened conflict. He seemed to have clairvoyant knowledge. He told the czar that, if war came, the bloodshed and suffering would rebound and take frightful revenge, not only on the greatest Russian generals but on the czar himself.

"Ruin!" muttered Rasputin. "There will be ruin for the Romanoffs if you plunge the country into this war."

**H**E ADVISED the czar to take stock of the evils at home, the poverty and starvation that were so much a part of Russian life below the dazzling fabric of imperial splendor. For Rasputin was a peasant, a friend of peasants, hailed by many as their mystic representative at court, and he knew what strange ills the country suffered.

If the czar had listened, if he had not followed the advice of his statesmen and military men, the whole course of Russian history might have been different.

But, powerful as Rasputin was, he could not override the war fever that was sweeping Russia. The flaming cataclysm came a few weeks later. Russian soldiers marched to battle on top of the gunshot at Sarajevo that shook the world.

The czar was still apprehensive, still uncertain. More than ever he wanted Rasputin nearby, and the power of the mad monk rose until he became a dominating influence in the whole Russian government. Church dignitaries, statesmen, army chieftains, all felt his forceful hand. Even the Holy Synod grew servile to his wishes. Either through sheer will to power, or because he felt in himself the drive of unseen, clairvoyant forces that might lessen the suffering of the Russian masses, Rasputin dared to suggest that he be appointed supreme commander of the army. He had no military knowledge, but he believed that he would know what to do as emergencies arose.

The czar balked again, quite naturally. But, in succeeding months, Rasputin made three predictions which show that his ambitions might not have been so mad after all, and which seem to give uncanny proof of his powers of foretelling future events. He warned Czar Nicholas against the great offensive in Galicia in the spring of 1915. He said the ground wasn't ripe for

GLOBE PHOTOS



Gregory Rasputin (center) surrounded by Russian women. His hypnotic power over women of all classes was notorious.



such a wholesale attack. It would be dangerous, ruinous, he stated. But Nickolai Nikolaevich, the Russian grand commander, succeeded in enforcing his own policies. The great offensive began, and the crushing, ruinous defeat of Gorlice proved subsequently that Rasputin had been right. Again, in the summer of 1916, Rasputin advised against Brussilov's offensive manoeuvres, and a second defeat of the Russians followed his words.

A third time, in a still more dramatic setting, Rasputin gave advice, based on clairvoyant foreknowledge of events, when he vehemently advised the czar not to make his projected triumphal entry into Lemberg, which the czar's armies had taken.

"If you do," Rasputin said, "it will be like a boom-erang that will rebound to strike at your prestige. See that the war ends before you count your victories."

A few months after Rasputin said this, Lemberg was taken away from the Russians and the czar's triumphal entry became a cruel farce.

In his desperation, Czar Nicholas conferred still greater power on Rasputin. He listened to his advice now, let him appoint cabinet ministers, admirals and generals. Never in the history of the world had a great nation been ruled by such a strange being. The uncouth peasant with the black beard, the glowing eyes, the great hands and feet, was able to trample roughshod over aristocratic office-seekers, men of wealthy, ancient families. He was contemptuous of titles. He ignored "wire-pulling" and even brushed aside authentic references. He appointed the men he chose after briefly probing their faces with his uncanny, magnetic gaze.

But it was too late for Rasputin to save Russia, even if he had been able to before. Discontent was sweeping the land and growing into a whirlwind of destruction. Revolt hung like a blood-red mist in the air. Some said that only Rasputin's presence at court held the peasants

and the unhappy masses in check. Though he was one of the czar's household, they felt that his sympathies were with the impoverished, war-weary populace. This belief was strengthened when Rasputin recommended stern measures against the food profiteers who were greedily making money out of the people's dire hunger.

**T**HE PLOT to murder Rasputin was not inspired from below, but from above. It was no peasant assassin or starving radical who conspired to kill the "holy devil." It was his enemy the Grand Duke Pavlovich, Purichkevich, and Prince Yussopoff, a cold, supercilious young noble.

Their reason for wanting his death was that he was corrupting the Russian court, that he was a licentious devil, an evil influence on the whole country. They thought that if they could get Rasputin out of the way the monarchy would be purified and strengthened. They didn't know that his murder would only tend to infuriate the peasants and unleash the grim forces of revolution.

Rasputin sensed that his life was threatened. But he was still hulking, still elemental, brutish and passionate. For all his psychic powers, the movement of mighty historic forces around him, the hatred, the suspicion, the plotting, seemed to bewilder him. For ages past, unhappy Russian peasants had taken to drink and wantonness. Rasputin escaped again to the fleshpots; sought release in drunkenness and debauchery. The famous "Staircase Letters," written records made by hired detectives who spied on him, show that he was still a demonic lover. Women, sin and repentance, were still his way to salvation.

***"Like Faust listening to the suave voice of Satan, the beast in Rasputin was struggling with the god-spark: the age-old fight that has continued down through all creation."***

**Eric Jan Hanussen (center) conducting séance for Nazi officials, was called Germany's Rasputin because his hypnotic power over women was similar to the latter's.**

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS





It was the hope of meeting a pretty woman that induced him to go to the apartment of Prince Yussopoff on that fatal night of December 16th, 1916. The assassins had used the young and pretty wife of an official as bait.

Rasputin appeared at the time scheduled. His murderers had prepared cake and wine poisoned with cyanide of potassium. They offered this to Rasputin, who, holding the glass in his great peasant's hand, drank gustily. His red lips smacked over the vintage that held death in

kill an elephant. Then he leered into the watching faces of the nobles who waited for him to fall down dead—and guffawed, loudly, triumphantly. The mad monk's terrific psychical will was preventing the poison from taking effect upon his brute body. Rasputin's eyes flashed fire, and his face bore the demonic expression of a devil incarnate.

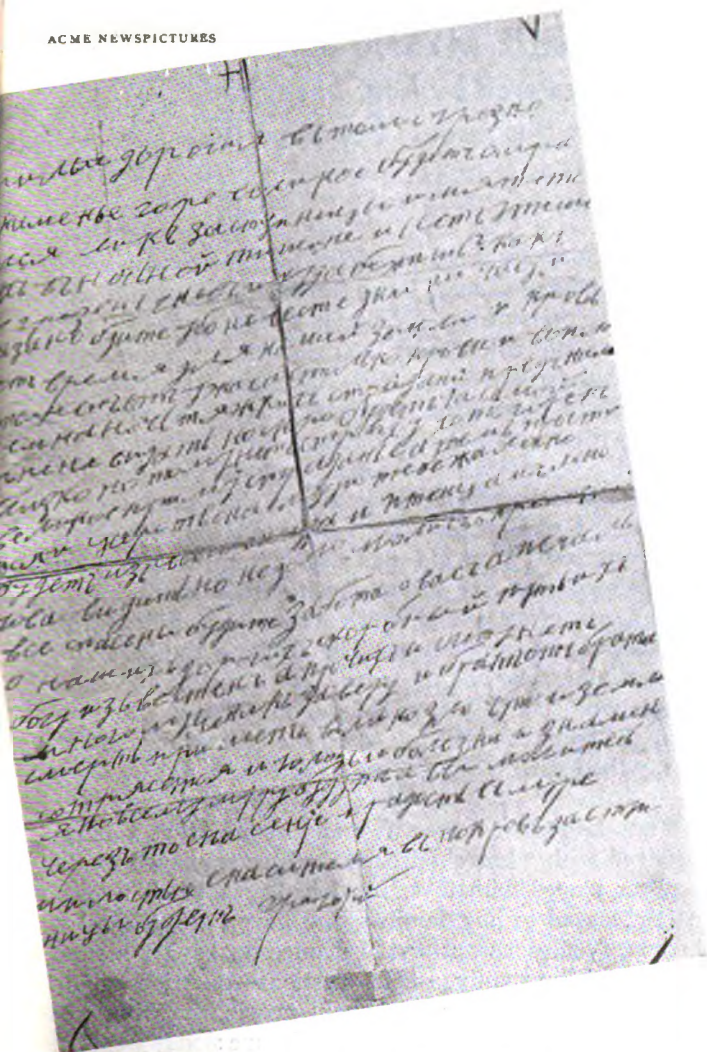
As seconds passed into minutes and nothing happened, Prince Yussopoff's hands trembled and his face grew livid. He ran upstairs to where his friends were waiting.

"The man is in league with Satan," he whispered hoarsely. "He can't be poisoned. It doesn't kill him."

Someone handed the prince a gun. Holding this behind his back, he returned to the room where Rasputin was still drinking. Eagerly Rasputin asked to see the

[ Continued on page 73 ]

ACME NEWSPICTURES



Specimen of Gregory Rasputin's handwriting, which is of special interest to graphologists.

the manner of a satyr, for tonight he was thinking of feminine beauty, not murder. The senses had again beclouded his occult powers, which might otherwise have warned him. Like Faust listening to the suave voice of Satan, he saw alluring visions of sensuous beauty hovering before his eyes. The beast in him was struggling with the god-spark, the age-old fight that has continued down through all creation.

But Rasputin gave his assassins a soul-wracking shock. The poisoned wine seemed to have no effect upon him. His great vitality tossed off the influence of that corrosive death which would have struck down a lesser man.

The mad monk greedily devoured a huge plateful of his favorite pink cakes, loaded with enough poison to

Rare photo, June, 1918, Ekaterinburg, less than a month before assassination of Romanoff family. It shows the czar and his second daughter, Grand Duchess Tatiana, held prisoners inside a stockade. Note how worry has changed the czar's features.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS





# SPIRIT BELIEF SWAYS

By Rev. Evan Shea

*Rev. Evan Shea begins in this article the story of his career in metaphysics. He also answers here, by psychical symbology, ten questions selected from the many hundreds sent him by TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE readers. All questions from readers will be answered by Rev. Shea, and ten questions and answers will be published in this issue. See page 65 for simple instructions on how to write him.*

**F**OR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS I have been a professional psychic and listened to stories of human hopes, prayers, passions, fears and aspirations. I have been told stories of madness, fear and lust, of kindness, sacrifice and love.

I have been the father-confessor of wives and husbands, the lovelorn and the hopeless. . . . In my capacity as a psychic I have advised writers, artists, doctors, lawyers and laborers. Bankers have told me of their problems. Laborers have told me of their difficulties. They came to me for help and guidance. They came to me for messages—messages from the dead, from spirits.

For twenty-five years I have sat on my rostrum, listening, helping, guiding and advising. And all the time I had to be impersonal and still suffer the defeats of those who came to me for help, dream their dreams, feel their anguish, be conscious of their futilities, be aware of their joys. I have had a lifetime of this and, after it all, I find I love my fellow humans—my brothers.

The whole thing was a vast lesson for me. Just as I helped and advised, so I learned important lessons of life. I learned that life, at best, is always difficult for the rich or the poor. There is no financial status in human emotions, for life is always hard, driving and demanding. Some day, when I am being judged by the God-force, and am asked to defend myself, I am merely going to say, "Forgive me, God, my humanness."

This is one of the things I have learned, and in this realization I shall not need subterfuges. My contact with man taught me many lessons, many truths. Yet these are as nothing compared with the knowledge taught me by spirits—by the living dead. For all these years spirits have been guiding me and helping me.

From the beginning of time there have been seers, prophets, soothsayers, psychics. The growth and the progress of the world—this civilization—could not wipe them out. Today they are still in our midst. Today they are still a definite part of many people's lives—and I am one of them.

We have been persecuted and prosecuted. Arrested and belittled. We have been classified with witches and devils. We have been associated with black magic. But we go on, always. We continue because we are a part of the divine pattern, in which truth will always survive.

Whole nations are swayed by their particular spirit belief: Indian, China, Japan. Millions of people and thousands of churches believe in spirit return—in continuity of life after death! Are all these millions—all these churches—wrong? Who can dare say they are wrong? The uninformed condemnation of the few cannot down the truth of spirit return.

The Bible is filled with such quotations as, "And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I shall pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." The Bible is filled with stories of miracles and spirit visitations. Filled with prophecies and predictions. The Bible is the basis for most of the religions of today. Yet many of the same people who believe in the Bible on one hand, deliberately deny the truth of spirit return on the other. Inconsistent, to say the least.

**I** HAVE been told I was a strange child; that I never played with other children. . . . I never played at all! I never played with toys, for I had no toys! This was partly caused by my family's dire poverty, but, mostly, because I did not want toys. I wanted books. My mother tells me I constantly asked questions—questions about God, Jesus, man; questions about people, the whys and hows of people—about life. She tells me:

"You walked through crowds—you wanted to be among people. You seemed to love people. You talked with them, watched them, open-eyed. You seemed happy, yet you were always alone. You preferred aloneness."

I read books constantly. Many books—any books, as long as they were about people. My thirst for knowledge about my fellow humans was insatiable. I would read at the breakfast table in the morning, under my desk at school, in my bed at night.

My only diversion was my friendship with animals. I loved animals, especially dogs and cats. I was always bringing home sick cats and lame dogs, aware of their pain and suffering, conscious of their agony—trying to heal their poor bodies.

I do not recall my school days very clearly—just vague memories of kind teachers and wild, pushing, teasing boys. I believe I was a fairly good pupil; I don't know. I do know that the larger boys would push me

# NATIONS

around, call me a sissy and a nut. I do know that in school I was very much alone. I did not have important friendships. This may have been caused by my family moving very often, but the fact remains I was alone in my earlier childhood.

When I was ten or eleven years old I suddenly became conscious of things. I suddenly realized the daughter of my mother's neighbor was very, very nice. Her name was Hannah; she was an Irish-American girl with ivory-white skin, black eyes, black hair. She was beautiful. I would call her my "girl friend." I adored her secretly. She did not know of my admiration. I was happy in my secret.

In time, I had the courage to ask her if I could carry her books to school. She graciously consented—and I was in love! Puppy love, perhaps, but so far as I knew and realized, I was in love! My life and my thoughts evolved around Hannah. In my childish mind I would liken her to a flower—I would write poems about her. I seemed to live with her, in thought, constantly. Yet in my mind there was one great uncertainty. I was always impressed by the thought that she did not belong to this world. Possibly this may have been a premonition. I was soon to learn. . . .

Hannah and I planned to attend a church dance together. The church was holding a dance for the children, and we were going together. We were so happy about it!

**W**HAT HAPPENED from now on can only be conjecture. Apparently Hannah was as happy and as pleased as I was. One night she put her ticket for the dance under her pillow and dreamed of beautiful ballrooms and handsome beaux attending her slightest whim or desire. She got up in the night, sleeping soundly, and danced and danced. Her mother heard her and decided to investigate. Just as she entered the room, Hannah danced out the French windows—to her death.

Hannah dead! I could not realize it. My childish mind could not grasp the realization of death. I could not comprehend a life without Hannah. I was confused. Until that incident I knew nothing of death. I could not accept death. But time goes on, relentlessly.

Hannah was Irish-Catholic. Before the funeral they had a wake. I attended both the funeral and the wake. I looked at Hannah's cold, dead body. I cried with a sense of loss. I wondered how this was possible. I wondered why the vibrant life of one day could be rendered into the dust of the next day. "Dust to dust" was not acceptable to my poor, sad mind. With a dead, lifeless body before me, I could not accept death. When I returned from the cemetery the next day I could not believe she was gone. My first funeral left me cold and rebelling.

That same night Hannah returned to me!

She appeared at the foot of my bed. She looked at me and smiled. She seemed happy and contented. She smiled happily and beautifully. I was frightened, petrified with fear. Her lips moved and made sounds, but I was so frightened with fear I could not hear—or talk!



Rev. Evan Shea, psychic advisor for twenty-five years and pastor of the Sixteenth Branch of Spiritual Mother Church, N. Y. C.

My whole body trembled—I could not move. I could not escape. Hannah smiled again, knowingly—and disappeared.

I rushed to my mother's bedside, crying, shouting, hysterical with fear. I told my mother of my experience. Mother was patient and listened. She naturally concluded it was the result of a small boy attending a funeral. She was sympathetic and tried to comfort me.

For three consecutive nights Hannah visited me; each night was a repetition of the first. Hannah—a spirit—visited me! It all was so incomprehensible to me, it left me a wreck—a tense, taut, frightened, nervous child.

The days that followed were a nightmare. I was followed and haunted by apparitions. I was constantly hearing voices and seeing symbols. I lost weight—I was completely terrified. Neighbors and friends thought I was insane. They sympathized with my parents. It was all very disturbing.

My parents were completely in ignorance of spiritualism or spirit return. Such things never were a part of their life or thoughts. They were concerned only about my mental stability. They were anxious about my nerves and my sanity. As time passed I started to hear more voices. The pictures and symbols and messages became more intense. This kept up until finally, in desperation, mother took me to a nerve specialist. Luckily, this doctor was kind and apparently knowing. He examined me thoroughly and decided I was a strange child. He admitted it was *not* a case for a nerve-disorder specialist, and advised mother to bring me to a certain university physician. Mother did.

[Continued on page 74]



# LETTERS *from our Readers*



## About Their Own **TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES**

*The following eight experience letters have won prize money. \$15.00 apiece has been awarded the first four letters; \$10.00 apiece the last four.*

### **GUARDIAN INDIAN GUIDE**

**T**HE FRIEND who told me these experiences was one of the most practical persons I ever knew. I'm sure his account is accurate in every detail and that his imagination has not added one iota to the incidents. I'll use as nearly as possible his own words in the narration of what neither of us has ever been able to explain:

In the early 90's I spent a year at Nome prospecting with thousands of others for gold. On my way back from one trip I picked up a twelve-year-old Indian boy, evidently a chief's son, half frozen to death. I gave him first aid and loaded him onto my sled. After I reached my cabin I worked over the lad until he came out of his stupor and dropped into a natural sleep. In the morning when I awoke the boy had gone without even a thank you.

Ten years later I was back in Alaska on another business venture. In the early spring I went out of Nome to hunt deer. After tramping several days with no success I headed homeward. There was a softness in the air that brought real enjoyment as I plodded through the dense forest. Suddenly I stopped. Deer tracks—fairly fresh! I turned sharply to the right to follow the trail between the trees.

Then an Indian, perhaps twenty years old, in the gorgeous panoply of a chief's son, appeared in front of me. Sternly he pointed a finger in the opposite direction and spoke: "No follow deer. Go to Nome!"

"Indeed I won't! I'm going to get that deer!"

Again the stern command: "No! Go to Nome!"

Impatiently I stepped forward. "Get out of my way! I want that deer!"

I extended a hurried hand to push the Indian out of the path, paused, amazed. My arm had apparently gone clean through his body with no sense of touching anything. Where he had stood there was nothing, and three feet in front of me stood the impassive Indian figure, still with extended forefinger. Cold chills traveled up and down my back with amazing swiftness in spite of my warm fur coat.

"No! Go to Nome! I guide you!"

"Oh, all right!" With an impatient shrug of my shoulders, I turned. The Indian appeared again in front of me.

"*Nyack! Nyack!* (Hurry! Hurry!)" he urged, setting off at top speed.

I was a trained woodsman but I was soon hopelessly lost and realized that my guide was taking a short cut through the trackless forest.

Suddenly I found myself in an open space at the top of a hill overlooking the tiny Alaskan city.

The Indian paused.

"There path. Go to Nome! Good-bye!"

He vanished as the first fine flakes of a late snowstorm fell. Floating back to me came the command, "*Nyack! Nyack!*"

Realizing at last the necessity for haste, I plunged down the hill. Just as I reached the first houses a blizzard broke in all its Alaskan fury. Had I not had the Indian's help I inevitably would have perished. Although puzzled and unable to explain the incident, I soon forgot the whole affair.

A year or so later I had returned to the United States and had occasion to take the night train from Albany to Boston. As I rushed across the platform toward my sleeper, in front of me suddenly stood the same young Indian.

"Go back! No take train!"

"But I'm in a hurry," I protested, taking a tentative step forward. Again, as in the Alaskan forest, the Indian seemed to vanish for a second, only to appear still blocking my advance.

"Go back! Go on next train in morning!"

Feeling distinctly foolish, I yielded, had my reservation cancelled and went to a hotel. Imagine my feelings when in the morning the papers were carrying news of the biggest railroad disaster in years. The Lake Shore train that I should have taken was carrying a full load of Grand Army men from Cleveland to their annual reunion in Boston. It was running in two sections and about one hundred miles east of Albany the rear section ran into the first train, telescoping practically every car. Almost all the passengers were killed or seriously

**Everyone has had a strange, psychical experience at some time or other in his life. Who has not been influenced by some weird happening, adventure, dream or vision? Perhaps your true psychic experience may win as much as \$500.00 in the TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE contest. For full details, see page 55.**

injured. My berth was in the rear car of section one, and every person in that car was killed.

As I stared at the headlines the vague sense of familiarity about the Indian crystallized into the certainty that this was the Indian boy whose life I had saved so many years ago.

Believe me, if he ever comes to me again I'll obey his orders instantly and no questions asked! This resolve has been strengthened by the sequel to my story.

I took my wife to Nome the summer of 1908 to show her the places I had told her so much about. She had been tremendously interested in my Indian friend and wanted me to hunt him up.

On the street one day we met his father, the old chief. He greeted me and I asked about his son.

Even Indian impassiveness could not hide the sudden sadness in his eyes.

"He die 1900," he said softly, then added, "He say many times he never forget you. He want to do something for you so bad. But he die," he sighed, "so he never could."

**C. Maude Ingersoll,  
2722 Kenwood Ave.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.**

## **ASTRAL PROJECTION IN THE JUNGLE**

**A**FTER a long and difficult journey through the swamps and jungles of the Congo, having found an ideal location for my research work about two hundred miles south of Hiringui (Equatorial Congo) I decided to plant my tents there and get busy.

Naturally, the few tribes living nearby looked at my camp with suspicion, for I was intruding in their territory and hence rather unwelcome. However, being young, strong and well armed, I paid but little attention to my dark neighbors and, little by little, realizing I was peaceful and using my "artillery" only to provide the food needed for my men and my table, they became more friendly, and I had the honor of being visited by some of their intellectuals (the medicine men of the tribes).

After some time, learning I was myself a "medicine man" of the white race, they came oftener. This very valuable friendship helped me greatly in my personal work in adding to my prestige. It also added to the safety of my camp and safari.

One afternoon I heard the tom-tom pounding in the various villages surrounding my camp. Interested, I went to the closest *Kraal* and, naturally, straight to the home of my—colleague—the dark-skinned medicine man, and asked him the reason of that noisy demonstration.

"Nothing much," said he. "Tonight we are having our quarterly meeting of all the medicine men of this section."

"Where are you going to meet?" I asked.

"Not far from N'doolo," answered my dark friend. N'doolo was located about two hundred miles distant and, going on foot, as would have been necessary for the natives, would have taken at that time at least three months for a good runner.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "When are you coming back?"

"Tomorrow at sunrise," was the answer.

Preposterous, was my first thought, but my second thought was that I had means of checking on his story so I told him: "I have at N'doolo a very good friend, Dr. XX., and he is keeping for me a box of cartridges; could you bring that box of cartridges to me?"

"No," he replied decisively.

"Then could you ask him to send it to me at once?" I queried.

"Yes, I can do that," he replied, without hesitation.

The whole thing appeared utterly ridiculous to me, but the next morning I went to the *Kraal* and asked my man if he had borne my message to Dr. XX.

"Certainly," replied the negro. "Your box will be started on its way immediately."

And, sure enough, three months later I received my box of cartridges and a letter from Dr. XX. explaining that a native had called at his camp and requested him to send the box right away. He even gave me the name of the medicine man bearing my message to his camp.

I can certify that this experience happened to me almost forty years ago and is still as present in my memory as a yesterday's event.

**Dr. C. Perry de Boissy,  
Retired Physician,  
1409 S. Howard Ave.,  
Tampa, Florida.**

## **CHILD PSYCHIC**

**M**Y FATHER and my son were closer than most grandparents and grandchildren. Papa had always wanted a son, and to him, Paul was the boy he'd never had.

Papa died suddenly, last November. We didn't tell Paul, until after the funeral. He was only six years old and we were afraid that the sight of his beloved "Papa," as he always called his grandfather, lying still in death would leave a haunting fear in his mind.

We were much surprised when we tried to tell Paul, on our return home, that Papa was dead and he told us that he knew it. He seemed quite resigned to the fact.

"It's all right, Mommy. Papa's heart doesn't hurt him any more now and he wants Grandma to be glad."

We felt that the maid or someone had told him during our absence, but he insisted that he heard it from Papa himself. We paid small heed to his assertions and went about our normal lives, much relieved that the child accus-



tomed himself so readily to the fact that our dear one had been taken so suddenly away from us.

A few days later, we had a letter from my sister at home, telling us that Mother had adjusted the affairs of the estate and would be over to our home to spend a few weeks. Paul was especially happy when we told him and said:

"Good, Mommy. I'm so glad Grandmama and Auntie and Papa are coming."

"But Paul, dear, Papa is dead. Don't you remember we told you that we would never see Papa again on earth?" I asked him.

Paul merely shook his little head and looked bewildered, but he kept insisting that Papa was coming with Grandmama and Auntie.

Soon my sister wrote that they would not drive the car, as they both felt too nervous, but would come the following Tuesday on the bus.

We began making preparations to have everything as cheerful and happy as possible, and Paul hurried around getting out all the toys that he and Papa had always had so much fun with when the folks visited us.

On Monday evening, I was busy in the kitchen with some last minute preparations, when I heard Paul crying softly.

"What's the matter, darling? Did you hurt yourself?" I called to him.

He came up to me, his little face tear-stained and worried.

"Mommy, please help Papa tell Grandmama not to come on the bus. He wants her and Auntie to wait and come on the train with him. He keeps telling them and they won't listen, Mommy!"

I had tried to be very patient about the youngster's talk of seeing and talking to Papa, telling myself that he was only reliving in memory times they had been together and that he didn't really understand that his Grandfather was dead. But this was too much.

I scolded him severely for telling "fibs," and warned him that I would stand for no more talk of his seeing and hearing Papa.

I'll never forget how he looked at me, his little face sick with misery, and protested that he wasn't telling fibs—that Papa wanted Grandmama and Aunt Alta to wait and come with him on the train instead of the bus.

"Paul," I said impatiently, "if you tell any more things like that, I shall punish you severely. Now go on and play and stop imagining things."

He went back to his play, but soon I saw that he was sitting by his sandhouse, quietly crying. I decided to say no more to him but to wait and let him forget the whole thing.

When my husband, a physician and of course a most practical and unimaginative person, came home to supper, I told him. He advised me to ignore the whole thing and let Paul forget it. I had prepared Paul's favorite dishes for supper, but he ate almost nothing. After he had gone to bed, I heard him tossing restlessly about, and soon he was crying again.

I went into his room.

"What is the matter, son? Can't you sleep? Are you feeling badly?" I questioned.

He threw himself upon my breast in an agony of tears.

"Oh, Mommy," he sobbed, "please tell them to listen to Papa. Please phone them to wait and come on the train with him—please!"

The child was almost hysterical and my own nerves were far from steady. I determined to call my mother and ask her not to come on the bus, but to wait and come on the train. My husband thought it very foolish of me, and accused me of pampering Paul unnecessarily.

However, it was worth everything to me to see the look of peace and happiness which my boy had on his face after he heard me place the call.

Mother agreed to wait until the evening train, and we all went to bed and to sleep.

It is needless to try to describe our feelings next morning, when the news came over the radio, about the wreck of the very bus they had intended coming to our house on.

It was horrible to hear the descriptions of the agony of the poor passengers trapped under that blazing inferno of the overturned bus, where no help could reach them.

My mother wept with thankfulness as I told her of Papa's message to Paul which had saved their lives.

Paul does not speak of seeing Papa any more, but I know that many times he will abruptly stop doing some particular thing and when questioned, always says that he doesn't think Papa would like him to do that.

We know that Papa got through to his beloved little grandson with that message, and I know that he is guiding and directing my son's life now.

Arden Antony,  
501 Bell Ave.,  
Lawton, Okla.

## HAUNTED SCHOOLHOUSE

FATHER HAD sawmills in the Ozark Mountains of southern Missouri and I spent some time there. At one place we used, part as office and the rest as bedrooms, an old, abandoned schoolhouse. We had it cleaned, and I moved my bunk in, and slept there alone several nights. Several people tried to dissuade me from doing so by saying the place was haunted. Good enough: I always was interested in psychic phenomena, and had seen some queer things. When I came with my baggage, the door was open. The man who hauled me said, "The hants won't let it stay shut."

The moon was full, and it was a lovely evening. I sat on the porch some time enjoying it and watching some queer-acting wisps of fog or gray mist drifting around the yard, and concluded it was air currents that moved them in such odd ways.

When I closed the door on retiring, I discovered that the catch of the big hand-made iron latch was broken off, so there was nothing to hold the door shut. I set a heavy grip against it and went to bed.

I was just getting drowsy when I noticed the room was much lighter. Turning over I saw it was the full moon shining through the open door. I had not heard a sound. Strange, as that grip was heavy. I noticed a wisp of gray fog had drifted onto the porch near the door, and other pieces in the yard were nearer the house.

There was a big scoop-shovel in the corner and I used it to prop the door shut. A better prop would be hard to find. The top of the handle just fitted under the handle of the big iron latch, the edge gripping the rough floor planks. I thought it impossible to push the door open without making a lot of noise. I was all wrong.

I went back to bed and was just dozing off again when I was surprised wide awake by discovering the door was open. The scoop was in place, braced at the proper angle, but the door had opened wide without a sound!

As I pondered whether to bother with it any more, I noticed the long wisp of fog on the porch trying to get in as though the door were still closed. It would rise up as though reaching for the latch, then sink back as though too weak. I never knew it to cross the threshold. Out in the yard six or eight little wisps of fog were sort of drifting around closer to the steps but seemingly going no place in particular.

I decided to try again and see if the door would open while I watched it. Before closing it, I examined the wisp of fog on the porch, but could make nothing of it except that it felt cold and disagreeable when I put my hand in it. It may have been just the night air, or imagination, but there seemed to be cold, dank, disagreeable-feeling air around it.

While propping the door shut, I discovered a big-headed nail sticking up where the flooring had worn away. I placed the shovel blade behind it with the handle wedged under the latch. I tried to pull it open, but could not budge it. Later two strong men were unable to push it open when so braced, but did make a lot of noise.

I lay down again watching the door. I hadn't long to wait. Soon a thin strip of moonlight stole across the floor and steadily grew wider and wider as the door swung slowly and soundlessly open. There was absolutely not a sound as that door opened. The shovel was still in place, handle under the latch, blade tight against the floor. Yet it glided noiselessly across those rough, uneven planks until the door was wide open.

The long wisp of fog had left the porch and joined the ones in the yard. I watched them awhile. They were all mixed up together, but they shortly broke up and drifted toward the woods, each by itself, all except a long strip that seemed to have settled on the ground. Well, it seemed someone wanted that door open, and as I couldn't keep it closed, I decided to be hospitable, leave it open, and go to sleep. Which I did, and the next thing I knew it was sunup. The door was still wide open.

I had not at the time learned why the place was haunted. Here is the story, boiled down, that I pumped out of different natives, later on:

During the Civil War there had been a skirmish fought at the place between a band of bushwhackers and Union troops. A badly wounded soldier dragged himself to the door begging help and to be taken in. Both requests were refused. The Rebel sympathizers cursed him, shut the door, and left him to die on the doorstep. They moved out mighty sudden, and the half-wild hogs came out of the woods and ate him.

Whether the hogs killed him, or he died of his wounds, I did not learn. In summer, when the moon was full, the door would not stay shut. We never even tried to fasten

it. We were the only ones who slept there since the bushwhackers left.

I saw this manifestation several times. The door was always opened, the wisp of fog seemed to try to enter, but I never knew of anything crossing the threshold. By no stretch of the imagination could I ever see a Union soldier in that wisp of fog at the door, nor turn the bits in the yard into hogs, wild or otherwise. There did seem to be cold air near it. "Just imagination?" Maybe so. But what about the door? It did open.

R. S. Wheeler,  
R. D. No. 1,  
Elverson, Pa.

## PROPHETIC DREAM

MY GRANDMOTHER was at times a remarkably psychic woman, but whenever I think of the following incident concerning her, my scalp tingles with a hair-raising sensation.

I was nine years old when the incident occurred, and I was seated at the breakfast table with my parents.

My grandmother was late to breakfast, and just as the maid started to call her again she appeared at the door. All of the color was drained from her face, and she was trembling violently. Thinking she was ill, we jumped up and ran to her. She said, "Madison is dead."

Madison was her young son who had gone to Chicago to look for work.

She told us of a dream she had had that left her frantic with fear. She dreamed that her son, lonely and discouraged, had met two strangers who had invited him to have a drink. That drink led to several others and eventually to a fight. They had been arrested. By the time they reached jail he was thoroughly sober. He was also remorseful and desperately ill. After an interval he suddenly called, "Mother! Mother! Mother!" and died.

She awakened on hearing him call her. She lighted the lamp with numb fingers and looked at the clock. It was half past three.

We comforted her as best we could. "It's only a dream," we said. At last we persuaded her to drink her coffee, but before she got the cup to her lips the doorbell rang. A messenger boy handed in a telegram which said, "Your son died at 3:30 this morning."

She left at once for Chicago where she found the circumstances had been in every particular just as she had dreamed them, even to the fact that he had called her three times just before he died.

Helen W. Shirk,  
828 E. Adams St.,  
Muncie, Ind.

## DAYLIGHT APPARITION

ONE DOESN'T often see ghosts in broad daylight, but I saw this one at half past three on a sunny June afternoon some years ago.

For three years, while at Hamline, I had had a very good friend named Fay. After our graduation, as so often happens, we drifted apart, writing occasionally, but both becoming more and more engrossed in our own affairs. He was preaching in an eastern city; I was



teaching school in northern Minnesota, and our letters were few and far between.

We returned to St. Paul for the summer, my mother and I, and on this afternoon had attended a movie at the Shubert Theater. Walking home, north on Wabasha Street, St. Paul, we were just in front of a bakery, when I noticed, coming down the walk toward us, my friend Fay. I was simply delighted, and began to smile.

He was all dressed up in his very best, and his face seemed to fairly shine with joy. All in a moment three things flashed at once through my mind:

1. My! He *does* seem pleased to see me!

2. Why, it must be Commencement time and he is back for the alumni banquet.

3. I wonder if my nose is shiny?

For an instant I bent my head to search in my purse for my compact, and when I looked up, he was gone.

"Why, mother, where is Fay?" I asked, surprised. I turned around, thinking he must have gone past.

"Fay! What are you talking about?" asked mother.

"Why, he was right in front of us just a minute ago," I said. "Why, mother, you *must* have seen him!"

"You must be losing your mind," my mother said, rather sharply, so I dropped the subject.

However, I made up my mind that I would go to the banquet that night. I was positive I would see Fay there.

As I entered the dining room, my old friend Queenie, who also had been in the same class as Fay, ran up to meet me.

"Oh, I have the grandest surprise for you!" she said.

"Yes, and I bet I know what it is! Fay is here!" I answered.

"No, I just meant that the old glee club is going to sing tonight," said Queenie. And then, "Fay! What do you mean, by Fay is here? Didn't you know that Fay died last March under an operation?"

I was just stunned. I wrote the next day to Fay's brother in the West, expressing my sympathy, and telling him how positive I had been that I had seen Fay the day before. And that man, a business man, wrote back:

*And I think you did see him, Bee, for if he came back to anyone it would surely be to you. And then, too, I think that you have a clearer sight about these things than some of the rest of us.*

Beatrice Mary Billing,  
505 Minnesota St.,  
St. Paul, Minn.

## EARTH-BOUND SPIRIT

ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1938, I saw the last of our belongings moved out of a haunted house in which we had spent four years. The things that happened there, especially to me and our maid, formed the most harrowing set of experiences I ever encountered.

Within the past year I finally got two friends—one, an astrologer; the other, a Spiritualist—to come to the house on separate occasions and stay long enough to see some of the manifestations, and tell me what they thought the ghost was like. For, though I was as familiar with the sound of his footsteps as with those of my husband or the maid—I heard them almost as frequently—and though I had felt his touch on my hair,

ankle and shoulder various times, I never had seen him! The nearest I came to it was glimpsing a swift, dark shadow over my shoulder once or twice in broad daylight.

Both of these clairvoyant friends of mine did see him. Their descriptions, given months apart, and without knowledge of each other's comments, tallied perfectly. Both described him as tall and thin, with dark, brooding mien and a definitely sinister quality. Both got the impression that he was worried for fear whoever lived in the house would find money, or papers about money, which he had hidden; that he was an earth-bound spirit, who probably had died in the house; that he was not a very nice person when living, and an evil influence. Both advised us to move as soon as possible. Many obstacles delayed this for months until I felt I lived in one of those nightmares in which you keep running for years only to find you still are in the same place!

This ghost didn't begin annoying us when we first moved in—September, 1934. For some reason he waited until January, 1935. I shall never forget my first experience with him.

My husband, who is in the insurance business, was out very late selling a policy. It was midnight, and the household was quiet. I had read for over an hour in bed, and decided to turn off the light. Immediately I heard loud rappings on the bed-table and head of my own bed. I wasn't alarmed as I had attended many séances and also heard rappings at home that I thought might be my mother. I asked aloud if it were she. They stopped abruptly. Then there was a terrific crash near the foot of my bed. I turned on the light and sat up. A large hat-box containing a box of loose buttons, among other things, had been standing upright on a small, old-fashioned stool, with one side of the box tight against a huge old chest of drawers. Now, when I turned the light on, the big square box was turned over on its side. The open end had spilled everything out, including the buttons which were scattered over the floor.

I got up, righted the box, and shoved the buttons beneath the stool so that my husband, coming into the room in darkness, wouldn't step on them. I returned to bed and turned off the light. Then I felt the covers being pulled off the bed. Turning the light on again, I read the Twenty-third Psalm aloud and asked any spirits present to please leave me in peace. Feeling jittery, I read till my husband came home so tired that I waited till morning to tell him about it.

Nothing further happened that night. But it was only the beginning of increasingly frequent annoyances. Most of them were directed at me or the maid who, fortunately, is psychic and intelligent about such things.

Occasionally I would hear the ghost in my little girl's room, and hear her start talking in her sleep. Sometimes I'd awaken to hear the ghost walking around our room, and my husband would be restless and then break out into long, one-sided conversations that were masses of disjointed, meaningless phrases.

It became almost a daily occurrence for the maid and me to hear footsteps ascend and descend the stairs between us when I'd sit at the top discussing the menu or other details with her, standing at the base. Friends noticed rappings when we were playing bridge, and

[Continued on page 81]

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# True Mystic Readers Can Win

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*For the Story in Your Own Words of*

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# TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

## \$500 GRAND PRIZE

To be awarded the best entry received prior to publication of the June, 1939, TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE (seventh issue).

## \$100 EVERY ISSUE

For each of five issues, the total of this sum will be divided according to the judges' opinion of merit among contestants whose experiences are chosen for publication.

### FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. This contest is open to everyone except employees of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, their families and their relatives. You need not subscribe to TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, but reading the "PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT" will help you to prepare your entry.

2. \$100.00 will be awarded in every issue for five issues, beginning with the December number, the total sum to be divided according to the judges' opinion of merit. A \$500.00 grand prize will be awarded to the best entry received prior to March 1, 1939. The winner's name will be announced in the June, 1939, number (seventh issue). This award will be in addition to prizes in each issue.

3. Entries must be less than 1,000 words in length, and may be as short as 200 words. Style and neatness will NOT count, and every effort will be made to give the non-professional writer a fair chance. Enclose a snapshot, if you wish.

4. Your "Psychic Experience" may concern mental telepathy, clairvoyance, haunted houses, apparitions of the living or ghosts of the dead, an astral voyage, table tappings, materialization, poltergeists, a prophecy, crystal gazing, or any other form of mystic, psychic, or occult facts.

5. Contestants may submit as many entries as they wish, but separate entries must be submitted in separate envelopes. Manuscripts will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Due care will be used in handling manuscripts, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safe return. The editors will not enter into any correspondence concerning entries once they have been submitted.

6. The judges will be the editors of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE or persons appointed by them. All persons entering the contest agree to accept as final the decisions of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE and its judges on any and all questions that may be raised concerning the contest.

### NOTICE TO CONTESTANTS WHO HAVE ALREADY BEEN AWARDED PRIZES

Due to combining of the January and February issues in order to advance sale date, the closing date of the contest and the date of awarding the \$500.00 Grand Prize has also been changed to conform. The Grand Prize award will be announced in the SEVENTH ISSUE, instead of the sixth issue, of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, as previously announced.

There is still plenty of time to submit additional entries and increase your chance of winning. Send yours now.

ADDRESS EXPERIENCE EDITOR, TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE,  
Corn Exchange Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

To be eligible in this contest, each entry must be accompanied by a coupon, properly filled out.

Experience Editor, TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE,  
Corn Exchange Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please enter the enclosed True Psychic Experience in your \$1,000.00 Prize Contest. Permission is hereby granted to publish my entry, together with my name and address, if it wins a prize. I understand that my entry will not be returned unless postage is enclosed herewith.

Name .....

Address .....





Frank Decker, famous materializing medium, formerly of New York City, now of Miami, Florida.

***The magnificent spectacle of scores of materialized discarnate men convinced Scientist O'Neill that whatever metaphysical agency produced the spiritistic phenomena described in the Bible is just as capable of demonstrating in the same way today.***

fulness to the human race than that material world in which we spend the major part of our existence, and for most of us, the totality of our lives.

Some people marvel over the wonders of electricity and try to explain all supernormal events in terms of this agent. If, however, I were required to make a choice between electricity and the power that produces ghosts, I would unhesitatingly choose the latter as by far the more powerful, and with greater possibilities for producing useful results that would open to us new realms of a new sphere of life and experience and reveal to us some fundamental truths to which our eyes and our minds are now almost entirely blind.

While most people associate spirits, ghosts, or spectres of all types, with the dead, I consider them a phenomenon directly associated with life and the fundamental, vital processes of growth and function. Their normal state is as a part of the living body. They are not composed of the same gross matter as our bodies, but of some less tangible substance, though equally as real.

It is my belief that, just as all material substances are made up of tiny units of crystallized energy, so are the substances of ghosts and spectres composed of units of crystal energy but in a less dense form than ordinary matter. This would make possible many of the miracles as entirely natural phenomena although the laws which they obey are different from the laws that apply to the denser kinds of matter.

The ghosts which I saw on parade were not composed of ordinary matter, nor did their substance obey the laws of ordinary matter. This, however, gives me no reason for dismissing them as an immaterial figment of my imagination. Giving my imagination credit for having



**I**T WAS MY good fortune to witness one of the most awe-inspiring sights it has ever been the privilege of mortal man to see. It was a parade of ghosts, a procession of spirits, a marching of discarnate men and women, a somber aircade of souls. I know not what words to use in describing this experience, but any of the phrases used will give an idea of the unique manifestation I observed. It was a magnificent spectacle, and it left me with the profound impression that the age of miracles does not belong to any one millenium of human history, and that whatever metaphysical agency produced the strange manifestations described in the Bible is just as capable of demonstrating those same powers today.

Words are quite inadequate to convey an impression of not only what I saw on this occasion, but also what I felt. The strange sensations I felt were directly associated with the even stranger sight I saw. Without the physical sensations, I might have favored the idea that the procession I saw was an hallucination, since that is the easiest way to dismiss something which we do not understand and have little hope of explaining. But this escape was refused me since I would have been left with the necessity of explaining something that was entirely within the realm of material things and which could not be brushed aside so easily as a figment of the imagination. *I have no doubts concerning the reality of the strange experience.* But I find myself without any adequate explanation of the nature of the event.

I am sure that I was given an opportunity to observe a flash of another world of reality which, if we could learn how to control it, has vaster possibilities for use-

# GHOST PARADE

By John J. O'Neill

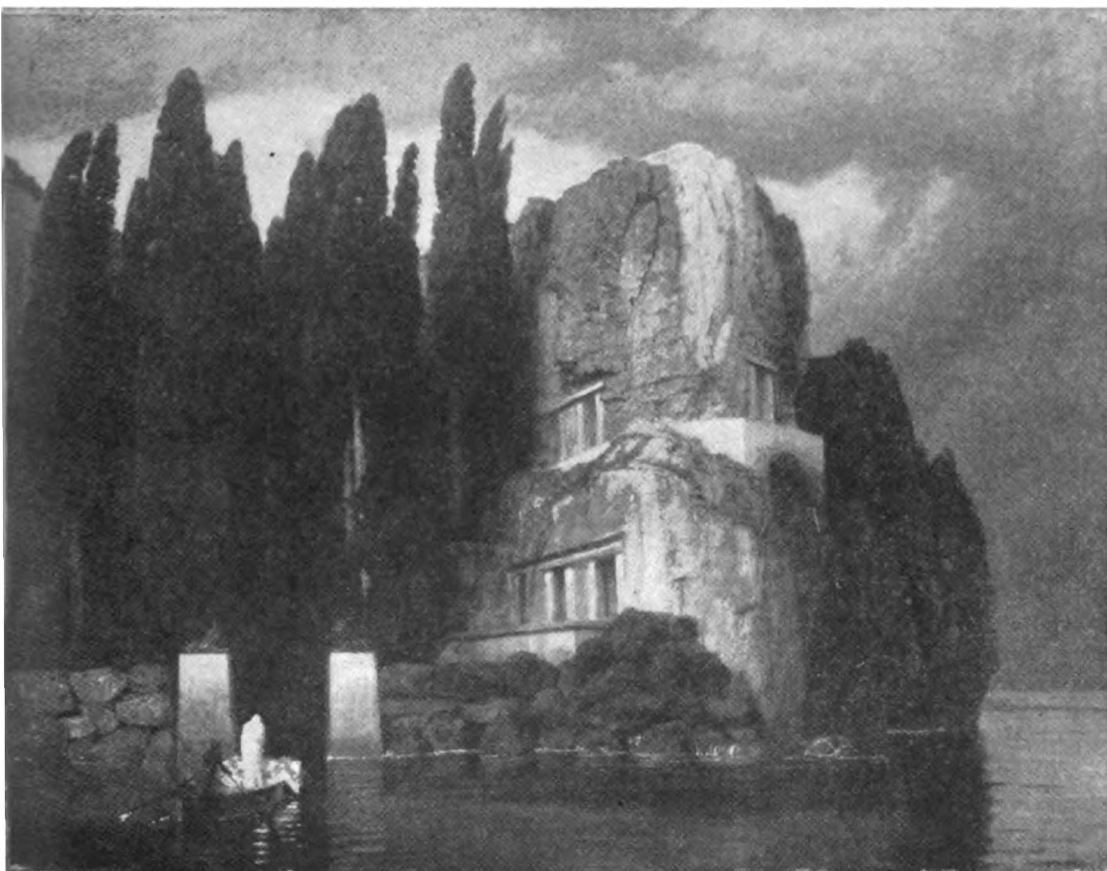
Author of "Science Proves the Supernatural"

created this spectacle is entirely too flattering to that department of my intelligence. It would call for too much originality, too great an ability to work out details concerning forces of whose properties I know almost nothing.

The spirit procession was witnessed during a séance at which Frank Decker, then of New York City, was the medium, and I was present as one of a number of observers. It was a test sitting, and the situation was far

sitting because alcohol most quickly affects the higher centers of consciousness and dulls one's observational powers to a very serious extent long before its effects are apparent on the lower physiological levels. There were

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Powerful symbolic scene of a stage in the Other World, "The Island of Death," from a famous Swiss painting.

from ideal. There were more than two dozen observers and I considered it unfortunate that there had been too much imbibing of liquor before the séance on the part of the majority of those who were to participate in the sitting and pass judgment on the results. It has been my rule never to partake of such refreshments before a

worth. These four were in adjoining seats in the front row. The other observers were seated behind them. Their reports as to the parade of ghosts were very ambiguous and confusing, so much so that I could not help but draw the conclusions that either their eyes were not sensitive to a sufficient degree to the spectacle to permit



John J. O'Neill, Pulitzer prize winner, 1937, internationally known science editor and investigator of psychical phenomena, trustee of the American Society for Psychical Research, member of the Society for Biophysics and Cosmobiology, etc.

not more than four persons present who could be called competent observers, and of these, three (including myself) agreed in their observations as to the principal facts I report. The fourth reported seeing something "black." Seeing something black in a pitch-black séance room is quite an accomplishment, but I report the statement for what it is



them to see in satisfactory definition, or that their powers of observation had been lowered below the threshold level by alcohol, or that the phenomenon was so highly localized that it was fully visible only to the small group seated in the front row on the right-hand side of the room nearest the medium.

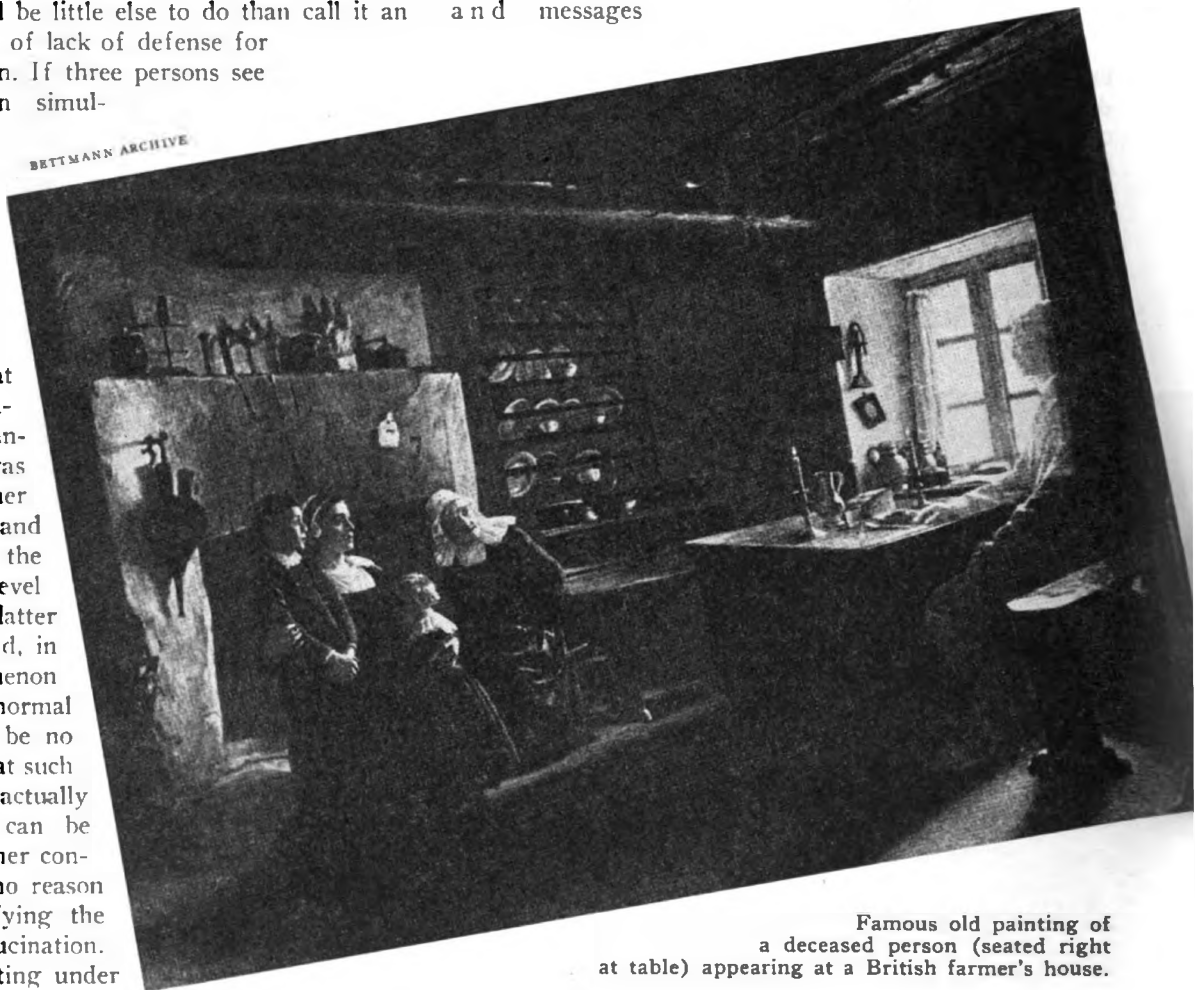
The fact that three persons were in agreement as to what they saw eliminates the phenomenon from classification as an hallucination. If just one person saw the spectacle there would be little else to do than call it an hallucination because of lack of defense for any other explanation. If three persons see the same apparition simul-

taneously it can then be an hallucination only if all three received a "suggestion" that they would see such a spectacle. There was nothing resembling a suggestion that any such manifestation would be seen, unless the suggestion was received through other than normal channels and was registered below the sensory or conscious level of the mind. This latter accomplishment would, in itself, be a phenomenon well out of the normal range. There would be no means of knowing that such a phenomenon had actually taken place, so it can be eliminated from further consideration. There is no reason therefore for classifying the spectacle as an hallucination.

The medium was sitting under control. He had been searched before the séance and during the sitting was held by two observers, one on either side of him, each holding an arm and a leg of the medium. One of the controls was a man and the other a woman. The man reported he heard the voice of Patsy, Decker's spirit control or guide, which was heard by everyone, and that he had been touched as many others reported from various parts of the room.

The woman who was Decker's control on his right side could make no coherent report of anything. Her appearance, however, gave every evidence that she had been through a most trying ordeal. Before the séance she was well poised and sprightly. At its close she looked as if she had been under a nervous and physical strain for a long period. Her poise and sprightliness were gone, and her face looked drawn and worn, a remarkable change in a little over an hour. She was either unable or unwilling to talk. There was little doubt that she had had a powerful experience that produced a profound effect upon her.

THE SÉANCE was conducted in the usual fashion. Decker requested the recital of the Lord's Prayer and the singing of hymns. The group did not know any hymns beyond titles, so other songs were substituted and apparently gave equal satisfaction. At any rate, Decker lapsed into trance, and the voice of Patsy—Decker's spirit guide—came through to take charge. Many persons reported that they had been touched by a hand and messages



Famous old painting of a deceased person (seated right at table) appearing at a British farmer's house.

were given to a number of persons. The majority of the messages brought reports that coincided with conditions or events known to the persons receiving them. There were also the usual trick questions concerning non-existent persons which brought replies that were accepted as if applicable. However, at the close of the séance these were immediately declared complete failures, and were offered as evidence of fraud. The routine of the séance, however, interested me but slightly. The spectral procession was what made a profound impression on me.

Earlier in the séance a small ball of light, about the size of a golf ball, appeared over the medium at a point several feet above his head. It remained stationary for about five seconds and then disappeared. About fifteen minutes later there were some hazy lights in the vicinity of the medium and his controls.

These diffused, small patches of foglike light began to float upward and outward from the medium toward the audience. As they did so I experienced a most

peculiar electrifying effect throughout my body, particularly on my face and hands. It was not the goose-pimple effect, but more like the sensation one feels when his body is charged to hundreds of thousands of volts by a giant high-frequency electrical oscillator. This set me to making some simple tests on myself, but I had to divide my interest between them and visual observations.

As the little clouds of light began to rise and come forward, they

ward, leaving the form hipless. The diameter diminished to nothingness in a line that led back to the point of origin where Decker and his two controls were seated.

**T**WO ROWS of such figures swept on majestically toward me and past me. They moved on as if headed for a particular destination, were in a hurry to get there and would permit nothing to delay them. There was utterly no sign of any effect on them from the presence of the more than two dozen persons in the room. The spectacle was one of stupendous grandeur, as if it were a dramatization of the forces of nature

moving relentlessly and irresistibly to work out a foreordained purpose, but with the mighty powers of nature clothed in soft, simple beauty that depicted at the same time a fundamental reality and an utter disregard of the limitation of matter. This latter aspect was apparent in the substance of the figures. They were not more solid than a gas, or the air through which they moved, yet they were opaque, or to put it the other way round, they did not appear transparent. Although they appeared no more tenuous than a gas, yet they possessed a structural rigidity that belongs to more solid matter. Each of the figures conformed to the same pattern. There was nothing indefinite or hazy about them after they left the immediate neighborhood of the medium. The

tapering lower half of the figures appeared more plastic. Their bottom points trailed behind them as if sweeping along an invisible floor, or as if blown backward in a breeze. As they narrowed down toward the lower tip, the substance of the figures became thinner and less luminous and diminished into nothingness.

The trailing ends all moved along the same line in space and all pointed backward to their common point of origin. As the figures moved along this line they grew rapidly in size. It was my impression that the figures derived the material for their growth from something that passed along the invisible line in space that connected them with the medium. The lower "kangaroo's tail" portion seemed to be the organizing area out of which the upper part, which had some structural significance, was organized.

The figures were self-luminous. The color of the light is difficult to describe. It could be described with reason-

[ Continued on page 76 ]



The Bay of the Deceased. Apparitions manifesting themselves at the coast of Bretagne.

became more easily seen; became larger and took on more definite shape. As one started to advance, its place was taken by another. They were formed in pairs, one going to the right and the other to the left, advancing and growing in unison.

The shape they took was like nothing in existence in the physical world. The upper part, however, bore a striking resemblance in its outline to the upper portion of the human body to about the level of the waist. The structural details of the body were lacking, or at any rate were not apparent. The figure, if it could be called such, appeared to be covered with some white draping that concealed what was beneath; yet there was a distinct impression that beneath the drapes there were arms, either folded or crossed on the chest. The top of the figure was domelike in appearance, and this suggested that there was a head beneath heavy white veils—but I could not detect any distinguishing facial characteristics. The lower half of the figure tapered sharply down-





Mrs. H. C. Hutchinson of Denver, Colorado, who has conceived *Entherology*.

IT WAS THE night of August 22, 1924. The red planet Mars had approached within thirty-four and a half million miles from the earth, the nearest it will come until the year 2,000. Newspapers throughout the world were featuring a test that scientists were to make with radio, which was then comparatively new. Broadcasting stations were asked to refrain from operating during one evening, and everyone with a receiving set was to listen for strange signals out of the ether.

"Will the people of Mars send a message to the earth?" everyone was asking. "If so, will our radio equipment receive it, and shall we understand the message when it comes?"

A newspaper edition of August 23rd carried this story:

"Eunza. Is that what Mars calls his sweetheart, earth, or is it the name of a new moving picture? R. I. Potelle, chief engineer of the radio broadcasting station WOR of Newark, N. J., is not sure, but is inclined to believe the former.

Potelle, like thousands of others, prepared Friday night to receive a message from the neighboring planet—and what do you think?—sure enough he got a message.

But did it come from Mars?

Anyway, he says that between 7:30 and 10 o'clock he received a series of dots and dashes that belong neither to the

Morse nor Continental codes. The signals came repeatedly, and, after hours of study, Mr. Potelle decided it was 'Eunza.'

But now that we have the word, what does it mean? Is it a term of endearment or one of contempt or just plain Martian profanity? Or have the Martians an abbreviated language and does that one word convey a whole document to those who can understand? . . . "

Scientists, since then, have learned nothing further about this mysterious message, but here is a remarkable fact that can be verified by a dozen people:

The letters E-U-N-Z-A were received through extra sensory perception by Mrs. H. C. Hutchinson, of Denver, Colorado, the night of August 20th, forty-eight hours before it came over the receiving apparatus of WOR. Mrs. Hutchinson is a natural medium, yet only a few of her close friends know that she is gifted with more than ordinary sensory power.

SEVERAL DAYS before August 20, 1924, she told her husband and a few others that she was to receive a message from Mars, and had been instructed to go to Denver, where conditions for attunement would be better than in her home.

Her husband accompanied her under protest, for he had little faith in her psychic perception. He was with her when she received and wrote down the letters EUNZA.

"Bosh!" was his comment.

Two days later he became interested when he read that the same message had been received over the radio.

"There may be something in it," he decided.

"Do you believe we should tell the newspapers that I received this same message?" his wife asked.

"I should say not! They would laugh at us."

That was probably true, yet no one will laugh at Mrs. Hutchinson when he sees her and hears her speak. A highly educated woman of striking appearance, she im-

presses one with her calm, sane, wholesome personality. Only those who have her confidence know that she is gifted with extra sensory powers which are far beyond anything yet recognized by scientific investigators.

There is nothing mysterious or spooky about her. When she gives others a demonstration of her talents there is no table rapping or other physical manifestation of psychic phenomena, nor does she go into

a trance or have a special room for her work. During a recent interview I discussed matters with her entirely beyond my ken, as though we were talking of the most casual things. Before many minutes had passed, I realized I had taken a tremendous assignment in attempting to tell of her in a brief article. As she related experience and ideas, I knew that here was material for a book, and all of it would be interesting. It was difficult to select instances here and there from the exciting drama as it was unfolded to me.

***Thousands upon thousands of people waited tensely at their radios, for Mars had traveled closer to the earth than it would until the year 2,000. And then a cryptic Martian word was flashed to Mrs. H. C. Hutchinson by extra sensory perception.***

"Just how did you receive this psychic message from Mars?" I asked.

"I do not like to use the word 'psychic' in discussing it," she answered. "The word that came to me was 'Entheric.' The force that we contact is an entheric flow. I have given the study of this phenomenon the name 'Entherology,' and some day it will be recognized as a science. Now to answer your question, the letters came to me just as though a voice were speaking. Yet I felt that I was not communicating with an individual intelligence. It was just as though a great voice sounded through the ether and I was able to hear it."

"Did you believe, then, that it was a message from the people of Mars?"

"Yes, I felt that it was a message to the earth. The letters are not a word. They constitute a marvelous symbol, and such symbols are coming into our language now. Suppose the people of Mars were facing a great unemployment situation, and we tried to tell them how we have solved this problem in America. We would send three letters: WPA. That is a symbol rather than a word, and volumes can be written on the significance of the three letters.

"In the same manner, EUNZA contains a vital message from a more highly evolved people. They know many things that we do not. I had no idea what it meant when I received it, as you may see by the notes I made at the time."

Written in a neat, bold hand were the comments under the date of August 20, 1924:

*I feel that there is a deep symbolic meaning to these letters, and I am confident that it is a message from the people of Mars to us. In time I will understand the meaning. It will come to me just as inspiration comes to any inventor or other explorer in the realm of thought who raises consciousness to a high vibration.*

For fourteen years Mrs. Hutchinson has worked on this symbolic

message, and she is ready to present her findings to any responsible person who will investigate.

She explained some of them to me, and I was deeply impressed. Her sincerity is apparent, and no one would question it after hearing her speak. She has no desire to commercialize her attainments. When I left her after my first interview, I held the feeling that her work is of utmost value to mankind, although it is as revolutionary as was the idea of a heliocentric solar system when Copernicus first gave it to the world.

Nearly ten years ago a brief investigation of Mrs. Hutchinson was made by two scientists who had heard

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



War, depicted in symbology. Mrs. Hutchinson's psychical attunement enables her to foresee events of European strife.



of her, but they made no attempt to make their findings public. Today they will verify the statements in this article, for we have come a long way in our knowledge concerning extra sensory perception within the last decade.

One of these scientists was a German, formerly a member of the faculty of the University of Munich. Mrs. Hutchinson told him certain truths about himself that would have been impossible except through the use of extra sensory powers.

"That is correct," he remarked, "but there was no chance for me to do this work in Germany. Our country has been crushed completely by the war, and there will be no opportunity there for a hundred years or more."

"You are wrong," she answered. "Within ten years Germany will rise again, and will become the dominant power in continental Europe. Even now a leader has arisen who will take the German people back to the position they held before the world war."

"Is it Von Hindenburg?" someone asked.

"No, that is not the name."

Several others were suggested, but Mrs. Hutchinson shook her head.

Adolph Hitler was comparatively unknown then, and few would have dreamed that he could occupy the position that he holds today. Finally someone suggested his name.

"Yes, he is the one!" Mrs. Hutchinson exclaimed. "Mark what I say, and you will see that I am right."

She discussed future world affairs as confidently as though they were all in the past. Her forecast has come true with uncanny accuracy. She told of the drive for expansion of Italy and Japan, and pointed out the significance of the year 1935 for Italy and 1938 for Germany.

We reviewed her forecast when I visited with her in her home.

"What of Hitler and Mussolini in the future?" I asked. "What will happen to them?"

"I can work it all out for you, but you must give me a few days to do it."

"Can you explain exactly how you receive these messages?"

"That is not easy to do. I receive them in symbols and then work out the meaning by Entherology. I will show you how it is done. In receiving the symbols I am using a method that is employed in a manner by all inventors and discoverers of new things in the realm of thought. They do not create principles or inventions. They merely discover them. How did the thought come to Edison when he learned the principle of the phonograph? Was it as a voice, or merely a clear thought? Such things operate in a different manner with different people. We have many examples in the prophets who wrote and spoke many years ago. They received messages that were pertinent to their people, and we can do the same today."

"When did you first learn that you had this power?"

Mrs. Hutchinson smiled and closed her eyes a moment before answering.

"Before I tell you that," she said finally, "I want you to know something about my family. I have known of this entheric power ever since I was a small girl. Both my grandmother and my father were able to use it to a striking degree. Many people now living know of the strange things they were able to do."

Mrs. Hutchinson's father was manager of a mine in old Mexico. A sister and brother-in-law were at the mine with him, and they had more than fifty employees.

One night he was awakened by a voice calling his name.

"George," came the voice. "George Carter, I want to speak to you."





Mrs. Hutchinson sees everything light for Mussolini (left) and everything dark for Hitler (right).

"What is it?" he drawled sleepily. "What's the matter?"

"George, wake up and listen!"

Finally he sat up in bed, but could see no one.

"George," came the voice, "get everyone out of this place before four o'clock in the morning."

"Why, I can't do that," he answered. "Are you crazy? Who are you, anyway?"

Believing he was the victim of a dream, he settled back in the bed. Again came the voice, and this time it seemed that a physical force seized him by the shoulders.

Protesting, he dressed and went to the cabin occupied by his sister and her husband. Briefly he related his experience.

"Then let's get out of here," his brother-in-law decided. "I've heard of such things before, and I've got a lot of faith in them."

**H**E SUMMONED the men, and within a few moments they came pouring from the cabins. Mounting horses and mules they filed out of the gulch and went up the long trail that wound along the mountainside. A streak of gray appeared in the east, and morning was at hand. There was a slight tremor in the earth. A huge rock was loosened and went bounding down the mountainside. Then, with a shaking and roaring of the earth, the whole side of the mountain opposite them went crashing down into the canyon. The mine, the buildings and the entire gulch were blotted out in the landslide.

"It is just four o'clock," the brother-in-law said in a shaky voice as he looked at his watch. "George, this is wonderful. It is a miracle. Say what you will, all of us were saved by that mysterious warning that must have come from heaven itself."

This tale, and many others, Mrs. Hutchinson heard when she was a child. While she learned that such things were not to be discussed outside the family circle, they came to be accepted in her home just as others accept the telephone and the radio.

"I was almost afraid of Grandma," she told me. "She was always telling us that someone was coming at a certain time, or that someone was going to be injured or die—and it always happened exactly that way. She could read our thoughts at times just as though they were a printed page. One day I was wondering if I couldn't play at being sick and get out of going to school, when she came into the room.

"'Now, honey,' she cautioned, 'you are thinking something that is not very nice, aren't you?'"

"'Why, what was I thinking, Grandma?'"

"'You were thinking about pretending to be sick so you can stay away from school.'"

"That was the kind of a home I had, so you will understand why such things never seemed other than natural to me."

"Did you feel this entheric flow in your consciousness when you were a child?" I asked, and I felt rather proud to be using her language.

"Yes, but the full power did not come to me until eighteen years ago. My father lay dying, and I felt there was some way that I could help him. Opening my Bible, I sat down at a table at seven o'clock in the evening, and I determined that I would neither eat, sleep nor rise until the power came to me that would enable me to save my father."





ACME NEWSPICTURES

Adolph Hitler and staff. His rise to power was predicted by Mrs. Hutchinson.

All night long Mrs. Hutchinson remained at the table, her Bible before her. About three o'clock in the morning a strange sensation came into her feet and began creeping upward.

"I am dying," was her thought. "When that feeling reaches my heart I will die."

Presently she became unconscious. Awakening later, she was startled by a bright light that seemed to come directly through the wall of the room. Slowly it came forward and stopped before her.

A voice began speaking. It told her that her father could not recover, but that she would be given a mission in life that was very great.

"You are to give to mankind the science of Entherology," she was told.

Remarkable, indeed, are the experiences that have come to Mrs. Hutchinson since then, and most of them can be verified by the testimony of other people. A recent one came when her daughter, Janet, was in the hospital. In the evening the surgeon in charge told Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson to go home and rest.

"It is not serious," he assured them, "and you have nothing to fear. At six o'clock in the morning we shall take her into the operating room, and you can come back then."

The parents went home, but Mrs. Hutchinson was unable to sleep. It was nearly midnight when she received a sharp warning.

"Go back to the hospital at once," a voice seemed to say. "Janet will die if you do not."

Mrs. Hutchinson spoke to her husband and told him what she had received. Usually he treats her entheric contacts in a joking manner, but he was serious now.

"You had better go," he decided. "Don't wait."

Going back to the hospital, Mrs. Hutchinson called an interne and rushed to her daughter's room. The unforeseen had happened, and Janet was near to death. The surgeon was summoned, but the interne rose to the emergency and saved the girl's life.

"What I cannot understand," the surgeon said later to the mother, "is why you came back to the hospital after I sent you home. It is one of those things we call a miracle."

[ Continued on page 79 ]

Benito Mussolini sights a gun. Diplomatic skill is predicted for him.

ACME NEWSPICTURES



# Century's Greatest Occultist

[ Continued from page 21 ]

revealing six different handwritings from the adepts. H. P. B. would have had quite a job, in the midst of the great pressure of all her other work, to have devised six types of writing to perpetrate a forgery.

After Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott left America, they went to India and later attracted the attention of some very prominent people on the European continent and in England. F. W. H. Myers, member of the London Society for Psychical Research, was convinced of the genuineness of phenomena produced by H. P. B., but later the society sent Mr. Hodgson out to India to make an investigation and report.

Hodgson never took the attitude of a true investigator, but rather of a skeptic in search of fraud, and so fell an easy prey to the revenge scheme of Coulombs. Madame Blavatsky had incurred the hatred of this couple, when they were dismissed from their positions at the society's headquarters, where he had been employed as general handy man, and she as housekeeper. They had caused much trouble by their dishonest borrowing and prying into people's letters and affairs.

Before leaving, however, and during an absence of Madame Blavatsky from her apartments, Coulomb built into her rooms a series of sliding panels, traps and holes, all devised to try to show up Madame Blavatsky's phenomena as fraud. The whole thing was so crudely done that the members, on finding it, were rather amused, never dreaming what condemnation it was to bring on their beloved leader. But when Hodgson, from the S. P. R. arrived, he could not be convinced that these clumsy devices had not been in the apartment when Madame Blavatsky left.

Not satisfied with prejudicing the S. P. R. the Coulombs tried to convince

the authorities that Madame Blavatsky was conspiring against the government, and also turned over to the missionaries some fraudulent letters, purported to have been written by H. P. B. Had Hodgson taken the pains to study those letters alone, he would have seen through the revenge plot of the Coulombs, for the letters were those of an illiterate person, bearing no comparison at all to Madame Blavatsky's brilliant style of writing. The letters confessed to a number of frauds, which no charlatan would have admitted in writing, and then incurred the hatred of the recipient.

Hodgson's unfavorable report was made to the British Society for Psychical Research without giving Madame Blavatsky a chance to be heard or defend herself. It was a one-man report, based on an investigation carried on as an amateur detective would have done it.

Though this biased investigation brought a temporary loss of faith among some of her followers, it but strengthened the loyalty of those who believed in her. The great literature which she produced stands today a noble monument to this Russian woman through whom such strange forces manifested and by whom the Ancient Wisdom has been given to the world. Her books alone should be sufficient proof of the genuineness of her power to function in planes beyond the physical. She never claimed that they were her creations, but knowledge and information poured through her by her Indian teachers. Every year, more and more of the occult statements in these books are being verified by modern scientists and medical doctors as their researches bring them into knowledge which she received occultly years ago. In time this much maligned noblewoman will be justified before all sincere researchers.

## UNUSUAL OCCULT ADVISER

Is there a problem troubling you to which you cannot obtain a satisfactory answer by ordinary, mundane means? Are you seeking sincere, practiced spiritual help? Do you need advice in developing your own psychic powers?

The Reverend Doctor Evan Shea, pastor of the Sixteenth Branch of the Spiritual Science Mother Church, will answer the questions and problems of this publication's readers. And the best ten questions and answers will be published in the next issue of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE. If you do not wish your name, or only your initials, to be used, your confidence will be respected.

All you have to do is send a letter to the Reverend Shea, who is also a master of psychometry, in your own handwriting, care of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE Magazine. Be sure to enclose twenty-five cents in coin, to cover cost, and a return, stamped envelope. Coupon below, properly filled out, must accompany your letter.

Rev. Dr. Evan Shea,  
TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE,  
402 Corn Exchange Building,  
Minneapolis, Minn.

I enclose twenty-five cents in coin and a stamped, addressed return envelope with my letter. Please advise me on the problem concerning which I have written you.

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# Messenger for The Dead

By Edwin Bodin

*Midnight — the room was dark, the moon was full. The stage was set — for the American lieutenant to fulfill a mission for one from the Other World . . . .*

**Y**OU ASK me if I believe in the supernatural? Well, suppose you come with me back to a little town in France during the World War. It is St. Romaine, a mud-hole camp well behind the lines, known as the baggage depot of the A. E. F., or what some soldiers called "the lost and found department." If man or baggage or army equipment of any kind were missing, you'd look for it in St. Romaine. If you got separated from your outfit and didn't know where to search for buddy or regiment, you headed for St. Romaine, the Ellis Island of the American Army.

For two weeks I waited in St. Romaine for orders to send me to a new outfit after I had been transferred from the Sixty-eighth Artillery for further duty. I was a "casual" officer, lingering like a lost soul among a deluge of army routine.

I was billeted in a broken-down chateau outside of town, owned by an old French woman who never spoke or smiled. Her son ran a homemade still in the yard, where grape mash was made into raw cognac that looked like water but tasted like nitric acid. All day long the cauldron boiled, turning out litre after litre of beverage that only calloused stomachs of worn-out peasants could absorb. But it was legal—so the Madame and her son were not disturbed.

One thing I can say about the old lady—she gave me the one decent bedroom in the whole abode. The walls weren't clean, but the bed was good for decent sleeping. The feather mattress embraced me comfortably, and the feather spread covered me like a loving mother hen.

But if I live to be a hundred, I shall never forget the first night in that mystic room. Shortly after midnight I awoke. The room was not dark. The moon was full. In the corner of the room, near the foyer leading to the hall, stood a woman. She looked at me and smiled. She was about fifty, dressed in peasant clothes.

In French I asked her who she was. She said she was Blanche Vereau. Her voice was clear and soft. "I want you to give a message to my sister Theresa at Rue Prado in Marseille."

Believing she was some relative of the old lady of the chateau, and perhaps just

as queer, my impulse was to humor her. "But Marseille!" I said. "I don't expect to go there."

"You shall," said the woman. "Tell Theresa that I send her my love."

With that, she disappeared around the foyer. I got up to follow her, but she had evidently gone out the door. However, I didn't hear the portal close.

The next morning I asked the old lady about Blanche Vereau. She looked at me coldly, then shook her head. "Pay no attention to her." Then she closed her mouth and kept it closed.

I did not see Blanche again. Several days later I stood before the commanding officer at headquarters.

"I have your orders for you, lieutenant," he said. "You will report to Camp Covington, Marseille, at once. You were scheduled to go to Brest, but orders have been changed due to illness of Lieutenant Becker."

On my way to Marseille, I thought of Blanche Vereau. Was it mere coincidence? Perhaps she was some kind of a spy and that the message she gave me was a code. I would keep my eyes and ears open.

I reported to the commanding officer at Camp Covington. He appointed me mess officer of the north mess hall, which meant supervising the feeding of seven thousand men a day. It was a big job, and I was too busy to do much thinking about anything else.

Three days later I was taken down with fever, and so I reported to medical headquarters.

"You have the flu," said the doctor. And I was taken at once to the Base Hospital at Rue Prado in the heart of Marseille.

For two days I was delirious. They gave me nothing but aspirin and cognac. On the third day, my fever broke and I felt better. But I was too tired to read; so I lay in bed, just thinking. The man in the next bed to mine had died. They had just removed his body. Sheets were piled on his bed.

**A** FEW MINUTES LATER I saw a woman come into the ward. She looked at the sheets and walked toward them. She was evidently one of the cleaners, not a nurse but one of the French scrubwomen. She

picked up the sheets and was about to leave with them, paying no attention to me, when a nurse came rushing toward her. The nurse seemed angry. Speaking to the woman, she said:

"Theresa Vereau, how many times have I told you not to take those sheets until I tell you."

Theresa Vereau! I rose up in bed and repeated that name. The woman turned to me. "*Oui, Monsieur?*"

I told the nurse I should like to speak to this woman. The nurse, evidently believing I was sorry for the woman, left the ward.

"Theresa Vereau," I said, "I have a message for you."

She was strangely attentive. I watched her expression. No—she couldn't be a spy. Her face was too honest and kind.

And then I said it: "Your sister Blanche sends her love!"

Her eyes dilated. Her face went as white as the sheets she had dropped on the bed. She repeated my words:

"My sister Blanche sends her love? Oh, *Monsieur*, you make me so happy." Tears filled her eyes.

What was it all about, anyway? I wondered.

I asked her: "Why so excited? Couldn't she write you a letter?"

"Oh, *Monsieur*," she answered. "I thought my sister hated me—I caused her so much trouble."

But still I couldn't understand why her sister couldn't write her. And I asked again for an explanation, after telling her full particulars.

Then she smiled joyously. "But my sister Blanche, *Monsieur*—she died ten years ago in St. Romaine!"

\* \* \*

In June that year I was married by the Mayor of Marseille to a girl I had later met in Toulon. As we left the City Hall to confront a crowd of well-wishers on the street, I will swear on a stack of Bibles that I saw among the many faces—that of Blanche Vereau. She was smiling, too. But I couldn't stop to make sure of the vision.

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# Thirty Years With the Living Dead

[ Continued from page 27 ]

Spiritualism is thus different from certain other religions, Mrs. Cook points out. The body is a body, after all, a complex chemical-mechanical machine in which the soul lives for a while. To heal the body one must use chemical or mechanical means. After the body has served its purpose, of course, the soul passes over to the Other World.

Most of Mrs. Cook's séances are held in the dark. This, of course, is because the light rays often destroy the spiritual vibrations. There have been times when stupid, ignorant skeptics have come and suddenly turned flashlights on Mrs. Cook. And the results have sometimes been serious. She says that it works in this manner: it is as if you stopped the flow of current *out* of a battery without cutting the flow *into* it. Result: the battery burns. That is what happens when the outgoing forces are cut by the light rays. The medium sometimes becomes unconscious at once and is in danger or being killed by the intolerable accumulation of spiritistic energy in her body. During nearly forty years of séances, there have been many remarkable demonstrations of Mrs. Cook's mediumship. Some of these she herself has written; others have been told and retold by her grateful, and sometimes astonished, clientele. There is, for instance, the case of the troop ship.

**T**HE MEDIUM was awakened one night during the World War by a spirit uniformed as an American soldier. He informed her that the Germans had got hold of the sailing date and route of a troop ship that was scheduled to carry some thousands of our boys across the water. The enemy were planning, he told her, to blow up this ship. He gave her the name of a certain general and told her to repeat the message to him.

She got in touch with the general, half expecting him to laugh at her and turn away from her in scorn. Surprisingly enough, he listened to her seriously, and arranged for a postponement of the sailing. Subsequent investigation revealed that the Germans had indeed planned to mine this boat. The spirit in uniform thereafter visited "Medic" Cook often, giving her valuable military information to be transmitted to the general—who turned out, incidentally, to be of the Secret Service—and always the information was both sound and essential. It may be said, then, that thousands of American lives have been saved through Mrs. Cook's mediumship.

Now and then we hear of mediums who are so well "connected," as it were, that their materializations may extend beyond merely the features and bodies of the spirits. Mrs. Cook is one of these, and her now famous episode of The Roses illustrates the point very nicely. In this case there were five persons at the séance besides Mrs. Cook. The spirit then in the room was that of a little girl, the deceased daughter of a man and woman who were present. The spirit, during the conversation, suddenly appeared to have thought of something and excused itself, saying it had a surprise and would be back directly. It then vanished, and after a time a curious fragrance began to be noticeable—the odor of roses.

Presently the little girl reappeared, this time with a dozen fine roses, or rather, rosebuds, in her hands. She gave two to each person there, including "Medic," who was delighted to have been remembered.

ually clear, says Mrs. Cook. They are ready to see any spirit who may come to them. But frequently the new spirit is lost, confused. He doesn't know what has happened to him, and wanders about his corpse, or his grave, or his former habitation, until the other spirits rescue him and begin his spiritual clarification. Sometimes it takes a long while before he is ready to meet his loved ones. Conversely, the new spirit may be ready, and the relatives may be confused and spiritually unprepared for the séance. This, in fact, happens very frequently.

As was said, Prophet, another of the guides, comes annually to a séance for the purpose of predicting events of the year to come for the benefit of members of the Stead Center. Many people have asked Mrs. Cook why she does not publish these predictions. The medium's reply is both honest and characteristic. She does not publish them because of the sneering manner in

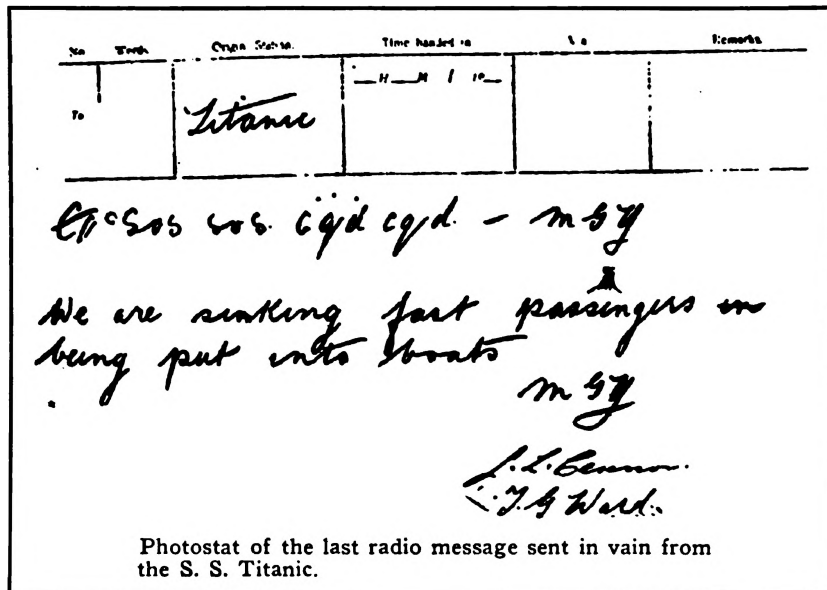
which so many people regard spiritualism. She does not want to be thought of as a fortune teller, and thus does everything in her power to keep her reputation as unsullied as possible. Only friends of the Stead Center may hear or read Prophet's annual prediction. Needless to say, they have always been both extremely significant and strictly accurate. Returning to the personal predictions, we find this very interesting case. One of the center's friends came one evening, and when the séance began, Pat was the first to arrive—this time with a most unaccustomed,

serious manner. He went straight to this man.

"You must take that insurance policy," he said. "You will need it for those you are going to leave behind you."

The man was frightened, of course, and begged for particulars, but Pat shook his head. "There's no point in telling you how and when. You'd only try to escape your destiny, which is impossible. But take the policy at your earliest opportunity."

This the man did. Two weeks later he passed over, following an automobile accident. His family of young children are now growing up healthy and strong and are being well educated—all because the guide, Pat, had given his warning and because the man had faith enough to take the warning without question and act upon it. A prediction was once put in rather obscure terms. A woman came to one of Mrs. Cook's sittings and was discussing her new baby with one of her



The next day Mrs. Cook carried these flowers from the spirit world to a nearby florist, who expressed astonishment as soon as he saw them. And why was he astonished? Because it was in the middle of February, and such flowers could not then be had for love or money in Chicago. Not yet satisfied, Mrs. Cook took her roses about until she had heard the same thing from several other florists.

One of the most important facts that Mrs. Cook has learned is that spirits more often than not arrive on the Other Side completely confused and ignorant as to why they are there, or even as to where they are. Indeed, there are many people in this life who are more spiritual by far than some of the spirits newly arrived on the Other Side. This is how she learned this fact:

Sometimes when a person has "passed over," the relatives rush in tears to a medium and ask to speak to the departed one. Sometimes these relatives are spirit-

guides. She said, among other things, that she didn't see how she and her husband were going to be able to afford to rear it properly. The guide replied darkly, saying:

"It will grow up to be a fine boy and will fill the place vacated by the others."

"This, thought the woman, was very strange. What was going to happen to her two others, her two daughters? She found out—they both passed on in less than a month after the séance. The woman's guide had predicted accurately.

Among the spirit doctors who advise through Medie Cook, the most famous is one Dr. Senn. His diagnoses have been in every respect as remarkable as the predictions of the guides. But sometimes, earthly physicians have been so unwise as to scoff at Dr. Senn's opinions, thinking that they were those of Mrs. Cook, since they could not see the spirit M.D. In one such case Dr. Senn diagnosed a set of symptoms as resulting from an inflamed

appendix. He urged an immediate operation. The practicing surgeon called it gallstones and set about at once to correct that condition.

When the boy's body was opened, that condition did not exist. The lad's mother then insisted on an appendectomy, and, sure enough, there was the trouble: a greatly enlarged appendix, badly inflamed and on the verge of bursting. The practicing physician looked at Mrs. Cook in amazement. There was nothing else that he could do under the circumstances.

Mrs. Cook, besides being one of the most sensitive mediums living, is probably the most idealistic. Yet the poverty she has from time to time been obliged to undergo strikes her as extremely unfair. She believes that her work is at least as important as that performed by doctors and lawyers—sometimes, indeed, more important, since she deals with the soul, whereas they deal only with material things.

## France's Psychic Savior

[Continued from page 11]

But King Charles, under La Tremouille's influence, delayed till it was too late. Then he made a retreat from the vicinity of Paris, and Joan of Arc grew fearful that all the things for which she had struggled would be lost. She decided to take to the field again, no matter where the king went. Her armies won several more battles, but nothing as startling as the brilliant victory at Orleans. She was handicapped by the disloyalty of her own supposed allies. These evil forces created a vicious circle that led her steadily toward the flaming stake.

As military defeat came, Joan of Arc began to lose prestige, and, when she felt her power and influence slipping away from her, she grew more and more anxious to reclaim them, not for herself, but to save her beloved France.

It was this desperate mood that prompted her to make a sortie on the Bergundian camp at Margny, across the Oise River, on May 24th, 1430.

To reach the enemy she and her soldiers had to cross a long bridge. Even at that the attack might have succeeded if traitors, acting on the orders of La Tremouille, hadn't informed the Bergundian commanders to look out for the "witch maid."

The attack failed. Joan of Arc, refusing to fall back till the last of her men had retired, was captured by the hostile Bergundians.

They sold her to the English and she was taken in chains to Rouen, headquarters of the English forces.

Now began the last act of Joan of Arc's stormy life, the period about which most is known in exact detail, and which has convinced even hardened skeptics that there was something extraordinary about the Maid of Orleans.

For she was brought to trial before a court of over sixty ecclesiastical judges, headed by her enemy Pierre Cauchon, former bishop of Beauvais, and including

Jean Lemaitre, vice-inquisitor of Rouen, Jean Beaupere, Canon of Paris, and many of the most diabolically clever prosecutors, examiners and police spies in France.

Pierre Cauchon, a wretched, sadistic man in the pay of the English, was out for her blood from the beginning. He was shrewd, enough, however, to know that the trial must look right. Otherwise, they might not succeed in defaming, slandering and besmirching Joan of Arc into utter obscurity.

The prosecutors and examiners, egged on by Cauchon, began bombarding the girl with malicious questions. They set sly traps for her, tried to get her confused, made every imaginable insinuation and asked every question the answer to which they thought might trip her up. They said she was a witch, a playmate of the devil. They cast doubt on her morals. They tried to infer that she was a loose-living shepherdess and a consort of soldiers.

THE FACTS of the trial have been preserved down through the centuries. Those facts show that Joan of Arc answered her accusers like one inspired. Several times, when she had evaded some subtle trap, or made an answer that showed startling insight for a young girl of nineteen, formerly a peasant, they asked her how she knew what she was talking about. Each time she answered:

"My voices told me."

So it is evident that Joan of Arc, a great medium, was sustained again by her psychic powers in the court where her reputation was to have been blackened forever.

Hour after hour, day after day, the trial went on, without breaking Joan of Arc's spirit or making her answers inconsistent. They even asked her to describe exactly what her visions looked like, and her simple, straight-forward answers put the judges to shame.

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She couldn't escape, though. She was like a white moth caught in a giant spider's web. Led on by the malevolent Pierre Cauchon, they found her guilty of sacrilege, profanation, disobedience to the church, pride, idolatry and witchcraft. The final charge was so long it had to be conveyed in twelve articles.

Then the most treacherous episode of the whole trial took place. The judges were now ready to condemn her, but they wanted to force an abjuration from her to discredit her in public sight. To that end they threatened her with torture if she didn't take back all her stories of voices and visions. They promised her freedom if she did recant.

She was still only a young girl, and very human. Once again the green fields of her native Lorraine and her father's cottage must have hovered alluringly before her mind's eye. She longed to get away from her tormentors to that peace and quiet again. So she recanted as the horrible torture instruments were held

close to her trembling flesh. And then the court slyly broke its word and sentenced her to life imprisonment, anyway.

Hearing this, Joan of Arc's momentary weakness dropped from her like a thin garment rent by a shining sword. She stated again that she had heard the voices, seen the visions, that her recantation and not her former testimony was false.

That, was the finish, the reaction perhaps that the judges had half expected. They ordered that she be burned at the stake. This was done on May 30, 1431, in the old market place in the town of Rouen, while a great crowd of people looked on. An eyewitness writes that, as the flames licked around her, she still called out brokenly that she had faith in her voices.

The executioner lulled the flames once and parted them to show the crowd that the girl was dead. They could see her pitiful charred body hanging there on the stake. When more wood was heaped on the fire to complete the work of crema-

tion, the people began to disperse, thinking they had seen and heard the last of Joan of Arc.

Mystic—Joan of Arc—Ten

BELL

They were mistaken, however. Her spirit lived on, reaching out of that unseen world from which had come those voices and visions. Her fame increased with every passing year. Her acts bore fruit. The spirit of a great nation was aroused. The English retired from the soil of France.

Twenty-five years after her death even the church had helped condemn her acknowledged its terrible mistake. Pope Calixtus III had the points on which Joan of Arc had been condemned reviewed and found that all the proceedings of her enemy, Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, were null and void.

Strangely, too, there are well-authenticated records showing that most of her judges, including Cauchon, came to sudden, unhappy ends, as if their actions on earth had offended the powerful forces in that unseen world beyond.

## Prince of Mystery

[Continued from page 30]

soon the room was in total darkness except for bluish-white vapors in the upper air. When the candles were lit again, the six guests found themselves alone with the count. The séance had ended.

COUNT DE CAGLIOSTRO'S powers of clairvoyancy were very sharp at all times, but particularly so during these Paris years. Sometimes he used mirrors of polished metal, sometimes a globe filled with clarified water.

Once he was visited by the Countess du Barry, the aging favorite of the late King Louis XV, and one of the great beauties of former years. du Barry came to him to learn what the future held for her. Cagliostro considered her in deep silence and then shook his head. Perhaps it was not wise for Madame to know the fate that lay ahead. Perhaps it was good to be ignorant of these things. Madame du Barry, however, became insistent. Cagliostro sighed and handed her a mirror. She studied it intently for a few moments and then fainted dead away.

What had she seen? If it was the future, she could have seen only one thing: the streets of Paris packed tightly with a howling, frenzied mob; a tumbril bumping over the cobblestones toward a mounted guillotine in the square; and on the high platform the shrieking struggling image of herself, forced by the brutal terrorists to lay her head beneath a knife dripping with the gore of France's aristocracy, a knife which fell suddenly with a sickening bump to the bottom of the shaft. Reaching into the basket, someone held up a head—Madame du Barry's head—for all to see. The crowd roared. . . .

When she was finally revived, the count ordered his servants to assist the trembling woman to her coach. And a few years later the countess did indeed fall a victim to the Reign of Terror, and was fed, like so many others, guilty as well as innocent, to the voracious guillotine.

The fall of Cagliostro is one of the most fascinating stories of modern history. He himself was innocent of any part of the intrigue which led to it, but the consequences were such that they led straight to the outbreak of the Revolution, and involved a prophecy of extraordinary interest.

Briefly, this is what happened. Prince de Rohan for some time had been bestowing his amorous interest on a certain Countess de la Motte-Valois, a woman who, though beautiful, was also greedy for money and unscrupulous in her methods of getting it. A few weeks of intimacy with de Rohan revealed to her his ambition and his point of weakness: she discovered that he desired to influence Queen Marie Antoinette and thus rule France, through her, as Richelieu and Mazarin had done before him. So she preyed upon this ambition of his and developed an intrigue that even today is a striking example of sheer monstrous audacity.

Knowing that de Rohan was at that time out of favor with the court, she pretended to be an intimate of Marie Antoinette. She pretended to carry de Rohan's letters to Her Majesty and to bring back the royal answers. To do the latter, of course, she employed an expert forger. de Rohan was completely taken in. de la Motte-Valois became bolder. She found a young woman who resembled the queen and trained her to imitate Her Majesty, Austrian accent and all. Then, one dark evening, she arranged a meeting between the Prince and this girl.

At the end, de Rohan was sure that he was Marie Antoinette's lover, and put his entire confidence in the unscrupulous countess, who now was ready to play her trump cards. At this point we hear of the famous diamond necklace.

This was a glittering collar of perfect gems, which the late King Louis XV had

ordered for Madame du Barry. But he had died before it was finished, and du Barry, of course, was in no position to buy so costly an article worth some \$350,000.00. Then its maker, the jeweler Boehmer, tried to sell it to the new queen, Marie Antoinette, but was turned down. The queen said that it was far too costly for France to buy at this time. Boehmer, unable to dispose of it, was, of course, threatened with bankruptcy. And then came Madame de la Motte-Valois, who was determined to possess the now notorious necklace.

She forged another Marie Antoinette letter in which she told Prince de Rohan that the queen was purchasing the necklace for herself and that, as she was temporarily embarrassed for money, she desired him to stand security for a week or so. de Rohan was delighted to be of service to Her Majesty—and signed the note. Madame de la Motte-Valois then obtained the necklace from Boehmer, and, of course, vanished.

BOEHMER waited for a time and then approached the queen, who laughed in his face. He went to the king, Louis XVI, who denied all responsibility—and then, of course, they all went to Prince de Rohan. Now the cat was out of the bag, and the scandal rocked the nation, which was already deeply stirred up against the costly luxuries of the court and the nobility. The court ordered wholesale arrests in order to prevent an open revolt. Madame de la Motte-Valois was captured and brought to trial. She became desperate and blamed everyone she could think of—including, for no reason at all, Count de Cagliostro.

To protect itself, the court exiled de Rohan and threw Madame de la Motte-Valois and the Cagliostro's into the Bastille. The count, of course, was acquitted in the trial—but until then he had been

forced to suffer nine whole months' imprisonment in that abominable fortress. It was at this time that he wrote his famous "Letter to the People of France," containing a prophecy of the Fall of the Bastille, that bloody event which marked the beginning, in Paris, of the French Revolution. In his letter, Cagliostro said that the great pile of the Bastille would be leveled, and where it stood, there would be a public promenade. The prophecy came true and is true today.

On his acquittal he was ordered to leave the country forever. The court, smelling the coming smoke of the Red Terror, was trying to rid the land of everyone in any way connected with the scandal. Cagliostro's star had set. In Rome he was captured and tried by that arch enemy of the occult, the Inquisition. He was imprisoned in the impregnable Fortress of St. Angelo, and that was the last he was ever heard of.

Thus mysteriously he went, having mysteriously come in the first place. Many have sought to blacken his name, for there have always been enemies aplenty to attack those rare personalities, the true instructed occultists. In the case of Cagliostro, the blame—as Ralph Shirley, the eminent British scholar shows—must be laid directly to a cheap, hired minion of the French court, the journalist Theveneau de Morande. This de Morande hunted about and discovered a Sicilian criminal by the name of Joseph (or Giuseppe) Balsama, and sought to prove that he and the Count de Cagliostro were the same.

And although there never was a jot of real evidence, a surprising number of otherwise intelligent people have swallowed de Morande's bait, hook, line and sinker. Even the great Thomas Carlyle believed such drivel. But not Alexander Dumas, père, author of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Three Musketeers." Dumas, himself a noted spiritist, was able to distinguish between facts and propaganda. He is one of the few writers who has sought to give a fair, unbiased portrait of Cagliostro to the world. Those who are interested in reading Dumas' superb reconstruction of the great psychic—and not only Cagliostro, but his whole era as well—should ask for the two volumes entitled "The Memoirs of a Physician."

**T**ODAY the visitor to Paris will find the house still standing in the Rue St. Claude where Cagliostro lived and worked and displayed phenomena such as the modern world had never seen, nor has seen since, for all of that. The glory, of course, has vanished now for many decades. The fashionable life of Paris has moved many times, ever farther from this old, weather-beaten house.

But it is nevertheless a place where the imaginative visitor can pause and find much to dream about. And if the visitor has psychic strength, perhaps he can urge forth from the shadows the forces which still remain.

## Camera Ghosts

[Continued from page 25]

full white gown was girdled loosely at the waist. Indianlike, she never spoke. And with all the grace of an Indian, she walked about the room, deliberately posing herself for the sitters.

"Why don't you grab one of those things?" skeptics ask. It has been done, and there are cases on record of the medium nearly being killed. Dr. Tomson, the medium's husband, in explaining why certain precautions have to be observed, described an unprecedented happening which he said was on record in the psychic annals in Chicago. A séance was in progress when some unexpected happening outside the room roused Mrs. Tomson from her trance in the cabinet. Half dazed, she emerged from the curtains and collided with one of her own materializations. Instantaneously, her whole body lighted up, glowed transparently, so that every bone was visible as in X-ray, and, at the same time, the figure melted to the floor and disappeared in a purple puff. The room took on an odd odor, seeming to have some relation to a short circuit. Mrs. Tomson was left very ill for days.

These eerie performances at the senator's home continued for four successive nights and were attended by people high in various kinds of professions. An invitation was afterwards widely published for anyone to come and attempt to duplicate these performances by material means, but the challenge was never accepted.

An explanation given for the necessity of a dark cabinet for the production of such phenomena is that here this electrical force of ectoplasm is not so readily dissipated, just as it is said that all growth begins in the dark. Under such circumstances, a spirit wishing to manifest can, perhaps, clothe itself in this plastic kind of matter vibrating at a rate that makes it visible to our eyes. For example, when people talk over the telephone, they do not hear each other's voices; they hear impacts in the air close about them. A voice in the distance started electrical impulses which, in turn, traveled and stirred the air at the listener's end of the line into duplicate pulsations.

It seems probable that the analogy holds good; we do not see the spirits themselves; our eyes cannot react to the wavelength of the ether, which is supposed to be the spirits' medium of existence. What we see is the result of electrical impulses which they—in some way we do not yet understand—clothe themselves, having impressed their likenesses upon the extruded nerve stuff of the medium's body. And just as telephone or radio transmission is often faulty, so these materialized figures vary greatly in quality of clearness and outline.

It is believed that the forces of the sitters, as well as those of the medium, are drawn upon; and so the quality of the results at a séance seems to vary according to the sitters.

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# Psychic Guide Entities Critically Analyzed

[Continued from page 35]

sprinkled on the mask. I had been put on the table before the two men—Dr. Bender, and the dentist, Dr. H. N. Johnson, now of the University of Melbourne—had placed their instruments and the bottle of ether on the stand beside me. So I did not see those.

"After inhaling for a few moments I could feel myself struggling, so I let myself go and in a few moments was completely unconscious. When I awoke again, I was standing in the corner of the room, near the doorway, with two other people whom I at once recognized. One was the lady of my dream, dressed like a nun! The other was the doctor I had formerly seen with her in the dream! But I was not dreaming now, and, to my astonishment, I found that they were spirits and that I, too, was a spirit like them!

"Looking round the room I found that the walls were as if transparent. I could see through them and also through the closed door! I saw my unconscious body on the table and went over to look at the operation. Both Dr. Bender and Dr. Johnson were unconscious of my presence.

"Then the lady turned to me and said: 'You ought never to have had a general anaesthetic. You have mitral regurgitation! We warned you about that.'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I understand now, but I went to Dr. Bender and he said that my heart was quite all right.'

"'I know all about that,' she replied. 'We sent you to Dr. Bender because he has immense physical vitality, which we are drawing upon right now to keep you alive. Your heart trouble is masked. We had hoped he would find it, but even if you went to a specialist he might not have discovered the fact, unless he knew what to look for. . . . However, you are on this side of life, now—and we are not certain you will get back. But, of course, if you really want to, you can stay here.'

"During all this, I had no feeling of alarm, but was quite calm and detached. I could hear the conversation of the doctor and dentist. Strangely enough, I was

also aware of their thoughts before they spoke, so that the spoken word appeared like an echo. I noted the conversation, which concerned the probable price which the owner of a house, known to us all, would get for his property. Dr. Bender said:

"'He wants £3,500 for it.'

"Dr. Johnson replied, 'He'll never get it.'

"The most comforting thought of all was that I still had a body. . . . I looked into the mouth of my physical self and saw that the dentist was leaving the front teeth in the lower jaw. Dr. Bender then pointed to them and said:

"'What about these?'

"The reply of Dr. Johnson was quite lengthy, and before he had finished speaking, I saw Dr. Bender looking very anxiously at my body on the table. Then he said:

"'He looks like he has had about enough.'

"I must have stopped breathing, for just then the doctor acted alarmed and shouted, 'Breathe—breathe!'

"Somehow, although I cannot explain it, I managed to make my chest lift in the physical, although I was standing beside it. Then I noticed the blue-tinted ether bottle on the stand behind my body and saw that there was very little left. I thought they seemed to have used a large amount. At this point the lady who had been beside me said:

"'You will have to go back now; that is, if you can get back. We cannot help you; you must fight to get back yourself.'

"On my left there was a bright light, while on my right there was a dark tunnel of swirling shadows, into which, after I had said, 'I will go back,' I turned. There was a tiny light at the far end of this tunnel of shadows, and I struggled instinctively toward it, while shadows rushed past me. It seemed a long time before I managed to reach the light at the end. Then I became physically awake again.

"I was ill for several days after this,

and while Dr. Bender was visiting, I took the opportunity of checking up on the conversation and other details which I had observed while out of my body. I also got Dr. Johnson, at a later date, to corroborate this. Everything had occurred just as I had experienced it, and quite consciously, but exterior to my physical self.

"The whole experience was one of calm detachment. I knew that whatever I chose to do—return, or stay in the spirit world—I could have done, and that no harm would have befallen me. . . . A few days after the occurrence, my wife reminded me of her dream and told me how she had gone into the room, just after the doctors had finished, and saw me in exactly the same position as in the dream several weeks before. The triangular blood streak which had puzzled her so much was caused by a bloody fold in the sheet which lay against my cheek.

"Some months later, while undergoing a medical examination by a prominent medical specialist, he remarked that the beat of my heart was masked by a portion of the lung overlapping it. This confirmed, in part at least, what I was told by the spirit lady while out of my body."

There is a very interesting aftermath to the experience of Mr. Cole. Several months ago, while on a visit to England, he had a sitting with the noted clairvoyant and artist, Mr. Frank Leah. During the course of the sitting, Mr. Leah made a sketch and gave it to Mr. Cole, informing him that it was a sketch of his spirit guide whom he could see clairvoyantly.

On looking at the picture, Mr. Cole discovered it was an exact likeness of the unlike lady!

"I learned," said Mr. Cole, "that she is an Italian, who lived just prior to the time of Dante, and while not actually a nun, she belonged to a religious order of noble ladies of that period. She is a friend who is closely attached to me and usually comes at some critical time to warn me of danger and try to help me in some way."

## He Has Your Number

[Continued from page 31]

environment is somewhat uncertain and indefinite, and there is the possibility of something new showing up which you may not have taken into consideration. The divine purpose of the month is work and preparation in the face of change and new prospects. Your mental attitude should be that of service.

### NUMBER 4

The year seems to commence in a rather uncertain mood for you, and if in December it seems that you are enjoying a rather harmonious expression in relation to your home and family life, certain conditions commencing early in January

will make it necessary to meet changes and emergencies with a considerable amount of adaptability. Some new developments in the relation to the physical side of your affairs will produce the opportunity for change, making it a little hard for you to concentrate upon the more serious side of your work. Do not make too many plans and you will not experience so many disappointments. Take matters as they arise and keep an open mind until the end of the month, for unexpected things may prove to be beneficial in results. The divine purpose of the month is change. Your mental attitude should be that of unity.

### NUMBER 5

Facing a year which on the whole is quite changeable, January is a month of settled conditions for you. This indicates that while outer circumstances may present some unexpected things and an evidence of change, your own feelings and impulses will be steady, responsible and quite definite, showing the disposition to see things through to a climax. Try, however, not to make an actual change. This is a most excellent period in which to make an adjustment among uncertainties in your conditions and associations. Even if the arrangements may not prove to be permanent, the handling of serious mat-

ters in this influence will make the future months much easier. This is a wonderful month in which to set your mind for the possibility of changes which are indicated for the year. As you settle down in changing surroundings, do not accept too many heavy obligations. The divine purpose of the month is adjustment of changes in the face of the unexpected. Your mental attitude should be that of tolerance.

#### NUMBER 6

Certain beginnings along the line of adjustment will appear under the surface of January, but more important happenings should not be expressed at this time, for even the real beginning of the serious adjustments demands caution in your dealings with the financial and business matters and in relation to any associations of home and business. Show yourself capable of avoiding argument, because misunderstanding will be easy to find unless you remember this. Conditions which are not quite satisfactory should be tolerated for the time being, and you should be determined to take things as easily as possible, eliminating all fear in your thought and anxiety in your attitude. It is a good month for travel, for study and for preparation of future practical efforts. The divine purpose of the month is rest and subjective development in the face of change and the unexpected. Your mental attitude should be that of peace.

#### NUMBER 7

While January is the first month of 1939, it does not appear that the real influences of the new year come to you until March. The present month is for the purpose of applying yourself to the business in hand, taking advantage of any opportunities, either financial or social, or both; and the results will be to make January a rather successful month, and if in relation to any financial situations you observe a profit, it will be wise to take advantage of this and close up some commitments. The rather orderly activity of November and December can be continued and repeated for January and February of this coming year. The divine purpose of the month is material freedom and success in lines of change and improvement. The mental attitude to hold is service.

#### NUMBER 8

While being the first month in the year, you must not regard this influence of January as being the real beginning of the 1939 influence. You will find this month to be a rather general climax and fulfillment in many directions, which will all be suggested from and in unexpected ways. There is a very strong undertone which has something to do constructively with improved material conditions, but it can easily be February before the possibility reaches an expression outwardly. It will be better to enter the month with an open mind, ready to take advantage of all social opportunities, all business and professional chances that may be given to you, without fixing your mind too deliberately upon any one of these, relying upon the latter part of the month to bring more order out of

chaos and to give a more definite direction. The divine purpose of the month is complete expression in the face of unexpected change and improvement. Your mental attitude should be that of tolerance.

#### NUMBER 9

The year starts out with an exceedingly creative month giving you the opportunity to commence immediately to establish new conditions that are more to your liking or more in conformity with your ideas. Surrounding conditions are not very settled, still containing an element of chance, but this very uncertainty is the proper condition to provide you with the opportunity to dominate situations, to plant new ideas, to arrive at stronger decisions. It is not well to look for any definite gains or to carry through what you have in mind. Rather, it will be better to be content with planting the idea, making new beginnings and then leaving it up to the future months to develop and fulfill them. In meeting the unexpected you will have greater success if you endeavor from early in the month to make up your mind as to your direction for the next few months. The divine purpose of the month is creation in the face of change. Your mental attitude should be that of unity.

### Rasputin

[ Continued from page 47 ]

woman who had been the object of his visit. Yussopoff pointed to a small ikon, instead. When Rasputin turned, Yussopoff shot him in the back.

Even then Rasputin seemed like a man invulnerable. He walked toward the vestibule where he had left his coat as lead crashed through his body. The other murderers came downstairs. They knocked him flat, beat at his skull, fired more shots into his flesh. In their fear and excitement they bungled fearfully what was to have been a clockwork assassination.

There was still life in Rasputin's body when they drove him in a car to the Petrovsky Bridge and dumped him into the icy river. He was bound with ropes now, but his great hand slipped out somehow, came up bloody and awful, and ripped the epaulette from the shoulder of one of his assassins.

That was the mad monk's last grim gesture. It seemed to symbolize his contempt for the conventions of established Russian society. His mangled body splashed into the dark river, mixed with the ice cakes, disappeared from sight.

The assassins escaped punishment because they were protected in high places. But, just as the icy river water closed over Rasputin's head, so the bloody waters of revolution, following his murder less than a year later, closed over the heads of those who had killed him. And, as Rasputin had uncannily prophesied, the war's repercussions brought about the violent end of Imperial Russia and the utter collapse of the mighty Romanoff line with the assassination of the czar and his family.

## ARE YOU PSYCHIC?

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# Spirit Belief Sways Nations

[Continued from page 49]

I was examined by famous psychologists and psychiatrists. I was under constant observation. After much of this, they told mother:

"He is perfectly normal, mentally. In fact, he is far above the normal for his age. We do not know if the things he claims to see or hear are authentic, but we cannot disprove them."

Since that time my parents accepted the inevitable—and since that time my life started—as a psychic.

Since the first night Hannah returned, I have been seeing, hearing and feeling spirits. Since that night I have lived in the world, or realm, of spirit phenomena. I have been a person aside. I have been forced to live in a different world, but one I have found to be marvelous.

\* \* \*

In each issue of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE there will appear ten answers I will make psychically to a selection of ten questions from those sent me by readers of the publication. Here follow my answers to ten questions sent me last month, care of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE:

*Question*—What about that frivolous, thoughtless young person? Do you favor her?

*S. B., New York City.*

*Answer*—Your question is probably bantering. If I were to write disparagingly of her, you probably would not be pleased, for I do feel you respect her greatly. As I hold your letter I see a symbol—a picture of you and a young woman walking along a long road, hand in hand. It is cold. I see the woman put a large cloak over your shoulders. You smile in acknowledgement. As you walk more I see the woman hand you food. Again you smile, gratefully, and, holding her around the waist, you walk on. You walk into the distance, and I notice you gradually blend into each other until finally I see only one—the perfect one. The one disappears into the distance and the symbol ends.

This symbol is a very definite answer to your question. Rather than a frivolous young woman, the interpretation depicts the opposite. The road shows your outlook, your path of life. The woman with you indicates someone in your present life. Her handing you the cloak means a protective co-operation. The food means abundance. She will not be a responsibility, but rather, an asset, an ally. The blending of the two means perfect understanding. The two becoming the one means perfect fulfillment. I am completely in favor of this young woman.

\* \* \*

*Question*—When will I see my parents?

*L. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

*Answer*—I feel a great concern regarding your parents. After years of separation you are beginning to feel you may never see them again—alive. I do see you visiting your parents, but a long water voyage will be necessary. I do not see this jour-

ney until 1940. They are both well and tolerably happy. I notice in your letter you ask where you will see them. There is the hope you may be able to bring them to this country. I do not see them coming here. You will visit them in Europe. *Bon Voyage!*

\* \* \*

*Question*—And which man can I expect to marry?

*C. Gates, Cleveland, Ohio.*

*Answer*—The vibration with your letter is not a fulfilling one. I do not connect any existing friendship with your definite, permanent future. I do not abuse any existing friendships, but I do feel your marriage peace will come with new contacts, new associations. I do not see a marriage soon. 1939 will be more vital socially. Make it a point to cultivate new interests.

\* \* \*

*Question*—Should I continue my present type of work? Will it prove beneficial and worthwhile?

*W. E. W., West New York, N. J.*

*Answer*—I do not see or advise work changes. You are becoming restless in your present work for no apparent reason. After years of preparation and study you would put it all aside because you are bored. This would be a serious mistake. The autumn will be more active and busier, and when the winter comes, you will be glad and thankful you did not change. Your restlessness is basically caused by ambition. You want to hurry success. I feel your present type of work will prove to be a very satisfactory vehicle for you. Cultivate peace of mind and apply yourself diligently.

\* \* \*

*Question*—When will my business conditions improve?

*M. E. B., Paterson, N. J.*

*Answer*—I see a symbol of you walking through a vast desert. Many times you stop walking, look back, look ahead, hesitate, and continue walking. There is great uncertainty? But, you persist, and very gradually the sands become harder, trees and grass gradually appear, and soon I see you running through fragrant, abundant valleys. The sands are passed. The symbol interpreted means that sand is a sign of delays and difficulties. But you persisted in your walking, which means you must persist in present vehicles—business. Your entering the fragrant valley means overcoming difficulties; your running means soon or quickly. And so I say to you, the autumn will be decidedly better and the winter good for your business.

\* \* \*

*Question*—Will Ann keep her decision? Will she be happy or disappointed in it?

*Mrs. Z. Lewis, Chicago, Ill.*

*Answer*—It seems to me Ann has decided on marriage. I feel she will not waver in her decision and should not. She is entitled to her life, and she seems de-

termined to solve her problems in her own way. Her life will be fuller, richer and happier. I appreciate your concern in this matter, but I belittle your fears. Her happiness will be your joy. Her peace will be your satisfaction. I do not see disappointment in this decision.

\* \* \*

*Question*—Will I always have to work?

*H. E., New Orleans, La.*

*Answer*—Your letter brings a wistful vibration. I do not presume you are lazy or incompetent, but rather, yearning for your own life and a chance to express yourself in the way you like best. That's quite natural and human. Basically, you are not a career woman. Your *forte*, your vehicle, will come with your love and marriage life. That is why you wonder when this everlasting job will end. I feel that 1939 will bring marriage beginnings and voluntary job endings. You are going to retire to a new career—domesticity. Good luck!

\* \* \*

*Question*—What are my health prospects for the coming winter?

*E. D., Kingston, N. Y.*

*Answer*—It is apparent to me from the vibration of your letter that last winter was difficult for your health. I do not see such an outlook for the coming winter. While I do not see any health issues, if you have any doubts, why not visit a doctor? I do not and can not prescribe medically.

\* \* \*

*Question*—Will my husband be elected?

*M. M. K., Los Angeles, Calif.*

*Answer*—I see a symbol of a flag floating in the winds. This is definitely a symbol of victory. Yes—is my happy answer. But this is only the first step. I feel the coming years will bring more flags, more victories. I feel happy and anticipatory about his outlook. All is certainly well for him—and you.

\* \* \*

*Question*—I am thinking of writing to F. regarding a connection. How will he react?

*Anxious, St. Paul, Minn.*

*Answer*—I see a symbol of two hands clasped together—a handshake. Although F. represents a past connection, I do feel your present status with him is excellent. Just as he respected your ability in the past, so I feel he appreciates the memory of it today. He will answer your letter almost immediately and will be willing and able to help you. You had a friend in him during the past. This friendship has never ended and will be renewed.

In his next article Rev. Shea will tell you about his introduction to the world of professional psychics. He will describe the fascinating adventure of his first public work in the field of metaphysical science.

## After Death

[Continued from page 15]

this side or on that—yet those “on the other side” are quite willing to accept the suggestion that their bodies, which to them feel so substantial, and all the surroundings in which they exist, are related to the thing which we here call the ether, very much in the same way as they used to be related to the familiar thing known as matter.

That ether is a very substantial entity, far denser than any form of matter, has been gradually becoming clear to physicists. At first we only said that it must be denser than lead or gold or platinum, but now we find it must be out of all proportion denser. I have made an estimate of its density, in the light of electro-magnetic theory, and it comes out inevitably huge. Every cubic millimeter contains as much substance as what, if it were matter, we should call a thousand tons. As the ether is not matter in the ordinary sense of the term, our ordinary units of measurement are inappropriate; but on the analogy of matter, the ether is of the order a million-million times as dense as water. All its properties are of supernormal magnitude. Its rate of vibration which enables us to see any ordinary object is five hundred million million per second: a number so great that to try to conceive such a number of vibrations per second simply dizzies us. The number of seconds which have passed since ancient geological periods of twenty million years ago is about this number. Yet we familiarly make use of these vibrations. Our wonderful organ, the eye, is constructed so as to cope with them, in the easiest possible manner. And most people are ignorant—as ignorant as are the animals—of the strange ethereal environment amid which we all live, and of which the vibrations convey to us so much information, and awaken so keenly our sense of beauty.

Until instructed, we can hardly help thinking of matter as dense, and of ether as tenuous, but that is a poetic illusion associated with the term “ethereal.” It is an illusion based on the testimony of our senses, which, as so often happens, have to be corrected by deeper insight into the real nature of things. Matter appeals to us so strongly, not because it is anything but a gossamer-like or milky-way existence in the vast continuity of ether, but because our obvious bodies are made of matter, and because our animal sense organs are specially adapted to existence in association with matter, and give us information about nothing else. Even light, which we know is an ether vibration, tells us nothing about itself without study; what it tells us familiarly is—not about light, but—about the material objects which have emitted or scattered or differentially absorbed it. We get this information by lifelong, indeed age-long, inherited and instinctive experience. We interpret the luminous indications without difficulty, and we forget the strangely complex nature of the processes which underlie all our channels of information; we only find

their true nature out when phenomena are fundamentally analyzed and seriously cross-questioned. When we have pursued this line of investigation for many years, we find that the important thing in the physical universe is ether, and that matter is trivial in comparison. Yet we can freely admit that matter takes such splendid and beautiful forms that it is worthy of the continued study of generations of scientific men; and we need not wonder that they become so enthusiastic over its properties that they are able to imagine it the sole reality in existence. That, however, is a mistake; it constitutes a mechanism actuated and wielded by mental and spiritual power, which is dominant and supreme.

## Penpoints of Fate

[Continued from page 37]

Mystic—Penpoints of Fate—Three BELL with regularity. His single letters are perfectly formed with excellent craftsmanship. No detail is overlooked. From this we gather that the man who gave us the victrola and the electric light was a tireless worker, a stickler for details, a systematic and methodical worker as well as a fine craftsman.

So much for the scientist. Edison, the man, judging from his vertical writing, was a reserved person by nature. He preferred to be by himself more often than in the company of others. He was self-sufficient. The even baseline describes Mr. Edison as a man of even temper and a stable character. He loved order, consistency, regularity in life as well as in science. Lastly, if anyone was ever under the impression that scholars rarely have a sense of humor, he will be delighted to observe the array of humorous “i” dots in Thomas Edison’s charming handwriting.

## Special Notice!

The editors and publisher of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE are eager to receive manuscripts written by believers in spiritualism and psychic science from all over the country.

However, since hundreds of manuscripts submitted for consideration are continually pouring into the editorial offices, no responsibility can be taken for unsolicited scripts; but every precaution shall be taken to safeguard manuscripts accompanied by return postage and self-addressed return envelopes.

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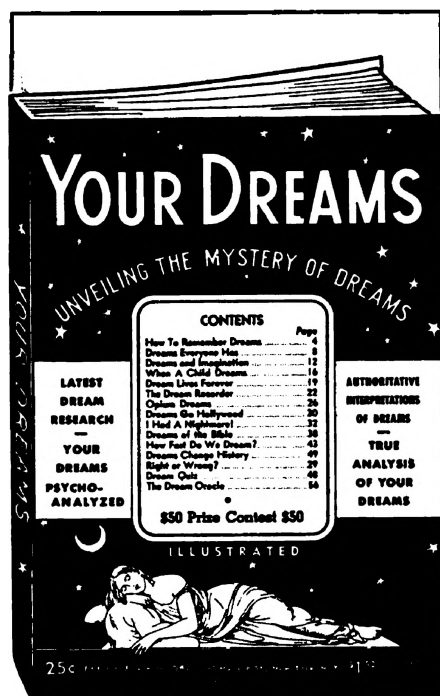
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## Ghost Parade

[Continued from page 59]

able accuracy as white light, yet there was no color that was completely absent. At the point of origin the hazy patches of light seemed whiter, or bluer, and as the figures became organized into definite shapes and grew rapidly, their white radiance seemed to take on a redder tint.

For an instant I looked over my shoulder, and the figures above me and a little beyond appeared to have a distinctly pink tint. The tops, or head portions of the figures were more brilliantly luminescent than the lower portions. The upper parts seemed bluer and the lower parts redder.

The spectacle in front of me kept me completely fascinated so that I delayed too long in looking behind me to see what became of the two lines of moving figures. The brief look over my shoulder revealed that the figures in that section were not only redder, less luminous, and larger, but appeared less dense and more transparent. If this change continued at the same rate, the figures would have dissolved into black nothingness in a relatively short distance. It is a matter of keen regret to me that I did not get a good look straight in back of me while the spectacle lasted.

I had no means of timing the spectacle, but I estimate that it lasted a little longer than one minute. As with all physical phenomena, one is never prepared for what happens; and any formal observations that are made have to be organized on the spur of the moment and have to be carried out with no other facilities than the senses. The awe-inspiring character of this spectacle was a distinct handicap to the making of formal observations, and the time available, one minute, was a severe limitation. One-third of this time was lost in being just plainly surprised in a non-professional way. My body was tingling, and that required some observations apart from what I was visualizing.

I did not make a count of the number of figures in the procession, but one of the observations I made was that of my pulse beat—not timing it, however, as I could not see a watch, but ascertaining if it was normal.

I noted that a figure passed me in each line at the rate that was a little faster than one figure per pulse beat. As my pulse rate is approximately seventy-five per minute, this would mean that nearly seventy-five fully-formed figures passed me in each of the two parallel rows of the procession, or a total of nearly one hundred fifty figures.

There is one test I should have made, and if more time had been available I would have made it, and that was closing my eyes to determine if the visual effect continued just as when my eyes were open. This test would have given some indications as to what part the eyes played in what I saw. For example, if I closed my eyes and the spectacle continued undiminished, the deduction could be made that I was not seeing with my eyes, but was

experiencing some sort of extra sensory perception, or more briefly, that it was all an hallucination.

There is, however, another observation which, I believe, eliminates the hallucination or extra sensory perception hypothesis. If it had been an illusion constructed in my own mind without controlling outside stimuli, I would have seen the same picture, no matter in which direction I looked. This was not the case, however, for the spectacle operated on the space co-ordinates of the room. It was a long, narrow room. The procession had its origin at the far end, where the medium was seated, and moved down the center of the room above the heads of the audience, or sitters. The view seen looking in any direction was that which would be gotten of real objects in the room.

**A**NOTHER factor also eliminates the hallucination theory. In my experimental work in the production of hallucinations in subjects, I found it impossible to produce subjective visions which contained elements outside the experiences of the person under test. Known elements could be assembled into combinations that would be far outside the probability of anyone ever experiencing them. But the subjects were never able to create a vision containing something they had never seen. I made a thorough, introspective study of my own past experiences and was never able to find any elements out of which I could have created this spectacle.

Likewise, there was nothing in my experience up to that time out of which I could have created the sensation of being immersed in a kind of rigid but elastic air, a sensation which lasted through the spectacle. Perhaps I should say "space" instead of "air." I felt as if I were immersed in a field of force such as surrounds an electromagnet.

Anyone who has seen the field of force surrounding a magnet as outlined by iron filings has a suggestive picture of how my body, in general, but my face and the backs of my hands, in particular, felt during the procession. I felt as if lines of force from the surrounding space were penetrating my body. I could feel in the skin of my face and hands their motion in space. The feeling was similar to that which one gets in the scalp if the hair is brushed the wrong way.

This experience was entirely new to me. It was entirely different from the goose-pimple sensation, which is very common to almost all persons having any contact with psychic phenomenon, and to which even the experienced psychic researcher is not always immune. Since that time, however, I have had opportunity to sit inside mediums' cabinets, and at other times, to place my hands inside the cabinets during phenomena, and have experienced "stiff air."

I might add that I am not at all psychic and have never produced phenomena, but mediums are desirous of having me sit in

their circles because "I am a good battery" and the phenomena is always better when I am a sitter. I can contribute no information as to why this should be so, nor do I know that it is so because I do not know of any means of comparing phenomena that take place when I am present with that which take place when I am not present. I am entirely healthy, have sound nerves, present no suggestion of a schizoid personality, and my blood gives a negative Wasserman. These facts should be important to those who would seek to explain the procession as a simple hallucination.

There is an important historical aspect to this experience. I learned of it through Dr. Gustav Eisen, former president of the California Academy of Sciences, the well known archeologist who identified the Chalice of Antioch, the cup used at the Last Supper. Dr. Eisen heard of my experience and asked me if I would describe the figures I saw. I drew a picture of one of the figures in the procession. When he glanced at it he said:

"That is just what I suspected. The figure you have drawn corresponds very closely to figures on early church vessels which are recognized as the representation of the Holy Ghost. I agree with the identification of the figures on the church vessels as the Holy Ghost, but I have often wondered why the representation took this particular form. Your drawing makes it clear that the symbol was intended to depict such a spirit as you saw."

While what we today call psychical phenomena were an important part of the ceremonials of the early Christian Church, they have a far more ancient history—an important part in the Roman religion that preceded Christianity.

**T**HE MAJOR GODS of the Romans may have been abstractions, or at least only seen by a favored few of the priests and seeresses, but the minor gods came within the experience of a great many of the people. Apparitions, spectres, spirits, ghosts, were a common experience and were accepted as something not at all supernatural, but were placed in a separate category from other living things and considered as denizens of another world to which all persons belonged, and not without connection to the material world.

The Romans called these figures "lemures" and recognized them as spirits of

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There will be established in **TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE Magazine** a directory wherein will be listed, alphabetically and according to state and city, names and addresses of churches and practitioners of all accredited organizations of recognized occult sciences. If you are interested in a listing for yourself, your church or your practitioner, write for full information as to how it may be obtained without charge.



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# YOUR CORRESPONDENCE SERVICE

Many of our readers have asked us to devise some means whereby they may become acquainted with one another, exchange ideas on mystical subjects and tell of their psychical experiences. We have thought a lot about it and have decided to inaugurate a department to be called Your Correspondence Service. We shall print therein letters received from readers asking that other readers write them, provided such letters so printed conform to the following simple rules:

1. Not more than 25 words, including your name and address but excluding date and this magazine's name and address.
2. Request correspondence with reference to ONE subject only, such as: psychic experiences, methods of developing your own occult powers, telepathy, astral projection, astrology, numerology, etc.
3. Your name and address will be printed as given, but we reserve the right to edit the letter so as to avoid use of unnecessary words.
4. The letter must be typewritten or in printed handwriting and accompanied by another letter to us telling who you are, your age, occupation, name and occupation of husband or wife, if married. This letter can be of such length as you deem necessary to give us sufficient information concerning yourself.
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the dead. They set aside a period in the middle of May as a time for their veneration and called it Lemuria. All of their temples were closed during this period, but at the homes the equivalent of our séances were held at midnight at which the heads of the houses offered sacrifices to the lemures.

Three general classes of lemures were recognized. The beneficent spirits were called lares, those neither good nor bad were known as manes, while the bad spirits were called larvae. The latter group would include what we call poltergeists, or mischievous ghosts. The equivalents of these classes can be found in the literature of practically all countries, ancient and modern.

Among the Greeks' equivalent of the larvae were underground or underworld spirits. They were the Chthonian dieties, as distinct from the upper world dieties or Olympian gods. The temples of the former faced east; the latter, west. The Chthonian dieties, or spirits, were propitiated with sacrifices, rather than worshiped. The whole structure of the Greek system of gods is based on the ratings of the denizens of their spirit world. Their demons, sometimes spelled *daemons*, were our well-known familiar spirits. The word demon did not carry the same connotation to them as it does today. They were not malevolent by nature. They could be entirely beneficent. The guardian angel is a more modern version of the same concept, or entity.

Our modern religions are derived from the earlier ones, which were based entirely on the experiences of worshipers with the spirit world. There was a frank acceptance of the demons, demigods and gods and their relationships to living persons. Today we have for our religions the empty husks of the reality of earlier years.

The worshipers in the temples of the gods of the spirit world in the early centuries were undoubtedly confused by subjective phenomena, which today we would label as the hallucinations of schizophrenia. Today many persons are inclined to go to the opposite extreme and confuse the unrealities of schizophrenia, or split mind, with the objective and entirely real psychical phenomena.

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## She Talked With Mars

[ Continued from page 64 ]

Mrs. Hutchinson did not tell him. "I wish I could have done so," she remarked to me, "but he would probably think I am the victim of hallucinations."

IT IS EASY to write of the experiences of Mrs. Hutchinson but it is not so easy to write of her work. She gave me several interviews and strove mightily to explain her ideas. Finally I attempted to sum it all up briefly for this article.

"What you seem to tell me," I said, "is that every form of life, both physical and mental, has a specific vibration. The banker is living in a different sphere of vibration from the lawyer, the physician, the farmer, the athlete, and so on. Lack of success in any field of endeavor is due in a large measure to the fact that we are not in attunement with this particular field. We are thinking the wrong thoughts and sounding the wrong words. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that is right."

"I can follow you this far, but your next theory is too deep for me. Is it possible for one to sound a certain combination of letters that will artificially place him in attunement with any business that he selects?"

"Yes, but I would not call it 'artificially,'" she answered with a smile. "I would call it intelligent attunement. You can select a combination of letters and speak them slowly, vibrantly a number of times, and you will see how thought and inspiration and hunches flow to you in the sphere you have selected.

"Can you give me the word that will make a writer successful?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, I will write out a number of these vibrations for you, and then you can see for yourself how easily it is to attune with the particular field in which you wish to operate."

"But, of course," I objected, "this is all pure theory. Has anyone tried this vibra-

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tion for a writer, or any other?"

"Yes, I have proved it, although I am not a writer. I know nothing of plots and characters and construction, yet see this!"

From a mass of documents she brought out the following newspaper clipping:

"Mrs. H. C. Hutchinson, who won the \$200 prize in the *Post's* amateur scenario contest Thursday, declares that her prize-winning story 'just wrote itself.' She sat down without an idea in her head, she declares, and suddenly the story just started unwinding itself. Mrs. Hutchinson collected her \$200 prize from the *Post* Thursday afternoon."

"That is one of the demonstrations I made with entheric attunement," she explained. "I had not the slightest idea for a story when I sat down at my table with a pencil. For nearly a half hour I vibrated aloud the word and number I had selected. Suddenly the story came pouring in, just as though someone was speaking to me. I wrote it down so fast I could scarcely read my writing later when I copied it."

She has a desk full of manuscripts which have been written that way. I looked over a number of them and became slightly familiar with her method. At random I selected one concerning *Eunza*, which Mrs. Hutchinson believes is a great gift from the Martians. It can be used, she claims, in all the various combinations that can be made with the letters, and each combination has a different meaning. To illustrate this, she again used the letters WPA. Shifted, they become PWA, which means something entirely different, but they are the same letters.

To obtain the various meanings, Mrs. Hutchinson sits at her desk prepared to write. Then she speaks in a low, vibrant voice the word EUNZA, and her pronunciation is not at all what one would believe. Presently the thought pours in, and she writes so fast that she is scarcely conscious of the meaning.

One of Mrs. Hutchinson's manuscripts is about the Martian people, with whom, Mrs. Hutchinson tells us, we shall learn to communicate before many years have passed. It tells of their large eyes, for they see much that we do not, and their tiny hands, for they toil but little in the physical realm. Long ago they evolved past the need for spoken or written language as we know it. They use symbols and telepathy.

WHEN Mrs. Hutchinson explains these things, a listener feels intuitively that he is hearing truth. At first I thought her ideas revolutionary in the extreme. Later I concluded they are not revolutionary at all. She has merely extended a known principle into a new realm.

In a late interview I asked her if she had worked out the prophecy concerning Hitler and Mussolini. The eyes of the world are upon these two men, and I was anxious to learn what she would say.

"I have shown you how I do these things," she answered. "Why don't you

work it out for yourself?"

"Mrs. Hutchinson," I objected, "you have told me enough to fill a dozen books, but please don't forget that you are in the position of a college professor trying to teach higher mathematics to one who doesn't know the multiplication table. It goes in one ear and out the other."

"Well, all right. I'll work it out this evening."

When I called on her the next day, she brought a blackboard into the living room.

"I am going to show you just how this is done," she began. "Last night I sat down to see if an inspirational message would come to me about Adolph Hitler. After vibrating the sound a few times I saw something just as though it were a vivid dream. There was a fence coming down to a sharp corner in the shape of a V. On one side there was a series of snow banks and gullies. Along the other side came a car. In attempting to turn the corner, it plunged off the road and overturned several times in the snow. Some people scrambled out of the wreck, and presently they came toward me carrying the body of a man. I looked at the face, and it was that of Adolph Hitler."

"Do you mean that Hitler will be killed in an automobile accident?" I asked.

"Most people would interpret the vision that way, but we must check with entherology and see what it tells us. That is the scientific method of verifying all such things."

On the blackboard she wrote the words *fence, car, snow bank* and *accident*. Then she worked them out in numbers. Her figures resembled a formula in higher mathematics when she finished. In a prominent position was the number 39.

"Now there it is," she explained. "That is all I know about it, and perhaps you can interpret it better than I. It seems to me that the meaning is this: Hitler, with ambitions that are too high for him, will strive to attain the unattainable. His position is something like that of Lucifer:

For thou hast said in thine heart,  
"I will ascend unto heaven, I will exalt  
My throne above the stars of God:  
I will sit also upon the mount of the  
congregation,  
In the sides of the north:  
I will ascend above the heights of the  
clouds;  
I will be like the most High."

Yet thou shalt be brought down to  
hell,  
To the sides of the pit. They that see  
thee  
Shall narrowly look upon thee, and  
consider thee  
Saying, "Is this the man that made  
the earth  
To tremble, that did shake kingdoms?"

"Hitler's ambitions know no bounds, but they are not at all selfish. He believes it is for him to save Europe and the world. Yet he feels now that he is above treaty obligations and all other worldly limitations. He will fall in 1939. Whether this

means death, sickness, injury or the limitation of power I cannot say. The end of 1939 shows an extreme weakness so far as he is concerned. If he survives 1939 he may become powerful again in 1946. That is as clear as I can make it."

"It is clear enough," I assured her. "Now what of Mussolini?"

AGAIN she told of the mental picture concerning him. There was a white bird with a black crest, a pavement swept clean, tall spires of great beauty, flames darting through the scene, sheeted figures lying at the base of the spires, and a lion facing the earth with a smug, complacent expression. A lion cub was at its feet. This it picked up in its jaws and gave a quick, almost vicious shake.

Then she took the words and worked them out on the blackboard according to her mathematical formula. Suddenly she turned toward me.

"What happened to Mussolini in 1916?" she asked.

"I don't remember. It seems to me he was either in the army or in jail."

"Well, wherever it was, 1916 was a vital year in his life. Part of this pertains to the past, part to the present and part to the future. You can look up the past if you want to and see if it checks. In the present, Mussolini is working out a new idea, the lion cub, and he will have to give it a lot of energy before he can bring it into being. His attitude will change. Instead of threatening and moving his army, he will attempt to achieve through diplomacy. His first object will be to placate Britain. He is withdrawing troops from Spain, but this is a mere gesture. His idea is to annex Spain later with British aid. He will make Britain believe he is doing a splendid thing. In return for Spain, he will offer them security at Gibraltar and in the Mediterranean."

"Will he succeed?"

"Yes. So far as Mussolini is concerned, all is light. With Hitler it is dark."

"Do you believe there will be war?"

"I do not see war for Germany, but the picture for Italy is one of flames, conflict. Whether this will be a major war, or merely one such as with Ethiopia, I cannot say."

Within the past few days I have told a number of friends something of Mrs. Hutchinson's work. The general opinion seems to be:

"Will she give me the vibration that will help me in my business? If so, I want it."

And that, says Mrs. Hutchinson, is the first step into Entherology. To redeem this fighting, suffering world of ours we must give up our present system of languages; this confusion of tongues that prevents us from building a spiritual tower into the skies. Many, many of our words set up a negative vibration. With the advent of Entherology, people will begin to speak constructive, positive sounds. Symbols will replace words, thought transference will come more and more into use, and Mrs. Hutchinson sees a marvelous era in the near future.

# Letters From Our Readers

[ Continued from page 54 ]

lights were dimmed. Once my husband noticed a very strong, unusual perfume. Often the maid and I noticed odors—frequently unpleasant ones. Some mornings we'd waken to find lights had been turned on in basement or attic after we had retired, and had burned all night. Drafts around the automatic furnace couldn't seem to be tracked down, and the heat bills ran up. One night the maid awoke cold and found her blanket rolled into a tight ball under the middle of her double bed.

Articles we had just laid down would disappear and, after long hunting, turn up right where we first looked for them. Even more astounding were the appearances of articles that didn't belong to us. Once a pair of dark blue silk gloves appeared on the living room sofa. I thought, of course, that they belonged to a girl there the previous evening. They didn't. They didn't belong to anyone we knew.

Also, one day an extra pair of manicure scissors appeared on the maid's dresser. Weeks later the same pair disappeared just as quietly and definitely as they had appeared.

I could write a book about our experiences in that house. As the maid said, "So much went on all the time you felt lonesome when nothing happened!"

However, the apartment we have moved into seems wonderful! No raps, no ghost! I had my astrologer friend visit it and check it before I'd move in. Do you blame me?

Mrs. T. W. Cook,  
1669 Columbia Rd., N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.

## THE BLUE MIST'S SECRET

IT WAS PAST the middle of the afternoon, and I was treating an elderly man, when suddenly I felt myself becoming rigid, said the masseur. The hand I was massaging dropped from my nerveless grasp.

A blue mist filled the room, obscuring the sunlight streaming through the windows. It clung to me and enveloped me like a shroud. Folds of haze hung like draperies from the supports of my quartz lamp, the light showing dimly through the opaqueness. A gray substance circled through the blue mist about me. Chills were running up and down my back.

Suddenly the light went out. I found myself gazing through an open door into a strangely familiar room. The haze lifted momentarily and I recognized my patient's room, a cozy room at the hotel where he was living while at the health resort where I practiced. I had been called to his room occasionally when he had been unable to come to my office for treatment, and I was familiar with the surroundings.

I could see that my patient had recently risen from his bed. He was only partially clad. Sitting in a chair he was putting on his left shoe, when suddenly his hand fell

and he straightened up against the back of his chair, sighed and slumped forward dead.

Slowly the blue mist dissolved, and I became conscious of my surroundings. As from afar I heard my patient's voice. He was saying:

"What's the matter, Doc? Are you ill?"

Recalled to my senses by his voice and the touch of his hand, I assured him that there was nothing the matter—merely a dizzy spell, no doubt brought on by my having eaten something at lunch which didn't agree with me.

However, I did take the precaution to send my patient to a clinic for a heart test. It showed that he was in good condition.

The next morning when the hour for his treatment drew near I felt singularly uneasy. I could not shake off a strange feeling of foreboding. I had a bad case of nerves, an unusual thing for me. The psychic scene of the previous day hung over me like a cloud. I had been unable to sleep, and had spent a restless night.

Unable to endure the suspense longer, I picked up the telephone. As I lifted the receiver a friend burst into the office and cried: "Too bad about Mr. Blank!"

"What's the matter? Is he worse?" I asked mechanically. Even while I was asking the question I knew the answer.

"Worse! Why, he is dead!" my friend cried. "He died while dressing this morning. They found him sitting in a chair

partially dressed. He evidently had been in the act of putting on his left shoe when his heart went back on him. He was slumped over in his chair, dead, the shoe held tightly in his hand, when they found him."

The scene is as vivid in my memory as when I saw it that day many years ago. I can not explain it. I only know that it happened.

Anna Carlson,  
407 S. Chestnut St.,  
Lindsborg, Kansas.

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# THE TRUTH ABOUT PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

By Hereward Carrington

**I**N EVERY other science it is generally agreed that only the experts, or those who have devoted a considerable portion of their lives to the investigation of the subject in question, are entitled to an opinion upon it. Curiously enough, how-

ever, the newspapers and the general public seem to feel that every Tom, Dick and Harry is entitled to give his opinion upon matters psychic, and that this opinion is just as valuable as that of one who has devoted his life to these questions. This

is probably due, in large part, to the conviction that psychic phenomena are really non-existent; that they are all due to fraud, illusion, hysteria and mal-observation. Of course every student of the subject knows that this is a totally false assumption, and that psychical phenomena exist just as truly as chemical reactions exist. The *interpretation* of these phenomena may be another matter, and concerning that there is room for legitimate differences of opinion. But as to the facts themselves, there can hardly be any question.

It is true that there are many who style themselves psychical researchers who are not such in reality at all; they are mere credulous spiritualists of the most unthinking sort, with no discrimination or judgment whatsoever. Confronted with a palpably fraudulent medium, they would probably pronounce him genuine! That is the sort of thing which hurts not only psychical investigation but true spiritualism also. At the other extreme, of course, are the scoffers and critics, who have probably never attached a séance or read a book upon the subject in their lives, but who nevertheless feel competent to lay down the law to others as to what they should or should not believe.

Between these two extremes are all grades of believers and semi-believers, but few of whom have prepared themselves for the scientific study of the subject, in the right manner. To be a psychic researcher, in the true sense of the word, one must have a good working knowledge of normal and abnormal psychology, biology, physics, chemistry, physiology, and the essential problems of philosophy. He must have some knowledge of laboratory methods, photography, and current scientific theories. He must have a thorough knowledge of the history and literature of the subject, so that its most important conclusions and cases are familiar to him. He must possess a knowledge of magic and conjuring in all its branches, and of the psychology of deception. This must be not only theoretical, but practical. He must be a good judge of human nature, its reactions and motives, and possess a sense of humor.

The psychical researcher must learn to discriminate, almost instinctively, between the probably true and the probably false. He must possess inexhaustible patience and perseverance, and learn to continue his investigations in the face of repeated disappointments, and on the other hand, without accepting seemingly inexplicable phenomena too readily. He must learn to correlate his findings and observations, and distinguish between seeming facts, actual facts and inferences from facts.

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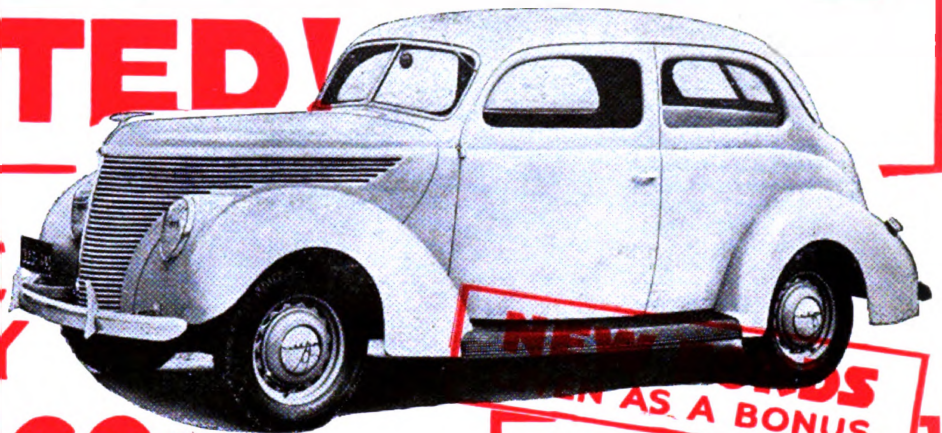
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Look in the box on the right! See how fast these men and women made money, according to their own bona-fide reports. Some of them even worked alone without any help from their husbands or wives. They used this same plan that I will now send you. You read it; then if you see the possibilities, I'll help you start without asking you to risk a penny of your own money.



## YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY

You can start a Coffee Agency and make money the first week. You don't have to risk a cent. I absolutely guarantee this. No experience is needed. You use your home as headquarters. You can build your business on my money. Full details of money-making plans are free. Send your name today for the free book giving all inside facts, then you can decide. Don't waste a minute as you might lose this opportunity through unnecessary delay. ACT AT ONCE.

**ALBERT MILLS, President**  
6572 Monmouth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

**MAIL COUPON** *Now*

### SEND NO MONEY—FREE

**ALBERT MILLS, President,**  
6572 Monmouth Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send your free book telling how to start a Local Coffee Agency in which a married couple (or a single person) can make up to \$60.00 in a week. I will read it and then let you know if I want to accept this opportunity.

Name .....

Address .....

(Please Print or Write Plainly)



