

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to All, and Prosperity to the Cause.

Do Not Depend Upon Others for Your Spiritual Reading This Winter, But Take a Wide Awake Paper.

The Progressive Thinker.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Some Notes of Travel and Happenings, Related by
Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle.

Locomotion is so easy nowadays one has small excuse to root, and sink into too placid contentment.

There is so much "doing!" such effort to REALIZE IDEALS, so much well directed labor that one must look and clap hands once in a while to show appreciation and enjoyment.

But to pleasant exertion in traveling there is usually a friend at the other end of the line, and in addition to the wires and steam cars, there may be the subtle unseen thread of friendship pulling at our hearts which speeds us on joyously.

On this autumn journey which we took in gorgeous October, 1903, the heart pull was toward two royal people bearing the illustrious name of Bacon: Mr. and Mrs. George A. Bacon, so long prominent in Boston and the West, and for the past twenty years well known in Washington, where they have resided.

A description of Francis Bacon, the English philosopher, born in London, Jan. 22, 1561, will present to you one of his descendants, Geo. A. Bacon, of the present. "In person Bacon was well-formed, not robust, of a mild, dignified, and broad, of a commanding head, his countenance conveying the impression, both of intellectual power and benevolence of disposition. In society he is said to have been a most delightful companion, adapting himself to company of every degree, calling and humor, bringing out with great effect his unexhausted store of jest, new and old. So we found him, the modern Bacon, admirable in every way.

Mr. Bacon, although actively engaged in other business, has found time to use his literary talents, which are finely cultivated, and have been in constant use through the mature years of his life. It has been urged upon him that he select from his voluminous materials enough to make a choice volume. We promise beforehand that the book will be attractive for its beauty of style and valuable for its golden thought.

Mrs. Bacon's ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and she is descended from the Spragues, of New England, true to name. She was Miss Louise L. Sprague before she became Mrs. Bacon, and she was then and is now one of the most charming and sensible of women, always ready to do her part and do it with heart, bringing her tact and talent to aid in making her efforts successful. Her gifts are eagerly utilized by the various societies, clubs, etc., of which she is a member. She is Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington, and being a good parliamentarian, presides with grace and ability. So much I give you of the Bacoons, whose names have long been familiar to liberals of all tints.

We cast anchor at their fine home in Washington, complying with a previous invitation, and were very happy during our brief stay at the capital.

The attraction of the week was the convention of the N. S. A., which is an annual event of unusual weight to all Spiritualists. We did not go as delegates, nor with the intention of taking a hand in working the machinery of the organization. That it has been, and is, in competent hands is evident from the magnificent results achieved.

On our table, where we wrote, are papers and letters from all parts of the world for Spiritualism and its special reforms, seems to have rooted everywhere, and we are in touch with its army of public workers, and its aggregation of hungry-souled truth-seekers, for whom our Spiritual papers so ably spread their wings, literary feast, inviting all to banquet royally, for hardly living prices. They are doing a stupendous work, and are the lights in the watchtowers of Progression.

The pathetic ending of some of our "Light-keepers" is sad indeed, as it tells of care and weariness too heavy to be borne. Within a few weeks Mr. H. L. Green and Mrs. H. L. Green, who have given the world The Free Thinkers Magazine for many years, laid down the burden and their souls mysteriously made their exit from the watch-tower which they illuminated so long. Mr. Fred G. Tuttle, in the prime of life, found the burden too heavy for his unweary hands. He left a note telling his friends the gate through which he should pass to the immortal land, unlocked the door of death and departed, mourned by thousands of friends.

Mr. Tuttle is employed as editor-at-large by the Association, and felt, as did I, an interest in meeting the representatives of the various societies, many of whom were correspondents and purchasers of our books. They all seem as personal friends. The convention was in full swing before we arrived.

The president, Harrison D. Barrett, who has been buffeting the waves of sorrow, and consequent ill health, for the past year, was in his place as presiding officer, and a fine example of the mastery of mind over matter. Were he not upheld by the sympathy of thousands of friends and the angel helpers, we should expect a collapse at any time. He presided in his usual peerless manner, assisted now and then by Representative Sherman of Baltimore, an able lawyer and active politician. The Vice-President, Mr. Lockwood, was also at hand, and utilized as needed. The zeal of himself and wife was quite inspiring.

The Secretary, Mrs. Mary T. Longley, whose efficient work has been so long and crucially tested in various directions, connected with reforms, was on duty, looking like a demure little Quaker, but as efficient as a good commander of a war ship during an engagement. Her sister, Mrs. Carrie Hatch, of Boston, who looks enough like her to be her twin, was at her table rendering assistance, as was her very noticeable looking husband, Mr. J. B. Hatch, so

well known to Lyceumists all over the country.

Prof. C. Payson Longley, the author of so much beautiful music, and a most refined and cultured gentleman, was quietly gliding about, seen, but seldom heard, except through the rendition of his songs, selected from his fine collection, "Longley's Beautiful Songs," which is true to name and a useful book for societies and homes.

The Treasurer, Mr. Theodore J. Myers, through whose great benevolence and aid the association has come into possession of its fine property, is a remarkable presentation of all-round manhood. A fine physique, used by a well cultivated and spiritualized mind, makes a very satisfactory combination, which is highly appreciated by all who know him.

The members of the Executive Committee were fully alive, and crowded with business. Full of interest, zeal and what in slang would be expressed by "get up and git."

The delegates were a keen-looking lot of people and no job lot. They had been chosen with care and did their own thinking. Of course, they might go wrong, but it would not be after the fashion of a drove of sheep, tagging the bell-wether.

The missionaries, E. W. Sprague and wife and G. W. Kates and wife, were present, showing plainly they had been hard at work and deserved the appreciation of Spiritualists. The lives they live while touring seem about as hard to me as the life of a commercial "drummer."

One drums up trade, and the others drum for spiritual awakening, growth, action, some place to speak and people to hear; good anchorage and temporary homes where they will not be expected to tell the fortunes of their entertainers, block out the causers of all the children and give communications from all the dear dead relatives.

Missionary is an honorable calling, but a hard profession, although it may accomplish great good.

Looking about us in the spacious hall, we were very glad to see J. J. Morse, Mrs. Morse, and Miss Florence Morse, who were from Australia, who are to spend the winter in America before returning to their home in England. They were seen and heard, to their honor, during the convention.

There was Lyman C. Howe, smiling and responsive, after his long disability in vision; Moses Hill, whose courage and valor never forsake him, although he was somewhat ill, he made the most of his time to present the claims of the Morris Pratt Institute. Mrs. Russegué, who, although her name has changed since we first knew her as Nellie Palmer, still retains the same charming personality. Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran, the President of the Ohio State Association, who is full of zeal and push, and Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, who are among the most popular western lecturers; Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, from Scharfetter, of Baltimore, whose name is often seen in the columns of the Spiritual Progress; Carrie Tug, wife of the late John Tug, who was a fine speaker and actor to the point; Mrs. Clara Stewart, whose forcible speaking, always gains attention; Mr. and Mrs. Prudens, from Minnesota, very noticeable and strong workers; Jennie Leys, who is now Mrs. Edison, residing in Washington; John W. Ring of Texas, who has the Lyceum course in charge; Mrs. Johnson, daughter of Moses Hill, and teacher of elocution at the Morris Pratt Institute; Mr. Max Gentzke, who is editor of a German paper, and has been appointed by the N. S. A. German Missionary; Miss Margaret Gaule, who stands at the head of the long list of test transmitters, was smiling as ever, and full of the eye of her contagious humor. Mrs. Cadwallader was heard as well as seen whenever her interest was enlisted, and last but not least, Mrs. J. R. Francis, one of the most elegant and pleasing ladies in the assembly, was there, representing The Progressive Thinker, which was given away to all who wished a copy. Dr. Avarne, who was talked of as President in case Mr. Barrett declined reelection, was elected Vice-President, and made a very favorable impression on the assembly. There were scores of other interesting people, whose names, we regret, we cannot remember as well as we do their faces.

We like to think they are now working at home, or abroad, to diffuse the broad doctrines of our faith and dispense its consolation.

So much for the N. S. A. convention—a good deal—but it was a large affair, so large that our notes on places will have to wait for another issue.

EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not wined nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.—Martineau.

Justice is the constant desire and effort to render every man his due.—Justinian.

The Light Among the Hills.

A Charming Narrative.

Most Beautifully Suggestive is "The Light Among the Hills," by Mrs. I. L. Lewis, of Bethel, Vt. It is a narrative founded on facts alone, and every Spiritualist should read it.

(Continued from No. 734.)

For some time the two sat in deep thought. No sound broke the silence but the ticking of the clock and the buzzing of the flies in the sunshine outside the open door. Suddenly there came a muffled thud as of some object striking the floor. Both aunt and niece started and looked toward the old-fashioned print-covered lounge which was but a few feet from them.

"Where did it go to?" asked Martha, in surprise.

"Where did what go to? What did you see, child?"

"I saw a cat on the floor where the thud sounded."

"What sort of a looking cat was it?"

"It was white with gray spots on its head and back. It was very fat and it ran towards us a little and then it was gone. Where did it go to?"

"You saw just exactly what I saw, Martha, and I ask what you did, where did it go to?"

"We have no cat," said Martha, "and have not had for some time, and of course a neighbor's cat could not get in through these screens."

"Just as easily," said Mrs. Gray, "as it could have dissolved into sunlight the way this cat has done. We will not be foolish, Martha; we will acknowledge at once that it was not a real cat—at least not one of flesh and blood."

"Then what is it, auntie? What does it mean?"

"I don't know, my dear child. There are people in the world who would explain the matter scientifically, but you and I would be little wiser when they got through, and the fact would remain the same."

"Oh, auntie," said Martha, "I have known many strange things happen," and she narrated at some length many of the incidents we already have heard. Mrs. Gray listened very attentively and when Martha had finished, she said: "I, too, have seen and heard some strange things. I remember when I was about your age, Martha, that one evening I was all alone at home with my cousin Alice. My brother, your father, was to be somewhere ill, he made the most of his time to present the claims of the Morris Pratt Institute. Mrs. Russegué, who, although her name has changed since we first knew her as Nellie Palmer, still retains the same charming personality. Mrs. Carrie Firth Curran, the President of the Ohio State Association, who is full of zeal and push, and Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, who are among the most popular western lecturers; Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, from Scharfetter, of Baltimore, whose name is often seen in the columns of the Spiritual Progress; Carrie Tug, wife of the late John Tug, who was a fine speaker and actor to the point; Mrs. Clara Stewart, whose forcible speaking, always gains attention; Mr. and Mrs. Prudens, from Minnesota, very noticeable and strong workers; Jennie Leys, who is now Mrs. Edison, residing in Washington; John W. Ring of Texas, who has the Lyceum course in charge; Mrs. Johnson, daughter of Moses Hill, and teacher of elocution at the Morris Pratt Institute; Mr. Max Gentzke, who is editor of a German paper, and has been appointed by the N. S. A. German Missionary; Miss Margaret Gaule, who stands at the head of the long list of test transmitters, was smiling as ever, and full of the eye of her contagious humor. Mrs. Cadwallader was heard as well as seen whenever her interest was enlisted, and last but not least, Mrs. J. R. Francis, one of the most elegant and pleasing ladies in the assembly, was there, representing The Progressive Thinker, which was given away to all who wished a copy. Dr. Avarne, who was talked of as President in case Mr. Barrett declined reelection, was elected Vice-President, and made a very favorable impression on the assembly. There were scores of other interesting people, whose names, we regret, we cannot remember as well as we do their faces."

"Some time after that I awoke one night just as the clock struck twelve. I was alone in a room of the sitting room, and my room door was open. A full moon was pouring its light through the unshaded windows, making the sitting room almost as bright as day. Suddenly I heard the door between the hall and the sitting room open and shut. I distinctly heard the knob was turned. Then I heard the sound of footsteps and they were heavy and slow like those of an aged person. The steps passed the entire length of the sitting room, but all

though I watched intently I could see no living thing. Then the door into the kitchen opened and shut, and all was still.

"I don't know but it runs in our family to see and hear inexplicable things. I heard my grandmother say that she was sitting by the window one night when the rest of the family started for meeting. Looking out shortly after they had gone she saw a light sitting in the road in front of the house. She said to herself, 'I would not have thought they would have gone and left that lantern burning there when there is such a good moon. She was going to go out and bring the lantern in when it suddenly rose several feet from the ground and slowly and without visible means traveled across the road, the garden, a field, a yard and up to a house where it disappeared at the window of a room where a little grandchild slept. Shortly afterward the child died. Of course, grandmother thought the light was a warning, but of warning or not there must be some explanation for such facts, for facts they are. A person may treat such incidents with contempt and cry 'nonsense!' superstition! but such language explains nothing, and to a thinking mind it is worse than foolish."

"Of all the strange experiences I ever had, the strangest happened when I was a young girl. A girl friend of mine—Lucy Moore was her name—gave a party which I attended. Lucy's parents were quite wealthy and lived in a large, well-furnished house. Among the guests assembled at the party was a young German and a girl from an adjoining town whom I had never seen. Late in the evening it happened that these two and myself were left alone in the room. The windows were looking down upon the garden, and the room was brilliantly lighted by a large hanging lamp. There was a small figure of a man on the floor, and there was the ordinary furniture to be found in a small sitting room. There were two doors opening out of the room; one into the hall and the other into the garden. The young man and woman looked at each other and then the young man put out a restraining hand and with a white face he arose and walked to where the strange object was. He caught made the knob was turned. Then I heard the sound of footsteps and they were heavy and slow like those of an aged person. The steps passed the entire length of the sitting room, but all

the young man and I followed her gaze, and as we looked the door of the lamp lit was a coffin. It was of average size and perfect in every detail as any I ever saw. Miss Daley became violently agitated and began to sob. I started to rise, but the young man put out a restraining hand and with a white face he arose and walked to where the strange object was. He caught made the knob was turned. Then I heard the sound of footsteps and they were heavy and slow like those of an aged person. The steps passed the entire length of the sitting room, but all

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rang for refreshments and some of the young people came trooping in, and all were gay but me.

"We went down stairs with the rest, but we could not eat. Before I went, however, I found the German and said, 'What did you see in that coffin?' His face grew set and white. 'Do not ask—I will not tell you,' was his only answer. The next day a boy friend came running in with the news of Miss Daley's death. When she and her brother had got about half way home from the place of the party, their horse became frightened at something, and in spite of all Mr. Daley's efforts, ran the carriage off a steep bank, hurling its occupants to the ground. Mr. Daley was not very much injured and he instantly rushed up to his sister and bent over her. She spoke just two words and died; the words were 'The coffin.' Mr. Daley and all to whom he told his story wondered greatly at the strange words, but to me and one other they were no mystery. Nothing ever made a greater impression upon my mind than this incident, but if I should tell the story to a stranger he would quite likely think me either a liar or crazy."

"I cannot think that our experiences are solitary. My own sense tells me that there must be many in the world who have heard and seen things as mysterious as you and I have, Martha."

Here the conversation was interrupted by Mr. Weston's return, and the following morning Mrs. Gray departed for her own home, and it was not till the next spring that Martha saw her aunt again, and then she could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes. Coming home from a visit to Mrs. Brown one beautiful day in April, Martha was surprised to find Mrs. Gray standing upon the rough stone doorstep waiting for her with outstretched hands. Martha threw her arms around her aunt's neck and looked wonderingly into the smiling face bent over hers. Mrs. Gray laid aside her mourning and she looked ten years younger than when Martha had last seen her; in fact, she was her old happy self again, just as Martha remembered her before death had robbed her of her only child. Once during the evening Mrs. Weston found time to say to her daughter: "I don't see what's come over you, Martha; you are laughing and joking just as she used to before her boy died. I should think she'd forgotten pretty quick after the way she took on last fall. I'd like to know what she took off her mourning so quick for. I don't think much of it—wastin' all them good clothes."

That evening after the family had retired at the usual early hour Mrs. Gray rapped at Martha's door and said: "I have come to see if I may share your bed, for I have many things to say to you."

Martha bade her aunt welcome and Mrs. Gray continued: "I can see that you are surprised at my changed appearance, for you remember how I was nearly wild with grief the last time you saw me. One day I thought I had reached myself into a coffin, and the next day I half believed and wholly feared the Bible was true. After I left you I went home, but I could not endure the desolation. I was really afraid my mind would give way under the strain. 'Work, hard work,' I said to myself, 'is the best cure for trouble.' Acting upon this sentiment I obtained, as you know, a situation in a shop in Glendon. As good luck, fate, providence—whatever it may be—would have it, I found the right woman for a room mate. Now, before I go any farther with my story, I want you to tell me if you have had any more queer happenings?"

"Oh, yes," said Martha. "The first of them happened just a few days after

you went away. I went out toward night to spread some clothes upon the grass. When I came in, mother asked me what girl was out there with me. I told her there was no one with me. At that mother turned upon me furiously, and told me that if I lied to her she would knock me down. She said that she saw the girl, and she looked just like me, and she ordered me to tell her who it was. I saw that there was something wrong somewhere, and I dreaded to speak, but of course I had to, and there was no way only to tell the truth, let what might happen, so I said that I did not see any girl with me; that I supposed I was alone. I don't know what would have happened if father had not stepped in just then. It seemed that he had been listening to what we said, and he told mother that she probably had something over her eyes and saw double. She was pretty wroth at that, and said several things, but father told me to come and help him drive in the calves, and I went out with him and that ended it. After the calves were in father and I sat down on the corn stalks and talked quite a while. Father said: 'There is something very queer going on. You remember how I asked you one morning what girl was here the evening before?' I had not forgotten but I gave it no thought.

"Well, father said that that particular evening he saw Charlie and me come into the house, and Charlie was carrying the light—we had been out hunting for something—and I came closely behind Charlie and right after me came another girl who looked just like me, only her dress was darker and shorter, and her hair hung down her back, and I had mine pinned up.

"When I told him that there had been no girl with me that evening, he was greatly surprised, and went and questioned Charlie, and found that he had seen no girl but me. Father and I talked for some time, and he said that if he believed in the immortality of the soul he should believe that spirits did sometimes return, but it would not answer to make such a remark before mother. I don't remember that we saw anything more of the kind until one day last winter Charlie came running in, with big eyes and a good deal excited. As he was coming through the garden gate he saw me, as he thought, standing by the shed door. He said he was bending over and seemed to be looking for something upon the ground. Just as he came up to me I stopped my starch and went into the shed before him, and when I got to the middle of the room I vanished—one instant I was there in plain sight and the next I was gone! He rushed up to the kitchen door and then he opened, and there I stood at the table making bread for supper. We talked and talked, but nothing more or less could we make out of it. The next thing of the sort that happened was several months later. I was up stairs sewing, and did not go down all the afternoon. Cousin Millie was visiting me and she said Charlie had been out doors and when they were returning they saw me as they thought, standing in the shed door, and I had one hand resting upon the casing and was looking at them. They said the sun shone full upon me and they saw me as plainly as they ever did. They both spoke to me and Charlie asked me several questions and they said I looked at them but did not say a word, which they thought very queer, and after a little while I turned and went into the shed but they did not see what became of me. I would never have known anything about it, only Charlie was so offended because I did not answer his questions that he took me to task for my offense and so the facts came out. This is all, I think."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT DEBATE

Between Rev. Frank Evans, Methodist, and Prof. Eckles, Spiritualist.

To the Editor:—It is about thirty years ago that the great four days' debate took place at Eddyville, Iowa, between Rev. Frank Evans, Methodist, and Prof. Eckles, Spiritualist. I attended the entire session. Both were giants in the pulpit. In one of his speeches Mr. Evans made the charge that Spiritualists are atheists. In ringing tones and most challenging manner he said:

"Now ladies and gentlemen, I assert that my opponent and all Spiritualists are bold, cold-blooded atheists. They do not believe in God. They deny that God exists. If Mr. Eckles disputes this charge, then I insist that in his very next speech he tells us what kind of a God the Spiritualists believe in. I insist that he define 'the Spiritualist's God.'"

The orthodox people in the audience cheered at this challenge with vigorous hand-clapping and stamping of feet. When Prof. Eckles took the floor he said:

"My friends, Brother Evans asserts that Spiritualists are atheists. Now I deny that. It is true we do not believe that such a God exists as does Brother Evans, but because we do not accept his idea of a jealous, revengeful, changeful and short-sighted God, it does not follow that we do not believe in any deity at all. My honorable opponent insists that I shall define the God the Spiritualists believe exists. That I cannot do. The finite mind cannot measure and fully define the infinite. The best I can do will be to say that the Spiritualist believes that God is life, all life; that he is the sum total of all that is powerful, all that is lovely, all that is wise, all that is just, all that is beautiful, all that is good. He is omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, from everlasting to everlasting. He includes all that exists from the centre of the universe (if there be any centre) to the outermost bounds of the universe, if there be any such limitations. God is in all things—all things. Every atom that exists, visible and invisible, is a part of him, and he could not be infinite if this were not so. God is both spirit and matter. God is life, and all things are alive. There is no death; that which seems such is transition—is change. The boundless universe, from molecule or grain of sand to the blazing sun; from the center of earth to the core of the universe, is throbbing, pulsating with life, with intelligence, with God. Now, my friends, this is the best I can do in an attempt to define the God of the Spiritualist. Having done the best I could, I now, in turn, ask that Brother Evans shall define the orthodox God. But as I shall give him a good deal of work to do during this debate, I shall help him along a little. I will read from his holy and infallible book a description of the Methodist God."

Here Prof. Eckles took up the Bible, and read to the audience the account given in the Old Testament, where God wrestled with Jacob "from the setting of the sun till the break of day, and could not prevail against Jacob until he touched him in the hollow of his thigh, and then did overcome the patriarch, and did prevail against him."

"Now," shouted Eckles, "here is the Bible description of Brother Evans' God. What do you think of this Methodist Deity who will wrestle all night with a man, and is not

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ECHOES OF THE SYMPOSIUM

LYMAN C. HOWE.

MRS. FLORENCE HUNTLEY.

The Great Psychological Crime

A Comparison of Views and the Reasons Therefor.

Lyman C. Howe, the veteran Spiritualist Lecturer and Medium, a man well and favorably known as one of the foremost thinkers and writers in our ranks, will Champion the Cause of Truth as reflected in Spiritualism, while Mrs. Florence Huntley, the well-known Author and Journalist, will defend all the statements in "The Great Psychological Crime," which Mr. Howe will dare to assail, making a series of articles instructive, suggestive and inspiring, and which every Spiritualist should most carefully read.

MRS. FLORENCE HUNTLEY REPLIES TO LYMAN C. HOWE.

Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.—My Dear Sir—Your letter of the series was awaiting me on my return from Fremont, Ohio, where the remainder of my family, consisting now of one brother, one sister and myself, met to lay away the earthly body of our oldest brother.

As an incident of this experience and the large accumulation of work during my absence, I find it impossible to comply with the request of Mr. Francis to "write an answer soon." I will do the best I can, however, under the circumstances, and endeavor to save time by condensing my reply as much as possible.

If I have seemed to you unduly anxious to bring our correspondence to the specific subject of the book under discussion, it is because I have understood from the start that this was the one and only subject before us. And because of my inability to make the connection between your letters and the subject matter of the book clear in my own mind, I have hesitated lest I should anticipate you or misunderstand your intentions.

I want to be sure that I understand you, and then I want to agree with you as far as possible. But if I fail to catch your intent at any point I hope you will not hesitate to set me straight so that we may waste as little time and valuable space as possible.

Your last letter, if I understand you, seems to raise one or two vital questions to which I will address myself directly.

1. From your own "translations of nature" you "infer" that the assumption of a Destructive Principle in Individual Life is a dream of the mystic. In other words, you hold that there is no such thing in nature as a Destructive Principle in Individual Life. That is to say, all is Constructive, according to your view of nature and individual life.

After expressing this conviction you say, "If it should turn out that the 'crime' as he has alleged, nor any other for that matter."

Up to the present time, however, I do not understand that it has so "turned out." The question before us, therefore, is what are we to do in the mean time?

Those of our readers who have also read the book, I believe, will be able to note the fact that in the matter of "dependence" you have been talking of one thing and the author of quite another. If I have understood you correctly, the same is true in regard to the "Destructive Principle in Individual Life." Here again, you are considering the matter from the standpoint of ULTIMATE conditions, while the author is not.

Chapters I, and II in Part III, of the book cover this subject very fully and explicitly. I regret that I cannot quote them here, for they make clear the fact (which is apparent all through the book), that the author is NOT considering ULTIMATES. He makes it clear in at least a dozen places throughout the book that he does not assume to know anything of the ultimate destiny of the soul. That, as he says more than once, is "the unsolved problem." Even what he terms "The Second Death," or "Spiritual Death" is not held by him to mean necessarily a total extinction of the individual as an intelligent entity.

But there is something in nature which causes an acorn to sprout and the tree to develop and grow to its seeming maturity. This the author calls "The Constructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life." What do you call it? There is also something in nature which causes the same tree, in due course of time, to decay, die, disintegrate and disappear as an individual entity. The author names this "The Destructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life." What do you call it?

The same is true of animals and men. The causes which result in their individual development and growth the author names "The Constructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life." But animals and men also, in course of time, go down to death and their physical bodies disintegrate. The principle which is back of this process the author names "The Destructive Principle of Nature in Individual Life." You will note the phrase "In Individual Life." It has a special significance in its connection.

I do not understand that you intend to deny the fact that trees decay, die, disintegrate and actually disappear from our sight as individual organic entities. But if I have understood you correctly, you call this a "Constructive" process.

You watch the acorn sprout and the tree grow and you agree with the author that this is a "Constructive" process in nature. You watch the same tree and you see it decay, die, disintegrate and finally disappear as an individual physical entity. You call this also a "Constructive" process. The author calls it "Destructive," so far as the individual tree is concerned. Which is correct?

You watch the infant man develop, grow and mature into a splendid physical organic entity, and you agree with the author that the process involved is "Constructive." You see the same strong, mature man stricken with disease. He begins to waste away. Here is something else. It is a process of some kind working havoc in his organism. You call it DESTRUCTIVE. The author who stands by and watches the same process, calls it DESTRUCTIVE. Which is correct?

You continue to watch this undoing and disintegrating process until it ends in what we term physical death. And still you name it "Constructive." And still the author calls it "Destructive." And still the question—Which is correct?

Once more, observe the man who becomes addicted to the habit of drink. I have no doubt that you have many times in your life noted the results. You observe that his flesh becomes swollen and inflamed with a consuming alcoholic fire, his mind begins to fail, his moral sense is paralyzed, and at last he becomes a wreck, physically, mentally and morally. The author stands by and sees the same thing and, looking at it as it appears to him and the great practical simple-minded world, he says, "This is what I call an expression of THE DESTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLE OF NATURE IN INDIVIDUAL LIFE."

But you, with your mind fixed upon the unknown and seemingly unknown, in the ULTIMATE of things, insist that in the final summing up of all things it may, perhaps, "turn out" that this was only an illusion in the great scheme of "evolution," a mere trick of the senses, and that possibly it may not be what it seems.

In all this it appears that you have both been watching the same process. You have both had the same data before you. You have both been thinking upon the same general subject. And still the author says "Destructive" while you say "Constructive." Why is this? Is it not merely because your minds have been occupied with different phases or aspects of the same subject? It seems to me so.

From all that is contained in your letter it appears to me that you are considering only that phase of the subject which has to do with ultimate possibilities which are unknown alike to both you and the author. As to this phase of the subject there can be no possible disagreement between you and him, and consequently no basis for argument or dispute.

The author frankly admits that he does not know anything about ultimates nor ULTIMATE POSSIBILITIES. He seems to me to make it as clear as it is possible for language to express it, that he is considering only those phases of the subject which lie THIS SIDE of ultimates, or ultimate possibilities.

I recall, Mr. Evans, Mr. Griffin, Mr. Dawbarn, and one or two others who contributed to the symposium raise this same point, but it is clear to my mind that they have missed the author's intention, just as I am sure you have done. The author does not claim to know anything about the ultimate destiny of the soul of man, or what he has named "The Unsolved Problem," but he has never found anyone who does really know what may or may not be within the bounds of "Ultimate Possibilities."

He does claim, however, to KNOW that the intelligent soul of man lives on after the body has died, and that physical death is only a change of state, even in that realm of finer things the same principle (or its analogy) which he has termed "Destructive" and which you prefer to call "Constructive," appears to operate.

HE STATES AS A FACT, THAT THOSE WHO DISREARD OR DEFEY THE WILL OF INDIVIDUAL LIFE IN THAT REALM, AS IN THIS, GO DOWN UNDER SEEMINGLY THAT SAME PRINCIPLE OF NATURE TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE ANOTHER "DEATH." He calls this retrograde movement, or the principle back of it, "DESTRUCTIVE IN INDIVIDUAL LIFE." If I have understood the import of your words you say it is "CONSTRUCTIVE."

To my way of thinking, the author's terminology is the better one. It seems to me to be much more consistent with the facts of nature and the language with which we are familiar. Webster defines the word "Destruction" to mean "Demolition; the breaking up of a whole into parts; a pulling down; ruin; devastation; disintegration," etc.

His definition of the word "Principle" is "A source, or origin; that from which anything proceeds," etc.

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His definition of the word "Principle" is "A source, or origin; that from which anything proceeds," etc.

These two words taken together form the term "Destructive Principle," and they seem to define very accurately, and specifically that which the author is talking about in the book.

But I find no definition of the word "Construction" which would seem to warrant its use to express a principle or process which tears down, devastates, ruins, or disintegrates. In truth, all its definition seem to mean the exact reverse of these.

2. I think you have very aptly and concisely stated the author's position, that, "Individual sovereignty and independent, free moral agency, is the normal condition of the human soul." Do you know many men on this point?

You have correctly quoted his definition of hypnotism. Following this you say that in accordance with its limitations it seems to you "that all cases and conditions in which the active will of one or more persons reaches, impresses, and controls the will and voluntary powers of another, are hypnotic."

The author certainly holds that whenever and wherever the active will of one person "CONTROLS" the "will, voluntary powers and sensory organs" of another person the process is hypnotic, and that to the degree only that such CONTROL is exercised is the process hypnotic or subjective.

But you say it seems legitimate to inquire "Where is the limit?" In reply, it seems to me that the author's definition fully and specifically answers your inquiry.

But you further ask, "If the effects do not at once appeal either to the observer or the subject, who can decide when or where the hypnotic process begins?" It would appear to me quite as pertinent to ask the same question with reference to a dose of poison. Its effects are not apparent to anyone in the beginning.

But I can scarcely believe you would hold because of this fact alone that IT WAS NOT POISON. Neither do I see any good basis for concluding that the poisonous process did not actually have a beginning point, even though no one were able to trace the hypnotic action of a second at which that beginning occurred. Neither does it appear to me that with your intelligence you would, on this account, hold that the process was "Constructive," or especially healthful.

In fact, I can see no logical relation between the premise and any of the foregoing conclusions. And yet, your conclusions as to the hypnotic process appear to me to be identical in point of logic.

Let us take another instance by which to illustrate the full meaning of your logic on this point. A criminal is condemned to die by electrocution. The electrical machinery is adjusted and the current turned on by machinery in such a manner that no one, not even the victim, is able to observe the exact instant when this occurs. Nevertheless, in course of time it makes its impression, produces its outward manifestations, and ends in the criminal's death.

Now, if your logic be sound, it would appear to me we should have to conclude in this case that it was not electricity that killed him, and in fact that there was no electricity used at all. Why? Because we cannot determine by internal conditions nor outward manifestations the exact instant, or point of time, when it began to affect its victim.

This, if I understand, is the point you make against the author's position on the subject of hypnotism. I have to confess that it does not seem to me to be well taken. For if so, then according to the same logic we should have to deny our own existence, as well as the existence of everything else in the universe.

In the case of the criminal above referred to, neither you nor I would expect the attending physician to certify that death was the result of paresis or smallpox. But if he should do so, it would seem to me that we should have to for you to prove his error, by calling his attention to the fact that both paresis and smallpox are diseases so insidious in their inception that no man can tell the exact instant when they begin. But if for this reason we must reject these two diseases, then for the same reason we must reject all other diseases and causes.

True, we might go back to those "causes which may be traced to antecedents, circumstances, temperament, structure," etc., to which you have referred in your former letter, and insist that it was these that killed him. Possibly, in accordance with a certain rational cosmogony, this may be true. But it is safe to say this would not satisfy the attending physician nor the coroner's jury, nor any other person who is fully acquainted with the facts.

And here again we come back to the author's position. He would answer all your questions which concern this subject, by saying that it is not a question of DEGREE at all which he has raised, BUT ONE OF PROCESS.

He holds that hypnotism involves a certain definite and specific PROCESS. It is a process which in just so far as it operates deprives the individual of the use of his own faculties, capacities and powers.

In the merchandising transaction to which you refer, the appeal is at all times to the REASON of the purchaser. You yourself have stated that you are ready to welcome any truth which appeals to you along these lines. But hypnotism does not do so. It goes directly at those powers, which sustain reason.

Again let me repeat that, as in the case of poison, it is a PROCESS that does the damage and not the degree of influence upon the mind, nor the point of beginning that is the vital thing of interest.

You hold that it is the DESIRE that is controlled in the mediocrity process, and not the WILL. You cite your own experience to prove your point. On its face it sounds well, but it seems to me to be only a play on words, after all. You consented to lie down upon your back. But you did not rise until your WILL was paralyzed. But if you say, you will be dependent on desire, and your controls paralyze your desire, do they not thereby paralyze that upon which your WILL depends? They finally reach your WILL which is the power upon which you depended to set the physical machinery in motion. It does not seem to me to be a matter of degree, but a matter of kind, whether they have to paralyze your desire first before they can paralyze your will, so long as they finally get your will into their power, and do it by a subjective, hypnotic process.

There may be a fine metaphysical point in your contention as to precedence, but if so, it seems to me to be one which is more likely to confuse our audience than to enlighten them.

You say that you did not understand that you were expected to refute anything in the book unless you found something to refute. Nor did I, but in your first letter you stated that you had found what appeared to you to be a number of errors, or words to the effect, and I inferred from this that you had really found something to refute.

But if, after a more careful reading, you are unable to find anything in the book which you feel ought to be refuted, then as I understand, our task is finished, and it is proper for us to shake hands across the bloodless chasm, and return to the privacy of our respective daily avocations.

There are many suggestions and a number of direct questions in your letter which I should like to respond to. But space will not permit.

Before I close, however, let me say that I am glad to feel that I have misunderstood your own reference to the "Inductive" process.

In what I said concerning the attitude of Mrs. Richmond, I did not intend to convey the idea that "all Spiritualists"

accept whatever comes through her or other mediums, as true. In truth, I know that the more independent thinkers do not do so.

But the point I make is that if what she or her control says concerning the author, be true, then there is not the slightest basis for Spiritualism to rest upon. For even if her control should say his name is Lincoln, or John Brown, or Inglesoll, is there any way by which the public may be able to verify the statement? In other words, the "authorship" is still "unknown." It is still "concealed," and in fact "hiding behind a woman."

In conclusion, it just occurs to me that if in reality you are unable to see any fundamental difference between sickness and health, between life and death, between truth and falsehood, between construction and destruction, in the sense the author has used these words, then there is truly nothing for us to discuss.

But I believe that there is a common-sense accepted sense in which all words have their own specific meanings, and convey different ideas to the mind. In his book the author makes it clear that he has endeavored to simplify his language to the point where it can be understood by all who read it.

The whole tenor and effect of your letter seems to me to be to fix in the minds of our readers the impression that there is no such thing as personal responsibility. If you succeed in doing this you will have wiped from their lives the very basis of all morality.

As I have said before, it seems to me the author's position is simple and plain. His whole work proceeds from the basis of "Individual Responsibility." At no point does he attempt to evade or obscure it. He holds it up in such unqualified terms that it would seem to be impossible to misunderstand him.

If we are to discuss "The Great Psychological Crime," should we not try to get at its real purpose? The book was written with a definite purpose in view, namely, TO SHOW THAT ANY PROCESS WHICH DEPRIVES A MAN OF HIS OWN NATURAL AND INALIENABLE FACULTIES, CAPACITIES AND ATTRIBUTES, STRIKES AT THE VERY BASIS OF HIS MORAL NATURE, HIS PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The book shows that both hypnotism and subjective mediumship do this thing. The author therefore claims that the subjective, psychic process upon which they depend, is destructive to individual well-being and to the moral status.

Do you have issue with him? If so, on what point?

With cordial good wishes, I remain, Sincerely yours, FLORENCE HUNTLEY.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

His Work Is Delayed by Severe Sickness.

I was called to Ellipticville to commemorate the emancipation of a dear soul—Mrs. Polly Vaughan—whose earthly pilgrimage began September 6, 1811. She died at the age of 92 years, in the valley of time 92 years as we measure, and given eleven children to this world, all of them superior specimens of the higher humanity, of whom Mrs. John French, with whom she lived and died, is one.

Spiritualism lighted her way for forty years, and she was a soul to the last, as it was to Mr. and Mrs. French in whose home the services were held. It was a sweet, sacred time when we took leave of the silent shadow which reflected so much of a noble and useful life. She was sister of the late Beale L. Litchfield, known and loved as an author, public speaker, Spiritualist, and rare many qualities. Though a trance medium for many years, he lived nearly 80 years, a splendid type of intellectual manhood, and the highest morality. Mediumship did not demoralize him nor impair his clear physical health. I have known him over forty years. Mrs. Vaughan was the wife of the family of eleven children, her husband, Miller Vaughan, to whom she was married in 1832, passed on before her in 1870. From him she has often had messages which cheered and blessed her.

Returning from Ellipticville, I halted in Buffalo, dined at the hospitable home of Mrs. D. Matteson, found her, as usual, too busy with the book to have time to eat, but never too busy to welcome her friends. I was pleasantly surprised to meet Dr. B. F. Austin and his two splendid daughters there, and share a few moments of thought exchange. The "Doctor" looks hale and handsome, and as usual, the light of Spiritualism is in his eyes. I called on Mr. Atcheson, the medium and teacher, and found her, as usual, busy with sitters for spiritual comfort and instruction, but who always has a smile of welcome to her many friends. A call at my nephew's—my brother's son—finished my visits in Buffalo; but I stayed long enough in the windy city to leave the book to the care of its age, and as a result a cold that blocked my body and brain, and delayed my answer to Mrs. Huntley several days longer. When the molecules of the brain and blood are all in a quarrel, and crowding each other out of their normal rhythm, it is about as difficult to think consecutively or reason consistently, or write intelligently, as if a hypnotist had his tongue on one's tongue and brain, and was squeezing the normal individuality into sausage meat for a devotional fry. Mrs. Howe being imitative, soon caught my example, and outdid her pattern in answering, snuffing, coughing and sneezing; and she got to a critical point about the time I began to believe like a saint. She is still at it, but I hope has passed the danger line, though she is still very feeble.

If I wanted to scare people out of their sins by preaching hell, I would assure them it is a very cold place, where blizzards are normal, and storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.

A few days after my return from Ellipticville I had a pleasant visit from Dr. Abram James, who honors Fredonia by his presence as a citizen. He is about 76, and remarkably well preserved, and his mind, clear and forceful, notwithstanding he has been blind over forty years, and much of that time in daily practice, of his spiritual gifts. As proof of his intellectual clearness, he spoke in high terms of The Progressive Thinker.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

INDUCE

Your Neighbor to Subscribe for The Progressive Thinker.

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"Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus" By Elizabeth Towne. Valuable for health. Price 25 cents.

Christmas Is of Pagan Origin.

This day, so universally recognized throughout the world, is now regarded by many learned men as being of Pagan origin. Whether so or not, the two following poems will be read with interest, and in connection therewith we wish all our readers a "Merry Christmas," with no attending pains.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;

When, what to my wandering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!"

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all—

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As I drew in my head and was turning to sleep,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eyes and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

—Clement Clark Moore.

"After Her Death." The Story of a Summer." By Lillian Whiting. No mind that loves spiritual thought can fail to be fascinated with this book. Beautiful spiritual thought, combining advanced ideas on the finer and ethereal phases of Spiritualism, leading the mind onward into the purer atmosphere of exalted spiritual truth. A book for the higher life. For sale at this office. Price, cloth, \$1.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

He fought for his home and country in the cause he thought was right,
Young and brave at the call he sprang to bear his share in the fight.

In many a bloody battle he stood where the form flag tossed,
For a strong belief and a principle he fought, in the cause that lost.

Crippled and old and weary he came to my door to-day.
The fire of his eyes was dimmed by age, he was bent and broken and gray.

Only a worn-out soldier too feeble for working now,
So his grateful country turned him out with a pleasant smile and bow.

We have only use for the soldier with a name and fame to carve
These worn-out hulks—what matters whether they eat or starve?

They served, and their use is over. Better be dead and gone.
Why couldn't they have the grace to die? They weary us, living on.

For this is the Christmas season—we've worlds of work in view,
Presents to buy for a host of friends we must do as our neighbors do.

And the calls are many and heavy on mind and patience and purse,
However it pinch we must make gifts better than theirs, not worse.

So we have no use for the soldier, and he can't come in to the fire;
He's wet, unshaven, and most unclean, his shoes are covered with mire.

And he tells us the same old story of why he was formed to roam,
Trying to earn an honest meal on his way to the soldiers' home.

Something is wanting somewhere. There's surely something amiss
He "trusts in God!" Oh, wondrous faith, in a derelict like this!

Only a worn-out soldier with seventy years on his head.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all through the house
Every soul was abed, and as still as a mouse;

Excellent Christmas Present.

To the Editor—I send you \$5.15 for renewal of your valuable paper. I subscribe for some of my friends. I think it is the best Christmas Present that I can make. It will be beneficial to them the year round. I know the paper and book will interest them. I hope that all Spiritualist that can possibly do so will do likewise—send The Progressive Thinker and some books to their friends for Christmas. It is the best work we can do for our glorious cause for truth and Spiritualism.

J. B. CHRISNEY,
Chrisney, Ind.

The Progressive Thinker.

Published every Saturday at 40 Loomis St.

J. R. FRANCOIS, Editor and Publisher.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1903.

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All books advertised in the columns of

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at this office. Bear this in mind.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large for the National Spirit-

ualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to an-

swer all attacks in the secular or relig-

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A Novel Idea of Religion.

A learned author of fifty years ago,

who published many books on physi-

ology, hygiene, anthropology, etc., had

views quite out of the ordinary on religion.

We venture to quote for the dele-

tation of the critical. He said:

"Religion, or the combined passions of

faith, hope, reverence, and conscien-

tiousness, is often in a state of disease.

We have no mad-house without its ma-

nacles from religion. Of complex senti-

ment the modes of disease are varied.

Great efforts are made in revivals,

camp-meetings, and on many other oc-

casions, to excite this feeling; and we

often see its morbid manifestations.

These are, at times, reflected upon the

body, producing strange convulsions,

swoonings, paroxysms and ecstasies. In

its mild form it is enthusiasm; in its se-

vere, fanaticism; in its repulsive, it is

bigotry. This disease is often acute,

and commonly epidemic. It is also

clearly contagious. It spreads like

small-pox or measles, through a commu-

nity; disappears for a long time, and

then comes back again. It is probably

kept alive by chronic cases. As in

other epidemic and contagious diseases,

some are easier to take than others,

some are not susceptible, and most

have it but once in their lives; there are

some, however, who suffer from repeat-

ed attacks.

This is as genuine a disease as I

shall have occasion to describe, and its

effects are of a deplorable character,

moral and physical. It may be treated

by awakening other passions; by occu-

pation; and especially by the cultivation

of science and the remaining powers.

Women are more liable to it than men,

and youth more than persons of mature

age; the ignorant, also, much more

than the educated; and those who have

few thoughts, occupations, and enjoy-

ments, more than those who have many."

Smoot!

Dr. Bristol, Methodist preacher, and

known to fame as "McKinley's min-

ister," is made to the core at the possi-

bility of Senator Smoot's taking the place

to which he was elected by a great

state. All the ministers are opposed to

Smoot, and the women, under the insti-

gation of their ministers, are sending up

petitions miles in length, and hounding

their congressmen with letters they

never read.

What is it all for? What does it

mean? Why do the ministers take such

interest in the seating of a senator? Is

it not because they believe that the

church should be first and the law unto

this land?

Polygamy as an issue is dead, and

Utah is a state because her laws do not

permit that institution. It has not been

proven that Senator Smoot is a polyga-

mist. Yet "McKinley's minister" ex-

SPIRIT POWER MANIFESTED.

SPOOK IN A GRAND PIANO.

Mishawaka, Ind.—The mysterious ma-nipulations of the keys of the piano have caused consternation and alarm in the home of T. J. Cook of this city. About ten days ago, at 6:35 o'clock in the morning, the members of the Cook family were startled to hear the scales being run in the instrument while they were in the adjoining room. Invest-igation revealed that no one was at the piano, and the music ceased. Every morning since, at exactly the same hour, the weird sounds are heard, al-though there have been several people in the room who hoped by their pres-ence to silence the invisible player. The instrument has been carefully ex-aminated, every piece of the mechan-ism is in perfect condition.

A MYSTERIOUS MIRROR.

Bowdoinham, Me.—Many people, both of this town and in other places, are greatly interested in a mirror hang- ing in the home of Robert War-ren. It is in the room where Mr. War-ren's wife died. Mr. Warren is 78 years old, and until recently has never ob-served the strange phenomena which have appeared in this mirror. In the center of the glass, it is said, a man's head shows distinctly. In the left cor-ner, it is declared, a hand is seen, the fingers showing plainly and point-ing downward, and near the large head has appeared a smaller one, the face look-ing outward. The eyes seem to follow one about the room. Sometimes the

TWO DIFFERENT PERSONALITIES.

A JEKYL AND HYDE LIFE.

While She Was Changed in Nature by Drugs She Made War Upon Her Own Character—Wrote to Her Pastor As-sailing Himself—Mailed Letters to Himself, and Was Enraged Upon Re-ceiving Them.

The Tabernacle Baptist Church at a special meeting at Utica, N. Y., de- cided to withdraw the name of Mrs. Martha Owens, a prominent, prom- ising communicant. The action was unanimous and taken without comment. Last spring the minister of the church received an anonymous letter attack- ing the character of Mrs. Owens, and demanding an investigation. A few days later Mrs. Owens called upon her pastor for advice. She had received a defaming letter, she said, and was as- tonished when told that the minister, too, had received such a letter. She implored the pastor to investigate, naming a woman whom she suspected. The letters continued to arrive, and Mrs. Owens became more and more en- raged, engaging the aid of the church deacons.

Recently Mrs. Owens was called to the office of the District Attorney and questioned very closely about the let- ters. She was required to write from dictation a duplicate of one of the let- ters she had received. The letters and her copy looked different, but a New York handwriting expert pronounced

A Prophetic Mourning Dove.

Fiend, the pet mourning dove of Dr. Roch R. Gareau, 238 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Mich., (says the Journal of the) died of old age, died Friday just at midnight, of old age. The doctor did everything he could to prolong the life of Fiend, and made her last hours com- fortable by placing her in a little bed made out of his seashell cap, where he strove to tempt her appetite with moist bread crumbs and other deli- cacies craved by sick birds.

At the present time Fiend's emaciat- ed remains repose in a wreath of bright- colored flowers, placed beneath a glass cover on the center table in the doc- tor's parlor, while heaped around her are dozens of little eggs she laid, bear- ing the dates on which they were laid, and hand-painted designs of all descrip- tions.

According to a certificate owned by Dr. Gareau, Fiend was hatched Decem- ber 23, 1878, at Montreal. By certain mysterious signs, peculiar to mourning doves, and readily interpreted by the doctor, she has warned him of the death of nine family relatives and twelve friends, and has predicted the death of relatives, so that her master formed an attachment for the bird that was truly touching.

"I made the statement some time ago that Fiend was the oldest mourning bird in existence," said Dr. Gareau dur- ing the mourning. "An article published in the Journal at that time made quite a stir in the scientific world, and was

translated into French and published in the French Courier, New York. I have also had considerable correspondence re- sulting from it, and no student can be found who has not read of a mourning dove who ever lived beyond the age of 12 years. I had hoped to keep Fiend alive to celebrate her 25th birthday.

On the day of her death the bird made 99 respirations a minute, 59 above the normal number and I counted 29 heart beats a minute instead of the usual 120. I think her longevity is mostly due to her excellent care. I have taken of her feet, for most birds die of disease of the feet. She has had as good care all these years as a child.

"Some of my acquaintances have bought mourning doves, but they will find that these birds will not be prophe- cies. One must get a pair of them and the prophet bird must be hatched in the house of the family, to be of any serv- ice."

"In studying this bird for a quarter of a century night and day, I have ascer- tained that when a mourning dove warns of death, it cuckoos once and falls to the bottom of the cage as if dead. In case of sickness it cuckoos twice, and in case of death it cuckoos three times and shakes its wings, and joy- ous news is heralded by one soft, metallic cuckoo, followed by three others of the same duration. This may sound like a fairy story, but it is all true, for no one has ever studied the mourning dove more thoroughly than I have, and no one was ever more interested in her, for she was the Master's chosen bird."

Bright Lad of Sixteen.

Lad of Sixteen Who Claims Spiritual- istic Powers, Successfully Treating People Suffering From Lingering Dis- eases—Writes Prescriptions Like a Professional—Knows Nothing of Medi- cine, But Compounds Herbs With Skill and a Minute's of Detail.

Brussels, Dec. 12.—Miraculous cures are said to be performed by a lad of 16 named Edward Firsch, who lives with his parents and two brothers in the hamlet of Chevillon. Three years ago the boy became a Spiritualistic medium, and since then he has been treat- ing people suffering from serious ling- ering diseases from all parts of the coun- try. He has become the leader of a large and enthusiastic group.

Firsch is an intelligent, healthy-look- ing boy with dark, dreamy eyes. He works with his father, who is a marble mason. During his leisure time he studies languages. He says he receives constant communications from spirits, sometimes from as many as fourteen consecutively. The most important of these is the spirit of deceased Serbian doctor named Cyrius, who dictates pre-

scriptions of herbs which the inhabit- ants say perform astounding cures. Many of the herbs used are not known in Belgium, and have to be procured abroad. The boy knows nothing of medi- cine, but the prescriptions are drawn up as by a professional hand and are given in minute detail.

Firsch writes spirit messages in French and very excellent care I have taken of her feet, for most birds die of disease of the feet. She has had as good care all these years as a child.

"Some of my acquaintances have bought mourning doves, but they will find that these birds will not be prophe- cies. One must get a pair of them and the prophet bird must be hatched in the house of the family, to be of any serv- ice."

smaller head looks like that of a young girl, it is said, and at other times like an old man, it is said. Beneath the two small eyes, which are deeply outlined, which portray an old wood road. Mr. Warren was a Spiritualist in belief, and through her last illness she thought she saw and heard strange things. She was a painter, and those who believe in Spiritualism think she is causing these shadowy apparitions to come on the old glass. At first Mr. Warren was fright- ened by these strange visitations, but now he sits contentedly watching to see if they can be messages sent him from the spirit land by his wife.

APPARITION SEEN.

South Bend, Ind.—About a year ago a man named Ritter, living in Bremen, Ind., committed suicide in the court- house here by taking carbolic acid just before he was recalled to the witness stand. Previously he had been so con- fused that he possibly feared serious consequences.

Yesterday two women sightseers en- tered the grand jury room, where Rit- ter breathed his last, but fled hysterical- ly, screaming that they had heard groans and shrill cries from an appar- ition which they saw lying on a table in the room.

Shortly afterward came information that Mrs. Ritter had died in Bremen at the exact moment that the two women had suffered their scare.

While the courthouse attaches are not given to superstition, as a rule, the alleged occurrence is not without effect.

them the product of the same hand.

At first Mrs. Owens denied the intima- tion that she was the author of the let- ters. Later, with the air of one who had awakened from a dream, she gave the Church Board an explanation, which resulted in the erasure of her name from the church books. She told the minister and the deacons that she had been addicted at times to the use of opium with peccan and sulphate of potash, and that after taking the mixture she had usually lost the use of her senses and lived another life. On some occasions, she said, she has the hallucination that she is her own enemy—or rather, that she is some one else who has a grudge against the woman she is when her mental condition is not altered by drugs. Her theory is that she wrote the letters while in that unnatural con- dition and had recovered her senses when they arrived by mail. She says that she did not remember having ever seen any of the letters before receiv- ing them.

There seems to be no doubt in the minds of the church heads, the District Attorney, the handwriting expert nor the woman herself that she was her own enemy—that she is a Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde.

Certain drugs are known to evolve sensitiveness to that extent that spirit control follows, and such may have been the case in this particular in- stance. But mediumship induced by drugs is always injurious, in many cases leading to obsession and insanity.

Notice to Ohio Spiritualists.

I wish to express through your most valuable paper that the Ohio Spiritu- alist Association is ready to do mission- ary work wherever called, and is desir- ous to correspond with all societies in Ohio.

I am forming a circuit and the mis- sionaries expect to start out the first of January, and wish to assist all so- cieties that desire their services, at a very little expense to the local socie- ties; this offer is for two months, and by that time we will know whether the plan is practical and will prove a suc- cess.

Let me hear at once so I may have the route formed by January 1. I also wish to announce the O. S. A. conven- tion will convene in Columbus, Ohio, Board of Trade Building, May 27, 28, and 29, 1904. The West Side Spiritual Church has furnished said building.

Mr. J. C. Hemminger, Cleveland, Ohio, has resigned his office as secretary of the Ohio Spiritualist Association, and Mr. R. C. Baird, of Elyria, Ohio, has been duly elected secretary for the O. S. A. for the remaining part of the year. Mr. Baird will be pleased to furnish any information pertaining to his office and is in hopes to become better acquainted with Ohio Spiritualists. The address is Mr. R. C. Baird, Elyria, Ohio. He is also president of the Progressive Spirit- ualist Society, Elyria, Ohio. The notice of the liberal offer in The Progressive Thinker and the value of that paper, not only does Brother Baird urge the audi- ence to subscribe for the paper, but has same on board and also premiums and prizes; it would be well for other so- cieties to follow their example.

MRS. CARRIE CURRAN, President O. S. A.
123 Indiana avenue, Toledo, Ohio.

RESOURCES OF THE PAPACY.

An Enemy to Progress, It Has An Amount of Money to Carry On Its Ne- farious Work.

Prior to the loss of the temporal pow- ers of the popedom, the papal states had an independent budget. The pope, be- sides other revenues, enjoyed a civil list of \$800,000. When Victor Emmanuel, however, took possession of Rome in 1870, and the states of the church were abolished, a perpetual allowance—rep- resented by the interest on a capital amounting to \$14,000,000—was appro- priated for the papacy and was added to Italy's national debt.

The Vatican, as it is known, has never recognized the abolition of the pope's temporal power, and therefore has never accepted the allowance. Its an- nual expenditure of about \$1,750,000 has to be defrayed from other sources. It is interesting to note the various items of the expenditure. About \$125,000 is required for the cardinals and the diplo- matic agencies abroad; \$625,000 for the upkeep of the Vatican and its annex, li- braries and museums; \$375,000 for charitable purposes and subsidies to Catholic schools in Rome; \$75,000 for bounties and presents, and \$250,000 for sundry objects. To these expenses must be added the maintenance of the small papal army, which is 600 men strong.

As to the revenues of the Vatican, they are mainly derived from the "Pa- trimonium Petri" and the "Peters Pence"—two sources of revenue from one another. The former is constituted by the yields of gilt-edged investments and properties belonging to the Vatican, be- sides the dues for dispensations, notab- ly in connection with marriages.

"Peter's Pence" is a voluntary tribute to Catholic Christendom. In the 19th century it amounted to \$1,000,000, and was appropriated for the papacy and was added to Italy's national debt.

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Is Spiritualism a Fraud?
Reply to Rev. J. M. Fields.

Editor Journal Gazette:—The report of the sermon of Rev. J. M. Fields against Spiritualism, filled four col- umns. I cannot expect you to grant that much space for reply, and content my- self with a small part thereof. Conse- quently I can take up only the most sal- ient points, and if in these my conten- tion is proven, the dependent proposi- tions go with them.

He begins with quotations from the Bible, wherein it is forbidden to the Is- raelites when they occupied the Prom- ised Land, to follow after the customs, or in any way worship the gods of the people they dispossessed. "And when they shall say unto you, seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter. Should not a people seek unto their God?"

This he applies to Spiritualism, but cannot the most obtuse see that the cases are as different as light and dark- ness? The Israelites were constantly running after strange gods, and they were cautioned beforehand that when they reached the Promised Land this practice must cease, and they must not consult soothsayers or diviners, or give themselves to idolatrous practices.

They might do this through their priests, and there is not a word said about spirits of departed friends, or Spiritualism as it is at present under- stood.

He Admits the Facts.

Rev. Fields admits the fundamental facts on which Spiritualism is based: "That there is world of spirits as well as of mortals, I trust we all believe. Most heartily do I agree with those who call themselves Spiritualists, in the doc- trine of the existence of spirit as dis- tinct from matter. The Bible abounds

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

This department is under the management of

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin, Heights, Ohio.

NOTE.—The Questions and Answers have called forth such a host of respondents, that to give all equal prominence to the answers to be made in the most condensed form, and often clearness is perhaps sacrificed to this forced brevity. Proofs have to be omitted, and the style becomes thereby as terse, which of all things is to be deprecated. Correspondents often weary with waiting for the appearance of their questions and answers in the department. The supply of matter is always several weeks ahead of the space given, and hence there is unavoidable delay. Every one has to wait his time and place, and all are treated with equal favor.

NOTICE.—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while we give every opportunity to answer, it is not possible to do so. Hudson Tuttle.

Publican: Q. What is the present salary of the two chaplains of Congress? A. Nine hundred dollars a year each. There is a movement on foot to increase this allowance, which is thought too trifling for the work done. The chaplains every morning open the sessions of the senate and house, respectively, with prayer. During the time when Congress is not in session they have nothing to do, and during the sessions they are fifteen minutes in prayer to offer. That is all. Seventy-five dollars a month is paid for the service. The chaplains are not remarkable for talent; they are given the place because they are failures in everything else. If prayer is of any benefit, there is no better of men in this country who stand in greater need of it than the United States Senate—harrying the House. If prayer will help to infuse honesty of purpose or stimulate statesmanship, or in the least draw the attention of the Almighty in aid of right and justice, \$900 is a pitiable sum, and the cost of a worship would be a bagatelle. Two chaplains! There should be a dozen, and a prayer go up before every vote!

But have the prayers of the chaplains been known to have been useful or to have accomplished anything? Never in a single instance. Can a member of either house remember a sentence of any prayer offered during a session? Not one. Has a vote ever been gained by a just cause; a wrong righted; a bribe turned aside, by a prayer? In not one instance. The salary will be increased, for never an official asked for increase but it has been granted. By the people? Oh, no, they have nothing to say about it.

And yet this chaplain business, in civil service, in the army and navy, is in direct antagonism to the claim that our government is free from the church. The employment of chaplains is a senseless custom handed down from the time when the church and state were united, and the church was superior to the king or the general.

Protestant: Q. Can a child be led to take the veil in a Catholic convent, against her parents' wishes? How many convents are there in the United States?

A. This correspondent thinks that while this was possible in the past, it would not be sustained by law, nor demanded by the church. He forgets that the church is infallible, that is, never changes in its purposes. The veil is being constantly taken and advice or consent of those outside is not asked. The Catholic institutions are everywhere the same and hence the following sad story of a recent occurrence, given by a correspondent of a metropolitan paper is to this point:

"Popular indignation and excitement had been aroused by what was known as the Uloa case. A young woman named Uloa, who was heiress to several millions of money, had been placed in a convent during her childhood by her mother, but when she became of age and it seemed advisable for her to return to the world and marry, the nuns refused to release her. The mother appealed to her priest and a bishop, who sustained the case, and the case was taken into the courts, which decided that the young woman, having reached the years of discretion, should have the privilege of deciding whether she should remain in the convent or return to her home. The mother was not allowed to communicate with her, and when she was brought into court, accompanied by the bishop and the superior of the convent, she declared it to be her wish and intention to remain in the convent, take the veil and give her property to the sisterhood."

There is no crime on the calendar more diabolical than this. A young girl hypnotized by her mother, who should protect her, and brought to believe her only way to heaven was by taking the veil, giving herself to Jesus, and her money to the church!

This is in Spain, made a nation of brigands and beggars by priestcraft! In America, according to Sadler's Catholic Directory, there are of convents of all orders between 1,200 and 1,300. Some are in the heart of cities, others in the remote isolation of the country. It is difficult to arrive at the number of attendants in these institutions, for this is purposely withheld. There is one, however, given in full, the "Mother House of the Sisters of Charity," which has 921 professed, 10 postulants, 120 novices, or 1051 in all. Taking this as an average in 1,300 such establishments there would be one million, three hundred thousand and more of these "sisters," cut off from the world, and held behind locked and guarded doors and impenetrable walls.

Thirteen hundred women are in the United States, where women are enjoined into taking the veil, and sacrificing friends, affection, love, everything the heart holds dear and sacred. And

MR. AND MRS. E. W. SPRAGUE.

They are doing a most excellent work for Spiritualism, and meet the approbation of all. Their labors carry them among all classes, and they always uncomplainingly adapt themselves to circumstances. They are certainly accomplishing much for the good of our Cause.

Messages from spirit land came over spiritual wires, through spirit telephones to Medium Sprague, who related them to the people who attended his seance in Eureka Hall last night.

"You are borrowing trouble by worrying so," came the advice to a gray-haired, anxious-looking little woman from her mother beyond the grave, and the little woman nodded her head affirmatively, as though recognizing the wisdom of the advice, but she looked as though she would go on worrying just the same.

Another woman recognized the summons of a new-born child used to patronize, and still another her sister. There were other messages given until the medium announced that the seance was over, and dismissed the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, who are both noted mediums, arrived in the city Saturday and appeared at Eureka Hall Sunday night and last night. It had been the intention to give a series of lectures during the month, but Mr. Sprague announced last night that he could not remain after to-morrow, and that the closing meeting would be held this evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bright, 711 East Wayne street. This meeting will be for members of the society, or those who have signed their intention of joining. The Fort Wayne Spiritualists' society, which was formerly large, has practically disintegrated, and it is the intention to reorganize to-night.

Mr. Sprague, who is a very interesting speaker, gave a lecture on Spiritualism, and it had been announced that Mrs. Sprague would give a number of "lectures." When the lecture was over Dr. D. B. Cary announced Mrs. Sprague, but her husband said that she was suffering from a toothache and he would have to take her place in interpreting the messages from the spirits. "I hear a voice saying 'Charlie,' and I seem to be drawn to this side of the room," and the medium, after a moment's pause, pointed to an old man who sat near the wall. "Do you know the name?" he asked. The old man nodded, and the medium went on:

"He is a young man. He is standing beside you. I think he went to the other world when he was very young, but he developed. He is your son, is he not?" and the old man nodded again. "Now there is another spirit beside you," continued Mr. Sprague. She is old, rather under middle size. Do you know her?"

The old gentleman did not recognize the description. "She has a message for you," said the medium, who then recognized the shade as the spirit of the old man's mother, and recited an improvised poem, dictated by the spiritual visitor. My son's occurred several times and the poem was full of good cheer and hope.

"I see a little child walking down the aisle," came next from the platform. "It walks over to that lady back there," pointing out a gray-haired woman near the rear. She looked puzzled and said she did not know of any child relative in the other world.

"Now, woman, stands beside you. She lifts the child onto your lap. Now she pats your cheek and calls 'sister.' 'Yes, that's my sister,' said the woman addressed, her face brightening, and it's her baby."

"I hear a voice saying something like 'Daddy,' said the medium. No one responded. "You know how the wires get crossed when you are talking over a telephone," said Mr. Sprague. "Maybe the spirit telephone wires are crossed. Anyway, I can't make anything out of it."

"I see a lady very much emaciated, with a face like wax," said the medium, pointing to a young woman in the front row. The woman addressed could not recognize her caller, although the medium gave a full description, and even said the spirit was unable to utter a sound, and had gone from earth because of an affection of the lungs. Reaching spirit recognition failed, and then the medium discovered a boy spirit by the young woman's side. "And I hear the word 'Willie,'" he said.

"Why, that's little Willie, the newsboy, who used to belong to our circle," said the young woman. "That's it, exactly," exclaimed the medium. "Another man, apparently the husband of the woman on whose lap the spirit child had been seated, recognized the shade of his brother in the description the medium gave of an appearance beside him. Then the medium had the vision of a battle-field. He described a body of troops in a strip of woodland, facing a heavy fire. 'I see you there, like the others, dodging from tree to tree and firing ahead,' he said, pointing to the man he had addressed last.

"It looks like a skirmish. But now you close up your ranks and go right into battle. You are fighting on foot, with troops, but another close to your rear. You retreat, but hold your own all the way. Now I see a body of cavalry coming from this direction, crossing a stream, and you beat your foes back, although they are four to one. I hear the cannon roar and the musketry rattle. Do you recognize the scene? Were you a soldier?"

"I was," replied the tall, gray-haired man he had addressed his remarks to. "It was our fight at Buck Creek, and I recognize it all."

"Now, there is a tall, soldierly-looking man with an officer's uniform, beside you. He is six feet tall and a head taller than you are. He has a sword on his shoulder and points to his wound, and says, 'My boy, I carried this to my grave.'"

These institutions recognize no law but the will of the priests. No one outside knows or can know how many are held against their will, in a slavery of body and soul as degrading as pitiable. No one outside knows of the horrible crimes the blind walls conceal. There is not a legislative body in the United States that dares to enact a just law, which shall compel these institutions to open their doors to public inspection.

grave. Do you recognize him?" "Yes," said the veteran, "I recognize the man you see. He was shot before Atlanta."

"He was wounded in the side," said the medium, and the veteran affirmed the vision. This ended the tests, but the medium, still under control, said he would interpret a poem on any subject that might be suggested, preferring to receive the title from a skeptic. Col. John Scott took rank with the unbelievers by suggesting "What is a soul?" while two others called out "Truth" and "Love," and Mr. Sprague recited a lengthy poem, based on the words of the Scriptures, which he said was a series of contradictions, although it was full of beautiful truths and sentiments. "If we could detach all that is obscene, false and wicked in the book from all that is good and true and pure and beautiful, we could all accept it. It teaches Spiritualism, pure and simple. It tells how Abraham conversed with spirits, and how an angel appeared to Hagar in the desert, how Abraham, who had ruined her, drove her forth into the desert with her child to starve. Christ was transfigured on the mountain and talked with Moses and Elias. All the old prophets and seers were nothing more or less than mediums. Why, then, do mediums transfigure and his body surrounded with a bright halo. The Bible tells us how the great medium, Jesus Christ, walked on the water. Well, I've seen a medium lifted from the floor and wafted through the air by unseen hands. Christ was a medium. Why would he not be supported on the water?"

"All great religions," Mr. Sprague said, "were founded by mediums like John Wesley. The trouble with them all is that, like the Methodists, as they get wealthy they drift away from the truth."—*Pt. Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

WHOLLY INNOCENT.

J. G. Hinderer, an Excellent Medium, Shows the Utter Falsity of the Charges Made Against Him.

The Logansport (Ind.) Reporter of Nov. 20 says: "J. G. Hinderer, for a number of years one of the best known Spiritualist mediums in Indiana, was arrested last night at Anderson and locked up. 'He will be taken before an insanity board. Hinderer has been seeking queer for more than a year. He has had trouble with his family and especially his daughters, all of whom have left home. He was out with a revolver yesterday and wanted to kill his wife. He went from saloon to saloon and drank heavily during the afternoon. He dropped his gun in one of the saloons and there said that he was after his brother. The police were notified and he was locked up.'"

To the Editor:—I was handed a clipping from The Progressive Thinker, which you copied from the Logansport (Ind.) Reporter, published Nov. 20, 1908,—that I was arrested and locked up, and to be taken before an insanity board. I had trouble with my family, and especially my daughters, and that I was out with a revolver to kill my brother, and went from one saloon to the other, etc. Please publish this with the attached signature of the mayor of Anderson and myself.

J. G. Hinderer, brand the copy attached hereto, and I am a Spiritualist and medium. I want many friends throughout the United States to know that there is no truth in the article. The very best of feeling and friendship exists between me and my family, and especially my daughters. Witness my signature and sworn to this 15th day of December, 1908, before the mayor of the city of Anderson, Madison county, state of Indiana.

J. G. HINDERER.

The article above referred to is erroneous as to J. G. Hinderer being arrested and tried for insanity. His brother J. D. Hinderer, was arrested for carrying concealed weapons, and pleaded not guilty in mayor's court. The question of his sanity was raised, and I ordered him examined. The commission found that he was sane, and he afterwards appeared before me and pleaded guilty to the charge of carrying concealed weapons and was fined therefor, and his fine was paid. J. G. Hinderer has never, to my knowledge, been considered insane.

JNO. L. FORKNER,

Mayor of Anderson, Ind.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in Michigan. Mrs. Richmond made a flying trip to Michigan, leaving Chicago Sunday evening, the 6th, and returning Sunday morning the 13th, in time for her regular service of the Church of the Soul.

Mrs. Richmond gave two public addresses in Michigan, and officiated at the funeral services of two pioneer Spiritualists in Owosso.

The people seem hungry everywhere for spiritual food, and Mrs. Richmond was received with delight and appreciation by the audiences that greeted her. The following brief notices are from the Daily Argus of Owosso, Dec. 16. The audience at Chesaning was very enthusiastic.

"A large audience greeted Rev. Cora L. V. Richmond at A. O. U. hall last evening."

Her address upon "The New Psychic Era" was a masterpiece of accurately arranged facts, outlining psychic periods, progress, evolution, the advent of Modern Spiritualism, a comprehensive outline of the truths underlying spiritual philosophy and psychic laws, and an interesting description of the religious beliefs as expressed by representatives of great religions in 1893 at Chicago, at which gathering Mrs. Richmond was a distinguished worker.

"From start to finish the lecture was deeply interesting and greatly appreciated. An effort is being made to secure Mrs. Richmond at a future date. To-night she addressed the people of Chesaning at the Spiritual hall."

"Invisible Helpers." By O. V. Leadbeater, the noted Theosophist lecturer and writer. Very interesting. Price 55 cents. For sale at this office.

THE HAND OF THE DEAD

A brooding silence reigned over the vast plain of sand and scrub. The great masses of purple sand dunes stretched across the country like a giant wall battered by Titans, rose as a barrier along the horizon as if to stay prying man from entering upon the mysterious land which lay beyond a land once the home of countless Indians, Spaniards and Mexicans.

The Of Caliche cried like a yellow serpent, crept through the yellow clay banks on the valley, the valley, overshadowed here and there by the dense willows.

As one traversed the silent land the monotony was broken by now and then a Mexican appearing mysteriously from the brush, or a coyote howling in the sage brush which bordered the trail. Light-footed as an Indian, a mongrel later he would vanish, and you would become conscious of another at your side.

In the pure air which fanned the cheeks with a tender caress was an exhilarating drive, the care and weariness of life and flooded the soul with a sense of joy and strength, until it cried involuntarily praises to the Power which had given us life in a land where all seemed given over to death.

A small party of tourists was congregated on the porch of an adobe castle within a stone's throw of the famous Ojo Caliente.

Among these was a wise old Professor, who knew the history of the cliff dwellers and their antecedents; he knew their modes of living and where they buried their dead.

He pointed out many interesting places about them, to two women of the party, he aroused the curiosity of the older, and she asked that she might accompany him on his next visit to the ancient burying-ground.

The next morning found the party ready for a long tramp over the rocky foothills. An hour later, gasping for breath, the party stood about Professor Deans as he related the history of a once large city teeming with human beings, busy tilling the soil, bartering, employed in the industries of their time, and bound by their established customs and laws.

He turned suddenly pictured laughing, happy children romping about her in spirit form. She felt their warm kisses on her pale cheek and brow—yes, even today with her beautiful tulle hair, as if they were strands of bright-colored ribbon to be used for a May-pole decoration in the city of the future. She was alone here, in where they met and held council of war and peace, the learned man was saying. "Now I will show you where they buried their dead."

He led the way to a western slope of the mesa and with the assistance of two Mexicans he began excavating a grave. The two women stepped themselves near the mouth of fresh earth, while the men stood in a group in the background. Not a word was spoken; the click-click of the spade rang out more audible as it struck the small boulders imbedded in the rich black soil. A harsh metallic sound grated on the ears of the two women.

A startled cry came from their lips as they beheld the well-preserved skull of a human being laid toward the Professor's feet. An earthen jar was lifted from the head of the grave and placed near the women, that they might see its beauty and its workmanship. Within it there came a gust of wind—perhaps the stroke of an unseen hand, and the jar lay crumpled to dust at their feet.

The Professor, disappointed, deplored this misfortune, as he had wished to take the beautiful specimen to a museum of ethnology. In unexciting tones he described the skeleton of a little babe came in sight. It had been laid away to sleep in its father's arms, and now each frame was shattered and strewn about as the Professor selected pieces here and there to be taken as souvenirs of the day.

Helen Turner's relic was a bone of the forehead, which she took to her room. Helen tried to avoid touching what she must carry home, or give unpardonable offense to the learned man. Rosa Lee, her companion, to whom had been given a similar token, laughed at the involuntary shudder that ran over the frame of Helen.

Shutting her lips firmly and clasping the dead man's arm tightly, Helen felt as if she were feeling with her over the vast space to regions beyond. She scarcely knew how she made the home-ward trip. Hastily she washed her hands, vowed she would never touch the relic again. The thought haunted her through the day, and when night came she crept into bed feeling brand with the blood of the unknown dead. In vain she courted sleep; her brow was feverish; her hands numb; about the heart hung a fear that chilled her as it died.

At last the tired eyelids closed over the balls of fire. How long she slept she never knew. The old-fashioned fireplace was lit up in a brilliant hue of carmine as the embers of the pitch pine died away in shrouds of gray. The room was bathed in a mist of hazy red gray light in which bones shone whiter than a spearhead.

Upon these her eyes fell as she suddenly rose to a sitting posture, as an indefinable and unreasonable terror shook her from her sleep. To her straining ears came a sound as of heavy breathing, broken at intervals by a brief cessation or a long-drawn sigh. With the force of her will she strove to restrain the mad impulse to shriek to leap from her bed, to fly from the dreadful presence which seemed to hang over her. By a supreme effort she calmed herself sufficiently to reason. It was her room-mate, she told herself; but no, impossible. Or some half-dressed Mexican, who had sought shelter on the porch, but the sound was in the room!

Dimmer grew the misty haze in the room. Grasping her friend by the shoulder, she fairly shook her as she called her to listen. Rosa Lee, amused at her friend's fear of the room, and then comforted herself by saying that she was not alone, but that she was alone more to sleep, with the drowsy advice that Helen do likewise. Thinking that the day's excitement had unbalanced her, she tried to do.

Again she was fast asleep. Slowly a large, bony, white hand slipped over her head, and she felt a man's hand bent over her. Now he picked up one of the long braids of hair and tenderly laid it back on the pillow. Then he bent his face close over her own as if he were doubtful of who it was. As assured—a low knocking, chuckle rang out in the silent room. A small child came and stood by his side. He picked it up, held it over her face. The baby's lips met her own. A deep moan, a sobbing sigh of the babe brought Helen back to earth. With a spring she bounded into the middle of the room, determined to ascertain the cause of the knocking. The room seemed to vibrate with "moans" and sighs as she desperately sought for a lamp and match. With a light secured, calm reason asserted itself and her

bravery returned. A moment sufficed to show that there was nothing unusual in the room.

Helen stood and listened. Surely no sound was heard now. She swept her hand across the clammy brow as if she doubted her sanity. Her friend chuckled. Helen surely heard it again.

In vain she besought Rosa to go with her to see if anyone was on the porch. "It is there, Helen," Rosa ventured.

"Listen, there it is, again," cried Helen, in despair. Summoning courage and strength, she opened the door and peered out onto the porch. The moon in all its glory came from behind a huge fleecy cloud and made all as bright as day. Nothing was there. Closing the door, she now stood as marble. Clearly before her came the skeleton hand from the corner. Slowly it arose from the valise and pointed to the direction of its ancient resting place and vanished. Silently she sought her bed, leaving the light burning, to lie awake until the gray glimmer of breaking day came through the windows.

The early morning found Helen stealing forth from the case with the bones secreted in a valise hurrying to the mesa to return that which belonged to the troubled spirits. She returned home with her soul at peace with the hand of the dead.

COLORADO COLUMBINE.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

When I removed to this wonderful city about a year ago, it was with the hope of making some converts to the sublime teachings, as all good Spiritualists will do, wherever they may go. And as I have found quite a good many old-time Spiritualists, and still more interested that could be won by us, if we organized, I think it really time to make an effort to bring this about, as all our people here are ignorant on that point. But we need a good speaker and medium to help us accomplish this. If once organized I have no doubt that this city could be made another burg of Spiritualism, as we find them all over the other states, with several hundred members. As it is at present, we are overrun by fake clairvoyants, planists and other humbugs generally, who reap a bountiful harvest. One of them, calling himself "the only real clairvoyant living," only recently defrauded one of his clients.

Our home circle has strengthened us since the belief in the immortality of mankind, and convinced some doubters, through my instrumentality, as imperfect as my mediumship is as yet. Oklahoma City is one of the liveliest communities in this country at present; being only fourteen years old, it has grown from 10,000 to 30,000 population since the last census, making rapid advances every day. They are a wide awake people here generally, having come from every part of our country, and any able lecturer stopping off will not only be not disappointed, but find an attentive audience. So please let some good medium consider this matter and give us assistance. It seems to me that this territory is unfortunately neglected by our workers. Where is Brother T. W. Woodrow located? I would also like to correspond with him, as his home is not far from here. Address me at No. 516 Pottawatomie street, Oklahoma City.

FRANK ANLAUF.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

The Great Psychological Crime, and the Arcana of Spiritualism.

By special effort The Progressive Thinker has broken the record in calling the attention of its readers to "The Great Psychological Crime." It has probably awakened a more widespread interest on the part of the general reader, and more controversy on the part of its critics than any other work published for a generation of years.

Though personally recognizing its ability in the presentation of its views, and the candid spirit manifested throughout its pages, I nevertheless hold that many of its opinions, when not assumptions, and many of its conclusions, when not deductions, are unwarranted by many accepted facts of an opposite character—are erroneous.

That it is the most seriously studied attack on mediumship that has yet appeared, is conceded by many of the most experienced, intelligent and self-respecting mediums and writers among us. I am constrained to hold that the effect of the book on the average reader, unaccustomed to discriminate between the strength of assertions as against known facts to the contrary, between the weight of evidence adduced and its incomplete conclusions, that the effect of the work, as a whole, is sadly at variance with the true knowledge of the principles of comprehensive psychology, and a stumbling-block to spiritual progress.

The question, however, is not as to what is my opinion. That is of little consequence to any one except myself. But I want to call attention, in this connection, to the fact that some time ago the respected Editor of The Progressive Thinker, W. M. Forster, M. D., Hudson Tuttle, from whom no one has written more fully and instructively, covering the whole field of psychic phenomena—announced to the reading public, that as one of his first scientific works, "The Arcana of Spiritualism," published, I believe, in 1880, had been out of print for several years, that he would issue a revised edition, provided a sufficient number of subscribers indicated a desire for a copy. As this work, which received several European translations, relates very largely and wisely to the fundamental principles involved in the discussion of the matter which forms the bulk of The Great Psychological Crime, the public interested in the subject could do no greater service to themselves and others, than to call just now for the reprint of this philosophical exposition of psychic science. It would prove a valuable antidote to the bane found in this anonymous Psychological Crime. Let there be no more demand for it.

GEORGE A. BACON.

Washington, D. C.

"WAKE THEM UP AGAIN!" To the Editor:—I have a strong admiration for the good you are doing for humanity through your admirable paper. The symposium and subsequent numbers to date are just calculated to startle some of our sleepy heads into taking a LITTLE THINKING on their own account. W. M. FORSTER, M. D., 118 and 119 St. Ann's Building, San Francisco, Cal.

"Talmagean Insanities, Incongruities, Incoherencies and Inventions." By Rev. T. T. Dewitt and Rev. Frank Dewitt Talmage's oft-repeated attacks upon Spiritualism." By Moses Hull. For sale at this office. Price ten cents.

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

Items From the President of the State Spiritualist Association.

To the Editor:—I enclose a few items that, if space in your valuable paper will permit, I would like them printed. As my physician forbids me any company, this is the only way I can talk. Overstudy and overwork is assigned as the cause of the break-down, but time will remedy all that.

The societies throughout the state seem to have fully recovered from their summer vacation, and at present writing are showing good work. News comes from Seattle that the powers that be seem to show considerable reluctance in pushing the case against Mrs. Lole Prior. She, it will be remembered, refused to pay a license. Since she refused, other mediums have done likewise. We now await results that will decide whether we are to be considered as persons as a religious body, as our national and state charters claim, or as a body of fakirs, as many city ordinances claim.

The state board met in Tacoma at the residence of the President and transacted considerable business; among it was the appointing of standing committees for the ensuing year; also fixing the date (August) for camp-meeting. Last year the state purchased ten acres of land on Surprise Lake, about nine miles from Tacoma, on the Interurban, a line from Seattle to Tacoma. It is one of the most beautiful places for a camp in the state of Washington. For anyone desiring a summer outing, a more lovely place cannot be found in the northwest. Anyone desiring to get terms, apply to Mr. Julian Smith, who is chairman of that committee as well as state secretary. Mr. Geo. W. Head, 1915 1/2 First Avenue, Seattle, was appointed state reporter. We hope societies will note his appointment and send items to Brother Head for publication in the secular press.

Mrs. Margaret Tetzloff, Mackay, P. O., will receive all gifts in the way of bedding. This being a new camp we hope the friends will be generous, as bedding will be needed.

Mr. H. L. Klein, vice-president, met with quite a serious street car accident. We are glad to note his almost entire recovery.

The writer was taken sick about the 15th of October. I have not been out of my room since, and until this week have not been able to attend to any correspondence. I would ask that patience be exercised in my behalf for the doctors enjoin complete rest for three months; but will attend to correspondence as fast as health will permit.

MRS. FRANCES A. SHELTON.

911 South E Street, Tacoma, Wash.

PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.

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

Mrs. Ruth E. Sargent, of Rutland, Vt., passed to the higher life, Dec. 8, 1908, aged 75 years. She leaves two daughters and three sons to mourn her loss. Mrs. Sargent was a firm exponent of the beauties of Spiritualism. Services conducted by the Rev. Dr. Norman Seaver. LINUS E. SARGENT.

Johnnie Mahatma Ray first budded into life Feb. 4, 1898. His mind at once expanded like a full grown rose, seeking for the knowledge contained just across the threshold into which he entered on December 8, 1903, laying down that was mortal to continue his life immortal. He left those sweet imprints of a few happy days on the memory of his mother, father and two brothers, covering his happy presence by little kindness towards all his little friends and playmates. The twig was broken at his spring-time. E. L. R. Dunnellon, Fla.

Passed to the higher life, from his home in Owosso, Mich., James Frazer Yeats. Had he lived until Feb. 14, he would have been 77 years of age. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland; came to America when 12 years old. He has been a resident of Owosso fifty years; was an active business man and filled offices of public trust. He has been a consistent and earnest Spiritualist for nearly a half-century. The brief illness was home his spirit, hence could not mar the brightness of his kindly and well-prepared spirit.

Two sons and a daughter remain to

A Remarkable Doctor Book

HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED, ENTITLED

THE NATURE CURE

BY PHYSICAL AND MENTAL METHODS, ILLUSTRATED.

A Bridge from the Old to the New; the Dawn of a New Day in Medical Practice. A Clear, Short-Cut Treatise on the Cause and Cure of Disease.

By MARVIN E. CONGER, M.D.
Assisted by ROSA C. CONGER, M.D.



Nature Cure teaches how to heal by simple home remedies. It teaches how Nature cures. It does not endorse dangerous experiments with the surgeon's knife. It is entirely free from technical rubbish. It teaches how typhoid and other fevers may be cured at once. It teaches how pneumonia, la-grippe, diphtheria and other forms of disease considered dangerous, may be cured in twenty-four hours. It is, in a medical book for homes, the most up-to-date in every particular. There is no similar book, no medical, hygienic or reformatory doctor book that compares with THE NATURE CURE.

The light is turned on to objectionable medical mysteries, Latin prescriptions, dogmatic theories and dangerous experiments of the present expensive medical practice.

Every pains has been taken to make the leading points so plain that all, young and old, may easily understand. Condensed facts, short, clear paragraphs are some of the attractive features of THE NATURE CURE.

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"How can I span the distance between the two worlds?" you ask the one at this end of the journey which at last leads into that with a clear vision or the spirit forms so far of our loved ones gone before us into that mysterious strange somewhere. How shall I span the distance between the two worlds and know that the loved ones long gone from my sight and touch remember me here below? How can I open my blinded eyes that their faces I may once more behold? How unstop my ears that have grown so deaf, that their voices I may hear as of old? How shall I steady my trembling hands as they reach out into space, and know that the loved form I clasp so close is the same I embraced while on earth? The answer comes, quickly! Just trust and believe--ask not these questions with lips alone, but open the doors of your soul, doubt not, wait, and be still.

The above was given to me as a preface to an address that I was making a few years ago before the First Spiritual Society of Portland, Oregon, and came as I firmly believe from a dear one who had been in spirit life for many years, and they were brought to my remembrance after reading some of the earnest words as published in recent numbers of The Progressive Thinker, and are but the echo of thousands of earnest souls desiring absolute knowledge on this the most important subject that can positively engage the attention of the human mind.

I can deeply sympathize with the position taken and so earnestly maintained by Brother Jamieson, and I am glad to know that we are living in an age when two such earnest and able minds as he and Brother Swearingen can engage in such a controversy and manifest as they have, the spirit of brotherly love.

These letters written in the spirit that they are cannot help being beneficial to the cause of Spiritualism. As true Spiritualists we should be seekers after absolute knowledge, but I have found in my experience at least that I have never obtained very much knowledge on any question unless I had a goodly degree of faith and trust as the basic foundation upon which to work, and no class of people should have more faith and trust in the spiritual and unseen forces of being than those who are seeking to develop mediumship, or those who are seeking knowledge along these lines. But the facts are that out of the required laws of spirit manifestation, had the majority of those who are investigating the phenomena of spirit return. No greater truth was ever uttered than that spoken by the great teacher and psychic, nineteen hundred years ago, when he said: "Unless ye become as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of God"--expressed as the basic principle for the investigation and understanding of the spirit or divine law of being.

No one expects to accomplish anything with electricity without complying with the laws so far as understood of handling electricity; and yet there are thousands of persons like Brother Jamieson, who are seemingly anxious to ascertain the facts about spirit return,

and yet do not comply with the required conditions, or having complied with them, they are not able to create conditions that make it impossible for the manifestations to occur. I have a case in mind bearing on this point. I have a friend who at the present is holding a prominent diplomatic position abroad under our government, and who is a very strong and clear-headed man, who together with his wife took up the investigation of Spiritualism some years ago, and after a careful and thorough investigation through mediums of different phases of mediumship, they became convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt of the truth of being able to communicate with the dead, and passed on before but on the subject of materialization, were skeptical, and in talking the matter over on one occasion they each agreed with the other that the first one that passed to spirit life would return and let the remaining one know of the absolute fact, and they each agreed how they would appear, so as to make it impossible for any one to impersonate.

A few years later the wife was called to spirit life, and some months after her passing, the husband was called upon to make a trip east and he took advantage of the trip to visit each and every city that he could learn of in Boston, New York, Washington and other large cities, that he visited, but all to no purpose--there were plenty of what appeared to him to be genuine materializations, but no wife came. He therefore came to the conclusion that genuine materialization was not a fact.

On his return home he was led by a seemingly unknown power to stop off and visit an old schoolmate at some point in Indiana, who was strictly orthodox. While gathered about the hearthstone on the evening of his arrival, the friend told him of the wonderful things that were coming through the daughter of a neighbor, saying he had not been to see, but he had been informed by those who had, that those who had passed into spirit life came back so as to be recognized by those who knew them while in this life.

My friend at once became interested, and wanted to know when he could see this girl. "Why," said his friend, "it is not far, and you can go over and see her to-night if you wish." So the two went right over, and arranged with the girl for a sitting. The first spirit that came out of the cabinet was his departed wife, dressed exactly as she had been around his neck, and she put her arms around his neck, saying: "Oh, darling Henry, words cannot express the joy that I feel in thus being able to come to you as we agreed, and proving to you that materialization under proper conditions is absolutely true. I have been and have lived in every world of materialize, but in all of the many seances that you have attended, this is the first one that the conditions were such that I could come, and yet many of the mediums were genuine, and those who came were able to do that which I could not."

My friend was saved to the absolute knowledge of materialization by this.

his continued faith and his willingness to continue investigating and not content it all as a fraud because he did not get what he was looking for the first time or even the tenth time trying.

I heard a very prominent minister at Oakland, Cal., declare from his pulpit on Easter Sunday, "that if it were not for the fact that Christ rose from the dead, the world would not have one iota of evidence that there was a future life." I asked the same minister if he had ever investigated spirit return through mediumship, and he said: "Yes, I attended two seances and found the same to be all a humbug, and nothing but works of the devil."

So I find that in spirit investigation as in everything else, men are finding just only what they are earnestly seeking for.

The trouble with mediumship is that but few mediums understand the true conditions that surround them in their unfoldment, and the majority as soon as they have a little touch of psychic power, they at once hang out a shingle and give sittings at 25 cents per head, and the reason why we have no more mediums like Jesus is because there are so few that are willing to comply with the conditions required for its unfoldment. But notwithstanding this, and all the disavowals of the churches combined, Spiritualism is making a decided advance, and like a snow ball that I used to roll when a boy, it grows more rapidly the longer it is rolled.

If each to each be he can, A very God is man to man.

ETHAN W. ALLEN.
Los Angeles, Cal.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Oh, Christmas bells, your music sweet, Fill the houses with joy complete; Let faith be steadfast, hope be true, Let gladness dwell in every room; Let memories round our hearthstone twine While friends sincere quaff ruby wine.

A happy Christmas, one and all; May hopes be blessed, sweet voices call, Roses blossom round every path, Kindness scatter every wrath, Let all griefs forgotten be, Sing to the blessed ones now free, The Christmas-tide and Love is here, Rejoice and banish every fear.

Ring joyous bells, ring loud and long, 'Tis Christmas day, we join in song, The stars of Bethlehem shine bright, On the glorious midnight night, The lowing kine bend humble knee, So the history says, in Galilee.

Ring ye bells, ring ye with praise, Christ's grand triumphing voice to raise, Let's join in anthems jubilee, And wait the bliss that "Yet To Be," Let the glorious midnight night, We gather round the laden bough With friendship's charm, and pleasant word-- Christmas morn, noon, and eve, In God's great love we must believe.

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