Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

EDITED BY LLOYD KENYON JONES

OCTOBER 1920

Features in This Number:

The Lost Street . . . . . Beth Ben Ali

Startling Photographic Results

Communicating Through Independent Writing

Faithful Keepers of the Gate

Communications Without Seances

Checking Up on Psychic Photographs

Is the Devil Dead?

Messages Through Psychometry

Daylight Happenings in These Forces

Wm. E. Hart's Message Corner

Numerous Convincing Spirit Photographs in This Number

25c A COPY PUBLISHED MONTHLY $2.00 A YEAR

A Message to Every Reader From Ella Wheeler Wilcox

This Is Run as an Advertisement because of the Nature of this Appeal from the Noted Author Through a Mortal Instrument

Mr. Lloyd Kenyon Jones,
Editor, "Communication."

Indian Springs, Ind.
Aug. 30, 1920

Dear Mr. Jones:

I am enclosing a message from Ella Wheeler Wilcox. She asks that I send this to you. I had several talks with her in Mrs. Gonia's seance room at Camp Chesterfield. She spoke there also of giving a poem to me in the future; said she would visualize and speak it when I was developed further. I fully expect this to happen in the future, but I do not know when. And as to my experience at camp: she urged me to do this there at camp—but I have been too busy to write it up.

Mrs. Wilcox's message follows:

Aug. 30, 1920—(From my guide Row-Slin): "Walter, Ella Wheeler Wilcox is here to give a message." (A pause) "Walter, I want to give you a message for Communication."

"The world is doing much to prove the continuity of life. I will say that very little has yet been done to what will be done in the future, some of it in the near future. We in the spirit-world are doing much to bring the world there to one way of thinking as regards life there and here. When we have accomplished it, the system of communicating will be simplified. Then all can have manifestations in their homes. The chemists on this side are busy and are already giving down some things, but it will be some time before it will be undertsood properly by those there, to become practical.

"There will be certain chemicals combined that will enable us to manifest to you in all the different ways we do now through the mediums. Lloyd Kenyon Jones of 'Communication' of Chicago is, and will be, the one to put this great work before the people. I know whereof I speak, and through your automatic writing I send word to him to forge right ahead in his work on 'Communication.'

"The spirit-world is with him and his co-workers, and will stick to him, for the uplifting and bettering of the condition of humanity that is so much needed there. We shall in the future give to him things of interest on this subject.

"The first thing for you to do, Mr. Jones, is to get 'Communication' in as many homes as you can. Try this plan: Have each of the present subscribers get one new subscriber, or more if they can. Every subscriber should do this free for the good of humanity. Put this, my appeal, to the people in 'Communication' for every one to see:

"To the readers of 'Communication': I appeal to each one of you that you have love enough for the good of your fellow-beings to get this magazine to some one who has never read it yet. Get at least one new subscriber, each one of you. Then advise them to do the same. Become a self-appointed agent for one new subscriber.

"Readers of 'Communication,' with all sincerity, I make this appeal to you from the spirit-world. Help us to help you. May the great and all-powerful forces be and abide with you.

"I make this appeal through the hand of W. E. McBride, one of my instruments, who is faithful and sincere in the work.

"Mr. Jones, I appeal to you to place this in the most attractive way that all may see it. I shall endeavor to give a poem in the future through this instrument to be published in 'Communication.' I have also asked Mr. McBride to give you an account of his experience at Camp Chesterfield. I frequently talked to him there. His experience will be of interest to others.

"May the divine blessing be with each of you now and forever.

"ELLA WHEELER WILCOX."

Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education

OCTOBER, 1920

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Spiritual, Physical and Material Help

There is some kind of help that you desire. You wish to be better physically, better off financially, or rich in spiritual understanding.

Every progressive medium in the United States today is preaching the gospel of the philosophy of Spiritualism. Remember that no matter how interesting the manifestations may be, the real help must come through the actual effort to live in harmony with natural law. You may sit in a thousand seances and still have poor health and little success.

It is contrary to God's Law that there should be showered upon you blessings of any description. The Law of Attraction, being one expression of natural law, has no exceptions.

There is a way to attract success—to attract health—to attract knowledge. You may go through life demanding and hoping and insisting—and yet at the end of your physical existence you may be poor in all of those things which are worth possessing. Instead of hoping in vain or commanding when your demands will never be met, it is better to learn the truth of this natural law and to harmonize with it, and realize the rewards which you seek.

Hundreds of diligent students have found from experience that the Oriental Lessons of the Stead Center have given them a better grasp on this law as it applies to their spiritual unfoldment, their psychic development, their health, their knowledge and their material gains.

The 1919 set of Oriental Lessons, consisting of twelve complete lessons, contains as much material as you would secure in three good-sized volumes. These lessons were printed, and punched to fit a looseleaf binder. They are convenient to carry in your pocket or bag.

The intensely interesting and instructive Questions and Answers are based on the diligent searching of hundreds of students. Many of the foremost mediums today are using these lessons in their classes, and are urging upon those who attend their circles, the necessity of pursuing a study that is productive of so much practical good.

The original price of these lessons was $10.00. If you will send $3.00 without loss of time, a complete set of these lessons will be mailed to you, prepaid, coming by parcel post. If you are not entirely satisfied with them, your money will be refunded. If you wish to send $10.00, you will receive the 1919 lessons and the 1920 series, which will end with the issue of next March. You then will be entitled to send in questions governing the religious, philosophical and psychic phases, and also regarding spirit conditions and physical health.

There is no book published that goes into these details so thoroughly. These lessons have been compiled for the purpose of instructing you. You may say that you haven't the time and haven't the inclination. If your entire concern is answered by a desire simply to witness the phenomena, remember that you will go through your earth-span of life without practical results.

This is a question that concerns your own interests, your own welfare, your own success. When you cross the boundary and go into the spirit realms, the only things that you can take with you are the possessions of your mind. That will be your luggage, and it will be helpful or burdensome according to its nature. Each day, every one of us is preparing in some manner for that long journey. Are we going equipped with an understanding and a desire to learn—or are we going weighted down by the unsatisfied material desires?

The best investment you can ever make is to send for these lessons. If you wish to have them sent for your examination, then send no money, but say: "Please send me the Oriental Lessons for examination." Keep them for a week or two, and then do your deciding.

Please add 10c to personal checks, and register all letters containing currency.

STEAD CENTER

533 GRANT PLACE CHICAGO, ILL.

MENDING BROKEN HEARTS

He was a big fellow—and of foreign birth. Big and accustomed to this world's knocks as he evidently was, his heart was breaking—and the break of a big heart is more tragic than a little break. Some loves are mild and indifferent, but other loves are as deep as the silent waters, and as forceful.

The "leetle fellar" had gone. God had called him home, and the prattling welcome no longer awaited the home-coming of "Pop." So Pop's little boy had gone to join the angel hosts, and the big heart of the big man was giving, giving, bending, breaking under the strain.

Only when we have lost, are we inspired to look for that which we have lost. Why search for something that never was set aside—that never was taken away?

He had heard about Spiritualism, and about a place where it was possible to go to talk with—and even see—the loved ones who had gone before. Maybe his little boy was there. Suppose he might be?

Thus it was that one night the big man sat in a materializing seance in Chesterfield—quietly waiting, and marveling as the forms came out of the cabinet; forms of all sizes, all shapes, all descriptions.

After many forms had greeted their friends, and good, old-fashioned kisses had bridged the gulf of bleeding hearts, a little voice came from the cabinet and said, "I want my Pop!"

"Oh!" the big man breathed. "Oh, it ees hees voice. I know! Oh, God, he has come back!"

They met on the borderland, before the cabinet curtains; the big man with the aching heart, and the "leetle fellar," who gazed up into the love-lighted features of the father.

"Come down here, Pop!" the little boy said. "Come, Pop, I give you kiss!"

The big man bent to his knees and the little arms encircled his neck, and kiss after kiss resounded throughout the seance-room.

"Oh, Pop, give me nickel!" the little one said.

"What you do with neekle?" the big man asked.

"I buy pop. I always buy pop with nickels!"

"Oh, yes, darlin', so it was. You always buy pop. Tell me, baby, how much you love your Pop?"

"I love my Pop a million dollars! Oh, Pop, I wanna other kiss!"

"My leetle fellar. Oh, you always say, 'Pop, give me neekle,' cause I wan' pop. Don' you say it, honey? You always say, 'Oh, I love my good ol' Pop a million dollar'! Oh, my leetle boy. You never wen' away none, did you? Your Pop, he cry so long for you. And did you hear heem, honey? Oh, sure, you hear."

" I love my Pop a million dollars. Don't cry, Pop. Always, I with you. I never go 'way. I come and play—and, Pop, each night when you come home, I there, too. I there, Pop, and I always say, 'Give me nickel.' Can't you hear me?"

"Honey, I don' hear you, but when I go back home, I know. Oh, yes, then I know. My leetle fellar. He leeves—like always—like always. Oh, thank God, He ees so good. He ees so good. He no tak' my leetle fellar away!"

And the "leetle fellar" babbled on, until the forces were gone, and the white form dissipated itself to the floor, but the spirit—the God-given soul—was there. Death had not taken that away, nor had the grim reaper stilled the little voice, or the great love that beat in the little heart.

The big heart did not break. It began to mend. It took new courage. Whatever might betide, it was certain that—when the long, long journey should be undertaken—on yonder shore, there would be a pair of baby arms, and there would be a gleeful call from baby lips, as "Pop" was welcomed home!

This is the business we Spiritualists are in—bringing back the truth to bleeding hearts, and mending the hurts that the old fear of death has made so numerous. And many are there who say that we are sinfully wrong. But some day—and we hope it may be long deferred—they, too, will wait anxiously at the gate, hoping that some loved face will be seen, and that some dearly beloved voice will be heard.

The waiters and watchers are many, but the gate-keepers are few. Steadily, against all opposition, the workers on the Brighter Side are doing their best to bring to mortals the knowledge that God never would bring beautiful love into existence, only to crush it out with the passing of the soul from its earthly temple.

Throughout the world are many millions who never would be done with their thanksgiving, if they could see the faces of those dear ones who have gone before, or hear one whispered word from those loved lips.

To some, the evidence will come only when their physical eyes have closed upon the earthly scenes, and their spiritual eyes have been opened to the reality of spirit. Many who boast of their education, are still in darkness, compared with the big man who knows—the man who has seen and talked to his "leetle fellar."

And if all the world were offered for that memory, the big man would spurn the offer, because so long as he treads these earthly trails, he will know that he heard that little voice. He will be cheered along his way by the knowledge that:

"Pop, I love you a million dollars!"

Very sincerely yours, Lloyd Kenyon Jones

981-991 Rand, McNally Building. Chicago, Illinois. Editor,

A Spirited Meeting

By Florence Belle Anderson

Parson Jones was *Very Holy*, so they say;
He was very near the Kingdom, so he said;
I have heard my mother tell how he would pray
In a voice that shook the rafters overhead.

"I am just a stranger here," he'd say, and sigh,
Then the brothers all would snuff and say, "Amen!"
And the sisters all would wipe a tearful eye,
Thinking, Oh! how very holy he has *been*.

"Could we tear the veil away," he often said
"Oh! What *wondrous* things our beaming eyes would see:
All the dear ones, that our mortal lips call dead
Would be with us! Oh, what *glory* it would be!"

Just by chance, one night a noted medium
In the congregation sat, and heard him preach,
And he thought "Now is the time for things to come,
There's a lesson that our spirit friends can teach!"

Parson Jones was heated up—he waved his hands
And he shouted—"Brethren, spirit friends are here—
In this room—they've come to us from heavenly lands
Though we cannot see or touch, I know they're near."

All the time, the medium was sitting still;
Some one looked at him and said, "Well, he looks queer!"
And just then without an effort of his will
He invited spirit forces to appear.

A voice said, "Parson, do not be surprised;
At your urgent invitation, we have come."
Then the parson's mother soon materialized;
He gave her just *one* look, and he was *done*.

His jaw dropped down, his flesh began to crawl,
His eyes looked wild, and started from his head;
The congregation was the same, they all
Were terror stricken by the *living-dead*.

They rushed pell-mell and scampered through the door
The medium alone remained inside;
Too well he knew, for he had learned *before*
We say, "Our Dear Ones *live*"—but *think* they died!

The Lost Stick

A Vision of the Past and Its Errors, and the Good that Followed

By Beth Ben Ali

Today's fruitless effort, doubt, fear, or illness may be a payment for some past wrong. Is it not forgiveness if we are given another chance? Why should we expect to escape payment of our honest debts? We ask to be forgiven, but if we seek to pass from our souls all responsibility, how shall we progress? The sincerest prayer is, "Father, give me another opportunity; help me right the wrong I have done, and overcome my errors!" We may accept this story as typifying a vision that carried with it an awakened memory—a memory of broken hearts and great wrongs, and of the redemption that followed the doing of a worthy work—an unselfish work; even though we may not realize the importance of the task at the time it is done. The author has told you, in this interesting tale, that the Law of Compensation is real, and that there is no progress until we have learned to assist others. Then the golden dreams come true, and happiness makes a dwelling place in the temples of our hearts.

Illustrated by Mildred Lyon

IN THE heart of Jed Janus was a longing that never ceased. It was a soul hunger for Somebody who never came—but in the mind of Jed Janus was a picture that refused to be erased. It was the picture of a dream-girl who was always the same—ever smiling—ever beckoning.

She was all daintiness—and all loveliness, and by the standard of her grace and beauty, Jed measured all women—and remained a bachelor.

Still, he was a practical sort—almost prosaic and mostly indifferent. In his chemical activities, he had little time for the wanton world, and no time for frivolity. He was tall, slender, studious—and retiring in his manners. Jed was not of striking appearance—but his hungry eyes attracted attention. There was a haunting look in those eyes that seemed ever to pierce through one rather than look at one.

Jed's laboratory, located on the second floor of a building on an old business street, where the cobblestones were round and bumpy and traffic was heavy and laborious, was the Mecca of scientists, and of marshals of commerce who sought the aid of the gods of knowledge to further their conquests in the world's marts.

It was not remarkable that Jed should have thought long and often, and experimented much, on the subject of ionic vibrations. It was little short of a passion with him.

"Whatever we think and whatever we do," Jed would explain to the few who cared to listen, "must go out and on and on, like an ever-widening sphere, reaching into the illimitable depths of time, and preserving a record of every detail that we have lived.

"And," arching his brows to study the effect of his statement on his auditors, "If we could contrive to get into harmony with those vibrations, before us would be spread the panorama of all that has been."

That is why Jed's friends called him brilliant, "but very peculiar."

All folk who think outside the circle of



the humdrum rich must be peculiar. They are different and their difference rests at times upon the proud practicability of those who grub for dollars and enslave themselves to custom.

I shall not attempt to describe Jed's laboratory. It was all that law and order should not be and in that great day when Jed's soul first sensed the glory of individuality (along with a kindred soul, he so assumed), perhaps the idea of orderliness was left out of his makeup. It seemed so, because, while he was neat and clean in his own dress and habits, his laboratory was a shambles of dead apparatus and defunct experiments, whose sad remains had never been gathered to their fathers, and whose presence the janitor feared, lest those chemicals explode.

In this brief manner I have introduced Jed Janus, his occupation, his theory and his shortcomings.

Now I shall proceed to the Big Night, when something unusual occurred.

The Vibrascope

For many months, at odd moments, and as the desire moved him, Jed had been working on a device that was a marvel of diaphragms, wet cells, wires and tubes.

Jed had learned a thousand things to not do in his experiments, and perhaps six or seven things to do.

So it chanced that the final touch of genius came on the Big Night.

Jed was alone. The shades were drawn, and the black reaches of the poorly-lighted laboratory would have been forbidding to one more human and less brave.

The device was near the north wall of the work-room, and above it flickered the uncertain light of a gas-jet.

Jed stood before his instrument, studying it intently, and then a new light came into those far-seeing eyes. Jed did something that was rare in his experience. He smiled!

In the large tube was a solution of chemicals, and to this mass Jed now added a thimbleful of bluish-grey powder.

Then he turned on the electric current and waited.

Gradually the light that came from the tube increased in intensity—changing from a dull phosphorescence to a pale blue, and altering from that to a deep purple, which finally became a violet of such unusual intensity that Jed revised his conceptions of the spectrum then and there.

As Jed reached forward to make an adjustment, he was startled to note that his hand was transparent. He could look through it—through the flesh and the bones. He held his other hand before the strange light, and that hand also was as thus. And then Jed looked around the room. The furnishings, the instruments, the walls themselves were transparent.

Jed could look down into the street. And as he gazed, this condition of transparency seemed to sweep onward in all directions. The nearby buildings faded from his view, and the belated pedestrians were like figures on a screen, but to them apparently no change had occurred.

From the device came a droning sound—a humming that grew in intensity until it was shrill and penetrating.

Jed gazed out into the street in amazement. He watched the buildings melting in transparency, and finally fading from his view—and then, where the old city had stood, he saw another city rearing its walls—a city of majesty and might, and of very long ago.

This new city was peopled with robed figures—figures that walked, and that rode on asses and camels—and with caravans entering through the gateways, and emerging from the city—a long, ceaseless train reaching over the oasis, and into the burning desert beyond.

Jed was frightened. He had found that for which he had sought diligently, and now that it was his, he was afraid.

He hastened back to his device, and with trembling fingers—wraith-like, transparent fingers—he shut off the current. Gradually the ancient city faded from view, and the present city which he knew began to make itself visible. Jed stood by a window watching this transformation—and when it was nearly completed, he saw something that had not been visible before. Across the street, almost opposite his window, buried within the wall of a building he had seen for years, was a secret door. And leading from the door, away from the street, were stone steps—large and worn with long usage.

This vision was before him for a few seconds, and then it faded out. The humdrum street was as it had been always, and Jed mopped the perspiration from his brow.

Affectionately, almost hysterically, Jed patted the device—which he had named "The Vibrascope."

"It worked! It worked!" he almost shouted, and then he sank into the dusty depths of an old arm-chair to try to straighten out the tangled meaning of the great city built upon the oasis.

And as he thought, he fell into a deep slumber—and was not awakened until the rumbling traffic of the next morning churned the prosaic street into the restfulness of its daily turmoil.

The Lost Street

The next few days were so filled with duties that Jed had neither the time nor the strength to attempt further experiments—but the vibrascope was ever in his mind, and the mystery of the walled city was ever gripping his thoughts and his nerves.

With this preoccupation of mind, Jed became careless in his labors, and reckless with his device. It was this recklessness that led him to the Lost Street.

Abstracted, when he had left his laboratory that Saturday evening, in turning off the gas-light, Jed had mechanically turned on the electric current connecting his vibrascope with the batteries, and, without realizing what he had done, he hastened to wash his hands and face, don his coat, put on his hat and get to the street below. Jed was hungry and when he had been hungry before he could not recall.

Standing on the walk before the building that housed his workshop, Jed became aware of a strange light that seemed to be spreading before him. It was more a suggestion of light than the light itself.

Steadily this glow increased in intensity, but those who hastened by seemed to not notice it at all.

Unaware that the vibrascope had been set into action, Jed was puzzled over this weird phenomenon—and as he pondered the many reasons that crowded his mind in offering an explanation, before him, on the opposite side of the street—the east side—Jed could see that the wall of a building was becoming transparent. And within that wall was the old doorway, and from that doorway, leading down a few feet, were the stone steps.

Impelled by curiosity, he crossed the street and stood studying the vision. He stepped nearer the wall. He walked through the wall! Jed was passing through the old,

o it was when Jed had reached the street of his sad ries. It was just as he had found it first. It was in ced decay—and the swirling dust alone greeted him.

mansion of Col. Lendon was as aged and tumbled- as it had been the day before. No children played street. No sounds of laughter greeted Janus. There nly the forlorn aspect of the Lost Street to tell him ıe was not dreaming.

young man sat upon the porch—or what was left of meditate upon his adventures. And gradually, as h the memory were precipitating upon his mind,

ragn

was doorway of an old residence was this inscription, stone:

COL. JOHN LENDON
1789

as Jed marveled, a swirling breeze caught up the f the street and sent it sweeping in a thousand little

old newspaper blew against Jed's body, and as he d for it to toss it aside he was struck by a headline, obliterated by the gathered grime. The name of the aper was not visible—and few of the items could be

this heading struck him forcefully:

DUELLING NOW A FELONY
Law Goes Into Effect at Midnight, June 7!

e article itself was illegible, what with the ground-in ınd the yellow blight of age. But alongside it was this er heading:

DOROTHY LENDON ENTERTAINS
Charming Daughter of Col. and Mrs. Lendon
Introduced to Society.

orothy Lendon! Col. Lendon! That was the name ed in the stone above the crumbling doorway!

ut as Jed was about to raise his eyes to look at the s again, he became aware that there was an increasing e around and about him.

Ie gazed down the street. No longer were the houses en to decay. They were whole and new. And the street alive with men, women and children—and gay carriages e being drawn by dapper horses—and society was at its t.

Looking back to the old mansion, it was alight with deco- ions and from the interior of the house came waves of ughter.

"Of all things!" Jed breathed—and then, impelled by the anner of mischief that sometimes overtakes one in one's eams, Jed ascended the steps.

A butler met Jed, and with a stiff cordiality ushered him ito the large hall. And this butler announced, "Jedwin anus!"

"Good heavens!" Jed murmured to himself, "how did he now my name?"

As the young scientist walked into the parlor—a very arge and very beautifully furnished room—he was aston- shed at being greeted by so many persons.

All of them were strangers to Jed, and still he was no stranger to them.

There was a stir in the room behind him, but he paid no heed to it.

He went to one of the windows and looked out. As though drawn in a drapery of mist, Jed could see the city of long ago—the city in the midst of the oasis. And the caravans came and went in endless procession, and beyond the green breadth of the oasis stretched the blistering sands of the desert.

He studied the scene, as one who reviews a dream. Some one had come to his side. Jed had no interest to learn who it was, but he said indifferently, "What do you

away with its unaccountable reality.

And thus entertained, Jed kept in the background, studying the dress, the manners, the peculiarities of the guests.

Col. Lendon scarcely spoke to Jed. The meeting was most uncordial, and for the first time Jed felt that he would like to be back in his dingy laboratory.

While thus meditating upon the best course of action to pursue, Jed walked toward the door and nearly ran into the most beautiful girl he had ever seen—the dream girl of his visions!

She looked reproachfully at him, and turned to her escort, against whom Jed felt a strong, almost violent, dislike.

"I have met you—somewhere," Jed said falteringly, extending his hand.

"Yes," the girl replied as she choked back a sob. "When a man is engaged to marry a girl, it is likely that he has met her."

Jed's eyes opened wide—and he blinked hard. Engaged to be married!

"Where were you, Jed?" the young woman asked anxiously. "I waited as long as I could, and then Thomas came to get me. Your mother is worried sick. Oh, Jed, why should you act this way?"

"Great heavens!" Jed exclaimed, "is my condition as bad as that?"

The girl dabbed at two telltale tears and brushed past him, and accompanied by Thomas—whom Jed hated more violently each moment—she hastened in to meet her hostess.

Jed stepped out on the ample porch and ran his fingers through his hair. Taking a cigarette from his case, he lighted it and inhaled the fumes eagerly.

The butler watched him intently.

"May I ask?" that person ventured with hesitation, "may I ask what manner of thing you have there?"

"This? A cigarette!"

"Oh!" And the butler retreated with an expression of deep doubt written on his features.

Everybody knew Jed, but Jed knew nobody! And everybody looked askance at him and made him feel as miserable as possible.

It was only when the elderly matron appeared and grasped his hands warmly that Jed felt that he had found a friend.

"My dear nephew," the old lady said sweetly. "Oh, what has come over you of late? You are here today and gone tomorrow. Your mother is ill over your strange actions, and poor Grace—poor little Grace—you are breaking her heart!"

"Eh?" Jed queried in surprise.

But the good old lady had no answer for him. She babbled on:

"Jed, we have seen you at times—as though far away—

And so it was when Jed had reached the street of his sad memories. It was just as he had found it first. It was in advanced decay—and the swirling dust alone greeted him.

The mansion of Col. Lendon was as aged and tumbled-down as it had been the day before. No children played in the street. No sounds of laughter greeted Janus. There was only the forlorn aspect of the Lost Street to tell him that he was not dreaming.

The young man sat upon the porch—or what was left of it—to meditate upon his adventures. And gradually, as though the memory were precipitating upon his mind, the fragn[illegible] doorway of an old residence was this inscription, cut in t[illegible] was stone:

COL. JOHN LENDON
1789

And as Jed marveled, a swirling breeze caught up the dust of the street and sent it sweeping in a thousand little eddies.

An old newspaper blew against Jed's body, and as he reached for it to toss it aside he was struck by a headline, partly obliterated by the gathered grime. The name of the newspaper was not visible—and few of the items could be read.

But this heading struck him forcefully:

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The article itself was illegible, what with the ground-in dirt and the yellow blight of age. But alongside it was this smaller heading:

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Charming Daughter of Col. and Mrs. Lendon
Introduced to Society.

Dorothy Lendon! Col. Lendon! That was the name carved in the stone above the crumbling doorway!

But as Jed was about to raise his eyes to look at the ruins again, he became aware that there was an increasing noise around and about him.

He gazed down the street. No longer were the houses given to decay. They were whole and new. And the street was alive with men, women and children—and gay carriages were being drawn by dapper horses—and society was at its best.

Looking back to the old mansion, it was alight with decorations and from the interior of the house came waves of laughter.

"Of all things!" Jed breathed—and then, impelled by the manner of mischief that sometimes overtakes one in one's dreams, Jed ascended the steps.

A butler met Jed, and with a stiff cordiality ushered him into the large hall. And this butler announced, "Jedwin Janus!"

"Good heavens!" Jed murmured to himself, "how did he know my name?"

As the young scientist walked into the parlor—a very large and very beautifully furnished room—he was astonished at being greeted by so many persons.

All of them were strangers to Jed, and still he was no stranger to them.

There was a stir in the room behind him, but he paid no heed to it.

He went to one of the windows and looked out. As though drawn in a drapery of mist, Jed could see the city of long ago—the city in the midst of the oasis. And the caravans came and went in endless procession, and beyond the green breadth of the oasis stretched the blistering sands of the desert.

He studied the scene, as one who reviews a dream. Some one had come to his side. Jed had no interest to learn who it was, but he said indifferently, "What do you [illegible] away with his unaccountable reality."

And thus entertained, Jed kept in the background, studying the dress, the manners, the peculiarities of the guests.

Col. Lendon scarcely spoke to Jed. The meeting was most uncordial, and for the first time Jed felt that he would like to be back in his dingy laboratory.

While thus meditating upon the best course of action to pursue, Jed walked toward the door and nearly ran into the most beautiful girl he had ever seen—the dream girl of his visions!

She looked reproachfully at him, and turned to her escort, against whom Jed felt a strong, almost violent, dislike.

"I have met you—somewhere," Jed said falteringly, extending his hand.

"Yes," the girl replied as she choked back a sob. "When a man is engaged to marry a girl, it is likely that he has met her."

Jed's eyes opened wide—and he blinked hard. Engaged to be married!

"Where were you, Jed?" the young woman asked anxiously. "I waited as long as I could, and then Thomas came to get me. Your mother is worried sick. Oh, Jed, why should you act this way?"

"Great heavens!" Jed exclaimed, "is my condition as bad as that?"

The girl dabbed at two telltale tears and brushed past him, and accompanied by Thomas—whom Jed hated more violently each moment—she hastened in to meet her hostess.

Jed stepped out on the ample porch and ran his fingers through his hair. Taking a cigarette from his case, he lighted it and inhaled the fumes eagerly.

The butler watched him intently.

"May I ask?" that person ventured with hesitation, "may I ask what manner of thing you have there?"

"This? A cigarette!"

"Oh!" And the butler retreated with an expression of deep doubt written on his features.

Everybody knew Jed, but Jed knew nobody! And everybody looked askance at him and made him feel as miserable as possible.

It was only when the elderly matron appeared and grasped his hands warmly that Jed felt that he had found a friend.

"My dear nephew," the old lady said sweetly. "Oh, what has come over you of late? You are here today and gone tomorrow. Your mother is ill over your strange actions, and poor Grace—poor little Grace—you are breaking her heart!"

"Eh?" Jed queried in surprise.

But the good old lady had no answer for him. She babbled on:

"Jed, we have seen you at times—as though far away—

Startling Photographic Results

Pictures Secured for Mr. C. M. Newton that are Challanges to Explanations.

The amazing results shown in the two accompanying photographs, were secured twenty years ago for Mr. C. M. Newton, 4160 Ellis Avenue, Chicago. Mr. Newton is not the photographer. He is the person for whom these pictures were taken.

These photographs were taken on Easter Sunday, 1900, and the incidents leading up to them are as interesting as the pictures themselves.

Mr. Newton and a friend (the lady seen with him in the second picture) were attending Easter service in a Chicago church, and during the service, they heard a voice at their

of wars. The walls of the great dining hall were decorated with swords, rapiers, muskets and pistols, in arrangements intended to be artistic.

There were paintings of battles, of generals and of feasts. The scheme of the room was one of militant moods, probably intended to reflect the habits of thought and experience of the wealthy colonel.

Jed ate as one long famished, and enjoyed every mouthful of the delicate and well-cooked foods, and the rich red wine.

He had paid small heed to the others, excepting Grace, who sat next to Tom, while Jed was seated next to the lady who claimed to be his aunt.

As the young scientist began to study the guests, he became aware that Dorothy Lendon was ill at ease to have Thomas in the company of Grace—and again, back of her eyes, Jed would see a wicked light gleaming. It was a green light, that darted out in tongues of jealousy—and something deeper.

At times the conversation was lively, and again—as though depressed by the thoughts of the young hostess—it dragged, and a pall of apprehension would settle over the guests.

At length the sumptuous meal was finished, and the guests arose from their seats. As they did so, Thomas and Jed were brought close together—and with purpose aforethought, Thomas stepped wickedly on one of Jed's feet.

Incensed at the evident affront, Jed slapped the young man's face—and the guests drew back in horror, as though aware of the possible outcome.

"My card!" Thomas said gravely, as he handed a bit of cardboard to Jed—a card on which was written in a strange scrawl, "Thomas Lenton Hamlin."

"Much obliged!" Jed snapped, and reaching into his own pocket he withdrew a somewhat soiled card, neatly printed, and bearing the legend, "J. W. Janus, Experimental Engineer."

As Thomas took the card he laughed rudely.

"Whatever this is, I suppose it is more evidence of your madness, you fool!" he snapped, adding: "This is not an exchange of cordial greetings, but a challenge to a duel!"

The ladies gasped. The men's faces became pale and grave—as though dreading the scandal that was certain to follow.

Suddenly a whimsical idea flashed through Jed's mind.

"What year is this?" he asked, turning to the colonel.

"It is eighteen hundred and three."

"How old is Thomas?"

"He is twenty-seven."

[illegible] other men grasped Jed a[illegible] his arms and shoulders to restrain him from doing ha[illegible] and Thomas became purple with rage. Turning to Gra[illegible] said:

"There's a display of your hero's cowardice!"

And Dorothy Lendon fainted!

"For goodness sake," the old aunt pleaded, "help me [illegible] this boy home. He has lost his mind completely. Oh, th[illegible] studies of his. I knew it! I knew it! They are depriv[illegible] him of his reason. My poor, poor Jed!"

They led Jed away—from the house, down the street, [illegible] into another street, toward the north. This was a beauti[illegible] lane, shaded with great elms, and brightened by many w[illegible] flowers.

Back of Jed and the aunt came Grace, sobbing discon[illegible] lately, and bowed under the great disgrace that had co[illegible] upon them.

Suddenly Jed paused and held out an arm warningly.

"Wait!" he said, cautiously, "this is where the car[illegible] crosses!" And while they gazed at him in amazement, th[illegible] came to their ears the clanging of a gong that grew loud[illegible] each second. And they could hear the rumble of wheels[illegible] sound which they never had heard before.

It was with trepidation that they continued their journ[illegible] No longer was it Jed's poor imagination. They had he[illegible] it, too!

"Oh, my poor boy," the aunt sobbed, "now they [illegible] accuse you of meddling with the black arts. What dang[illegible] ous thing was causing that sound? They will say it is d[illegible] to your own evil! Oh, my poor Jed!"

The scientist was bewildered. All of these strange ha[illegible] penings were becoming too dreadfully real for his peace [illegible] mind.

Bewildered, trying to collect his thought, he looked at h[illegible] watch. It was ten minutes past three! And yet, while th[illegible] should have meant the early morning hours, it was daytim[illegible] —bright and warm!

They walked on, past houses that were strange to Jed—[illegible] and yet, from those houses worried eyes were watching th[illegible] procession, because the incidents had been carried quickly[illegible] to the villagers, and at a respectful distance behind them[illegible] came an ever-increasing throng.

The aunt was fearful for Jed's safety, particularly since[illegible] many had heard the gong, and the rushing of an invisible[illegible] something that came with a roar unfamiliar to them.

At length they reached a cottage that set far back among[illegible] a clump of stately trees—a cottage surrounded with patches[illegible] of flowering beauty, and among these flowers was an old[illegible] lady, with a kindly, motherly face; but a face that was not[illegible] free from its lines of deep care.

"Poor Jed!" she said softly, as she flung her arms around[illegible]

shoulders, which said, "Go to the photographer today and get His picture."

The significance of "His" did not dawn upon them. They thought that it referred to some loved one in spirit; a father or a brother, perhaps.

After the services, they went to the photographer (to whom they had gone before) and told him what they had heard.

He replied, "There is a package of new plates. I have not even opened it. You may do so, and take out any plates you wish."

Mr. Newton opened the box of plates and selected two. Then he said to the photographer, "If you have no objection, I should like to insert these in the camera myself, and take them out myself—and go into the dark-room and help you develop them."

The photographer assured Mr. Newton that this would be satisfactory, and along that line they proceeded.

The results are shown in the two pictures which we reproduce. Considering the suggestion that came to these persons on Easter Sunday, what right have we to say that this is not the face of the Gentle Nazarene?

We do not present it as such. We do not pretend to know. This we leave to our readers to decide. The same face that is shown in the halo in the first picture, is seen in a halo in the second, but with the head slightly inclined.

A study of these pictures brings out many interesting points. There are faces of Orientals, Indians and many others. Some of these faces are recognized by Mr. Newton, who is very clairvoyant, and who has attended innumerable seances of different kinds. In the second photograph, the picture in Mr. Newton's coat (near the waist-line) is that of his father, who had been in spirit some years before this photograph was taken. The beautiful face above the head of the lady sitting with Mr. Newton, is a Hindu guide of his. The face of George Washington is next to the Hindu girl.

Have we a right to say that Christ could not make Himself visible to a mortal? Have we the right to say that He would not come to Mr. Newton? Throughout our lives, we work only on the evidence of our senses. And these pictures will create as much criticism as comment. We offer them without comment—knowing only as much about them as any other person who views them.

Mr. Newton is now white-haired. He is a veteran in the cause, and his mother before him was a medium. She was a medium when the famous Fox Sisters startled the world with their mysterious rappings at Hydesville. And Mr. Newton had a cousin who received automatic writings before she understood the alphabet!

The little girl—not much more than a baby—would be given paper and pencil, and messages would be written by her hand. These messages were perfectly coherent, and in different handwritings. There was no possibility that the child practised fraud, because she did not know one letter from another.

Mr. Newton often attends the Sunday evening meetings of the Tomsons in the Masonic Temple, Chicago. He says:

"I can see the spirits walking down the aisles toward the cabinet, and I can see them enter the cabinet and step into the forces and build up. When the flowers are brought into the cabinet and materialized, I can see them forming out of the ethereal. I can see the chemists working."

He was asked, "What do the chemists seem to do?"

'I see them working with something that looks like a liquid. It seems to be suspended, but it is liquid, nevertheless. And the aura from these chemists is a bright yellow—signifying a very high state of vibration. They will work this liquid with their hands, and spread it out into the cabinet. Then, as forms step into this material—or vibration or whatever it is—this liquid seems to precipitate upon the spirit-bodies. They become luminous. They are visible.

"Often the precipitation starts near the floor, and the precipitation continues up the figure of the spirit. I have seen some of them materialize equally all over. And in the dematerializations, while some of them shrink in equal proportions and gradually disappear, others drop this material quickly, and it is gathered up again by the chemists and worked up in this miniature lake—and again distributed in the cabinet."

"Do you ever see what occurs in a transfiguration?" he was asked.

"Yes, I can see the process perfectly. The manifesting spirit (controlling the medium), with the aid of the chemists, builds up these material particles around the body of the medium, and even around the clothing, and the change so closely resembles the spirit who is unable to materialize, I regard the transfiguration as even more remarkable than the materialization."

"How about the flowers that come into Mrs. Tomson's cabinet in full view of the audience?"

"I see them brought in by those in spirit. To me, they are very real while still in the ethereal. As they enter these forces, they return to the material vibration. The forces are not precipitated upon them as in the case of the bodies of those in spirit. The flowers must take on some of these forces, but what really occurs is a change in the state of vibration from the ethereal to the material."

"Can you ever see the forces being drawn from the medium?"

"Not only from the medium," he replied, "but from others. It often seems to come from different parts of their bodies like ribbons, or even as thread. I can detect differences in the appearance of these emanations from different persons, or even from the same person as the seance progresses. As this material enters the cabinet, the chemists seize it and work it up into this little suspended lake of liquid. It is all very interesting. I have seen doves fly into it, and come out of the cabinet visible to all. There are doves and all kinds of creatures in spirit, you know. Life signifies immortality. It is not a gift to man alone."

"What other interesting thing can you tell about your unusual psychic vision, Mr. Newton?"

"I could talk for days, I suppose. I shall tell just one more thing that I believe will interest most persons: We like to boast about our inventions. It delights us to think that we mortals are very wise and extremely capable. Let us take the telephone or the telegraph. If you are in Boston, you may talk to some one in Los Angeles by telephone. You say that it is wonderful that the connection is unbroken, although there are many different wires and switchboards. It is remarkable, but not nearly so wonderful as you think.

"I look at telephone wires; and seemingly inside them, as fine as the finest silk thread, I can see an ethereal wire. That is placed there by workers in spirit. Remove this ethereal wire and you will get no message. Sometimes the wires seem to be obsessed. They don't work. This is true of the radio messages, too. There are days when there are scarcely any results. I find that on such days this inner ethereal wire looks different. Its color has changed. There is some sort of disturbance that prevents the harmony between the ethereal and the material vibrations.

"Every scientist, I believe, recognizes the truth that the vibration traveling along a telephone or telegraph wire, is not sound. It is the vibration of that sound, and it travels not as slowly as sound, but as fast as light. And that is infinitely faster than the travel-rate of sound waves. It is the ethereal that transmutes or translates the material, and gives it speed. Its identity is preserved, and at the other end of the wire, these ethereal vibrations are translated back into material vibrations. Without the help of our unseen workers, there would be no messages.

"I see similar things in looking at many devices and delicate instruments. Always the something that makes them work properly, is ethereal. We simply build cabinets according to the nature of the forces, but the forces themselves must be supplied by chemists in spirit."

Mr. Newton says he sees these things, and scientists may find food for contemplation in his claims. Everybody who knows this kindly old gentleman, realizes that not only is he

honest, but that to him all these things are perfectly normal. He discusses them not as a zealot, but as a sane, well-balanced man who is dealing with quantities that are known to him.

Mr. Newton has understood Spiritualism since his babyhood. Being born into it, brought up in it, thrown into intimate contact with it, he cannot look back to a time in his life when he came into knowledge of these truths with the nervous shock that might attend a revelation.

To him, it is all normal—all as it should be. He sees in this earth-world a great workshop where there are many busy souls; persons who are visible to us and many more who are not visible to us, but who are seen easily and frequently by the psychics. This old gentleman is in position to throw light on many phases of this subject that are still obscure when sought by the average student. His life has been consecrated to these spiritual realities.



Communication Through Independent Writing

Documentary Evidence for the Skeptics and the Opponents to Explain Away

DISSENTERS, skepties, unbelievers, assemble here to examine evidence of spirit return and communication. Read the facts. Remember that the person who has furnished us with these cards is ready at any time to take her oath that these writings were received as herein described. She is an honest, truthful woman—a practicing physician—perfectly sane, capable of observing, and the kind of woman to whom a jury would be glad to listen.

When it is charged that Spiritualists are lunatics or liars, or both, that charge is empty. It is sweeping. In all matters of evidence of spirit existence, identity and communication, it is well to consider the purposes involved. First of all, what is the motive back of offering cards as evidence, such as those cards reproduced in this article?

Is it fame, deceit, or something ulterior?

Dr. Charlotte Sedlack and her husband, Dr. Charles Sedlack, have no interests at stake. Spiritualism costs them money. They pay for seances. They have been investigators and students of this subject for many years. They are not new in this study, and they are not hysterical. They see plenty of hysteria and imagination among their patients. The know evenly-balanced judgment, and they know the pathology of insanity. They are successful, earnest persons.

Their object is to tell others of the truth. They have been careful to know whereof they speak. They have nothing to gain, but—in these days of rather tense feelings about the subject—they may have considerable to lose. To be a Spiritualist, is to be unpopular. Only deep-seated conviction will prompt any person of standing to proclaim his or her Spiritualism. That proclamation carries a penalty with it. Often it means ostracism. Most of the public regard the whole thing as deception. The balance think that it is the devil's work. Between these lines of censure, the Spiritualists must run the gauntlet. They must run it whether they elect to do so or not.

Our next question is this: Is it likely that this good woman was deceived?

Trickery is clever, deep and unfathomable most of the time. It is not easy to catch a clever person in a trick. We do not look in the right direction. But—as surely as there are counterfeits, there must be something genuine that is to be imitated!

Let us say that Prof. Keeler is clever. Let us say that his honest, straight-forward manners and appearance are masks that hide a subtle nature. We don't believe they are. We think that he is honest—and very gifted. For argument's sake, let us say that he is "putting one over."

Taking this stand as a possibility, how can that account for the writing of these messages in the identical handwriting of these seven persons, now in spirit?

Prof. Keeler had never met Dr. Sedlack before. The doctor says so, and she has no reason to deceive herself or you. She would not be likely to go for a sitting, pay out money, and all the while know that she was deceiving herself. That would be silly beyond comprehension. But—how do we know that the doctor is not deceived? Ah! She may be wrought up to a high pitch of anxiety or excitement, or whatever the emotion may be, and thus fool herself. But—the doctor hunted through her belongings, after these messages were received, after they were home, and found an old dairy kept by her father when he was a soldier in the Army of the Confederacy. Capt. Wandell loved that dairy. When his pack was too heavy, he would throw away his food, but keep his dairy. And the writing in that dairy is identical with the writing on the card bearing his message!

If Dr. Sedlack is sure of his writing—recognized it before she brought forth the documentary evidence for us to examine—why should she be less sure of the other writing? Have you forgotten your dear mother's chirography? Let us hope not!

Prof. Keeler would have been stumped had be endeavored to imitate writing which he did not know.

Again, this sitting was held in the strong light of day. The critics croak thus: "Why must Spiritualism seek the darkness?" For every manifestation brought forth in the dark, we can show you as many brought forth in the light. The nature of the forces determines the conditions.

Dr. Sedlack sat opposite Prof. Keeler. The five cards were placed between two slates, and the slates were tied together, and remained on top of the table, with the sun's rays beating upon them. Prof. Keeler placed his hands upon the top slate—outside, you understand! He did not reach between the slates. And within a few minutes these six messages were received. When the slates were taken apart, the writing on the five cards appeared as you see it in these reproductions.

The writing was in pencil. At least, it resembled the ordinary lead-pencil writings; some heavy and some light; some scrawly and some fine and even.

We had the engraver's artist trace over the pencil writings, without changing them, so that we could make etchings of them. In their original state, they would not have made clear cuts. Ask any engraver if this is a reasonable statement.

Dr. Charlotte Sedlack, 6521 South Marshfield Ave., Chicago, visited Prof. P. L. O. A. Keeler, of Washington, D. C., last Spring, during his visit in Chicago. She wrote on a sheet of paper six questions. These she held in her hand. They were never out of her possession for a moment. She wrote on no pad that could have left an impression or a duplicate copy. She held the folded paper in her hands throughout the sitting, which was held in strong sunlight. Between two slates, Prof. Keeler placed five bristol-board cards. On these cards came the messages reproduced in this article. None of the persons writing from spirit had been known to Prof. Keeler. Dr. Sedlack recognized the hand-writing in every instance, and has shown to us an old memo book of her father, containing part of his diary when he was in the Confederate Army. The writing in that book is identical in character with that coming from him on the card containing his message. Similar results have been secured under like conditions for thousands.—The Editor.

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The questions were answered; questions which Prof. Keeler never saw; questions written on a piece of paper which was never taken up in Prof. Keeler's hands. The answers were purposeful, and the handwriting was faithful. And now, let us examine the messages and learn something about their meaning.

The Messages Explained

We now examine Card No. 1. This is a message from Dr. Charlotte Sedlack's sister in spirit. This is her sister Olah—which, as Olah indicated, spells "Halo," if the letters are reversed.

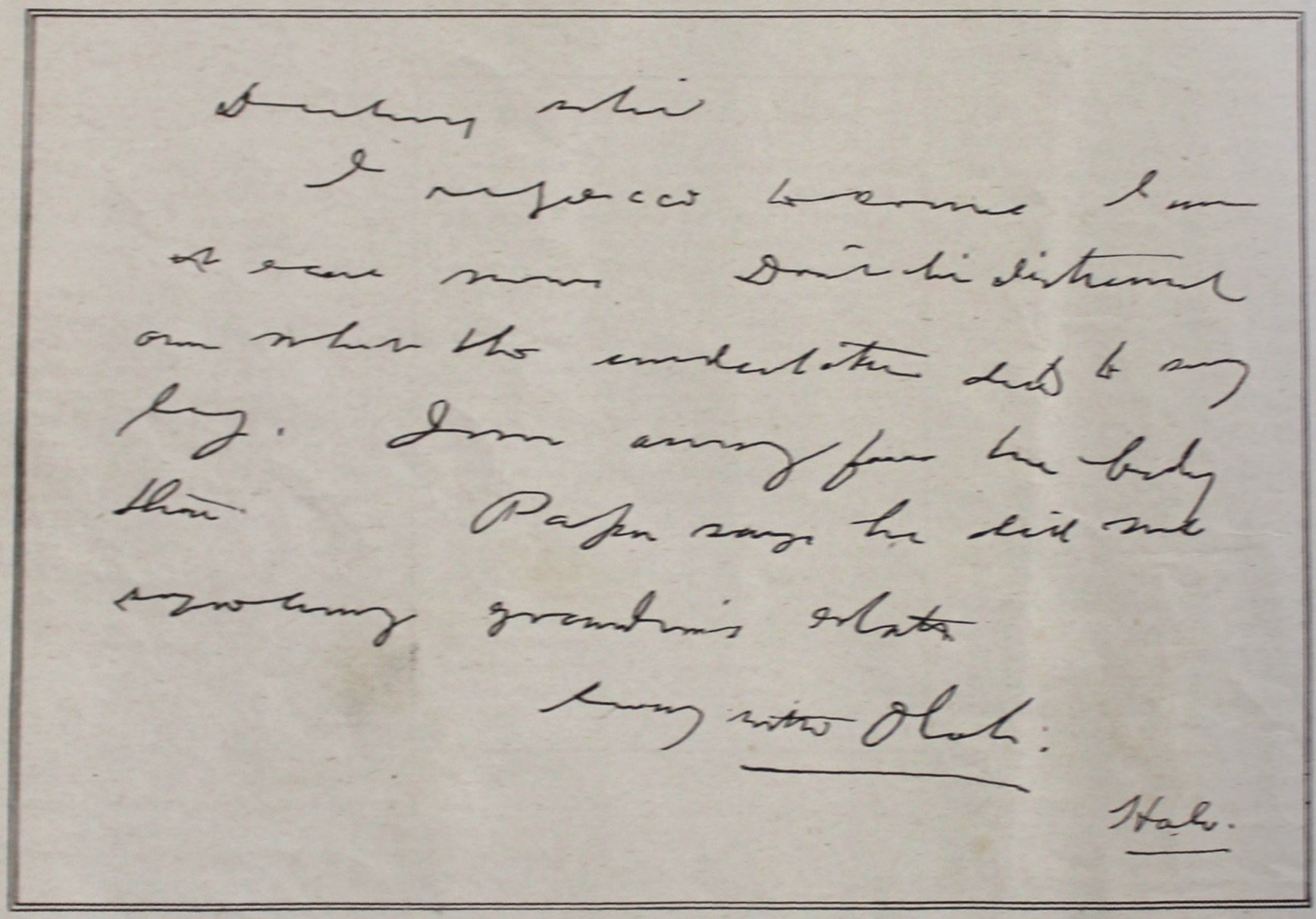
Olah said in this message: "I rejoice to come. I am at ease now. Don't be disturbed over what the undertaker did to my leg. I was away from the body then. Papa says he did not sign away grandma's estate."

Strange message for Prof. Keeler to conjure up out of his brain! "Don't be disturbed over what the undertaker did to my leg." What did he do? Prof. Keeler does not know, unless Dr. Sedlack told him after the sitting was ended.

When Olah passed out, and the undertaker was preparing her body for burial, one leg was stiff. It stuck out—refused to go into the casket in an orderly manner. The undertaker cut some cords in that leg, and for years Dr. Sedlack has worried lest that operation (post-mortem) might have been performed while her dear sister was in the physical-body. Olah said in her message that she was out of the body. We shall pass the balance of this message until later, because other messages bear on the same subject of the grandmother's estate.

Why should Dr. Sedlack's father say, "I don't want to be thought in the cemetery when I am so alive and conscious!"

During his earth-life, Capt. Wandell doubted immortality. He thought—like millions pretend to think today—that death is the end. But from spirit, he returns with the assurance that he wishes others to think of him as "so alive and conscious." He says, "let every one know of my visit." He wished to have this message of immortality carried to as many persons as possible. It was his wish to try to have others escape the error which was his. What was more natural? And how could Prof. Keeler know—even if he had seen the question, which was about the estate itself, that



MESSAGE ON CARD No. 1

Darling Sister:
I rejoice to come. I am at ease now. Don't be disturbed over what the undertaker did to my leg. I was away from the body then. Papa says he did not sign away grandma's estate.
Lovingly Sister Olah.
HALO.

Capt. Wandell had been disinclined to believe in the after-life?

"I hope that you will some day be able to see me." Within two months from the time this message was written, Dr. Sedlack saw her father plainly in a materialization! The message foreshadowed that experience.

"I am very much the same as I was!"

A simple little statement, but back of it is something of importance to the student: At one time, the Captain had worn a full beard, and at another time, a Vandyke. The latter style of beard was more pleasing to his daughter, Dr. Charlotte Sedlack. In a trumpet seance in Chicago, Capt. Wandell said to his daughter that shortly he would materialine, and asked her which beard he should wear! She said that she preferred the Vandyke. In an entirely different seance, with a different medium, the Captain materialized.

Faithful Keepers of the Gate

Over Three Decades as a Successful Materializing Medium and Known Throughout the World

WE BEGIN this description of Mrs. Tomson through this revelation of unusual test conditions, as described by a London publication. These same rigid tests are insisted upon by Mrs. Tomson at each seance.

A committee of ladies is selected from among the audience, and these ladies preferably are those who have never seen the medium and who know very little about the manifestations of Spiritualism. They accompany Mrs. Tomson into a dressing room, where she disrobes completely—even her hair is taken down. Mrs. Tomson then is usually clothed with a skirt, an overcoat and slippers furnished by the committee. Thorough examinations are made of all these articles of clothing so that there can be no possibility of the concealment of anything.

Another committee of gentlemen, selected in the same way and with the same qualifications, makes a careful examination of Mrs. Tomson's cabinet, and of the chair to be used, and of the stand and vase employed in the materialization of flowers.

This explains the references in Mr. Stead's letter.

We now quote from *The Hippodrome* of August, 1908. This is a London (England) publication.

* * *

Who are the Tomsons—what are they—that all London is talking about them? In vain we have searched the American and English Directories, in the hope of discovering where Nowhere is.

Why Nowhere?

Because it is there that the Tomson Aviary is, the Tomson Botanical Gardens, the Tomson Cave of Apparitions. The Tomsons are as mysterious as the haunted chamber in the Baronial Hall. The tongue of London is not blessed with the gift of the gab, yet London has been whispering, wondering, asking itself and its neighbour—where is Nowhere?

For many weeks the Tomsons have been at the Alhambra, yet no one has so far solved the solution. Committees invited from ladies and gentlemen in the audience have nightly been appointed, but to no avail. The woman in gauze has defeated them, just as the apparition in *The Bride of Lammermoor* defeated the master of Ravenswood. Stands the mystery where it did. The management of the Alhambra knows naught of how it is done—the reputation—a reputation of many years' standing—of the managing director, Mr. Alfred Moul, is staked with regard to that.

The chief stage carpenter at the Alhambra, with the assistance of trustworthy employes, has made the cabinet (and temporary dressing room), wherein some part of the feat is performed, and this is put together in full view of the audience. The stage itself is covered by two carpets, a thick layer of canvas, and every precaution has been taken against the possibility of communication by the means of trap doors. The length of black gauze in which Mrs. Tomson envelopes herself after the rigorous search of a committee consisting of her own sex, has been supplied by the Alhambra costumers, yet despite all these remarkable precautions and safeguards—it is the triumph of the Tomsons.

It is rare in the history of entertainment that a responsible management associate themselves in any way with the performance presented by any artist engaged at their establishment, but the Tomsons are so baffling that it is only fair to them that they should in certain directions be protected by Mr. Moul's warranty. We have seen in this country conjurers and wizards of all climes. We have seen everything in the way of sleight-of-hand, and we have witnessed

To our readers who are not acquainted with this gifted woman, and her equally gifted family, this is to introduce Mrs. Elizabeth Tomson, of The International Psychical Educational Association and the International Psychical Research Society, both being Illinois religious and educational organizations with headquarters in Chicago.

Each Sunday evening, Mrs. Tomson gives her remarkable materializing seances in public before an audience of about four hundred and fifty persons, at Corinthian Hall, on the seventeenth floor of the Masonic Temple, State and Randolph Streets, Chicago.

We can not say that this is the permanent headquarters of the Society, because plans are under way to secure quarters in the city where the educational features of this work will be carried on. Meetings will be held in Lyon & Healy Hall.

Before describing the meetings of Mrs. Tomson, and her materializations, we shall turn back the pages of history so that a better conception of her may be gained through this knowledge.

Following is a letter that was written to Dr. Tomson, relative to his gifted wife, by Mr. William T. Stead, by whom the Tomsons were engaged in connection with Mr. Stead's "Julia's Bureau" in London. It was in Mr. Stead's home that Nourhalma, their daughter, was born.

Dear Mr. Tomson:

I wish you all success in your new tour. I think it only due to you to state that I have personally subjected "the Master Mystery" to a series of exhaustive tests in my own house under conditions which absolutely precluded any possibility of trick or fraud and the phenomena that were produced baffle all the most ingenious explanations. No one can account for them on any hypothesis that has yet been formulated.

The productions of figures habited from head to foot in white apparel from a Cabinet in which the most rigid scrutiny failed to discover anything but Mrs. Tomson dressed solely in black clothes which were supplied by me, is to this day a mystery which no one can explain.

Granting that in many cases the figure was Mrs. Tomson herself, where did she get her white raiment? It is no mere gauzy veil—tho the figure wears a dress over which there is thrown a white veil.

The possibility of concealing the veil within the person may be admitted—altho on the one occasion in which against my protest Mrs. Tomson insisted upon being subjected to a surgical examination conducted by a well-known man and two professors of medicine from Oxford University, showed that nothing was concealed within or without her body—but no woman was ever created with a cavern large enough to conceal a complete dress, to say nothing of large bouquets of flowers and living birds.

The Mystery remains a mystery and I feel confident when you return from your tour that the Mystery will still remain unsolved.

I am, Yours truly,

(Signed) W. T. Stead.

elaborate illusions, but Mr. and Mrs. Tomson, in their delightfully simple way, are the most problematical puzzle we have ever been asked to solve.

They have no bag or baggage, no magical luggage, yet, just as scientists have made frantic endeavours to discover the whereabouts of the North Pole, they have in some unmistakable manner ascertained the exact location of—Nowhere, and it is from thence Mrs. Tomson brings forth her freshly gathered tributes of Flora—never faded, never crushed, sometimes with the dew upon them—her live birds—which occasionally fly among the audience, and her last, yet not less surprising, apparition clothed in misty robes—which like the vision of Marguerite before the enchanted gaze of Faust—appears, only to slowly vanish before our mystified eyes.

Then once again the woman takes shape—Mr. Tomson enters the cabinet—he executed in the most matter-of-fact way a few passes, and in a few seconds the radiant Mrs. Tomson steps forward—wrapped once more in the black gauze—and mystery.

It is all very simple—so simple that you and I could do it—if only we knew where Nowhere was. There are of course a thousand and one clues to the mystery, but investigation has proved them all to be wrong.

Painstaking searches reveal nothing—a female searcher from Vine Street Police Station—one Jane Hopkins—recently formed one of the ladies' committee in the dressing room, and after a severe search, expressed herself satisfied that Mrs. Tomson had no birds, flowers or white material concealed on her person. The birds and flowers—the former cockatoos and love-birds, and the latter various blooms, from the red carnation to the saintly white rose—are each night different, and as Mr. Tomson informed a *Pall Mall Gazette* interviewer, there is a marked difference in the white robed figure, and again the form is not the form of Mrs. Tomson. Spiritualists assert that it is the transportation of matter, materialists are happy in the contention that it is a trick—a very, very clever one—and marvelously real. Mr. and Mrs. Tomson merely smile—one of those innocent child-like smiles that mean so much and say so little.

From whence have the Tomsons come? They do not belong to any psychological research society or any spiritualistic bodies—their demonstrations are submitted entirely on their merit as a mystery of mysteries, and they can claim more fame in the social houses of the United States of America and Canada than in the public world of entertainment. Mr. Moul, who has himself studied the occult science to some extent, prevailed upon Mr. and Mrs. Tomson to come to England, realizing what a sensation their work must create in a country where scepticism is so rampant. In America, scientists, physicians and other experts have put them to the severest tests known, yet, whilst knowledge is power, it is Mr. and Mrs. Tomson who have retained that knowledge, have guarded their secret so jealously that even their manager, Mr. Henson, who has been in constant touch with them, is quite unable to offer any explanation or to throw any light on what is a remarkable manifestation in the art of **materializing from Nowhere.**

Let us throw a sidelight on the Tomsons themselves—let us lead them for one brief moment from the fierce glare of publicity into the more subdued shade of privacy—from the Alhambra stage, through the portals of the stage door, to the homely atmosphere of their flat. It is here you will get a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Tomson, the hour's sensation, as they really are—away, far away—from the searching eye of public scrutiny, of wonder and amazement.



"THE APPARITION"

The figure of a woman, dressed in airy robes of white, sinks lower and lower until she disappears from sight.

Life is a game, life is a trick, we are all deceivers, gambling with mystery just as Mr. and Mrs. Tomson do—only we deceive ourselves, and they deceive others—it is the "make believe" over again—a step higher until we reach the "Master Mystery."

Mrs. Tomson, who just now is one of the most discussed women in town, possesses a most charging personality, and we scarcely think you would associate her in private life with anything so uncanny as the creation of something out of nothing. There is nothing approaching the mysterious about her, yet who will deny her power to baffle intelligence and master the phenomena?

She seems to possess a dual personality—like the woman who passes from substance to shadow in the cabinet, and then back again to reality. Mrs. Tomson and her apparition in white, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde would provide a year's food for the brain of Theosophists. Mr. Tomson is as mild a mannered man as you could meet on a summer's eve. He reminds you of the local curate who has just called to elicit your sympathy for the Local Orphanage Fund. Yet there is a depth far beyond the surface, and the eyes gaze through glasses at you with no little penetrating power. In the Tomson household there is a bright, merry little child—the pride of mother and father, as fond of her "Teddy bear" and her big doll that sits in a chair and stares at you with glassy eyes—as her parents are of bewildering the multitude.

Weird and marvelous—the Master Mystery will live long after the flowers from Nowhere have perished, and the birds have sung their last song in the land of Nowhere.

• • •

From the "Review of Reviews"

The following article is taken from Wm. T. Stead's English *Review of Reviews* of February, 1909. The article is headed, "The Arts and Crafts of Spirit Materialization." The sub-caption reads: "Three Experiments As Seen From The Other Side." This article occupies pages 120 to 123, inclusive, in the number of the periodical above referred to.

Many persons who have claimed to be materializing mediums have been exposed as clever jugglers, tricksters or conjurers. This has been done so often that it has become monotonous. It seemed, therefore, a welcome change if Mr. and Mrs. Tomson, who are giving a music-hall performance of "The Master Mystery" at the Hippodrome, could be proved to be not merely clever performers of an undiscoverable trick, but persons in possession of that psychic power which enables them to materialize the spirit form. They no more claim to be spiritualists than fraudulent materializing mediums claim to be conjurers. But personal pretensions count for nothing. It is not what a person claims that matters, it is what he actually can do.

My first effort to induce the Tomsons to submit themselves to a test experiment at a private house was baffled by the veto of the music-hall manager under whom they were then working. He said he was quite certain they would fail if subjected to the rigorous tests which I would impose to exclude the possibility of trickery, and that as he did not want his show injured by exploding the Mystery, I must wait until their engagement terminated.

That was not very hopeful. But as the Tomsons professed themselves **willing to submit to any conditions**, I waited until they were free, and last month they gave me three experimental sittings—two in my own house and one in the house of a friend, the result of which satisfied me that whatever may be the conjuring abilities of these successful performers, they possess psychic powers without which it would be impossible for them to perform some of their feats.

The tests varied in stringency. At the first, although severe, they were nothing compared with those applied at the second and third meetings. At the second seance, Mrs. Tomson was, at her own request, in opposition to my own emphatic protest, subjected to a close medical or surgical examination by three fully-qualified doctors, who certified that before she entered the cabinet they were absolutely certain that Mrs. Tomson had no extraneous substance whatever concealed on her person, in her hair or *inside her person*. At all three seances, both Mr. and Mrs. Tomson were completely divested of all their clothing and redressed from head to foot in clothes furnished by me. No attendant was allowed other than the members of the committee chosen to make the search complete. At the second and third seances, no friend or relative of the Tomsons was permitted to be present. In all three the cabinet was an improvised structure made out of screens and curtains supplied by me and put together by members of the committee under the eyes of the company. In the third seance the cabinet was put together by Sir Oliver Lodge. How severe was the preliminary examination may be seen from the following copy of the certificate signed and handed in to the committee of the third seance before Mrs. Tomson was allowed to enter the cabinet:

> "I hereby certify that I have seen Mrs. Tomson absolutely divested of all her clothes. That I have seen those articles of apparel removed from the room. That I have examined the full body of the nude form of Mrs. Tomson both back and front, from the hair of her head to the soles of her feet. I certify that she has nothing whatever on the outside of her person. I also certify that after the examination was complete, and I was satisfied that Mrs. Tomson was in a state of nature without any plastrons or other devices upon her person, by which she could conceal any articles to be subsequently used as apports or for the draping of figures, I saw the clothes belonging to our hostess brought into the room, which I then subjected to a close examination to see that there was nothing concealed in the pockets or in the lining of such garments. I then saw Mrs. Tomson dressed in the clothes thus provided for her, after which I signed this statement declaring that the examination has been conducted in a most searching manner, and that I, the undersigned, am satisfied that at this moment Mrs. Tomson has nothing upon her person excepting the articles of apparel supplied to her by the hostess, which have been thoroughly searched, and which I am satisfied are of dark material, and contain nothing that could be used as an apport, or for the white drapery of figures."
>
> (Signed) L. E. B.
> E. M. S.
> January 22nd, 1909. S. P. T.

A similar certificate was signed by Mr. Fielding, Mr. Baggalley and Mr. Douglas Murray as to the result of their examination of Mr. Tomson.

Notwithstanding these rigorous precautions, the following phenomena were witnessed at all the three seances:

1. The production of flowers and ferns in varying quantities from within the cabinet.

2. The appearance of Mrs. Tomson outside the cabinet, clad from head to foot in a heavy, white, beautifully draped dress fitting close to her figure, over which was thrown a white veil, although Mrs. Tomson, when she went into the cabinet, was dressed solely in black.

3. The appearance of materialized spirit forms which were declared by one or more of the sitters to resembled their deceased relatives in feature, gesture and speech.

The first and second of these occurred at all three seances. The third only occurred at the first.

As to how these phenomena were produced, the Tomsons say nothing. The explanations tendered by various members of the three committees merely serve as illustration of the readiness of a certain class of professional sceptics to believe that Jonah swallowed the whale in order to evade the necessity of believing that the whale swallowed Jonah. The conclusions, the inferences, the explanation, do not matter. The only thing that is important is the fact that such and such phenomena actually did occur under such and such conditions, and that apparently they can, under similar or more favourable conditions, always be produced.

So far I have written solely from the point of view of observers on this side. I should not, however, have recorded the experiments here were it not that, for the first time, I believe, since such experiments began, I have in my possession communications from the other side, written either by my own automatic hand or by that of another automatic writer, hands which were controlled, or, if you like, which purported to be controlled, by the disembodied intelligences of deceased friends who co-operated with us in the experiment.

Both before and after each seance, we had such communications purporting to emanate from the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers and from my son Willie. And after all the sittings were over, I asked the Myers control to use another hand than mine to write out a report for the readers of the *Review of Reviews* of his impressions of the series of sittings. He acceded to this request on condition that I would allow him to annotate the script with my hand and supplement it by extracts from what he had previously written immediately after the sittings.

Here is the annotated report, automatically written by the hand of Miss H., supplemented, as requested, from Mr. Myers' previous observations, and in particular by my own son's most interesting account of the process of transfiguration and materialization in which he himself took part.

"By an apparently simultaneous impulse in each of the two worlds there has recently been a united attempt to give scientic demonstration of the fact that not only does the individual personality survive the casting of its physical envelope, but that it possesses the power, under certain conditions, to re-assume temporarily the outward similitude of

that former physical envelope." The communication continues:

"But we on our side and you on yours, while being united in the one great common effort, have had a somewhat different end in view.

"With you it was the endeavour to demonstrate that 'materialization' was an undeniable fact; while with us—that is to say, those of us who have accepted that fact (and there is here almost as much scepticism regarding it as with you)—the chief object was to ascertain by careful observation and experiment what are the actual necessary conditions for making materialization possible.

"In this, as in all research work, progress is infinitely slow; and with us, as with you, there have been many efforts and many failures. My own difficulty has ever been, as you know, my utter inability to trust so-called 'professional mediums.' To that difficulty I need not, however, again refer in regard to the present circumstances; for I satisfied myself some time ago as to the extraordinary psychic faculty possessed by Mrs. Tomson, which in one way exceeds that of her husband, who, though he is both clairvoyant and clairaudient, does not in himself possess the attributes which alone enable a disembodied spirit to assume material form. What these subtle attributes may be is at present unknown both to us and to you. And it is in this field of experimental research that my own chosen work at present lies. I have observed that certain 'conditions' are necessary to make materialization possible. I have also observed that Mrs. Tomson possesses in herself all those 'conditions' in a varying degree; and furthermore I have come to a definite conclusion that certain of those *necessary conditions* are to be found distributed in different degrees of different elements among a number of persons who, when assembled together, by each supplying some needful attribute would collectively form first that battery or condition which is found in Mrs. Tomson herself alone.



MR. AND MRS. TOMSON
Presenters of "The Master Mystery" at the Alhambra.

"For the full development and natural working of this mysterious and precious faculty, the perfect, the essential atmosphere, is sympathy. Scepticism, which is so often but another name for antagonistic disbelief, will ever be fatal.

"It seemed to me, however, that if scepticism, representing the north-east wind under the pseudonym of 'scientific investigation,' were diluted with a sufficiency of the necessary sympathetic sunshine, we might obtain a moderate working atmosphere for conducting experiments on behalf of both sides.

"With this in view my fellow-workers (W. S., junr., Julia, Gurney and others) gladly agreed to co-operate with Mr. Stead. The first seance, held at Mr. Stead's town house (Jan. 9), was of what (on looking back upon it) I may describe as a somewhat amateurish character. Strict 'test conditions' were carefully arranged, and as a matter of fact the results of the sitting were to us intensely satisfactory. I, keenly and critically, nay even sceptically observant, made myself for the first time acquainted with the primary conditions absolutely necessary for materialization. I saw the causes of apparent and partial failure, and I may say that I think I clearly perceive the leading lines on which complete success will ultimately be achieved.

"To briefly summarize—the first sitting, then, was from our point of view extraordinarily good. Were I now to doubt the possibility of physical materialization, it would be to doubt the evidence of my own senses. But Mrs. Tomson's regrettable condition of emotional excitement before the commencement of the seance rendered her, as you know, quite unequal to the long-sustained strain. It is unnecessary for me to minutely recapitulate the tests. In accordance with my own earnestly expressed desire, Mr. Stead asked that any manifestation which might take place should be in accordance with the Divine Will.

"By the subdued light of a shaded lamp, and to the pleasant accompaniment of music, we unseen watchers smiled tolerantly in spite of ourselves as we saw the varying effect upon the small circle of sitters when the first apport (a large bouquet of various kinds of flowers) made its appearance. But the production of apports—there mere playthings of our world—was not the end we had in view.

"In spite of the very evident 'background' of scepticism, of which we were so keenly conscious, I was delighted that a number of our spirit-people were able to issue in succession from the cabinet, clothed as in the 'the airy fabric of a vision,' to demonstrate by word and gesture that they were in very truth real, firm, solid and tangible as yourselves."

(One of the forms thus materialized was my son Willie, who passed over in December, 1907. I saw his face quite distinctly at the parting of the curtains, and his eager voice saying, "Father, Father, Father!" When I went forward, Mrs. Tomson fell out of the cabinet.

Writing with my hand, Willie wrote the following account of the process in which he had taken part:

"Around the medium there is an aura which is much more dense than that which surrounds you. It emanates from her body much as the small veins emanate from the arteries, and from this aura is drawn the material for materialization and for transfiguration. In the latter case, the spirit friends mould the drapery over the medium's body, using it as a kind of tailor's block, fit a mask more or less transparent over the features, and control the body. It is trance control plus the fitting over the medium of drapery and a semblance of the person controlling. For this the medium's own aura is sufficient. It is more arduous when the full process of materialization is undertaken. For then a new body must be constructed. It is not made complete in all its parts, the point being that of creating a recognizable entity. There is no need to elaborate all the details of the internal anatomy. For instance, I was only conscious of a head

and bust. My arms were not complete; for my legs I had only the framework. It was impossible for me to have walked out. I was built up as in a kind of plaster cast around my spirit body. Of course, my spirit body was there, but it could not have supported my solid head and bust. They were building up my underpinnings. I should have felt like a man in armour. But I could use my vocal chords, and I did get out three words. For the full materialization, it is necessary to draw from other auras than that of the medium. The spirit artificers use the aura as raw material; they thicken and condense it, and mould it at will. It it a most interesting process. Julia helped. I did not put my hand to it, but remained passive. I should say that the medium would weigh less when I was built up, but that she and I would weigh together more than the medium alone. That means that the balance would be taken from the sitters, or some of them. Some yield much, others little or none. It is a somewhat risky and delicate process. We on our side need the support of your sympathetic thoughts. If we have that there is almost no limit to what we shall be able to do.")

"The second sitting, January 15th—that which took place at a private house at Regent's Park—was, from our standpoint, a thousandfold more successful than the first. We fought against conditions which I soon knew to be absolutely adverse. The room was a very Polar region of icy incredulity, mixed with an atmosphere of supercilious curiosity and, in some cases, of actual contempt. But for our absolute determination to force upon certain persons the evidence of their own senses, we should have declined to allow the seance to proceed. However, I recalled with compunction the time when, had I been present in the body, my own mental attitude would have been scarcely less bigoted and intolerant, and I lent my full support to the proceedings. Test conditions, the most rigorous that were ever imposed upon any unhappy woman, and by which Mrs. Tomson was so completely 'depleted' and robbed of psychic force that every one of the twenty-five sitters had to be requested to separately enter the cabinet in order to contribute if possible to the necessary amount of power, yet did not prevent the eventual production of some small apports and the appearance of several beautiful spirit-forms clad in white draperies. All the apparitions but two were transfigurations. But there were two materializations, one which came first and the other which dematerialized as you said. In truth, the success was more complete than I could have believed possible. For the conditions in the seance room were, for us, equivalent to the air you breathe when London is enwrapped in fog. Would you not consider the production of a good, clear photograph, taken in the midst of a fog, a more striking proof of the camera's power to *see* than even the best snapshot obtained on a sunny day? Clear air and sunshine give you your snapshot easily, but *we* gave you, as it were, a clear photograph even in the midst of a dense fog! This we certainly did. And it is little to the credit of those of my scientific friends who were present that they have not frankly and openly said so.

"Seance number three (January 23rd), which to my great satisfaction took place at Mr. Stead's own residence, in which there are the accumulated beneficent influences of many good conditions, was, in its own way, equally a triumph. I wish you to understand that from our point of view this 'threefold experiment' has been from first to last successful. It has proved to many on this side that materialization is a possibility, and it has given me much new insight, much new information, and enabled me to know, without any suspicion of doubt, that so far as we have gone we are standing upon firm ground. As the time for the third seance drew near, I endeavoured to drive home the fact so persistently and cruelly—I may even say *brutally*—ignored, that the medium—whose sensitive, highly-strung organization is the instrument on which we play—must be guarded, at whatever cost, from emotional disturbance of any kind.

"I was gratified by the presence of Sir Oliver Lodge at the third seance. It satisfies me to know that there is a united agreement that the test conditions were rigid (having been drawn up by a small committee of keen investigators), that the conditions were considered before the seance to have been satisfactorily complied with, that apports, in the shape of a large handful of different kinds of flowers, were produced, and that a number of forms appeared successively from the cabinet, some of which were complete materializations, others transfigurations of the medium herself."

The Myers' report ends here. I add an extract from what Mr. Myers wrote before the seance:

"Please as little as possible in the way of preliminaries of a nature likely to disturb the sensitive equilibrium of the medium. The more I ponder over the former occasion, the more I wonder that anything at all was achieved. I will briefly recount the necessary conditions. 1. Sympathy. 2. Calm, scientific, deliberate observation, for the truth's sake (not insolent incredulity under that name). 3. No emotional excitement either in medium or sitters. 4. The benediction of God, asked in earnest supplication, that all may be in accordance with His will. 5. No discussion of any kind to take place in the presence of the medium. All arrangements, down to the smallest detail, completed in good time beforehand, so that Mr. Stead may take a few minutes' complete rest before the seance begins (this is important). 6. Subdued light, as before. These are *our* conditions. General details I leave to yourselves. With care I anticipate very good results.

"The circle, small though it was (eleven were present), was larger than I liked, and I here take this opportunity of saying that any future seance at which I may see my way to assist must be strictly limited to six persons. I do not propose to go into the different conclusions which were afterwards drawn by the sitters at these various seances. As I have elsewhere observed, *let facts speak for themselves.* Get a few reliable witnesses, sympathetic level-headed persons who can agree exactly upon what they do hear and see, and who may be depended upon to adhere to their own statements afterwards, and never mind about 'conclusions,' than which nothing is more fallible!"

So much for the autoscript. Of course, it may not be Mr. Myers who wrote the foregoing report, and it may not have been my son who explained how it was all done. But I saw my son's face and heard his voice, and so did the only other sitter, who sat exactly opposite the opening. His automatic writing not only came through me, but also through the same friend through whom he has constantly communicated ever since he passed over. Having therefore the evidence of my own senses confirmed by the auto writing of my son and Mr. Myers, I naturally have come to the only possible conclusion, viz., that whatever the Tomsons may do on the music-hall stage, they do possess psychic powers which on occasion can be used to produce phenomena under conditions so severe and so rigorously enforced as to preclude any possibility of fraud, trick or collusion. Those who reject this conclusion admit that they cannot explain "the Master Mystery." For professional purposes, the Tomsons no doubt prefer Sir Oliver Lodge's uncompromising rejection of any supernormal hypothesis, accompanied as it is by his frank admission that he cannot explain how it is done. For clever trickery spells wealth, and Spiritualism spells ruin. Therefore, the Tomsons neither claim nor disclaim anything. But the facts are as above stated.

* * *

These articles will give an excellent idea of how Mrs. Tomson was regarded in England.

In one article we find that those who write the account are baffled. They are dumfounded. They are wondering where

this mysterious "Nowhere" is located. They fail to grasp the significance of the situation.

Mr. Stead, in his *Review of Reviews*, gives his most interesting opinion.

The foregoing, we believe, will serve as an introduction of Mrs. Tomson and her work.

Some American Opinions

We take the following from the *Joliet Evening Herald-News*, published in Joliet, Ill., the issue being of March 29, 1920. The first part of the article covers some of the statements that we have already placed before the reader, and therefore we begin with the subhead, "Manifestations Startling."

"The manifestations, which began immediately after the lights were turned down to a vibrant gloom, something like the flickering twilight 'between the dog and the wolf,' were startling enough, to an unaccustomed observer.

"The 'control,' who was an old major, of bluff bass tones—the father of Mrs. Tomson—took charge by shouting a welcome, to which Dr. Tomson, who was standing well down in the aisle, responded.

"A few minutes' silence and expectancy—and then behold—a dim gray veil seemed to wave from the opening of the cabinet. A dim hand—then a dim arm—growing visibly as if moved, and then a shape in garments of pallid gray seemed about to emerge. It waved its arm, looked about, sighed audibly—and retreated.



MISS NOURHALMA TOMSON
Mr. and Mrs. Tomson's daughter, holding in her arms some of the flowers produced by her mother from space.

"Dr. Tomson, who seemed to understand its desire, went to a black-garbed woman in the first row and led her to the cabinet. The Shape patted the woman's cheeks, placed two hands on her shoulders, looked deeply into her eyes and faded away, growing shorter as she disappeared.

"'My mother!' murmured the woman as she took her seat.

"No two manifestations were alike. Some misty figures were short and some were tall, some began short and seemed to grow tall as you looked. Some were plumper and some were thinner, some wore pearly draperies in loose folds, some wore a garb more like shaped dresses with kimono sleeves and accordion-plaited skirts of the fashionable length. Some robes trailed upon the floor, and some seem to have applied draperies of graceful design. Invariably the robes were of a pearly gray, almost of a vanishing filminess, yet seemingly to emit a florescent glow from within.

"As long as the spirit visitor remained in the cabinet, rays of phosphorescent light seemed to come thru the cracks. The texture of the robes appeared of an impossible fineness and grace.

"Various persons were admitted into the cabinet from time to time, where they conversed with spirit visitors whom they recognized.

"'I'll testify that I knew her,' said a woman coming out of the cabinet. "She was my aunt who was fat. I knew her by the wart on her nose with three hairs in it.'

"One young girl testified to recognizing an old maidservant known in her youth.

"'Oh, it was just like her, anyone would know her, she had such a long nose,' she said.

"A man said he had recognized his wife, who died long ago. The pale shape sometimes met the seeker outside the cabinet and threw its arms about his neck with joyful little cries. The manifestations came rapidly, new arrivals appeared almost before the last had departed. In each case, Dr. Tomson rushed to someone in the audience, as if by intuition, and led him, or her, to the cabinet. Thirty, possibly thirty-five, presentments were counted, and at the end of the seance the jury was invited to inspect everything as before.

"Previous to materializings, Dr. Tomson made a short address upon the work. He said that many magicians had tried to duplicate the phenomena, always failing ignominiously, there being no possibility of fraud in the manifestations and so admitted. He said that the seances offered proofs of the continuity of life. The explanation of Mrs. Tomson's peculiar powers lay in certain chemical combinations in her system which made it possible to materialize bodies.

"This explanation was quite in harmony with the theory of the luminous mobile substance coming from the hands and arms of successful mediums.

"The president of the First Spiritualist Society is Henry J. Yost. A. R. Metzelbarger is vice-president, and Mrs. Lillie McGinness is secretary.

"In the board of trustees are Mrs. Emma Wetzel, Matilda Miller, Lena Voight and William Stowe.

"It is hoped to secure a return date from Dr. and Mrs. Tomson of no distant date."

* * *

The following is taken from the *Milwaukee Free Press*, of Sunday, April 21, 1918:

"When the city editor told me to cover the materialization seance conducted by Mrs. Elizabeth Tomson and her daughter, at 401 Florida Street, I smiled, because I thought this spirit business was all 'bunk,' but when the audience at the seance sang 'America,' and the spirit of Maj. Shook, a Kentuckian, who took part in the civil war, said, 'It sounds pretty good to me!' I sat up and took notice.

"The house where the seance was held is a low, two-story building, and in the dark I could not make out whether it was built of brick or wood. I had to ring for several minutes before some one came to the door, but when I was admitted I was given a seat near the front. I was the last to arrive and the room was pretty well crowded. A cabinet made of curtains stood in front of us, and Mrs. Tomson was just seating herself. But the curtains were not lowered until several other reporters and myself examined the cabinet and sealed all doors leading to the room. Two women reporters carefully examined Mrs. Tomson.

"As soon as the curtains of the cabinet were lowered, the lights were slowly dimmed until it was almost dark in the room.

"'We must do that,' I was told by one of the Spiritualists in the room. 'The spirits as well as ourselves don't like it, but they can not work in the light,' he further explained.

"Well, we sat there in the dark for a few minutes, when suddenly a gruff voice startled us.

"'Good evening and God bless you all!' it said.

"'Good evening,' the assembly answered. I was told it was the voice of Maj. Shook, who was in control. The man next to me whispered that Maj. Shook and three other spirits control Mrs. Tomson, and that the three spirits really do all the work, and simply use Mrs. Tomson and the cabinet as mediums. Then I was told that the forms that I would soon see are made by the spirits.

"'Let's have some music, my friends.' It was the voice of Maj. Shook again.

"Miss Tomson aided her mother by communicating directly to the audience. She stood outside, but near the cabinet.

"'What shall we sing?' she asked the spirit. Maj. Shook was Miss Tomson's grandfather and she called him by that title.

"'Anything soft,' was the reply. So we sang 'Nearer My God to Thee,' then we sang 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.' Soon we ran out of songs, so somebody started 'America.' Judging by the way we sang, it wasn't soft. Anyway, we got thru the first verse without mishap.

"'That sounds good to me,' said the spirit of Maj. Shook.

"My hair didn't stand up when the first spirit made its appearance from the cabinet. I have seen too many 'dead ones' while working on the police run.

"First a white hand slowly parted the curtain and then a figure garbed in a white, flowing veil glided out. The veil was so transparent that the form of the spirit was visible. It said something in a low voice and Miss Tomson called for 'the gentleman who came in last.' That was me.

"I stood up and Miss Tomson took my right hand and led me to the cabinet. In the meantime the spirit which was calling for me vanished into the cabinet. As I came near, the curtains parted and the white figure again looked at me.

"I shuddered, but I did not forget that I was there to get a story. The spirit looked closely at me and began to shake its head and wave its hands and in the same whispering voice as before said, 'No, no, no,' and this disappeared.

"Apparently I was the wrong person. Miss Tomson told me to stand aside, and she called another man. This time Miss Tomson got the right man and my eyes dimmed with the scene of the meeting that followed. The spirit that I was called to was the spirit of the other man's mother. They both whispered something in each other's ear and the spirit disappeared.

"I was called two times to the cabinet before the spirit who was calling me really knew me.

"It was a short figure possibly not more than five feet high. It was dressed in white but did not say a word to me—not even a whisper—but just shook its head recognizingly.

"I leaned forward—I wasn't frightened. There was something in the spirit features that looked pleasing. Suddenly the spirit touched my right shoulder as if to embrace me. I grasped the fingers as they were about to draw back, but they melted in my hand. To describe how the spirit's fingers felt I would say they were feathery, light and warm.

"Then the figure began to step back—back until it was in the cabinet again. I bent forward and as I did I could make out a face without eyes and mouth without teeth. The form looked at me again and placed its left hand to the heart and touched it lightly three times.

"I sat down in my chair again and watched the rest of the seance. I saw the spirit of a little girl calling for its mother and when it disappeared the mother cried. I could not help but wipe my own eyes.

"The seance after an hour ended abruptly when Mrs. Tomson came out of the cabinet with such an impetus that she landed in the first row of the audience.

"'He threw her out,' said the man next to me. 'He always does that when he is thru.' He meant Maj. Shook.*

"As I rode back to the office I wondered who the spirit that called on me represented. I could not remember anyone who looked like it. But why did it touch its heart three times and look so sad and yet so full of love to me? Could it be—well, I don't know."

*This is wrong. Something in the conditions caused this.

* * *

Many Forms Appear

In Mrs. Tomson's materializing seances, not only are flowers seen to be placed in a vase standing on a pedestal in the cabinet, with the vase in full view of the audience, but many forms come out of the cabinet. These forms are clothed in flowing white garments similar to the garments worn by the Bedouins of the desert.

When the conditions are good, the lights used are exceptionally strong, so that the forms and features of nearly everybody in the audience can be discerned. In the private seances, where the conditions are good, this light is so strong that there is no mistaking the features of those spirits who come out of the cabinet. Sometimes they come out singly, and even two or three or four will emerge at the same time. They will come out of the opening between the curtains, and also past the ends of the curtains.

Some of these forms are seen to dematerialize in the front of, or in the opening of, the cabinet. Often where loved ones in spirit wish to hold conversations—which places an extra demand upon the forces—the mortal is asked to place his head through the opening of the curtains where he can see and hear these dear ones. Many of these conversations are carried on for several minutes.

In some of the dematerializations, the figure will step out upon the platform or in the room, depending upon where the seance is held, and will remain there for perhaps a half-minute, so that everybody can see the size of the spirit. Then directly in the opening of the cabinet, between the two curtains, this figure will dematerialize slowly. The form itself grows smaller. Some of these dematerializations occupy more than a minute. In fact, some of them take more than two minutes. Before the form vanishes, it is less than a foot in height. It retains perfectly all of the bodily proportions.

This is a most convincing manifestation, and it is as interesting to experienced Spiritualists as it is to others.

Miss Tomson, who assists her mother in her work, is very psychic and usually officiates at the cabinet. She is inspired to go into the audience, selecting those who are to be called to the cabinet.

In the meetings, Dr. Tomson delivers a lecture or sermon, and he never fails to touch upon the truth that as we seek we must work. It is not sufficient to merely believe that the loved ones on the other side are helping us. It is necessary for us to put forth our best efforts continuously. Then through the law of attraction we are making possible the assistance which our dear ones endeavor to bring to us.

Usually at these meetings there will be one or two message-bearers who deliver most convincing messages to different persons in the audience, and particularly to strangers. There is beautiful music, and these musical numbers help to make up a most interesting programme. There are no awkward pauses. The meetings usually start about eight o'clock and continue until ten-thirty or nearly until eleven.

In these public seances, where the conditions are at all favorable, thirty or more forms will appear. Some of them will step out several feet from the cabinet in plain view of the audience. In order to recognize these materialized figures, it is necessary for their mortal friends to step up to the cabinet. By standing so that the light will fall upon the features of the loved ones manifesting, it is possible to recognize those features. In addition to this visual recognition, the name usually is given clearly by the manifesting spirit.

Photographic Stories from Two Cameras

HERE are two photographs from different sources, and taken by different photographers. The one at the left was taken by Mr. A. Normann in Camp Chesterfield, Ind., and the other by some photographer in Chicago. It is not always possible to secure the names of those who take these pictures. Often results are secured when they were not looked for—and usually a psychic photograph reveals faces not in mind at the time the picture was taken.

Just why Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and other famous personages appear on so many spirit photographs, we do not know, unless it is because the recognition will be general. It happens—and we pass the results along as they are.

In the first photograph, the persons sitting are Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tomek, and the Drs. Sedlack of Chicago. There is a face at the extreme left, which the engraving may not disclose, but which Mrs. Tomek recognizes as her mother. The face between the two men is of a guide of Mrs. Tomek. This guide is known as Silver Star. It is well to note that many persons have guides of the same name, although those guides are different spirits. Just as there are many John Smiths in this world, there are many of the same name in spirit; and many select spirit names —a sort of ethereal *nom de plume,* or *nom de guerre,* or "stage name," if that looks better!

In the photograph at the right, Mrs. M. Whitney, 3148 East Eightieth street, Chicago, says that she recognizes none of the figures as being relatives. Why Lincoln's face appears, she does not know. She does know that this photograph was taken in front of a cabinet, and that nothing exceptional was visible to the mortal vision. The rose effect seen near the face of the spirit in the flowing robes, likely has some symbolical significance.

As the scientist would say, this picture is not "evidential matter," but there is nothing to indicate that the picture was produced fraudulently. Spiritualists who have had many photographs taken realize that they seldom receive the results which they had their minds on. If they had, those pseudo-scientists who claim all psychic phenomena is due to some sort of "mental emanations," might have more foundation for their claims. We realize, as we progress in this study, that mortals do not command the spirit-world, and that no one has the power to "demand" those in spirit to do anything. The ethereal is not subservient to the material, and our prospect in life would be rather gloomy were this so!

In this number there are some photographs and some independent writings that qualify as "evidential." We are glad to present the strongest evidence, but we must not refuse evidence because it lacks that strength. To acquaint our readers with the appearance of these spirit photographs—and their varieties —also is important. There are many unusual results produced —and the field of psychic photography is receiving a great impetus. It is one of the most important sources of evidence in Spiritualism, because it can be preserved, and that which is seen and heard, without a record, becomes little more—to the investigator—than hearsay. The photograph is documentary. It remains as an ever-present argument.





Communications Without Seances

Interesting Happenings in a Quiet Household Where Several Members of the Family are Mediumistic

AT 4731 West Monroe Street, Chicago, in that portion of the city known to residents as Austin, there dwells the family of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kemp. There are seven children. The elder daughter is married, leaving six of the children home. The older children hold responsible positions, and one could not expect to step into more homelike conditions. The Kemp household stands for all that is wholesome and congenial in American family life.

There is nothing unusual or fanatical about any of the members of the family. And yet in that quiet home come most extraordinary spirit manifestations.

Going back in the family history about twenty years, we find the little twins, Doris and Gladys. They were identical in stature and appearance. To look at either was to look at both. When these tots were less than three years old, the Great Father gathered one of these tender flowers and took it into His beautiful garden in spirit. Gladys was called home, and Doris was left to continue her earth-experience.

As Doris began to grow up, she felt that her sister was near her. She spoke about it frequently, and the family thought that this was only a natural result where one twin should be taken away.

One day a friend told Mrs. Kemp about some Spiritualist meetings that were being held on the West side. Partly in shame to think that she should place any credence in a belief of this kind, Mrs. Kemp accompanied her friend—and as they entered the hall Mrs. Kemp hoped fervently that none of her friends would see her.

It was all unusual and bewildering. On the programme was a message-bearer—a gentleman who long since has passed to the other side. During the delivery of his messages, he stepped forward on the platform and called Mrs. Kemp by name, and said:

"I see a little child lying on your lap, and her name is Gladys."

When Mrs. Kemp returned home, she told her husband. She had attended the afternoon meeting, and there was to be another that evening. Accompanied by her husband, she went back to the hall that evening, and they received a further message.

From that time forward, the family interest increased, and with the passing years the different members of the household became familiar with various forms of communications and manifestations.

When Doris was in the sixth grade at school, the class-members were being examined and they were asked to name a city in China that was famous for a certain industry. Doris stood up and gave the name of the town. She knew that she had never heard it, but she felt Gladys was near her and helped her. When she returned home, she told her parents what she had done, and explained to them that she knew Gladys had given her the information. The children in school were astounded, and so were the teachers. Doris is a very discreet young person, and realized even as a child that it would not do to try to explain her belief to everybody.

Many seances were held in the home as the children grew older. But it was not until a few months ago that these remarkable manifestations came. The first of the manifestations is described by Mrs. Kemp in this manner:

"I had come home one day last Winter, and there was a bright fire burning in the grate; and yet on the mirror above the mantle, as though painted or drawn with some white material, was a perfect Masonic emblem. I walked over and examined it as carefully as I could. But feeling the heat from the grate, I realized that no person could have taken the time to do such artistic work when the heat above the mantle was almost unbearable.

"When the children came home, I called their attention to this emblem on the mirror, and they were as much baffled as I. That evening when Mr. Kemp returned from his business, he studied the emblem carefully. Being a Mason, he said that it was correct in detail. He also mentioned the fact that his father and brother (now in spirit) were thirty-second degree Masons in the old days in Edinburgh, Scotland.

"This emblem remained for several days, and then it disappeared as mysteriously as it had come. There was not a spot left on the mirror to indicate where it had been."

Naturally the members of the family were mystified, and it was some time before the next manifestation came.

As different members of the family would go to their respective rooms at night, they would find messages written on the doors, mirrors or the walls in this same white substance, as though a powder had been mixed up with some liquid. Upon examination, some of this substance has all the appearance of paint. Some of it can be erased and some cannot. Usually these messages will remain for several days at a time.

In the morning when the family comes downstairs, messages will be found written on the doors or the mirrors, and even on the draperies and walls—and within a few hours or a few days, the writings will vanish.

These messages are not meaningless. They are purposeful. We were shown two messages that were written on the inside of different bedroom doors. One of them said: "Have more patience, Doris." This young lady explained that the day upon which this message appeared, she had been very impatient over some matter and had done some pouting and fretting. To find this word from Gladys was to be cheered immediately.

On another door appeared this message: "Alice will come out all right. Grandmother Kemp."

Mrs. Kemp explained that when they wish to have a message, they will write the question on a piece of paper, perhaps placing it on a dresser or in a dresser-drawer. They may find the answer written within a few minutes, and again it may be hours or even days before the answer comes.

The question that had been written to Grandmother Kemp was one pertaining to some matter that was in the mind of the daughter, Alice. Frequently the messages are found written on cards or pieces of paper. These may be found on tops of dressers or in the drawers.

The character of the writing never changes. Gladys always writes in the same hand, and this faithfulness to detail in chirography is the same with every member of the family on the other side.

On one occasion Doris talked over with the family the question of her employment. That night, in opening her dresser-drawer, she found a note written on paper in pencil, instructing her to go to a certain place to make inquiries. She was busy the next day and did not go. When Mrs. Kemp went into her daughter's room, she found a message on the door telling Doris that there was no need of going now, but to wait until further instructions. Mrs. Kemp called her daughter up and conveyed the information to her.

One evening while Doris was telephoning, the balance of the family decided to go to bed, and, without thinking, turned out all of the lights, leaving Doris in the dark downstairs. Every once in awhile, a voice said: "For heaven's sake, Doris, stop that 'phoning and go to bed!" A few minutes later, the voice said: "Doris, you are going to keep the whole family awake!"

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The young lady thought that her mother was talking. But when she had completed her conversation over the wire, and had gone upstairs, she found all of the members of the family asleep and none of them knew anything about the voice.

On another occasion, Doris had a stiff neck. And shortly after she had gone to bed, she felt two strong hands that seemed to come directly out of the pillow. For a period of about ten minutes these hands massaged her neck with wonderful skill, and in the morning the stiffness was all gone.

The son of the household very often hears voices, and he receives impressions and inspirations. And yet he would much prefer that they let him alone. The more he is opposed to the idea of his psychic powers, the more manifestations he receives. Evidently the point of least resistance for him will lie in the direction of co-operating with these forces!

Sometimes the members of the family will sit around the large dining table and turn out the lights. They place their hands upon the table, and not only does the table move, but raps come upon it and questions are answered in this manner. They feel hands on their shoulders and faces and in their hair. The hairpins are removed from the coiffures of the young ladies and their hair is permitted to fall over their shoulders. Occasionally a voice speaks to them, and it is evident that if the family were to sit regularly, they would receive full-form materializations as well as the voices.

The members of the Kemp household accept these interesting manifestations as a matter of course. They are thankful for the guidance that comes to them through these written communications.



The substance on this slate looks like paint. It is not rubbed off easily, and yet the same substance on other slates has disappeared as mysteriously as it has come.

Accompanying this article are two illustrations of slates. At least we hope that the writings and drawings will not be removed before the engraver does his work. Sometimes these messages written on the slates will be taken away in a few hours. These particular drawings and messages have been on the slates for some time. A close examination reveals an appearance similar to paint. The same substance has been noted on other slates where entirely different forces are employed. Apparently the spirit chemists mix up some substance that serves for the production of these writings and drawings.

In the original, the picture of the open book has, in capital letters on the left-hand page and in two lines, "Holy Bible." The original message on the other slate was: "You will be sorry, Doris." The word "be" has been erased. There was also another line at the bottom of the slate that was erased. These erasures were as mysterious as the writings. The stems of the flowers were in green and likely will not show in the engraving.

Usually a number of these slates are left around the house, the slates being placed together in pairs, with about a half-inch piece of slate-pencil between them. That other materials are used besides the pencil is evident from the fact that colors appear on some of the slates. When the writings are taken away from the slates, the doors, the walls, the mirrors, the draperies, there is not the slightest indication that these writings ever were present.

The facts herein presented should prove very inspiring to those persons who do not have access to seance-rooms.

It is evident that at least the mother and the daughters, Alice and Doris, and the son, are mediumistic. The writings evidently are done at times when no member of the family is in the house. This seems to be almost the reversal of the conditions that would be expected in communications of any nature. No matter what it seems to be, it is a fact.

The mortal world may come very close to the truth in deciding how these things are done. No matter how close we of this world may come to an understanding of these processes, we still lack the actual knowledge. How it is possible to use these forces when all of the members of the family are absent, we do not pretend to understand. That it is done, must be admitted without question.

Here is a family consisting of parents and children, all of whom are perfectly normal, and who appreciate fully what the public might say relative to these manifestations. And yet looking upon the subject in a perfectly normal manner, the members of this family receive these unusual demonstrations of spirit existence and intelligence.

The doors are being opened in many parts of the world. Men and women, and even children, who have been entirely ignorant of Spiritualism, are seeing and hearing. They are the recipients of tangible physical results. Being in the material, we mortals are impressed most by those demonstrations which embody material effects. So long as we can see, feel and hear results, we are more likely to accept this truth as existing in harmony with natural law.

None of the members of the Kemp household feels the slightest trepidation over these strange communications. A generation or two ago, the Kemp home would be known as a haunted house. In the Kemp family there is nothing of a haunting or supernatural condition about it.

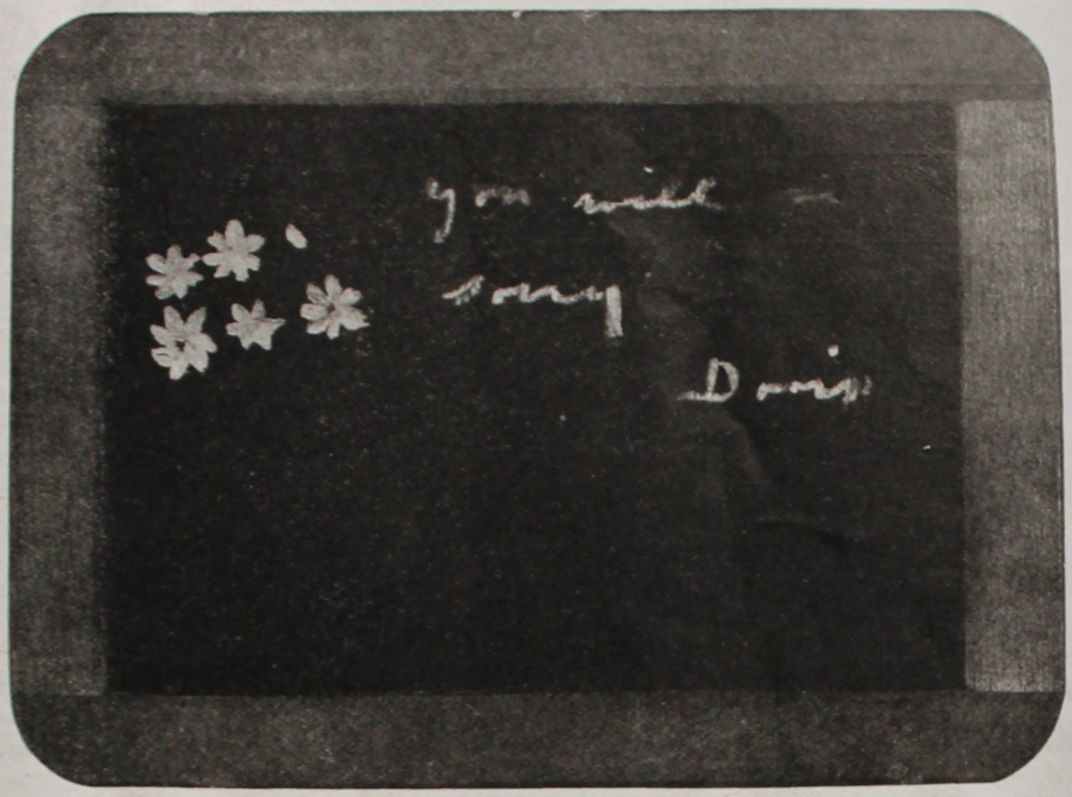
These messages are from dear ones who are watching over the parents and the children and who are guiding them. The children are admonished as to their moral conduct, and they are being trained in a helpful channel of right thinking. Let one of them feel the lure of any temptation or any vanity, and there will be a message warning that individual against the dangers

of yielding to the temptation. This guidance is unfailing.

How are skeptics going to explain away these facts? The family does not invite any outsiders, gives no seances or sittings, and neither seeks nor courts publicity regarding these strange circumstances. They are simply facts. They exist in the nature of things.

In many homes throughout America, and all over the world, unusual occurrences are happening. The doors are being opened wider. The veil is being rent. The barriers are being removed. The things of the ethereal are impinging themselves upon the material. The reality of immortality is coming to the earth-world in spite of opposition, superstition and fear. What is occurring in the Kemp household is happening—perhaps with variations — in many other homes.

Frequently these manifestations come in families the members of which belong to orthodox churches. These good people are non-plussed. To tell their friends about these circumstances is likely to invite criticism or even ostracism.



"You will be sorry, Doris," was the original message. Another message at the bottom of the slate vanished. The green stems of the flowers do not show in this engraving.

These instances are multiplying—they are increasing in force and in numbers. The agnostic world may deny them for a while longer, but as these manifestations become universal—so far as this world is concerned—the only course left will be to accept them. When the world begins to study their nature and their purpose, and the law that makes them possible, there will be many happier and more progressive mortals. The human kind will be more likely to accept responsibility and see the necessity of gaining valuable lessons from the experiences of this fleeting mortal existence. What has occurred in the bosom of the Kemp family in Chicago, can happen in any family. When the door is opened, the manifestations will come. And there are many thousands of eager persons who would be glad to have the door opened, and like Belshazzar of old, see the writing on the wall; and, like Daniel, interpret it.

We have secured a number of excellent photographs of these manifastations, and shall present them in a subsequent number. These pictures will show some of the results mentioned in this article.

Often, in the beginning of manifestations, there is irregularity in securing results. These phenomena may come as surprises. Likely, this is traceable to two main causes: First, it is a challenge—or an incentive—to the recipients to try again. Second, the forces are uncertain, and the mortals from whom these forces are drawn, supply the conditions accidentally. Their development is much like a battery that may be filled with current today and depleted tomorrow.

There is another cause that should be considered: Development of psychic gifts often progresses in stages. It is like a series of steps. One form of manifestations will cease when another is ready to bé presented. Also, where it is evident that there are several members of the family who have the psychic gift, the change may be greater in one than in another. Where such pronounced manifestations occur, it is reasonable to suppose that other forms will appear.

One form of manifestations may cease and another appear, but as time passes the original forms may again appear as part of the sum-total. It is difficult to predict what the course of mediumistic unfoldment will be. Only by sitting regularly, is it possible to determine these points. The Kemp family is securing so many manifestations that this fact should be the source of great encouragement to those who desire to have evidence of spirit existence in their homes.

It is interesting to note that some of the best manifestations occur when all of the members of the household are away from home, or when they are all in a part of the house farthest removed from the manifestations.

Do the chemists in spirit store up some of these forces, or can they draw on their mediums without respect to the distance? These are not easy questions to answer, but as the evidence grows in volume, it is more likely that we shall understand the processes better.

Without respect to how these questions are answered, the fact remains that the Kemp family continue to receive new evidence that their home is visited by many who are unseen to ordinary mortal sight.

That the workers on the other side, who employ the forces of the members of the Kemp family, were cognizant of the visit of the editor to the home, is proved by the remarkable manifestations that came a few days after that visit. The story of these happenings will be told in a subsequent article.

It is not easy for many persons to believe that there are loved ones in spirit who are near at all times; not always the same spirit friends, but some of them. The ordinary human being feels rather uncomfortable when he thinks that his words, thoughts and deeds are all open books to those in spirit. The occurrences in the Kemp home prove that some of these helpers are always nearby. The questions that are written on pads or pieces of paper, and left on dressers or in dresser-drawers, are answered by those in spirit. There are watchers in the vicinity —watchers who see that which mortal vision fails to see!

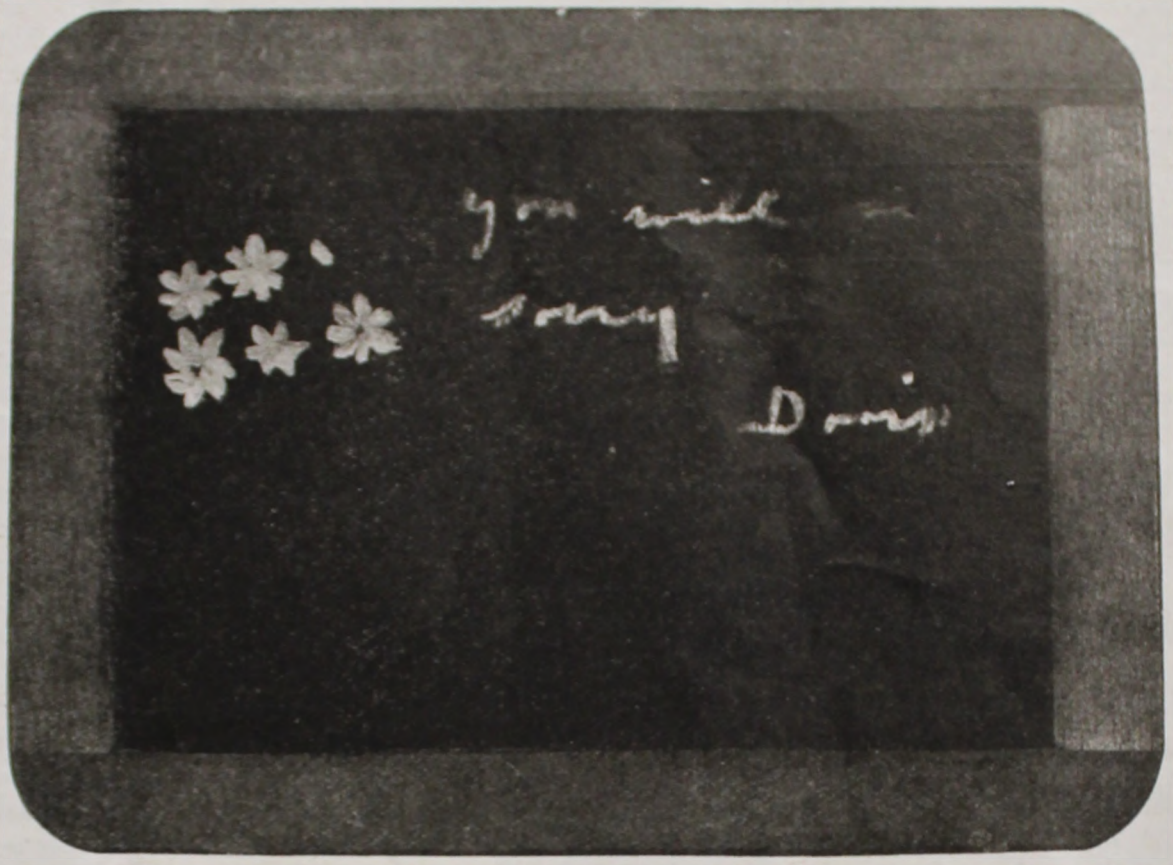
In all households, these invisible helpers are present, even though there may be no manifestations. The evidence of these invisible, but ever-present, forces, may come unbidden, or it may come as the result of patient development.* If it comes without invitation, such evidence may be startling. It may be none the less startling if it has been sought!

If all persons could accept these phenomena as naturally as the members of this Chicago family, there would be more manifestations, and a corresponding increase in the evidence of spirit existence and the continuity of personality.

of yielding to the temptation. This guidance is unfailing.

How are skeptics going to explain away these facts? The family does not invite any outsiders, gives no seances or sittings, and neither seeks nor courts publicity regarding these strange circumstances. They are simply facts. They exist in the nature of things.

In many homes throughout America, and all over the world, unusual occurrences are happening. The doors are being opened wider. The veil is being rent. The barriers are being removed. The things of the ethereal are impinging themselves upon the material. The reality of immortality is coming to the earth-world in spite of opposition, superstition and fear. What is occurring in the Kemp household is happening—perhaps with variations — in many other homes.



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Communication

The Magazine of Spiritual Education
LLOYD KENYON JONES, EDITOR

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"For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."—Romans 8:18.

TO DEVELOPING MEDIUMS

To experience the unusual, is to be tempted to make extravagant claims. The boy who has been reared in the country and who has never seen a large city, goes into raptures over the metropolis on his first visit. To him, it is a fairyland. To the residents of that city, it is an ever-present pestilence.

The medium, newly experiencing some of the manifestations, is likely to permit imagination to run riot along with that which is true. He or she may feel impelled to make claims that are offensive to older and more experienced Spiritualists, and that may be inimical to Spiritualism itself.

The cub never displays the sedate caution of the older bear. One may be old in years, but young in a given branch of experience—and often when mortals find that they can do a certain thing that most other persons can not do, they believe that no one else half so wonderful ever lived.

Whatever man can do, man has done; and if not so well, at least, almost as well. Progress steps upward always, and each time an idea finds headway in the world, it moves forward a little farther than it moved before.

There is the story of the ham actor who had made a hit in a tank town. That night, while the company of troupers waited at the railway station for the midnight train, Mr. Haratio Ham strutted up and down the platform to give the natives a final treat. His head was so badly swollen that it would have been necessary to lubricate it before he could put a shirt on. He was madly in love with himself—and felt that the earth never had known such talent.

An old-timer, seated on a truck and smoking an ancient pipe, watched the Thespian with considerable amusement. His patience at length gave out, and as the actor passed him, the old fellow tapped the stroller on the elbow. The mighty one deigned to turn around.

"Well, me man?" he queried haughtily.

"Mansfield was better!" the old gentleman muttered—and the strutter sought a quiet seat in the dimly lighted waiting-room.

So we would say to the developing medium: "Others were better." Everybody can not be a star, and many who are stars now began their careers unheralded and unsung, and bumped into the harsh realities of persecution and insult.

The world will need more mediums, and many persons today who have received no manifestations, will be giving seances in a few years. Many who are our best mediums, developed for many years before giving even a trial sitting to the closest friends. Without respect to how great one's latent talent may be, the gift must unfold—and uppishness and false claims only retard that development.

Reverting to the editorial "we," let this be stated solemnly and with a "Thank God" appended to it: If we were a medium, we would not gaze impartially upon the work of all mediums. Being confined to telling about that which others see and hear, and being fallow of mediumistic aspirations (thinking that life is problem enough without them!), we feel sad when we witness the bombast of those who are about as capable of giving a reading as a bullfrog is of flying.

Seated in Spiritualistic meetings, it is with deep grief that we view the wriggles and grimaces of those who "feel the forces." Friends, that is a habit—and it does more to excite ridicule than anything else. A worm, being forced upon the business-like hook, can't help undergoing various and sundry contortions, but that is no sign that human beings, in feeling their loved ones around them, are justified in converting their spines into a better letter S than the letter itself. It is no excuse for making faces—and looking extremely funny to the investigator.

"If that's what happens to 'em," said a big, red-faced man doing his first "look-in," "then heaven protect me, because I might be seized that way on a street-car some time and get taxed double fare!"

Control yourself friends. If the cool feeling strikes your spine, learn to not do a back-flip. After a time, you will become accustomed to it—and if you calm yourselves in the beginning, you will open the door a little wider for the dear ones who are trying to get in touch with you.

Some of our readers may feel offended at these suggestions, but each of us is a missionary, and we can not "mish" if we don't restrain ourselves. We must try to not make a "show" of Spiritualism. It isn't an "act," but something infinitely higher and better, and it is entitled to good grace and fair deportment.

We have known a few Spiritualists who have prayed nightly for many years, asking that they might see their loved ones in spirit. When the vision came, they were frightened enough to squawk and try to escape! Here and there we hear Spiritulists falling back on that "I am impressed" excuse—and too many of them contrive to have their impressions serve as convenient alibis. All of us may be impressed, but good sense is one of the demands placed upon brains.

In one day, we have had six or seven express as many different impressions on the same subject—and each thought he or she was correct. These impressions are handed about gratis, and in large quantities—and most of them are a bad lot of bum guesses.

Do not feel that God's Law takes recess to please you—and do not make statements when you have nothing but your impressions to guide you, because most of these impressions are the products of scattered thoughts that are set into motion through an approach of hysteria.

To spirit communications and manisfestation, there is an appealing naturalness. To shivering spinesandpuckered faces and groans, there is the agony of the cemetery. If

we are to help others understand, let us start by doing some of the understanding ourselves. Then we are helping the cause; we are making converts.

The developing medium and the pseudo medium are not dependable exponents, and until they are willing to develop patiently, and not assail the world with their partly-formed ideas, it would be well for them to recall the quietude of Jack Horner—who didn't fool anybody else and made little noise in fooling himself!

THE ASS BRAYED, "YOU'RE CRAZY"'

"You're crazy!" "You're a nut!" "You're a liar!" Three big brainless noises that prove only one thing: The person who utters them has an incubating intellect that hasn't hatched—and to quote the cleansing compound ad, "hasn't scratched yet!"

It is easy to call another person a fool. But does it prove anything? The crazy folk seem to have been those who have done the things which others have not done so well.

Cyrus Field was America's prize lunatic for a dozen years. He was fool enough to say that a cable could be strung across the ocean. Newspapers ridiculed him, and his friends felt sorry for him. Why should any man entertain such weird notions? However, he succeeded.

The Wright Brothers were the pet bats of Dayton. They evoked much merriment as they walked down the street. They said that a heavier-than-air machine could fly! Imagine it! No wonder the local asses lifted their heads from the thistles of their satisfaction and brayed, "Hee-haw!" The asses still browse on the heather, while flying machines are as common as flies.

When Cyrus McCormick said that he had a machine that would cut and bind grain, farmers thought it was the funniest thing any half-wit had ever claimed. Today, the International Harvester Company seems to be getting along fairly well—and the farmer who would cradle his grain, would be a candidate for a sanitarium.

The fools and lunatics seem to have done first rate, and yet, the scoffers are numerous and blatant. They know. When they come to die, heaven will have many holidays, because the all-wise ones will be capable of running the universe.

Today Spiritualism is passing through the "Oh-you-liar" state, and to say that you are a Spiritualist is to agitate the cackling brains of the multitude and thereby show them a good time.

When a mob gathers, murder can be committed without a qualm of conscience, because everybody else is to blame. It is so safe, also, to be a member of a mob, because it is many against a few, or perhaps against one.

We Spiritualists are not necessarily paragons of wisdom. We average up about like other mortals. But—we are not necessarily crazy because we say that the claims of religion relative to immortality are correct. The preacher tells you that your loved ones have not died, but have gone on apace. Then when we tell the preacher that he is right, he calls us liars and lunatics. If we are crazy, how about him? He preaches theory, and we deal with the reality.

Whatever manifestations come from the spirit-side can not be claimed as rewards for our own wisdom. They are due to the patient efforts of those with greater intelligence, who are trying to prove to us, first of all, that the grave is not the end of life. When we can accept that truth, we shall be ready for other helps. But if we close our minds against the fundamental truth, what right have we to claim superiority in our views?

Spiritualists are not asking the world to agree with them. They are asking only for the right to place before the world their claims—giving to each person the unquestioned right of the individual to do his own judging. Surely, there is no crime in that.

The early Christians who were honest enough to say that they believed in Christ, had to suffer for their rashness. Now the descendants of those persecuted, honest folk, are as eager to be the persecutors as were the mad hosts of ancient Rome.

He who has no better argument than to call another a nut, a lunatic, a soft-brain or an idiot, offers no substantial evidence to refute the claims of the one whom he maligns. To say that a statement is a lie, without being able to prove why and how it is false, is going to convince no one.

To the doubter, we can say that the Spiritualist knows only a little more than the person who claims to know nothing about the after-life. If immortality is true, it is to our interests to learn about that which is so, and try to find out if there is something we can do to make our entrance into the unseen world less distasteful.

Those who died, as mortals say it, continue to live. Therefore, we shall continue to live. Where we shall live, and under what conditions, are points not of curiosity, but of importance.

When knowledge is sent to the world, that signifies that the world is ready to receive that knowledge. No man lives ahead of his time, and no fact comes to mortals sooner than it should arrive. Each truth comes when the time is ready—and when it comes, it is needed.

There is reason to believe that he who shuns the subject of immortality, and who dislikes to mention death, will be in a rather bad way when the last earthly moment arrives. Death—the change—is coming to all of us. There are some sects so fearful of dying that they are claiming that they will be ushered into immortality in their earthly bodies, which are of the earth, and adapted only to the conditions o the earth. It pleases them to think that they will not pass through the change, but when the undertakers work on their shrunken physical remnants, those undertakers will know better than the ones who did the claiming, only to pass through death's portals.

To live, is to be responsible. We are not our own masters, and we are not free agents entirely. We are answerable, and if to nothing else, then at least to our coming state of existence. We should try to prepare for the last earthly journey—because to many it will be filled with misgivings and fear.

To try to establish the knowledge of the truth of immortality, is not sinful. It is not the work of lunatics or liars. It is a penalty to stand by that which we believe, and our sole satisfaction seems to reach into the future, when Spiritualism will be accepted generally, and the braying ass will graze farther afield.

It is the nature of the ass to bray, but that is no reason why we should stable the beast in our parlors! Let him bray where his braying is music to untutored ears! Being incapable of blushing, likely he does not know when he is "shown up," and perhaps nobody would gain if he realized it!

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Checking Up On Psychic Photographs

Comparisons Between Faces Shown in Spirit Photographs and Old Photos that Were Unknown to the Photographer

THOSE persons who would explain away psychic photographs, leave out of their argument certain important factors. If the photographer, with his psychic gift, secures pictures of those in spirit whom he has never known, and whose photographs he does not possess, then how can any one say that they are put upon the plate by fraudulent means? Everybody realizes that there can be double exposure of a plate or film. The moving pictures have demonstrated this—but the double exposure could not bring to light faces of those who have passed through the change called death, and whose likeness the psychic photographer does not know. He has no means at hand to secure their pictures, and often gets photographs of them that are different from any pictures they ever had taken. One lady, for illustration, found the picture of her husband on one of these photographs, and he wore a costume or uniform of a fraternal order, and yet she never had seen a picture of him with this regalia. The next picture of him appearing on a psychic photograph showed him in ordinary civilian clothes, and both pictures were taken during the same sitting.

The photographs reproduced in this article, present unusually interesting and important evidence in the matter of psychic photography. The critics of this form of evidence are invited to examine these pictures and consider the statements accompanying them. This article will serve as helpful material to place before those who are just investigating. Flat statements explain nothing. Denial is not proof. Until the facts presented herewith are answered away, the critic only places himself in an unenviable light by offering either ridicule or condemnation. The article is just as important as the pictures. You are invited to read this story carefully, and examine the photographs, and then pass these facts along to others who are "just inquiring."

Ordinarily it is difficult to obtain photographs of persons whom the world calls "deceased," when pictures of them would help introduce evidence to fortify the claims made for psychic photography. We receive many interesting spirit photographs, but seldom can we secure pictures of those same persons while they were in the flesh.

It is our privilege, on this occasion, to offer more evidence than the mere statement that the person for whom the pictures were taken, recognizes the faces. We are able to show two of those faces, through the reproduction of photographs taken some years before these persons passed out of the flesh. As we reach these photographs, we shall call attention to certain important facts, that will answer away any of the explanations of critics.

Mrs. H. R. Innis, 641 Ft. Wayne Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., has furnished us with this evidence—and this lady recognizes the value of placing the facts before the public. Like many others professing Spiritualism as their belief, she must suffer he ridicule of those who neither understand nor care to understand. That is part of the common heritage of Spiritualists, but he who will deny the evidence of his senses, is unwise. All we know depends upon that which our senses have given to us. We know who we are and where we are, because our senses tell us. We learn trades and professions, because our senses guide us. Through these avenues of impression and observation, we receive all the facts that are ours. And through these same channels, we have the opportunity of correcting such errors as we may have committed.

The person, no matter how bright mentally, who inquires incidentally into any subject, learns but little about it. Prolonged, sequential observation will bring greater knowledge of that subject. Too much effort to become scientific brings no more knowledge than too much credulity. It is important to inquire open-mindedly, and to not try to reach conclusions too hurriedly.

Spiritualists use their own sense-avenues in acquiring knowledge of psychic matters. Because the psychic seems so far removed from the material, does not make it impossible or improbable. All new things are met by incredulity. The traveler who returns home with wonder-tales of that which he saw, is regarded ofttimes as a falsifier, who seeks to impose upon his friends, and make amusement at their expense. But when the traveler brings back evidence, his statements are received with greater consideration.

In this story, we reproduce a number of psychic photographs, taken for Mrs. Innis. These pictures were taken by Mr. A. Normann, who is at Camp Chesterfield, Ind., each season. Mr. Normann has taken thousands of pictures—and where the sitters have brought good conditions, many of the faces are recognized. If the sitter brings nothing but doubt, it is more than likely that the pictures will not be recognized. Psychic photography is the same, so far as the importance of conditions is concerned, as any seance. It depends upon forces that are built up. These forces are similar to those of the materializing seance. One fact worthy of note is that, in all psychic photographs, the faces of the mortals look unnatural—usually strained. From their bodies is being drawn a considerable part of these forces—and the psychic photograph rarely shows a fair likeness of the mortal. This evidence should not be overlooked. It is a common condition. It will be found in nearly all such pictures.

In view of this unnatural appearance of the mortals appearing in these pictures, it is not strange that so many persons should be averse to having others see the pictures—and surely, few of them seem to be willing to have these photographs reproduced and placed before the public. This uniform unloveliness of the mortal features in such pictures, really is excellent evidence that these pictures are taken under conditions outside the normal conditions of the photograph gallery. In the reproduction of these photographs, we are careful to have no retouching done. We do not wish to tamper with the pictures. We sacrifice art for the sake of truth. We must take the evidence as it is, and not seek to alter that evidence to produce more artistic effects. None of the spirit features should be retouched, even when retouching might bring them out stronger. Every psychic photograph reproduced must be a faithful copy of the original, photographed on the copper plate without change. This is not a rule, but a law, in preserving the evidence, and an examination of the originals will disclose the fact that no deviation is made from this rule.

The critic cannot charge that these photographs are only clever art-work, and if he makes such charge, the originals will afford evidence that he is wrong. We bear in mind the necessity of giving our readers facts.

The photographs are returned to their owners after the engravings are made. Wherever possible, we give the addresses of owners. It is not reasonable to assume that men and women, who hope for no gain, will lend themselves to fraud. They are forfeiting enough in the use of their names. Why should they aid a fraud? Human society is builded on a firmer foundation than that.

ON this page we reproduce an old photograph of Mr. C. V. Shank, an uncle of Mrs. H. R. Innis. This picture was taken some years before Mr. Shank passed into spirit. We have shown this picture the same size as the original photograph, in order that the features may be studied carefully. Mrs. Innis is not called upon to rely upon her memory of her uncle. She has this photograph to guide her. And now, we may expect to hear the critic say, "Yes, but why could not Mr. Normann have secured this same photograph?"

In the first place, Mr. Normann could not get photographs of all persons whose features might appear on the plate. He could not afford to scout around and find them. Many of the persons having their pictures taken by Mr. Normann, came from distant places. There was no opportunity of securing such pictures—and had there been, how could this photographer have afforded to charge only two dollars for a picture? In the second place, were he to take the time and patience necessary to paste in photographs, would that be profitable for him? Paying for the materials and putting in his time, how could he "break even" by "faking" these pictures? Would you be willing to work on this basis? In the third place, if he looked up relations of the persons patronizing him, would they not be ready to tell about it? Could he preserve the secret of any such traffic year in and year out? Would his letters not fall into the hands of many who would be glad to expose him? In the fourth place, the pictures of loved ones in spirit appearing on these pictures, usually are in poses different from any of their old photographs. This goes beyond the art of the photographer. He could not paste in a picture that never had existed. In the sixth place, why should he go to all this trouble and expense when likely he never again will see any of these many patrons who have come from a distance? Why should he accumulate material that he can use once only, when that material would cost him much more than the total sum received for his services?



MR. C. V. SHANK; COMPARE FEATURES WITH HIS FACE IN TWO OF THE SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS

We come now to the seventh consideration: Mr. Normann has been placed under the most rigid test conditions by the Board at Camp Chesterfield—and with their long experience, they have given him their endorsement as a genuine psychic photographer. This is important. because in all of our affairs, we can not hope to secure better evidence than that of persons whoes experience has fitted them to ferret out the basic facts involved.

But if we set aside the foregoing reasons, and relied only upon this eighth one, that would be sufficient: The pictures of Mr. Shank, and of the Rev. Mr. White, shown in the psychic photographs, are in poses different from their earth-pictures, and no photographer in the world is capable of producing such results without indulging in a costly piece of artistic work. Inasmuch as similar results have been secured for thousands, this cry of fraud must be set aside. It is unreasonable from any viewpoint taken. It is not in harmony with common sense or commercial sense. It is a claim that any thinking person must ignore after regarding and weighing the evidence. These photographs place the evidence before the careful students—and that evidence is worth while.

This photograph of Mr. Shank gives a very clear view of his features. It is an old-fashioned cabinet photograph. It is the kind your local photographer would have taken in the days when "photography de luxe" was unknown, and when people never thought of paying more than three dollars a dozen for pictures. When some photographers charged ten dollars a dozen, that was regarded as highway robbery. When they charged two hundred dollars a dozen, that was style! But this photograph does not belong in the de luxe class. It is the kind that any ordinary man or woman would have had taken just before Christmas to surprise the folks, and fatten the family album. It belongs to a time that is past. It is of yesteryear. It has no embellishments — and therefore, it is a faithful likeness of Mr. Shank.

This is more than we can say of most modern photographs. Unless we were told the identity, we would guess rarely. The photographer improves upon nature—and shows people as they would like to be—but are not!

After Mrs. Innis secured these photographs from Mr. Mormann, she hunted through the old family collection, and brought to light this picture of her uncle, as well as the photograph of the Rev. Mr. White. She was able to make careful comparisons, and in this way not fall back upon her memory. This is not an argument against memory. There are few persons who would not remember their loved ones. Those are memories that are etched deep. Not one of us has a right to say that a person is mistaken in declaring a picture to be of a dear one, even though there must be many instances of doubles—and even though sometimes the wrong body is buried because of erroneous identification. The dead body is not recognized so easily as the living body, and in this case we are dealing with the likenesses of men when they were in the flesh.

Mr. Shank is shown as he was—and if immortality also perserves personality, it is reasonable to expect that, in returning to impress the photographic plate, these spirits can at least take on their former appearance if conditions are right. Their memory is keener than ours. They have less difficulty in thinking.

THE face of Mr. C. V. Shank appears in the photograph on this page, just above Mrs. Innis' head, and to the right. The face is not in the same pose as that in the photo on the preceding page, but the hair leaves the forehead and the side of the head in the same manner. The hair no longer is white. We see not an old man, but a man in the full vigor of middle life. Study the nose, the eyes, the forehead, the shape of the face. This picture of her uncle is so much like the uncle she remembers in past years, that the likeness is startling to Mrs. Innis.

Here we revert to some of our arguments: The pose is different, and there is no reason to believe that Mr. Normann could have secured this picture of Mr. Shank. Mrs. Innis recalls no such picture of her uncle.

Besides this comparison between the old picture of Mr. Shank and the spirit photograph, there is other interesting evidence in the photograph on this page. In the upper left-hand corner is the likeness of a man unknown to Mrs. Innis. But the picture next to the unknown, the man with the mustache, is a likeness of Bert Everett, a guide of Mrs. Innis, and a circle guide of Mr. George Valiantine, the medium. Bert has materialized for Mrs. Innis, and she recognizes his features clearly. Ordinarily, Bert shows himself with a much smaller mustache, but there was a time in his life when he wore his moustache heavier, and parted his hair on the side. Usually, when he materializes, he has his hair parted in the middle, and whenever he shows himself in Mr. Valiantine's seances (making his own light and casting it upon his materialized features), his head is held a trifle to one side, as we find it in this picture and in another one produced in this article. Such characteristics are unknown to the psychic photographer. He could not bring them out by fraud, because they are foreign to his knowledge. This is another important item of evidence back of the assertion that these spirit faces are the likenesses of those who have passed through the change.



MRS. H. R. INNIS; ABOVE, LEFT TO RIGHT—FIRST, UNKNOWN; RIGHT, BERT EVERETT; (SECOND ROW) DOROTHY INNIS, LILLIE INNIS, C. V. SHANK

In the second row, the face to the left, shown in part, is that of Dorothy Innis, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Innis. Dorothy is a brunette, and Lillian, who appears next to her, is a blonde. These children died in infancy, and were named in spirit, but both of them have materialized in different seances, and look precisely like these photographs. Mr. Normann was not at any of these seances—and could not have had pictures of these girls, who grew up in spirit from babyhood.

Four of these five faces are accounted for on the basis of recognition. The one whose picture appears in the upper left-hand corner is not accounted for, but presumably is a guide of Mrs. Innis, or may have appeared in this photograph to help bring some of the necessary forces. We Spiritualists can not say at all times why certain faces should appear in pictures. Knowing only part of the law of communication and manifestations, we can present our arguments only so far as our understanding takes us—and this should be kept in mind by the skeptic. If we tried to account for all things, we would assume knowledge which we do not possess. We attempt to explain only that which we understand, and leave the balance to the things that may be explained some day.

One photograph taken at Mr. Normann's studio in Chesterfield, contains some most interesting evidence, and we shall endeavor to secure a copy for reproduction in a later number. While a gentleman was in a trumpet seance, there came to him—among others—the spirit of a lady who had lived in the neighborhood. She said, "You are going to have your picture taken tomorrow, and I will appear."

The man replied, "I wish you to, and please hold up your right hand." He offered no other explanation. The next day, however, he had Mr. Normann take his picture.

When that photograph developed, there were many faces, and among the forms was that of the lady. Her right hand was held up, and it was noted that her little finger had been amputated at the first joint from the hand. This was unquestioned identification, although her features would have convinced any of the many who knew her. This does not mean that this lady is in spirit without that finger. It does mean that she reproduced that physical condition for the purpose of identification.

And now, returning to the case of Mrs. Innis' daughters, one of whom looks much like she did when she was a young lady, don't forget the importance of their having appeared in materilizations, looking the same as they do in this photograph! The Spiritualist who brings the right conditions, will find that identification is established beyond question in many seance-rooms, and that conversations are carried from one seance to another. The manifesting spirits prove that they are the ones who talked in other seance-rooms, and they refer often to conversations that took place in the past—perhaps even years before. Having seen her daughters in materilized form, Mrs. Innis is in position to say that she recognizes them in this picture beyond any doubt or question. These materializations have occurred in different seances which the photographer did not attend. This fact is worthy of note.

THIS photograph presents other strong evidence. In the reproduction perhaps some of the faces will not be as clear as they were in the photograph. Unless engravings are printed on a heavy coated stock, some of the details will be missing. There are four faces that will be clear, however, and upon these we shall focus our attention.

In the upper left-hand corner is the face of Dr. James Bennett, a physician, and a guide of Mrs. Innis. Next, to the right, is the picture of Mrs. Dorothy Farley, mother of Mrs. Innis. Referring to this photograph, Mrs. Innis said, "The picture of my mother shows her when she was still a young woman. We have no picture of her during those years, but we remember her well. I presume she wished to impress upon me that she is young again—and filled with the vigor of youth. This is the same sweet face I knew through so many years of my life."

It will be noted that Mrs. Farley wears some sort of gauzy hair-dress, common in spirit photographs. Sometimes, these pictures will show a halo—a radiance that sometimes is called the aura.

The baby is unknown to Mrs. Innis, but her mother informs her that this is a little one whom she is mothering in spirit. We are told, from the spirit-side, that the infants who pass over are mothered, that there are women in spirit whose duty it is to bring up these little ones. They are shown their earthly parents, and are taught to love and help them. And as the years pass, this love grows stronger. Many a mother wonders if her baby will be waiting for her. She wonders if that child will be a child still. Perhaps, if she reaches spirit unprepared for these truths, the child will greet her as a little one until she is prepared to understand that growth and progress belong to the entire universe.

These tots, of whom the Master spoke so lovingly, are mothered in spirit. They have toys. They have their playtime. They develop much faster than earth-children, because there is a clearer atmosphere in which to grow. They do not have sickness. They are free from the pain so common to babyhood, but—they need mothering. God never sent a little one back into the spirit-realms without providing care. We in this world think that we have wonderful facilities, but what are those facilities compared with those of spirit? There they have had ages in which to make their preparations, and the Great Plan never leaves out the little ones. All of the love and gentleness and tenderness of heaven are theirs. They have gone to smooth the way for the passing of the other loved ones.

To the right, in the second row, we find another photograph of Mr. Shank. Here the pose is more nearly like the one in his old photograph. We see the same forehead, the same eyes and nose—the same features. The beard can not be seen, but the evidence is too striking to deny.

There is a third row in the original. There is one face to the extreme that can not be placed; the face of a man. But just above Mrs. Innis' head, is an Oriental face—that of Ali, a Hindu healer and one of her guides.

There is many a skeptic who never expects to see his mother again. He may pretend to be happy in his ignorance. Perhaps he has so filled his mind with the idea of fearing God that he never realizes that the plan is based on love. It is love that brings these dear ones to manifest. We do not command them. We can not call them. They are attracted to us by love—and only when we enter a seance-room with love in our hearts, should we look for results.



MRS. H. R. INNIS; TOP ROW (LEFT) DR. JAMES BENNETT, (RIGHT) MRS. DOROTHY FARLEY, MRS. INNIS' MOTHER; SECOND ROW (LEFT) BABY, UNKNOWN; C. V. SHANK (FACE OF MR. SHANK SCARCELY VISIBLE); THIRD ROW (LEFT) UNKNOWN; ALI, A HINDU HEALER

Where there is doubt, even though faces appear on one of these psychic photographs, the features may not be recognized. But it is not doubt alone that will injure the results. There may be too much positiveness. If one were to concentrate too strongly upon desiring to have a certain loved one appear, that positive concentration might cloud the forces. It would be like repeatedly breaking a current. It would be a short-circuit! Our memory, also, is not always faithful!

Mrs. Innis went to Mr. Normann with only love for those on the other side. She knew that she would be delighted no matter what the results should be. As an old Spiritualist, she realized that we forget features—our memory of them changes—and it may take time to recognize those whose pictures appear on these psychic photographs.

Return to the old home town after an absence of years, and you will be surprised, when you meet some of the old friends, how much they seem to have changed. They have changed but little; your memory of them has been altered very much.

These photographs often present stronger, more convincing evidence than we would ask for. They may reveal facts that we have forgotten—and until we give our memories time to turn over the records of the past, we should not attempt to pass any criticism on these pictures. That such photography is possible, is remarkable. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says, psychic photography constitutes one of the greatest proofs of immortality. It is evidence that is preserved.

The evidence presented in these photographs, is evidence that should bring new hope, new faith, new endeavors to those who realize their importance.

THIS page gives us still further documentary proof of the continuity of life. The upper picture is of the Rev. Mr. Levi White, who was a pastor in Indianapolis. He was a Wesleyan Methodist, and for years was a traveling evangelist for that denomination.

In the lower picture, note the face on the skirt. We trust that the engraving will bring this out as clearly as it is seen in the original. In that picture, the pose is different from the pose in the original photograph, and Mr. White is seen without a mustache. He is older.

Study the features and you will find that they are the same, and do not fail to mark well the difference in the poses—the difference in the age. If Mr. Normann had secured one of Mr. White's photographs to copy, he would have been obliged to copy it as it was.

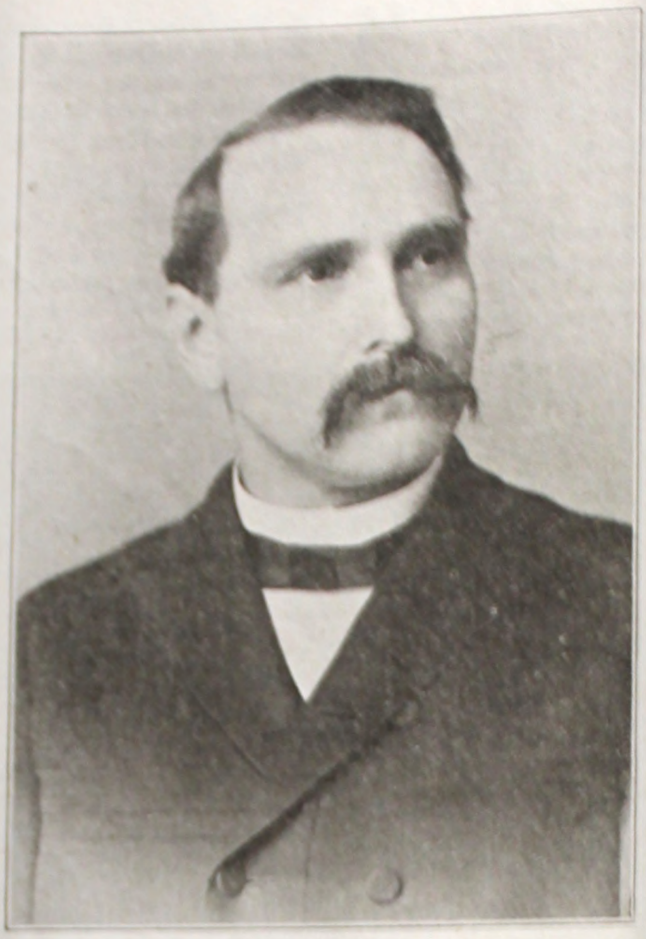
But—let us now consider an important factor entering into these psychic photographs: If you were to go to Mr. Normann, he would not ask you any questions. You would sit for your photograph, and give him your name and address. You might come from Hong Kong, from London, or Winnipeg or any other place. It would make no difference. You might be without kith or kin on earth—unknown—a mystery. To your loved ones in spirit, you would not be a mystery. They would know that you were there, and some of them would be recognized when your photograph was returned to you.

Just above Mrs. Innis' left shoulder is a picture of Bert Everett. Here his mustache is small—as we see it usually when he illuminates his materialized features in Mr. Valiantine's seances. And his head is held at one side, as it is generally when he becomes visible to mortals.

We realize that this bottom picture may not show the faces clearly, but the original makes them unmistakable.

The thinker who takes this evidence and goes into it carefully, will come to the conclusion that these psychic photographs are not produced through fraud, and that they are not based on self-deception. They are not projections from one's own mind, because usually the pictures found on these photographs are of those about whom one did not think when the photographs were taken. This eliminates the theory of our own thought-vibrations.

In taking these pictures, Mr. Normann has his studio out on his porch. There is a background, and there are drapes of black cloth, which are raised to the side to keep out the strong cross-lights.



REV. LEVI WHITE, AN INDIANAPOLIS MINISTER NOW IN SPIRIT



MRS. INNIS; NEAR HER LEFT SHOULDER, BERT EVERETT; ON SKIRT, REV. LEVI WHITE

Unless the sitter is psychic, and has clairvoyant vision, he sees nothing. But the sensitized plate does see. It catches the rays of light that are invisible to the mortal eye, and through the peculiar mediumship of the photographer, these rays are etched into the sensitized surface of the plate or film. How this is done, we do not pretend to know. The knowledge of chemistry that makes this possible, is beyond our knowledge. This much can be stated with conviction: There is a form of materialization where the spirit-forms are not visible, and yet they can move material objects in the light and produce other manifestations proving that they are in the material vibration.

Many persons are beginning to display signs of development along the line of taking psychic photographs. Most of them do not pursue this work and never develop. Many photographers admit that they find other faces on photographs, but in the retouching remove them, not understanding their purpose. Others who suspect their meaning, are fearful that they will bring censure upon themselves and injure their professional standing. If some of these photographers knew what a field lies ahead of them, and how much in demand their services would be, they would be willing to develop this gift, and add to the great missionary work of proving immortality.

Never in the history of the world has psychic development become so widespread as it is today. Each day brings additional news of new mediums-and of others by the score who are having their first psychic experiences. The doors are being opened wider, and the evidence is piling mountain-high.

Education is necessary, or else superstition and fear will stop much of this development. Until mankind understands that above all else is the Law of Love, this fear will prevail. These photographs, bringing before mortals such striking likenesses of the departed loved ones, should do a great deal toward acquainting mortals with the naturalness of the spirit-world. It should be a means of aiding in removing the dread. It should help us know that, if there are ghosts and wraiths, we mortals are the ones to be so classified. In the great white light of reality, those who have passed through the transition, live in truth—live in never-ending health, happiness and love. To them, life is everything; to us, it is little more than a dream!

IS THE DEVIL DEAD?

What Is To-Day's Status of Evil, and What Relationship Does It Bear to Good?

Is the devil dead? Did he ever live? What is this evil of which persons write and talk?

Over yonder, past the final boundaries of the earth-world, it is reasonable to suppose that there are hosts of the ignorant; that there are countless millions who were given to lust and other evil on earth.

Is it reasonable to expect that these moral derelicts have gone straight to the Port of Peace? Would they know how to act if they went there, without preparation?

The hell and the purgatory of the Roman Catholic faith, are not wholly without foundation. Those ideas were not plucked out of thin air, or made of whole cloth. They came from somewhere, and they have persisted for some reason.

If there is a condition answering the description of hell, and if there is a force that fits in with previous conceptions of the devil, let us learn more about them.

Folk there are—folk who appear to be sane in every utterance—who say that there is much evil, and that the devil still stalks the earth. They say that this is true, because they have encountered evidence of it. Are they entirely wrong, partly wrong, or entirely right?

That there are lower spirit-spheres, every experienced Spiritualist admits. That there are many low persons on this earth, requires no deep thought for corroboration. That those who were evil here, will continue to be evil for some time across the boundary-line, is not far-fetched philosophy.

Each day, the earth-world is sending into spirit thousands who have led most reprehensible lives. Many were murderers on earth, and might last after the same practice in spirit. Many were as close to being devils here as it is comfortable to have mortals, and it is likely that they will delight in their deviltry in spirit.

Sometimes these sinister creatures break through and give evidence of their foul intentions. They are as blasphemous now as they were in the flesh—and even more so, because their passing has emboldened them. Finding that they were not dead, they are inclined to think that they are superior to God.

That some are in actual, literal darkness, is admitted by the careful students. Many come back and say that they are in darkness, seeing nothing but visions of their own mindsets. Some have clung so close to the flesh-pots, that they claim to suffer physical torments—giving some substance to the theory of the fires of hell.

They come and say that this is true ,and it is likely that they are talking about actual experiences. Many of them ask for forgiveness and assistance. Many depend upon prayers for the dead. They are not all shimmering angels when their physical eyes close in death, and their souls take departure for the ethereal realms.

They are most unlovely creatures, these poor unfortunates who went wrong on earth. Some of them haunt houses, and some "raise the dickens" generally. It seems to please them, but it does not satisfy them. The more disturbance they raise, the more they suffer.

These poor folk are evil, but not permanently evil—not damned. God gives us all another chance. If He did not, we would suffer a long while—for a few years, or a few weeks, of mistakes in this world. To suffer for eternity for errors of a brief span, would be most cruel and unusual, and if we think of God as the embodiment of all love, we can not think of Him as enjoying revenge, or setting into motion laws that make vengeance everlasting.

Such laws would reflect, surely, throughout the physical universe, and yet the physical universe is orderly. It moves in tune. It is the product of harmony. And harmony is just another name for love.

* * * *

There are evil spirits, because the earth-world is sending them home. No change is sweeping. All evolution is gradual. Growth signifies successive stages of progress. As it is with plants, so it is with men.

These evil folk actually would harm earth-people if they could, and many earth-people are opening wide the gates for this mischief to come through.

For example, there are the charges of "black art." This black art is supposed to be a sort of unholy connecting of persons on earth with these undeveloped spirits. In the exchange of courtesies, the evil spirits go on errands of mischief and injury, and do as much damage as possible to those whom their mortal co-conspirator detests.

Thousand of persons say that this is done. Among the number are some very good, dependable men and women. They say that this is so, because they have heard the blasphemy and the threats and have been made targets for physical attacks by these devils of the unseen world.

Let us say that these persons know whereof they speak. For argument's sake, let us assume that this is true. But let us not pause there. We should look further than the admission of the possibility. We should examine the conditions.

A man skilled in this so-called black art, let us say, sends one of his pet devils out to haunt a house or raise particular Ned with some enemy. The pet devil goes on his errand, and carries out the instructions. So far, so good—or so bad, if that sounds more appropriate.

Even if this is possible, in what position has this black-art mortal placed himself? He is in debt to his pet devil, and that pet devil is going to be paid. If he will go on hell's errand for a mortal, the mortal must "come clean" with him. That mortal must use his body to carry out some passion which the pet devil longs to experience, and can not experience in spirit.

Many a man has sopped up whiskey, when the reason for his thirst was an unclean pet devil in spirit who was fastening himself upon the inebriate. And many a man who boasts that he can drink a quart of whiskey without getting drunk, might feel uncomfortable if he suspected that some wild-eyed, enslaved undeveloped spirit had soaked up the libation.

We may assume that descriptions of these pet devils, are not amiss. They would make the worst looking corpse beautiful in comparison. They have carried with them the most horrible things which death represents. They are living dead men.

They lust after the passions of the earth. They wish none of the glories of spirit. They curse all that which is good. They decry all decency. They strike at everything that is worthy. They are slimy creatures. This we admit.

And when the mortal who has connected with them passes into spirit, they will be on hand to greet him and claim him, and give him a good taste of the kind of hell they experience. The reason they will seek to avenge themselves on that mortal is because his physical-body is done for, and their fun was confined to experiencing his sins through his own flesh? They never were satisfied, but they never wearied of trying?

Without that body, he becomes a liability to them, because he will censure them. In his earth-body, he is an asset, and they glory in him. They do his bidding while he is a mortal, but torture him with insult and contempt and fear when he enters the realms of the immortals.

So far, hell is running true to form?

That is only part of the story. Likely it is true—or nearly

so. It is voiced by many who say that it is in harmony with their observation.

The person who plays with these ignorant spirits plays with the fire of hell. Let us write this down as one of the signposts on life's long highway. Let us remember, too, that tomorrow may see us as in spirit.

Just as there is evidence to make us believe that there is evil in spirit, because it is carried over from the earth, where we know by observation that it exists—there is equally tangible evidence to cause us to believe that these poor souls are miserable, and will know no happiness until they turn their lives heavenward, and try earnestly to develop.

They must develop. In time, their own misery will so crush them that they will cry for the assistance of the good, because in every soul is instinctive knowledge that there is goodness. Were there no goodness, the contrasting condition of evil would not be apparent. It is deplorable, because it is the opposite of that which is honorable and lofty.

These yet devils can not stay in the devil class always. Sooner the weight of their own sins will produce a burden of unhappiness which they can no bear. Seeking evil, they will find it oppressive. They will realize that it is useless and senseless, because all evil is only a fostering of natural law.

The yet devils who may do evil to mortals who will consort with them, in time will seek deliverance. The good increase always. The evil remain about the same, and likely diminish. Goodness is force. It harmonizes with the Great Plan, which was conceived in harmony, and is carried forward in love.

What use of these yet devils need, is a little kindness. The more kind, uplifting thoughts sent out to them, the more they will seek the light. Why curse them when they have doubly cursed themselves? Why forget them, when our prayers can not lift higher those who are so much higher than we?

These ignorant ones of the spirit-sphere are to be pitied, and each noble, uplifting thought that is sent from earth to help them is manna from heaven to their famished souls.

Each is a child of God, as truly as any other soul. Each is loved by God, and to each will be shown the way, when he asks. Each is unfortunate, and the great plan will never bear its fullest fruit so long as one mistaken wanderer remains outside, and curses the only thing upon which he can depend for an uplift.

In sending out a prayer for these poor unfortunates, pray with added fervor for the mistaken mortals who are in touch with these ignorant souls, and are adding to their misery by making them their tools, in exchange for the passions of the flesh.

If fear should ever come into the heart of a mortal, it must come to those who have reached over the boundary and formed compacts with these poor sunken souls who are all ignorance and lust. To the mortal who would do such a thing, may God be merciful.

Upon each and every one of us in the mortal-world devolves a duty. It is not our work to go about our way, as three times a day, sleep well and enjoy the luxuries of life. We are our brothers' keepers, and upon us our brothers depend. To the soul in the darkness of error on the spirit-side, one word from the flesh-and-blood world means more than pages from the higher spheres. To the earth they cling, and from the earth they will accept their first uplifting grasp.

Before cringing in fear because these devil-souls visit the earth, let us learn that it is more blessed to give them the love within our hearts, and help them come to a realization that there is something better, and that sin never satisfies.

This is a missionary work that all may engage in without price. It is a great field toward which all may contribute without spending one penny. And—the most important part is, that there is overwhelming evidence that these conditions are actual. We should not say that they are fancied—but knowing them, we should not shrink from them. Look for the best and you will attract the best. Call upon the highest, and the highest will come to you. Think of the unfortunate with love, and they will refuse soon to come to you with harm. Their only quiet, hopeful moments will be those spent absorbing the vibration of your encouragement to them to do better and be better.

Take not unto yourself the judgment which belongs to God. Learn that fear is wrong, and that to him who believes in God, no actual harm can come. Do not be fearful that these loves will assail you in the seance-room. Go with love and receive love in return.

Bear in mind that the law of compensation is not denied, and that your own wrong will come back upon you. Do not give in to these wrong impulses, and never make the mistake of thinking that you can harm any one else, even though a hundred pet devils in the love spirit-sphere are at your beck and call.

For a time you may embarrass some person, but the weight of your wrong acts and wrong thoughts, will come back on you with increased force.

Think of hell and the devils in this light, and find in them a new purpose—a new resolution.

The goodness in life far outweighs the evil. The uplift is more forceful than the downward pressure. The light is more inspiring and more sought-after than the darkness.

The world is going to alter its old ideas of hell. They come from realities—but only from a partial perusal of the facts. Unless we know the truth as it is, we know only the fragments, and they are not dependable.

When we have learned to think in love and kindness for and toward all souls, we shall have started to learn the lesson of life. When we see in all things evidence of God, and nothing outside the Kingdom of God, we shall have started to learn how to live and how to progress.

Let us learn how to tread these frontiers of knowledge fearlessly, remembering that we are not manufacturing whatever conditions may exist across the boundary. Let us walk along these frontier-side in the knowledge that God is ahead and above and in all, and then we shall find that it is not a penalty to be cast among these poor unfortunate souls, but a blessed privilege. For even Christ descended into hell before passing to the higher realms. The love that brought Him to the mortal-world, was strong enough to make Him wish to visit those who lingered midway between the earth-world and the better spheres.

Evil reacts in response to fear. To be afraid is as certain a method of attracting evil, as to be evil. Those on the other side who are undeveloped, who still lust for the things of the flesh, are spirits as much as the most highly developed. The poor and ignorant, the lustful and angry ones, still have within them that innate longing for better things. Every soul desires happiness, and evil brings naught but unhappiness. The instinctive reaching for that which is good, makes goodness a magnet. And goodness usually makes itself manifest through kindness.

These darker forces are composed of those who have wandered afield from the pathways of light and right. They are miserable, and misery loves company. It is not happy in that company, but in it, evil finds a temporary alibi. To meet kindred spirits in the flesh, is to be stimulated for a time—to find a further excuse for remaining evil. To find those who are afraid, is to bring new excitement to the egotism of the evil ones. The more ignorant one is, the more self-centered one is sure to be, and whatever appeals to that exaggerated egotism, increases its expressions. It feeds on fear and evil.

This is a lesson that human beings must learn. The more one heaps blame, censure and abuse upon these poor souls on the spirit-side, the greater evidence one has of their evil tendencies. The more they are helped, the easier it is for them to find themselves.

Photographic Results in Minneapolis

The accompanying picture is reproduced from a photograph sent in by Mr. G. B. Moore, 91 West Twenty-eighth street, Minneapolis, Minn., vice-president of the Central Spiritualist Church, 703 Hennepin avenue, Minneapolis.

This photograph was taken on the twenty-eighth of August, 1920, at Mr. Moore's home, and shows the result of sitting for development for a period of three months. In these sittings, regularity has been observed, and from the start results have been obtained. At first, the photographs disclosed only faint outlines, but with each successive effort, the figures became more pronounced, until the result shown herewith was secured.

The spirit figure seen above Mrs. Emma Newman, an old worker in the ranks of Spiritualism, is recognized by her as one of her guides. The other two persons in the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Clockson, also members of the Central church.

In the results that have been obtained it is evident that those who wish to know more about Spiritualism have the opportunity of increasing their experience by patient and systematic sitting. To sit for psychic unfoldment irregularly is valueless usually; unless the circle contains many well-developed psychics. No circle should sit less than once a week, and two or three evenings a week would be better. The sittings should have as their object the results that seem to be held in greatest promise. While the circle as a whole may secure slate-writings, or other independent writings, or the trumpet or any other phase, individual members of that circle may develop other phases. The circle may secure results as a whole, although generally it will be found that one or two persons develop more rapidly and become mediums.

There should be no change made in the membership of a circle during the developing stage. Only when pronounced manifestations are secured should others be permitted to enter the circle. "Mixed forces" do not make for the best or the speediest results, but generally retard the development of all of the members, each of whom is part of a battery—and that battery, consisting of the several members, produces the forces.

This photograph was not retouched. It is a faithful reproduction of the results secured, and Mr. Moore plans on taking pictures at the First Church, taking possibly seven or eight each week, the proceeds to go toward helping the work of that church organization.

Mr. Moore says of this picture, "The results were as surprising to me as to any one else, because I never had a camera in my hands until about three months ago. We have had the plates developed here in our house, and also at studios downtown, but the results have been the same always. We have been told to look forward to most interesting results, such as photographs of the ethereal homes of those in spirit who visit us."

At the Minnesota convention, Mr. Moore was elected a trustee of the State Spiritualist Board.

In the reproduction of this photograph, we realize that the figure and features may not be very clear, but—as in all other cases—we permit no retouching. It is better to have poorer results in the print than to falsify the reproduction for the sake of clearness.



Further Proof of Spirit Existence

MISS Beatrice Jones of Detroit, a niece of the Editor of *Communication*, contributes evidence to the mass of testimony favoring the fact of spirit existence. Miss Jones lost her sister, as mortals say when one passes through the change. Dorothy passed out suddenly at Detroit in December, 1919, leaving two small children; one a baby.

Beatrice grieved a great deal about the loss, which carried a fearful shock with it, as all sudden deaths are likely to do. Soon after Dorothy left for the brighter land, Beatrice went to Grand Rapids, and there attended a number of seances. Her sister materialized for her on several occasions, and the medium (whose name we do not have) told Beatrice that he would try to secure a photograph of "Dot."

This picture was taken in the sunlight, and Dorothy's face is seen near her sister's heart. There was another face—that of a man—faintly outlined, but not showing in the photograph. Dark lines were put around this other face in ink, to trace it, but the features were not plain even in the original.

Those who knew Dorothy recognize this picture as a good likeness of her. She was little more than a girl, and at the time pneumonia claimed her, her husband was with the American forces in Siberia.



MISS BEATRICE JONES AND HER SISTER DOROTHY, PHOTOGRAPHED IN GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

Warning of Dorothy's passing came to her uncle in Chicago about three days before she went on her long journey—although the identity of the one who was going to pass was not revealed. This warning came just about the time the young woman was stricken. It was about a week after she passed out before she appeared in a seance to talk—and her first thoughts were of her babies. Later she said, "I am happy because I have learned that I can get nearer to my darlings than I ever could on earth, and help and guide them better." "Dot" was but about twenty—little more than a child herself.

Beatrice naturally treasures this photograph, and like all others produced in this magazine, this one will be returned. It is one of the few real treasures of life—treasures that are worth more than fine gold or precious jewels or great fame.

It is rarely possible to bring out the same details in printing that will be found in the photograph itself. Faces that are very clear in the originals may be obliterated in the reproduction, and, to the contrary, the reproduction seems to enhance a few others. There seems to be no rule to follow.

That there are rays of light affecting the sensitized plate, and that are invisible to mortal vision, is a fact proved outside of the realms of spirit photography. Nothing happens in the processes employed in securing these photographs of our discarnate loved ones that does not repeat itself in many other ways. The spectroscope records rays of light that are invisible to mortal sight.

Clairvoyants often see, in a psychic sense, more clearly when their eyes are closed. The spirit itself sees. If we did not have spiritual sight, we would not have the mortal accompaniments of that sense. All that which we can see through the use of our material sight organs, we can see spiritually — and spiritually we have additional sight.

The purpose back of spirit photography is the submission of evidence. It is true that there will be critics who will attack this evidence, but every question must have two sides. If people refused to enter into discussions, there would be small progress in this world. The person who refuses to affirm or deny, is never convinced. Instead of feeling offended at the statements of critics, we should regard their opposition as supplying the negative side, which is just as essential as our positive statements. They say we are wrong and we say that we are right and between these extremes, there is the opportunity of learning the facts.

It is not hysteria or sentimentality that causes one to recognize one's friends. To say that a person does not know, or is misstating facts, in acknowledging this recognition of a spirit face, is not argumentative. It proves nothing at all!

Have We the Right to Seek Spirit Healing?

By Mrs. Cecil M. Cook



MRS. CECIL M. COOK

If there exists any power that can bring healing help to mortals, have mortals any right to deny it? Has any one the right to keep it from us? To be healthy and happy should be the privilege of every human being. In spirit, there is health and there is happiness. We reflect spirit life in this world, and we have the right to demand the heritage that is ours. The expression of our spiritual gifts depends upon health. The sick person may be moral; he may be pure spiritually. Still, his state of illness is evidence that while he may be in tune with one part of God's Law, he is out of tune with other expressions of that same law. No person can say that he has reached a high state spiritually when he is in poor health, because spiritual progress attracts health. Spirituality is the natural state of those in spirit, and therefore of all spirits, whether in the ethereal or in the material.

Sickness is the result of wrong vibration. A motion is set up in the ions of the affected part that differs from their normal state of vibration. The result is sickness. Until those vibrations are restored to their natural state, that person remains ill. The nature of the altered vibrations determines the kind of sickness. That means, in a few words, that illness is equivalent to being out of tune with natural law.

If we can learn how to live in harmony with our guides, and with the spirit world, we open the way for this healing force to come to us. We draw upon the vibrations that will restore us to a normal condition. And when we lack the ability to draw upon those forces, we should have the right to ask the world of spirit to bring those forces to us.

I am going to illustrate how these healing forces operate, and how we can secure assistance by getting into communication and harmony with our guides. We might have the communication, but not the harmony. Or—we may be in harmony and still lack the communication.

Mr. Thos. Giffney of Chicago had an attack of appendicitis more than a year ago. He pulled through without an operation. The hurt was there, however. The vibration had not been restored to normal. As time passed, Mr. Giffney suffered a great deal. He showed plainly the effects of his trouble.

Finally, he became ill. He called in a physician and seemed to be getting along fairly well, until one day his condition became worse.

One evening, during our Sunday seance, to be exact—Dr. Senn, in spirit, came to my husband and said, "Mr. Cook, go out of this room right now and telephone the Giffneys and have Mr. Giffney sent to the hospital at once. Gangrene has set in and if he is not operated on without delay, he will be in spirit in forty-eight hours."

Mr. Cook obeyed, and by midnight, Mr. Giffney was in the hospital, and the next morning his appendix was removed. While the organ was swollen badly, it showed no external signs of infection. Two physicians, who had been at the Center the night the message came, were with him during the operation. After returning home, they decided to go back to the hospital and ask for the appendix. Taking it to their own office, they cut it open and it was filled with gangrene! The spirit physicians had seen a condition that could not be determined by the physicians in the material.

You may ask why the doctors in spirit had not healed this appendix—why it was necessary to resort to an operation. The reason, I think, is clear:

The infection was already in the appendix. Literally, it was dead. It was decomposing. The life-principle no longer acted through it. That organ had ceased to be of value to the body. Its removal was imperative.

You may ask why Mr. Giffney was not healed before an operation was necessary. We mortals do not understand natural law. While we are calling upon the healing forces of spirit to assist us, we continue to break natural law. You could not make an excavation if you put a shoveful of dirt into the hole every time you took one out of it. If, through ignorance, you continue to run contrary to natural law, your seeking does you less good. If we knew better, we would do better.

I could cite many cases of spirit healing, but that is not the object of this discussion. I contend that we have the right to seek natural means of gaining and maintaining health, just as we have the right to worship as we wish.

This does not say that the physician in this world is not necessary. Through many doctors in the flesh, the physicians in spirit operate. But if we wish to seek health through means other than orthodox medicine, who has the right to deny us that privilege?

It is not so many years ago that Christian Science practitioners were arrested frequently. Today they are permitted to operate in peace. The reasons for this are: First, Christian Science presents the force of organized, harmonious effort; second, there is the belief in the mind of every honest person that we have a right to seek our own health in our own way, so long as we do not try to force our methods upon others.

Too often Spiritualists are afraid of censure, and of trouble. They do not stand together sufficiently to present a solid front—and only the solid front can demand and secure rights. Nobody will respect us until we respect ourselves.

I have heard the physicians in spirit diagnose many cases, and I have witnessed many instances where earth doctors disagreed with the diagnosis—but invariably the opinions of those in spirit have proved correct.

Knowing where the trouble lies, and knowing its nature, make possible the proper treatment of that malady. The reason that the physicians in spirit are so successful in treating disease, is because they know where the trouble lies, and what forces to bring to the sufferer. They deal with the known, and we usually deal with the unknown.

In those States having laws that would prosecute Spiritualists for practising their healing, no effort is made to bring punishment upon Christian Scientists, because any such effort would bring the entire Christian Science church back of the person being prosecuted. If a Spiritualist is arrested, that person usually is obliged to fight his own battles—and not only does not have the support of Spiritualism as a whole, but sometimes must battle other Spiritualists.

If we do not make use of the great forces of nature, they can not aid us. Sometimes accidentally we call upon and utilize these forces, and we are benefited, in spite of ourselves. If we called upon these forces more, and made an honest effort to live in harmony with natural law, we would be healthy all the while.

Do not feel that sickness is a necessary means of calling us into spirit. When the proper time comes, the perfectly healthy person will be called. Suffering is not a punishment thrust upon mortals. It is brought to them because they attract it.

Messages Through Psychometry

Mrs. Matilda Grunwald of Louisville Contributes an Exceptional Gift to Spiritualism

At 115 Waverly court, Louisville, Ky., resides Mrs. Matilda Grunwald, psychometrist, clairvoyant and clairaudient.

Throughout a number of issues, we have read about mediums who secure trumpet and independent voices, and materializations. It will be interesting to know about Mrs. Grunwald's gift, because an analysis of her powers reveals new depths to the possibilities of intellect, when that mind reaches out toward and comes into tune with the spiritual forces.

Mrs. Grunwald's gift came in a most interesting manner. She was the mother of two children at the time, and one evening she sat on the porch, looking at the full moon. Presumably she fell asleep, although she had no knowledge of having slept. The moon seemed to grow larger, and came toward her. Its brilliancy increased—and finally she could see two beautiful doors in this luminous body. The doors opened, and Christ stepped into the opening. His features were very clear. His hair was almost golden and His eyes were blue. He stood there with one hand reaching toward her, beckoning to her to come.

When she came out of this dream state, she was exhausted, but so pronounced was the vision, she could not dismiss it from her mind.

Thirty-five years later, Mrs. Grunwald's youngest son was an artist on a Louisville paper, and he drew a picture for the Easter edition. This picture was precisely like the vision Mrs. Grunwald had seen when she sat upon the porch thirty-five years before.

When Mrs. Grunwald was fifty-one years of age, her oldest son passed into spirit, and the funeral sermon was based on the fact that God had called the young man home. The minister dwelt upon this truth for some time, and as he talked, Mrs. Grunwald reasoned thus with herself: "If God has taken my boy, then surely God knows where he is, and if I search, I am sure that God will put me in touch with my loved one."

For days this thought passed through her mind, until she was beyond the stage of supplication. If her boy and she were children of the Father, then it was part of her heritage to be put in touch with her dear one. She had the right to demand that she be shown the way, because she was willing to do all in her power to find that way.

And then one day came a voice, which said, "God did not take your son away, but gates are always left ajar for the searchers. Your boy is not dead, but living, and you will see him, and God shall wipe away all tears."

At this time, Mrs. Grunwald was a staunch Episcopalian and was the mother of eleven children. She had a friend who was satisfied that we can talk with the so-called dead, and she looked up this friend, and told her that she wished to have that opportunity. Mrs. Grunwald was firm in her belief that it was possible, and that she had the right to seek.

They went to a medium, who soon described the son, and Mrs. Grunwald wished to have a trumpet sitting, but the medium said, "It is too soon for you to have the trumpet. Return in two weeks and we shall see what we can do."

This did not satisfy the mother, and four days later she called on the medium, disguised so that the medium, she hoped, would not recognize her. But the medium did recognize her and took her in and had an earnest talk with her.

The trumpet seance was held, and within a few moments, a voice said to Mrs. Grunwald, "Oh, mama, I am so glad you came. I am sorrowing because I came here in such a hurry. My wife and babies are sick. I am not dead. You prayed, mama, and your prayers have been answered."

The sittings became frequent, and one day the son said, "Mother, go to the house in the country where I passed out. In the garden you will find the apron that the nurse wore. Have that apron laundered, and it will help me to come closer to you."

One of her sons took her out to this country home, and there was the apron, sure enough, in the garden. Mrs. Grunwald had the apron laundered and kept it near her. From that time on, her psychic gifts began to unfold.

Her gift includes psychometry, clairvoyance, clairaudience and inspiration.

When Mrs. Grunwald puts herself in a passive condition, she sees the auras of persons and of objects.

"Every person is surrounded by a light," says Mrs. Grunwald. "The shape is oval, and I can tell by the color of this aura just what the physical and mental condition of that person is, and in that aura I can read the past and the present and sometimes see things pertaining to the future."

"How does this aura appear to you, and what is it you read from that oval of light?" she was asked.

"At times, I read through impressions. At other times, I can see words written in this light. Sentence after sentence will appear. Sometimes I hear voices, and again I see visions in this aura."

From articles, also, she is able to read. Each article, Mrs. Grunwald says, has its aura. It has retained vibrations pertaining to the person or persons who have been associated with it. Upon its surface, and perhaps within its very atoms, there are the vibrations. They remain always, and to her these vibrations are as an open book.

Some years ago, Alma Keilner was murdered in a Catholic church in Louisville by a moron. Her body could not be found, and a friend of the family secured one of the gloves of the girl, and brought it to Mrs. Grunwald. As she held this glove in her hands she could see, a large brick building.

"I can not tell," she said, "whether the girl is dead or alive, but I know that she is in a large building, and that she will be found soon."

The body was discovered soon afterwards—and Mrs. Grunwald's fame spread rapidly.

One night, while sleeping with a daughter who was ill, Mrs. Grunwald could see two children in a building which was on fire. They were running, and their clothing was aflame.

The next day she read in a local paper that two children had been burned to death the night before some two hundred miles distant. They had been left alone in their home while their parents were calling. The children started to play with matches, and their clothes were ignited, and their poor little charred bodies were found later in the ruins of the house.

It is clear that Mrs. Grunwald may catch vibrations without the customary contact. Why this is true, is not evident, but it does happen. Usually she senses the vibrations that pertain to something tragic, and it is assumed that every act, every thought, must send out vibrations in all directions. The sensitive who happens to be in the proper key to receive and interpret these vibrations, understands their meaning. It is also more than merely probable that psychics project themselves out into the astral. They may be taken by guides to the scene of a tragedy to help ease the passing of some unfortunate mortal.

Mrs. Grunwald is an ordained minister, and belongs to the N. S. A., and for nine years she has been a speaker. She presides at the meetings held in Odd Fellows' Temple in Louisville, and is a splendid inspirational speaker.

For many years, Mrs. Grunwald has been a student of the Scriptures, and nearly all of her guides are ministers of the gospel, who have been attracted to her by her earnest work.

In her development, Mrs. Grunwald sat alone. Many Spiritualists who aspire to get into touch with the spirit-world, through the unfoldment of their psychic gifts, feel that it is necessary at all times to sit in a circle. Unquestionably, these development circles help, but all persons are not located where they can become

members of a circle. They do not seem to realize that it is possible to sit alone. If they will supply the right conditions, their unfoldment will come to them alone just the same as though they were sitting with others.

An interesting phase of Mrs. Grunwald's psychometric gift is this: When she receives an article, the present mental attitude of the person or persons concerned, does not matter. They might concentrate all they wished to try to keep her from reading their secrets, but she is in harmony with the vibrations stored up in that article, and only those vibrations reach her. It is much the same as getting a telephone connection. There may be hundreds of lines terminating in that switchboard, but if you have a connection with some one, all the shouting and the pleading of others over the different lines would not reach you.

The psychic learns how to "plug in" on vibrations, and the connection is so intimate, so direct, so forceful, that outside vibrations do not disturb.

This is almost directly opposite from the results obtained in a trumpet circle, or a materializing seance. There the mental attitude of the mortals is very important, and one skeptic can so retard manifestations that the seance may be a failure.

It is fortunate that, in the unfoldment of psychic gifts, different persons should have different development. In order to reach the world, many channels must be opened. To succeed in reading facts from auras, and from articles, demands something other than the "forces" of the seance-room.

Psychometry opens a field for study that seems endless. We look at the talking machine, and think of it as marvelous—and truly, it is wonderful. We do not stop to think that every article around and about us, is a mute witness of our deeds and our thoughts. The record is being preserved—not just in one way, but in countless ways.

What right have we to say that we shall escape these records when we reach the other side? If these vibrations can be preserved in material objects, why should they not be preserved in the ethereal, when their very nature is ethereal? Thought is not a material thing. Like any form of energy, it is ethereal. And the thought vibrations that still can leave their records in material things, should be capable of penetrating those spheres of ether, where the very nature of the vibrations should be preserved more readily.

When Mrs. Grunwald is ready to give a psychometric reading, she passes a damp cloth over the article handed to her. She says that this is very much like using copper to conduct an electric current. It clears the vibrations, and they reach her more quickly and clearly.

One day a gentleman called on her, and said that he wished a reading. She asked him for some article. He handed her his pocket knife. Wiping it off with a damp cloth, she held this knife in her hands, and placed herself in a condition of passivity.

She said: "I see you dressed in a hunting costume, and you have a dog with you. It is evident that you look forward to great success. I can see you walking through the woods and the dog running ahead of you, but at night you come home without any game."

The man laughed heartily. "It is so," he admitted. "I thought that I was going to be very successful, but I found that neither my dog nor I knew much about hunting."

Mrs. Grunwald then proceeded with the reading, revealing fact after fact, and all of the visions that came to her, were only reproductions of the vibration-records in that knife.

During this reading, Mrs. Grunwald told the man that on his way home, from his hunting expedition, she saw him stop some boys, who had killed a number of rabbits, and he bought them, so that he would still have glory to his credit when he came home.

He admitted that this was true—and if there had ever been any question in his mind about Mrs. Grunwald's gift, he was soon converted to believe that there are more things in heaven and on earth than we can see with our mortal eyes.

Mrs. Grunwald has paid out less than two hundred dollars for medical services for her family in fifty-four years, and she says, "I wish that all parents would pay more attention to bringing up their children. The ignorance of parents reflects itself in the physical ills of the offspring, and in their moral errors. Upon each parent devolves a sacred duty, and it is for every parent to learn more about this duty and live up to it at all times."

In speaking about psychic unfoldment, Mrs. Grunwald says this:

"As a person unfolds his or her psychic gifts, that person comes into a great understanding. Nature itself seems to change. Everything becomes more beautiful. The psychic sees not only the material which is seen by all mortals, but sees some of the ethereal, and the things of spirit are more beautiful by far than the things of earth.

"It is the same way with understanding. We can learn how to understand our own problems and the problems of others better, because we learn how to find purposes back of thoughts and deeds. To us, human nature is a more beautiful thing than it ever was before, for we can see that back of all error is the possibility to learn and to progress.

"If we mediums try at all times to bring this better understanding to our fellows, we are not only gifted men and women, but we are teachers. We are missionaries. We can bring into their lives a clearer understanding.

"If I can see, by holding a knife, that a man went hunting with his dog, and was unsuccessful, and then—on the way home—bought rabbits from some boys who were better hunters, that should prove to that man the truth that all he does and thinks must be held in a perfect record somewhere. In time that record will be revealed to him, and he will see wherein he was wrong. He will regret those wrong actions and wrong thoughts. In spirit, he will feel inspired to save others in the flesh from similar mistakes.

"In my work, I try to help men and women to understand that everything they do, and everything they think, leaves its record. That record is left here in the material, and it is inscribed in the ethereal. Being that person's own vibrations, it attracts him. He can not get away from the wrong he has done. He will not be happy until he has balanced accounts.

"Too often we are told that our memories alone hold the facts of the past. We think that we can master our memories, and keep our consciences from worrying us. We shall find in time that the facts, those records of thoughts and deeds, go far beyond our memories, and yet are recorded as they are in many places—we are always in connection with them. Our false thoughts, our selfish impulses, our misdeeds, are linked up with us and must be cleared away.

"We are not beings apart from all nature. We are not the independent agents we would wish to think ourselves at times. We are held to account, and our records are never falsified. They can not be glossed over. They are read, and their reality in time must prove itself to us. Often it does its proving at the most inopportune time. If we are to progress, we must so live that those records will not be the kind that will assail us. We can make clean, beautiful records just as easily as we can make the other kind. Let us try to leave the better, purer, more helpful records."

Mrs. Grunwald was born near Manchester, England. She is a retired old lady, who has a heart big enough to find a place in it for all sufferers. She is a splendid healer, and has brought aid to many.

Her multiplicity of gifts are appreciated by many of her friends, and as an earnest worker in the vineyard she deserves all the kind wishes, the best thoughts of every earnest worker. As we unite our uplifting vibrations with the vibrations of like nature sent out by others, we are helping to build a battery of great strength—a battery that will send its helpful currents in many directions. This help will be felt by those who need it, and who will bless the day that there came into their lives new hope, new faith, and a new purpose.

Mrs. Grunwald has many good friends in Louisville, and with her mature understanding and her broader vision of life, she has proved to be an inspiration to thousands.

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It is fortunate that, in the unfoldment of psychic gifts, different persons should have different development. In order to reach the world, many channels must be opened. To succeed in reading facts from auras, and from articles, demands something other than the "forces" of the seance-room.

Psycometry opens a field for study that seems endless. We look at the talking machine, and think of it as marvelous—and truly, it is wonderful. We do not stop to think that every article around and about us, is a mute witness of our deeds and our thoughts. The record is being preserved—not just in one way, but in countless ways.

What right have we to say that we shall escape these records when we reach the other side? If these vibrations can be preserved in material objects, why should they not be preserved in the ethereal, when their very nature is ethereal? Thought is not a material thing. Like any form of energy, it is ethereal. And the thought vibrations that still can leave their records in material things, should be capable of penetrating those spheres of ether, where the very nature of the vibrations should be preserved more readily.

When Mrs. Grunwald is ready to give a psychometric reading, she passes a damp cloth over the article handed to her. She says that this is very much like using copper to conduct an electric current. It clears the vibrations, and they reach her more quickly and clearly.

One day a gentleman called on her, and said that he wished a reading. She asked him for some article. He handed her his pocket knife. Wiping it off with a damp cloth, she held this knife in her hands, and placed herself in a condition of passivity.

She said, "I see you dressed in a hunting costume, and you have a dog with you. It is evident that you look forward to great success. I can see you walking through the woods and the dog running ahead of you, but at night you come home without any game."

The man laughed heartily. "It is so," he admitted. "I thought that I was going to be very successful, but I found that neither my dog nor I knew much about hunting."

Mrs. Grunwald then proceeded with the reading, revealing fact after fact, and all of the visions that came to her, were only reproductions of the vibration-records in that knife.

During this reading, Mrs. Grunwald told the man that on his way home, from his hunting expedition, she saw him stop some boys, who had killed a number of rabbits, and he bought them, so that he would still have glory to his credit when he came home.

He admitted that this was true—and if there had ever been any question in his mind about Mrs. Grunwald's gift, he was soon converted to believe that there are more things in heaven and on earth than we can see with our mortal eyes.

Mrs. Grunwald has paid out less than two hundred dollars for medical services for her family in fifty-four years, and she says, "I wish that all parents would pay more attention to bringing up their children. The ignorance of parents reflects itself in the physical ills of the offspring, and in their moral errors. Upon each parent devolves a sacred duty, and it is for every parent to learn more about this duty and live up to it at all times."

In speaking about psychic unfoldment, Mrs. Grunwald says this:

"As a person unfolds his or her psychic gifts, that person comes into a great understanding. Nature itself seems to change. Everything becomes more beautiful. The psychic sees not only the material which is seen by all mortals, but sees some of the ethereal, and the things of spirit are more beautiful by far than the things of earth.

"It is the same way with understanding. We can learn how to understand our own problems and the problems of others better, because we learn how to find purposes back of thoughts and deeds. To us, human nature is a more beautiful thing than it ever was before, for we can see that back of all error is the possibility to learn and to progress.

"If we mediums try at all times to bring this better understanding to our fellows, we are not only gifted men and women, but we are teachers. We are missionaries. We can bring into their lives a clearer understanding.

"If I can see, by holding a knife, that a man went hunting with his dog, and was unsuccessful, and then—on the way home—bought rabbits from some boys who were better hunters, that should prove to that man the truth that all he does and thinks, must be held in a perfect record some place. In time that record will be revealed to him, and he will see wherein he was wrong. He will regret those wrong actions and wrong thoughts. In spirit, he will feel inspired to save others in the flesh from similar mistakes.

"In my work, I try to help men and women to understand that everything they do, and everything they think, leaves its record. That record is left here in the material, and it is inscribed in the ethereal. Being that person's own vibrations, it attracts him. He can not get away from the wrong he has done. He will not be happy until he has balanced accounts.

"Too often we are told that our memories alone hold the facts of the past. We think that we can master our memories, and keep our consciences from worrying us. We shall find in time that the facts, these records of thoughts and deeds, go far beyond our memories, and yet—recorded as they are in many places—we are always in connection with them. Our false thoughts, our selfish impulses, our misdeeds, are linked up with us and must be cleared away.

"We are not beings apart from all nature. We are not the independent agents we would wish to think ourselves at times. We are held to account, and our records are never falsified. They can not be glossed over. They are real, and their reality in time must prove itself to us. Often it does its proving at the most inopportune time. If we are to progress, we must so live that these records will not be the kind that will assail us. We can make clean, beautiful records just as easily as we can make the other kind. Let us try to leave the better, purer, more helpful records."

Mrs. Grunwald was born near Manchester, England. She is a refined old lady, who has a heart big enough to find a place in it for all sufferers. She is a splendid healer, and has brought aid to many.

Her multiplicity of gifts are appreciated by many of her friends, and as an earnest worker in the vineyard, she deserves all the kind wishes, the best thoughts, of every earnest worker. As we unite our uplifting vibrations with the vibrations of like nature sent out by others, we are helping to build a battery of great strength—a battery that will send its helpful currents in many directions. This help will be felt by those who need it, and who will bless the day that there came into lives new hope, new faith, and a new purpose.

Mrs. Grunwald has many good friends in Louisville, and with her mature understanding and her broader vision of life, she has proved to be an inspiration to thousands.

Daylight Happenings in These Forces

Manifestations in the Daylight Are Common Experiences of Those Associated With Mr. George Valiantine

We present with this little story, an unusual spirit photograph in which the faces of the manifesting spirits are as clear as the features of the medium.

Mr. George Valiantine, of Williamsport, Pa., had this picture taken in Minneapolis. Mr. Valiantine, the medium, is the central figure in the lower row. At the right is Uncle George, the main circle guide, who speaks in a loud, clear, independent voice. At the left is his cousin, Lulu. The Indian is Kokum, and the other face is that of Longfellow.

Mr. Valiantine's forces are exceptionally strong. He and Mrs. Valiantine have been staying at the home of the Editor of COMMUNICATION and often, during a meal, Bert Everett, brother of Mrs. Valiantine, one of the circle guides, will talk from an adjoining room.



This photograph was taken for Mr. Valiantine by a Minneapolis photographer who knew nothing about Spiritualism. Mr. Valiantine instructed the photographer to not interfere with the plate in any way. Upper row (left), "Kokum," Longfellow; lower (left), Lulu, a cousin, Mr. Valiantine, "Uncle George."

One afternoon while Mr. Valiantine was taking a nap, with the door of the bedroom closed, Bert shouted so loud in the hall, he could be heard all over the house. Immediately after, his laugh could be heard in another bedroom.

One night—with the lights extinguished, but with ample illumination coming from the street-lights—Mr. Valiantine and Mr. Jones sat at a heavy dining table, with their hands resting lightly on the table. In a few moments, very loud rappings came under the table, and the table glided to different parts of the room. And a heavy glass globe suspended from the ceiling began to sway like a huge pendulum. Rappings came from different parts of the room, and questions were answered by means of these raps.

One evening, when returning from a seance on the South side of the city, Bert Everett spoke so loud in a lighted street car that many persons looked around to try to locate the voice.

Very often material objects are moved.

At two seances in Chicago, through improper sealing of the doors and windows, strong lights were cast into the seance-room. Instead of having any appreciable effect upon Mr. Valiantine, these lights seemed to simply retard the forces for a few minutes. The trumpets could be seen as they were carried around the room.

Kokum usually sits on the floor during the seances—at least when he is not talking or singing. He will strike the floor with his hands to prove he is there. And one evening the editor of this magazine asked Kokum if he would give his right knee a treatment. Kokum pulled both of the legs against his own fully materialized body, which was just as solid as any body, and gave the affected knee a most excellent massage.

These things occur, of course, when conditions are good. It should be remembered that a skeptic can break up the forces of any medium. It is unfair to ask or expect any medium to produce results under adverse conditions, and every provision should be made to keep out light and to give the force the best possible thoughts.

Frequently, in telling about the wonderful manifestations produced through a medium, over-zealous Spiritualists try to bring the rankest skeptics into a seance-room and then expect good results. This is unreasonable.

Kokum's singing can be heard a long distance, and he has mastered one or two Spanish songs. Many of the voices are independent, and some of them are exceptionally loud.

Mr. Valiantine plans on going upon a tour so that interested persons, who lack the facilities of seances, may be given the opportunity of participating in these remarkable manifestations. He is a most likable man, quiet and unobstrusive. He has implicit confidence in the advice of his guides. He is exceptionally kind to and considerate of those who are seeking knowledge of spirit return and who are not familiar with the laws of communication.

What these forces will be in the next two or three years is difficult to prophesy. It seems as though this medium's forces become stronger with each seance. That he is a valuable addition to the ranks of the demonstrators of Spiritualism is unquestioned.

FRONSTROM

SYNOPSIS: "Fronstrom," whose place of birth is a mystery, encountered the Homeland Community while working on the frontier in a strange country. In time, he became chief of this sect, who lived in a tent city. After many strange psychic adventures, this man stole away one night, and wandered for weeks in the wilds, finally reaching a port city where, after a long illness, he became a medium. Going away to the court of a king, he became the medium for that monarch. Abused and often imprisoned, Fronstrom finally escaped by the aid of Immortelles, a spirit guide who came to him in times of great distress. Again he encountered members of the Community; in a mountain fastness, he spent the Winter with them—but longed for his freedom and decided to leave them in the Spring.

Manuscript VIII

The incidents about which I have told you thus far, are separated from the facts I am about to place before you, by many years—many, many years.

When a man becomes a traitor, when he conspires against his country, his punishment is severe. When a person becomes a traitor against the Unseen World, his punishment is not much less severe.

I shall not leave it to others to say that my character is weak and always has been. Perhaps I have learned enough during these long years of strange adventure to prepare for greater strength of character some day. Immortelles told me many times that God makes no mistakes. That thought comforts me. Perhaps my work has been for a purpose, but what that purpose may be, I can not say.

When I left the Community in the mountains years ago, I was fully determined to live among mortals and have only mortal concerns. I did not take away anything that was not mine. The monarch whom I had served, willed me a considerable sum, but I never went to claim it.

Old and gray, I have worked with my hands for years at menial service. My mediumship was taken from me. I was shut out from Immortelles, that beautiful spirit guide, and from the hosts of heaven, for many years. I wandered. I have made only sufficient money to keep body and soul in company with one another.

These statements I offer not as complaints. I have no complaint to make, although my body is old and feeble and my hands tremble. Still, I work with my physical strength.

I am far distant from the place where this account is being published. Before this final chapter, likely I shall be in spirit. And because this is the last chapter that I have the strength to write, I wish to reveal certain truths that may be of value.

In India, there are a number of secret societies devoted to Spiritualism. They are powerful. From the oldest times, the Hindus have been Spiritualists. Not all of them, of course. If I were asked how many are Spiritualists today, I would say that the number runs into tens of millions.

These Spiritualist fraternities are secret in order to escape political persecution. Their work is world-wide. In every country, they have their branches. Among their members are prominent men and women. While I am not at liberty to reveal the details, among those who understand, these fraternal orders are referred to usually as "The Silent Brotherhood." Buddha, in spirit, is one of the principal teachers. There are other Masters, too; many of them.

And now, permit me to make a suggestion or two: It is written that when the efforts on earth shall be great enough, and harmonious enough, there will dawn a new day; a better, brighter day. Misunderstanding may continue for some years. Capital and labor may battle bitterly for a time. The world will be in an uproar, marked chiefly by uncertainty. Many political and religious doctrines will spring up, flourish for a season and subside. And out of the very places where the opposition to Spiritualism and Spiritual Progress seem to be bitterest, will come the strongest co-operation.

You who are on earth today are witnessing the most marvelous era the universe itself has known. Compared with it, the creation of planets and suns from swirling nebulous masses, was nothing. Fashioning matter is not to be likened to building character in souls—and if you could look into the celestial, as I did for years, you would see in progress a mighty movement that gains steadily every day, and every hour and minute and second.

The forces of light and truth have been fighting the forces of darkness and ignorance—and so terrific has this conflict become that your world can not help reflecting the uncertainty and the apprehension that are felt in the lower spheres of spirit.

There is a kingdom on that other side, and over it for ages has reigned a person of malignant mind—a person who has resented God and the angels with all his heart. He is cunning, and while he has been thrown back into the flesh time and time again, each new death finds him determined to not progress, but to organize these black forces and keep them in motion.

During the late war, I did much work. What I did is immaterial. My mediumship has been taken from me, but still I am an instrument. To that, I was predestined. And truths have come to me that my former experience makes very clear.

This monarch who reigns in the lower spheres, is the person called the devil. Perhaps that name fits him. No other soul has stood out so long against love and truth and progress as he. I shall refer to my records and give you facts that are worth pondering seriously.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, this black kingdom in spirit received a very severe shock. Certain knowledge was imparted to mortals that started them searching for the better things. The coming of Christ to the earth had called forth every bitterness among these evil forces. It was a challenge to their renewed vigor.

For nearly seventeen hundred years after Christ's passing back into spirit, these forces did all that they could do to retard progress. They worked through every avenue of human effort.

But shortly before the earth world began to write "1700" a change had taken place. It was so slight that very few in the earth world knew that a change had come.

This change was not confined to one country. It reached all over the world. It was a chemical change in the atmosphere. Through it, the hosts of spirit—the purer, better, more progressive—were enabled to get a little closer to mortals.

At a distance of about six million miles from the earth, there is a great planet. This is ethereal. It is not visible to mortal eyes, but could its light be seen, it actually would appear larger and brighter than our own moon.

Upon this planet, which is inhabited by spirits exclusively, there are great laboratories for the handling of etheric forces. I have seen that planet often in the old days—and have been taught much concerning it.

The energy from the entire physical universe and from the ethereal universe as well, is drawn upon by the workers on that planet and from great reservoirs of stored-up energy, forces are directed to the earth-world.

Those in spirit, like those on earth, must learn as they put forth the efforts. But there is another force operating in spirit that mortals should not overlook. Every honest, pure thought, every sincere prayer, every kind, helpful act, send out waves of pure energy. These peculiar waves come from no other part of the illimitable universe. Only as mankind tries to reach upward for the better things, can this particular and very peculiar energy be drawn upon.

In your seances, spirit chemists work to build up the forces. These higher forces are cared for by the Master Chemists. These highly developed spirits never come into contact with mortals or mortal seance rooms.

From these mighty etheric reservoirs are drawn the forces not only for your seances, but for your inventions as well. You depend upon them more than you suspect.

Every sincere, pure thought from spirits in the flesh, from you mortals, is utilized and multiplied by these Master Chemists, and upon these forces the workers in spirit depend in battling the forces of blackness and evil.

You call it religion, but it is science in its highest form.

Your soul operates through a body always. In earth days, it operates through a material body. After death, it operates through a durable, etheric body. It is a body always. That makes soul and material (fine or etheric material, or coarse or physical material) copartners in the great plan of Creation. You think always, waking or sleeping. Every thought sets a force into motion; a force for good or ill, according to its kind. The evil forces of spirit try to trap and use the evil thoughts, but as fast as they are built up, the Master Chemists direct against those forces the purer, higher vibrations of good.

I have heard many of the spirit workers refer to this unseen planet as "The Twin Earth." Its population is very great, but that population changes constantly. Workers go to that planet for a time, and then their particular duties are completed.

I can not say they have machinery according to your definition. They have apparatus. It is most wonderful. I have seen it in visions.

There are lakes of this energy—and rivers of energy flow into these lakes, and great projecting devices direct energy from these vast reservoirs.

Let us say that there is an earthquake in your world. If mortals lived as they should, there would be no such disturbances. It is only because of the evil, selfish thoughts of human beings that such disturbances can be transmitted to matter.

When an earthquake occurs, which happens because of the lack of stability of vibrations, those in spirit draw upon these stored-up etheric forces and try to calm troubled nature. Such disturbances can not be avoided, because mortal thought insulates the world from these helpful vibrations.

So it is with war. The world brings on its wars, and when they are in progress, the forces of evil are their happiest, if happiness can be applied to destructive efforts. Through these distrubed vibrations, the honest workers in spirit must try to penetrate, bringing their help and energy for good. Upon these reservoirs, the Master Chemists draw to the very utmost—and every new spirit leaving the earth because of the evil mortal conditions that cause war, sets into motion new prayers and new honest, pure thoughts. Always, somebody mourns a mortal who has passed. Somebody is impressed. From the mortal side, the great grief, the deep mourning, the earnest prayers for peace increased so rapidly that these reservoirs were kept filled, no matter how much they were drawn upon.

I have searched the libraries, but never have found any mention of "The Twin Earth." I have never seen mention of the Master Chemists, although such mention may have been made. No mortal ever appreciated what mathematical precision means. I can say with authority that every thought is utilized. It is energy just as much as the force represented by your waterfalls. It is weighed, measured, separated into its components and utilized.

Evil means ignorance, and because those forces of evil do not understand the higher law, they make many mistakes. They will entrap the vibrations of blasphemy and lust, and try to use those forces to direct similar evil propensities upon mortals, but mingled with the thoughts of murder, blashphemy and lust, are thoughts of regret. There are qualms of conscience, and there are fear-thoughts. There are little rays of purity, which the devil chemists fail to recognize, because they have no sympathy for such things. Therefore, into these evil forces are projected little rays of honesty and truth, and when those dark forces are directed against mortals, the Master Chemists can gather the thread-ends of the pure rays, and through them direct some of the great energy of good with which they work. In this way, evil thwarts itself. Through the evil, the golden thread of goodness runs, and along that thread come the impelling desires to do better, to look higher, to escape the slavery of evil.

This causes intense anger in the lower spheres of spirit, but the more angry those evil ones become, the more they place themselves at the mercy of the good.

Today great fear is sweeping through the lower spirit realms. The leaders—the monarch himself—can see that they are losing their grip rapidly. They can not hold mortals in thralldom as they did. Through the coarse fabric of their black forces, is being projected a pure ray that is disintegrating their powers.

Many human batteries are required to help these Master Chemists and their assistants, to direct these pure forces to mortals. Without apparent cause, a mortal will feel weak, indolent, indifferent—as though some plague had seized him. The real reason, in most cases, is that the bodies of these mortals are being utilized as transformers. They are being drawn upon so that these pure rays of higher vibration can be directed into other mortals. I recall one experiment which I witnessed, in which a girl of sixteen was used as a battery, and through that human connection, over thirty thousand persons were helped. The child was ill for a few days, and then recovered as suddenly and as mysteriously as she became ill. The higher forces never draw from you without paying back.

That girl had never heard of Spiritualism, but she had certain chemical properties in her body, aided by her purity of thought, and she was a powerful battery.

I have seen a farmer lad so overcome with lassitude that he was obliged to leave his plow and go into the bushes and lie down and sleep. And over the field I could see what appeared to me like a haze. I could see also many spirit chemists working, taking the rays of higher vibration from the great reservoirs on this invisible planet, and combining those vibrations with properties of your soil and vegetables and grain. These forces have been directed to invalids and other mortal sufferers. The vibrations thus projected into their bodies, contained the vibratory essence of these nutritious vegetables and grains. Their cells were made stronger. They were given nourishment. Yet the farmer lad and the vegetables and grains suffered not at all.

I have seen a bank clerk become indifferent and sleepy, and I could see chemists in spirit use his forces and certain forces from the money in that bank, to give a success vibration to honest, struggling business men.

I could mention countless such cases, but these, I think, will be sufficient.

At times, I excuse my own deplorable actions as due to the fact that I have been used as a battery, and still am. My energy has been so depleted at times that it has been difficult to even move my limbs. And I console myself with the thought that my treachery in escaping from those whom I really loved, was only a reaction of this frequent heavy drawing upon my vitality.

To the mortals who know me, the name of "Fronstrom" is unknown. But I have made provision that, when I have returned to spirit, there will be placed at your disposal, with the same identifying marks you have had heretofore, certain manuscripts which I leave to your discretion to use as you wish. Not being a chemist myself, and having no scientific training, it is possible that in these manuscripts there will be errors. I am telling in them only the things that I have been told and shown. I interpret their meaning the best I can.

These manuscripts, in their entirety, would make a large volume. You may not wish to use them. Do as you like.

In my advanced years, I know that I am terminating this narrative much as a letter, but I claim no literary style. When I shall have spoken to you through a trumpet, you then may look for the manuscripts, and I shall ask you, and all who have read these statements, to think of me kindly. I may need your best thoughts.

Who I am or where I am can not matter very much. There are revelations coming far greater than mine. To add my mite is a pleasure.

I feel that I am a traitor to the spirit forces, but I hope that I am not. My affection is extended to all of you.

"Fronstrom."

(The End)

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

Unquestioned Identification

My son passed out with malignant typhoid in September, after an illness of about twenty-eight days, through which I nursed him. In October I received a letter addressed to me, giving the proper name and street address and postmarked Greeley, Colo., where I was not acquainted. As soon as I saw Spiritualism mentioned in the letter, I threw it in the stove. My daughter was curious to learn who it was from and rescued it from the flames.

The person who had written the letter was a man seventy-five years of age and very wealthy. He was a skeptic, and a mediumistic friend of his—who held seances for only five or six friends—on this particular evening told him that a young spirit came and said that he wished to send a message to his mother to let her know that he was not dead and for her not to grieve. He gave my name and address fully, and said that he had passed out in September. He said that everything was all right and glorious where he had gone. He asked me not to cry, but to think of him as living.

The skeptical old gentleman wished to find out if such a person lived at the address given.

I had just finished reading the letter when a stranger knocked at the door and introduced himself as the Marshal of Greeley, and said that he was the nephew of the man from whom I had received the letter—that his uncle had asked him to call to investigate. He was surprised indeed to find everything to be true.

From that time, naturally I have been deeply interested and have had some wonderful messages.

Your friend,

(Signed) MRS. SARA L. TURBY,
1852 Ogden St., Denver, Colo.

She Hears Voices of Incarnate

Last Summer, when I was in the parlor of my home, a voice called to me that sounded precisely like the voice of the lady next door. Another time, while I was lying down with the baby and fell asleep, I was awakened by the voice of my husband—but I found him sound asleep in the next room. The same thing happened again, but this time it was my mother's voice.

One night while I was lying in bed, suffering severely from pains in my heart brought on by worry, I felt myself getting weaker and weaker. I moaned and closed my eyes. I seemed to be out of my body all night.

On one occasion I saw a number of angels, a lady and several children at the foot of my bed. Often I see very beautiful lights. One evening a loud rap came on one of the windows. My husband heard it, too, and ran outdoors to see who it was, but saw no one.

One Sunday, when my husband had gone to the cemetery with our two little girls, and while he was decorating the grave of a loved one, he heard very sweet music like the song of a choir. When he arose to see where it came from, it stopped. The children also heard the singing.

I sometimes hear the voices of those in spirit as well as those in the flesh.—MRS. IDA B., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Vision of a Fire That Occurred Later

I have been trying to get automatic writings. While I have had practically no results, this strange vision came to me:

From my kitchen window, I have a view of several houses that face the next street. One day I saw a tongue of flame leap from the roof of one of these houses. I thought it was afire, but there were no more signs of flames. Two days later, this house was actually burned.

My mother had the old-fashioned way of closing up the parlor unless we had company. She noticed that my youngest sister very often would go in there and lie on the sofa. When mother asked her why she did this, she replied that when she closed her eyes, she could hear wonderful music and see people walking around.

My eldest sister married soon after this, and her husband, who was interested in Spiritualism, began to test my youngest sister. We used these powers of my sister very often for amusement.

About this time a Mr. Keith was hanged for the murder of a young girl who lived at Elberfeld, Ind. The trial was held in the town in which we lived. To the last he swore that he was innocent, and said that he would get revenge for his death. At the next seance after this hanging, we had a warning when my sister was suddenly thrown from her chair. After the excitement was over, we continued, and it seemed as though Mr. Keith had taken possession of my sister's body. He said, "I am Mr. Keith, and I have come to get revenge. I am going to kill as they have done to me. Those in this room can not help themselves—I am going to kill every one after I get a knife." He talked on in this strain and tried to get into the kitchen, and kept laughing and said there was no help for us.

Suddenly I said, "Let us pray." If we ever prayed earnestly in our lives, it was then. As suddenly as this spirit came, he left.

She did not sit after this, although she often could hear rappings and could feel someone pulling on the covers of the bed at night.—MRS. FLORA S., Indianapolis, Ind.

An Independent Manifestation

Some years ago, there appeared to me a doctor who came to the side of my bed, apparently fully materialized. He had a mustache and long side whiskers with his chin shaved smooth. He was clad in a Prince Albert coat, with other garments to match, and weighed about 150 pounds.

He said, "I am Doctor Quiley—Doctor John Quiley."

I began to talk to him, but he did not answer. I suppose I broke the forces. He carried a medicine case in one hand.

About two weeks later, a patient of mine from Massillon, Ohio, came over for a treatment. She told me that she had attended a seance that week in her home town, and that a physician had come to her and said that he would accompany her to Canton when she called on her doctor, and that she would be cured. She was cured of a large fibroid tumor.

After she had told about her experience, I told her of mine, and she replied, "Why, that's the very name he gave me—Doctor John Quiley."

That was my first independent manifestation. I have had doctors come to me in seances, giving me their names, where they practiced and where they passed out, and in those cases where I was able to make inquiry, I found the information to be correct. They told me that they were attracted by my healing magnetism, and that if I would take up the work, they would guide and impress me so that I could help heal suffering humanity. I followed their advice and have been in the work for twenty-five years, and realize at all times that they are with me and helping me.

(Signed) DR. FRANK E. SIGUS,
921 Shorb Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio.

A Few Ouija Messages

My first experience with the ouija board was about a year ago when visiting my mother. The second message I received convinced me that there was something to it. I got information on a matter about which I was ignorant. The last sentence of the message was: "I heard him fiddle on James' violin." It was this sentence that convinced me, for I did not know that my husband had touched the violin of my nephew, James.

He had been on a trip to Cleveland,

Ohio, and another town, and I was visiting my mother in Jersey Shore, Pa. He joined me and we returned home together.

The message started out by spelling the name of my first husband, in the spirit-world. We had been married but two months when death separated us. He spelled out his name fully, and told how he loved me, and said: "Home looks about the same as when I first came to Jersey Shore."

I asked my husband if he had tried James' violin when he was home, and he admitted that he had, and I told him about the message. He said that he had been home alone and he did not believe that anyone had heard him play. He can not really play, and literally had "fiddled" on the violin.

I get my messages alone, and it is often slow and tiresome. I should love to tell you of all the messages I receive, but I will give just one more as an example.

The ouija board spelled out: "Your bowels are badly poisoned." This was for my husband. We asked if there was any more, and it said: "Stop drinking out of lime holes. It is bad for you." I will explain that my husband is an inspector for the Western Union Telegraph Company, and often goes on inspection trips through the woods and drinks many times from springs and brooks. That evidently was the inference as the water is usually full of lime. The message then said that my husband should take five-grain capsules of quinine in the morning.

I asked the communicating spirit if he was a doctor, and he said, "No, I was a teacher in Harvard University." He then gave the name of Marcus De Sylvia. I asked him if it was French and he said it was Spanish. Upon inquiring as to how long he had been in spirit, he did not reply. I do not know if there ever was a professor in Harvard by the name of De Sylvia, but I should like to find out.

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I told her, but she had never heard it before.

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Over and over again, my sister kept repeating, "How very, very strange! I can not understand it at all. Why should I come up here to Tolland and run across my long-lost sister in this out-of-the-way place? I have traveled all over the globe and always looked for you, but in all my wanderings, I never encountered you!"

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WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER

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Identification Through Automatic Writing

The following interesting facts of a message received through automatic writing, add to the value of this form of communications:

(July 15, 1920):

"704. It's a man's number in San Francisco. I want you to send him a message for me."

"Well, who is me?"

"Sinclair," came the answer.

"What Sinclair is it? I know Sinclairs, but none around here."

"Melvin Sinclair. They called me Mel. You know me."

"Surely, this can't be my neighbor, Mel Sinclaire, of Floweree, Mont.?"

"Yes, I passed out last Spring, with dropsy."

"Well, I had not heard of it," I replied. "You were in good health last November, when I left there."

"Yes, but I came over last Spring."

"This man in San Francisco; what relation is he to you?"

"This name. Can you get it?"

"Yes."

"Frank Sinclair, East Fourth street and Seventh avenue"

"All right; let's have the message."

"Tell Frank I am yet living, and I want him to look after my affairs there and help my family to manage them. Tell him to go to them if he can."

"Can you tell anything of conditions there?"

"Tell them I am happy and it is beautiful here, and I have met many friends I used to know there. Will you write them for me"

"Yes, I will, if you have given me the right address."

"Frank is in San Francisco, and I have another brother in Eastern Washington. Do you think you will go back to Montana?"

"I may some time."

"It doesn't look good there yet."

"How did you come to find me here?" I asked.

"I met a woman here. She said she could help me send a message back through you. So she brought me here and I am glad that I have found a way to send a message back. Tell Frank to write my family of this message and give my love. Say that I hope to talk to them some time. Tell them I want them to learn of this work."

"Had you ever heard of this work before you went over?" I inquired.

"Yes, and it has been a great help to me here. I want them to learn more of this work. I will go now, but you will hear from me again now that I have found a way to get messages back."

"It is strange how you found me," I observed.

"This woman helped me and you know, Mr. McBride, we both had the same power."

"What do you refer to now?"

"The power of locating things, and it makes it easy to get near you."

"I am glad you have found me," I said, "and I will help you all I can. Come again."

"I will."

"Is your family in a destitute condition?"

"No, not at present. I will go. Good-bye."

(This from my Indian guide):

"Walter, I found this man and helped him to send a message through you. He is so glad of this chance to do this."

"Well, Row-Slin, I am glad you brought him."

"I will go, Walter. Good-bye."

On July 16th I addressed a letter to Mr. J. W. Devine, my close neighbor in Montana, to know if Mel Sinclair lived there yet. I said nothing about the message, and I take this from his letter in answer to my question. I received it Aug. 2, 1920:

"Sinclair died last Spring of dropsy. Just before he died they got a small legacy. 'Now,' he said, 'I won't have to worry so much about my family if crops fail again.' Seemed he was ready to go and now one of his brothers has come to help the family manage things. Will close. J. W. Devine, Carter, Mont."

I knew this man, Sinclair, but as to his having any brothers, I never knew until I got his message. I do know he lived in California himself before coming to Montana.

(Signed) W. E. McBride,
Indian Springs, Ind.

* * * *

This, good readers, is automatic writing. It is not fancy—not theory—not imagination—not hysteria, but a form of mediumship precisely as distinct as any other form, and calling for genuine psychic power.

To those struggling, hopeful souls, we can only say, "Have courage and patience. What man has done, man can do."

How long Mr. McBride has received messages in this way, we do not know. That he receives many, we do know.

A Materialization

When I was seventeen, I married. This was a short time before my sister (the one next to me) passed away. We had never been separated till then. Thoughts of her were always in my mind.

One day I was cleaning my parlor, and all the rooms led into the front hall. I had swept the carpet about half and had placed my right hand on the center-table to move it. I held the broom in my left hand. As I pushed the table, I thought I heard a stir in the hall. I looked right in front of me. At the top of the stairs there stood my sister, as plainly as I had ever seen her in my life, with the same clothes she had worn before she passed out. Her left hand was resting on the top of the post and her right foot was on the hall floor, just as though she were ready to step into the hall. I dropped the broom and went very slowly to her. I kept my eyes on her face. So sweet, so lifelike was her smile. I reached her and placed my right hand on her shoulder and grasped her arm with my left hand. Her body seemed as hard and firm and warm as it ever did in life. She had on a wide-brimmed brown hat faced with light blue.

I looked up under her hat and into her face and said, "Carrie, what brought you here?"

As loudly as I had spoken, she replied, "Susie, Christ arose from the dead, and so did I."

I could not speak again. I did not know what to say. I held my hands upon her, with my eyes looking into hers. My hands kept going down, down, down, till they rested on the floor. She had gone. This was a little after noon. I felt myself going; I did not know where. When I came to my senses, a lady who lived under me, on the first floor, was standing over me. They had placed me on my couch in the parlor and loosened my clothes.

When I became calm, I told them what had happened, and one of the ladies told me that my sister had come to me to show me she was with me and always would be.

A lady came to try on a dress she was making for my little girl, and I came in with a plate in my hands. I became faint and sank into a chair. When I came to my senses, this lady said, "Why, my dear woman, I did not expect this. You have told me things that no one on earth ever knew excepting my dear father and myself. Things have been missing from the house since mother passed away and I am going there tomorrow to find these things."

She came back in a few days and said, "I found what I was looking for at my aunt's house. She used to come over and cook for father and took whatever she wanted. You are a wonder."

Later I took a young man to board. One day he asked if I knew anything about Spiritualism. I told him I didn't, but he replied, "Well, my father does."

A few weeks later, the old gentleman came to see me. We talked a little while, and then he asked me if he could play a record on the Victrola. As the music started, a strange feeling came over me, and when I was myself again, he said, "I belong to the Spiritualist church and yet you have told me more than I ever get there."

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"I will go, Walter. Good-bye."

On July 16th I addressed a letter to Mr. J. W. Devine, my close neighbor in Montana, to know if Mel Sinclair lived there yet. I said nothing about the message, and I take this from his letter in answer to my question. I received it Aug. 2, 1920:

"Sinclair died last Spring of dropsy. Just before he died they got a small legacy. 'Now,' he said, 'I won't have to worry so much about my family if crops fail again.' Seemed he was ready to go and now one of his brothers has come to help the family manage things. Will close. J. W. Devine, Carter, Mont."

I knew this man, Sinclair, but as to his having any brothers, I never knew until I got his message. I do know he lived in California himself before coming to Montana.

(Signed) W. E. McBride,
Indian Springs, Ind.

* * * *

This, good readers, is automatic writing. It is not fancy—not theory—not imagination—not hysteria, but a form of mediumship precisely as distinct as any other form, and calling for genuine psychic power.

To those struggling, hopeful souls, we can only say, "Have courage and patience. What man has done, man can do."

How long Mr. McBride has received messages in this way, we do not know. That he receives many, we do know.

A Materialization

When I was seventeen, I married. This was a short time before my sister (the one next to me) passed away. We had never been separated till then. Thoughts of her were always in my mind.

One day I was cleaning my parlor, and all the rooms led into the front hall. I had swept the carpet about half and had placed my right hand on the center-table to move it. I held the broom in my left hand. As I pushed the table, I thought I heard a stir in the hall. I looked right in front of me. At the top of the stairs there stood my sister, as plainly as I had ever seen her in my life, with the same clothes she had worn before she passed out. Her left hand was resting on the top of the post and her right foot was on the hall floor, just as though she were ready to step into the hall. I dropped the broom and went very slowly to her. I kept my eyes on her face. So sweet, so lifelike was her smile. I reached her and placed my right hand on her shoulder and grasped her arm with my left hand. Her body seemed as hard and firm and warm as it ever did in life. She had on a wide-brimmed brown hat faced with light blue.

I looked up under her hat and into her face and said, "Carrie, what brought you here?"

As loudly as I had spoken, she replied, "Susie, Christ arose from the dead, and so did I."

I could not speak again. I did not know what to say. I held my hands upon her, with my eyes looking into hers. My hands kept going down, down, down, till they rested on the floor. She had gone. This was a little after noon. I felt myself going; I did not know where. When I came to my senses, a lady who lived under me, on the first floor, was standing over me. They had placed me on my couch in the parlor and loosened my clothes.

When I became calm, I told them what had happened, and one of the ladies told me that my sister had come to me to show me she was with me and always would be.

A lady came to try on a dress she was making for my little girl, and I came in with a plate in my hands. I became faint and sank into a chair. When I came to my senses, this lady said, "Why, my dear woman, I did not expect this. You have told me things that no one on earth ever knew excepting my dear father and myself. Things have been missing from the house since mother passed away and I am going there tomorrow to find these things."

She came back in a few days and said, "I found what I was looking for at my aunt's house. She used to come over and cook for father and took whatever she wanted. You are a wonder."

Later I took a young man to board. One day he asked if I knew anything about Spiritualism. I told him I didn't, but he replied, "Well, my father does."

A few weeks later, the old gentleman came to see me. We talked a little while, and then he asked me if he could play a record on the Victrola. As the music started, a strange feeling came over me, and when I was myself again, he said, "I belong to the Spiritualist church and yet you have told me more than I ever get there."

(Signed) Mrs. J. S. Hasty,
192 Pleasant St., Worcester, Mass.

Press Comments and Criticisms

Is He Right This Time?

"The Power and the Perils of Modern Spiritualism" will be the subject of an illustrated talk by Rev. J. Dwight Hagueman, a former Spiritualist, in the lecture room of the Felicity Street Methodist Church, Felicity and Chestnut streets, Sunday at 8 p. m. Mr. Hagueman for twenty years was noted as a lecturer in the section which he now criticizes. The public will be welcome.

* * *

The Rev. Hagueman proves by his own statements that he is not an ornament to the Methodists any more than he was to the Spiritualists. His confession amounts to admitting that he was mentally incapable of judging Spiritualism, and therefore would likely be mentally incapable of judging Methodism, or anything else.

The person who says that he believed a thing for years, and then turns against it with bitterness, is not sure of his own judgment. People who turn to a new interpretation of the one great truth find no anger in their hearts against that which they did believe. The attitude that this man takes is not a liability to Spiritualism, and certainly is no asset to Methodism. Probably he understands one about as well as the other.

Can a Materialized Child Live in the Flesh?

Recently in Dysart, Iowa, claims were set forth relative to a purported miracle. But first of all we shall place before our readers the story written by Mr. Benson K. Pratt, staff correspondent of the *Chicago Evening American*, who was sent by his paper to Dysart in an effort to ferret out the facts. The story follows:

DYSART, Iowa, Sept. 9.—"And Jesus, standing there in plain sight at the foot of my bed, spoke to me and said, 'This is a gift to thee from my Father.' Gently He laid the reincarnated body of my dead baby girl beside me and vanished."

Thus it was that Mrs. Ada Robbins, red cheeked, pretty, and looking nothing like the conventional conception of the recognized Spiritualist, finished her astounding story of Iowa's now famous spirit babe.

There is no question but she believes implicitly that through the spirit world and with the help of Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler, a medium of the better known type, God has given back to her the baby life He took on October 1, 1919. Matching her conviction, with a sturdy faith that defies analysis, her husband, William Howard Robbins, confidently looks forward to a life of spiritualistic teaching, guided of course by the advice and counsel of the ever present Mrs. Wheeler.

The latter incidentally is the central and dominative figure in this amazing episode —amazing for the present at least—of latter day life in which no home is fully equipped without a ouija board or a spirit control. Perhaps this is but another and more material manifestation of the interest in things spiritualistic that has swept nations on both sides of the water since the great war, which brought home to so many thousands and hundreds of thousands the eternal fact of the finite separation of death.

However, out here in Iowa the people have their feet close to the ground; they know the miracle of growing things; they plant the seeds and see them sprout into life. Natural law is the only law to them, and there are few if any in this little community, and perhaps fewer in the towns and villages adjoining, who take any stock in what they term "a joke of maternity and not eternity." Before these various views are aired, however, it were well to get a clear conception of the story as the countryside knows it.

In November, 1919, Mrs. Wheeler, a Spiritualist, or a psychic researcher, came to Dysart. Her friendship with the recently widowed sister-in-law of Robbins was the link that bound the young Iowa farmer and his wife to this woman of the strange personality.

Their religions had been of an orthodox nature but soon under the influence of strange happenings at the evening seances, or circle, they became converts to the theories expounded by Sir Oliver Lodge and others.

Since that time Mrs. Wheeler has been one of the family circle at the Robbins home. Her entry caused much bitter feeling among the parents of the young people but they were unable to change the beliefs of the converts. In September, 1919, Mrs. Robbins, who is now only 24 years old, was taken to St. John's Hospital at Springfield, Ill.

Springfield was the childhood home of Mrs. Wheeler. A few days before October 1 a baby girl was born, but after five days of life it passed on to the spirit world. The young couple grieved. They had a little son and the birth of the girl fulfilled their hearts' desire. Last winter Mrs. Wheeler, her husband who has also been included in the home life of the Robbins, and Mr. and Mrs. Robbins went to Chicago to attend the lectures of Sir Oliver Lodge. The young people came home more convinced than ever.

In April Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. Robbins again visited Chicago. This time they attended lectures on a demonstration of "materialization" by Mrs. Elizabeth Tomson in the Masonic Temple. Later came the "revelation" through the spirit guides that the baby, dead since October, 1918, was to be returned to them in Dysart. Mrs. Wheeler predicted an event that would startle people on June 8. Mrs. Wheeler, as an aid to the spiritual conception, went to Chicago and there at a spiritualistic retreat "purified herself" by fasting and praying. Mrs. Robbins remained at home. Finally the spirit message came that the baby was to be returned on June 14 at the Robbins home.

All was in readiness. The man and his wife had donned white robes and flowers adorned the house. Mr. Wheeler went out and was walking up and down the roadway, so Mrs. Robbins asserts. No one else was inside except the young son, Harold.

In a room back of the bedroom a cabinet had been prepared. There were soft comforters inside and flowers nearby.

Now let Mrs. Robbins tell what happened:

"I was nervous and awake. I couldn't sleep thinking of the wonderful event that I felt sure would take place. My husband was awake for a time, but he dropped off into a doze shortly after midnight. I could hear the clocks striking. I heard a gasp in the next room where we had placed the cabinet, then suddenly at the foot of the bed the luminous figure of the Christ appeared. In his arms was a tiny baby. In the sweetest voice I have ever heard He leaned over and said: 'This is a gift to thee from my Father.' He then placed the little one on the bed between my husband and myself and vanished. For a time I did not awaken my husband, but finally the baby started to cry and I roused him so that he could get up and get some milk. It is our dead baby come to life. Of that I am sure. When it was born the second time it looked just the same as it did when it died."

"How could you tell?" Mrs. Robbins was asked.

"Well, she had the little dimples in her cheeks and her daddy's big blue eyes and it resembles him so much that I know I could not be mistaken," she said. She then refuted the assertion that there were birthmarks on the first baby that also appeared on the second.

"No, there were no other distinguishing marks," she said.

"What she tells you is true," asserted her husband, albeit somewhat doggedly.

"It is our baby come back to life and we will not believe anything else. I don't care what people say or how they talk. We know and we are satisfied. No one else is harmed, and that it all there is to it."

Mrs. Wheeler, however, had much more to say. So also have the townspeople. Some declare that Mrs. Wheeler returned on a midnight train on June 14.

She denies this and says she didn't get back from Chicago until June 24. Some say it is Mrs. Wheeler's own child. "But they won't say that to my face," asserts the lady with a vigor that leaves no doubt as to her intentions. Some say the child really belongs to Mrs. Robbins. But, declares Mrs. Wheeler, nature itself could not have given a fully matured child to its mother in seven months.

"And that child was fully matured, for when I took it to a local physician he made an examination, and right there, too, I might add that the first baby was tongue-tied; so was the second child, and the doctor in Dysart clipped its tongue outside in the farmyard."

A most materialistic auctioneer, whose hoarse voice betrayed his calling, was bidding the good people to step up and take another good look at that separator that was going for a song. Robbins, who rents the farm where he lives, was selling out his implements and household goods today and gathered in the yard were the denim-clothed materialists, who plant and sow and reap hereabouts on land that is valued at $500 an acre or more.

Frequently the material voice of the auctioneer clashed with the soft tongued explanations of Mrs. Wheeler. Farmer women are taking advantage of the opportunity to get a peek at the inhabitants of the house.

"I know what they have come for," says Mrs. Robbins, a look of scorn in her eyes.

"Well, they laughed at Christ and persecuted Him," observes Mrs. Wheeler, "and if He could stand it I guess we can."

Perhaps before this some word picture of Mrs. Wheeler should have been painted. She is small in stature.

The distinguishing feature of her external personality is her prematurely white hair, which she says turned white in a single night from an injury to her spine, and her prematurely young face. She says she is in the neighborhood of 40. Her complexion is such that a younger woman well might envy it. Her eyes are Irish blue and the name Sullivan is intertwined in her family archives. Her proteges she terms her "children." As to her plans—well, they haven't fully matured.

At one time the founding of a William T. Stead temple in Los Angeles appealed as a worthy object, but now these plans are upset. At any rate she and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, a Mr. and Mrs. John Edward Hickey, formerly of Springfield, who are living at the Robbins home, and perhaps one or two more are to make a pilgrimage to more congenial surroundings.

It's all hocus-pocus, says the countryside. The only thing is how to explain it.

* * *

DYSART, Iowa, Sept. 11.—William Howard Robbins, father of Iowa's now famous "spirit baby," lives in daily fear of death. This remarkable phase of the story of the alleged rebirth of an infant child and its return to its parents came today in the form of admissions by Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler, the medium who first converted the parents to Spiritualism and then established herself as a member of the household.

From whispers here and there the story spread that Mrs. Wheeler had foreseen the death by suicide of several persons in or near Dysart. In one instance at least the prophecy came true. Among those she named as intended victims of their own hands, was young Robbins. Later came the message from the spirit guides that if he would obey their counsel as translated by Mrs. Wheeler he would be saved from himself.

"This is all true," said the medium today. "If Howard obeys the advice of our counsels he will be saved." Inasmuch as the young farmer believes with firm and sincere conviction the lightest word of Mrs. Wheeler, it will readily be seen why the townspeople declare that he will never allow himself to be separated from her.

Mrs. Wheeler's hold on the young farmer and his wife is further strengthened by reason of the fact that the spirit guides—it must be understood that they always and only talk through the lips of Mrs. Wheeler—have warned that death may come to the baby on Sept. 14. However, Mrs. Wheeler does not believe that such will be the eventuality. "There is one woman who is trying by all means in her power to tear the baby apart," said Mrs. Wheeler.

"Do you mean that literally?" she was asked.

"Yes, in this sense," she replied. "By our efforts we gave particles from our bodies that densified and formed the body of the baby. This woman will exert her influence to cause these particles to scatter, which would cause the death of the baby."

Another interesting revelation came from Mrs. Robbins, mother of the baby. She was again asked the names of all those at the Robbins' home at the time the child was "returned" on the night of June 14. "There was just my husband, myself and our little boy, Harold," she said.

"Where was Mr. Wheeler?" was the next question. The latter is the husband of the medium, who at the time in question was in Chicago, by her own statements.

"Well, I'm going to tell the truth about that, too," she said. "We had been ordered to do certain things by our spirit guides. In one materialization the Savior told us He would first appear at the bridge. You understand that a few rods from the house and over the road leading to it is a small concrete bridge, and it was this He referred to. Accordingly when we prepared ourselves to revive the baby we followed directions to the letter.

"Only my husband and myself stayed in the house. Mr. Wheeler went out to meet the Savior, and just as we were told, He appeared at the bridge where Mr. Wheeler was waiting. He was dressed in luminous robes, the same as when He put the baby in my arms a few moments later in the house. He said nothing at all to Mr. Wheeler during the walk up the road from the bridge. In His arms He carried a small bundle, wrapped in a dark material. Mr. Wheeler only came as far as the house."

Mrs. Robbins' statement was corroborated by the man himself. However, the scoffers of the community declare that Wheeler did meet someone at the bridge. It was not the Savior, they assert, although they offer no definite proof that it was either Mrs. Wheeler with a baby obtained from someone in Chicago or a messenger from her bearing the baby. Further than this they maintain that Mrs. Wheeler was seen in Dysart early on the morning of June 15, although she viciously denies this and asserts that Mrs. Lena Rehr of Chicago brought her back to Dysart on June 24.

At Waterloo, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. O. O. Thomas, truck gardeners on the outskirts of the city, spoke their minds freely. They are the uncle and aunt of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins.

"It would be all too ridiculous if it were not so serious," said Mrs. Thomas. "We, of course, do not believe at all that the child is a spirit baby. We know that Mrs. Wheeler has dominated the thoughts and actions of the two young people ever since she came there two years ago.

"I know Howard's father and mother are broken-hearted over the whole affair. They have done all they can, but Howard will not listen to them at all. We are now trying to learn whether some action cannot be taken to prevent them from going to California."

* * *

Revelations of the means by which Mrs. Sylvia Robinson Wheeler, medium, claims to have restored to life the dead infant of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robbins, farmers of Dysart, Ia., brought forth from Chicago Spiritualists today any number of weirdly fascinating tales by which they hope to prove the miraculous powers of Mrs. Wheeler in dealing with things spiritual.

Stories of marvelous gems and flowers grasped from thin air, of photographs made of loved ones after they had gone to the land beyond the grave and of strange pre-

monitions of accidents which were to befall them came from the lips of many clairvoyants who claim to have first hand knowledge of these "manifestations."

Corroboration of Mrs. Wheeler's assertion that she was in Chicago on June 14, the night that the "spirit babe" appeared in the Robbins' home in Hyeart, was obtained by The Chicago Evening American from E. L. Stubbs, president of the Stubbs Motor Works, 3030 W. Roosevelt road, and from Mrs. Lena Rohr, 1222 S. Harding ave., both of whom say they accompanied Mrs. Wheeler to Hyeart from Chicago on her recent trip. Mrs. Rohr's story disagrees with that of Mrs. Wheeler's relatives in Springfield, who declare Mrs. Wheeler was in Hyeart on June 14.

"Mrs. Wheeler was with me at the time the baby came to the Robbins family in Hyeart," said Mr. Stubbs. "I remember the occasion perfectly. She is my adopted mother and spiritual adviser and was with me constantly for over three weeks before June 24, when she returned to Hyeart to see the child about which Mr. and Mrs. Robbins had written her.

"On the night of June 14, when the baby was returned, Mrs. Wheeler suddenly turned green about the face and arms. This was while she was giving of her spiritual strength to materialize the child."

Mrs. Rohr, another believer, verified the statements of Mr. Stubbs and added a few thrilling details of her own experiences with the medium.

Despite the infinite belief of Mr. Stubbs and Mrs. Rohr, however, there are those among the Spiritualists themselves who refuse to accept as true Mrs. Wheeler's power to restore the dead to life and health, as claimed in the case of the Robbins' baby.

"It doesn't sound at all possible," said Lloyd Kenyon Jones, president of the Illinois Spiritualistic Educational Association and the Stead Center, a local psychical society.

* * *

The brief quotation of the statement by the Editor of COMMUNICATION should be supplemented by the following facts based upon two different interviews by the "city room" of the Chicago Evening American. The city editor wished to know if the Editor of COMMUNICATION considered this phenomenon as being within the domain of possibilities. We replied that we were not in position to say what is possible and what is impossible, and that we regarded the explanation as improbable.

Many things could be done that are not done. And yet we have reason to believe that back of this story is perfect honesty on the part of Mrs. Wheeler and the others directly concerned.

It is not reasonable to believe that God would return one baby to the flesh without granting a like boon to other aching hearts.

Two explanations present themselves: First, is the charge that this so-called miracle was produced by fraud; second, is the possibility of the transportation of matter, and even of living things, through the application of chemistry as it is understood in spirit.

At this time we are trying to secure the facts of interesting and important manifestations occurring in Melbourne, Australia. An eye witness has told us that in at least one seance, the medium asked for a tub of water. This was brought into the seance room. There was the dim light common in materializing seances, and every member of the circle saw and heard fish drop seemingly out of the air into this water. These fish were recognized as being from the Indian Ocean.

In this number of COMMUNICATION is an account taken from a London paper of birds that appeared out of the cabinet of Mrs. Elizabeth Tomson. The same manifestations have occurred in her seances in Chicago and elsewhere. These birds unquestionably were transported by those in spirit and were birds that lived physically in this world.

If it is possible to dematerialize and then rematerialize any living creature, it should be equally possible to do the same with any other living creature. The rate of ionic vibration in the living material body can be raised to a point where it becomes invisible to mortal eyes, and where it can be passed through material obstacles.

Sir William Crookes reported on one occasion that the American medium, Mr. Home, actually passed through a solid wall. If we accept this explanation, then it would appear that what took place in Hyeart, Ia., was the transportation, through dematerialization and rematerialization, of a living child—perhaps a foundling in many respects resembling the baby that passed into spirit a year ago. This we believe would be possible. There are many foundlings, and each day at least one baby is left on somebody's doorstep.

We offer this explanation as falling within the realm of phenomena that have occurred and have been recorded.

Throughout the Summer, the Editor of COMMUNICATION has been in touch with Mrs. Wheeler by letter, and yet in none of her correspondence did she mention anything about this child—and the letter mailed to Mrs. Wheeler since these articles appeared has been unanswered. If a reply is received before we go to press with this number, we shall be glad to quote from that reply. We understand that Mrs. Wheeler left for California about the time our letter was mailed.

Why this gifted medium never mentioned this incident, which occurred in the middle of June, and yet wrote a number of letters to COMMUNICATION, is something we can not explain—except on the possible basis that Mrs. Wheeler wished to keep the whole matter secret, and that Mr. and Mrs. Robbins dually "spilled the beans."

We do not believe that this child is the child that passed into spirit. And yet we have no right to say that reincarnation could not take place, and that the child could not be born again in some other home. We say that this is unlikely, and that it is more reasonable to accept either the explanation of fraud or the explanation of the transportation of matter.

Our knowledge of Mrs. Sylvia Wheeler leads us to believe that she is perfectly honest, and that she would not lend herself to the perpetration of a fraud.

We doubt also that the figure that was seen coming out of the cabinet with the child was the figure of Christ. We simply doubt without knowing. Any spirit from the higher realms very likely would have a similar appearance. While expressing this doubt, we are presenting in this same number of our magazine, two photographs showing a face that by many is said to be the face of the Saviour.

Because we do not believe a certain thing to be true is not sufficient evidence for our suppressing the claims of others. Our reasons may not be sound. Instead of fortifying a theory at all costs, it is far better to admit all evidence even though it may seem to refute that theory. In searching for the truth, we must remain open-minded. We must not be ashamed to say that we do not know. There are many ordinary things in life that we do not know, and certainly our knowledge must be faulty when it comes to the extraordinary.

There is a great tendency among mediums to cling to a close relationship with Jesus, and they may have good and valid reasons for making such claims. We regard these statements as rather risky. It would be our opinion that the Master would be attracted only to those living the most spiritual lives, and that if He brought His assistance, it would be unlikely that He would reveal His identity.

Into every religious movement there is likely to creep the exaggerated claims of zealots. These claims often bring down ridicule upon the entire religious movement and may do more harm than good. At the same time, even the ordinary claims of Spiritualists are regarded by the world at large as expressions of lunacy. Perhaps some mediums do their calculating on the hypothesis that they are regarded as liars anyway, and may as well take down the hair and make their claims as sweeping as possible.

One Spiritualist may say, "I saw a figure that looked like my conception of Christ," while another might say, "I saw Jesus Himself." There is a difference between the two claims. We may see our own loved ones in spirit and recognize them, because we were with them in the earth life for many years. All we know about the appearance of Christ is the partial knowledge we gain by looking at pictures. And it is a well-known fact that there are so

many different pictures of Christ that differ in features and in coloring, we question that any person can form a conception of the actual appearance of Jesus Christ.

There is another point relative to this remarkable manifestation reported from Dysart that we should take into consideration. Mrs. Wheeler says that she was in Chicago when this materialization occurred. Her friends in Chicago report that she turned green at the time this phenomenon happened. A considerable distance separates Chicago from Dysart, and it is a question that the spirit chemists could work as well with the medium at a great distance as they could with the medium present.

On the other hand, let us return to the materialization of the fish in Melbourne. These fish must have been dematerialized at a distance of perhaps three thousand miles from the medium, and we can not say that it is more difficult to rematerialize than it is to dematerialize. If the baby were dematerialized in Chicago, then perhaps it was more important to have the medium in that city than it was to have her in Dysart.

The transportation of dematerialized matter is almost instantaneous without respect to distance, because then it is amenable to the laws of spirit. The child undoubtedly would breathe just the same as it did before.

Where flowers are transported in this manner—as in Mrs. Tomson's seances—these flowers are placed in vases containing no water. The stems and the petals become hard as though they were petrified. In the process of transportation, therefore, some physical change has occurred. Perhaps a similar physical change would occur in the bodies of the living sentient creatures transported in the same manner.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Robbins may have pronounced mediumistic gifts—and if either of them possessed the right form of mediumship, that would account for the materialization in Dysart.

If the whole occurrence proved to be a fraud, it would work great harm to Spiritualism. If it is based on facts, then everything should be done by the persons most interested to present these facts clearly and fully.

We wish to caution Spiritualists to refrain from any effort at press agency or publicity. If manifestations are brought about for the principal purpose of newspaper notice, the result is likely to be more harmful than beneficial.

There are indications that Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. and Mrs. Robbins made an effort to keep this matter quiet, but that the appearance of the baby caused comment in the neighborhood.

We doubt that a materialized form can remain materialized over an indefinite period, although the first of every species on earth may have been materialized. If John Smith passed into spirit, and the day after his funeral walked into his office and assumed his duties, the general plan of earthly experience would be upset. If a child who has passed into spirit is materialized, and remains materialized as a flesh-and-blood individual, that very fact might lead to similar manifestations and prove upsetting to the plan and course of earthly existence.

We conclude our comments with the reiteration of our disbelief in the theory that the baby referred to was materialized and remained materialized. We make this statement without calling upon the element of possibility. We are satisfied to rest the case with the question of probability. We trust that subsequent events will cast more light upon this interesting occurrence.

Echo of an Old Report

The following, from the *Camden, N. J. Courier*, brings to light some interesting facts which we are pleased to pass along to our readers. The article follows:

At a meeting of the Camden Section of the American Society for Psychical Research, called to arrange for some original investigation, of phenomena brought to the notice of some members, Dr. Wilson G. Bailey read a review of the recent reprint of the Report of the Seybert Commission on Spiritualism, in 1887. This commission was composed of William Pepper, Joseph Leidy, George A. Koenig, George S. Fullerton, Robert Ellis Thompson, Horace Howard Furness, Coleman Sellers, James S. White, Calvin B. Knerr and S. Weir Mitchell, and was provided for by Henry Seybert at his death. Seybert left $20,000 to the University of Pennsylvania for a chair of Philosophy on condition that the university appoint a commission to honestly investigate Spiritualism.

The commission was appointed and, said Dr. Bailey at the section meeting, the triviality of the "investigation" by men responsible in their own lines was a disgrace to the institution of learning that backed them. Horace Furness, Jr., who writes the introduction to the Lippincott, February, 1920, reprint of the report, unconsciously admits the utter worthlessness of the report when he says in his "Foreword," "Age cannot wither the charm of the good-humored satire with which the acting chairman treated these subjects: and it was largely the spirit in which they were thus approached that inspired the intense hostility on the part of the mediums and their followers."

Dr. Bailey said: "I might compare these men to the Sanhedrin, most learned men of their day, who ridiculed Jesus and secured his death. I feel sure that in the light of present knowledge of Spiritualism some of the surviving members of this commission would like to withdraw their names from the report. But, too late! Mr. Furness, Jr., has put them on record as having violated a sacred trust and wasted the legacy of an honest man in 'good-humored' satire when he asked for, and had the right to feel assured of, honest investigation. Every medium examined by the commission was under suspicion at the time by intelligent and sincere Spiritualists.

"I wonder," said Dr. Bailey, "whether Professor Edwin Burket Twitmyer, of the University of Pennsylvania, who ridiculed the 'credulity' of Sir Oliver Lodge, Rev. Russell H. Conwell, and others, will now admit that the commission report from which he quoted so confidently was not the report of an investigation, but merely a piece of undignified satire by men under solemn bonds to seriously investigate and honestly report—not to indulge in unmanly joking on the most serious topic known to the mind of man."

In concluding his paper, Dr. Bailey expressed regret and pity (he said he would not ridicule) for the two thousand delegates to the International Bible Students' Convention recently, who took a pledge to fight spiritism. Dr. Bailey said: "It is impossible for open-minded men to understand such 'religious' people. Why do these people believe that in Bible days all things (even revelations by spirits to humans) were possible, but are now impossible? Has God lost his omnipotent powers? It reminds me of the old colored slave who comforted her neighbor by saying, 'No, God ain't dead, chillun; God ain't dead.' God is not dead; He still reigns and man, His creation, has had from the beginning an unerring intuition as to his destiny in his desire for reunion with his dear departed in a life after this.

Mr. Wm. E. Hart, medium and assistant pastor of the Science of Truth Church, Kansas City, Kans., and residing at 1964 Thompson St., that city, will furnish a number of messages each month. Many of these may be (and likely will be) for persons who do not see this magazine, and who may know little about Spiritualism. We shall appreciate acknowledgments. These messages are given through Mr. Hart's mediumship by Dr. Rush, one of his guides.

Trumpet and Materialization Seances for the West!

Mrs. Mary Murphey-Lydy, who intends spending the Winter months in Los Angeles, Cal., is open for engagements enroute from Indianapolis, Ind., to California; will be ready to start first week in November. Mrs. Murphey-Lydy holds papers under State and National; prefer working for Societies. Address: Mrs. Mary Murphey-Lydy, 1117 Broadway, Indianapolis, Ind.—*Adv.*

Wm. E. Hart's Message Corner



WM. E. HART

Mr. Wm. E. Hart, medium and assistant pastor of the Science of Truth Church, Kansas City, Kans., and residing at 1964 Thompson St., that city, will furnish a number of messages each month. Many of these may be (and likely will be) for persons who do not see this magazine, and who may know little about Spiritualism. We shall appreciate acknowledgments. These messages are given through Mr. Hart's mediumship by Dr. Rush, one of his guides.

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My mamma lives in Lincoln, Nebr. And I want to send her a message. Tell her that I hear her when she says, "Herbert, are you here? If so, touch mamma," and mamma, I do touch you, but you don't seem to feel me. Say, mamma, I wish you could see what a big boy I am now, and just how fast I am learning. I wish I could show you how nice I can write, and mamma, you don't want to look at the little boys on their way to school, and say to yourself, "If Herbert was here, he would be going to school too," for mamma, I'm going to school, and when you come home to me over here, you will find me just as smart as any of them.

Tell papa, Chester, that he must not worry about his eyes, as they will get all right, for the spirit doctors are going to treat them for him, and tell him to be satisfied a little while longer where he is, and then there will be a good change for him.

Mamma, the spirit man who is sending this to you for me says what I say will be in a pretty book. Gee, I hope you get to see it.

I must go now, mamma; good-bye, and lots and lots of kisses. From your bestest, bestest, and loving little boy, Herbert. Oh, I forgot to tell my mamma's name; her name is Mrs. Chester Conklin. Bye-bye.

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Emma Downing, this is your uncle Henry sending you this message. I want to tell you to be of good cheer, as that which you have strived for so long, why you are about to realize it. Have patience just a little while longer and you will be through. Ora is here with me, and wants to send her love to Maud; and Earl, she says to tell them all is well now. Harrison is also here, and he says to tell you he was with you at the lake, also when you got home and heard what you had to say to Maud. Little Maudie is here now, and she sends kisses for all. Here comes Joseph, and he says, "Put me in on that, too." My! Here are father, and mother, Polly; it begins to look like a family reunion. I do wish we could all send something but the boss here says there are others waiting, so I must close. I want this to go to my niece in Union City, Ind.

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Please pardon me for sending this through under a mask, but the controlling guide says it is permissible, for the message will be seen by the one it is intended for and I will impress her to send an acknowledgment to the magazine, and to supply the last names. I want my mother, Eunice H., to try, and overcome her skepticism. While I know she has met up with so much that is not just right in this work, and that her investigation, in a sense, has been what you might call a failure, I want her to try just once more for I do want her to know that I still live. I passed over here in France during the late unpleasantness we had with a certain nationality. Mother, this is Vernon, and father, Mellen H., grandfather Charley, and grandmother Pollie, and David are here with me. I often see the white horse, and I'm watching over our little one. I shall see that no harm comes to her. Your affectionate son, Vernon.

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I wish to reach my sister, Amelia Dumont Kennedy, at Markleville, Ind. Well, sister, who would ever have thought that I would be coming back this way to you? I'm so often with you down there on the farm, and sometimes I wonder how it is that you do not feel my presence. I often look into that rain-barrel, and laugh about the diamond, and how perplexed you were over it. I'm most glad that you found it. I often visit mother, and father, too, but like you they know it not. Well, well, some day you all will know it, for I'm going to make it my business to develop something right there in the home that you can not help but know that this is a truth. Aunt Charlotte, and grandma and grandpa Hands join with me in sending you loving greetings from this, the Summerland. Give my love to May, Jennie, and brother Dan. With love, Brother Amiel.

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For my papa, and new mamma, Herman and Anna Heaker, Erie, Pa. Well, papa, ain't this funny, I can write you a letter through the paper. I wish you would tell grandma not to worry over Grandpa Edgar, for he will be all right one of these days, and will understand, also; tell her she is doing just fine now with her work. Mamma Anna, I have met your brother Willie over here, and we have some bully times together. What made you jump so the other night when I hit on the table just as you were going to read? Papa, Aunt Lizzie and I take long trips together over here, and you bet we have some good times. We come to see you almost every day, and sometimes we stay all night, especially if we think that you are going to need us; we watch to see that no one gets in and spoils what you are working on. Well, I must go now, papa; be good. Your little, big boy, Herman.

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I'm sending this message to my medium in Detroit, Mich. My dear medium, I want to let you know how well we are progressing with our work, and to say that there is a wonderful future for us, when we get fully developed. We guides are doing all in our power to hurry the work, but you know the old adage, Haste makes waste. Dr. Sharp and Maggie both join me in well wishes, and they, too, say, "Keep up the good work, for we are about over the hill, and we shall soon unfurl the banner of success, and go marching to triumphant successes in the cause of Truth!"

Do not fail to call upon me when in doubt, and I most assuredly will come to your assistance. I wish this message to reach Mrs. Weigle.

Thanking you, I am, J. C. Wright.

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Mrs. Wahl, Cincinnati, Ohio. (This message is not so clear, but I am impressed to give it.) I hear the name of Yotis, and yet that does not seem to be the spirit's right name, but a nick-name for George, and this spirit impresses me as a son. Now there comes another spirit and it is that of a man, and he is speaking German, and I can not understand German, but I can catch the words, "Tell mamma," and this mamma appears to be a wife, and not a mother to the spirit. Now there is one comes who comes plainer, and she says to tell mother this is Mary, and that the German is papa, and Yotis is brother George, and that they are trying to get a message through this way but that it is something new to them. The message is, "Mother, keep on just a little while longer, and we will have success. We will try again some time. Mary, George and Papa."

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My, Marion, but this is a strange place. It is so different than we were told in the Presbyterian church. Mother and father met me when I came over here, and I was so anxious to let you and our boy know that I was not dead, but living, that they hunted up this way to get the word to you. Marion, the doctor did all he could for me in the Tampa hospital; my age was against me; you know at 65 years old, it is pretty hard to stand an operation. I went right along with my body to Columdiania, and I will visit you between Winter Haven and Bradford. I do not know whether you will get this message or not, but I am in hopes some one will see it that knew me, and will get it to you. This seems to be a beautiful place, but I see no jasper walls, or pearly gates, as yet. Your wife, Cynthia A. Applegate.

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To my sister, Hester Blair, of Tulsa, Okla. Dear sister: I want you to know that I was with you on your trip this Summer, and I do not want you to worry over the folks in Canada, for they will get along all right, and if anything should go wrong, why I'll find a way to let you know. Now, Sis, do not think that we have forgotten the promise we made you a little over a year ago, for we have not, and we are going to do our best to see to it that you get your heart's desire. Say, Sis, we all do wish you were here where you could take up this work in the right way, for you could do so much good at it. Here's Mr. Smith, and he says to tell Frank not to overlook that good bet in "Sterling." I do not know what he means, but he says Frank will understand. Well, Sis, I must ring off for this time; hope I get to reach you somehow, somewhere again soon. Your loving brother, Fred.

EDUCATIONAL

This is the eighth of a series of articles dealing with psychic development. The first dealt with clairvoyance, the second with crystal-clairvoyance, the third with clairaudience, the fourth with psychic impressions, the fifth with inspiration, the sixth with psychometry, and the seventh with telepathy. You will find this article equally instructive.

SEARCHING FOR YOUR OPEN DOOR

VIII—Psychic Diagnosis

Everything has its vibration. This is true of speech, of muscular action, of light, electricity, heat, sound, and even of disease.

Disease has its color. Persons with a peculiar kind of psychic sight can detect the nature of conditions by the colors.

Disease is a lack of harmony. It means being out of tune. A state of health signifies harmonious vibration of your bodily forces. This includes everything entering into the composition of your body. It includes the energy which we call nerve-force, and the functioning of every organ and every gland.

If you are ill, and call a physician and he can diagnose your case properly, he will give you remedies—and those remedies set up the right vibration in the diseased portion of your body. They assist the natural forces in restoring that harmonious condition known as health.

Every physician appreciates the fact that if he could diagnose properly, he would be more successful. Medical science has been built up through careful observations relating to different physical conditions and the signs or symptoms that will disclose their nature. Physicians ordinarily depend upon their reasoning faculties to determine the significance of the symptoms. They appreciate the fact that many patients seem to be incapable of describing their symptoms. Indeed, many sick persons have a preconceived idea of what is wrong, and they proceed to tell the doctor just what is the matter with them.

Often we hear about obsessions—but the only obsessions which exist in reality are the wrong ideas brought about by fear. To some persons, sickness becomes an obsession. One man is sure that he is going to die of Bright's disease. A woman is certain that she will be taken off with cancer. Another is afraid of tuberculosis. These persons can concentrate so much upon these imaginary ills which they fear, that after a time they will be able to describe symptoms which seem to belong to those maladies. When the physician is called, he is confronted by these handicaps, most prominent of which are: First, the fact that the patient has broken natural law; and second, he is incapable of telling the facts faithfully enough to assist in the diagnosis. The patient very often refuses to tell certain important facts for the same reason that a witness will try to avoid incriminating himself.

These preliminary statements will be recognized by physicians and by many others, and they form a very tangible chain of reasons why the gift of psychic diagnosis is desirable.

The diagnosing of disease through psyshic means is very similar to the gift of psychometry. When the psychometrist has handled some article, he has visions of the conditions and incidents connected with that article. It is presumed that thoughts and actions, the same as sounds and light, send out their vibrations, and that these vibrations leave their records on walls and furniture and other articles in the vicinity.

In like manner, disease has its vibration —and a person who has developed the gift of psychic diagnosis will interpret the meaning of the vibrations which are sensed.

Any psychic power becomes individualized according to a person's experience and character. Every person capable of diagnosing disease will not arrive at his or her opinion in the same manner. One person might hear the diagnosis pronounced clairaudiently. Another might see the color, which is interpreted as meaning a certain ailment. Another would have an impression as though he were actually conjuring up these thoughts in his own mind. Another might feel that his hands were drawn to the affected part, and that as he reached it, he would come into an understanding of what was wrong.

A person unfamiliar with anatomy, materia medica, and the other branches of medical science, would be very likely to make a mistake—for this reason: There may be several different diseases that would produce almost the same symptoms. Therefore, they would produce almost the same vibrations. If the psychic knew nothing about the mechanism of the human body, and its ailments and their treatment, that person might easily make a mistake in locating and describing the trouble.

This is a branch of mediumship which, in time, will be developed to its highest power by physicians. Many doctors have this gift without understanding it. Because of their lack of understanding, they do not develop it properly.

There are many mediums who feel these physical conditions. These mediums, however, might feel the physical condition attending a person who had passed out. Very often a medium will feel all of the pain, all of the suffering that had been experienced by an individual now in spirit. The medium also may feel a condition brought by any person coming for a reading or to attend a seance.

The medium—not understanding the human body—might easily make a mistake in deciphering these conditions and giving a diagnosis. Where the person possessing this gift is a physician, that psychic would be able to more quickly locate the trouble and describe it properly. On the other hand, a psychic who can feel these conditions might work with a physician in sympathy with Spiritualism, and be able to so accurately describe that which he felt that the doctor would understand the diagnosis.

We must make a distinction between the psychic diagnostician and the healing medium. Both gifts might belong to one person. But a medium might have only one of these gifts without the other.

This question of healing merits the sincerest thought on the part of Spiritualists, and the most unselfish and painstaking development on the part of those who have reason to believe that they possess this beautiful gift.

Developing Psychic Diagnosis

We learn things by doing them. The traveler knows more about the places he has visited than some friend could ever conceive by simply looking at pictures, listening to lectures and reading books.

To understand the theory of any of these gifts is very important, but it does not develop the gifts themselves. Until you do a thing, you can not say that you have the ability to do it. If your inclination lies in the direction of psychic diagnosis, then develop that gift by coming into contact with persons who are ill, and with their permission, placing your hands upon them and getting in a passive state. Do not have a preconceived idea of how the sensation of the diagnosis will come. You may feel what is wrong. You may merely sense it.

Do not state your impressions as undeniable fact. As the great surgeon said, the doctor who can perform delicate operations on the eye may have injured many eyes before he learned what to do and how to do it. Do not experiement by stating as a fact that which you are not sure is a fact. Do not ask any other person to take a chance on your uncertainty. If you are a physician, then that experience and practice which you have had will enable you to more quickly grasp the meaning of your impression.

The things we get are the things for which we work. The artist who never makes an attempt to paint or draw is not attracting assistance from spirit. The person who wishes to earn money, and does not try to earn it, must never expect to receive it.

The psychic diagnostician must not expect to become developed without putting forth the effort. Think of what this means. It demands patience—it demands practice and a great deal of thought. Unless you come in contact with sick persons, and unless you get in harmony with their vibrations, you must not expect to succeed in diagnosing psychically. You may come in contact with those vibrations at a distance, but at the beginning you would be more likely to sense these conditions of disease by actually placing your hands upon the body of the sufferer.

Search for the Cause

Because a man has a pain in his chest does not prove that the trouble is in his chest. The cause of that pain may be in some other part of the body. There are many reasons for headaches. Some of those reasons are answered by the eyes, others by the stomach, others by the liver, and so on. Diagnosis is the art that seeks to disclose the real cause of illness.

Diagnosis is a form of analysis. It looks for the signs and seeks to find the conditions that produced those signs.

Do not expect to accomplish any results unless you are passive. Coming into contact with a sick person, and coming in touch with that person's vibrations, you may develop the ability to feel just what is wrong. Do not set your own thoughts racing to try to find a logical reason. Remain rather in the attitude of the person who is listening—who is waiting for an idea to come.

It is very likely that you will feel in your own body not exactly the pains that the sufferer feels, but a disturbance that you can trace to its source. You may feel that the trouble lies in the liver or the kidneys or somewhere else. You may feel that it is due to one cause or to another. But if you have no knowledge of anatomy, no knowledge of pathology, then the best you can do is to say that you feel a certain condition in some part of your body, and a physician might be able to understand just what is wrong.

A very efficient psychic diagnostician says, "I have been a practising physician for many years. When I examine a patient, it seems necessary to get my hands in direct contact with the flesh. A diagnosis comes to me as a sort of revelation. It seems to me that I am originating that thought. I simply come into the knowledge of what is wrong. Then with my knowledge of medical science, I am able to reason out all of the conditions and can see whether my diagnosis is probable or improbable. I have advised operations that many eminent surgeons have scouted. Usually after the impression of the diagnosis comes to me, I am able to locate other tangible evidence that will tell me if I am right. It is not sufficient that I locate the place where the trouble exists. I must know the nature of that trouble. Perhaps if I did not understand medicine—if I knew nothing about anatomy or pathology—I would not be able to discover the exact nature of the cause of the disease. Without understanding that a certain disease can exist, it is not reasonable to believe that I would be able to name that trouble. Without knowing what a certain condition would bring about, I doubt that I would be in position to say that the cause harmonized with my impression."

In other words, a person who is naturally an artist is going to attract artists in spirit. And as that artist on earth puts forth the effort to paint beautiful pictures, those spirit helpers will be able to come with their assistance and bring not only the inspiration, but the help that will make this person a better artist.

Let us always remember that we should not go out of our own ability into fields foreign, and try to force upon ourselves a development for which we were not intended. Do not try to become a psychic diagnostician unless you have strong leanings in that direction. Do not attempt to develop that which is not in your nature. But if you have a leaning toward psychic diagnosis—if you feel impressed to develop this gift—then try to come into contact with sufferers.

Compare your impressions with the diagnoses of the attending physicians. Do not be in any hurry. Try to remember all of your experiences. Do not feel called upon to contradict those physicians. Give yourself an opportunity of unfolding. Get your psychic nature in tune with these vibrations. And the more you practise, the more likely you will receive the proper impressions.

It is true that sitting in a circle for development will help unfold your psychic nature. But just as truly as a medium must sit for development with the trumpet in order to get the voices through the trumpet, so must the psychic diagnostician place himself or herself in the right passive state of mind in the presence of those who are sick, if psychic diagnosis is to be developed.

The feeling that will impel a person to try to develop this gift might be produced through the innate ability to heal the sick. A person might become a healing medium and never be a good diagnostician.

Physicians will find that if they just open the way for these impressions, it will not be long before they become more accurate in making a diagnosis. This does not mean that they should discard the knowledge which they possess. It does not imply that they should set aside their power of reasoning. They should keep themselves passive and ask for the right impressions, and those impressions will come to them stronger as time passes.

When medical doctors pay more attention to these possibilities of psychic impressions relative to disease, they will become better doctors. The majority of physicians have been inclined naturally toward medicine and surgery in their younger days, and this inclination belongs to them spiritually. As in all other fields, some have more talent than others—some become more proficient. A doctor who will make a sincere and continued effort to unfold this psychic gift of diagnosis will become a better diagnostician. It fits in with his profession. It belongs to his instincts. It is part of his very nature. Consequently, this is a field of psychic development that should be embraced by the medical profession.

There is scarcely a doctor who does not recognize the truth that knowledge in diagnosing and prescribing very often comes in a manner which he can not explain. If he would only see the truth that this knowledge is coming as a psychic impression, and would try to develop this gift, that doctor would find that he actually is developing. He would discover that his impressions are becoming more pronounced and more dependable. His study—his effort to learn more—would act as a further incentive for this development.

The time will come when physicians will recognize and utilize this psychic power. The surgeon will find that his hands are guided in his operations. The specialist will become an adept in his particular line. And as men and women generally learn to read these impressions regarding bodily health, they will be more likely to avoid those indulgences and practices which are injurious to them. So each of us can become mediums in some degree in healing and understanding the cause of physical ills, and in avoiding those practices and errors which so often bring about sickness.

(*Next Installment: Character Reading*)

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday School desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; seventy-five cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.

"The reason," says Aunt Malindy, "that so few fat spirits materialize is because they ain't enough fo'ces to go 'round!"

"I'm thinkin'," said the colored minister, "that the reason there are so many white lies is because there are so many white folks to tell them!"

Some men are as honest as the day is long, but their wives will testify that they bear watching nights.

There Is No Death

By Claude Calmar Luce

There is no death; when will men learn
That while the glowing planets burn,
The God, who made all things to live,
Will live eternal, endless, give;
That man, who knows the higher life,
Shall rise despite his earthly strife—
Shall rise and ever live and grow,
And at the founts that ceaseless flow
Shall drink supernal truth and love
And reign eternally above?

There is no death; the hearts who yearn
Life's deeper mysteries to learn,
Hearts who have passed their earthly years
In poverty and pain and tears,
Who feel that God sometimes forgets
To curb the stream that wears and frets—
Ah, but a day will sometime rise
And brighten all their clouded skies;
Then they shall see God's finished plan
And justify His way to man.

There is no death; the souls who lie
Deformed and broken do not die,
But grasping at the skirts of fate
Shall, seeking, find or soon or late—
Find strength and grace in God's good time;
Transplanted to another clime,
Such spirits reach a higher place
And stand at last, superb to grace.
There's hope for all—aye, even me
Shall stand beside the crystal sea.

There is no death; those souls who live
Beyond th' allotted span should give
To others not so favored quite
The golden gleams of heaven's light,
Deep words of wisdom and of truth
That prove the soul's eternal youth.
Such souls have learned at last, methinks,
The age-old secret of the sphynx,
For they can shout with latest breath,
"Know this, O, Soul, there is no death."

Miscellaneous Mention

Full and Short Measures of Facts and Personals from the Hopper of the Month's Mail

The Psychic Mission of New Thought Science

A new and inspiring thought, indeed. It is the uniting of the old and the new. Immortality and continuity of life in a known locality and environment is a known fact in old Spiritualism at large all about. Yet I believe the idea that resulted in the creation of the "Mission" is a comparatively new thought to them. It takes not an iota away from the philosophy—that is, its fundamental foundation. It dispenses of none of the phenomena; that is, "health-cure" in hourly hours.

But there has come the time when Spiritualists need philosophy more than phenomena. They know all is well with those in spirit. They rest in God. What they—I should say we—needs is to awaken to the knowledge that we are spirits now as much as we shall ever be, and not wait until the time of transition to realize it. Why? Because our loved ones that have returned "home" have been "going on"—progressing all this time. Spirit progresses faster than mortal: they are all minds. There is no material pain or condition to hinder. Any person who has journeyed into spirit for a little time—"the trance state"—knows how acutely the mind perceives—the thought is loud as a trumpet voice—all things are seen and heard as with a thousand ears and eyes—and you do not feel. That alone proves that feeling is of the material, of the mortal plane of life. But I am not giving a lecture. I am writing up "Our Mission." I fear I have traveled far from my subject so I will state again, we are trying to elevate and educate our spirits while in this life so that we may not be ashamed to meet the others who have gone before. It is a painful surprise to meet old friends, after years of separation, whom we have thought of always in the old environments and recalled as old scenes—it is painful to meet them and find they have reached a plane far above us. They have been going on while we have stood still. Their minds have been reaching out and grasping the opportunities (for they come as rapidly as the mind is ready for them. It is to desire, to get ready. That is the spirit quality and is lifted from the wonderful supply house of God) while we have been going through life spiritually blind. We have never awakened to the wonderful possibilities of the mysterious power of powers the Creator gave us at birth. I should say the power we have always held, incarnate and discarnate. Some of us then would be terribly shocked when we met our dear ones, who have not been standing still. And perhaps the Father would consider it quite necessary that we return to earth and learn again. Take our case. That, too, is embarrassing, made one. Have you ever done it? Then would be another separation. So as we know we have simply to adhere to the life principle and obey God's laws, to elevate our spirits parallel to the plane of our loved ones, it really is not necessary to go on. But it is a sweet as easy matter to go on. We, are We Spiritualists are mortal. We are tempted. Then we call out, loves to us. That is wrong. We injure them. I myself have sacrificed a very great deal that my blessed husband might not be held to the earth plane by my grief and thought. He asked me, and I promised him, and I know all is well. I never seek a message. When it comes through the message bearers I am made happy as he knows it. I am trying to keep pace with him. The Spiritualists who go through life feverishly seeking—aye, even demanding—a message from this one or that one—vainly chasing the will-o'-the-wisp—never get anywhere. They must be taught the importance of their own spirit and soul. There are many who sit in developing classes for years and never become mediums. These are young spirits who have come to earth for the first time. They of all others need to develop their own spirit first. Need philosophy—not phenomena. Others are born mediums, as we say, but are really old, old spirits, whom the cloak of mortality can not rob of their spirit-knowledge. If all would start on their own spiritedge. If all would start on their own spirit first and realize its oneness with the Infinite—all would be mediums. The knowledge would flow through the open door.

I trust I have made clear the mission of the "Mission." Then allow me to introduce to you Mrs. H. S. White, its founder. Some of you have met her before. Some of you would know her best as "Mrs. Compton" of Washington, D. C., prominent at the time of her residence there in New Thought, of which she has long been a member. Still others would recognize her on the lecture platform, where she is surpassed by few. Still others know her as the medium through whom her control "Mary," an Irish lady (working through Holland, Dutch, too, if you please), who was governess to Princess Louisa (all is correct and on record), gives many an aching heart love-balm. Then again others would call her the "Healer," and last and greatest—to me and many others—she is "Mother and Consolation." If ever the Spirit of Christ was infused in mortal it is in her. There is not a thing too bad to tell her. She will not reproach, but clear it away and turn you right about face on the other road. And far ahead she will place a beacon of light—which is love—that you may see your way.

In an humble little brown cottage she follows the Christ Principles. Her home has been and is now a confessional to thousands. There are none too bad and surely none too good whom her counsel has not helped and given a "new and better thought."

Her motto is, "Heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing, and bless the dying." She has spent the best of her life and made countless sacrifices in carrying out this motto. In throwing the spotlight of New Thought upon the old method of proving continuity of life and in giving the old method this new twist, she has created a thing that will never die. She is, of course, being criticised. What new thing ever was not? But from a bud it is slowly opening, disclosing the golden heart, and sending its perfume broadcast. Why should it not? Planted in such fertile soil and tended by such a faithful and tender gardener. Two nights weekly the meetings are held—Sundays and Wednesdays—and on Thursday afternoon is held her "Good Thought" meeting, which is attended by all seeking relief from suffering, both mental and bodily. Here health vibrations are put into motion and love is sent to the sorrowing. Also books are being lent to those who desire and all who seek the knowledge of life.

This is a "Mission." There are naught but love offerings. This is a mission where searching hearts find peace.

As our esteemed and efficient editor has said in his most human editorial in September number of COMMUNICATION, "We are doing our best." What else can be said? Our work may be idealistic—but ideals are beautiful if they can be realized and are after all the most real things of spirit. For they create there what they may fail to do here. We are building our own homes and it is up to us if we live in a mansion or a hovel "there." Again I say we are doing our best. It is from Christ's own teaching that we learn of the Immortality of the Soul and the At-one-ment and Omnipotence of God. Why should they not be taught together?

MAIMA LEE RAIBLE.

The absence of the sense of feeling alluded to is not absence of feeling emotions, or lack of the sense of touch. It is freedom from distress or absence of feeling "physical."—The Editor.

Chesterfield's Inspiration

Returning from a trip of a few days to Chesterfield Camp, I can not refrain from noting a few of my impressions for your readers.

Your previous description of Chesterfield relieves me from the necessity of describing it, but as to its influence on the mind of anyone who is seeking to find the best, and the best only, no one but the one experiencing can testify.

That one at once feels a difference of something, upon entering the life of the place, that is attributable not alone to the beautiful physical surroundings, but, as I should say, attributable to the expressions of love, fellowship and attraction that seems to permeate not only the atmosphere but the physical actions of every one, even to the birds and insects. It suggests to me the desire and effort of every one to give of the very best that is in them, eliminating all selfish hopes and desires, for the progress of the cause. Such effort must necessarily have its resultant effect upon everything that it comes in contact with; therefore, the feeling of higher vibration with thoughts that are purer and better.

In my observation of those persons of psychic power (mediums), they are not any different from others and are just as affable, pleasing and entertaining and do not seem to feel that there is any necessity to act any different from their fellows, in order to impress on them the fact that they represent the Truth, as too many of our religious leaders do. And from this fact alone, their actions have a better effect in bringing to the surface the better part of us, in other words, opening our hearts so that the truth may shine in. That they should be classed by educated men and women as impostors and frauds is so contemptibly little; as by only a slight effort on their part, they can see and learn for themselves, that the grounds on which they base their judgment are as the sands. I went there to use common sense and judgment, and believing myself capable of judging between truth and falsity, and not un-

ing to be shown, I came away with a
ng of wonder at the prejudice and dens
of the minds of intellectuals. I am told
at other places they even have superior
more spiritually experienced Psychics;
, then it is more to be wondered at that
nary refuse to learn the truth.
cannot refrain from referring especially
he grand inspirational lectures given by
Marion Carpenter, whose very lovable
gentle manner and appearance was
e than sufficient to bring forth every
and noble thought and desire from
hearts and minds of her hearers, and
se nobly inspiring words (addressed to
2,000 one Sunday), so full of love,
, charity and purity, placed her hearers
r lasting tribute for the privilege of
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There are mediums, wonderful mediums
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The stations in life that you now occupy
are temporary experiences in the great plan
of progression. It is not the position, but
the faithfulness with which you discharge
the duties of the position, that makes you
great.

Greatness is the ability to fill your posi-
tion to the utmost capacity. Greatness is
filling your niche in the plan of things.

The copyboy in the office of the news-
paper is great if he fills his position to the
limit, and the editor is no greater, or better.

You are as good as I; if you are as good
as you can be, and I am as good as I
can be. But I am as bad as you; if I am
not as good as I can be, and you are not
as good as you can be.

Friend! Cease your petty, jealous harp-
ings. Cease this constant wrangling. Each
of you has a duty to perform in this great
cause. Each of you has his own especial
position to occupy. Busy yourselves with
discharging your own duties to the best of
your ability. Be sure that you are doing
all that is possible for the promulgation of
the cause and you will be too busy to con-
cern yourselves about the greatness of oth-
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it with all his heart and soul. Fill your
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Mrs. Gilliard's Developing Class

It was on the evening of August 9th. The
sky was clear and beautiful when the de-
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Our class is not a large one—only seven
members. We have only been sitting a short
time, and we are getting fine results, of
which I wish to mention a few. Our teacher,
Mrs. Belle Gilliard, is a good trance medium
and her guides give us some good advice
as is Mrs. Woodley, also Miss Bena Le
Trende, a little lady of 17 years, is being
shaken up, and Geo. T. Case, a boy of 10
years, sees and gets some very good impres-
sions. Also his mother is receiving very
good results, and then there is Mr. J. L.
Case, who is coming out good with impres-
sions and short talks from his spirit forces
along with his healing. And as this was
class night, we sat in regular form, after
which Mrs. J. L. Case, in behalf of the
class, presented Mrs. Gilliard with a beau-
tiful cut-glass bowl in honor of her forty-
third birthday. Ice cream and cake were
then served and enjoyed by all. Our class,
although small, is a loving and harmonious
one and we know that with the prayers of
our dear teacher, together with our own
prayers, we shall receive that which is
truthful.

Signed for the class,
J. L. Case,
330 W. 17th St., Covington, Ky.

The Home

John Franklin Clark

Yes, I've found it, the home I sought for,
in the earlier days of life;
I made it by bringing into it, a fond and
sweet-loving wife.
Hand in hand its pathway we've traveled,
looking forward with hope to the day
When the wail of an infant should cheer us,
and brighten Life's lengthening way.
He came, a fresh bud from "The Fountain,"
whose flow fills all worlds with their
men;
His cry! 'twas sweet music to listen, to
meet all his small wants, and then
To feel the soft hands on our faces, and look
toward the coming time when
Larger grown, he'd say "Papa" and "Ma-
ma," and learn to use pencil and pen.

Time passed, a brother came to him, a sweet
little bud, from the stream
That ever flows out from that fountain, giv-
ing souls, that beautiful dream
Of heaven, and angels, and beauty, of all
that fond hearts can desire;
Filling Home with a joy that's unbounded,
and Life with celestial fire.
The home is the place where the heart is,
the place that love fills to the brim;
The place that brings joy and great glad-
ness, to her, and to them, and to him.
May blessings of love ever linger, 'round all
hearths thus founded on love;
And "Peace that doth pass understanding,"
flow down on all homes from above.

Loyalty

By Helen M. Rhoades

My condemnation to the war I took,
Forever it is written in The Book:
Thou shalt not kill!
Upon the mangled forms of sons I gazed,
And in my bitter censure stood amazed
To see God's will.

My condemnation to the war I took,
On payment of the World's mistakes to look.
It cannot be
That all the wrongs of battle, pain and
strife
Can hide a nobler, purer thing of Life—
Their Loyalty.

"Loveanna," the Baby Medium

One of the most remarkable stories of
spirit control, is furnished by Mr.
Charles Willson Griggs of Williamsport,
Pa., concerning little "Loveanna," who
passed back into spirit at the age of seven-
teen months, but during whose brief earth-
life was enabled to give to the world the
most startling evidence of spirit control.

Without all of the facts, we are pleased
to present herewith such material as we
have. This letter, please note, was written
twenty-six years ago:

The wonderful little child-medium wrote
much and died before the age of two years.
Brief details from her step-father, Prof.
Neff:

"Fort Wayne, Ind., 9-26-1894.

"This little child was born a natural spirit
medium, before the late rebellion; born
without pain; the mother *knew NOT* when
the child was born, but awoke to find the
child already born. The child NEVER
CRIED, NEVER had a pain, and was con-
trolled as early as at the age of THREE
MONTHS, and the following verse was
written by its spirit, I think ELEVEN
MONTHS before its birth, by its mother,
who was a medium. It is this:

willing to be shown, I came away with a feeling of wonder at the prejudice and density of the minds of intellectuals. I am told that at other places they even have superior and more spiritually experienced Psysics; if so, then it is more to be wondered at that so many refuse to learn the truth.

I cannot refrain from referring especially to the grand inspirational lectures given by Mrs. Marion Carpenter, whose very lovable and gentle manner and appearance was more than sufficient to bring forth every pure and noble thought and desire from the hearts and minds of her hearers, and whose nobly inspiring words (addressed to over 2,000 one Sunday), so full of love, hope, charity and purity, placed her hearers under lasting tribute for the privilege of hearing her. Also the wonderfully clear, concise and easily understood teachings and lectures of Mr. Scott Bledsoe, and the wonderfully truthful messages of comfort, given by Mrs. Bledsoe, so inspiringly given, and numerous others, all equally as grand and inspiring, gave to me a week of exquisite pleasure and education, consumating in a determination to double my small efforts to bring others to a realization of the truth.—W. T. Hutchinson, Box 4, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

We question that at any other place more marvelous physical manifestations could be found.

A Plea for Harmony

Friends of earth: I am glad to greet you through this medium of expression.

I bear with me a mesage to you: A message of advice.

You of earth are sailing on turbulent waters. Waters not meant to be angry. Waters that should be serene and peaceful but disturbed through your own actions.

It is the earnest desire of all of us to see our loved ones of earth make the greatest progressive strides possible.

Now listen while I give you our message. Revolve it in your minds, view it from all angles, find that it is good, heed it and peace and accomplishment will be with you.

Spiritualists, students and mediums, I hope that you will each take this unto yourselves: for through you there is wonderful work to be done.

As we view your efforts and attainments we rejoice. But there is one element in your work that pains us. For your own sakes and the sake of your brother beings it must stop.

Your petty jealousies, your mouthings about greatness and of one person or medium being greater or better than another, is not only painful to your spirit helpers and teachers, but it is hindering your attaining the standard that our beloved cause warrants. A good word or thought causes a harmonious vibration of the atmosphere. Your petty mouthings and jealous harpings cause the opposite. Not only this but the people not acquainted with the beautiful phliosophy of Spiritualism are constantly judging the philosophy by its exponents. The result is that you are injuring to an extent this great cause, this wonderful advancement of mankind.

Greatness is not the size of the position that you occupy. Greatness is not made up of the title of the position you occupy. Greatness is not measured by the salary that you receive, or land you own, or the clothes you wear, or the home that you live in. No! Greatness is none of these. Greatness can never be measured by the station in life you occupy.

There are mediums, wonderful mediums who are before the public. They are great who fill the place they occupy to its fullness. But there is the little obscure medium in the little dark flat or the shambling cottage in the lane. They are doing their best, they are giving their best, they are doing their utmost, giving the wonderful Truth and Blessed Solace to all who come their way. Are they not Great? Aye, as great as the greatest.

The stations in life that you now occupy are temporary experiences in the great plan of progression. It is not the position, but the faithfulness with which you discharge the duties of the position, that makes you great.

Greatness is the ability to fill your position to the utmost capacity. Greatness is filling your niche in the plan of things.

The copyboy in the office of the newspaper is great if he fills his position to the limit, and the editor is no greater, or better.

You are as good as I; if you are as good as you can be, and I am as good as I can be. But I am as bad as you; if I am not as good as I can be, and you are not as good as you can be.

Friend! Cease your petty, jealous harpings. Cease this constant wrangling. Each of you has a duty to perform in this great cause. Each of you has his own especial position to occupy. Busy yourselves with discharging your own duties to the best of your ability. Be sure that you are doing all that is possible for the promulgation of the cause and you will be too busy to concern yourselves about the greatness of others. Let each take up the banner and carry it with all his heart and soul. Fill your position to the utmost capacity, and you are truly great.—Inspirationally from Willian T. Stead, to George I. Bush.

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Our class is not a large one—only seven members. We have only been sitting a short time, and we are getting fine results, of which I wish to mention a few. Our teacher, Mrs. Belle Gilliard, is a good trance medium and her guides give us some good advice as is Mrs. Woodley, also Miss Bena Le Trende, a little lady of 17 years, is being shaken up, and Geo. T. Case, a boy of 10 years, sees and gets some very good impressions. Also his mother is receiving very good results, and then there is Mr. J. L. Case, who is coming out good with impressions and short talks from his spirit forces along with his healing. And as this was class night, we sat in regular form, after which Mrs. J. L. Case, in behalf of the class, presented Mrs. Gilliard with a beautiful cut-glass bowl in honor of her forty-third birthday. Ice cream and cake were then served and enjoyed by all. Our class, although small, is a loving and harmonious one and we know that with the prayers of our dear teacher, together with our own prayers, we shall receive that which is truthful.

Signed for the class,
J. L. CASE,
336 W. 17th St., Covington, Ky.

The Home

John Franklin Clark

Yes, I've found it, the home I sought for,
in the earlier days of life;
I made it by bringing into it, a fond and
sweet-loving wife.
Hand in hand its pathway we've traveled,
looking forward with hope to the day
When the wail of an infant should cheer us,
and brighten Life's lengthening way.
He came, a fresh bud from "The Fountain,"
whose flow fills all worlds with their
men;
His cry? 'twas sweet music to listen, to
meet all his small wants, and then
To feel the soft hands on our faces, and look
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Larger grown, he'd say "Papa" and "Mama," and learn to use pencil and pen.

Time passed, a brother came to him, a sweet
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That ever flows out from that fountain, giving souls, that beautiful dream
Of heaven, and angels, and beauty, of all
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Filling Home with a joy that's unbounded,
and Life with celestial fire.
The home is the place where the heart is,
the place that love fills to the brim;
The place that brings joy and great gladness, to her, and to them, and to him.
May blessings of love ever linger, 'round all
hearths thus founded on love;
And "Peace that doth pass understanding,"
flow down on all homes from above.

Loyalty

By Helen M. Rhoades

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Forever it is writen in The Book:
Thou shalt not kill!
Upon the mangled forms of sons I gazed,
And in my bitter censure stood amazed
To see God's will.
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That all the wrongs of battle, pain and
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Can hide a nobler, purer thing of Life—
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"Fort Wayne, Ind., 9-26-1894.

"This little child was born a natural spirit medium, before the late rebellion; born without pain; the mother *knew NOT* when the child was born, but awoke to find the child already born. The child NEVER CRIED, NEVER had a pain, and was controlled as early as at the age of THREE MONTHS, and the following verse was written by its spirit, I think ELEVEN MONTHS before its birth, by its mother, who was a medium. It is this:

"'Father you will happy be
When you my sparkling eyes shall see;
But do not frown when God comes down
And says that I am yet His own.'

"This remarkable child (for such it was) lived only one year and five months; passed out as it came, without pain, sleeping in its little bed beside its mother, but in the morning the child was found dead, although it had written a good deal before a party that had assembled the evening before, and it went to bed as usual promptly at 8 o'clock, as well as ever; yet in the night its spirit left its body. Had it lived, God only knows what wonders might have been wrought through this child. The mother and father were making a thorough investigation of Spiritualism and during this season was the child born,—hence a natural-born spirit medium. . . . Volumes could be written about this child during its short life in the body.

"I have not the child's photo in the body, but that special friend (and good medium), Mrs. Hornbrook, of Wheeling, W. Va., went to a Spiritualist photographer and had her photo taken some years after the child passed into spirit life, and the spirit of this child is very visibly manifested on this lady's photograph, which I have. I could get copies of this printed, and have thought of doing so.

"The mother of this child (my wife) for over 40 years of such controlling celestial spirits, makes her life as remarkable as that of her child, 'LOVEANNA', which name was given the child by the Spirit. I enclose two or three of the poems she wrote, and hope they will prove profitable and satisfactory.

"May the spirit of Truth guide you.—J. H. NEFF."

Second poem of "LOVEANNA," sent to C. W. Griggs, in 1894, by Prof. Neff.

"When man was sad and weary,
Beneath the Mosaic rule,
And earth was dark and dreary,
And e'en fond love grew cool,
A star arose whose brightness
Sent through the race a thrill
Of mingled hope and gladness.
That Love should conquer still.

"That star beams now as ever,
And with increasing light,
Its radiance falleth never,
'Tis glorious and bright:
But clouds from earth have risen,
To hide its lustre pure,
Mankind heeds not the vission
That ever will endure.

"Angels have seen the vapors,
That hang around the earth,
They watched man's Creed-lit tapers,
Reveal the heavenly birth:
They haste those clouds to scatter,
To trim the spectral lights,
And turn man's darkened vision
To heaven's celestial heights.

"Jesus beheld the Father,
His majesty and grace,
He saw no dark cloud gather,
In vengeance around His face;
He knew His boundless wisdom,
His goddness and His love,
Embraced the human family,
To carry them above.

"Mankind arise from sadness,
And darkness and despair,
Exchange your grief for gladness,
Trust in your Father's care;
Love should UNITE ALL NATIONS,
And JOIN THEM INTO ONE,
All should be brothers, sisters,
The earth their happy home."

The Progressive Sterling Circle

At 2704 West 104th St., Cleveland, Ohio, is located the Sterling Circle, of which Mr. John Gale is the head. The Rev. Wilson Armitage is also a member. Mr. Gale says of this circle:

"My aim and ambition is to interest the young people. Most of the members of Sterling Circle are young people around the age of twenty-five. All are working for the truth alone."

One of the interesting phases of the manifestations is what this Circle calls its post office. Members of the circle write letters to their loved ones, and these are put in the post office, which is simply part of the séance-room equipment. During the course of the next day or two, the letters are missing—and usually when the next circle meets, answers are found in entirely different envelopes and in the writing of the loved ones on the other side. Where those in spirit are not familiar with these particular forms, the answers are written by White Lillie, a circle guide.

Mr. Gale asks for suggestions about séance-room decoration. He would like to find where he could purchase Indian busts and suitable pictures, and would like any other suggestions for the proper decoration of a séance-room.

Several members of the Sterling Circle are beginning to get voices through the trumpet.

This most commendable work in reaching the young people is sure to prove an important factor in Spiritualism. Heretofore the young people were expected to become interested with the older people, while the lyceum work, which is another name for Sunday-school, took care of the children. That there are three distinct divisions to keep in mind—which are childhood, youth and mature years—can not be questioned. Young people undoubtedly will show greater interest if they can have circles of those about their own age.

With the Lake Pleasant Workers

The accompanying photograph was taken near the end of the season at Lake Pleasant, Mass., which is the convention home of the National Spiritual Alliance. The gentleman at the left is Mr. Cecil Cummings, third vice-president of the Alliance. The lady is Mrs. Almira E. Thompson, widow of Dr. G. Tabor Thompson, founder of the Alliance. Mrs. Thompson has given the Association the Alliance building in memory of her husband. The gentleman at the right hand is the Rev. Geo. P. Howard, first vice-president, who is pastor of the Alliance church in Gloversville, N. Y. The Alliance had a most successful year, and is planning for even bigger and better things next season.



Many Articles Materialized

A correspondent in Denver, Colo., refers in a letter to some very interesting manifestations reported in Australia. He says he believes it is in the Melbourne Museum that there are two chairs which were materialized with the rungs of one chair through the rungs of the other in such a manner that this could have been done in this world only by removing the rungs and again replacing them, and that these chairs appeared in this manner fully materialized in a seance. Presumably they were taken from some place and this change was made while they were in the etheric.

Another demonstration, he states, will be found also in the Melbourne Museum—a stone from ancient civilization, perhaps from the time of Babylon or the days of the Pyramids. This stone was materialized and its inscriptions were deciphered by experts, proving that this stone came from some distant and ancient land.

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An Indian Medium

We present herewith a picture of Morning Star, whose other name is Mrs. Frank Hoag. Her mother was a white woman and her father was an Indian, being a member of the Seneca tribe. Morning Star usually



spends her summers in Buffalo, but lives in Los Angeles, where she is located during the winter. She says, "May the great White Spirit bless you and help you in your good, noble work."

Lillian Grant Weston's Good Work

Lillian Grant Weston, of Weston Studio, 17 Follen St., Boston, Mass., writes to the editor of COMMUNICATION as follows:

"I certainly wish to have a hand in your good work and intended to from the first, when you so kindly mailed me a sample copy, but my time is so filled that I have put off a good thing. But now I will sell some each month and be pleased to send articles of my work which comes nearer to your views than any other literature that I have come across so far.

"I have a Spiritual Teacher on the Law in a wonderful way, and have made a specialty of teaching it and demonstrating as I go along. While my classes are not large, I have reached thousands of souls during the two years that I have been before the public. People who have known nothing of these things, and these searches come largely from the orthodox churches, the very best of the city's representative population. It has the effect as though waking from sleep in happy surprise to find that what they had dreamed was really true.

"The true interpretation of the symbolic language of the soul is of tremendous responsibility. It is like reading music correctly. If not careful, the average medium will unconsciously intrude the human thought—and like drawing a picture, one line will throw the whole thing out of order. And so while it is very fascinating work, it really means much of both responsibility and sacrifice. Verily, the gates are ajar to the call of the worlds to meet.

"In the words of the spirit—All Hail to the Great Spirit.

"All Hail to Conquering Souls."

(Signed) LILLIAN GRANT WESTON.

Sequel to "The Subconscious Mind"

In the September number, Mr. S. C. Higbee, of Cincinnati, Ohio, had an interesting poem on the fallacies of the subconscious mind theory. Following is a sequel to it:

There is a subconscious subliminal soul,
That makes man complete and dually whole,
We'll understand better when once "over there,"
With every advantage and all time to spare.
And all the impressions, undeveloped, unused,
Stored away in the dark and seeming confused,
Shall yet be revealed in the vision of life,
Untrammeled and free from illusion and strife.

A glourious blending of heaven and earth,
A true understanding of why we had birth—
Aye, this is the lesson the sprit world brings,
And down in your soul the undertone sings
Hosannas and praise that the mists clear away—
A new earth and new heaven behold ye today.

And if there's a heaven, where all souls persist,
The very same self over there to exist,
It follows as darkness must follow the day,
(For logic is logic—there's no other way)
That father and mother or the dear baby boy,
Will come with glad greetings to tell us their joy.

Yes, father and mother and sister and brother,
The dear wife and husband, the sweetheart and lover—
All that we cherish in memory dear,
Will come with rejoicing our sad hearts to cheer.

Any theology promising less,
Fails in its mission to comfort and bless;
And the science denying is a sham and pretense—
Just use your own reason and plain common sense.

Truth is unfettered and time nevermore
Shall limit the soul on that beautiful shore.

Good Work in Pittsburg, Kans.

The Spiritual Science Church of Pittsburg, Kans., is doing a splendid work and is receiving excellent co-operation in its efforts to reach the many who are anxious to learn, and teach them the truths of Spiritualism.

Dr. V. J. Van Zandt-Rowe is pastor and is an ordained minister. The doctor is also lecturer and message-bearer and a drugless practitioner, and has been a Spiritualist for more than eighteen years.

Mr. Harry Nelson, a young man of only twenty-one years, is president of the society. Besides being an ardent worker for the good of the church, he is the sole support of a widowed mother and sister. During the night, weary as he is, he often arises under control and works on a strange device that resembles the universe, with the stars, sun, satellites, and so on. He himself does not understand anything about it during his waking hours. The members of this church feel that Mr. Nelson is going to be heard from as time passes.

Camp Chesterfield Elects Officers

Chesterfield Camp, near Anderson, Ind., closed a most successful season on the 29th of August. The old officers were re-elected: T. W. Smith, president; W. S. Woods, vice-president; Mable Riffle, secretary; Marshall Walker, treasurer; Joseph McDaniels, William Kennedy, William Dennis, Susie Brown, A. R. Riffle and Lando Reichert, trustees.

The report of the auditing committee shows $3,887.97 in the treasury, which means that the entire debt remaining on the dining hall will be liquidated and there will be a substantial balance. The organization will issue bonds for a new hotel, placing as security back of the bonds, property and improvements valued at about $100,000. It is likely that from $40,000 to $50,000 will be raised by a bond issue, and there is no question that the new hotel will more than take care of the obligation.

Contradictory Statements

Miss Carrie S. Allen, of Exeter, N. H., and one or two others, have written to direct our attention to the statements of Mme. de Meissner relative to Mr. Stead's passing, as explained in Mr. Fleming's article in the August number.

He stated that in the automatic writings given to Mme. de Meissner, Mr. Stead found himself on a green hillside. In the full-page newspaper story sent out by COMMUNICATION last Spring, dealing with Mr. Stead's passing on the Titanic, it was stated that he found himself standing on the surface of the ocean.

Often through different forces, there will be variations in statements, and particularly where one force is governed by automatic writings. A chance thought of the person getting the writings might change or otherwise color the article.

We noticed this inconsistency, but preferred to let it go through because it was part of the article, and we had no right to change anything that another person had secured.

Naturally, we believe that the story of Mr. Stead as told in his direct voice is a clearer exposition of the facts. Nevertheless, in moments of excitement, when something unusual and especially when something tragic has occurred, we know that few mortals always will tell precisely the same story when recounting the incident. Why should this not also occur with those in spirit?

In matters pertaining to the passing of a spirit, we find that often no account at all can be given. These moments are the most hazy and uncertain in the memories of men and women who have crossed the boundary. Spiritualists who have experienced a great deal of direct-voice communication appreciate this fact. They know that many of those in spirit can not give a coherent account of the incidents associated with their passing through the change. There is a period of unconsciousness, and whether it be short or prolonged, it blurs the memory. Mr. Stead, a few hours after passing into spirit, might easily have conveyed the information that he was standing on a green hillside, and later have learned that it was the surface of the ocean. He knew that it was green and seemingly solid. Considering these facts, we can not say that there is much contradiction between the two statements.

THE STILL, SMALL VOICE

Often this still, small voice warns you—tells you, through every avenue that can impress you, to be cautious. But you go right ahead. You wish to have things your way, and do not intend to learn if it is the right way or the wrong one.

Whenever any person insists upon having things his way, he is going to make mistakes. He no longer wishes to find which way is best. He is determined to succeed according to his own aims, his own interpretation. He thinks that every thought of his which urges him on is an impression. He will accept no other kind of impression. And when he fails, who has been to blame? What good does it do him to seek an alibi?

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Announcement

THE Burroughs Photo Play Company, an Ohio Corporation, is producing a five reel play, entitled "THE GUIDING SPIRIT," a purely spiritualistic play, replete with human interest and exemplifying in a most striking and entertaining manner the guiding influence of the departed over those left on earth. The characters are most creditably portrayed by several well known stars, who not only occupy a high position in the theatrical world, but are also loyal and consistent adherents to spiritualistic philosophy. The play will be released in October.

For further particulars, write to,

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Love Unforgetting

By Marjorie Tuinman

Out from the vastness called Somewhere
into our limited here,
Voices come floating to me,
forms that I love are near.

And the breath they breathe about me,
seemeth almost Divine;
Thus my soul is wafted upward,
unto the Heights Sublime.

Here's Nina—dear, laughing Nina—
and Ruby with hair of gold,
While arms so strong, so tender,
my soul in their strength enfold.

You say I am only dreaming,
'tis but memory of by-gone years?
No! 'tis something sweeter than kisses,
something sadder than tears.

But tell me, why are they leaving?
Are they deaf to my soul's deep cries?
Or have they but faded from me,
because of the mist in my eyes?

