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SPIRITUALISM IS A TRUTH.

"One truth is clear--whatever is, is at by a legitimate deduction from all the right." Pope.
"I long to know the truth hereof at large." Shakespeare.
"Let us make truth catching instead of falsehood and disease." Ingersoll.
"Truth depends on, or is only arrived for truth." Lucretius.

Let us love our cause and dare to advocate its truth and deny fraud.

If we have the pure it cannot be destroyed in the crucible of reason and fair discussion. It will only thrive, and expand more rapidly.

TRUTH IS IMPERISHABLE.

"My mouth shall speak the truth." Prov. viii., 7.
"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." William Cullen Bryant.
"To have truth and not live it is like having lungs and refusing to breathe." John Stuart Mill.

A Spirit Mother Talks to Her Daughter.

Question: Of what nature is my mediumship?
Answer: Your mediumship is not demonstrating external manifestations of spirit presence, but of an impressionable nature, therefore not requiring external conditions to be made for the spirit or soul to operate in. The conditions are furnished by your mind, for mind speaks to mind, and is considered the highest of all gifts of the spirit. That is the "comforter" which is always with you.
Q. Why is the world called the dark star?
A. The world is called the dark star because the mind of humanity has not evolved to where they add light to light, or universal light, therefore they are still in the evening state and adding confusion, which taken in a whole produces chaos. The minds that are in darkness give for their mite selfishness and greed, to the law evolving human affairs, thereby acting on the wheels of progress as well as does the wheels of earthly conveyances. The minds that give love and unselfishness for their mite are to humanity what the stars are to the earth and the motor power to the engine.
Q. What is your work and standing in the spirit world?
A. My work is teaching others who are in need of what I have become conscious of.
Q. How do you receive what you feel in need of?
A. We have a heartfelt desire and act in unison with our desire, for instance, if I should want a piece of furniture my desire goes forth and if I am worthy it will be answered by someone who understands the construction of that article I am in need of, and so on fulfilling the injunction, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."
Q. What can you tell me of your home?
A. My home is white, with a light blue tint. The structure is opaque, symbolizing limitation in so far that I still have that which I would rather do than others. The homes of those who have reached that degree of unfoldment where they would work for one the same as another, are transparent. The windows in my home reach from the caves to the foundation, symbolizing there is no darkness or selfishness in my mind. My furniture is the same color as the walls, the draperies are whatever color I may desire. My dishes are white with gold trimmings. I may have them decorated to suit my taste. They are about the same as your Haviland china. Those who have transparent houses have transparent dishes if they choose.
Q. What is your food?
A. Our food is the breath of fragrance of your more gross or condensed foods; for instance, you get the scent of an apple that is the apple to us. The perfume of the flower is the flower to us.
Q. There is nothing but refinement. Everything we take in our stomachs comes forth as an odor of fine flowers through every part of our bodies--some more refined than others. A crude illustration taken from earthly conditions--the perspiration of one is so much more offensive than another, the emanation being in accordance with their physical output. So it is with our emanations, only remember, all things are refined to our acme of refinement.
Q. What is your knowledge of Jesus?
A. My knowledge of Jesus by coming in personal contact with him is no more than when on earth. We receive lessons on what he has done and is still doing. In our gatherings he is spoken of as the light of spheres or Teacher of teachers. When meditating upon his works and teachings, there is an influence imparted to me that lifts me into an exalted condition that I do not receive at any other time.
Q. We have no desire to defy him or to think of him as being God of all life and creation, but rather think of him as being a teacher of the many graces and a power with which all are endowed. He reveals the love of our father to the hearts of those who look in the right direction. You know it has been said that the star was in a certain direction and that the wise men traveled a long way. So will all souls that reach the revelation of spiritual greatness. They must go in the right direction at the right time and no one can lead them. That is a knowledge that is born within each mind. To some the way is filled with many obstacles and they nearly faint by the wayside. Only the few can go on the way rejoicing with only one thought in mind, like the wise men that they were, to see what would be to them a taleman of greatness, a savior of mankind a revealer of God. There had been teachers before him, there had been prophets before him, but he was the greatest of them all. He taught and demonstrated that the power of resurrection after death was within the soul.
Q. What can you tell me of the hour of death?
A. Regarding the change called death I cannot say very much about it. I can only say that when the body is dying the soul is being born into spirit life. That one or I did, at least--passes into what is called a comatose state and the natural surroundings seem to go farther and farther away and things of a different nature are gradually being presented. The scenes and colors in the air are with the inner life of the dying individual. All one has to do about the change at the time of death is to accept what comes and try to understand what is given you. The only evidence of death I have ever seen when called

Materialistic Philosophy.

A COLD FACT.
To the Editor:--I wish to present a cold fact against the materialistic philosophy. Philosophy and facts do not always agree, but a fact must remain a fact in spite of philosophy.
I have a very dear friend--Mrs. Elizabeth Aiken--wife of one of Pinkerton's famous detectives, whose actual experience will offset any materialistic philosophy.
Mrs. Aiken is a lady of truth and veracity, whose word would never be doubted by any who may have had, or still enjoy, the pleasure of her acquaintance; besides, there are many who can vouch for a portion of that which I am about to relate; but I will relate it, as nearly as possible, as Mrs. Aiken related it to me.
The lady had heard of my sorrowful affliction in the loss of my dear beloved husband, Carlyle Petersilea, and called at my home to console me if possible. She sat gazing at me with her large, beautiful, sympathetic eyes, as I told her that I should be much happier if it were not for some miserable doubts that would arise in my mind, whether there really was a life after so-called death or not, as I had read Mr. T. J. Hudson's book, also much on reflex action of the mind, and greatly feared that that which I thought to be the controlling spirit of my dear husband, might be but reflex action of the mind, or the sub-conscious self.
"If," said Mrs. Aiken, "you had had my experience, such doubts would be entirely expelled from your mind, and you would be as happy as I am in the positive assurance of there being a material body and a spiritual body."
"If I could know this," I replied, "beyond the shadow of a doubt, I believe I could be happy and bear my great sorrow with a lighter heart."
"Then, know it," said she, "for that which I am about to tell you is as true as the light of heaven."
"Some few years ago, I was extremely ill with what the doctors pronounced carbuncles, or boils within the stomach. I had been confined to my bed for many months, and for weeks had not been able to turn myself. I was extremely emaciated and bed sores had made their appearance; yet my mind, through all this suffering, had remained clear and firm. The doctors held a consultation over me, and all declared that I could survive but a very short time. In fact, that I was already struck with death--was actually dying--that nothing more could be done. Saying this, two of them took their departure, while the third, a much younger and more sympathetic man, remained until all should be over. He was somewhat inclined toward the spiritual belief, and desired to witness the departure of a soul and spirit from the body of flesh.
"I was too weak to move or speak, yet heard and understood all that was said about my condition. I had now ceased to suffer and had no pain, but felt myself gently sinking, and my eyes closed.
"I suppose I must have been unconscious for a short period of time, for when I opened my eyes, I was standing upright, not far from the bed. I heard the doctor say, 'She has gone at last! She is dead!' I heard my friends and relatives, who were gathered about my bed, sobbing and mourning.
"I seemed to gather myself together as one might after a severe jar or fall, and, as I did so, my sensations were most delightful. I felt as light and buoyant as a feather, and could scarcely keep myself down upon the floor; and, now, I noticed a broad shaft of light--a kind of white light--which connected me with the body upon the bed. I had a strong desire to break this shaft of light and free myself entirely from that poor, emaciated thing upon the bed, and thought, 'Could that poor, emaciated body, covered with bed sores, ever have belonged to me?' I realized a mixture of disgustful, pitying contempt for it, and, oh, how I did want that shaft of light to leave it entirely, that I might be wholly free from it. I now felt a strong desire to examine myself and understand how and what I was; and, to my extreme delight, I found that I was more beautiful than a dream. I had eyes, and they could see. I had ears, and they could hear. I had hands and feet, and every organ of my body was perfect, intact and exquisitely lovely; my hands and arms were so beautiful that I gazed upon them rapturously. I lifted up my hand and arm, and as I did so a beautiful white drapery fell lightly away from the arm, disclosing it nearly to the elbow.
"Could that lovely, lovely arm be mine! I now put forth my foot and examined it. Like the arm it was perfect and extremely beautiful. The foot was bare, but surrounding my limbs, and nearly covering my feet, was this exquisite drapery, half-concealing, half-revealing my most perfect and beautiful form.
"And," continued Mrs. Aiken, "I must admit that

Mundane Religion--One That We All Can Get.

Now, then, what is religion? I say, religion is all here in this world--right here--and that all our duties are right here to our fellow-men; that the man who builds a home, marries the girl that he loves, takes good care of her, likes the family, stays home nights, as a general thing, pays his debts, tries to find out what he can, gets all the ideas and beautiful things that his mind will hold, turns a part of his brain into a gallery of fine arts, has a host of paintings and statues there, then has another niche devoted to music, and a magnificent dome filled with winged notes that rise to glory over the man, who does that gets all he can from the great dead ones, swaps all the thoughts he can from the ones that are alive, true to the ideal that he has here in his brain--he is what I call a religious man, because he makes the world better, happier; he puts the dimples of joy in the cheeks of the ones he loves, and he lets the gods run heaven to suit themselves. And I am not saying that he is right; I do not know. Why need he? This is all the religion that I have--to make somebody else happier if I can. I divide this world into two classes, the cruel and the kind, and I think a thousand times more of the kind man than I do of an intelligent man. I think more of real good human nature in that way--of one who is willing to lend a helping hand and who goes through the world with a face that looks as if its owner were willing to answer a decent question--I think a thousand times more of that man than I do of being theologically right, because I do not care whether I am theologically right or not. It is something that I never, never, never shall understand; and everyone of you will die and you won't understand it either--until after you die at any rate. I do not know what will happen then.
I am not denying anything. There is another ideal, and it is a beautiful ideal. It is the greatest dream that ever entered the heart and brain of man--the dream of immortality. It was born of human affection. It did not come to us from heaven. It was born of the human heart. And when he who loved, kissed the lips of her who was dead, there came into his heart the dream. We may meet again.
And, let me tell you, that hope of immortality never came from any religion. That hope of immortality has helped to make religion. It has been the great ark around which have climbed the poisonous vines of superstition.
And yet the moment a man expresses doubt about the truth of Joshua, or Jonah, or the three fellows in a fiery furnace, up hops some poor little wretch and says, "Why, he doesn't want to live any more; he wants to die and go down like a dog, and that is the end of him and his wife and children." They really seem to think that the moment a man is that they call an infidel he is an affectionless, no heart, no feeling, no hope--nothing--nothing. Just atrocious to be annihilated! But if the orthodox creed be true, I make my choice to-night. I take hell. And if it is between hell and annihilation, I take annihilation.
I will tell you why I take hell in making the first choice. We have heard from both of those places--heaven and hell. According to the New Testament there was a rich man in hell, and poor man, Lazarus, in heaven. And there was another gentleman by the name of Abraham. The rich man in hell was in flames, and he called for water, and they told him they could not give him any. No bridge! But they did not express the slightest regret that they could not give him any water. Mr. Abraham was not content enough to say he would if he could; no, sir, nothing. It did not make any difference to him. But this rich man in hell--in torment--his heart was all right, for he remembered his brothers, and he said to this Abraham, "If you cannot go, why send a man to my five brethren, so that they will not come to this place!" Good fellow, to think of his five brethren when he was burning up. Good fellow, best fellow we ever heard from on the other side, in either world.
So, I say, there is my place. And, incidentally, Abraham at the time gave his judgment as to the value of miracles. He said, "Though one should arise from the dead he wouldn't help your five brethren." There are Moses and the prophets. No need of raising people from the dead.
That is my idea in a general way about religion; and I want the imagination to go to work upon it, taking the perfection of one church, of one school, of one system, and putting them together, just as the sculptor makes a great statue by taking the eyes from one, the nose from another, the limbs from another, and so on; just as they make a great painting from a landscape by putting a river in this place, instead of over there, changing the location of a tree and improving on what they call Nature--that is to say, simply by adding to, taking from, that is all we can do. But let us go on doing that until there shall be a church in sympathy with the human heart and in harmony with the best human brain.
And what is more, let us have that religion for the world to live in. Right here! Let us have that religion until it cannot be said that they who do the most work have the least to eat. Let us have that religion here until hundreds and thousands of women are not compelled to make a living by the needle that has been called "the asp in the breast of the poor," and to live in a moment of filth, where modesty is impossible.
I say, let us preach that religion here until men will be ashamed to have forty or fifty millions, or any more than they need, while their brethren lack bread, while their sisters die from want. Let us preach that religion here until men will have more ambition to become wise and good than wise and powerful. Let us preach that religion here among ourselves until there are no abused and beaten wives. Let us preach that religion until children are

TRUMPET COMMUNICATION IN THE LIGHT.

This narrative may interest those who are investigating the truth of Spiritualism. I found a few trumpet mediums during my experience, but in this instance there was no chance for manufactured phenomena, because it was in the light.
Some five or six years ago I had been to Bristol, Tenn., on business, and was returning via the Norfolk & Western Ry., and Huntington, W. Va. I had previously been informed that there was a trumpet medium across the Ohio river opposite Huntington, and that the manifestations were in the light.
On my arrival at Huntington I crossed the river on a ferry, and the old ferryman told me that a great many people crossed on his ferry from all parts of the United States, and they told him of the communications they held with their friends who had passed over. I have forgotten this lady's name. I found the cottage. The lady's husband met me at the door. He stated that his wife had been very sick, but was better. She came in presently. I told her that I had heard she could produce the trumpet talking in the light. She said she got the manifestations out in the yard, at any time, and produced the trumpet, and stated they had it made under the direction of her

A. VERESOME.

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and alone, to do it, but finally he landed in this statement.

needs of the general reader. The author says "There is a true and respectable idea in Spiritualism," and regards as proved "the fact of communication between superhumans and the inhabitants of earth." Price, \$1.50.

BY SALVARONA.

ism Demonstrated by Science. It is written in that peculiar interesting style in which French writers excel when they would popularize scientific subjects in adaptation to the needs of the general reader. The author says: "There is a true and respectable idea in Spiritualism," and regards as proved "the fact of communication between superhumans and the inhabitants of earth." Price, \$1.50.

Louis Figerot. Translated from the French by S. R. Crooke. A very fascinating work. This fine volume might well have been entitled *Spiritualism Demonstrated by Science*. It is written in that peculiar interesting style in which French writers excel when they would popularize scientific subjects in adaptation to the needs of the general reader. The author says, "There is a true and respectable idea in Spiritualism," and regards as proved "the fact of communication between superhumans and the inhabitants of earth." Price, \$1.50.

EXTRAORDINARY MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRIT POWER WITHOUT THE PRESENCE OF A MEDIUM, HAVE BEEN OCCURRING IN MODERN TIMES. THE SECULAR PRESS TEEMS WITH STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS IN THIS DIRECTION. THOSE WHO HAVE NEVER DREAMED THEY POSSESSED ANY PSYCHIC POWERS, ARE BROUGHT SPONTANEOUSLY IN TOUCH WITH THE SPIRIT WORLD AND WONDERFUL PHENOMENA FOLLOW. IN FACT SPIRIT POWER COMING FORTH SPONTANEOUSLY IS OFTEN MORE REMARKABLE THAN WHEN COMING THROUGH A MEDIUM. THAT SPIRITS CAN AND DO RETURN TO EARTH AND COMMUNICATE WITH MORTALS IS PROVEN BY A VARIETY OF MANIFESTATIONS THAT ARE CONSTANTLY OCCURRING IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY, AND WHICH ARE VERY STARTLING IN THEIR NATURE, AND WHICH DO NOT SEEM TO REQUIRE A MEDIUM FOR THEIR PRODUCTION.

Ghost stories at first hand are not so hard to obtain as some persons may think. Here are two personal experiences told by a lady living in Colorado Springs, to a reporter of the Gazette. She did not write them out, but they are substantially in her own language. She gave permission that they be published, without the use of her name in connection.

"I want to say first of all that I am not superstitious and I believe that there is a solution for all things in natural law after investigation. A great many people are given to imagination and think they see or hear things that they really do not. Then they want to tell someone and to impress their hearer as much as possible, exaggerate. For that reason I do not like to talk of these things because there are so many stories that seem to me very foolish. They are handed along from one person to another, gaining with each repetition. But I will tell you an experience I had a few weeks ago and I will tell it just as it happened.

A Recent Experience.

"I believe in continued life after what is known as death. I do not accept Spiritualism as generally understood, but the teachings of theosophy help to explain some of the things which otherwise I could not account for.

"One evening a few weeks ago I was obliged to be out very late at night and was returning to my home very tired and alone. Just as I entered the gate I was surprised to see some one sitting on the porch. The porch was not so dark but that I could see the outline of a woman's figure, for she had on a white dress, but at that distance I could not recognize the features. The chair which she was seated in I recognized from its arms as one belonging in my own private room. I have roomers in the house and I thought that one of the ladies was troubled with sleeplessness and had come out on the porch to get the full benefit of the cool night air.

Clear and Unmistakable.

"As I came down the walk the figure turned its head and smiled at me and I recognized the face and form of my sister who died a year ago. Her hands were clasped back of her head in a characteristic attitude. The dress had been a favorite one with her, and she had had a photograph taken in it with her hands in the position in which I saw them then. But the chair was not in the photograph. As I reached the steps, with the smile still on her face she gradually vanished. Not all at once but slowly, very slowly. The chair also disappeared. There was no chair of any kind on that porch. I was not frightened, nor nervous. Indeed I was willing to believe that the image was the product of my own mind and yet the figure seemed so real to me that I half expected to find the door unlocked and that someone had slipped into the house. The door was locked securely, but my experience was not to end there.

Another Figure Also.

"I entered the house, passed through the room and started for a match safe in the dining room. As I threw open the door between the rooms I met my other sister who had been dead two years and a half, standing directly in front of me. She was in a dark dress similar to one which she used to wear. I reached out my hand for a match and as I struck it she disappeared.

"No, I was not afraid even then. Why should I be? They loved me in life, why should they harm me in any way now? If I had been a stranger I might have been frightened. If they were images created solely by my own mind they were harmless; if they really were spirits of my sisters, their presence was only for good.

A Mysterious Old House.

"You ask me if I ever had any other unusual experience. I certainly have, although at the time the occurrence took place I positively insisted that nothing of the kind happened. When I was a girl of 19 I was invited to spend some little time with friends at the Las Vegas Hot Springs. I found my friend and her husband, with their two little children of 3 and 4 years, and a small serving maid, occupying a rather large old house remote from other neighbors. One reason they insisted on my remaining for some time was because they felt lonely. Their own house had been burned down and they had taken this one because it was the only available one and had been standing vacant for a long time. The owner had once occupied it, but his life in it had never been happy. He quarreled with his wife, so rumor said. The wife suddenly became very sick and died within three days. The owner left the house and place and never returned to it to my knowledge. However this all took place before I went to visit there.

"Well, I was shown my large, old-fashioned room. The little serving maid had a small room next it and there was a connecting door between. 'Please, mayn't I leave the door open?' she said to me, so timidly that I looked at her sharply. My parents had brought me up strictly, and taught me never to fear, so I had little patience with those who did.

"Why? I asked.

"Oh, it's so dark and lonesome in here," replied the child.

Groping Hands in the Dark.

"I think I had just fallen asleep, although of course I do not know what time it was, when I suddenly roused wide awake. Someone was groping their way around my room; it seemed to me as if they had both hands against the wall opposite the child's room. What she was doing there I didn't know, but nevertheless I spoke quietly and kindly. 'What do you want, Gertie?' There was no answer but the groping hands continued their way around the room. I spoke again, more sharply, 'Gertie! What do you want?' Still no answer, but the sound came nearer, passed the door of the little room, toward my bed. I was not

frightened, for it had been trained into me from childhood that there were no sights, nor sounds, however mysterious, that could not be accounted for in perfectly natural ways if we would only investigate them carefully. Still nearer came that sound of groping hands, and passed over the head of my bed. Not a thing was to be seen, although the room was not what we call pitch dark. Still around the room went the sound of groping hands, finally reaching the door whence I had first heard them. Then they ceased.

Suddenly came a sleepy, but half-frightened voice from the child. 'Did you call me?' she said.

"When? I asked.

"Right now.

"No," I answered.

"Somebody did."

"Oh, you've just been dreaming," I answered.

"I'll call it mine," I said to myself, and went to sleep.

"The next morning my hosts looked at me rather curiously I thought, but I said nothing. A few days later my friends asked carelessly, 'Have you heard any noises in this house?'

"Noises? I repeated questioning, 'what kind of noises? What do you mean?'

"Oh, strange noises at night, or anything of that sort?'

"Why, no," I answered. 'I have not heard anything that I couldn't account for.'

"I believe you have," was the somewhat impolite reply, 'and just won't admit it, for I know you were brought up not to believe in these things.'

A Midnight Struggle.

"It was several nights after this that I was again roused, this time by the sound of an awful struggle in the dining room directly below my room. I could hear no voices but there was the crash of furniture, as if the chairs were being used as weapons, and the frequent thud as of a falling body.

"My first wild thought was that burglars had entered the house and that a conflict was in progress, but there was no shouting for help and no screaming; nothing to indicate that anyone in the house was awake except myself. There was suddenly a tremendous crash, the sound of a heavily falling body, then all was still. I lay awake thinking until I again persuaded myself that I had been the victim of my own imagination. The next morning I inquired if the doors had all been locked the night previous.

"What did you hear?" was my friend's quick rejoinder. But I would not risk being laughed at, and again denied having heard anything.

Others Heard It Too.

"Then other friends of the family came for an unexpected visit. One gentleman was obliged to occupy a couch in the parlor. 'How did you sleep?' asked the hostess in the morning.

"Pretty well," was the reply, 'but I heard you when you came into the room.'

"I did not come into the room."

"Then it was you who came down after your book," he said to me.

"No, I took my book upstairs with me," I said.

"Well, somebody came into the room last night, groping their way around in the dark, searching for something."

"I must not take your time in telling all of the instances in which I knew other people had heard the same sort of sounds that had puzzled me.

Steps on the Stairs.

"One night I heard stealthy footsteps coming up the back stairway near my room. There was the sound of groping hands on the wall, and I felt that I could not be mistaken in the belief that someone had broken into the house. I knew I could tell when they passed the broad stair at the turn, and I made up my mind that I would call for help as soon as they came that far. Slowly the footsteps came. They reached the turn of the stairs and then stopped. 'Waiting to hear if anyone is awake,' I thought. But there was no further sound, ascending or descending. Finally I rose and with lighted match in hand went to the head of the stairs. There was no one in sight. I went softly down to the turn and struck another match. I could all see the stairway and the little entry. There was no one there and not a sound.

What the Children Heard.

"One afternoon my friend asked me if I would be willing to look after her two little boys, while she went on an errand. The little serving maid had left several days before, frightened away by the mysterious noises, and still more, I thought, by what I believed was the foolish talk about them, in which I would never join. So I readily agreed to look after the boys. They played quietly together until just about dusk when I began to hear footsteps upstairs. I paid no attention but suddenly the little fellow spoke: 'Lady,' he said, 'who's upstairs?'

"No one," I said.

"Yes, there is," he insisted, 'don't you hear them?'

"No," I said sharply, 'I don't hear anyone, and you don't either; you just be a good boy and keep still.'

Searched Through the House.

"But the sound of heavy footsteps continued, and the older boy said, 'Why, I hear them plain, too.'

"Look here, children," I said, 'there is no one up there and just to convince you we will go up and see.' So I took the little one in my arms and the other by the hand and we went upstairs in the twilight and all through the house, into every room and opened every closet. Of course there was no one to be seen. But the footsteps now sounded distinctly down stairs. 'Papa's come,' shouted the boys, but I doubted it. We went down stairs. No one was there.

"In about half an hour the father and mother both came. 'Somebody's been upstairs, papa,' said the older boy; 'we heard them walking around.'

"The boys thought they heard some one," I corrected, 'and we went up there and looked all around, but they just imagined it.'

"The father's face grew pale at the thought. 'Do you mean to say that you took those boys upstairs in the dark and tried to find who made those footsteps?' he demanded.

"Of course, why not? Those footsteps were only imaginary."

"He turned on me almost angrily. 'Everybody who has ever slept in this house has heard these sounds except you, and has known that they were not imaginary or explainable, and it's strange that you have never heard anything, or won't admit it.'

An Unsolvably Riddle.

"It was only a few nights after this when I was roused from sleep by a light shining into my eyes and a voice saying, 'It can't be her, she's been sound asleep all right.' I opened my eyes to find my friend and her husband standing near my bed.

"What is it? I asked.

"There's been the most awful row going on down stairs, the sound of crashing furniture, and falling bodies. We have heard it separately before, but this time it woke us both together."

"Why don't you take a light and go down to see what it is," I suggested.

"What, go down there with a light in my hand? If it were burglars, they'd have a bead on me sure."

"After some discussion I agreed to go down in the dark so as to avoid a head, if possible. I left them on the landing above. I ran lightly down the stairs in my slippers and leaped the dark room. All was silence. I called for them to come on.

"That man let me go, and followed behind his wife downstairs. Everything was just as it was when we had gone up stairs some time before. The doors and windows were all closed and locked and not a thing disturbed.

"I went over the house inside and out but I never found a sign of any kind to explain the mysterious sounds. I investigated thoroughly. That is all of my story. I have never accounted for it."

The Detroit (Mich.) Free Press has the following: Shakespeare wrote of the stuff that dreams are made of, but he forgot to throw any light on the quality of the material. This was careless of him, provided he knew, for it would have settled a much-disputed and curiously complicated subject. However, it would also have deprived us of the pleasure of speculating; and who is there that, at times, has not been interested in his dreams?

A Michigan man, holding one of the most dignified offices in the gift of the state, tells the following experience:

"When I was a young fellow working my way through Michigan university I was often short of funds, and one night, when I had reached a point from which I could not see my way without money, and knew not where to get it, I dreamed that I received a letter from my brother in which were inclosed several bank notes. I distinctly saw the various denominations and, a few days later received a letter from my brother inclosing the money exactly as I had dreamed of it. My brother was some distance from me and, as I afterward figured it out—the letter was written just about the time it appeared to me in my dream."

A Spirit Voice Saves His Life.

"Did I ever have a dream that came true?" said a Detroit man, in answer to the question. "Well, I should say I did! A dream once saved my life! When I was a boy we lived near the St. Lawrence river, and I was very fond of taking little trips in my boat. One night I went about five miles from home with a friend who went ashore to call on a young lady. While he was gone I went to sleep in the boat, and I dreamed that I heard my father call, 'George! George! if you don't get out of that boat you'll be drowned!' It woke me up and I found that a severe storm was rising. I had just time to drag the boat on the shore, and I knew that if it had not been for my father's warning, I should have been drowned. Yes, the storm came from the direction of my father's house, and I presume that when it came up, he thought of me, for he knew where I was."

The Soul in Dreamland.

Many interesting dreams are recorded in the annals of the Society for Psychical Research, including the following:

"My youngest sister was visiting my bachelor quarters," says the narrator, "where I was residing with a bachelor friend who was considered by his best friends, most likely to marry. One night I dreamed my bachelor friend approached me with a smile and said, 'Sparrow, congratulate me; I am engaged to be married and am as spooney as I was at one and twenty.' I offered my congratulations, and asked who the lady was, to which he replied, 'She is an Irish girl; I met her at Kingston regatta.' I told this dream to my sister, the morning after it occurred, and that night when I returned from the office my sister said: 'Your dream has come true; even the very words.' She put a letter from my eldest sister into my hand, and I read: 'Tell Albiek his friend D. L. is engaged to one of the daughters of our rector. He met her at the Kingston regatta.'

"The following occurred about May, 1859," said the writer. "I believed my son to be away in the Mediterranean, and I had no reason to believe he would come home for a year or two, when one night I dreamed that I had a letter and all that was written on it and inside was 'Woolwich.' In the morning the postman brought a letter marked 'Woolwich Dockyard,' and it was from my son, who was in the navy, and telling of the safe and unexpected arrival the night before of the ship he was on."

"When I was in England, some years ago," relates another, "I had a very bad cough, for which a blister was ordered by my medical man, but being improperly applied, it left a very ugly mark, like the print of a horse's shoe. I was then preparing to rejoin my husband in India, and carefully avoided mentioning the circumstance to him.

"When I reached my destination, my husband's mother said to him, 'Does L— look at all as you saw her in your dream?' Upon which my husband turned to me and said, 'I had such a horrid dream about you the other night. I saw you looking pale and ill and you had a dreadful mark like a horseshoe upon your chest.' An unlucky horseshoe, to be sure, though it had the virtue of disproving the old saying that dreams go by contraries."

Experiences of this kind often take place when not in a condition of actual sleep—borderland cases, as they are called.

"I once went up from Oxford to stay a day or two with my brother," says one narrator, "but when I reached there, I found a note saying that he had gone to a dance. Instead of going to bed, I dozed in an arm chair, but started up wide awake exactly at 1 o'clock, ejaculating, 'By Jove! he's done!' and seeing him coming out of a drawing room into a brightly illuminated landing, catching his foot in the edge of the top stair and falling headlong, just saving himself by his elbows and hands."

"The house was one which I had never seen, nor did I know where it was."

"Thinking very little of the matter, I fell adoze again for half an hour and was awakened by my brother suddenly coming in and saying: 'Oh, there you are! I have just had as narrow an escape of breaking my neck as I ever had in my life. Coming out of the ball room, I caught my foot, and tumbled fell length down the stairs.'"

Most of these cases, of course, can be explained on the theory of telepathy, but for those that predict events one must look to some other source for their origin. The foretelling of death is not an uncommon occurrence in a dream, and speaking of that, a lad, now visiting in Detroit, had this to say:

"My mother foresaw in a dream, the death of my father, and just the manner in which it took place, though at the time of the dream, my father was in the best of health. A few days later, he was attacked with pneumonia, and died in just the way my mother had pictured him in her dream."

But such cases are depressing, and though many of them are on record, it is encouraging to know also,

that many gruesome or unhappy dreams have not the faintest relation to the truth.

Before allowing oneself to worry over an unfortunate prediction of the dream state, it is best to consider carefully the possible consequences of a midnight Welsh rarebit.

A Strange Visitation.

The following is sent by a lady of Detroit, who, for obvious reasons, requests that her name be withheld. She states that she is noted among her friends for veracity and matter-of-factness, and could produce almost any number of persons willing to vouch for her sincerity. The experience she relates is certainly peculiar:

"I had been working hard during the morning, and feeling very tired laid down after lunch for a nap. I had been asleep perhaps an hour, when I was awakened by a slight prickling sensation in my neck. I became conscious that someone was hovering over me and thought I must be ill and that it was my mother soothing my head with gentle caresses, and called out, 'Mother, is that you?' No one was in the room, and after a few moments I suddenly knew positively that it was not my mother, but could not imagine who it could be that was so anxious over me.

"As I became broader awake the touches became bolder and more frequent on cheek and throat, and trying to turn my head to see, I caught a fleeting face drawing back hastily as if it did not wish to be discovered. 'Who is this bothering me?' I said drowsily, resenting being aroused. The touches ceased for a few moments, then began again with renewed vigor. This occurred several times, and at last, somewhat annoyed, I exclaimed, vehemently, 'Who is it?' and raised my head quickly. This time I was successful, and I recognized the face distinctly, and flung up my hands in amazement, exclaiming, 'Why, it is —! What can he want of me?' At this the face (which was very grave and sad), drew down closer until the eyes were level with my own and seemed to look down into my very soul. I understood then without words, and with a sudden impulse of tenderness and pity flung out my arms toward him with a long-drawn 'Dear, I understand.'

"A satisfied expression came over the face and it drew slowly back. I lay quietly for a few minutes, feeling a presence still in the room and noticing also a blue mist extending for several feet in each direction from the couch on which I rested. After a little this mist disappeared and with it consciousness of the presence. I sat up and thought the matter over and my intuition told me that the person in question had made, unconsciously perhaps, a superhuman effort to reach me and break the barrier of unfriendliness and coldness which had apparently existed between us for several years. We had been slightly acquainted in childhood, but had not met since, and there was apparently no cause for such an unusual occurrence, so that altogether much puzzled I tried to forget about it. In spite of my efforts, however, at times, it worried me, lest there might be something which I ought to do and was neglecting to do.

"Soon after I stumbled upon the reports of the Society of Psychical Research of England, and the accounts of similar occurrences confirmed my opinion of the affair. At the time of the occurrence I had read nothing whatever on occult phenomena and was very skeptical concerning hypnotism, Spiritualism, etc., and had no earthly interest in them. I have not been able to secure an explanation of the affair and would be glad to hear the opinions of those versed in such phenomena."

OBSESSION.

It Is Estimated by the Writer to Be Very Prevalent.

To the Editor:—On July 2 last, I replied to some critics on the above subject, one of whom stated in his letter published on a previous date: 'The idea that a spirit can enter my body, take possession and hold control, dominate and control my life and actions, is too absurd to be debated in these modern times.'

Since the date of my reply, Dr. J. M. Peebles, "the grand old man of Spiritualism," has published his new book on "The Demonism of the Ages and Spirit Obsessions."

I have read the book with thrilling interest, and I urge, beseech Spiritualists and all persons interested in the subject to purchase a copy. It is a large book of nearly 400 pages and the price is only one dollar; postage 19 cents extra. It may be had from the office of this paper, or of Dr. J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek, Mich.

From the quantity of letters I have received since May 25 from persons so obsessed, and the reports I hear of others, I am amazed that spirit obsession is so prevalent in this our day and country.

Spiritualists have no conception of the prevalence of spirit obsession in Europe, Asia, Africa, and even in our own country, America.

This is a subject matter which none but Spiritualists are truly able to combat, and it must be grappled with by them.

Dr. Peebles' book gives full details how to treat cases of obsession.

I wish I could afford to give away a thousand copies of the book. I would do so to-morrow to each and all persons who applied. W. YATES, M. D. Chicago, Ill.

STOP LYING!

The Rev. Dr. Frank DeWitt Talmage, whose chief notoriety lies in the fact that he is the son of his father, is now on the Pacific slope and cutting a wide swath in true Talmagean style. He spoke at La Jolla, a seaside resort near San Diego, Sunday, Aug. 14, and this is a choice extract from his sermon as published in the San Diego Sun, the following morning:

"There is a 'time to die,' which is beautiful. Oh, yes; death is beautiful if it comes in God's way. Then a dying saint knows death is not annihilation, but coronation, irradiation and eternal triumph. Like old Senator Foote, when dying, he can look ahead at the rapturous glories and cry, 'Beautiful! beautiful! beautiful!' But was the death of Nero beautiful? Was the death of Cleopatra beautiful? Was the death of Tom Paine beautiful? One moment he was in prayer and the next moment blaspheming God, until his relations in horror placed their fingers in their ears and ran from his howlings and fearful agonies."

This is the kind of stuff that emanates from the lips of this great (!) divine, in order to bolster up the fast decaying dogmas of Christianity.

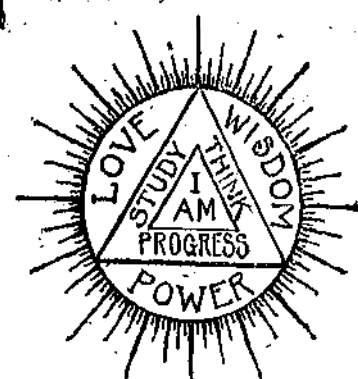
Once upon a time there was a jackal who, surrounded by his animal friends, held forth upon the ignoble qualities of the lion. The lion being dead, it was perfectly safe for any of the lesser animals to traduce his character. The cases are parallel. The lion is dead. The jackal still lives. When will preachers of the Talmage stripe stop lying?

WILL C. HODGE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1904.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter. You may do so a dozen times safely, and then the next remittance may be lost or stolen. Secure a postal order for five cents, and then you are perfectly safe, and will save yourself annoyance and trouble.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Editor-at-Large for the National Spiritualist Association.

Mr. Tuttle has been engaged to answer all attacks in the secular or religious press on Spiritualism. Send him clippings when an attack is made, giving date and name of paper. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Chicago's Exploration Expedition.

It may not be generally known to our readers that Chicago has an excavating expedition operating in the Orient, under the direction of the University of Chicago, and yet such is the fact.

During the last explorations with pick and spade, the ancient Adab, mentioned in the code of Hammurabi, an early king of Babylon, was unearthed.

This expedition is under the direction of Prof. Robert F. Harper, of Midway University, an archeologist of rare ability. Prof. Harper received the good news a few days ago in the form of a cablegram from Prof. E. J. Banks, field director of the expedition, in which he related the uncovering of Adab, also known to the ancients as Uduki.

The site of the ruins is near Bismya, in the valley of the Tigris, not distant from Bagdad.

Prof. Banks announced in his dispatch that on the lowest level of the ruins he found Uduki inscribed on the bricks.

With 120 men in his service the excavations were pressed forward with great energy. The remains of four temples, one above the other, were found. Marble statues, onyx and sandstone lamps were found, with many bronze objects.

Wherever inscriptions were found, the characters used were syllables, not letters. This fact of itself tells of the great antiquity of this ruined city.

These wonderful ruins in the valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris doubtless antedate those of Egypt. They probably connect the civilizations of the Indus and the Irrawaddy, and farther East, with those of the Nile. These ruins scattered all over these vast regions, remains of full ten thousand years ago, are the true and uncorrupted records of a long but lost past. Let the search go on. Their revelations are destined to give us a better conception of the beginnings of our race, and of the grand strides it has made to reach its present prominence in the arts, literature and science. We thank the University of Chicago and its learned professors, for the noble work in which they are engaged. Knowledge and history are inseparable with each other. Teach the truth in regard to the past, and the myths of creation and the peopling of the earth with inhabitants in six days, will give place to real knowledge, showing there has been no FALL, but a gradual acquisition of wisdom and ascension through all the millions of years our progenitors have inhabited this earth.

A Babe Is Born—and a Boy.

The bells of all the churches in the Russian empire rang the glad tidings that an heir to the throne was born. It is reported that the autocracy had decided that if this event disappointed, as the four preceding had done with a girl, then the czar would seek a divorce and marry again, for in the disturbed condition of the empire it was of vital importance that an heir be in waiting.

The poor babe, over whom there is shouting and prayers at the churches, and blessings of priests, should have the pity of the world. A man sleeping on the brink of a volcano, trembling and muttering with the intensity of the suppressed lava ready to burst forth, is safe compared with the czar and his court. It is perilous, inhuman, despicable to assassinate, but possibly there may be a government so inhuman, cruel and despicable in the estimation of those who suffer from its misrule, as to justify the bursting bomb.

The poor child will inherit the plaudits of the priesthood there, always on the side of tyranny, and the accumulations of all the outrages suffered by the people of past generations.

On him will fall the rejection of the torture of the Siberian exiles, their feasting abackies, their hunger and despair, their terrible suffering unto death in mines, dungeons, and on the frozen storm-swept plains. On him will fall the misery and degradation, the want and poverty of a great people, robbed of their brightness and enslaved by autocrats in the name of God. Born to be crucified in the line of God, to be service of gold; to have rulers for his servants, he cannot escape the fate he inherits, and no one can remove the bomb from beneath his pillow, or prevent the fuse burning when the time comes for its lighting. Justice may be slow, but it is sure, and the red band of revolution will ravage the wrongs of the past and the present.

Poor little bit of humanity! Better born in the shack of a peasant than in the royal palace.

Honest Mediums Must Be Sustained.

Honest mediums should be well sustained. They are entitled to encouragement and protection, and a generous equivalent for their services. The Progressive Thinker has been, and will still continue to be, their special organ. There are many mediums in this city and scattered through the country, whose lives are pure and whose homes are heaven itself. By suppressing the fakes you encourage these honest mediums and assist the angel world in its efforts to promote the truth. Every honest medium will find in The Progressive Thinker a true friend. Its friendship for mediums has taken definite form. The \$1,000 lately raised for the benefit of the medium's fund—to render those mediums comfortable who are on account of sickness or old age, incapacitated for work—was procured mainly through the untiring efforts of The Progressive Thinker. The paper is, not only the Organ of honest mediums, but it has been under the special charge of the Higher Powers who have made it extremely prosperous—prosperous beyond that of any other Spiritualist or free thought paper published on this earth to-day.

Spiritualism and Prejudice.

Ever since Modern Spiritualism began one of its most bitter foes has been "Prejudice." It has plowed its way up from the tiny rays received by those three little children at Hydesville, to a institution of life and activity among other institutions of this world.

At every step the church, and that means all denominations, has slandered and abused it—lied about it; the preachers have applied almost every poisonous dose of epithets to it, and have knifed it on every side in a frantic attempt to assassinate it, and still it lives and grows. Prejudice could not kill it.

Then the Agnostics and Infidels, biased by a supreme egotism, and prejudiced by the same spirit of intolerance that influenced the church, have tackled the little infant, and between the two it has grown up, like the stately sunflower with its face to the light until it is almost too tall to hear their piteous wailing, and too wise to pause in its growth to look out upon them in their valley of shadows and cactus.

There is nothing too mean for a being or an institution governed by prejudice to do.

Upon the subject of prejudice, however we cannot do better than sanction the same from the Chicago Chronicle:

Prejudice rules this world. The governing power may appeal to reason, conscience, wealth, the courts, the armies, but behind all of them, like the serpent behind Eve, crouches prejudice. A person, therefore, who is ignorant or neglectful of it is like a man strolling through a power-house without having an eye to the dynamo.

Prejudice is a kind of hatred, distinguished from all other kinds by several characteristics. One of these is that its cause in any particular case is obscure or unknown. It may be racial, it may be religious, it may be social, it may be political, it may be superstitious and, worst of all, it may be caused by jealousy, but what causes any particular man's prejudice against another, while it admits of much argument and speculation, is utterly unknown and unknowable.

Another characteristic is that the man with a prejudice is never conscious, but if he is, he never admits it. He indignantly denies it. He will not deny at times that he is angry with the other man, but when he attempts to tell what it is about he is so irrational that he gives himself completely away. Other people can see that he is prejudiced, but he himself does not know it and of course does not know the cause of it.

A more forbidding characteristic is that a prejudiced person, especially if envious, will do the most contemptible mean things that human nature is ever guilty of, such as lying, slander, treachery, bribery, poisoning and assassination. A man with a genuine hatred wants a fight to the finish in the open, but the prejudiced man skulks in the dark and seeks to take a mean advantage in his attacks.

The climax to that prejudice is incurable and eternal. Every complaint that prejudice has wrought against a man may be refuted and shown to be ridiculous and impossible, and the only effect on the prejudiced man will be a momentary embarrassment, while the prejudice remains and soon breaks out in some other direction. Inseparably said that religion was not founded on reason and that was the reason that reasoning had no effect on it. Probably that is not true, but in some cases it certainly is true that prejudice is not founded on anything and that is the reason there is not anything that will remove it.

If a man is the victim of a prejudice what had he better do about it? The first thing is to find out, because many unsuspecting people suffer from prejudice a long time before they suspect it. Having once made up his mind that another man is prejudiced against him, his course of action should be governed by his relations with his enemy, the prejudiced person.

If he is wholly independent of his enemy he will find it an excellent remedy to break up all friendly relations with him and compel him to be an open enemy. That is a hundred times better than a hypocritical friendship with a deadly prejudice at the back of it. If a man's prejudicial enemy is more superior upon whom he depends for promotion and success in life the best way is for the victim to put the diameter of the earth between him and his enemy and start life afresh.

Power of Suggestion Illustrated.

The power of suggestion is well illustrated in the following case reported to the Chicago Record-Herald, from Fort Wayne, Ind.:

"Hold bedfast for twenty-five years, apparently by the power of suggestion, Miss Ella Conklin of this city, 30 years old, is learning to walk. At the age of 5 her back was injured by a fall, and the physician in attendance said she never could walk again. She went to bed, and she stayed there since, eating no solid food and never moving. Recently, having been taken to a hospital

because her stepmother became ill and could care for her no longer, she was examined by a physician, and he could find no reason why the patient should not walk. She now moves about, takes solid food and is gaining strength."

Held bedfast during all these long, weary years by the unwise suggestion planted in her mind by an unwise physician. The case illustrates a great fact. Suggestion, like hypnotism, is a principle in nature, and rightly used may be made vastly beneficial to humanity; but perverted or unwisely used, it becomes an instrument of evil.

The Logic of It.

Is it not rather queer that the apologists and shelders of fraud, trickery, deception, of persons claiming to be mediums, but who are mere swindlers preying upon the public, preying upon the gullibility of dupes, and in some cases catering to the lowest animal passions of morally and mentally weak-minded patrons—is it not queer that by this class The Progressive Thinker's warfare against fraud is denounced as a warfare against mediums and mediumship?

The logic of this charge against The Progressive Thinker amounts to this: That the persons who make the charge regard all mediums and mediumship as fraudulent.

Certainly The Progressive Thinker has done nothing of the kind, has made no such charge, has only battled for honesty and truth and for the welfare and protection of genuine mediumship—never a lie or word to the contrary. Genuine mediums should regard our warfare against fraud as a warfare in their behalf, for such it really is. If all the frauds were weeded out, the true mediums would thrive.

A Nation of Atheists.

According to the report of a Christian missionary, as published in the Sunday Magazine, London, in a paper entitled "Religion in Japan":

"The Japanese come as near being a nation of atheists as any people upon the planet. So far as Christianity is concerned, progress in Japan is slow; there is no sign of any real turning to Christ."

That missionary had spent many years with the people of the Rising Sun, and had expended his best services in a futile attempt to convert them to his faith. Instead, they insisted their Buddha was every way superior as a teacher to Jesus, inculcating better morals, without adding threats of endless woe to frighten them into good behavior.

The Parent of Crime.

Rev. W. H. Harrington, chaplain of the Minnesota State Prison, is reported as saying: "The theological dogma of vicarious punishment is responsible for a vast deal of crime." Well, why not? If Jesus suffered for the sins of the world, in place of the real offender, why should the culprit care how much guilt is charged to his account. The atoning blood of the Savior effaces every trace of wrongdoing, if trust is placed in his power of redemption.

The statistics of every penitentiary in Christian countries confirm the observations of Rev. Harrington.

THE OPEN COURT.

It is controlled by Spiritualists—by devout, sincere Spiritualists who have the good of the cause at heart. They have a right to be heard on the important questions before the Court. Whatever is said therein, each writer is responsible therefore—give them the PRAISE or the BLAME, and not the editor. After next week the Court will adjourn. The proceedings of the sessions that have been held should be laid aside for future reference, especially this issue and the next. Soon there will be another session of Court, on a question that will awaken an immense interest in the Cause of Truth among all honest Spiritualists throughout the world. The ball has commenced rolling, and Error will be crushed, and Truth prevail.

A Prominent Cuban.

We have had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. E. Prieto, of Cuba. He is an earnest Spiritualist, and has been attending the various camps. He is a man highly cultured, and it is extremely interesting to talk with him.

"The Romance of Jude. A Story of the Life and Times of the Nazarene and His People." Through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley. An intensely interesting book. Neatly bound in cloth and gilt. Only 50 cents.

"Healing, Causes and Effects." By F. Phelan, M. D. Price 50 cents.

MYSTICAL TEACHING.

What one writer has set forth in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat calls the popularly known Masterlinck is bringing more things to light than the announcement of the fact commonly recognizes. Among others that the mystic himself has been something of an egotist in fancying that he held a mount of vision from non-bulky, bare initiate could follow. "The Mystic," says a recent speaker in the University of Chicago, "is he who looks at things from his notion of the unknown." To imagine, then, that in a great spiritual world of the unknown he and a small handful of his disciples were the only ones given to intuitions and speculations in the unseen, is almost the supreme egotism of man—the strange idea of a picked company of the elect which seems to pursue the teachers into every spiritual field.

That Masterlinck is becoming a charmed and familiar name in nearly every household of to-day is not due to the growing spiritual consciousness of mankind, but to the large and daring faith he has in it, when appealed to through the universal brotherhood—the subconscious self that lives, silent, but alert, in every one of us. It is true, that Masterlinck, with all mystics, "original, derivative or factitious," as the university professor divides them, recognizes a "point of sensibility," a degree of psychological experience necessary to fully grasp the mystic speech and vision. But this is far from limiting them to any class or order, and simply marks the individual's own degree of reference to the nature of its own being and inheritance. "For the soul," he tells us, "is like a dreamer, enthralled by sleep, who struggles with all his might to move an arm or raise an eyelid."

That this struggle of the soul to find itself and assert its power, is universal, and old as the soul itself, is something which it is well for the mystic of any age to begin to recognize. Even the "spiritual epoch" has very much in the power of the mind to discern it; the courage of the mind to declare it, perhaps.

Sitting in the luxurious drawing-room of one of the veriest butterflies of society, and seeming devotees of wealth, a caller recently chanced—very improperly, of course—on a mystic reference to the Uray and the psychic developments of the hour, when, to her surprise, her hostess exclaimed in tense tones that bore no relation to fact-finding: "Oh, Mrs. —, I would impoverish myself and go barefoot through the streets for one ray of light in that direction."

Out on a prairie ranch a gentle sister carried away a sliver of spiritual hope and consolation to a poor farmer whose beloved son lay in jail, under unjust, but deadly accusations, with all the odds of the trial going darkly against him. With a smile, the bronzed plainsman replied: "I know all about it, sister, and alone with the stars and the prairie grasses I have had full assurance that my boy will be acquitted"—and he was.

Many a paragraph has crept into the daily papers touching a case—the strangest, say the authorities, that they have ever known—where a young woman, under arrest for murder, showed not one sign of fear or even concern over the deadly charge against her.

"Right prevails, does it not?" was the simple explanation she offered for her calm and almost smiling disregard of all the dangers, horrors, constraints and hardships of the situation, and the very whisper of such a stronghold in such an atmosphere might set the cult-worshipper in psychic circles pondering.

Faith cures, and prayer tests, and thought-masters and occult leading, and every other form of spiritual or psychic influence or phenomena known to the school of the occult, is about all grades of life and society, and from the superstitious savage to the subtlest philosopher, the sense of the unseen is the deepest principle of being. Great or small, ignorant or learned, doubting or believing, every mortal being knows full well that he is in the power of the known, and from the heart of the unseen must draw his vital strength and resource.

Is he likely to sit down then and wait for some cloud-wrapped mystic to tell him how? Nay, more is the eternal life principle within him, the Divine Spirit by whose breath alone he knows one hour of being likely to leave him to some brother mortal to whisper to him the immortal story? "The word is right there, even in thy mouth and in thy hand," runs the sacred teaching, and yet feel after and find him is all the rapt speaker from Mars him asked of Greek or barbarian for the mystic union with God.

There is a sublime simplicity, as well as "eternal unanimity" in all higher mystical teachings, which bears scant relation to the cabalistic utterances of the minor prophet Man, as the breath of God, one with the elements, is about all from Genesis to Revelation, that the record allows, and from that tremendous and all-glorious truth must the individual soul work out its own spirit life and philosophy.

To perceive its struggles and trust its pure and incommunicable life essence to bring it back to the bosom of purity, is the most and the best that can be done for the soul, and the only way to do for us. That Masterlinck recognizes this indestructible soul force in all men, and makes it especially "the treasure of the humble," is the thing that brings him to our doors and firesides, where other mystics stand afar off, bewildering us with their unknown tongues.

"We are natural believers," said Emerson; "truth alone interests us. We are persuaded that a thread runs through all things, and men and events, and life itself, come to us only because of that thread." Thus do the larger spirit teachers take us all into their confidence, and make us partners with them in their grasp of that eternal scheme of being and design, where nothing is by chance or accident, yet veiled in mysteries that the instinct of a bird or the swift intuition of a child may read more truly than all our philosophies. Always, too, must the mystic's teachings be tried at length at the bar of the social consciousness, and thus does the mysticism of a Philo or Plotinus fall away before the very intuitions of the common people who it has deposed.

Grant also, as a great sociologist has recently decided, that the sole strength of this social consciousness is the belief in immortality, and "the unity and existence of God the one ground of our reciprocal action," and you have the very hold the "Christ-himself" discerned for the world's sake by spirit teachers. Couched in parables, and wrapped in heavenly mysteries, as were all his utterances, yet it was the common people who heard him gladly, and from the unlearned woman at the well of Samaria that the first quick answer to the mystic lesson came in the eager cry, "Lord, give me of this living water, that I thirst no more, neither come hither to draw."

The fact is that there seems little hope in the whole mystic business, till the days come, foretold by the Scripture, when they shall not teach every man, or any man, his neighbor, saying, know the Lord, and the lordly powers within you, for all shall know the Lord, from the least to the greatest. The

RADIANT THOUGHTS.

How to Realize Spiritual Power—Thoughts that Scintillate Divine Truths and Breathe the Fresh Atmosphere of the Heavenly Spheres—Thoughts that Will Do the Soul Good to Contemplate.

Do you want to feel the joy that is felt by freed spirits in heaven? Do you long to realize a close communion with Divine Wisdom? Do you desire to cultivate your spiritual powers while yet in the flesh, so that when you enter the spiritual world you will have mastered the first rudiments of spiritual dominion? Let me give you the exercises and the words of wisdom that the angels of power have given me, which have awakened in me a great consciousness of my immortal nature here and now.

You have wonderful spiritual potencies slumbering within your soul, but you imagine that you must lose your body before these divine forces will become operative. Not so! Knowledge and exercise of what you already have will unfold to you wonderful visions of spiritual power, and you may become conscious now of what the majority do not realize until after long experience in the freed spirit form.

You are a spirit now, and to realize it you have but to spend a little time daily thinking and feeling as think and feel the enlightened spirits who live in and express the love of the Eternal. It is joy to live to those who have become attuned to the mighty harmony that pervades the spirit spheres. That same harmony will pervade the mental aura of this world and bring great joy to humanity and the alleviation of all physical pain and want when the majority of humanity learn to live attuned to God and the harmonious light and love proceeding from His presence. The darkness, suffering and ignorance in the world are but a lack of that glory of eternal truth that illumines all enlightened souls in the higher spheres.

How shall you begin to feel that light and that love? By expressing it! That light shines in your interior soul-nature, and if you will you can feel that love for humanity and the expression through your nature of those spiritual qualities will make you more and more radiant with soul light and power. As the steam radiator becomes warm in giving forth heat, so your nature will become warm with divine love, which is the essence of power and dominion, by exercising love toward your neighbor—there is no other way to grow in spiritual power.

For at least one hour each day lay aside the petty cares and disturbances of this earth life, and if possible go by yourself and create happy thoughts, fill your mental atmosphere with light and joy by affirming over the eternal realities of truth that you have learned, until the negative thoughts of this earth plane are replaced by positive thoughts like those that

pervade heaven. If one glimpse of the truth of endless immortality has given you a degree of joy, then you will realize more light and joy by affirming that truth over and over until it charges your whole brain with positive uplifting thought, and through this thought, so radiant and beautiful in your mind, positively enunciated, will flow the heavenly Spirit of Truth to illuminate hundreds of ignorance-darkened souls.

Do you not know that even the silent mental affirmation of divine truth will change the quality and color of your mental aura or atmosphere and create a light and peace about you that will attract higher and higher spiritual forces as your development continues?

Spirits are radiant and beautiful, because they have learned to think and feel love, and as their characters are transformed their light and power increases. Meditate upon these thoughts while you are alone in the silence each day, affirm them positively as though you were preaching to a multitude in ignorance and your thoughts will go forth as a blessing to many souls; your secret word silently spoken will become a liberating force dissolving the darkness of error and making them free.

There is no death. God is my immortal life and the life of every soul in the universe.

The light of eternal life is now dissolving all mortal beliefs of death and damnation.

The whole universe is pervaded by a glorious love and wisdom that seeks to heal, redeem and transform every one of its children.

My soul is vitalized by Love's eternal essence and its light now dissolves all the gloom of mortal thought from my aura and makes me free.

The light and love that glorifies all beings in heaven is now becoming known to spirits incarnate. This glorious truth will pervade all minds, and as its influence spreads it will bring the health, peace and prosperity to humanity that it has given to the inhabitants of heaven.

I will be true to this light. I will be strong in the spirit of love. I will live and act as an immortal in all my ways, for the glory of the living, eternal truth.

The oftener the above thoughts are affirmed the more vibrant and joyful the mind becomes, and through this exercise of the mental and soul powers you will become a true medium for the Spirit of Truth, and your influence for good will become mightier as you thus co-operate with the angels in penetrating the ignorance of the world with your illuminating thoughts of truth.

Chicago, Ill. WALTER DEVOR.

Is the Problem Soluble?

It may be said without detraction [San Francisco Chronicle] from the just value, both scientific and practical, of recent discoveries by Professor Loeb and Mr. Clark, that they bring us no whit nearer a real solution of the problem of life. And that much ought to be said because of the infectious spread of an irreflexive tendency to jump from the facts to a snap conclusion that life is chemical activity—and nothing more. It should be borne in mind that to know the phenomena of life and how to govern them is not to know what life really is. Were it possible to carry laboratory experiments up to actual production of a living human being, or even to something better, the great problem of life would still remain unsolved.

Whether we term the activities of life vitalism, or chemism, or what not, we have in them no clew to what actually constitutes life, aside from its known phenomena. We are told that frictional and chemical action will generate electricity; but there is no one to tell us more of what electricity is, aside from its effects, than Gilbert knew after rubbing his bits of amber, or Franklin after the lightning had streamed down his kite string. And as with electricity, so with life. Just what that was which is said to have been breathed into Adam, and which, in one way and another, has set all of us going since human life began, we know no more than did Adam or the first anthropoid ape. But we know it was something more than chemical reaction. We also know that life in some form of activity, is everywhere and in everything, while death is merely cessation of that activity in any given form or direction. It follows that while life itself is absolutely without beginning or end, its lesser manifestations begin and end in an infinite variety of ways. So that death to mankind is but a decolonization of certain physical activities whose concert of action has kept his body alive.

From these considerations it becomes safe to predicate that a hand-made, artificial man or a spontaneously generated man, if properly constructed and set going, would stand the same chance of the future life that the rest of us do—which is not saying that there are any chances against the future life. Human life develops consciousness of self, with realization and memory of experience which go a long way to create the personality for which, alone, could immortality be reasonably expected. The essential thing, therefore, is to set human life going.

The fact is that the future life is simply a question of consciousness. Does the conscious human personality survive bodily death? Now there is conscious-

ness and consciousness. That awareness and sense of physiological duty which governs the purely physical manifestations of life is one kind of consciousness and that which recognizes the self and the mental aspect of life is quite another kind. A tissue cell is necessarily aware of what it must take from the blood to sustain its existence, but it does not know enough to know it does exist. But it has not the slightest need of such knowledge, while self-knowledge is essential to human personality. Evidently the end of bodily life is the end of that kind of consciousness which governs it. It is also evident that while the body lives its consciousness never sleeps nor could it be off duty for a moment without disastrous consequences. But the true consciousness, or, at least the objective part of it, goes sound asleep or becomes obliterated in syncope or disease, while the bodily functions go on as placidly as ever. Self-consciousness, therefore, is not essential to bodily existence and, evidently, is not governed by the functions of that existence. Hence the inference that this, the higher form of consciousness, is supported by the higher functions of life—which implies the activities of that life which is life itself—ultimate, universal and without beginning or end. Extended study and analysis of collated proofs of the survival of human personality, recently published, convert that inference into scientific fact.

Human life may be regarded as a wave produced upon the surface of the sea of life, which pursues its career, subsides, and is gone forever. Yet nothing is lost to that sea itself. On the contrary, its substance becomes enriched by the experience of one more human personality. For the wave carried with it an inherent potentiality which developed actual consciousness of its own existence, actual realization and memory of its own experience, actual yearning for and acquisition of expanding knowledge of that of which it was a conscious part. All this and more it carried with it in its subsidence into the placid depths of the sea of life; for this, its personality, formed no feature of the wave's material form.

Now, as a growing personality, an expanding receptacle of progressively acquired knowledge, it must eventually reach a solution of the problem of life—provided the sea of life has boundary limits. It it has not, then omniscience is but a relative term and the problem of life remains forever insoluble.

But, after all, who would care to sink into the innocuous desuetude of nothing left to be learned?

O. O. BURGESS.

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

An Inquiry into the Nature of the Soul, Its Origin and Destiny.

BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

This little book treats of the central problems of all religion; the nature of the ego; the origin, development, and destiny of the human personality; spiritual heredity; the dissolution of the body and the preservation of the soul; the nature of human immortality; man's ideas; the rational basis of modern psychology and biology. 138 pages. Price, cloth, 75 cents.

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Boil It Down.

The advice of experts is epitomized in Joe Lincoln's poem in the "Author's Year Book," entitled "Boil It Down." Contributors to The Progressive Thinker are kindly requested to commit the stanzas to memory, and govern themselves accordingly.

If you have a thought that's happy, make it short and crisp and snappy. When your brain is coin has minted, down the page your pen has sprinted, if you want your effort printed, Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter—fewer syllables the better—Make your meaning plain—express it. So we'll know, not merely guess it. Then, my friend, are you address it, Boil it down.

Boil out all the extra trimmings—Stim it well, then slim the skimmings—When you're sure 't would be a sin to cut another sentence

J. L. Merritt, Los Angeles, Cal.

Rather than hear Spiritualistic speakers give vent to such damnable twaddle in the name of 'Truth, I

Meantime, Spiritualism faces its golden opportunity. The cause will not stand still, but will either advance by taking its position to teach humanity to rise to the summit of human accomplishment or go backward by a lack of the spirit of progression.

passes through the Eustachian tubes into the middle ear, removing the catarrhal obstruction and passes through the tubes; and loosens the bones (hammer, anvil and stirrup) in the inner ear, making them respond to the slightest vibration. The Aetna has never failed to cure ringing noises in the ears. I have known people troubled with this distressing symptom for years to be completely cured in only three weeks' use of Aetna. Aetna heals cures asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, weak lungs, colds and headaches: all of which are due to catarrh indirectly due to catarrh of the Eustachian tubes. Write for Aetna to-day. It is free. Write for Aetna to-day. We give advice free and postpaid. Write for a free copy. A valuable book—Professor Wilson's "Diseases of the Ear, Nose and Throat," 160 pages. Dictionary of Disease. Free. Address: The New York & London Electric Association, Dept. 10, 1229 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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case may be driven into the unconscious body, in which event melancholia, dementia, suicidal tendency, etc., are the noticeable accompaniments. The expression of this vibratory inharmonious (disease) will again reappear in the gross physical body at a future time.

theric system under their control. So complete is the delusion that experts have diagnosed these cases as the "visitation of the king of terrors."

"Spirit Echoes." My Mattie E. Hull. This pretty volume contains fifty-seven of the author's latest and choicest poems. Neatly bound in cloth, and with a picture of the author. Price, 25c.

are served, and a social center created for its patrons. The Bishop thinks it is the "bad liquors" dispensed by saloon

have been called infidels to truth; but we now know, positively, that said thinkers have only been opposing a l

ment of facts concerning the efforts of church leaders to get control of the government. An important work. Paper, 25 cents.

BY LILLIAN WHITING.—In this book Mr. Whiting aims to portray a practical ideal of living that shall embody the sweetest of exaltations and faith that lend enchantment to life. It is, in a measure, a logical sequence of "The World Beautiful," leading to still diviner harmonies. It is calculated to order the soul in harmony with the universe.

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

..GENERAL SURVEY..

THE SPIRITUALISTIC FIELD—ITS WORKERS, DOINGS, ETC., THE WORLD OVER.

CONTRIBUTORS.—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, but he does not assume responsibility for the contents of any article. Many of the statements uttered in an article may be diametrically opposed to his belief, yet that is no reason why they should be suppressed; yet we wish it distinctly understood that our space is limited, and to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. That much we must account for the non-appearance of YOUR article.

WRITE PLAINLY.—We would like to impress upon the minds of our correspondents that the *Progressive Thinker* is set up on a Linotype machine that must make speed equal to quality. It is essential that all copy, to insure insertion in the paper, all other requirements being favorable, should be written plainly with ink on white paper, or with a typewriter, and only on one side of the paper.

ITEMS.—Bear in mind that items for the General Survey will in all cases be adjusted to the space we have to occupy, and in order to that they will generally have to be abridged more or less; otherwise many items would be crowded out. Sometimes a thirty-line item is cut down to ten lines, and ten lines to two lines, as occasion may require.

TAKE DUE NOTICE. that all items for this page must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer. It will not do to write "Secretary or Correspondent" and so on, without giving the full name and address of the writer. The items of those who do not comply with this request will be cast into the waste basket.

KEEP COPIES of your poems sent to this office, for they will not be returned if we have not space to use them.

Oscar A. Begerly has open dates for the coming season. He would like to have from societies desiring to employ a trance speaker. Address during August, Grand Lodge, Mich. Home address, 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Stoddard Gray a New York medium who has been giving "spirit" sances for the past twenty years, and shortly after one of her entrances the other evening, and a newspaper makes it conspicuous in a headline that "mediumship" killed her. The death of a minister in his pulpit, or a devotee at his prayers, or on a Sunday-school excursion is not attributed to the character of the act in which he is at the time engaged. If it were, religious worship could be regarded as involving great moral hazard.

N. S. Stevens, astrologist of Gardena, Cal., predicts the reelection of President Roosevelt. He wants all mediums to prophesy in reference to his defeat or success.

The quarter of a dollar promised the daughter of Chas. Theissman, 1148 Thirtieth street, by the spirits, was deposited by them in a glass shoe (an ornament).

The "Spirit Fruit Cult" of which Jacob Deibart of Los Angeles is the dominating spirit, has added another to its list of victims. Mrs. Dora B. Greenlee, once a bright, intelligent woman, left the detention hospital last night for Elgin. She is insane through the teachings of the self-styled Messiah. Mrs. Greenlee was committed to the asylum by Judge R. S. W. Wheatley. The audacity of the members of the sect was carried even into the courtroom, where she was present. There she wished to interfere with her removal to the asylum and demanded possession of her 10-year-old daughter, that they might send her to the farm of "Holy Jacob" at Lisbon. Indignant relatives of the woman blocked this action, however, and gained possession of the child. Then the mother was taken away to the asylum from which she may never return.

Mrs. J. A. Anderson writes from Montana: "It is a pleasure to receive new my subscription to your valuable paper. It is a most welcome messenger, bringing to our far-off western home a feast of good things weekly. I will also send an order for several books beside my premium book. It is remarkable how much reading matter you send out for so little money."

Frank Horowitz, tailor, of 2635 Third avenue, and his wife, Charlotte, who are charged by Mrs. Hannah Richter with grand larceny in inducing her to give them \$1,100 for their influence with certain "spirits," were held for trial \$1,500 each in the Harlem Police Court today. In previous hearings Mrs. Richter testified that she sent the money by her daughters, Clara and Sallie. The daughters were in court today, and corroborated their mother's statement.—New York Globe.

The seventh annual convention of the State Spiritualists Association of Minnesota, will be held in First Unitarian Church, corner Eighth street and Mary Place, September 7, 8 and 10, 1904. Minneapolis, Minn. The following ladies from a distance will take part in making this, the seventh annual convention, a success: Rev. Moses Hull, president of the Morris Park Institute, Whitewater, Wis., one who in days gone by was always welcome in our city, and his hosts of friends will gladly welcome him to the convention; Miss Elizabeth Harlow, of Haywardville, Mass., makes her first visit to the west. She comes to the convention highly recommended and endorsed by the secular and Spiritualist press of the country where she has visited as one of the grandest inspirational speakers in our ranks. Miss Harlow will stay with us for the months of September and October; Mrs. J. A. Murtha comes to Minneapolis for the first time and is a message medium of rare power. Though a stranger to Minnesota audiences, her genial personality and good mediumship will combine to win for her a place in the hearts of the people; Will J. Erwood is president of the Wisconsin State Spiritualists Association and is well and favorably known to the people of Minnesota and his many friends will welcome him to the convention. The music will be under the direction of Prof. Paul Zumbach and the following artists will take part: Mrs. Paul Zumbach, soprano; Mrs. W. Thurston, alto; Mr. Paul Zumbach, tenor; Mr. W. L. Winter, bass; Miss Carrie Zumbach, accompanist. See railroad agents at your home stations as to rates of one and return. Personal members, \$1; season tickets, 75 cents; evening meeting, 25 cents; Sunday afternoon, 15 cents. Lunch will be served in the dining-room at the close of the morning and afternoon sessions, by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

Take due notice that items for this page in order to insure insertion must contain the full name and address of the writer. Otherwise they may be cast into the waste basket.

ATTENTION LYCEUMS.—During June, July and August the *Progressive Lyceum* will be sent to Lyceums for one cent per copy. This will enable you to increase your subscription one-half its present number, with no extra expense. Address J. W. Ring, care of the Spiritualist Temple, Galveston, Texas.

J. A. Conant writes: "In the *Progressive Thinker* of Aug. 13, Prof. J. S. Loveland criticizes L. P. Smith's statement, that Benjamin Franklin advised Thomas Paine not to publish his *Age of Reason*, and alleges that the statement is a lie, made up out of whole cloth. To prove said allegations, he says that Benjamin Franklin died in 1790, about four years before the *Age of Reason* was written. History informs us that Benjamin Franklin was ambassador from the United States to the court of France from 1779 to 1783, and that he died April 17, 1790. Whether Franklin did, or did not advise Paine not to publish his *Age of Reason*, does not concern the writer, but history shows that J. S. Loveland's attempted proof that the statement of L. P. Smith is a lie is not sustained. Mr. Loveland makes the proper correction on the fourth page of last week's paper."

Chas. A. Zipp writes from Baltimore, Md.: "Mr. H. Fred Gauss was a frequent visitor at Dr. de Gournay's home. The latter stated to him that before his impending death he desired to make a statement concerning his belief. On a later visit of Mr. Gauss and close to approaching death, Mr. de Gournay said, 'I have not written the statement I spoke to you of. I shall now make it. Hand me now pencil and paper so that the world may know that I die as a Spiritualist.' Hereafter I appended the death-bed statement, as follows: 'Feeling my end approaching, but in the full enjoyment of my faculties, I wish to declare, all statements to the contrary, that I may be made, that I die as a Spiritualist, and that I have passed into a brighter and more glorious life, to immortality where I shall meet my loved ones and all the great minds that have worked for the good of mankind. Paul F. de Gournay, Baltimore, July 23, 1904.'"

Spooks, ghosts and hobgoblins have secured possession of the home of Mrs. Kate Barbell, 5633 Sawyer avenue, Chicago Lawn, and so active have their spirits become that with their children, and have left the place and taken rooms in neighboring hotel. The strange noises and odd antics of unseen visitors from the spirit world have been heard and noticed by other women of the neighborhood, who, disbelieving the weird stories told them by Mrs. Barbell, had gone to remain with her to quiet her fears. With her three children Mrs. Barbell occupies the house, a two-story frame, and until last Sunday was not disturbed in any manner, but since then some unearthly power seems to control the place. She told a Sun reporter this morning that pictures on the wall moved, the furniture rose several inches from the floor and unseen beings walked about the rooms. Two large perfume bottles would fall over untouched. A toy piano in a bedroom up stairs would start to play of its own accord, and last Sunday it was heard to play when no one was near it. These and a dozen others as mysterious as she related. What should cause the mysterious disturbances she did not try to explain. Her husband, a waiter, is in New York. The family has occupied the building for two years.—Chicago Sun.

Hans Mettke writes from Atlantic City, N. J.: "The two papers have been found, as the clerk had put them into the wrong box and I was so glad to see them again, because the *Progressive Thinker* has become so valuable to me that I miss it very much when it does not come to me regularly. I am so glad to see the letters from Brother Carlyle Petersilea again in your paper, which are so very interesting and instructive to me, especially the last one, in which he speaks of the different sins (fourteen I counted) and gives the advice to forget all evil and overcome evil with good, by sending out vibrations of love, kindness and purity. The *Electric* Magazine is also so fine and grand and I enjoyed to read about the fine medium, Mr. Bailey, from Australia; also about the healing power of music. I am glad to have this opportunity to send you my appreciation of all and best wishes for the *Progressive Thinker*."

The dailies are making much effort to encourage paper superstition by telling tales of "Christ on the Cross" or "Christ on the Cross" or the back of a man who was struck by lightning while in Morristown, N. J. He gave his name as Abbot Parker, of Monument square, Charlestown, Mass. He was taken to a Romanist hospital, and says the *Pittsburg Gazette*: "As the picture became plain the news was spread about the hospital and the sisters flocked to see the miracle, and to see what they called a miracle, and signed themselves with the sign of the cross, and began to say their beads. About 6:30 p. m., he was able to sit up in bed and by the aid of mirrors and candles he saw the picture on his back. As soon as he recognized what it was, for no one had told him, he fell back on the pillow crying, and as soon as he could be made to talk, declared he could not understand. Parker said that he was an Episcopalian, but in his early life had been brought up by his mother as a Roman Catholic. His father is a Congregationalist. He said he had neglected his church duties of late, but will not do so in the future. He is 27 years old. That the above is a cheap fraud, there is not the least doubt. He was unconscious for a long time in charge of the nuns before the 'mysterious appearance' was visible.—The Citizen, Boston, Mass."

At the Chesterfield camp of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists, Eugene V. Debs did not attract as many people as expected. The attendance was about 3,500. The absence of a labor organization, was also disappointing. The association had invited a number of labor unions attended as individuals. Mr. Debs spoke for nearly two hours and discussed economic, political and social conditions that relate to labor. He denounced the financial methods and the philanthropy of Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller. Of trusts he said: "I think that if all the trusts should be crushed at once they would

When writing for this paper use a pen or typewriter.

We go to press early Monday morning, hence communications intended for that current issue should reach this office not later than the previous Saturday morning. Bear this in mind.

arise and be quite as powerful again within ten or twenty years because of the present competitive system in commerce.—News, Indianapolis, Ind.

Felix writes from Minneapolis, Minn.: "I must say I most heartily endorse your course in relation to fraudulent mediums, and hope you will continue the discussion of the same until such a sentiment is aroused that no phlegmatic medium will dare hold a public seance unless under strict test conditions, a thing that is seldom or never done now. Mr. B. F. Underwood stated in a recent issue that, of the many materializing circles he had attended, 'in no cases were the conditions such as to exclude the possibility of fraud.' That is my experience exactly. The conditions were never favorable, though they may have seemed so to children half-wits, but certainly not to a man who was awake. I think if an audience insist on the mosquito net test, or other conditions that preclude the possibility of fraud, then most certainly their minds would be free from doubt and suspicion; 'best thoughts' and 'good conditions' would prevail, and the results would be correspondingly good. If a medium tries to dodge the issue on such a flimsy pretense, as unkind conditions, etc., most certainly they are crooked."

Danville, a city of several thousand population over in Vermilion county, produces some wonderful things—and from there occasionally comes some wonderful stories. Danville is the home of Speaker Cannon. The Peoria Star writes for the absolute truthfulness of the story following: "Mrs. Sarah Kimbrough is the mother of Judge E. Kimbrough, of Danville, Ill. Her husband, the father of the judge, has been dead for many years. Last Thursday Mrs. Kimbrough said to her son at the breakfast table, addressing him by the pet name: 'Bud, do you know that your father was here last night?' The judge said he did not know, but she insisted that she had seen him. He then had conversation with him, and this feeling was so strong that the judge did not attempt to controvert it. A few hours later, as the old lady sat in her chair in the window, she was stricken with apoplexy and died within a few hours."

Geo. A. Letford writes from Asheville, N. C.: "I just finished my camp season at Vicksburg, Mich., and am again at my work as salesman in the South for H. E. Bucklen & Co., of Chicago. I followed each day giving messages after the manner of the one week at the Grand Lodge Camp, and the messages were all recognized. At Vicksburg Camp I followed Thomas Grimshaw's lectures, and the audiences seemed well pleased. I find the South very far behind in the knowledge of Spiritualism. From now until June 15, 1905, I will meet with very few who believe in the great truth. I do not get discouraged, but I believe that I can when ever an opportunity opens up to give them either a talk or messages from their loved ones, and in this way am opening up their eyes, and in time they will be calling to know more of our great truth, and soon a good missionary can begin to organize some good societies down South."

A cable dispatch to the dailies shows that the papal method of putting padlocks on those of whom it is afraid, is not new. The daily press editors know what it means. Here is the dispatch: "Budapest, Hungary, July 30.—Editorial records criminal proceedings, reporting the fixing of padlocks to a human being's mouth. In Hungary this was the ecclesiastical punishment for uttering blasphemy. The same crime was punished in Spain by tearing out the culprit's tongue, in France by branding the tongue, in Holland by piercing the tongue with nails. In an ancient grave a padlocked human face was discovered recently. And a few days ago it was put on exhibition in the national museum of this city. The staples are driven through the bony parts of the face at both sides of the mouth. Antiquarians say the lock is dated from the end of the 16th century."

C. L. Eskelsen writes: "I have investigated Christian Science for some time, and find it cannot stand the sunlight of truth. You can read on page 7, Science and Health: 'Nothing is matter, or matter is nothing.' This is false, because spirit is forever dependent on matter for manifestation here. It is not just as true to say that spirit is nothing; matter is all. Both assertions are wrong; one is dependent on the other. An intelligent old lady like Mary Baker Eddy surely knows this to be true, and knowing this, and still holding up a falsehood, is what Jesus calls blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, a sin that never forgiven in this world or in the next."

Mrs. Hooker McEvoy writes from Oakland, Cal.: "There is a People's Nonsectarian Mission started in the part of the vineyard here. It was born the morning of the fourth day of July, and is fast becoming a healthy child of vigorous force. A meeting of a different order is held every night. Ex-Senator Dague gave a very earnest and intellectual socialistic lecture here July 30, from the mission platform. Mr. Rumford gives Analogical Science life readings and lectures every night at 7:30. We have a New Thought meeting every Wednesday night, a harmonious interblending of ideas and opinions. Dr. Strivorth is now favoring us with his storehouse of wisdom. He is well known in the east. The object of the mission is a cooperative effort to do something practical along the line of helping the people to know themselves, and to have a free hand in reading and lecture room, and it is possible to draw those who are going the downward road, and who will be only too glad to meet with such an opportunity as the mission offers, but as yet I have had no little help I have not yet been able to do for those in the upper grade of life, who are either sick, obsessed, self-hypnotized or bearing the burden of prenatal conditions."

Mrs. Clara Wagner, of Defiance, Ohio, writes: "I am glad to let readers of the *Progressive Thinker* hear from me. I am always pleased to read about other associations that are getting along all right. We have services every Sunday evening at 7:30. Last Sunday the subject was 'Sunflowers,' and the angel guides told us to decorate the hall with them. When I entered the hall in the evening my heart was filled with love for the members, but I had no flowers, for the members had the hall look beautiful. At first we had singing, speaking and reciting of poetry by the little folks, which was very much enjoyed. After the lecture I gave a few tests. We held a picnic a few weeks ago for the little folks, which seemed to please them very much. We have lectures every Thursday evening. We get the *Progressive Lyceum*, and think it is a great help."

Elliot Wynne writes from East Westmoreland, Vt.: "I hope to see a continuation of the columns of the *Progressive Thinker* devoted to the subject of Spiritualism. I have several others of the same—Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, Deaton, Beecher and others, imparting much desirable knowledge for benefit to mortals still in earth life. While admitting with sorrow the sadness caused by frauds and fakes, don't lose sight of the true and genuine mediums. Is there not a better term to give to so-called 'materializations,' since they are not material but a chemically produced form or apparition to represent the desired spirit friends. Why not call it by proper term and not 'materialization'? It seems evident that no material substance can be produced as flesh, blood and bones except by natural and slow process, and it is not possible for spirits that have left the material substance to be produced as flesh, blood and bones, to the spiritual to take on the material again; then let there be a proper and appropriate term given and no longer call it 'materialization.'"

Mrs. L. LeSueur writes: "The Band of Harmony benefit social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Goodrich, Oak Park, Thursday, Aug. 18, was a very pleasant affair. Mrs. Mary Hill was the speaker for the afternoon meeting; Mrs. S. Ashton for the evening. There had the pleasure of meeting several Oak Park people who seemed much interested. The next meeting will be Thursday, Sept. 1, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mullins, 2157 W. Monroe street, between 42nd and 43rd avenues; reached by Lake street or Madison street cars."

"The Banner of Light, Sept. 28, 1861, to March 22, 1862, will be sent gratis to anyone who expresses, C. O. D. (Register address), to A. G. Matthews, New Philadelphia, Ohio."

F. H. Parker writes from Santa Cruz, Cal.: "Chas. J. Anderson (boy orator) is having crowded houses at the Native Son's Hall each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., on new thought and psychic subjects. His psychometric readings prove of universal satisfaction. Mrs. Katie Houseman-Harveston is to build and make her home here, holding meetings each Sunday at Unity Spiritualists' Hall."

Rev. C. W. Burrows writes from Detroit, Mich.: "The Central Spiritual Union of this city (charter No. 43) begins its ninth year on the first of September. The large number of mediums identified with its work still continue. Our Sunday and Wednesday meetings fill our lovely little temple. A very pleasant surprise was the coming of the Rev. J. Warner, assistant pastor of the Rialto, St. James of Detroit. Brother Warner and I were old chums thirty years ago in the Episcopal (St. James) church of this city. You will hear from him, for he is a thinker."

W. J. Howes writes: "We have closed our hall after five months of very successful work, more especially so when we consider that my dear wife and I opened our meetings in the heart of an antidote for the epidemic of the teaching of true Spiritualism were almost unknown to them, and it has certainly done our hearts good, and made us know that our labors have not been in vain, by the many visits we have received at our home, to wish us a pleasant journey and a safe return from our vacation, as they are very anxious for us to continue our meetings, which we shall do about the end of September."

Mrs. C. H. Mullins writes: "The ninth Band of Harmony held at my home, 2157 W. Monroe street, Thursday, September 1, afternoon and evening. Coffee will be served as usual at six o'clock. The book entitled 'The Aristocracy of Health' will be raffled. Afternoon session will convene at 3; evening, at 8 o'clock. All are welcome."

A number of ladies from Chicago met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brookins, in Wheaton, Ill., on Wednesday of last week. Friends were present from Wheaton, Aurora, and other places. Old friends greeted each other and new friendships were formed. Lunch tables were spread under the trees where the sunlight's flickering shadows played, and the breezes wafted perfume from the gorgeous beds of flowers near by. A more perfect day could not have been given for the occasion. Several mediums were present, and after the seance the spirit friends, ever eager to make themselves known to waiting mortals when the opportunity is given them, came with words of inspiration and comfort, and many messages were given. Geo. H. Brooks, who has just returned from a trip to California, spoke most beautifully of what life means to the true Spiritualist. Others followed with appropriate and feelingful talks on the beauty, truth and truth of our philosophy. Mrs. Brookins is secretary and her son is vice-president of the Wheaton Spiritualist Society.

Mrs. Josie K. Folsom has, on account of ill health, been compelled to cancel all camp engagements. She is struggling along doing her best to keep the work going in St. Louis. Mr. C. W. Stewart is still assisting in the public work and the audiences are increasing. Many of the visitors dropping in at the meetings, from various parts of the country. Mrs. Folsom gave independent writing last Sunday in full electric light, obtaining some twenty messages in four or five different colors. Her power in this phase is increasing all the time.

J. P. Pattison writes in reference to psychic or magnetic healing: "The Spiritualists as a very general rule, and the mediums as well as the laity, when they get sick send post haste for a medical doctor. Now I want to know why this is. Spiritualists, and mediums especially, are the best of people in the world for a psychic healer to cure, and they certainly ought to be aware of that fact. I have cured people who have been given up to die by their doctor and family, and I have also cured people who have been told by several doctors that they were incurable. Now the truth is, I have never had one single case but where the doctors have utterly failed, before I got hold of it. On two different occasions I know my wife would have passed to the spirit world but for the work of Mr. Taylor, a friend of mine, who is a finely developed psychic healer. I think this is a question that should receive some attention for humanity's sake."

Psychologists are drifting away from the idea that there is such a thing as masculine and feminine mind. Mine is a mind, whether belonging to a man or a woman. Mind grows like what it is called upon to perform, and adapt itself to its surroundings. Ruskin had read all of woman's past, historical, political and domestic. He had studied the periods of England's greatest advancement and the signs of the Elizabethan, Ann, and Victoria, and knew their intellect, for 'sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision.' He thought that the advice and direction of a good mother and a true wife has placed more men in the front rank of the world's heroes than all the cunning of diplomats, the subtlety of politicians, and the warfare of generals. Women are entering the world's centers now, and mind, as expressed through woman, is therefore having new channels for its expression.—Chicago Tribune.

Secretary writes: "Church of Spirit, (325) South Building, 109 Randolph street. We would call attention to our services every Sunday morning at 11, also afternoon and evening at 2:30 and 7:30. Subject of address on Sunday, September 4, Origin of Modern Spiritualism, followed by psychometric readings, spirit messages, and mental telepathic demonstrations under blindfold conditions, to everyone in attendance through William Fitch Riddle, psychic, and Mrs. Marie Jacobson, Danish palmist and psychic. Mediums are cordially invited to assist. We have one of the coolest halls in the city, with plenty of air, electric lights, and comfortable theatre chairs. Wednesday circle and Friday class at 8 p. m. at residence, 3201 Indiana avenue."

Dr. J. H. Randall will lecture at the Church of Spirit Communion, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, Sunday evening, Sept. 4. His subject will be "Scientific Evidence of the Truth of Spirit Communion." Last Sunday, Mr. E. Dietrich gave a very helpful address.

Dr. Freedman, the Australian healer, has returned to Chicago, after a visit to various camps and the St. Louis Fair, and is now located at Hotel Florence, corner of Ogden avenue and West Adams street, Chicago.

The First German Spiritualist Society of Chicago will hold its second picnic of the season on September 4, at Reising's Grove. Good test mediums will be present. To reach the grove, take the 12th street car, and transfer to the 52nd street or LaGrange electric cars, which pass directly by the grove.

Daniel W. Hull is lecturing and healing at Olympia, Wash., from which place he will answer calls to lecture anywhere desired, or attend funerals within 24 hours of that place. Address him as above.

After a premonition extending over a period of several years, which caused him to believe he would lose his life by falling from some high place, Orville McLean, a painter living at 210 North Seventeenth street, was seriously injured Saturday by falling from a church steeple at Madison, S. D. He sustained a fractured skull, three broken ribs, a fractured leg and other injuries which it is thought will prove fatal. Adding on the above premonition, McLean had refused for three years to work on any high ladder during the month of August. Last week he wrote a friend that he believed some accident was about to happen him. Omaha (Neb.) Daily News.

Emily E. Philp writes: "The Englewood Spiritual Union begins its regular meetings next Sunday, Sept. 4. Conference 2:30 p. m. Lecture 7:30. Rev. Harry J. Moore will be with us for the month of September."

Mrs. H. L. Bigelow writes from San Jose, Cal.: "The First Spiritual Society of San Jose is holding meetings at Eagle Hall every Sunday at 11 a. m. Conference meeting—subject for last and present month, 'Mediumship.' In the evening, Mrs. M. R. Stone of Santa Barbara, occupies the first half of the evening in a very acceptable manner. She is alive to all the reform movements of the day, showing that all Spiritualists should learn how to live here and now. The latter part of the evening is spent in listening to Sister Elizabeth Holmes give spirit messages, which she does in an unobtrusive, lady-like way. On last Sunday six delegates were elected to attend the state convention at Oakland. We hope to have a successful meeting. It is pleasant to meet friends and co-workers at least once a year."

Mary A. Speight writes: "The Ladies Aid Society of the Englewood Spiritual Union will hold a ten-cent test circle and Social Wednesday evening, Sept. 7, at the home of Mrs. Cochran, 759 W. 63rd Place. A good programme has been prepared and good mediums will give messages from the loved ones on the other side. A cordial welcome is extended to all. Come out and help the cause along."

Full of Good Things.

To the Editor:—Your last issue of the *Progressive Thinker*, Aug. 27, is an extremely interesting number, and is full of good things; one of them is the letter from Wm. Rausmayer, of Columbus, O. I have been a Spiritualist for nearly thirty years, and have been an active worker part of the time as officer in different societies. I subscribe most heartily to all Mr. Rausmayer has said. He has indicated the only way to secure satisfactory results. It has been my strong conviction for years that the practice of mediumship will never reach the high field of usefulness to which it belongs until it withdraws from publicity and is vested of commercialism. Will mediumship grow then? Yes, like the flower that is cultivated and properly cared for, and our spirit friends will be only too glad to assist in developing and nourishing such flowers. We will then have a Spiritualism worthy of our most exalted conception and conscientious work. May we not hasten the day when we can receive advice, instruction and inspiration from our higher friends, without having its value measured by our standard of commercial value?—Chicago, Ill. P. C. NORTON.

THE DAY.

Nature with outspreading wings of light,
Has drawn its veil away,
And left its glistening gems in sight
To hallow the new born day.
And the flowers with the breath of heaven,
As angels bless the morn
For the glorious day that is given
To us on earth is born.
The sun sheds its golden rays o'er the earth
Spreading its light with a crown of mirth,
Defies the shadows to fall.

But to life there is nothing eternal,
For all must pass away;
As death has proclaimed the removal,
Night succeeds the day.
As the moon in its cold, bright glitter,
Looks calmly in the night,
With its heavenly host of treasure,
As a silent watch in sight.

The bright gentle stars in the heavens
Come as a promise rare
To show us that other worlds are given
As onward they disappear.
But as the heavenly torches of night
Shine silently away,
Stretch forth thy helping hand of light
To souls of another day.
—Frances E. Woods.

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