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JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER

PRICE 25 CENTS

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The Nomination of
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as the
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

The Repudiation of Theodore Roosevelt by the
Republicans

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Aletheia says: "This is the dawn of a new day, a fitting celebration of American Independence from boss rule. Wilson's election will signal the return of Government of the People, by the People."

Long live Mr. Wilson and all Progressives.

THE ALETHEIAN

VOLUME I. JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1912 NUMBER 3

For Truth Seekers and Truth Tellers

PUBLISHED BY

The Aletheia Society of America

SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS



Poems, short stories, upon psychic phenomena, and helpful suggestions desired.

The present rate of payment for accepted manuscripts is one cent a word.

The Aletheian, No. 1, contained twenty-four pages of reading matter and was printed on high-grade paper, the endeavor being to make its outward semblance worthy of the thought expressed within.

The Aletheian, No. 2, was increased to thirty-six pages and was in all respects a fitting second to our first number.

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THE ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE,

Somerville, Massachusetts.

Where Truth is Fear is Not



THE contents of this magazine belong to our friends. Accept or reject what you will. Use anything you find within its covers when and how you will.

Use it if you can, abuse it if you must, but know at all times that a blessing breathes thro' its every line to You and to All the World.





ALETHEIA

"UNVEILED"

The Truth Seeker.

Wisdom and Understanding.

THE eager seeker for knowledge gains his experience upon devious pathways and many, many times will find error masquerading as truth and truth oftentimes concealed in the semblance of falsehood. Those who have not the patience to separate the wheat from the chaff will never get beyond the threshold of wisdom. Knowledge is, after all, the power of consciousness to receive inspirationally and to comprehend; the capacity expanding with the demand made upon it. It is necessary to erect about one's consciousness a sort of mental filter through which can pass only the essence of what is true and helpful. When the intuitive receptivity is guarded and controlled, the mental filter instantly rejects the false theory and receives truth. This is clear reading and represents the growth and development of the psychic or sensitive powers of the individual.

The difficulty with the untrained sensitive or medium is that too constant use of the forces may deplete the nervous system and weaken the protective wall or filter that should ever surround the psychic; unless he is ever on his guard to replenish his mental, physical and spiritual strength through thought force as regularly as one takes food into the body, the sensitive powers become weakened and no longer reproduce clearly.

When the wheels are well oiled and the machinery unobstructed the product of that machine, with proper motive power and well directed mind-force, will be perfect. So the

physical body by proper ministration to its material needs, performs its functions automatically, leaving the spirit free to direct the mental activities. Until the physical has become in a sense automatic, abstinence in certain lines makes for control of body and mind.

Physical mastery is the first step along the line of the mental march. Mental growth in turn makes room for the spiritual consciousness to expand and understanding is established. Within the house of understanding wisdom is gained and now one becomes a developed sensitive, for he is now a receiver, enjoying and participating in ever inflowing streams of enlightenment. The mental filter does its work and the essence of knowledge flows into and through the being who is thus a medium for the transmission of this understanding to the world. He is now in the field of true inspiration, he receives the "divine afflatus" and the spiritual stream must overflow to the waiting world. These overflowings pass out mingling with the minds of the throng in written and spoken form; thus are evolved the teachers, helpers, and saviors of humanity.

Spirit feeds upon Spirit, through the medium of prayer and pure thought, or higher aspirations. The nerve forces feed upon the electro-magnetic fluids that, like an electric current, may be cut off or interfered with, unless one keeps the conduits open. Relaxation, mental and physical, with the thought forces first directed toward complete receptivity for the electro-magnetic fluids, or in other words an open conduit immediately induces the electric or magnetic flow from the atmospheric surrounding, into the body as food for the nerves. The nerve conduits are themselves fed and nourished

by the juices from the food taken into the body, through the stomach; thus simple and palatable food pleasant and easily assimilated is right for the proper poise of the mental, physical and spiritual bodies. This is why inspirational writers and speakers should abstain from undue use of liquors, or overeating. Sufficient and proper nourishment is however as necessary to spiritual as to physical growth. The absolute poise of the physical reflects poise to the mental and vice versa. Thus fasting seems to me unnecessary and even pernicious for it deposes the physical so that the spiritual body become conscious of its physical body's needs. This should never be the case.

Jesus of Nazareth, in his physical presentation, was the medium of Deity; the messenger of Jehovah, and through his teachings, all light and highest wisdom was transmitted to the minds of the multitude. The student mind is not always big enough to hold a sudden influx of enlightenment, the consciousness is restricted, the mental vision distorted, for the mental filter has not been in use and there is no understanding.

The most ancient and the last forms of progressive thought, speaking through various creeds, sects and religious teachings, are all a part of this overflow of wisdom from the fountain of knowledge, through the mediumship of many teachers. The intricate terms and veiled meanings that have crept into use by the various followers and disciples of many cults confuse the groping mind and too often self elected teachers attempt to impart to others what they themselves have failed to grasp, thus having not mentally filtered the influx of knowledge, their outpourings become a confused

deluge of theory to the understanding of the student and the embryo teacher. The consciousness is flooded and often choked up with the rubbish of meaningless phrases and high sounding words. When the thought forms of the master minds have been conveyed to the world in printed words and phrases the student more often advances in his assimilation of this mental food when he reads, learns and inwardly digests it for himself unbiased by the misinterpretation of the average teacher.

—ALETHEIA.



My Thought For Thee

*God keep my soul from every vengeful thought,
 Yea, rather would I wish thee every good,
 Dear foe, that wilt not be my friend,
 Altho' no word across the weary space be heard,
 Good will's more potent than the spoken word;
 So I do speed all kindly thoughts to thee,
 For blessings on the days I do invoke
 The great All-Power of Love.
 Like morning mists shall flee
 Unjust resentment and false-founded scorn,
 Anew shall faith arise to find thy friend in me;
 Then to the heights shall thy true self be raised,
 And all ignoble aims shall meet thy surer scorn;
 What thou, thyself, dost know 'gainst evil vapors weighed
 Shall wake unerring justice yet leave thee unafraid,
 With each new morning dawn, good will and peace I send.
 Canst thou still be my foe? I am thy friend.*

—ALETHEIA.

Sparks from the Anvil of Truth

BEFORE tearing down, oh Critic, be sure that you can better upbuild! An imperfect product is better than no product at all.

Perfection cometh with much striving.

When rain falls shall man sigh, saying, "Behold, the Heavens weep?" Not so; behold how the thirsty earth is refreshed by the rain. The sun is not gone, but hidden; how brightly it shineth when the rain ceaseth!

If sorrow clouds the joy of life, for a time, how much more welcome is joy when it returneth.

Man hath found light, that shineth even in dark places, and behold, it comforteth him, though night be without.

If thy neighbor be sad, cheer him;

If he be hungry, feed him;

If he be ignorant, teach him;

If he be in darkness, lead him to the light;

Then if he will not see, pray for him in silence. Do not condemn, but pity such an one.

Patience, poise, and silent purpose generate illimitable power. Patience is not resignation, but purposeful persistence, backed by a smile.

When the bonds of clay crumble, weep not, but rejoice for the soul set free. The dead body needeth no gift nor heedeth thy sorrowing.

But to the new-born soul, that appeareth on the earth, give of your pity, your love, and all good gifts, for it hath need of much kindness.

Out of the illimitable wert thou created and of the Illimitable art thou. Cast out fear and go forth into the unknown with joyful anticipation.

Let no day pass without purposeful effort if you would be one of the world's workers.

Think no evil, for even the thought of evil is a sickness of the soul.

Speak no evil, for by speech is this soul sickness disseminated, even as a deadly contagion.

The soul is a flower that bloometh only in the sunshine of truth and love.

And again, like unto a flower, the sensitive soul withers at the chill of deceit and malice.

The TRUTHFUL BEING is valiant with the courage of his fearless soul;

But the LIAR is afraid even of his own shadow.

Where Truth is, Fear is not.



Truth's Spirit

*I lift my eyes to the vast unseen,
Where the Spirit beckons, close, close I lean,
So close I fancy the vision won,
That shadow'y gleams and is gone;
I stretch forth my arms, imploring grace,
For I feel her star glace on my face;
Thro' shadow and mist it lures me on,
A glance that gleams and is gone;
I stretch forth my hands to touch but the hem
Of the veil that trails from that diadem,
Lo, 'tis floating mist and the radiant one,
All shadow'y gleams and is gone!*

—ALETHEIA.

Mind and Matter.*

Part 2.

Is Thought Matter?

Dictated by Tara, an Inhabitant of the Spiritual World.

SOME people, interested in the subject of psychology, have claimed that thought is matter. Several publications devoted to psychology seem to favor this theory. We know that when thoughts are formed in the brains of mortals or spirits, they can be transmitted through space to the brains of other mortals or spirits; yet does this prove that thoughts are composed of material substance?

The following paragraphs are quoted from an article by Dr. Minosuka Yamaguchi, printed in "The Harbinger of Light," a monthly periodical, published in Melbourne, Australia. This article will be found on page 88, of the December issue for 1911, under the heading: "A Japanese Scientist Can Photograph Thoughts." The article, as it originally appeared, was published in "The Inter-Ocean."

Dr. Yamaguchi says: "If by concentrating my mind on a given thought and casting that thought abroad I can make some other person with a brain attuned to mine receive it and experience the same thought, does it not prove that something actually went from my brain to that other person's brain? Does it not prove that something was actually matter?"

*It is claimed that the articles on Mind and Matter are the result of researches of an inhabitant of the spiritual world, and were dictated through a psychic.—Editor.

To answer his first question: something did go from his brain to the other person's brain. To answer his second question: no, it does not prove that this something was actually matter.

Dr. Yamaguchi also says: "Nothing that is non-existent can have a being. If my mind produces thought, then the thought exists." Of course nothing that is non-existent can have a being, but a great many things exist that are not matter, neither are they necessarily spirit; for example, sound is not matter. When a person speaks he sets the air in vibration; this vibration causes waves in the air; these waves beat upon the ear-drums of another person, causing them to vibrate, and the vibration of the ear-drums causes what is known as sound to be registered upon the brain. The fact that a person speaks and another person hears him, does not prove that some physical thing went forth from the speaker's mouth and fell into the ear of the hearer. Those who have studied physics know that sound is but a molecular vibration of the atmosphere. Now atmosphere is not by any means the only substance through which waves can be transmitted.

Let us, for a moment, consider the wireless telegraph. The sending station consists of a wire extending up into the air and of another wire going down into the ground, and a means for sending oscillating charges of electricity into these wires. The receiving station also consists of an aerial wire and a grounded wire connected to each other through a sensitive apparatus which will register any electrical current that tends to flow through it. In the sending station, charges of electricity are rapidly surged up and down the aerial wire. These surging charges cause the ether,—a weightless sub-

stance that pervades all space and all matter,—to vibrate. Waves then travel out through space from the aerial wire of the sending station, and when these waves strike the aerial wire of the receiving station, they form a new set of waves about it, just as waves in the water that strike a post will form new waves in concentric circles about the post. When waves, or circles of force in the ether surge about an electrical conductor, they cause an electrical current to oscillate in that conductor. This oscillation is registered upon the sensitive set and the message is received, but no material substance actually goes from the sending station to the receiving station,—merely a series of waves are passed through the ether.

Dr. Yamaguchi makes the assertion that: "Light is matter. Electricity is matter. Ether is matter." Indeed, ether is a form of matter, but light is not; neither is electricity. A block of wood may be moved. The block is composed of material substance, but the action by which the block is moved is not matter. If a piece of metal is hot, the heat therein is not matter, but only a condition of matter. Physics teach that heat in matter is caused by molecules of matter in a certain rate of vibration. The vibration is not the matter but a condition of the matter. If mortals desire to understand spiritual phenomena and also many phenomena of the material world, they must learn to differentiate between matter and conditions of matter. Light, heat and electricity are all conditions of matter, and are not matter in themselves. Heat and electricity are simply different rates of vibration of ether. Scientists claim that light, also, is a vibration of ether and travels in waves. It does this apparently, though not in fact, but a discussion of this particular subject might better

centration, an image resembling the nature of his thought was found to have become crystallized therein. This was not the thought itself, but was the effect of his mind upon the matter. Photographs have been taken of peculiar disturbances in the atmosphere strong enough to affect a sensitive plate in a camera, and have been called, "Photographs of Thoughts," yet they are not photographs of thoughts, but are photographs of etheric disturbances produced by thoughts. From this, it must be clearly understood that while thoughts, themselves, are not matter, they definitely affect matter. The manner in which they do this will depend upon the kind of thought and its intensity.

One class of psychologists claim that thoughts can be weighed, but in this, again, they err, for matter as effected by thought can be weighed, but not the thought itself. Experiments have been made in which a person has been placed upon very delicate scales and his weight noted as he concentrated his mind upon different subjects. While thinking of exalted things, it was discovered that his physical weight was apparently diminished in a slight degree; and, strange as it may seem, when his mind dwelt upon some thought of hatred or envy, the scales dipped in a trifling measure with his apparently added physical weight. What really took place was that the uplifting thoughts caused an upward force in the ether. This force was extremely slight, but sufficient to be recorded on the delicately adjusted scales. When thinking of malicious, or depressing things, a small vortex was formed in the ether that produced a physical force in a downward direction. Just why the force resulting from evil thoughts should be downward, and that caused by exalted thoughts

should be upward, is too deep a subject for the general public, as it would require much preliminary study to be understood. The effect of mind upon matter through thought force will be continued in the next article.*



To-Day.

To-day I am new-born. Yesterday is no more; TO-DAY is Mine!

What shall I do with To-day?

My prayer shall be for the needs of To-day; for the Peace which passeth all understanding.

To-day I shall begin to form HABITS of Peace and Poise and Power.

To-day I must know and take this Peace, for although God offers it to me, He does not thrust it upon me, therefore must I take it, and though the world rushes on, I must be still!

To-day no melancholy thoughts must assail me; no anger, no hatred, no irritation must ruffle the deep and peaceful waters of my soul.

Only with this Peace will I be able to SEE clearly and to act justly.

Poise, and the ability to generate Dynamic Power follow in Thy wake, oh thou Great and Holy Peace. Therefore, each morning my prayer to the Infinite Father shall be: "Grant me this Blessing, just for To-day."

—LYDIA E. LANGE.

* The ALETHEIAN announces that a question department will be established for subscribers who desire to ask questions pertaining to physical, or spiritual sciences, or the life after death. Persons honestly desiring to make such inquiries are invited to send in their questions. If they are of public interest, the answers will be given through a psychic and will be published in the ALETHEIAN in the order received. No communications will be considered unless addressed to

Genius.

Inspiration and Interpretation.

Origin of the Gods.

THE creative spirit is a spirit alive to its particular affinity in the art, scientific or industrial world. The clairvoyant or clairaudient sensitive is one whose power, talent or genius is peculiarly alive to the study and interpretation of human life in its relation to both spiritual, and material conditions.

The true inspirationalist possesses a special receptivity that enables him to define and classify pictures of events, both past and future, that impinge upon his consciousness just as inspired music is received by the composer or "ideal" pictures portrayed by the artist.

The inspirationalist, or psychic, through this sensitive power to reproduce, sees the pictures and composite bodies that go to make up the true man and his environs.

What is inspiration? Something intangible that struggles within the consciousness for outward expression? No, but something that inner consciousness is capable of receiving from a higher source, and struggles to convey to the conscious mind or, more properly speaking, the lower mind. As we harken to these inner voices, giving ear to them more and more, they come to us so clearly and quickly that we are scarcely conscious of the how and when. So with the struggling "genius." He paints his first picture with much effort, and repeated attempts to portray the vision within his "mind's eye." At last, it is accomplished, and every succeeding product comes more easily, always providing the painter rever-

ences his art, holding it pure and uncontaminated; he believes with the public, that his technique is improving. Certainly, just as surely as a muscle will develop with exercise, but above and before all, as the technique, or Medium of transmission grows, so the picture visions develop unrestricted by the former faults or inaccuracies of the untrained painter; so with the composer, so with the poet, so with the clairvoyant, the receptivity being once established, the inspirational transmission becomes more beautiful, more perfect with practice and experience. Authors, Musicians, Painters, Inventors, and all other producers do not really create, but psychically and clairvoyantly, or clairaudiently transmit to the world the wonderful creative forces descending through their individuality from the throne of the Supreme Creator.

In his first work, the "genius" is an involuntary clairvoyant, or sensitive—his powers becoming voluntary with patient, earnest effort and practice.

The Musician is the medium of the Spirit of Music, the Inventor the medium of the Spirit of Creative Force, the Poet the medium of the Spirit of Poetry, and so on throughout the arts and sciences and industries of the world. Thus, the psychic is the medium of the Spirit of Truth or Providence to sustain and carry sympathy, brotherly love, courage and understanding to the many undeveloped or imperfectly developed minds of the world.

One can thus understand the ancient worship of the gods; the spirit forces of art, science and industry were recognized by certain sensitives who called these spirits "gods" and worshipped them. In Clairaudience and Inspiration we find the key to what is called "genius," the secret of power

and achievement. Why does the struggling "genius" suffer poverty, calumination, pain, scorn of the multitude, and all the whips and stings of public disapproval while learning, working, failing and striving again and again to succeed. Because this unconquerable inspiration sleepeth not while the world, the well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, silly, complacent, misunderstanding world points the finger of derision at the struggler's seeming failures, sneers at the frayed coat sleeve and sunken cheek. The eye and ear of genius notes these mockers in passing, but his soul is fixed upon that vision of the future; that promise of the things to come. The body may wait for purple and fine linen and much rich gold, for the soul of the "dreamer" sees clairvoyantly, hears clairaudiently and absorbs inspirationally things undreamed of in the material world. Genius is urged forward, ever and ever by the spirit of inspiration to produce these sounds, to portray these visions, to write this rhyme and rhythm that the less fortunate world may share in this wondrous heritage.

Genius is not ambitious, as the term is understood by the world; Genius is not peacock-proud, nor self-vaunting but like that charity to which it is akin, it suffereth long and is kind, producing at last through blood and tears, may be, but giving forth at last like a well that is filled to overflowing. When man welcomes and cherishes the rising waters of inspiration and strives with all his being to provide a clear water-way, that the overflow may stream forth clear and unobstructed, he has become an instrument attuned to the Spirit that animates him and is therefore performing the work of the Great Forces proceeding from the Supreme Center whose servant he has been and whose Co-partner and Sharer he now is.

—ALETHEIA.

A Prophetic Vision

That Carried a Message Across the Continent.

On the evening of April twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and twelve, in San Antonio, Texas, a woman slept, to all outward seeming; and in this seeming sleep she beheld a faint light, as of a halo illumining the twilight shadows of her room. Looking intently within the circle of light, she beheld a single tall, straight branch of the tube-rose plant.

The branch bore one lovely blossom so freshly blooming that it still held the greenish tinge of the opening bud.

The circle of light drew nearer and nearer and the blossom at length touched the "dreamer" on her head, then slowly receding, both the light and the flower passed from her sight.

She arose, and found that it was only about eight o'clock. Pondering over the vision, she suddenly recalled the ancient story of the symbolism of the "Krisite Flower," or Tube-Rose as it is called in America. The new blossom signifying the "new born."

In the morning she received a telegram announcing the birth of her first grandchild, a boy. The little one had entered into earth life at fifteen minutes of nine, on the evening of April twenty-seventh, near Boston, Massachusetts. Allowing for the difference in eastern and western time, the news had been really transmitted to her in a vision, almost instantaneously, over a distance of more than two thousand miles.



Concerning the Prize Offer

The above, though a narrative of facts, is not eligible for the prize offer for prophetic visions in narrative form, as the writer is a regular contributor to the **ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE. THE PRIZE OFFER OF TEN DOLLARS FOR THE BEST** dream or vision submitted to this department during the year 1912 is for subscribers only, who are not in any way connected with the staff of The Aletheian.

Address all communications to

**THE ALETHEIAN MAGAZINE,
Somerville, Mass.**

Leaves From My Meditation Book

By Lydia E. Lange.

Into the Silence of Meditation, whither I had gone for communion, taking with me a heart filled with unhappiness and discontent, and rebelling at what I considered the unfitness of my environment, I cried out:

“Oh, God, must I walk this path! The way is so steep and hard, and I am so weary of it!”

And softly and gently the answer came to me: “Go thou My way, and I will show thee footholds in the path!”

My unrest was stilled, and I waited in the silence for instruction.

Then came the Voice from within—the Real I, vibrating from contact with the Infinite, saying:

“My Creator wills that I shall do the work which He has sent me to do. He has sent me to this, His house. In it are my loved ones; mine to care for, to love, and to serve. For this purpose He has sent Me, His divine messenger and servant. This is my place now.

“Will I shirk this service, and betray His trust, saying, ‘I cannot do this thing,’ when God says that I can, else He would not have sent me?”

“Rather let me thank Him for His infinite wisdom in placing me just where I am, for He knows my need. Let me thank Him for this work, and for the love of my loved ones; for the opportunities He has given me in sending me pain and suffering. These have been privileges, not punish-

ments. They were sent to strengthen my soul, that I might become worthy of the trust reposed in me."

And I left the Silence of Meditation filled with the Spirit of Humility and Peace, resolving that instead of discontent and its kindred evils, my motto henceforth should be: "Love and Service."



Truth

"And you shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall set you free."

We have Feared the Truth, and She has departed. We would not know Her, and we are not free. Some of us have never loved our Creator, except that as children we were "afraid not to." But when we are willing to let go our Fears; when we are ready to See, and to know the Truth, we shall begin to Love that Power which is guiding, directing and loving us. And our souls shall be lifted up like empty cups, and be returned to us, after contact with the Truth, filled to overflowing with Humility, Peace, Love, Knowledge, Wisdom and Understanding.

Therefore, seek the Truth, and fear not, for "WHERE TRUTH IS, FEAR IS NOT." And the Truth shall set YOU Free!

—LYDIA E. LANGE.



A Message

*I have dwelt in the realms of the Spirit,
Illum'nd with Jehovah's love;
I have felt the peace of the Spirit,
Descend o'er my soul as the dove.
Jehovah, the Blessed, provideth
All light and all love for the soul,
But the words of the mortal, imperfect,
Voice only a part of the whole.*

Interpreted by ALETHEIA.

The Cat's Paw.

By Aletheia

A narrative of startling facts written in fiction form, dealing with certain psychological phases of the business world and prophetic visions that became a wonderful factor involving a notable group of people.

"The Cat's Paw" deals with a woman in the hands of certain "Literary Philistines," and demonstrates that even the wheels of Justice may become a "cat's paw" in the hands of unscrupulous individuals.

This great serial will be published exclusively in the Aletheian Magazine, and later will be brought out in book form.

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CHAPTER I.

AS the car paused at the intersection of Fourteenth and U Streets, the woman with a white feather in her hat turned to glance at a somewhat familiar figure boarding the car.

"Who is that man?" she asked her more quietly dressed friend, and the latter replied:

"Why don't you know him? That's your old editor, Wiltman Wasgood."

"Really? No wonder he stared like that."

At this moment the portly figure advanced and said: "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Heath? I never should have known you."

"Ten years makes a difference, you know."

"Ten, is it as much as that? Well you are ten times the woman you were and on my soul, you look younger."

"That's what they all say. Pardon, I didn't mean to be slangy."

"Well, what have you been doing all this time?"

"A little of everything. Writing, acting, lecturing—principally acting, when I can get it to do."

"And it certainly has agreed with you," and his eye glanced approvingly over the figure of the bright-faced woman before him, noting every detail from the graceful and costly gown to the Parisian hat, with its sweeping white feather, and he formed a mental contrast as his memory swept away the intervening years. He recalled the day she had left "The Hour," a pale, sorrowful, almost emaciated-looking figure in an ill-fitting black gown. What business had it been of his that she had been overworked and ill-paid? Nor had he concerned himself when it had been whispered that her scanty earnings in those days had gone to support a child and to help pay office rent for a struggling, non-provident husband. "Yes, you are ten times the woman you were ten years ago, and I judge ten times as valuable. What are you doing now?"

"Nothing."

"Do you want to do anything?"

"Why of course."

"All right, you're just the woman I want to see."

"When?"

"Now. Can you come on down to my office? We're nearly there."

"Well, Marie and I were on our way to have luncheon with some old friends. This is my first visit to Washington for several years, but at the present state of financial depression I think business will have to come first. What do you say, Marie?"

"Oh, by all means. Go and see what he has to offer. I'll get them to keep lunch waiting."

By this time the car had reached the New Willard and as Mr. Wasgood's offices were in the next block, they left the car. As soon as Mrs. Heath had been ushered into the sanctum sanctorium of the former editor, she noted with surprise the luxurious fittings and evidences of prosperity, and inwardly commented that the former night editor of a struggling paper must have made a greater success than his early promise had warranted. In retrospect, she recalled that the man had never impressed her favorably and the years adding flesh and outward evidence of opulence, had improved his appearance, yet there was a subtle something emanating from his entire person that brought all the old repugnance back to her with such force that it was with almost a shiver that she turned to glance at the papers he spread before her.

"Now I'll tell you the whole scheme in a nutshell. I am preparing for publication the greatest biographical encyclopedia that has ever been produced. It is going to be of a scope so vast that you would scarcely credit me if I were to explain to you the full details. It's a great thing, a magnificent undertaking, one that you can be proud to be associated with."

"Yes, but what do you expect me to do?"

"If I recall rightly, you used to have a pretty good entree to the official set here. In short, you never had any trouble getting interviews at the White House, among the Senators, the foreign gazabos—the diplomats, I mean, and the rest of the high muck-amucks, and I want you to go and see them and get their consent to sit for new photographs and furnish the material for their write-ups, and at the same time land a subscription to the great Illustrated Congressional Directory. What do you say?"

"Nothing doing."

"Why what do you mean? Haven't I told you that it's going to be the finest de luxe edition—"

"I understand all that, but what you're really after is a set of paid-for write-ups at so much per—a scheme to which I absolutely refuse to lend myself. There's been too much of that sort of thing—"

"But you are mistaken. I've told you—"

"Are you willing that I shall go to these people with the understanding that each one will have approximately the same amount of space—we'll say, two pages for the President and Cabinet, a page for the Senators and diplomats, and half a page for the Congressmen regardless of party, politics, or prejudice—"

"Yes, provided you get them to sit for a new photograph."

"And my pay?"

"Is to be fifteen dollars a head."

"All right."

"But you know I'm not a millionaire. This is a gigantic project; it means a big outlay for me, and I will not be able to pay you in full, but will advance you sufficient for your expenses until the book is out."

For a moment she hesitated. "Well, give me the prospectus and your list of those I am to interview. I'll take it home and think it out to-night and let you know in the morning."

As she left the office, the man smiled strangely, disclosing his big yellow teeth and a half ferocious, bull-dog expression flitted over his countenance, and he muttered:

"I think I've landed her."

That evening as Fannie Heath and Marie Ray were discussing the events of the day in Marie's charming little flat, Fanny remarked:

"Marie, where did that man get his money?"

"To whom do you allude, dear?"

"Why, Wiltman Wasgood. He didn't amount to much on the Hour—was, in fact, little better than a copy reader, and if his salary at that time was in proportion to what the rest of us were getting, he couldn't have had much of a nest egg from which to hatch so much splurge."

"Oh, you don't know. He's been in all kinds of things, and well, I don't know but what a few of them have been just a trifle shady."

"Indeed! In what way?"

"Oh, I don't know, but you know when a man does begin to go up in the world, there are plenty of people to hint at dark, mysterious transactions, but I expect it's all talk. Anyhow, he owns a couple of automobiles, while his wife still clings to her carriage and horses. By the way, I think she did have an inheritance a few years ago, be that as it may, he seems to be coining money."

"What do you think of my taking this proposition?"

"Why I think it looks good,—for you,—anyway."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, you know in my position as a public stenographer there are some people that I wouldn't care to have much to do with. But you're only in and out. Here for a few weeks and gone, and you need the money—even if you don't look it."

"I know what you mean," said Fanny smiling. "To tell you the truth, I think it was my outward symbols of prosperity

that made Mr. Wasgood so quick to make the offer. Too bad he didn't know that just at the present time I'm sponging on your good graces for a place to live."

"Hush, Fan—don't say that. You know my home is yours. Taking everything into consideration, I don't believe that you have anything to fear. This offer comes in the nick of time to enable you to fill in the six or eight weeks while you're waiting for your spring engagement, and it looks to me as if you have a chance to make a pretty good thing of it."

"Well, Marie, I don't quite know what you mean by it's being dangerous for you, yet safe for me to work for that man, but I'm going to tell you a most peculiar thing. From the moment I picked up the envelope containing those papers, I felt exactly as if a snake was coiling itself ready to strike at me. I don't know what it means."

"Nonsense, Fan, don't go letting any of your queer freaky notions interfere with a good job."

"Well, you may call it freaky, but you know during the time that I've been interested in psychology, I've had some very strange experiences in pre-vision and at this moment I feel that out of this is going to grow something very remarkable, something very dreadful and yet something that must happen and that will give me the key to much that has seemed inexplicable in the past."

"Why what do you mean?"

"I can't explain. It will be all over in the next three weeks."

In a few days, Fanny Heath was installed in her new position and was making excellent progress among the lawmakers on the hill. Well knowing that the danger she ran

of being mistaken for a female lobbyist, she had determined on the most open methods, and therefore was in the habit of going direct to the Capitol, sending her card to the Senators while on the floor, and seeing them in the famous marble room. In the first few interviews her quiet, modest demeanor, her chic appearance and the despatch with which her business was stated had gained for her the respect of the sergeant-at-arms, of the pages and other hangers-on around the Senate halls, and there was no delay in reaching the Senators, and she generally experienced no delay in getting the desired information and the promise of the sitting and sketch. Upon her return to the office each evening, Mr. Wasggood would have her ushered into his private office with what appeared to her an exaggerated deference. He would insist upon her going over every detail of each individual interview with a minuteness that grew irksome. He seemed more interested in what the Senators had to say than in the ultimate object, and again the little sub-conscious warning obtruded itself upon her mind, gathering force as he suddenly looked up at her with a queer, sidelong glance and said:

“Oh, by the way, Mrs. Heath, don't let any of those old gazabos up there know that you were ever an actress.”

“And why,” she replied, with same heat.

“Because they might think you are an adventuress.”

“An adventuress! Why, really, Mr. Wasggood, was that the sort of actress your wife was?” She could have bitten her tongue the moment the words were out. But remembering what good cause he had to know her own honesty and worth, the words were spoken in just indignation.

He looked up, smiled blandly and said, "Oh, of course I know you are all right. Why, I used to be an actor myself. But there's nothing in it. You'd better quit the stage and come to me for good."

"What do you mean?"

"You say that you've got to get through with this affair by April. Well, from what I've seen of your work, I'd like to make you a proposition to stay with me for good—to take charge of this directory, manage the sales, help on the editing and general set-up before the work goes to press, afterward manage the sales, etc. I tell you, it'll be a life job. I'm going to put this thing out once a year. I'm going to keep on with de luxe editions. Why, every year or two some other rich old fool buys his way into Congress or the Senate and they are tickled to death to be written up in a work that will have its place in every library in the country, to say nothing of the pride with which the descendants of the Hon. Jacob Grasshorn, etc., will point to the portrait of father or grandfather, in the splendid De Luxe edition of the famous Illustrated Congressional Directory. Why, I tell you there's nothing in the world like the vanity of man as a coin producer."

"Well, your project may be realized, but my part of it will be restricted to our original contract and I most certainly shall continue in the work I have laid out for myself."

"Oh, very well. How'd you like to have a ride in the automobile? Tell you what I'll do, I've got some tickets for the theatre. We'll go and have supper together, then for a little spin and the play."

"Why, really Mr. Wasgood, I appreciate your kindness, but you forget that you are a married man and whatever my

sins and shortcomings, I am not an adventuress, as you just suggested, nor do I intend to furnish any pretext for a divorce suit. I haven't forgotten that only yesterday you told me that your wife was very jealous, although I'm at a loss to know what that has to do with me."

Wasgood looked at her, laughed sardonically and said, "Well, you'd better look out. If she ever comes in here and catches you talking to me, she'll snatch that white feather out of your hat. There, run along. You're a good girl, and you don't need to get huffy." Then touching the bell, he said, "Send the chauffeur to me. Just to show you that I'm not a bad lot, here are the tickets, and the automobile is at your disposal. You can take your friend Marie, or—a younger and handsomer man, if you like. I'm quite used to being alone."

As she left the room, the words that he had said scarcely penetrated, so absorbed was she in puzzling out the reason why. As she stepped into the automobile, the chauffeur said, quite unexpectedly, "Say, that was a hot one you fired at the old man about the divorce suit."

She turned and surveyed him coolly for an instant, thinking that the man must have been listening, but made him no answer. He laughed, tucking the robe about her, and said, "You don't know, perhaps, that Mrs. Wasgood put in an application for a divorce to-day. If you don't look out, you will be brought into it, for the old man is so dead anxious to get rid of her that he'll use anybody to fan her jealousy."

(To be continued.)

The continuation of this absorbing narrative will be only one of the interesting features in preparation for the next number of *The Aletheian Magazine*.

Practice and Progress

Our aspirations must inspire effort to become realities. The abilities within the individual resemble the mineral wealth hidden in the earth; sometimes stumbled upon as by an accident, sometimes sought with perseverance all enduring; uncovered at last, we find a veritable mine of intellect, industry and achievement.

Would you become an author?

Then write something each day in only a few lines of comment upon your daily life;

Would you become a painter, at least **TRY YOUR COLORS** once each day;

Would you become a singer, let no day pass with mute lips;

Plan, contrive, practice all that you would be if only for one hour out of the twenty-four.

The effort of to-day is the achievement of the future. Suffering ceases when the soul **SEES**.

Sorrow abideth only in the **UNSEEING** soul.

Life is illimitable and truly beginneth with the casting off of the earth garment.

Rejoice when the spirit is set free; neither fear the darkness that doth presage the greater dawn.



The Greatest and the Least

*The Mountain rears it's lofty crest
And smiles in Heaven's face,
Yet e'en the tiny hill may find
God's all-embracing grace:
Tho' chanting paeans to the sun
The Mountain spurns all bars,
The little hill, still gazing up
Finds Truth behind the stars.*

—ALETHEIA.

The Scent of a Rose.

THEY say that once a boy, wandering through youth's garden, that lies somewhere near to the hills of God, found a pure white rose whose fragrant soul, warmed in the sunlight of his love, gave to him all its incense.

Poor little rose.

The years came and went. One day the boy, grown older, passed through the gate, out into the garden of the world, and near the entrance he found another blossom; a wonderful scarlet passion flower. He had never found a bloom like this in all the wanderings of his boyhood and he lost his senses to its brilliant beauty, ere he was aware.

Poor foolish boy.

After infinite striving he plucked the red flower for his own, only to find no fragrance there. Wearily and vainly he tried to sooth his aching heart with its flaming petals. Then, they say, fate took him back to the garden of his youth, where he wandered down the narrow path, and begged of the pitying winds the scent of a rose, long dead.

But his search was in vain. A disappointed man he returned to the world. There he wanders still to all appearances content--- but, they say, whenever he gives he gives good advice to a young man who is going the pace, or withholds judgment from a woman, or makes friends with a child, the memory of that far-away fragrance comes to possess his soul and a rose scented breeze blows to him softly across the fields where the wild oats grow.

—“*The Wayfarer.*”



ALEKO
GRECIAN TELEPATHIST

This photo-engraving was made by the Commercial Engraving Company
of Knoxville, Tenn.



COMMERCIAL ENG. CO.

ALEKO
GRECIAN TELEPATHIST

This photo-engraving was made by the Commercial Engraving Company
of Knoxville, Tenn.

Opinions of the Press

Concerning Aletheia

Exponent of Prophetic Vision

and

Aleko

Grecian Telepathist

THE NEW YORK MORNING TELEGRAPH

of June 23, 1912, says:

**"ALETHEIA STANDS PRE-EMINENT
IN HER ART."**

Continuing, The Telegraph says in part: "When Aletheia first offered her act to an American public, a little over eighteen months ago, certain vaudeville agents refused to believe that an act combining telepathy and prophetic vision, along purely legitimate lines, could succeed in vaudeville. But Mr. F. F. Proctor, with that fine discrimination that has always selected the best for his audiences, regardless of the opinion of others, personally witnessed the performance of Aletheia and Aleko with the result that they were immediately booked for his own theatres. Their success was instantaneous and Mr. Proctor at once gave them repeated dates in his seven houses in New York and vicinity, where they played four weeks in each house during a season of twenty-eight weeks. Following the Proctor engagement, Aletheia and Aleko have played continuously, excepting only a brief summer vacation. They have appeared from coast to coast and have just returned from a tour of the inter-state time, where they proved to be a most valuable headline attraction. Aletheia has had several opportunities to star in dramatic productions, but with fine foresight clung to vaudeville as the more certain proposition in these parlous times. Her success is growing week by week and to-day Aletheia stands pre-eminent in her art. A starring offer for next season is under consideration, but Aletheia, when interviewed by a

Telegraph representative, stated that she was not yet ready to make her plans public."

From NEW YORK STAR of April 27, 1912:

A REMARKABLE WOMAN IN VAUDEVILLE.

"Aleko presents Aletheia in Telepathy and Prophetic Vision," is the way the billing reads—and this gifted woman continues to win favor all along the line. Aletheia's "Telepathy" is different from the regulation mind-reading act. Her graceful appearance, refined and beautiful costumes and artistic setting combine to produce a telling effect, but after all it is her remarkable personality that holds her audience. A noted critic says of her: "No matter how she produces her marvelous results, it is the charm of Aletheia's voice, her ready wit, brilliant delivery, her personality, that captivates all and disarms criticism even in the most skeptical." It is rumored that Aletheia is to be starred in a new play written around a psychological theme. At present Aletheia and Aleko are playing Interstate time.

THE SEATTLE INLAND HERALD of Tuesday, January 31, 1911, says:

SEERESS' WORK UNCANNY.

Aletheia Plucks Thoughts from Audience and Reveals Them at Pantage's.

A thousand people sat awe-struck at the Pantages Theatre Sunday afternoon and evening and beheld a frail woman, blindfolded and aided only by her assistant in the audience, delve into the innermost thoughts of a score or more of people and reveal them as clearly and correctly as if the subject were speaking audibly.

This wonderful performance is being enacted by Aletheia, the Greek Seeress, mind-reader, telepathic marvel, or whatever else one might call her that would properly classify her work.

There is no stage craft, no secret signaling. Her assistant mingles with the audience, asks one's given name in a whisper and then commands Aletheia to reveal it. She does. Sometimes it requires a bit of groping, but she did not fail.

With an alertness as startling as it is marvelous, this woman lays bare the innermost workings of the mind. Sunday night she was mentally asked questions with which the subject alone was conversant. She answered them correctly and in more than one instance had to be checked to prevent the full identity of the matter becoming public.

Under whatever classification one might place it, the performance is remarkable. At times it is uncanny through its realism and correctness. It is as if some unseen power reaches out, grasps the brain and wrings from it the things it has molded after its own fashion.

Whatever it is, Aletheia, when visited behind the curtain, and without the formality of an introduction, naively remarked: "I might have told you more about that thought you possessed, but I knew that you did not wish to take the public into your confidence." She then discussed the matter with a clearness that put chills into the spine of the subject.

In days gone by Aletheia would have been burned for a witch, and a few years ago her uncanny and mysterious powers would have been ascribed to stage craft and confederacy. Today the mystery takes on another and deeper interest because one is used to startling things. If it is mechanism then it is a secret that permits a toga-clad individual to pluck thoughts from one's brain and transmit them by wireless.

FROM THE NEW YORK PLAYER

of December 3, 1910.

ALETHEIA AND ALEKO.

ALETHEIA is an inspirationalist. In ten years' time she has won recognition as actress, poet and psychic. From her earliest years she has heard voices, received revelations and possessed the gift of prophecy. She was by turn writer and actress for a number of years before appearing publicly in her psychic demonstrations. From early years she gave of her psychic gifts without remuneration until the demand upon her time became so great she was forced to choose from her gifts a life work and, recognizing the psychic call to be the highest, she gave up a star role in one of David Belasco's companies to

appear publicly as a psychic counselor at one of the international expositions.

In September, 1910, Aleko first presented Aletheia to an American audience in one of the Keith and Proctor theatres in New York City. Since that date they have appeared for twenty-eight weeks in the East; about fourteen weeks on the Pacific coast, sixteen weeks in leading Southern cities, and everywhere both press and public have accorded a high meed of appreciation for their work.

ELIZABETH EVENING TIMES of Wednesday, October 19, 1910, says:

SEES WILSON'S ELECTION. MIND READER PREDICT'S DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE NEXT GOVERNOR.

Those who like to delve into the occult and who may have faith in the ability of mind readers and others of their cult to foresee events with some certainty were given a surprise when Aletheia, who is giving demonstrations of thought transference at Proctor's Theatre this week, last night predicted the election of Woodrow Wilson to the governorship of the State.

The announcement came in a rather unusual way. Among those in the audience last night was John F. Martin, who, while the mind reader's assistant was asking questions in adjoining aisles, began to concentrate his mind on the governorship contest in an endeavor to test the powers of Aletheia. In an instant she ordered the assistant to wait.

"I get the name Martin. You are mentally asking me who will be the next governor of New Jersey.

Mr. Martin said he was.

"I can only say," said Aletheia, "that I see a Democrat as the next governor of New Jersey."

Long and continued cheering greeted the prediction.

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE of April , 1911, says:

VAUDEVILLE AT THE AMERICAN.

Aletheia and Aleko, two Greek mystics, present a mysterious act in telepathy that heads the bill at the American



ALETHEIA

(vi)

this week. Aleko, a young man of prepossessing appearance, passes among the audience and chooses indiscriminately certain individuals. He then asks Aletheia, who is seated on the stage, to tell their names and any questions they may wish answered. This she does, and she does not fail in a single instance.

THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER of Tuesday, December 12, 1911, says:

GREEK MIND READERS. ALETHEIA AND ALEKO
PUZZLE AUDIENCES.

The Greek mind readers, Aleko and Aletheia, caused a sensation on Monday. Lancaster has seen many mind-reading acts, but perhaps none so completely baffling as the present demonstration at the Family Theatre. Most performers of this kind answer questions written on pads which are collected and taken on the stage, with obvious opportunities for trickery, or else there are long conversations between the mind reader and her assistant in which clues can be given. But Aleko and Aletheia do not resort to these subterfuges. The method by which they obtain their results is apparently unfathomable, and the audience is completely mystified. Aletheia seems to be able to answer any questions any person in the audience may think of. The answers to some of the queries were very funny, and the performance made a most favorable impression upon Monday's audiences.

THE CALGARY NEWS-TELEGRAM of Monday, January 23, 1911, says:

The complacency of the Empire audience received a severe shaking up last night by the noteworthy performance of Aletheia and Aleko, the Greek mind-readers. The superior and knowing smile of the man who can tell humbug when he sees it gradually faded away and he had quite an uncomfortable feeling when the Athenian wizard came down and offered to have anyone's thoughts reproduced by the blindfolded lady on the stage. "Yes, George is my name all right, but don't go any further, please," said one. "Where can I find a reliable hair-restorer?" was the thought of Thomas—

Aletheia, who is assisted by Aleko, her husband, has one of the most pretentious offerings ever booked by the Victoria management.

While the psychic wonder overshadows all of the other numbers on the bill, there are other attractive features to please even the most frivolous and exacting.

VIRGINIAN PILOT AND THE NORFOLK LANDMARK
of Tuesday, January 23, 1912, says:

ALETHEIA AMAZES LARGE AUDIENCES.

Gives Wonderful Demonstration of Her Psychic Powers at
the Victoria.

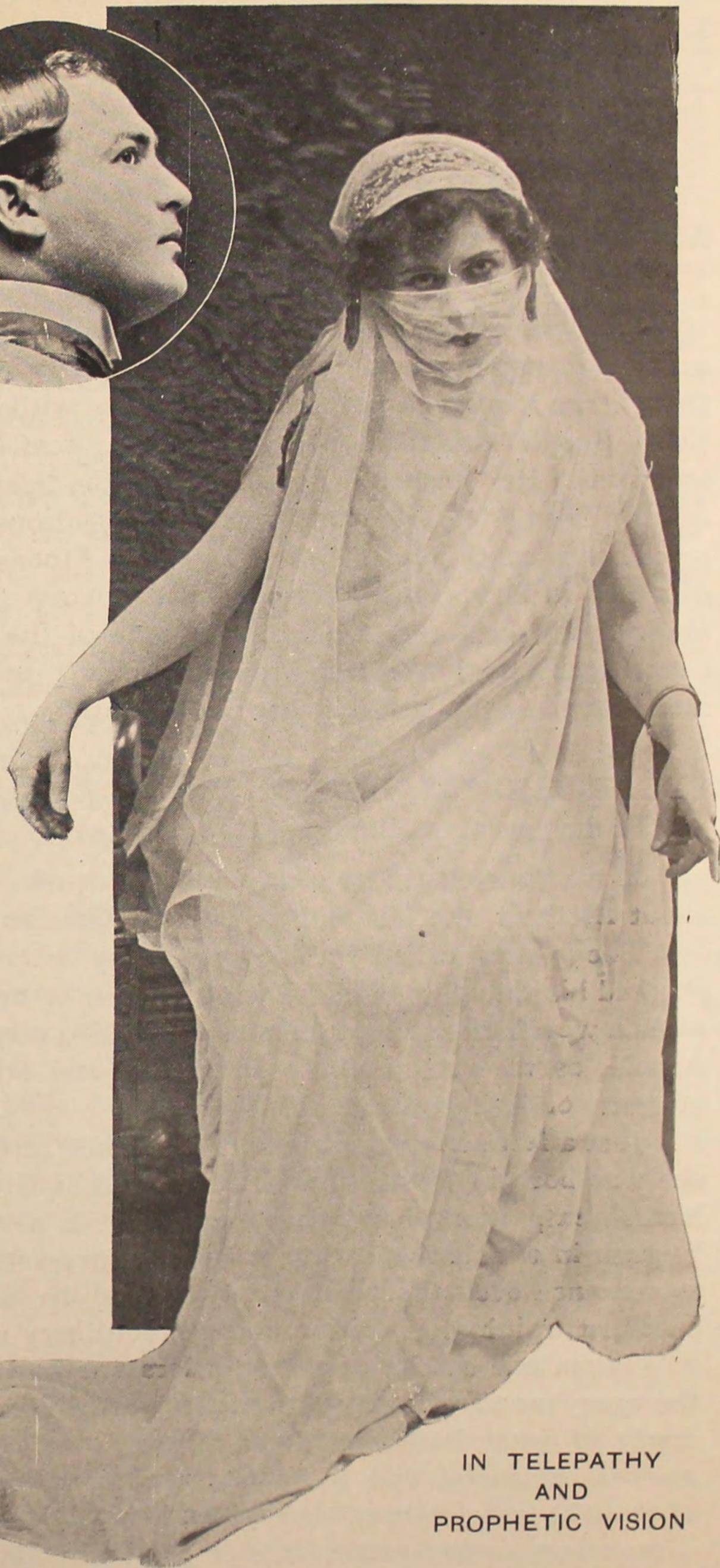
Without the aid of appliances of any kind, not even requiring the questions asked to be written upon the usual pads or slips of paper, Aletheia, the Grecian mystic, who is headlining this week's bill at the new Victoria Theatre, amazed four large audiences yesterday with a display of her powers of thought transmission.

During every performance difficult unspoken questions were mentally asked and, according to the questioners, correctly answered, a number of the answers injecting a vein of humor into the demonstration that was greatly enjoyed, without being in the least offensive.

Aletheia also, without a word being spoken, by simply holding the wrists of several people in the audience, accurately transmitted their thoughts. Several times she was subjected to rigid tests by the skeptical, but always managed to prove beyond the least doubt that mental telepathy is an established fact, and not a theory.

Aleko, Aletheia's husband, who remains in the audience while she is on the stage, simply locates the questioners, this feature alone making her feats different from any witnessed in Norfolk.

The contribution of Aletheia to this week's bill is made more attractive by elaborate scenic investiture that is delightfully Oriental.



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PRESENTS
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IN TELEPATHY
AND
PROPHETIC VISION

MANAGEMENT OF SULLIVAN AND LONG
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THE DENVER TIMES of Wednesday evening, April 12, 1911, says:

PSYCHIC ACTRESS HAS A REAL POEM.

Aletheia, Who Exchanges Mental Ideas with Aleko, Telepathist, Writes Altruistic Verse, "Revelation."

Aletheia, poet and psychic, has only been appearing in psychic demonstrations in public for about four years, although she has given her ability for years without remuneration. She is American born, of Greek, Scotch and Dutch ancestors. Her husband, Aleko, who is the telepathist of the act, has been a feature of the greatest expositions of the world since his fifteenth year. He is a native of Athens, Greece, was educated in Egypt and Paris, and is a linguist of exceptional ability. Aletheia and Aleko met at one of the international expositions and immediately discovered the peculiar mental interchange of thought that they now exhibit.

EDGAR THOMAS, IN THE SEATTLE DAILY TIMES, Friday evening, February 10, 1911, says:

Move your chairs up closer and get in on this little yarn about Aletheia, the fair and mysterious Grecian mind-reader.

The writer called on her yesterday afternoon, having checked his thoughts outside, being curious to know what this woman would think about the present abiding place of Dorothy Arnold, as to who hit Billy Patterson, and other questions of more or less moment.

Just a few serious facts about Aletheia. In the first place, she was born in Texas, the U. S. A., and of Greek and Hollandish extraction, and when she talks it is in the very best English in the market. Five minutes conversation is enough to convince even the most skeptical that she is a woman of excellent training, education and extraordinary intelligence.

When one speaks of mind-readers one naturally projects the query as to what sort of trickery is behind the apparent result of what has been done. This is an age of science against chicanery, and while one realizes there are marvels of thought transference, when given in public performance for a monetary consideration, one is greatly inclined to set the

whole matter down as clever fraud and not evidence of unusual power.

This is not true of Aletheia and her Grecian husband, Aleko, who are causing something of a sensation at Pantages this week. The "seeress" tells the name of a person and what he or she is thinking about. How does she do it? One way to look at it is like this: Aleko is one end of a mental telegraph station, Aletheia the other end. He sends a mental message and she receives it. This needs a little practice and understanding, though, doesn't it?

Among other things just as interesting, Aletheia believes that the soul is an electric spark illuminating the mind. Get that? Further: she fancies that there is a supreme power, and that power may be in the form of a tremendous dynamic force which gives life and energy to everything in the universe. She thinks also that the forces of good are arrayed against those of evil as magnetism is to hypnotism.

She is a poet, philosopher and psychic, and it is only at close range and through an extended interview that it is possible to gain any idea of the depth of her mind and her really far-seeing ability. She claims that many so-called mediums, when sincere, are victims of an imperfectly developed natural psychic power. She claims, also, that many persons who appear to give messages from the dead and descriptions of the departed are in reality reading the conscious and subconscious minds of their clients.

Aletheia believes absolutely in the power of prophecy, and states that such revelations given through the divine spirit of wisdom, proceed from the Supreme mind and that when a prophetic soul has arrived at the stage of development that enables it to speak clearly and without fear of public opinion, that it will and does perform seeming miracles of prophecy.

This explanation of psychic and spiritual powers appeals to the student, and she says if investigated by the so-called seekers after modern spiritualism, would entirely refute many absurd beliefs and prevent the shameful practices of fake mediums to extort money by harping upon the griefs and sorrows of those who have lost their dear ones. She does not

deny that it is possible to give revelations, but she does scorn the contention that these come from the so-called controls of those that have gone, stating that the power of giving revelations and to impart psychic wisdom comes from the source of wisdom—God, Jehovah.

From her earliest years Aletheia has heard voices, received revelations and possessed the gifts of prophecy. Depending upon her writing and acting as a means of livelihood, for years she gave of her psychic gift without remuneration. The demand upon her time was so great she was forced to choose between the three gifts a life work, and, recognizing the psychic call to be the highest, she entered into her present vocation.

It was at this time that she first met Aleko, the Greek telepathist, whose fame extends from Egypt to New York, both as a psychic and a linguist commanding seven languages. Aletheia and Aleko at once discovered that there existed between their minds a perfect accord, so that they were able to perform marvelous feats of thought transmission. Vying with the occultists of every clime, Aletheia's prophetic powers won for her the name "Spirit of Truth," or "Aletheia," a name bestowed upon her by an ancient Greek philosopher under remarkable circumstances.

Coming to America last August direct from Brussels, Aleko and Aletheia entered upon their first American tour in vaudeville through the United Booking Offices. For four months they have played over the Keith & Proctor circuit with such success that they have been asked for return dates everywhere.

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS of Tuesday, March 28, 1911, says:
MIND-READER WHOSE FEATS MYSTIFY THE PANTAGES THEATRE AUDIENCES.

No one has offered a greater mystery than do the Greeks, Aletheia and Aleko, at the Pantages Theatre this week. Rather, it is the woman of the two who proves interesting, for she seems to be the receiving station, so to speak, of telepathic communication. The usual devices of electric wires, of tubes, or of mnemonic codes between performer and confederate

hardly explain the young woman's ability to accomplish what she does. It would take a good guesser to explain it. One is seemingly forced to credit her work to mental telepathy or clairvoyance, to assume that many of the best people in the audience are in collusion with her, or to give her and her assistant credit for accomplishing a trick of exceeding cleverness. She states names, ages and unspoken thoughts of anyone in the audience who happens to be the object of her consideration.

THE NORFOLK LANDMARK of Wednesday, January 24, 1912, says:

ALETHEIA CAN PICK WINNERS.

Predicted Nomination of Governor Wilson Before He Was a Candidate.

Aletheia, the wonderful Grecian seeress, who can pluck unspoken thoughts from your mind in a manner that compels awe, does not confine her accomplishments to mental telepathy alone, but enjoys the distinction of having successfully predicted several important events, among them being the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for Governor of New Jersey, before the former Princeton president had even been suggested.

Newspaper clippings in Aletheia's scrap book, which is one of the most complete in existence, prove this assertion.

During her engagement here she has seemingly convinced a number of stubborn skeptics, who refused to believe that she was endowed with the sixth sense, a gift bestowed upon many of the ancient Grecians.

At every performance yesterday this talented woman answered scores of questions and sent her audiences home satisfied with the demonstration of her power to penetrate one's mind.

Friday afternoon at the conclusion of the matinee performance, about five o'clock, she will give a special demonstration for ladies only, the men being excluded from the theatre, when she will answer the most difficult and unspoken and unwritten questions anyone may care to ask.

NEW YORK STAR of June 1, 1912, says:

"Aletheia has surpassed any one in her particular line."
 * * * "Aletheia comes to New York, before taking her vacation, to confer with her prospective managers for next season. If the play they have to offer proves a suitable vehicle, she will probably sign contracts for an early fall opening in a dramatic production. Her success in the legitimate, under such managers as Sam Harris, Liebler & Co. and David Belasco, prior to her present success in vaudeville, would indicate a success out of the ordinary in a proper dramatic offering.

Aletheia has proven to be equally versatile in comedy and emotional work, and in her present vaudeville act is conceded to have surpassed any one in her particular line."

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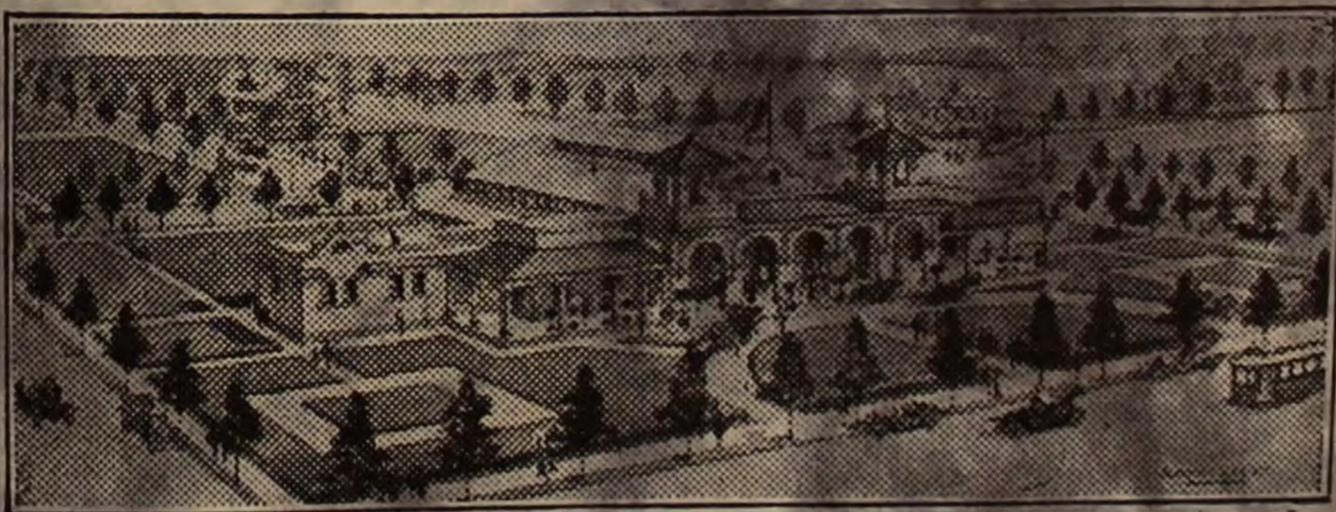
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THE NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN AND AMERICAN of
May 14th, 1912, says;

Aletheia, appearing at the Princess Theatre last night, said, in answer to a question: "The Democratic Nominee will positively be Woodrow Wilson—but Bryan will be a force to cope with."

THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS of April 15th, 1912, said:

At the Majestic Theatre last night Aletheia predicted that Woodrow Wilson would be the Democratic Nominee and the next President of the United States.

THE ELIZABETH JOURNAL of New Jersey as far back August 1911, recorded the fact that Aletheia at Proctor's Theatre said: "The Democrats wish to elect a president next time and they can **WIN WITH WILSON.**"

THE NEW YORK STAR of November 11th, 1911, says:

"The Aletheian interests. This magazine is declared to be for Truth Seekers and Truth Tellers. The contents have for the most part been written by Aletheia, the psychic whose work in vaudeville has mystified audiences all over the country. 'The Aletheian' is notable in that it does not bore even those who are laymen in psychical matters. It is a deep book, but even the shallow must be interested."

THE BOSTON AMERICAN of March 24th, 1912, says:

"Aletheia, appearing in vaudeville in psychic demonstrations, publishes the Aletheian Magazine, devoted to psychology. It is probably the only publication of its kind in the world. No. 1, Vol. 1, contains an intensely interesting article on the **SIXTH SENSE.**"

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