

# That Terrible Earthquake!

large buildings recently erected and uno.

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# A Little Pilgrim.

This is a charming narrative illustrating the beauty grandeur and sublimity of the spirit side of life, the realms of souls, the immortal spheres of existence. Margaret O. W. Oliphant is the author. And while it has been read by millions in the past, it will prove refreshing and soul-inspiring to our readers to again peruse it and feel its thrills of inspiration, and enjoy its uplifting influence.

## Chapter V.—Continued.

Pain was written in his face. I drew away to leave him room, with mingled pity and horror that this poor wretch should be the partner of the only shelter I could find within so short a time of my arrival. I who—It was horrible, shameful, humiliating; and yet the suffering in his wretched face was so evident that I could not but feel a pang of pity too. "I have nowhere to go," I said. "I am a stranger. I have been badly used, and nobody seems to care."

"No," he said, "nobody cares; don't you look for that. Why should they? Why, you look as if you were sorry for me! What a joke!" he murmured to himself—"what a joke! Sorry for some one else! What a fool the fellow must be!"

"You look," I said, "as if you were suffering horribly; and you say you have come here for years."

"Suffering! I should think I was," said the sick man; "but what is that to you? Yes, I've been here for years—oh, years! that means nothing—for longer than can be counted. Suffering is not the word. It's torture; it's agony! But who cares? Take your leg out of my way."

I drew myself out of his way from a sort of habit, though against my will, and asked, from habit too, "Are you never any better than now?"

He looked at me more closely, and an air of astonishment came over his face. "What d'ye want here," he said, "pitying a man? That's something new here. No, I'm not always so bad, if you want to know. I get better, and then I go and do what makes me bad again, and that's how it will go on; and I choose it to be so, and you needn't bring any of your d-d pity here."

"I may ask, at least, why aren't you looked after? Why don't you get into some hospital?" I said.

"Hospital!" cried the sick man, and then he too burst into that furious laugh, the most awful sound I ever had heard. Some of the passers-by stopped to hear what the joke was, and surrounded me with once more a circle of mockers. "Hospitals! perhaps you would like a whole Red Cross Society, with ambulances and all arranged!" cried one. "Or the Misericordia!" shouted another. I sprang up to my feet, crying, "Why not?" with an impulse of rage which gave me strength. Was I never to meet with anything but this fiendish laughter? "There's some authority, I suppose," I cried in my fury. "It is not the rabble that is the only master here, I hope." But nobody took the least trouble to hear what I had to say for myself. The last speaker struck me on the mouth, and called me an accursed fool for talking of what I did not understand; and finally they all swept on and passed away.

I had been, as I thought, severely injured when I dragged myself into that corner to save myself from the crowd; but I sprang up now as if nothing had happened to me. My wounds had disappeared; my bruises were gone. I was as I had been when I dropped, giddy and amazed, upon the same pavement, how long—an hour?—before? It might have been a year, I cannot tell. The light was the same as ever, the thunderous atmosphere unchanged. Day, if it was day, had made no progress; night, if it was evening, had come no nearer,—all was the same.

As I went on again presently, with a vexed and angry spirit, regarding on every side around me the endless surging of the crowd, and feeling a loneliness, a sense of total abandonment and solitude, which I cannot describe, there came up to me a man of remarkable appearance. That he was a person of importance, of great knowledge and information, could not be doubted. He was very pale, and of a worn but commanding aspect. The lines of his face were deeply drawn; his eyes were sunk under high arched brows, from which they looked out as from caves, full of a fiery impatient light. His thin lips were never quite without a smile; but it was not a smile in which any pleasure was. He walked slowly, not hurrying, like most of the passers. He had a reflective look, as if pondering many things. He came up to me suddenly, without introduction or preliminary, and took me by the arm. "What object had you in talking of these antiquated institutions?" he said.

And I saw in his mind the gleam of the thought, which seemed to be the first with all, that I was a fool, and that that was the natural thing to wish me harm, just as in the earth above it was the natural thing, professed at least, to wish well,—to say good-morning, good-day, by habit and without thought. In this strange country the stranger was received with a curse, and it was an answer not unlike the hasty "Curse you, then, also!" which seemed to come without any will of mine through my mind. But this provoked only a smile from my new friend. He took no notice. He was disposed to examine me, to find some amusement perhaps—how

could I tell?—in what I might say.

"What antiquated things?" "Are you still so slow of understanding? What were they—hospitals? The pretences of a world that can still deceive itself. Did you expect to find them here?"

"I expected to find—how should I know?" I said, bewildered—"some shelter for a poor wretch where he could be cared for, not to be left there to die in the street. Expected! I never thought. I took it for granted."

"To die in the street!" he cried with a smile and shrug of his shoulders. "You'll learn better by and by. And if he did die in the street, what then? What is that to you?"

"To me!" I turned and looked at him, amazed; but he had somehow shut his soul, so that I could see nothing but the deep eyes in their caves, and the smile upon the close-shut mouth. "No more to me than to any one. I only spoke for humanity's sake, as a fellow-creature."

My new acquaintance gave way to a silent laugh within himself, which was not so offensive as the loud laugh of the crowd, but yet was more exasperating than words can say. "You think that matters? But it does not hurt you that he should be in pain. It would do you no good if he were to get well. Why should you trouble yourself one way or the other? Let him die—if he can—That makes no difference to you or me."

"I must be dull indeed," I cried,—"slow of understanding, as you say. This is going back to the ideas of times beyond knowledge—before Christianity." As soon as I had said this I felt somehow—I could not tell how—as if my voice jarred, as if something false and unnatural was in what I said. My companion gave me a twist as if with a shock of surprise then laughed in his inward way again.

"We don't think much of that here, nor of your modern pretences in general. The only thing that touches you and me is what hurts or helps ourselves. To be sure, it all comes to the same thing—for I suppose it annoys you to see that wretch writhing; it hurts your more delicate, highly cultivated consciousness."

"It has nothing to do with my consciousness," I cried angrily; "it is a shame to let a fellow-creature suffer if we can prevent it."

"Why shouldn't he suffer?" said my companion. We passed as he spoke some other squalid, wretched creatures shuffling among the crowd, whom he kicked with his foot, calling forth a yell of pain and curses. This he regarded with a supreme contemptuous calm which stupefied me. Nor did any of the passers-by show the slightest inclination to take the part of the sufferers. They laughed, or shouted out a gibe, or what was still more wonderful, went on with a complete unaffected indifference, as if all this was natural. I tried to disengage my arm in horror and dismay, but he held me fast with a pressure that hurt me. "That's the question," he said. "What have we to do with it? Your fictitious consciousness makes it painful to you. To me, on the contrary, it is a pleasurable feeling. It enhances the amount of ease, whatever that may be, which I enjoy. I am in no pain. That brute who is— and he flicked with a stick he carried the uncovered wound of a wretch upon the roadside—"makes me more satisfied with my condition. Ah! you think it is I who am the brute? You will change your mind by and by."

"Never!" I cried, wrenching my arm from his with an effort. "If I should live a hundred years."

"A hundred years—a drop in the bucket!" he said with his silent laugh. "You will live forever, and we shall meet in the course of ages, from time to time, to compare notes. I would say good-bye after the old fashion, but you are not newly arrived, and I will not treat you so badly as that." With which he parted from me, waving his hand, with his everlasting horrible smile.

"Good-bye!" I said to myself, "good-bye! why should it be treating me badly to say good-bye?"

I was startled by a buffet on the mouth. "Take that!" cried some one, "to teach you how to wish the worst of tortures to people who have done you no harm."

"What have I said? I meant no harm; I repeated only what is the commonest civility, the merest good manners."

"You wished," said the man who had struck me,—"I won't repeat the words; to me, for it was I only that heard them, the awful company that hurts most, that sets everything before us, both past and to come, and cuts like a sword and burns like fire. I'll say it to yourself, and see how it feels: God be with you! There! it is said, and we all must bear it, thanks, you fool and accursed, to you."

And then there came a pause over all the place, an awful stillness,—

hundreds of men and women standing clutching with desperate movements at their hearts as if to tear them out, moving their heads as if to dash them against the wall, wringing their hands, with a look upon all their convulsed faces which I can never forget. They all turned to me, cursing me with those horrible eyes of anguish. And everything was still; the noise all stopped for a moment, the air all silent, with a silence that could be felt. And then suddenly out of the crowd there came a great piercing cry; and everything began again exactly as before.

While this pause occurred, and while I stood wondering, bewildered, understanding nothing, there came over me a darkness, a blackness, a sense of misery such as never in all my life—though I have known troubles enough—I had felt before. All that had happened to me through-out my existence seemed to rise pale and terrible in a hundred scenes before me,—all momentary, intense, as if each was present moment. And in each of these scenes I saw what I had never seen before. I saw where I had taken the wrong instead of the right step, in what wantonness, with what self-will it had been done; how God (I shuddered at the name) had spoken and called me, and even entreated, and I had withstood and refused.

All the evil I had done came back, and spread itself before my eyes; and I loathed it, yet knew that I had chosen it, and that it would be with me forever. I saw it all in the twinkling of an eye, in a moment, while I stood there, and all men with me, in the horror of awful thought. Then it ceased as it had come, instantaneously, and the noise and the laughter, and the quarrels and cries, and all the commotion of this new bewildering place, in a moment began again. I had seen no one while this strange paroxysm lasted. When it disappeared, I came to myself, emerging as from a dream, and looked into the face of the man whose words, not careless like mine, had brought it upon us. Our eyes met, and his were surrounded by curves and lines of anguish which were terrible to see.

"Well," he said, with a short laugh, which was forced and harsh, "how do you like it? That is what happens when— If it came often, who could endure it?" He was not like the rest. There was no sneer upon his face, no gibe at my simplicity. Even now, when all had recovered, he was still quivering with something that looked like a nobler pain. His face was very grave, the lines deeply drawn in it; and he seemed to be seeking no amusement or distraction, nor to take any part in the noise and tumult which was going on around.

"Do you know what that cry meant?" he said. "Did you hear that cry? It was some one who saw—even here once in a long time, they say, it can be seen—"

"What can be seen?" He shook his head, looking at me with a meaning which I could not interpret. It was beyond the range of my thoughts. I came to know after, or I never could have made this record. But on that subject he said no more. He turned the way I was going, though it mattered nothing what way I went, for all were the same to me. "You are one of the new-comers," he said; "you have not been long here—"

"Tell me," I cried, "what you mean by here. Where are we? How can one tell who has fallen—he knows not whence or where? What is this place? I have never seen anything like it. It seems to me that I hate it already, though I know not what it is."

He shook his head once more. "You will hate it more and more," he said; "but of these dreadful streets you will never be free, unless—"

And here he stopped again. "Unless—what? If it is possible, I will be free from them, and that before long."

He smiled at me faintly, as we smile at children, but not with derision. "How shall you do it? Between this miserable world and all others, there is a great gulf fixed. It is full of all bitterness and tears that come from all the universe. Those drop from them, but stagnate here. We, you perceive, have no tears, not even at moments—"

Then, "You will soon be accustomed to all this," he said. "You will fall into the way. Perhaps, you will be able to amuse yourself to make it passable. Many do. There are a number of fine things to be seen here. If you are curious come with me and I will show you. Or work—there is even work. There is only one thing that is possible, or if not possible—"

And here he paused again and raised his eyes to the dark clouds and lurid sky overhead. "The man who gave that cry! If I could but find him! he must have seen—"

"What could he see?" I asked. But there arose in my mind something like contempt. A visionary! who could not speak plainly, who broke off into mysterious inferences, and appeared to know more than he could say. It seemed foolish to waste time, when evidently there was still so much to see, in the company of such a man; and I began already to feel more at home. There was something in that moment of anguish which had wrought a strange familiarity in me with my surroundings. It was so great a relief to return out of the mire of that sharp and horrible self-realization, to what had come to be, in the comparison, easy and well known. I had no desire to go back and grope among the mysteries and anguish so suddenly revealed. I was glad to be free from them, to be left to myself, to get a little pleasure, perhaps, like the others. While these thoughts

passed through my mind, I had gone on without any active impulse of my own, as everybody else did; and my latest companions had disappeared. He said, no doubt, without any need for words, what my feelings were. And I proceeded on my way. I felt better, as I got more accustomed to the place, or perhaps it was the sensation of relief that that moment of indescribable pain. As for the sights in the street, I began to grow used to them. The wretched creatures who strolled, or sat about with signs of sickness or wounds upon them disgusted me only, they no longer called forth my pity. I began to feel ashamed of my silly questions about the hopplins. All the same, it would have been a good thing to have had some respectable for them, into which they might have been driven out of the way. I felt an inclination to push them aside as I saw other people do, but was a little ashamed of that impulse too; and so I went on. There seemed no quiet streets, so far as I could make out, in the place. Some were smaller, narrower, with a different kind of passers-by, but the same hubbub and unresting movement everywhere. I saw no signs of melancholy or seriousness; active pain, violence, brutality; the continual shock of quarrels and blows, but no pensive faces about, no sorrowfulness, nor the kind of trouble which brings thought. Everybody was fully occupied, pushing on as if in a race, pausing for nothing.

The glitter of the lights, the shouts and sounds of continual going, the endless whirl of passers-by, confused and tired me after a while. I went as far as I could go to what seemed the outskirts of the place, where I could by glimpses perceive a low horizon all lurid and glowing, which seemed to sweep round and round. Against it in the distance stood up the outline, back against the red glow, of other towers and house-tops, so many and great that there was evidently another town between us and the sunset, if sunset it was. I have seen a western sky like it when there were storms about, and all the colors of the sky were heightened and darkened by angry influences. The distant town rose against it, cutting the firmament so that it might have been tongues of flame flickering between the dark solid outlines; and across the waste open country which lay between the two cities, there came a distant hum like the sound of the sea, which was in reality the roar of that other multitude. The country between showed no greenness or beauty; it lay under the dark overhanging sky. Here and there seemed a cluster of giant trees scathed as if by lightning, their bare boughs standing up as high as the distant towers, their trunks like black columns, without foliage. Openings here and there, with glimmering lights, looked like the mouths of mines; but of passengers there were scarcely any. A figure here and there flew along as if pursued, imperfectly seen, a shadow, only a little darker than the space about. And in contrast with the sound of the city, here was no sound at all, except the low roar on either side, and a vague cry or two from the openings of the mine, or a scene all drawn in darkness, in variations of gloom, deriving scarcely any light at all from the red and gloomy burning of that distant evening sky.

A faint curiosity to go forwards, to see what the mines were, perhaps to get a share in what was brought up from them, crossed my mind. But I was afraid of the dark, of the wild uninhabited savage look of the landscape; though when I thought of it, there seemed no reason why a narrow stretch of country between two great towns should be alarming. But the impression was strong and above reason. I turned back to the street in which I had first alighted, and which seemed to end in a great square full of people. In the middle there was a stage erected, from which some one was delivering an oration of some sort. He stood beside a long table, upon which lay something which I could not clearly distinguish, except that it seemed alive, and moved, or rather writhed with convulsive twitchings, as if trying to get free of the bonds which confined it. Round the stage in front were a number of seats occupied by listeners, many of whom were women, whose interest seemed to be very great, some of them being furnished with note-books; while a great unsteady crowd coming and going, drifted round,—many, arrested for a time as they passed, proceeding on their way when the interest flagged, as is usual to such open-air assemblies.

(To be continued.)

California State Convention.

The convention of the California State Spiritualists Association on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 13, 14, and 15, at Santa Barbara, Cal., was a grand success. Officers of the state board present from San Francisco, President Arthur S. Howe and wife, State Organizer Allen F. Brown and wife, State Treasurer, Mrs. Mollie Phelps, and other members of the local talent, including Mrs. Mary C. Vlasop, of Los Angeles, awakened great interest in the cause.

The board left for Los Angeles on April 17, and were hospitably entertained by C. Bowman of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Lily Thibault of San Bernardino, director of the state board and their testimony to the work of organization.

A grand meeting of three days promised, and despite the fact that San Francisco is the home of the president and state organizer, Los Angeles rejoices that they and their wives were in Los Angeles at the time of the awful disaster.

Subscribers of the Occidental Mystic will please be patient, as without doubt the entire plan of its editor, A. S. Howe, was destroyed. But an effort will be made to renew its publication as soon as possible.

MRS. M. E. HOWE.

## BILLINGS, MONTANA.

### A New Lyceum Organized, and Other Good Work.

We now have a Lyceum in Billings, Mont. We have called it the "Sunlight," and it is doing finely.

From the State we have taken charge of it, and are doing everything possible to make the meetings attractive and interesting to the children and their parents.

We celebrated the fifty-eighth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism with a meeting, in which the children took part. We had an excellent musical program, recitations and addresses by members of our society here, and the affair was a decided success in every way.

Easter Sunday was also observed with a special program for the Lyceum children, and many of the little ones gave recitations and songs, ending with a military drill in which both children and grown-ups took part.

I want especially to mention the excellent work which has been done here by Mrs. Eva McCoy, who has been serving our society since last November. I am sure that few could have filled Mrs. McCoy's place here and given such complete satisfaction as she has, in her test work and in her social relation with those with whom she has come in contact. Mrs. McCoy has made many warm friends here, and has been instrumental in making the cause of Spiritualism respected here.

We are to have a state convention June 2, 3 and 4. We are expecting visitors from the other states of the state, and hope to make the convention a step in the advancement of the work in Montana.

We are planning to have an auditorium of our own some time in the near future, although for the present, Eureka Hall is sufficiently large for our meetings.

We are expecting the Rev. Moses Hull the 9th of June to give us a series of lectures.

We have been having an interesting series of lectures here the past two weeks, the speaker being Dr. Alexander J. McIlvor-Tyndall of England. Dr. McIlvor-Tyndall is an attractive and capable speaker, and has been very successful here in interesting large audiences of our best known people. He is on his way East from California and stopped over here in response to a personal letter I sent him, asking him to give us a few days.

Although Dr. McIlvor-Tyndall is not affiliated with any special society or organization, he evidently believes in and approves of the claims of Spiritualism, as his lecture "Proofs of Immortality," stated. He calls his work psychic science, and his private classes, which I had the pleasure of attending, are more in the line of Psychology and metaphysics, because, he says, he believes that one of the great needs of to-day is to develop the individual soul to a plane where we may readily come in rapport with the higher intelligences of the spirit world.

He has already delivered the following lectures here, and has promised to speak on "The Truth About Spiritualism" before he leaves.

We feel very grateful to Dr. McIlvor-Tyndall, because he has interested many people here who were prejudiced against Spiritualism, and the newspapers, which are not given to reporting lectures favorable to our cause have been glad to get full reports of Dr. McIlvor-Tyndall's lectures.

I enclose a review taken from the Helena Independent, as it is longer than the one in our home paper, on the subject, "Proofs of Immortality."

Other subjects upon which Dr. McIlvor-Tyndall has spoken here are: "The Devil's Death, The World Invisible, The Call of the Century, Mental Shackles, Telepathy, and Dangers in Psychic Research. I feel that it would be difficult to overestimate the good Dr. McIlvor-Tyndall is doing in Montana, and possibly he reaches more people, while he is here independently, than if he came under the direct classification of Spiritualist.

MRS. F. D. MCARMICK, Billings, Mont.

Letter From Nellie S. Baade

The First Association of Spiritualists of Washington, D. C., are certainly a credit to the cause they so ably represent.

The Ladies' Auxiliary with a membership of about sixty people, several of them resident mediums, meet every Thursday evening at the home of the president, Mr. Wm. W. Jones, each and all do their best to make it a source of pleasure and instruction concerning the spiritual needs of the hour.

Last evening recitations from two of the Lyceum scholars were a great credit to their instructors. Goldie Evans, a young Miss of eleven years, who is developing wonderful inspirational powers and mediumship of the highest order, is the grand-daughter of J. H. Nixon, Spring Hill, Kansas. Little Goldie's prospects are favorable for becoming a bright and shining light in the cause of Spiritualism, which has been made possible through her faithful instructors at home and in the Lyceum. Too much praise cannot be given to Mrs. J. Stephens, the conductor of the Lyceum. Always at her post, faithful in the discharge of her spiritual duties, also a fine test medium.

Last Sunday, being Easter, the children were remembered and enjoyed the occasion. With the eggs typical of life, with songs, recitations and congratulations extended each to the other, and the hall with the perfume of lilies and roses, we all felt inspired to press on to the goal of our high calling. Our guides gave lectures suitable to the occasion, followed by spiritual messages.

There have been no transitions from this society during the past year, but at present Mrs. Collins lies dangerously ill at her home. We are all sending out best thought for her speedy return to health and happiness. She is a medium of remarkable ability, and has many friends here as elsewhere. She is an earnest teacher of the Lyceum, and is a power for good.

As the time draws near for my departure, it is with a feeling of sincere regret, for I have enjoyed every moment of the time since coming here, and shall be loath to part with the dear people of Washington.

MRS. NELLIE S. BAADÉ.

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## JUST JIM.

Such merry laughter I heard one day From some children's voices, of mirth and glee; And spied them down under a walnut tree.

Then with a laugh they scampered away, Along down the path by the brook-side's brim, And each one cried with a whoop! and hey!

"Hello! Now I bet you can't catch me, Jim!"

Then, by and by, as they came to rest Near the grapevine swing close by where I stood, A man came down from the hillock's crest.

And a dog sprang gayly from out the wood.

"Come, tell me your name, my little man?"

"It's Basil, please sir!" the elder one said; "And what is yours? tell me if you can?"

"Why, mine's only Mark," and he hung his head.

"And where is Jim, then? I pray you tell."

"Up there!" and they smilingly beckoned him.

"Why, he is your grandpa! I know him well; His name is Mark, too; so it can't be Jim!"

"Oh, he is our Jim, sir; don't you see? And every day for the sun goes dim."

He comes to play with us under the tree, He ain't an old grandpa—he's just our Jim!"

"And, oh, we're so happy! Every day We come to the woodland to wait for him— All the bright days from the first of May, And just 'cause we love him, we call him Jim!"

Oh, happy children! when youth has fled, Will they always keep that pet name for him? When the grass grows green above his grave, Will they love him still? will they call him Jim?

A time rolls on, 'life's autumn' appears— When their hair is white and their eyes grow dim, And cares and toils have come with the years— To their children's children, will they be Jim?

Ah, well! with us all may some dear, fond name Live green in our hearts while the suns grow dim! With the changing years let there still remain Some dear loved form, who is only— Just Jim!

IRENE CLIFTON, Cincinnati, Ohio.

TRIBUTE TO THOMAS PAINE.

The Patriot, the Free Thinker, the Great Man of the Age and Time, and the One Whose Name is Still Honored.

Arbor Day in this city was celebrated by the Philadelphia Spiritual Society by planting an Oriental Plane Tree in Independence Square, by addresses by Samuel Wheeler and Edgar W. Emerson, assisted by the officers and children of the Lyceum.

Mr. Wheeler spoke of the great celebration of the last three days in honor of Benjamin Franklin, the friend of Thomas Paine, whose religion was to do good, and all mankind were his brethren and that of the original trees in the square that had sheltered the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but few remained. Here on this sacred piece of ground many illustrious spirits hovered around. A century and a quarter ago, when the Immortal Declaration was read by John Dixon, on July 8th, from yonder window in the Philosophical Society, under the shade of that decaying oak tree, stood Thomas Paine and Robert Morris, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, and some Indians; by yonder stately elm stood Benjamin Rush, and the great Stephen Girard had many a time passed through this square to his country house, and in 1779, Thomas Paine could have been seen hurrying through the square on his way to the coffee house, with his subordination of \$500, to his friend Blair McHughan, to help George Washington's starving soldiers at Norristown; and later, in 1787 the man in the faded brown coat, with the model of his iron bridge, could have been seen in this square showing the same to Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and the members of the Philosophical Society of which he received the degree of A. M. as a tribute to his scientific discoveries.

You children will soon be grown to men and women, and can view with pleasure the work you have done to-day. I take great pleasure in naming this tree, William R. McNeill, late president of the Lyceum, on this the 54th birthday.

Recreation: "James to Early Spring"—Wadsworth—Miss Florence C. Clark. Singing by the children of the Lyceum—"Star Spangled Banner."

Mrs. Henry M. Shupe, directress of the Lyceum, made a brief address which was followed by singing by the children.

The Lyceum children were then marched in double file through Independence Hall, and saluted the Liberty Bell, and the marble bust of Thomas Paine, in the main hall.

JAS. B. ELLIOTT, Sec. Paine Memorial Association. Philadelphia, Pa.

"Thou Shalt Not Covet."

There are but four words found in the bible that are of any practical value to the spirit of man, providing man obeys them. These words are found in the Tenth Commandment, and reads, "Thou shalt not covet."

Moses relegated the Commandment to the rear, when he assigned it to the tenth place, feeling, no doubt, that it was of the least importance as a Commandment, when compared with the balance of the commandments.

The duty of the church, then, is to lift the Tenth Commandment from its obscure position to the place now occupied by the First Commandment. As a commandment of real value to man, it should take precedence over every other Commandment, and be strictly obeyed. Murder, adultery, theft, false swearing, dishonoring father and mother cannot be considered as Commandments. They are

Commentary, "Thou shalt not covetness; in its absence the 6th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th Commandments are superfluous. JAMES R. DAVIDSON.

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The Carpenter's and Builder's Standard Library. By Fred T. Hodgson, Architect.







# LEGERDEMAIN INFERNALISM

The articles now running in The Progressive Thinker will open the eyes of Spiritualists as never before. All along the line The Progressive Thinker has awakened a feeling that will not subside until all the charlatans shall have been driven from our ranks, or sent behind the bars as Mr. Maybee was. The exposure of Mr. and Mrs. Amundson of Minneapolis, Minn., illustrates most graphically the condition of our cause. For years little children, old men, old women, Indians, etc., have "materialized" at their seances—every one a fraud—nothing but deception throughout—Infernalism itself instead of unsullied Spiritualism! Oh! Angels of Light, Love and Purity, how long must Spiritualism endure the practice of Legerdemain Infernalism?

There is a great commotion to-day throughout the entire ranks of Spiritualism on account of the deep-seated hold the fakes have on our ranks. Medium after medium is exposed perpetrating their various sordid methods of deception, and thus illustrating the necessity of vigorous action on the part of all friends of honest mediumship and pure Spiritualism.

For many years Spiritualism has presented to the scrutinizing public an UGLY ULCER, an ulcer that has NAUSEATED THOUSANDS of Spiritualists themselves, and to-day it is being probed as never before.

That ulcer had for a long time been carefully concealed, and to mention it was criminal, would arouse intense opposition, strife, hatred, and vexatious difficulties too numerous to mention.

Two years ago we resolved to do one of two things—either retire from the management of The Progressive Thinker, or probe this ulcer TO THE VERY CORE. After mature reflections, and AFTER MANY VISIONS, induced, as we believe, by exalted spirits, we resolved to pursue the latter course, and we have been doing it right along, and shall continue in the same course until that ulcer is healed—a course that every rational Spiritualist will endorse.

The constant accumulation of data

Tom Sawyer's power to get some one else to whitewash a fence by gently convincing his comrades that whitewashing is not work but play of the most alluring species, and to exact from them a premium to revel in the fun of whitewashing, is a power which, after all, cannot compare with the gentle art of C. Amundson, "phenomenal psychic," who has collected thousands from an unsuspecting public by convincing them that his wife, accoutred in black tights and white gauze, in the absence of light is a veritable legend of spirits.

For years Mrs. Amundson, incorporeal, has been worth her weight in gold, but to-day she lost her incorporeal asset, and the goose that laid the golden egg in the Amundson household has met with a violent death. The incorporeal duties of Mrs. Amundson have been dispensed with and the shades of "Bob Kelly," which knew her once shall know her no more.

Tom Sawyer's aunt soon convinced her nephew's friends that whitewashing, after all, was work, and an equally powerful agent last week convinced several hundred in St. Paul and Minneapolis that it takes more than black tights, a dark room and a filmy veil of white silk to make a spirit out of any man's wife.

There was something pathetic as well as tragic in the unmasking of the two "spirit mediums" in that little home in Southeast Minneapolis. By one fell swoop Amundson's system was swept to the winds. He had paid dearly to acquire the skill which, night after night, held in thrall the educated as well as the ignorant and illiterate.

Exchanges Wife for Power.

Years ago he was attacked by a serious illness which made it necessary for him to seek an easier trade than the one he was following. At that time there came across his path a worker in magic, a creator, as he termed it, of "bogus mediums." He took this man into his home and in return for a series of lectures on how to become a medium, Amundson fed him and housed him.

Not content with pulling off the masks, the exposing party went behind the scenes and in the investigation which followed a mass of information on "fake" Spiritualism was gathered which would fill a work of many volumes of as interesting reading as the "Arabian Nights."

Worked Many Games.

Amundson's reward was not confined to the entry fee which he charged, nor the various extras collected for photographs which he made of the spirits as they floated before his gruesome looking cabinet. He exerted an influence over the daily conduct and the destinies of his victims. One old man was induced through messages from the spirits, perhaps a message from "Bob Kelly," the master spirit, to go to Canada and dispose of mining interests which the spirits advised him to sell. For this valuable information he was induced to relinquish \$1,000, with a promise of an additional thousand before May 1. This was the Amundson brand of Spiritualism still away on his spirit errand.

One woman confesses that for months she had done washing at the Amundson residence, and instead of receiving money for her labor she was induced to sit for spirit messages and the materialization of other of the lines of the convincing Amundson. The spirits apprised her of the fact that it was good for her health to wash and clean and that her labors would meet a rich reward in the spirit land.

Miss the Dog Healer.

Since the exposing of Amundson the neighbors about his home have missed a familiar figure known as "the dog healer." He was once a great healer, but lost his power through the healing of a dog. He had deposed his skill in making so low and was in search of

in regard to the deception being practiced in our ranks, presents a spectacle that is TRULY APPALLING! You who do not have this data before you; you who rest quietly in your own secluded home singing "The Sweet By and By," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," excluding all unpleasant thoughts from your minds, regaling yourself in the sweet nectar of a self-satisfied consciousness, and not wanting to "defile" yourselves by thinking about anything "unclean," have little or no conception of the extent that legerdemain Spiritualism has been fostered and practiced at camp-meetings and among the public generally, and it is YOU who generally oppose this cleaning process, this probing process, this effort to purify the MOST GLORIOUS TRUTH that ever was presented to mortals. It is YOUR lamentable ignorance, ascribing everything to the "spirits" when you can not "understand" how the "phenomena" could be produced otherwise, that has encouraged the fakes.

And now comes the exposure of two most "remarkable" mediums, Mr. and Mrs. C. Amundson, who reside at 1125 Sixth street southeast, Minneapolis, Minn. For years they have been carrying on their appalling deception, their legerdemain Spiritualism, and at any time they could have produced af-

the lost touch when he wandered into one of Amundson's seances. The spirits became especially active over the professor and promised a full restoration of his powers if he would only hold his circle chair down long enough. Through the assistance of "Bob Kelly," his wonderful healing power was to be brought back. "Bob Kelly," Mrs. Amundson in black tights, told him that to regain his skill he must perform certain duties, such as sawing and splitting wood and the performance of general household duties about the Amundson house, so as to be constantly within range of the spirits. "Bob Kelly" in his messages dubbed Amundson "vice-regent of the spirits on earth plane." The healer is still in quest of the lost "touch."

So confident was Amundson of his grip upon his followers that he dispensed with the usual precautions when as cabinet guide he sent the spirits forth. They mingled in the most familiar way with the members of the circle, and "Bob Kelly" used to roll about the parlor floor at the very feet of the astonished corporeals.

Classes of Manifestation.

There are five classes of manifestations which were commonly practiced by Amundson and under these five heads, the usual evening seance was given. Some features were done in the light but most of them in the dark.

First of all, materialization of the spirit of "Bob Kelly" must come in order to make the conditions favorable for the entry of the other spirits. In Mr. Amundson's system, "Kelly" was known as the chemist spirit. He is the spirit which gave the way for all the other manifestations. He determines what form the subsequent manifestations shall take, and as chemist he manufactures their clothes. He is the only spirit which is beyond doubt mere thin air.

It was very vital to the success of the expose that "Kelly" should come out of the cabinet that evening. If "Kelly" had not, then all the hands who would have been in vain. If "Snow Flake" had been caught or any of the spirits of the innumerable Indian guides, who were supposed to be tutelary spirits, had been grabbed, Amundson could have extricated himself by saying that the manifestation was impersonation and the spirit had taken possession of his wife as a medium.

But with "Bob Kelly" caught in the flesh, there was no appeal. It was a blow at the foundation of his system. On his own confession, "Bob" was the real spook, the chief spirit. He materialized through his own free will. The exposure of the circle that evening of the expose, caused by fear that "Bob Kelly" would not appear because conditions would be declared unfavorable by Amundson, was intense. For that reason everyone in the circle was just as good and unsuspecting as he or she could be.

When Mrs. Amundson first enters the cabinet which is built across one corner of the room, she is dressed in a black dress and loose blouse. If any one is observant, it can be noted that she is rather bulky and seems to be carrying a load under that quiet and unassuming dress. From the cabinet runs a long rope, regulating a kerosene lamp in one corner of the room, the end of which hangs from one corner of the cabinet. The spirits are supposed to use this to regulate the light, making conditions the best for their entry into the mystic circle before the cabinet. A music box is usually started in order to set in vibration the ether waves upon which the spirits descend at ease. Those in the circle before the cabinet must join hands and cast their best thoughts toward the cabinet in order to make the circuit and create a battery from which the spirits draw strength to make their terrestrial appearance.

Fake mediums always operate in pairs, usually a man and wife. The wife, as in Mrs. Amundson's case, us-

ually acts as a medium and takes her position within the cabinet, while the husband as cabinet tender sits near the entrance. It is the duty of the cabinet tender to place in a circle all those attending the seance. There is method in this. If he knows anyone to be unfriendly and fears that he or she might be tempted to test the etheric realm of a spirit by attempting to grab it, such a person is given a seat far in the rear and watched closely. The faithful are given a seat near the cabinet so the released spirits may operate without any great fear of being embraced.

Don't Grab the Spirits.

"Don't grab the spirits," is the written law of all such seances. It is explained by the cabinet tender that such an infraction of the rule might cause harm to the medium and even death. Amundson curiously explained on the evening of the exposing that a person at a recent seance had grabbed a spirit and the medium had a sore arm for weeks.

When the cabinet tender informs those in the circle that they are paying for the medium's time and the rent of the chair upon which they are sitting, and not for the manifestations to be made, the medium makes a bow and disappears within the darkness of the gloomy cabinet. There is a sliding door to the cabinet and also curtains. The sliding door is to be used when a curious person attempts to invade the sanctities of the cabinet after a spirit has retreated thither. That gives the medium time to make a hasty exit before the door is beaten down.

As the medium cheerfully bows to the circle before her, each member smilingly says good-night and she departs to go into her trance and yield up her own self to the approaching spirits. The wooden shutter goes down before the kerosene lamp in the corner of the room. Members of the circle tighten grips in their anticipation of a communion with the spirits.

"Snow Flake" Appears.

The white figure of a child appears before the curtain. It is "Snow Flake," the cabinet guide. Members of the circle picture some child of theirs claimed by the angel of death on the childish face of "Snow Flake" crouching realistically before the cabinet door. Tears come to their eyes and they appeal to "Snow Flake" to guide the spirit of their lost child to them.

Masks off! Who is "Snow Flake"? Nothing but the crouching figure of Mrs. Amundson swaying back and forth on her knees, whispering in assumed childish tones and grinning upon the excited members of the circle. A brown curly wig which she has drawn from a little black bag bound under her dress gives her head the appearance of that of a child. A child's toy chair at her side, together with a number of toys, make the delusion complete. A silk gauzy veil thrown over her crouching, swaying form gives the appearance in the imperfect light of the child's white shroud. At a signal from Amundson she departs to make up for another spirit.

Between the cabinet and the circle of signals indicative of friendly or unfriendly conditions.

"Can't you come out," means get back as quick as you can.

"Come out dear, yes, that is right, come along," means that the coast is clear, and no enemy lurks in the circle to clasp her in his embrace.

"Bob Kelly" is Next.

If the seance is to go on "Bob Kelly" must now appear. He is the chemical spirit who paves the way for all the other manifestations. At this point, in order to give Mrs. Amundson time to divest herself of her skirts, the circle is sanctimoniously requested by Mr. Amundson to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," while the lightning change is made by his spouse.

Three verses of the hymn usually gives her time enough to make up as "Bob Kelly." The hymn ceases,

hands lighter again, the shutter descends on the lamp and darkness falls over everything. It is impossible even to see a hand before your face. Mysterious knockings are heard, for which the foot of Mr. Amundson is responsible, but those in the circle in their excitement think that the sounds denote the activity of approaching spirits following in the shades of Kelly. Slowly, "Kelly" advances. On his breast is a luminous, amber-colored disc, and he is seen either to spruce a piece of rope or make a flag, which he afterward draws to a member of the circle, who draws back in terror, but yet is flattered at receiving so much attention from a spirit like "Kelly," who has taken all the degrees of the spirit world which he has inhabited for 1,500 years and is now its ruler.

Spirits Let Loose.

"Kelly" soon disappears behind the cabinet, and then the spirit world is let loose. Mrs. Amundson has retreated by this time and is back upon the chair within the cabinet and in a trance, again to be taken possession of by the spirits which Kelly's shade has made possible.

At this point Mrs. Amundson puts on the regalia of an Indian chief with feathers illuminated by luminous paint. Connected with the band of feathers is a copper pipe which she holds in her hand, and which makes her look like an Indian. Dressed in this garb, she goes forth as an Indian guide, either as "White Feathers," "Gray Feathers," or an indefinite number of Indian chiefs. Each one in the circle has an Indian guide and Mrs. Amundson hovers over each of them in her Indian disguise, touching and even caressing them, but on none of killing the medium—Mrs. Amundson within the cabinet—they must not grab the spirit.

The spirits, says the sign over the mantelpiece, want to feel free to come out to their friends. If too effusive a welcome is accorded them they will shrink back in sheer bashfulness. In time the Indians return to their ethereal tepees behind the confines of the back cabinet, and while Mrs. Amundson is divesting herself of the Indian regalia, the circle sings by way of inspiration another hymn, accompanied by the music box and the mysterious knockings of Mr. Amundson's No. 11 shoes.

In rapid succession come the spirits of the deceased relatives of friends of those sitting in the circle. Repeated visits have enabled the medium to learn volumes concerning the history of her guests, and inquiry on the outside has supplemented what was not voluntarily given. Stored in the little black bags about her person she has scores of wigs and masks and even costumes, which she changes to which are affixed several luminous pictures of departed persons. These pictures are painted in flesh colors and with paint which shines brightly in the dark. The delusion is complete and the pictures have the appearance in the dark of being human beings, although if any member of the circle happened to reach the side of the cabinet at the device it would be readily discovered that the spirit had a very flat face.

Pictures of dead relatives are secured by the fakes, and they paint them on these cards and reveal them at opportune times. Hundreds have been deceived into believing they were looking upon the faces of their departed loved ones. By bowing down, another picture can be made to stand up without the medium going into the cabinet. This is termed transfiguration. One picture shown is of a Mr. Wilson and his daughter. Their pictures were made to work overtime in the Amundson establishment.

Flower Materialization.

One of the other forms of deception is flower materialization. This is done in the daylight, and the medium draws flowers with broken stems from under a table, which indicates that the flowers have been made a victim to some of the local florists. Mrs. Amundson does this trick by legerdemain. The flowers in some manner are extricated from the folds of her dress.

Then there is slate-writing, which is done by the medium holding the slate on her knee in one hand and placing the other hand on the table before her. The cabinet guide makes it his business to educate fake mediums. He received the following letter:

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"We will teach you sufficient astrology so that you can give as pleasing, truthful and satisfactory readings as we are doing, so you can answer questions and letters deductively and inspirationally. We will teach you to advertise, where to advertise, how to get up your literature so as to bring you orders. In fact we will carefully instruct you in our business from A. to Z., so that within three weeks' time you will be started in a grand paying occupation, with easy, light work, lots of spare time for yourself, right in your own home. You can even use your spare time and you will be repaid handsomely in money for the same.

Our reputation is a sufficient guarantee that we can and will do as we promise. We are making a grand success from an artistic and financial standpoint, and we can make you equally successful. You will follow our instructions. We have received something like 5,000 testimonials and have made about \$50,000 in this business, and there is no reason why you cannot do the same. You can, with little effort, at least earn a handsome monthly income. Your starting in the business will in no way interfere with us, as there are over 50,000,000 people in the United States, and as you have a field the entire world, we have pleased patrons in every country of the world, so you see the field is unlimited. Our pupils also have been very successful.

Our charge for instructing you in this business is only \$25, which is a very insignificant sum when you understand that you receive a knowledge that is worth thousands of dollars to you in a financial way, and will place you in a position to become independent and prosperous.

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Pictures Are Uncanny.

Most of the spirit pictures have an uncanny appearance. The face is usually blurred and very white. This is usually due to the poor snapshots taken of the originals, which must be done at the highest point of speed. Given this, the pictures strengthen the faith of the victim, for the picture to him looks ethereal.

Any sum of money is extorted for these cheap reproductions which the victim will give. Some have paid as high as \$25 for nothing more than a faint reproduction of a photograph of a deceased member of his family. Pictures which are represented to be spirit photographs of the Indian guides also are sold. They are crayon sketches of the ordinary type of Indian heads and bring as high as \$15 apiece. Amundson had them turned out by the hundreds by a Minneapolis artist.

The believer in true Spiritualism does not recognize or sanction any of the forms of manifestation practiced by the fakes. They have a sacred and righteous conviction of the hereafter, and hold in reverence all the accepted tenets relative to it. These so-called spirit mediums usually receive their worst rebuff from the genuine Spiritualists.

Must Collect Data.

Success in the work depends upon the ability of the fakes to collect data concerning their patrons. Every spare minute is spent in running down the minutest details respecting them, and each fact is carefully jotted down in a book. As patrons come to have confidence in a medium they unconsciously confide much of their history to them, especially the circumstances regarding the taking off of their beloved ones. None of this is lost on the medium, but carefully noted to be used at a later date.

The patrons may forget in time just what was told the medium, and when from the cabinet they had repeated the very facts they themselves once told they think it wonderful and become converts to the system. When the raid was made in the hand of Amundson there was a small white card upon which were written the names of the particular spirits which his wife must call up. Each spirit had some connection with members of the circle that had died that evening. Among the names on the card were the following: Ethel, John, Gladys, Florence, Judge Lemon of Maryland. The latter is called out each evening and appears to be a general utility spirit.

So firmly do persons come to believe in the system that they never notice little things which under ordinary circumstances are ridiculous enough to upset any one's belief. Take the slate messages, for instance. Nearly all of them show evidence that they have been written by illiterate persons. A message supposed to have been sent by Hiawatha is signed High-wah-ah. The simplest words are spelled wrong, the writing is almost illegible and the messages painfully alike and monotonous.

Forgot Mother Tongue.

One person received a message from the spirit of his grandmother, who had never learned the shores of Norway. It was written in good English, in fact so good that the grandson had difficulty to make it out. He remarked: "She doing better den me," but he believed on.

Another once asked why he never received a message in German from a person who was not in the habit of writing English. He could not understand why English should be the accepted language of the spirit world. Still he believed with the Norwegian who was waiting patiently to get a message in his mother tongue.

One of the great sources of revenue is when a patron gets so taken up with the system that he desires to become a medium and summon "Bob Kelly" and the other spirits to come to do it. He is then taken to sittings. A ribbon is tied onto a certain chair in the circle and he sits on that in order "to develop." He usually develops as long as he has any money left, and then he is told that because of certain conditions he will never make a medium. He is consoled with any may be called, but few are chosen.

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One person received a message from the spirit of his grandmother, who had never learned the shores of Norway. It was written in good English, in fact so good that the grandson had difficulty to make it out. He remarked: "She doing better den me," but he believed on.

Another once asked why he never received a message in German from a person who was not in the habit of writing English. He could not understand why English should be the accepted language of the spirit world. Still he believed with the Norwegian who was waiting patiently to get a message in his mother tongue.

One of the great sources of revenue is when a patron gets so taken up with the system that he desires to become a medium and summon "Bob Kelly" and the other spirits to come to do it. He is then taken to sittings. A ribbon is tied onto a certain chair in the circle and he sits on that in order "to develop." He usually develops as long as he has any money left, and then he is told that because of certain conditions he will never make a medium. He is consoled with any may be called, but few are chosen.

By the aid of luminous paint spirits can be made to appear to come up through the floor. The paint is supplied to fake mediums at \$1 an ounce. One of the expositors, in order to induce some of the others to aid in the unmasking of the Amundsons, wrote to certain persons to make it his business to educate fake mediums. He received the following letter:

Teach Fake Mediums.

"Dear Friend:—Would you like to learn a business that will bring you a net income of \$100 a month and a month more? You should take up the giving of astrological and intuitional readings by mail, same as we are doing, and thus place yourself in a position to be independent of others. We can easily teach you this business and assure you of success from the very start. We write you this letter because we sincerely want you to be a person especially adapted to the business. We make this offer to only about one person in three hundred.

"We will teach you sufficient astrology so that you can give as pleasing, truthful and satisfactory readings as we are doing, so you can answer questions and letters deductively and inspirationally. We will teach you to advertise, where to advertise, how to get up your literature so as to bring you orders. In fact we will carefully instruct you in our business from A. to Z., so that within three weeks' time you will be started in a grand paying occupation, with easy, light work, lots of spare time for yourself, right in your own home. You can even use your spare time and you will be repaid handsomely in money for the same.

Our reputation is a sufficient guarantee that we can and will do as we promise. We are making a grand success from an artistic and financial standpoint, and we can make you equally successful. You will follow our instructions. We have received something like 5,000 testimonials and have made about \$50,000 in this business, and there is no reason why you cannot do the same. You can, with little effort, at least earn a handsome monthly income. Your starting in the business will in no way interfere with us, as there are over 50,000,000 people in the United States, and as you have a field the entire world, we have pleased patrons in every country of the world, so you see the field is unlimited. Our pupils also have been very successful.

Our charge for instructing you in this business is only \$25, which is a very insignificant sum when you understand that you receive a knowledge that is worth thousands of dollars to you in a financial way, and will place you in a position to become independent and prosperous.



The PROGRESSIVE THINKER will be furnished until further notice at the following terms, payable in advance:

One Year	\$1.00
Six Months	.60
Three Months	.35
Single Copy	10c

## REMITTANCES:

Remit by Postoffice Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on Chicago or New York. All checks from 10 to 15 cents to get checks cashed on local banks, do not send them unless you wish that amount deducted from the amount sent. Address all letters to J. R. FRANCIS, 40 Loomis Street, Chicago, Ill.

## TAKE NOTICE:

At the expiration of subscription, if not renewed, the paper is discontinued. No bills will be sent for extra numbers. If you do not receive your paper promptly write us, and any errors in address will be promptly corrected, and missing numbers supplied gratis.

Whenever you desire the address of your paper changed, always give the address of the place to which it is being going or the change cannot be made.

## TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES:

The price of The Progressive Thinker per year to foreign countries is \$2.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1905

## WORDS OF CAUTION.

You should not send money in a letter. You may not send 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.

## SOMETHING YOU SHOULD HAVE.

It Will Only Cost You Four Cents.

Reports in pamphlet form of the last N. S. A. Convention are for sale at 600 Pennsylvania Avenue S. E., Washington, D. C., at four cents each, postpaid, or thirty-five cents per dozen. Every Spiritualist should send for one. Address Mary T. Longley, Secretary.

## TAKÉ NOTICE.

All books advertised in The Progressive Thinker can be obtained at this office. Express charges or postage prepaid at the price named unless otherwise stated.

## Borrowed From Paganism.

It has been repeatedly asserted in these columns, that every rite, ceremony and sacrament of the Christian church was in practice long before the period accredited to Jesus; that instead of their derivation from the founders and fathers of the Christian system, they were plagiarized from older systems of religion, and those older religions were stigmatized by Christians as pagan. We have challenged the clergy to name one such rite, ceremony or sacrament which was original with them, other than that of persecution for holding adverse views to theirs.

Leaders of Protestant churches fully conscious of the facts here stated, maintain the Roman Catholics engrafted on the Christian system various pagan rites, and thus corrupted the purity of the church; but they deny the accretions from that source are general, as The Progressive Thinker alleges. It is to be regretted they will not name one, just one feature, which was not borrowed or stolen from the religions they have supplanted.

If there is one sacrament more sacred than another in their system it is not the celebration of the Lord's supper. Most reluctantly does the neophyte taste the symbolic flesh and blood of the dear Jesus after being instructed, quoted from Paul, I. Cor. xi:29:

"He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."

Even our good George Washington, while a member of the church, declined to share in the cannibalistic festivals.

But this consecrated bread-eating and wine-drinking is as old as Zoroaster. That ancient sect, whose founder lived from 1,800 to 2,300 years before our era, and whose rites are still observed by the Parsees of India, instituted this sacrament in honor of the founder of that sect. Says Chambers' Cyclopaedia, article "Parsees," "It bears a striking outward resemblance to the sacrament of the Lord's supper."

It was also practiced by the devotees of Mithra, the Persian savior, whose cult, says Chambers, article Mithras, with the mysteries, were imported into Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine. It reached Rome where his worship, after many endeavors, was finally suppressed A. D. 378.

Into the West and North of Europe, and many tokens of its former existence in Germany are still to be found, such as the Mithras monuments at Heddernheim, near Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and at other places.

This sacrament of the Lord's Supper was also observed by the Therapeutae in Egypt, and by the Essenes in Palestine long anterior to our era.

What relationship was there between Christianity, in its beginning with these still older religious sects?

## Why She Lost Her Jewels and Money.

Last week we published a startling statement in reference to James Francis O'Hara and his wife Lillian, who were arrested in Omaha, Neb. The Tribune says: "They are wanted in Chicago for the alleged theft of \$350 and jewelry valued at \$1,300 from Mrs. Rebecca Irving, 2229 Prairie avenue, on March 27."

All this is the result of Legerdemain Spiritualism—so long as you don't know how it is done, it must originate from spirits, is the assumption of "innocence."

Mrs. Irving is a refined lady of more than ordinary intelligence, but not aware of the fact that the shrewdest, grossest and most cruel kind of deception is being practiced in our ranks under the guise of mediumship, she became an easy victim.

If she had read The Progressive Thinker weekly, if only glancing over the headlines, she would not have suffered the great loss she has been subject to. It is a fact that only those who read The Progressive Thinker weekly are safe from the deception practiced by some under the name of "mediumship."

"Discovery of a Lost Trail." By Chas. B. Newcomb. Excellent in spiritual suggestiveness. Cloth, \$1.50.

## A Graphic Pen Picture.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, the Noted Lecturer, Artist and Medium, Tells of Her Experience in the San Francisco Earthquake.

To the Editor:—Again caught up by the flood of seething fire, out of the ruins of which I write.

All my valuable papers, many of my best paintings, choice books and manuscripts, typewriter, souvenirs of all dates and descriptions, are on the long roll of things that have been, and now passed away; yet amid the awful ruin I have my small roof and shelter, water and food, and all my city relatives near me, except one young lad, my grandson, who went across the bay, and as yet has not been heard from, but believe him all right.

No words can picture the devastation!

No numbers can compute the loss, both of life and property! As far as the eye can reach, down from our hills to the water, on all sides of us, our once beautiful city of massive structures lies in a mass of debris, smouldering, black and treacherous!

On the morning of the 17th, at early break of day, the terrific shock appalled us! A violent shaking and terrific crash succeeded the oppressive stillness and heated atmosphere. The screams of frightened people were terrible—people rushing frantically from their homes carrying shrieking children in their arms, clad only in night clothes, were everywhere upon the street mingled with the crash of breakage. Shocks, many, though lighter, succeeded each other from time to time, and even until last night have visited us. Every car was stopped. I started earlier than my regular hour for my downtown office, not that nearly every chimney was down, and as I went on other and more severe wrecks met my gaze—some of the buildings tottering, some wrenched from their base, windows broken, doors off their hinges, and protrusions and cracks all along the roadbeds and sidewalks, increasing in extent of damage as I hurried along.

In the Valencia street, I saw a awful wreck—large and small buildings piled in splinters together, and a flood of water from broken mains covered the sunken street for a block or two.

Passing a hospital, I stopped to render such service as I could to those being brought in from the wreckage.

Let me pause here at description of the agonized scenes. It was likened to the old war times after a battle or during a siege, and only my experience then gave me admission to the hospital where for hours I rendered such service as I found necessary to the mangled and bleeding sufferers, regardless of the object which started me out to go down to my office thirty

mark the site of such a locality. The word, in the original, signified castled rocks. These abound filled with caverns along the western coast of Lake Genesareth. The commentators, and all their copyists, if they know anything of the geography of the lake mentioned, know it was impossible for a city to be situated on that coast. For a time they struggled to make it appear there was such a city on the eastern coast; but this they abandoned, as they will their amended statement when they learn to tell the truth.

"What will a man give in exchange for his soul?" In the preceding verse the same word rendered, "soul," is translated life, and scholars all agree it should be so rendered in both places. But how could the revivalists keep house without this false rendering?

The words gehenna, hades, tartarus, usually rendered hell, have done service as God's prison house for unbelievers for many centuries. Said a certain preacher in a hearing while ago, who had read his books thoughtfully:

"They need not try to jam hell down my throat any farther, for I have learned the words the translators so falsely rendered hell. The Greek word means a valley, and henna is the Greek form of the Hebrew Hinnom, meaning Valley of Hinnom."

At the south of Jerusalem where the carcasses of dead animals, filled with "worms which die not," were disposed of. Hades is the Greek place of the dead in general; and tartarus is a word used only by Jude which connects his epistle with Roman mythology, and has no place in Christian literature.

The colored brother had somewhere come in contact with a scholar who had taught him truthfully.

God's "Holy Word," thrust into our hands in early youth for guidance; furnishes some terrible examples of shameful lying, which neither children nor adults should read. Chapter 27 of Genesis furnishes details:

The patriarch Isaac had grown old, and was nearly blind. He called his eldest son Esau to him and made provision for blessing him. His mother heard the old man's instruction to Esau to bring him some venison, to be allowed on his return with a blessing. Rebekah, conversed with her younger son, Jacob, to receive the blessing instead of allowing his bestowal on her elder son. She was the boss lady in the case, and instructed Jacob to supply a kid while Esau was on the hunt for deer. She then clothed him in Esau's raiment, covering his hands with the hair of a goat, and to represent the hair hands of the absent boy, then verse 19:

"And Jacob said unto his father, 'I am thy first born; I have done according to what thou badest me; arise, I pray thee, sit and eat of my venison, that thou mayest bless me.'"

Not fully confident the false device planned by the mother, the falsehoods of Jacob were true, Isaac required the boy to come near and kiss him. Verse 24:

"And he [Isaac] said, 'Art thou my very son Esau?' And he [Jacob] said, 'I am.'"

A more brazen, barefaced lie was never uttered by mortal; but Jacob gained the blessing, took rank with his people, and the Lord, because of that lie declared:

"Thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

And still further, in consequence of that lie the patriarch of the "blessed Savior" is traced through Solomon and Bathsheba, because of the shameful murder of Uriah.

Great God, what terrible wrongs are traced to that prettily "sacred book!" It was a demon's hand that wrote it, and falsely imposed it on the world as His.

There are no ruins to town or city. There are no ruins to

blocks away, toward which when temporarily halted had been accomplished, I resumed my rapid journey amid smoke and flames on every hand before me until within two blocks, when I was turned back by the military on guard who said they were dynamiting all the large buildings further down.

By this time human life and the habitations it builds seemed so cheap, that I turned back from where my treasures were, many of them beyond price for their associations, if nothing more, with a little regret as in the casual parting with a friend, and they perished.

There were two days and nights of red-hot seething fury, creeping and crawling forth and more furious, laying waste the beautiful homes and office buildings, churches, schools, city hall, newspaper buildings—all as if Hades had opened and could not satiate itself in its greed of destruction.

In other localities, the work of destruction was wreaked other cities and institutions, among them the Stanford University and the insane asylum.

No pen of mine can ever draw the first line of reproduction of the pictures as seen by night. On all our slopes, hills and vacant parks or lots, the small belongings of the weary campers dotted the landscape while a vivid horizon line extended for miles, lighting up the sky as in one grand amphitheater, and the heat and glow were intense.

When the water supply gave out and food was exhausted, people perished in the streets from extreme heat, thirst and hunger, and little ones cried for nourishment that was denied them. People wandered homeless—nowhere to go—and slept in the open. Then there came two nights of dense darkness; no lights or fires of any kind for days, and 'o-day a cold rain!

But relief, quick and abundant, has come and in such generous response one wonders at the merciful heart of the great responsive power that rules the world.

I am written under great difficulties, completely exhausted, so that I may send assurance of the well being of myself and immediate friends.

We have much to be thankful for, and as I shall be busy with assisting in the work of caring for the destitute and homeless, and in sanitary work, ask you to send me papers to number and strewn, as given below, and insert the same in your paper for benefit of those of your readers who have for so many years reached me through the old-time address on Market street, no more to be. ADDIE L. BALLOU, 408 Thirtieth street, San Francisco, Cal.

On June 24, 1905, a man claiming to be "Harry Barrett, the great medium," called on the N. S. A. He soon gained the confidence of trusting souls, who do not read The Progressive Thinker, and proceeded to fleece them at libitum. He did not pay one good soul her bill for five months' board and room rent, and took with him thirteen hundred dollars, and a mortgage for five hundred dollars upon her little home, which she raised to eighteen hundred dollars at the instigation of the smooth rascal who was masquerading under my name, and gave him the sum realized to "invest" for her. He suddenly disappeared, leaving no clue as to his whereabouts.

When he heard that I was to lecture in Kansas City, she made it a point to be present, and great was her surprise to find that I was not the man who had been her "star boarder" and adviser for so many months. It so happened that I landed in Los Angeles, Cal., June 24, 1905, and the registry of the Van Nuys Hotel will prove that I was a guest there on that day. I remained in California, Oregon, Washington and Montana until the last of August, when I returned to Maine to fill engagements at certain camps. I did not visit Kansas City until January, 1906.

My so-called "double" is about five feet seven inches in height, blue eyes, brown hair lighting, his forehead, is smoothly shaven, has a broad flat face, and weighs about 180 pounds.

I am a trifle over six feet in height, weigh less than 140 pounds, and am the very opposite in every physical attribute of the man who personated me.

I have ever had and it is not at all pleasant. According to some so-called Spiritualists, this man who carried on his gross and cruel deception is a saint in human form, because he claims to be a medium. No doubt these good people will feel aggrieved when I denounce this scoundrel for what he is, and warn all people against him.

He will go to some other city, take another name and proceed to "do" his trusting victims just as he did in Kansas City.

I wish it were possible to secure photographs of all the "birds of passage" and place the same on file with the secretaries of the N. S. A. as well as with the secretary of the N. S. A. Even this method might not be effectual, for instances are on record where state officers have employed the most notorious frauds, knowing them to be such, presumably because the frauds drew a crowd.

I ask all Spiritualists who read The Progressive Thinker to be on their guard against this man who has personated me in Kansas City. Fix his description in your memories and be on guard at all times against him and the gang he represents. Dozens of others are members of this same band.

Look out for them now and always. Report their presence in your home cities to the police, and see to it that they are told to "move on." Write to your state and national officers, and give them full information with regard to the appearance of these rascals. As lovers of justice, it behooves us to drive these impostors from our ranks forever.

I am the original Harrison D. Barrett, a Spiritualist for twenty-six years, a medium all my life, and a loyal friend to every medium on earth. Because of our friendship, I am unalterably opposed to the tricks of the frauds, and to the criminal acts of such men as the one who personated me, and all others who train with him. Let us work together for truth, honesty and justice, and fearlessly set forth the facts with regard to all evil doers.

Items of Interest.

The field work of the N. S. A. has received due attention since the last annual convention, through the efforts of the several missionaries who have been at work for the national body. The reports of Missionary Sprague will apply to all sections of the nation, and I am pained more than ever to pick up the broken threads of my work, and weave them into a substantial testimony.

## A LETTER FROM HARRISON D. BARRETT,

In Which, He Answers Important Questions—His "Double" Doing Legerdemain Work in Kansas City—He Alludes to "Birds of Passage"—Items of Interest in Regard to His Work.

In Re Florence Cook and Madame E. Esperance.

Mr. R. H. Rice of Manchester, Eng., in answer to my inquiry, desires further information with regard to the fraud alleged to have been perpetrated by the parties whose names stand at the head of this article. Permit me to state that the reputed fraud of Florence Cook was perpetrated seven years ago. I was then the editor of the Banner of Light, and the European exchanges were full of the exposure. I made a brief paragraph notice for the Banner, and no more. I regret that I am unable to give Mr. Lee the exact day, date and year. I am quite sure that it transpired in the year 1899.

As for Madame E. Esperance, I can only say that my reference to her is based upon published accounts of certain seances held by her in 1900 or 1901, in the French Spiritualist journals, also in certain reports of the same that were discussed by the Society for Psychical Research. Not having the files of any Spiritualist paper at hand, I cannot give Mr. Lee the exact day and date. If my memory serves me right, Col. Albert de Rochas figured in the seance in question, and I have no doubt but what he will gladly furnish Mr. Lee any information he may have at hand. This is also true of the present editor of "Revue Spirite." I am also inclined to believe that he will find references to both of these cases in London Light, the London Standard, and the most excellent journal, taking pains to go back in the beginning of the year 1897, and coming down to 1903.

I received letters from Europe in regard to both of these ladies, and recall full well the fact that the interest in their reputed frauds was wide and general. People wanted to know, and that discussion was rife everywhere. Madame E. Esperance's seances were held, I think, in Paris. Those of Florence Cook in Berlin and Vienna. After so many years, it is possible that I have changed the locations of these well known parties.

The latter may have had her troubles in Paris, and the former in Berlin. Be that as it may, the facts are the same in either case, and every truth seeker is more interested in facts than he is in a possible lapse of memory after seven years have slipped away.

My Double.

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There are Spiritualists and Spiritualists. The former love the cause for the sake of the good they may do, while the others love it for the sake of what the cause will do for them. I have heard of cases of local societies, also influential laymen, declare that they never got one dollar out of Spiritualism since their conversions but that they had to pay out many good dollars to sustain it. It is needless to say to which class these good people belong.

Many people are interested in Spiritualism but it is a peculiar interest almost wholly. It is not "What can we do for others and for the cause?" but "What is to be done for us?" Not a few speakers and mediums seem to manifest this very spirit in their dealings with the public, and Spiritualism suffers from the avarice and lack of Spirituality on the part of those who claim to represent it.

In many cities and towns, the very first question asked by the missionary is "What can you do?" Next, "I have lost some money—can you find it for me?" Again, "Can you call up the dead?" "Can the spirits find some money that was buried by some one on my farm fifty or one hundred years ago?" These are typical questions, and no intelligent person need wonder at the low estimate in which Spiritualism is held by intelligent people in many communities because of the mediums who claim to be able to meet these inquiries as exemplars of religion at the uniform rate of one or two dollars per head.

Some communities are deeply interested in Spiritualism from its sensational side. It is a matter of wonder why people, after they have had demonstration after demonstration, are not anxious to know what it portends, rather than to continue having their wonder-bumps tickled by the nimble fingers of some mysterious "brownie" or spirit.

There are many places where people really prefer to dwell upon mathematical and chemical impossibilities than to concern themselves with the spiritual impress of Spiritualism and its divinely inspired messages of comfort and consolation to a sorrowing world. These good people are well described by Hon. L. V. Moulton as persons who claim to know the unknowable, to be able to solve the unsolvable, and to prove the unprovable.

Your correspondent was refused the platform by no less than four societies during the past winter. The only reason for these refusals, so far as is at present known is his persistent opposition to fraud. Because a man hates fraud he is persona non grata to those who are Spiritualists (?) societies. What wisdom is here found? What lofty (?) spirituality! In two instances your correspondent was informed that he was "silly out of place upon the Spiritualistic platform," and the reason therefor is his opposition to fraud! The writer is yet a Spiritualist, but he declines to be counted with those who prefer rascals to honesty, or falsehood to truth.

Is it any wonder that Spiritualism languishes in scores of cities where such influences prevail? Mathematics is the only exact applied science, and intelligent people realize the fact. When that science is transcended and impossibilities attempted and accounted for, we must count on finding people to scoff at us. Falsehood to them is not yet superior to truth, and it ought not to be to Spiritualists. When those who oppose fraud are denied access to spiritual rostrums, and those who claim to be able to overthrow mathematics are welcomed there, and almost trampled by the credulous, what is the only logical effect upon the public mind? What can it be other than the discrediting of Spiritualism?

The writer was warmly welcomed and most kindly received wherever he went, with these few exceptions. In seventy-seven days he gave seventy-four lectures, and took in for the N. S. A., from all sources the sum of \$336. The cost to the National Society was far above that figure, being nearly, if not quite, twice that amount. Large audiences were the rule, and only on five occasions were the numbers small.

Had the contributions equaled the labor and energy expended the balance would have been in favor of the N. S. A., not against it. As the circuit was continued from month to month, the receipts gradually increased and if it could have gone on for one full year with precise regularity, there is little doubt that this kind of missionary work would become self-sustaining.

To the labor of constant speaking must be added the more hard work of travel and the influence of daily changes of beds and food. All of these draw upon the vitality of the toiler, and frequently cause temporary illnesses. Visiting is a great pleasure and privilege, to all concerned, but it frequently tries the endurance of a speaker more than the effort of his lecture or seance. If people would only realize that reciprocity is the law of life, our speakers and mediums could do twice as much work as they now do, and Spiritualism itself would be the dominant influence in all society circles.

Take the following illustration—a certain speaker gave an address into which he put one hundred dollars' worth of study and labor, yet received one dollar and thirty cents as his compensation. There were people present whose incomes were all the way from three to fifty dollars per day. He tried to show some of them that the sum mentioned would not pay his board or railroad fare. They only said, "Well, no doubt you will reap a rich harvest in spirit life!" Does not this fact plainly show the painful lack of spirituality and a failure to comprehend the meaning of the word reciprocity?

During the month of March, I gave thirty-two lectures in thirty-one days, yet missed four evenings out of that number. The receipts were \$170; expenses thirty per cent in excess of that sum, including, of course, the salary paid to the missionary. Good people were at work for the cause at the points visited, and they were kind and cordial to the "Yankee Missionary" in every way. The memories of the people as individuals are most pleasant, and will ever be sacredly treasured by me. I wish I could call them all by name in this article, and give to each his full meed of praise for good work done. I ask them to take the will for the deed at the present time, under the promise to speak more specifically of my co-workers in a future article.

Several telegrams received at the close of the month of March informed me that I must return home at once. Here I am pained more than ever to pick up the broken threads of my work, and weave them into a substantial testimony.

## Reads Like a Fairy Tale.

An Occult Influence Exerted, the Like of which Has Never Before Been Seen—A Little Girl of Eight Subdues Wild and Savage Animals—Seems to be Endowed With Superhuman Power.

Theresa Schadal, an eight-year-old school girl of Baraboo, Wis., [as set forth in the Chicago Tribune] is so beloved by the wild animals in the circus menagerie wintering there that unless she visits them every day their spirits droop, and frequently they decline their food. A few weeks ago when the little girl was kept home by illness a petted lion and lioness were reduced to the utmost dejection, and her return roused them to such transports of joy that she was obliged to enter their den to pacify them.

It is her habit to caress and feed and talk to the various animals, especially those of the cat family. She talks to them as she would to a playful kitten, and evinces no more fear in mauling them about.

This strange fascination for wild beasts was shown when she was about three years old. Her father is a circus rider, and the first few years of her life she accompanied her parents in their travels. One day her father found her in the menagerie of Ringling Bros.' circus, swinging on the trunk of an elephant and saying to the good-natured beast: "Doo Doo! Doo Doo!" The father nearly dropped in his tracks from surprise and alarm, and wildly cried out to a groom to get the little girl.

This action angered the elephant, and when the interfering keeper took the child away the beast showed his displeasure by fierce trumpeting, and a few minutes later he caught the offending employee around the waist and slammed him against the ground with energy enough to shake it. The poor fellow had his breath knocked out and an arm broken, and would have fared even worse if the enraged beast had not thrown him out of reach.

She soon learned to know all the elephants by name and would move among them with the utmost freedom, talking to them as she would to her kitten or puppy, or the good and bad of her dollies.

Those who have made a study of wild creatures say that the infection of the human voice has everything to do with arousing their likes and dislikes. Elephants are obviously fond of children, and none was known to hurt one.

Theresa Consols the Sick Lion.

The little Schadal girl was called from Baraboo to Providence last summer, when the finest lion in the menagerie seemed to be nearing the end of his earthly career. This beast was a splendid specimen, and as docile as a dog. He had lost his partner, Mona, at the beginning of the season. She was a high strung beast, and loved by all of the attendants. Her majestic bearing had waited on by inches and inches the long time of her sickness, and when her condition became critical—when he instinctively seemed to realize—he would let no human being come near her but little Theresa Schadal. Even the head keeper of the menagerie, who had always been a friend, he turned against, and in a fit of fear he kept her away from the lion's head, and even cruelly tore the flesh of the keeper's arm from the shoulder to the elbow.

The fear that might come naturally to a person knowing this did not seem to touch the little girl. Theresa would even go into the cage and pet the sick lioness, and crack meat bones so that the poor beast might have the relished marrow. At these times the lioness would stare to the end of the cage and quietly contemplate the affectionate interest of his weakened spouse in her little friend. When the child would rise to quit the cage, the big fellow always came forward and lapped her cheeks and hands in tenderest token of his regard. The child would open the door and close it, with no attendant near.

Pitied Him as if He Were a Dog.

At Providence, when all hope had been given up for the handsome lion, Brutus, the little Schadal girl was sent for. When Brutus saw her he was almost wild of spiritual endeavor. Aside from the good work done by many of the Spiritualists of Maine seem to have very little use for a resident speaker or visiting missionary outside of their ten days' camp-meetings. If I continue my missionary work I must return West. This I shall undoubtedly do as soon as important business matters are adjusted here



## When an Orthodox Minister Officiates at the Funeral of a Spiritualist.

power." Here, then, we have Presbyterianism's straight talk: that "man by the fall lost communion with God," and so, "made his wrath and curse" upon himself, made liable to all the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains of hell-fire forever—"tormented 'soul and body in hell-fire forever'"—"the unspeakable 'torments of hell with the torments of death and the damnation of the reprobate!'" Now, honestly, do Presbyterian ministers believe these doctrines of reprobation,

"Immortality, Its Naturalness, Its Possibilities and Proofs." By J. M. Peebles, M. A., M. D., Ph. D., Contains the address read by the Philosophical Society of Great Britain, with Introduction and Explanatory Letter. Price 10 cents.

"Longley's Beautiful Songs." A new edition comprising in one volume the four parts heretofore published, to which is added part five, also a number of the author's most popular songs, including "Only a Thin Veil Between Us" and its "Companion Piece," "Oath." 75 cents.

"Religious and Theological Works of Thomas Paine," contains his celebrated "Age of Reason," and a number of letters and discourses on religious and theological subjects. Cloth binding.

"In the World Celestial," by Dr. T. A. Land. Interesting, instructive and profitable. Spiritually uplifting. G.

"Death, Its Meaning and Results." By J. K. Wilson, of the Pennsylvania Art. An absorbingly interesting volume, of decided value. A narrative of wonderful psychical events in the author's experience. Cloth, 560 pages, illustrated, \$1.25.

"Child Culture, According to the Laws of Physiological Psychology and Mental Suggestion." By Newton N. Odell. A most excellent work for all

**WATE FIELD; A Record, with**  
several portraits of Miss Field, including one by  
William Vedder. Decorated cloth. \$2.00

Study of Elizabeth Barrett Browning  
with Portrait. Decorated cloth, 61.25



# General Survey.

The Spiritualistic Field—Its Workers, Its Work, and General Progress, the World Over.

**CONTRIBUTORS.**—Each contributor is alone responsible for any assertions or statements he may make. The editor allows this freedom of expression, believing that the cause of truth can be best subserved thereby. Many of the sentiments 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 any space is inadequate to publish everything that comes to hand, however much we might desire to do so. That 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 not up to the task of editing a paper that must make speed equal to about four compositors. That means rapid work, and 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. Please bear this in mind.

**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 do that they will generally have to be abridged more or less; otherwise many items will 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 say that Secretary or Correspondent writes so and so, 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.

**THIS GENERAL SURVEY DEPARTMENT IS ONLY INTENDED TO CHRONICLE THE ENGAGEMENTS AND WORK OF SPEAKERS AND MEDIUMS. A REPORT OF WHAT THE VARIOUS SPEAKERS SAY WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED, AS WE HAVE NOT SPACE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.**

The Rising Sun Mission Bazaar commences on the 11th of May, and ends on the 25th, instead of the 4th to the 25th.

Mrs. Hamilton Gill, trance medium, has moved to 891 West Adams street, second flat. The friends will please note that the usual Sunday and Thursday evening meetings have been discontinued until further notice, owing to Mrs. Gill's poor health. Private sitting only by appointment.

Mrs. G. M. Killmer would like to have a Spiritualist missionary do some work in the southern part of Minnesota. One is needed there.

Friends and patrons of Mrs. G. Partidge can reach her by addressing 212 W. First street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Ferd C. Suhrer writes: "The congregations of the Rising Sun Spiritualist Mission on Sunday, April 22, were warm in their praise of our workers. Sister Martha Price delighted her listeners, and the guides of Brothers Chas. A. Thompson and Jones gave tests to many who needed them badly. Dr. Geo. B. Warner was our speaker for the evening service, and the large congregation which greeted him was one of thinking men and women who came to learn more of our beautiful philosophy. Eminent workers from all over the city were there and were loud in their praise of the speaker's knowledge of the occult and his ability as an orator. Sisters Kirchner and Hill received warm congratulations for the comfort and blessings their tests had afforded. Sunday, May 6, Sister Martha Price will again serve us in the afternoon, and the evening will be devoted to the mediums. Dr. L. C. Koehler will also speak on this occasion. Elegant music by a string orchestra will be a prominent feature at the opening night of our bazaar, Friday, May 11. Souvenirs for the ladies will also be a prominent feature. See our ad in another column. Sister Martha Andrews, one of our oldest and most ardent workers, passed to the higher life, April 12, after fifty-four long years of unselfish service for the cause of Spiritualism."

Geo. H. Brooks' present address is No. 114 President street, Wheaton, Ill., where he can be addressed for engagements.

Mrs. E. J. Jaquet has returned to the city and is located for an indefinite time with Mrs. Nora E. Hill, 705 W. Madison street. Her services at the Hill will answer calls in or out of the city, and while here will give private readings. Mrs. Jaquet will be pleased to meet all her old friends and patrons.

Mary E. French of Clyde, Ohio, writes: "We closed our lecture season with Mrs. Marlan Carpenter, on the evening of April 21 and 22. She was met both nights by a large audience. Her messages were of the golden Cuba did not lessen her inspirational powers by any means. The lectures gave one courage to battle with the storms of life, which we all must do ere we reach the sunlit hills of the beautiful. J. C. Craig, attorney, is another inspirational speaker whom the world will soon know more of. His development has been rapid, and he possesses great psychic power. We also have other mediums here developing various gifts."

Mrs. H. E. Russeque, on April 8, lectured for the First Spiritualist Society of New York, after noon and evening, on "The Relation that Modern Spiritualism Holds to the Development of the Last Century," and on "Infidelity and Our Faith." Her lectures always attract the closest attention.

Laura L. Crawford writes from Detroit, Mich.: "The Band of Harmony, auxiliary to the First Church of the Soul, celebrated its first birthday, April 5, at the home of the pastor, Mrs. Laura L. Crawford, 193 Fourth street, with a membership of 52. A welcome greeted everyone present. There was a splendid program of music and recitations and encouraging words from visiting pastors and mediums, showing a spirit of harmony and good will toward all. We have just organized a lecture for J. W. Ring, Superintendent of Lyceum work for the N. S. A."

**AS A GENERAL RULE, IN THIS OFFICE WE PAY NO ATTENTION TO ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS. THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE WRITER SHOULD ACCOMPANY ALL MATTER, OF WHATEVER KIND, SENT TO THIS OFFICE.**

**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.

**ALWAYS GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS WHEN SENDING NOTES AND COMMUNICATIONS FOR PUBLICATION. OTHERWISE THEY WILL FIND THEIR WAY TO THE WASTE BASKET.**

Brother Williams writes from Norristown, Pa.: "Through this somewhat neglected corner of ours, containing over 25,000 inhabitants, has never made much of a public stir in Spiritualism, yet there are some earnest followers of the cause among us. We have for the last three months or more been having regular lectures and test meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening. Mrs. McDonald of Boston, a gifted medium, a tireless worker, and a fearless exponent of the cause of Spiritualism, has been holding these meetings. On Easter Sunday we had some special services. In the afternoon we had an inspiring lecture and very convincing tests by Mrs. McDonald, and in the evening she was assisted by Mrs. Volk, of Philadelphia, who gave an interesting lecture, and both mediums gave test messages to an appreciative audience."

D. P. Cook writes from Stoneham, Mass.: "If the writers of many articles in The Progressive Thinker on the future, were as close in touch as I am, with my spirit wife, they would express themselves differently."

J. G. Kaplan writes from Minneapolis, Minn.: "Enclosed you will find clippings from the St. Paul Pioneer Press containing an exposure of those who make test messages for money. An Amundson of this city, who posed as a materializing medium, and under that disguise defrauded many citizens of Minneapolis of their hard earnings, as you will see by the clippings enclosed. I think it would be a good plan for you to publish at least part of the exposure for the benefit of the patrons of your very valuable paper—namely, that the cause of Spiritualism, because it stands for the HONEST AND TRUE ONLY, and is not afraid to publish an account of fraudulent mediums' work, thereby exposing their tricks to the public."

Mrs. A. Sexsmith writes: "The Easter services of the Golden Rule Spiritualist Society on Sunday afternoon and evening, April 15, were as usual, largely attended. In the afternoon there were short talks and messages by our pastor, Mrs. Hill, Sister Jack and the orchestra. The evening service was greatly enjoyed. In the evening we had with us as speaker, Hon. Chas. E. Hughes. He took for his subject, 'Thou Shalt Not Steal.' He received much applause. The christening of two of our members by the pastor was beautiful, one being the baby of the Golden Rule Society, he being not quite two years old. Cut flowers and palm decorations were used. The Sunday afternoon and evening, April 22, our speaker for the evening was Mrs. Emma J. Hansen. Every one greatly enjoyed her talks as she drew inspiration from the higher realms. Don't forget our second annual May party, Saturday evening, May 12, at O'Donnell's College Hall. Tickets 25 cents. A good time is assured. Music by Kirkland's orchestra. Meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at O'Donnell's College Hall, South Park street, between Washington Blvd. and Park avenue. All welcome."

Oscar A. Edgerly writes: "On Sunday, April 29, I shall conclude a very pleasant and most successful engagement with the First Spiritualist Church of Baltimore, Md. Since I have been serving the church, I have found its officers and members very earnest and zealous in co-operating with me in every endeavor to advance its interests and our cause in general. Mr. Charles R. Sherm, the efficient president, is ever alert to safe-guard in every way the interests of our cause in this city. I have been greatly gratified at the large audiences that have greeted me every Sunday. Judging from the many kind words of appreciation from my listeners, I am led to believe that the efforts of my spirit guides have met the approbation of the people. I wish we had more societies in the United States like those in Cleveland, Ohio, Pittsburgh, Pa., Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md. My friends throughout the country will see by the list of engagements that I have sent to the 'General Survey' that I am being kept very busy. For this I am thankful to my beloved spirit guides as well as to hundreds of friends in earth life, who seem ever ready to give me a kind word and a cheery 'God speed' in my efforts for our cause. With very best wishes for our greatest missionary, The Progressive Thinker."

Mrs. May Elmo, Pastor, writes: "The Chicago Spiritual Alliance Society, holding services in Vincennes Hall, 3514 Vincennes avenue, are enjoying good audiences at all services. Mrs. Lillie Bell, a well-known Chicago psychic, is assisting as well as Prof. H. S. Frazier. Our lectures have been highly pleasing and we never fail to receive plenty of excellent tests from our psychics. The society at that place will have with us, Dr. Burgess, president of the Chicago Spiritual League, who will deliver an address entitled, 'To-day.' Our services are open to all who may be seeking spiritual truth. All are cordially welcome."

Mrs. E. L. Nicholson writes: "I returned about a month ago to Seattle, after a three months' stay in San Diego, Cal. The society at that place is blossoming with a lovely temple, and have as President, C. A. Muss, who certainly is the right man in the right place. Great harmony prevails in the society and any true, honest worker is made to feel very welcome in their midst. They endeavor to adhere closely to the resolution made at their State Convention, which was 'Not to allow unknown workers upon their platform until they have their papers or credentials passed upon by the State Board.' A very excellent idea,

## TOPIC FOR THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Sunday, May 6, 1906: "Motion, Life, Joy."

Gen of Thought—

"Labor is life, 'tis the still water  
Idleness, despair, bewailth;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark  
Dust assaileth,  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness  
of noon."

"Work and pure slumber shall wait on  
thy pillow,  
Work, thou shalt ride over Care's coming  
billow."

"Be noble and the nobleness that lies  
In other men sleeping, but never  
dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thy own;  
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many  
eyes."

Then wilt thou see it gleam in many  
eyes,  
And thou wilt nevertmore be sad  
and lone."

For information concerning the  
Progressive Lyceum, authorized Lesson  
Paper for the National Spiritualists  
Association, address John W.  
Ring, Spiritualist Temple, Galveston,  
Texas.

and should be followed by other states,  
and thereby help to estimate the de-  
sirable element which is so injurious  
to our cause. While in that city I had  
the pleasure of becoming better ac-  
quainted with that dear old pilgrim  
and veteran worker, Dr. J. M. Peebles,  
whose lectures are filled with light  
and knowledge. Brother and Sister  
Hull were also there, and as usual did  
a very excellent work, not only for the  
society, but for the Morris Pratt Insti-  
tute, whose welfare they always so  
earnestly espouse. I also had the  
pleasure of meeting our dear friend  
and brother, Will C. Hodge, who was  
at that time unable to fill his accus-  
tomed niche in the temple work. He  
is a grand, good and earnest worker,  
and we can ill afford to have him  
resting on his oars. The cause needs  
him, and we hope to hear very soon of  
his entire recovery. They have much  
good home talent in San Diego, so  
never lack workers."

Wm. Hassmann writes: "The hall  
of the North Star Spiritual Union,  
1546 Milwaukee avenue, was well  
filled with truth seekers and seers  
on April 22. Sister Lester Krueger,  
on account of being ill, has been con-  
fined to her home for the past week,  
her presence being missed by many  
who loved to hear her. We trust she  
will be with us again next Sunday  
evening. Brother J. T. Temple, the  
speaker for the evening, gave a very  
inspiring lecture, followed by Bro.  
Whitely, and several other workers.  
Messages were given by Bro. Temple  
and Bro. Whitely, all recognized. Af-  
ter the president had invited the audi-  
ence to bring their skeptic friends  
along, he also asked them all to give  
out their best thoughts toward Sister  
Lester Krueger for a speedy recovery.  
The demand for the copies of 'The  
Progressive Thinker' was larger than  
could be supplied."

Since the close of the camp season  
last August, Oscar A. Edgerly has  
filled the following engagements:  
September with the First Spiritualist  
Society of Jackson, Mich.; October  
with the society of Elkhardt, Ind.; No-  
vember he filled a return engagement  
at Jackson, Mich.; during December  
he served the Ladies Spiritualist Tem-  
ple Fund Society of Cleveland, Ohio;  
January 1906, he was with the  
First Spiritualist Church of Pitts-  
burgh, Pa.; February he was with the  
First Association of Spiritualists of  
Washington, D. C.; March and April  
with the First Spiritualist Church of  
Baltimore, Md. Mr. Edgerly's en-  
gagements so far as made for the  
season of 1906 and 1907 are as follows:  
First two Sundays of May 1906 with  
the society at Worcester, Mass.; last  
two Sundays of May with the society  
at Pittsfield, Mass.; first Sunday of  
June at Providence, R. I.; Sunday,  
June 17, Lynn, Mass.; July and until  
August 20, he will act as chairman at  
Grand Lodge Camp, Mich.; August  
22 until August 26, inclusive, he is  
engaged at City of Light Assembly,  
Lily, Ind., N. Y.; during September  
and October he will be engaged with the  
society in Newport, Ky., and Cincinnati,  
Ohio; November and December he is  
engaged with the Ladies' Spiritualist  
Temple Fund Society of Cleveland,  
Ohio; January, 1907, is still open for  
engagement; February is engaged  
with the First Spiritualist Church of  
Pittsburgh, Pa. March, with the First  
Association of Spiritualists of Wash-  
ington, D. C. April, May and June,  
1907, still open for engagement. Per-  
manent address, 42 Smith street,  
Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. G. Williams writes: "The La-  
dies' Spiritualist Temple Fund Society  
of Fullerton street, Cleveland, Ohio,  
will give an entertainment Thursday  
night, May 3, at 8 o'clock. Admission  
will be ten cents. W. W. Peck  
of St. Louis, Mo., will exhibit pictures  
of St. Louis, Mo., will exhibit pictures  
from the stereoscope, which will prove  
very entertaining to all. His lecture  
on phrenology last Thursday evening,  
proved very enjoyable to all present.  
The Professor gave quite a few read-  
ings to different persons in the audi-  
ence, and they proved very beneficial.  
He will lecture on Sunday at 3 and  
7:30 p. m."

Maggie Henry writes: "At Spiritual  
Mission Chapel (Old 77) we had a  
very large and intellectual audience,  
judging from the philosophical ques-  
tions asked. All were pleased with  
the answers given by our speaker, F.  
M. Stoller, who certainly is inspired  
when lecturing. At the close of his  
lecture he was followed by spirit mes-  
sages by several visiting mediums, and  
psychometric readings by our speaker,  
your correspondent and others. We  
decided to discontinue the afternoon  
meetings for the present, hoping those  
who have attended them will attend  
the evening services."

Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance medium,  
has moved to 122 Western avenue,  
Cambridge, Mass., where she will be  
pleased to receive her friends.

H. A. Corpe writes from Walla  
Walla, Wash.: "Mr. Harry J. Moore  
has just finished a very interesting  
and instructive course of lectures in  
this city. He has made a number of  
fast friends here and all hope to see  
him back again in a short time. With  
his assistance the cause here is grow-  
ing slowly but surely and people are  
beginning to recognize us for what we  
are worth."

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Ad-  
die L. Ballou, the well known lecturer  
and artist, passed safely through the  
San Francisco earthquake, and can  
now be addressed at No. 408 Thirtieth  
street.

D. writes from San Pedro, Cal.: "On  
Sunday morning, April 15, at 5:15 a.  
m., I saw an uplifted hand with index  
finger extended to the zenith. Upon  
asking 'What it meant?' I got the words,  
'Up North.' I asked several medium  
friends, and asked in ballot at meeting  
Sunday evening, but got no explanation.  
On Wednesday morning at 5:15

## OCEANIDES.

Oceanides is a psychical narrative by  
Carlyle Petersilie, author of 'The Dis-  
covered Country.' This book deals  
with the question of soul mates, or of  
the completed ego. It is intensely in-  
teresting. Price, paper cover, 50 cts.

MARY ANN CAREW,  
Wife, Medium, Spirit and Angel.

By Carlyle Petersilie.

This most beautiful story of the ex-  
periences of a young wife and  
mother taken from her home on earth  
to her home in the spirit world, is told  
in such a realistic way, that one is  
carried away with the sweet beauty  
and naturalness of it. It makes the  
other world appear very near to us.  
This book has been a great comfort to  
many weary hearts who have lost  
mother, wife or babies. Price, neatly  
bound in cloth, \$1.

## Don't Fail to Attend

the  
**Grand Bazaar**

Held by the  
**Rising Sun  
Spiritualist Mission,**  
In Their Temple,  
**Oakley Boul., Near Jackson,**  
**May 11 to May 25, 1906.**

Fancy Goods of  
All Descriptions,  
Indian Village,  
Palmist Booths,  
Refreshments  
of All Kinds.

Special Entertainment  
Afternoon and Evening.

Admission 10c. Season Tickets, 50c.

San Francisco, which is north of us  
was badly shaken by an earthquake  
and nearly destroyed by fire, as you  
now know. My daughter and other  
members of my family reside there,  
and now I presume it referred to the  
disaster."

Mr. J. Wisker writes of the National  
Spiritual Church, Detroit: "We are  
pleased to report that the interest  
awakened by our anniversary service  
was shown on Sunday, April 22, when  
Mrs. Drew Jenkins, assisted by Rev. J.  
Boyle, held a fine, interesting and two  
little girls. One was named after the  
spirit daughter of Mrs. Jenkins.  
Rose petals, cream and red, were used  
as a shower over them. Placing  
wreaths on their heads, they were  
baptized into the church of True Spirit-  
ualism. Addresses, solos and spirit  
messages were also given. Many full  
and complete answers to questions  
were given by Mr. Jenkins,  
and responded to as correct. Our so-  
ciety is growing. New members are  
coming in right along."

IT IS ALL ALONG THE LINE.

The Cry Is Being Raised, "Drive Out  
the Parasites That Are Now Sap-  
ping the Life Blood of Our Beloved  
Cause."

Mediumship is a sacred gift, and  
when wielded FOR GOOD ALONE,  
has a wonderful work to do. When  
debased for the sole purpose of  
money-getting by fraud and deception,  
it becomes the lowest of the low.

I notice many mediums are crying  
"Fraud hunters!" Were there no  
fraud there would never have been a  
hunter for fraud. If we had had no  
counterfeit coin or currency, there  
would not have had any laws to pro-  
hibit the counterfeiting. The para-  
sitic life of the San Jose Scale has de-  
veloped a system of spraying to de-  
stroy its effect upon our fruits of all  
kinds. These little parasites attach  
themselves to the great fruit tree,  
whose fruit is most delicious and good  
for man (it is not forbidden fruit),  
but they destroy the fruit, and then  
later the tree itself. Just so the Tree  
of Life demonstrated by and through  
the media of all ages has been at-  
tacked by the parasites. They grow  
and thrive upon the Tree of Life; then  
destroy the life that has sustained  
them for years.

The only knowledge man has of a  
continued life of his individual conscious-  
ness has come through mediumship in  
all ages. It is really the Tree from  
which the race has plucked the knowl-  
edge of continued life, and like our  
fruit trees the parasites attack it,  
seeking to destroy its usefulness by  
first attaching themselves to Spiritual-  
ism and then sapping the life out of  
it by trickery and fraud.

The priests of the past and present  
are the co-laborers with a class of  
fraud mediums. Why is this? may be  
asked, yet simply answered. The  
priests and fraud mediums are both  
acting for one and the same purpose—  
the making of money! The occupation  
of the priest, with the full knowl-  
edge of spiritual truth before the  
world, would be to raise the fake medi-  
um would likewise be out of employ-  
ment. For the purpose of establish-  
ing any truth, ERROR MUST BE  
ELIMINATED. The forces of error,  
either in the occultist or in dark se-  
ances must be understood and plainly  
set forth. Like the San Jose Scale,  
they must be studied, and the chemist  
has his laboratory and invents a  
spray to destroy the influence of these  
parasites upon the Tree of Life.

The Progressive Thinker is doing  
and has been for a long time a grand  
work in its laboratory in its efforts to  
destroy the deadly microbes of priest-  
craft and fraud mediumship. We  
can already see the blessing for the  
fruit of truth from the Tree of  
Modern Spiritualism. Long may you  
live."

"The Molecular Hypothesis of Na-  
ture." By Prof. Wm. M. Lockwood.  
Professor Lockwood is recognized as  
one of the ablest lecturers on the spiri-  
tual rostrum. In this little volume he  
presents in succinct form the substance  
of his lectures on the Molecular Hy-  
pothesis of Nature; and presents his  
views on the molecular and scientific  
basis of Spiritualism. The book is com-  
mended to all who love to study and  
think. Price, 25 cents.

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PROGRESSIVE THINKER, hence we  
make a SPECIAL OFFER, the abso-  
lute gift of Vol. 3 of THE ENCYCLO-  
PEDIA OF DEATH, AND LIFE IN  
THE SPIRIT WORLD. Its contents  
are indeed rich and varied, and will  
be read with ALL THE INTEREST  
that attaches to a novel. THE CHRIS-  
TIAN as well as SPIRITUALIST will  
be deeply interested in its perusal. It  
is RICH IN FACTS and leads one  
gradually to a full realization of the  
spiritual plane of existence. Rev. M.  
J. Savage, one of the most brilliant  
of liberal minds now before the public,  
has four chapters of logical, public-  
unvarying facts, which will do you good  
to read. He is followed by other  
master minds illustrating the NA-

TURE OF DEATH and the grandeur  
of the SPIRIT REALMS. It will do  
any one good to read it. Its contents  
of 850 pages banish the STING OF  
DEATH and portray the beauty,  
loveliness, the fascination of the  
LAND OF SOULS to which all are  
tending.

This book is elegantly and substan-  
tially bound in cloth, and externally  
will be an ornament to any center  
table, while its contents can not fail to  
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hold good until May 1.

### TRULY PROPHETIC.

Death Comes to Teacher as in Dream

Stricken on the Day Set in Fore-  
cast He Read in His Sleep—Laughed  
at Prophecy—Life Was Portrayed  
Accurately and Future Career Was  
Set Out—End Came Suddenly—  
Psychic Expert Friend of Former  
Omaha Man, Says Son Sent Mes-  
sage.

Omaha, Neb.—William H. Allen,  
formerly a well-known and popular  
educator of Omaha, Kansas City and  
other Western cities, who recently  
died of apoplexy at Edgemont, S. D.,  
where he was Superintendent of the  
Public Schools, had a strange dream  
one night a year ago in which he was  
forewarned of the precise time of his  
death.

In his dream, as Mr. Allen related it  
later, he saw a map representing a  
view of 50 years, or all but one year  
of his life. The map was divided into  
five sections, each section representing  
a decade of his life, all the principal  
events and the incidents of which  
were clearly revealed to him.

He took up the map and examined  
it section by section, smiling here over  
some bit of comedy in his life, weeping  
there over some bit of tragedy and  
living over again the years gone by.  
When he was done with the fifth sec-  
tion of the map he laid it aside and  
reached for the sixth. But he found  
no sixth.

Warned of Fatal Sickness.

Again picking up the fifth section  
he discovered in bright red letters in  
a corner thereof a command to turn  
it over and read what was written on  
the reverse side. He turned it over  
and there found a map representing a  
clear view of the last, or fifty-first  
year of his life, and a forecast of the next,  
or fifty-second year.

The forecast told him that a sick-  
ness would befall him at the end of his  
fifty-second year and besought him to  
be careful of his health lest the sick-  
ness should end his life, and then a  
voice whispered in his ear telling him  
that he would fall ill on his fifty-second  
birthday and that if he did not die  
then he would live to be 80 or 90 years  
of age.

Mr. Allen was amused rather than  
depressed by the dream and treated  
it lightly when he related it to his  
family, and to some of his friends the  
next day.

"We have all sorts of dreams," he  
said. "There is no accounting for  
them, but they are not to be taken se-  
riously, especially as forewarnings."

Mr. Allen on his fifty-second birth-  
day arose apparently in excellent  
health.

"Do you know," said he to his wife  
at the breakfast table, "that I never  
thought of that strange dream I had  
a year ago after I related it to you  
until I got up this morning? It came  
into my mind again when I was dress-  
ing. I never felt better in my life  
than I do this morning and I am fear-  
ful that that dream is going to disap-  
point me by failing to fulfill itself."

Stricken on Birthday.

Mrs. Allen then told of her worries  
and urged her husband to be careful  
about his health.

Mr. Allen went to the school, but in  
a short time returned to his home and  
complained of not feeling well.

The family physician came and as-  
sured Mr. Allen that he would soon be  
well again.

A short time later Mr. Allen was  
sitting in his armchair by a window  
reading his morning paper. Suddenly  
the paper fell from his hand and he  
fell forward upon the floor.

His wife heard the sound made by  
the falling body and hastened to her  
husband's side, but he was dead. The  
dream of the year before had come  
true.

Physicians who were summoned  
pronounced the cause of death to have  
been apoplexy.

### A PUZZLED INVESTIGATOR.

Twenty years ago Mr. Allen's infant  
son died and a psychic expert, a  
friend of his, to whom the story of the  
dream was related, said: "It was Mr.  
Allen's son who whispered to him in  
his strange dream a year ago. The  
son was old enough to warn him. He  
could not tell his father that he would  
die at the end of the year, for he was  
earth-bound and was not permitted to  
do so. But he gave him all the warn-  
ing he could that when the summons  
came he might be prepared to die."

### She Writes of Her Peculiar Phenomenon.

I have never known much about  
Spiritualism, until recently, as my pa-  
rents regarded such manifestations as  
hallucinations, and discouraged inves-  
tigation.

I have always had premonitions and  
intuitions that surprise people, and  
often have knowledge of things that  
I can't account for. I read people  
like an open book, and my first im-  
pressions are always correct. If I  
change my opinion I generally have  
cause to rue it. Not long ago a relig-  
ious fanatic (one of that sect that be-  
lieve we are commanded to pick up  
serpents) told me I had the gift of  
"discerning of spirits" and if I did not  
use it for the glory of God it would be  
taken away from me.

Travelling clairvoyants have told me  
I had undeveloped powers, but I did  
not pay any attention to them, al-  
though I have had strange dreams  
and warnings, and on three or four  
occasions heard a mysterious voice.  
This voice always quoted scripture, so  
I thought it the work of my subcon-  
scious mind. (I had been a Bible  
student.)

Coming home late one night, I saw  
an illuminated form floating along  
about a block from me, but I set that  
down for an illusion of some kind.  
Soon after, I was awakened one dark  
night by the sound of music, as though  
two persons were playing a serenade  
just outside my room. Suddenly a  
light shone on the wall and a man and  
woman came through playing stringed  
instruments and laughing as though  
they had played a good joke on me.  
They were strangers to me and the  
man advanced, shook hands with me  
and introduced himself saying, "I am  
Dr. Burson." (I think that was the  
name.) His hand was warm. I sup-  
posed ghost hands were cold. How  
about it? Several writers for The Pro-  
gressive Thinker tell of cold hands  
being placed on them. My visitors  
vanished, a sort of rigor passed over  
me, and I lay staring at the wall un-  
able to believe my eyes. I decided it  
was a very realistic dream.

A few nights after that I was again  
awakened by a chorus of voices sing-  
ing and apparently passing by in the  
air above me. I could not hear them  
distinctly, but the voices were plain.  
They were singing about "the home  
among the angels" and a woman's  
voice led all the rest. I was wide  
awake this time, and tried to speak  
and tell them I heard, but could only  
smile. A convulsive shudder passed  
over me and they were gone.

When these visions pass I feel like  
I have been hypnotized. I am a nerv-  
ous demi-blond, with a great power  
of concentration, and would be a good  
hypnotic subject, but have refused to  
go farther than the cataleptic stage be-  
cause I was afraid of it. I don't care  
to go into anything that might unsettle  
my mind. I have always been con-  
sidered a very keen-witted person, but  
as I say, I am nervous. I have writ-  
ten a great deal for publication and  
know that several of my poems at  
least were inspired, for they came to  
me almost complete and were not  
ground out as some of the others were.

I should be glad if some one would  
interpret these visions to me, as there  
are no Spiritualists near here that I  
know of.

PUZZLED INVESTIGATOR.

## Have You Read

OUR  
**PREMIUM  
BOOK  
OFFER?**

Truly



## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This department is under the management of  
**HUDSON TUTTLE.**  
Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

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

**NOTICE.**—No attention will be given to anonymous letters. Full name and address must be given, or the letters will not be read. If the request be made, the name will not be published. The correspondence of this department has become excessively large, especially letters of inquiry requesting private answers, and while I freely give whatever information I am able, the ordinary courtesy of correspondents is expected.  
**HUDSON TUTTLE.**

**J. J. Fly, Q.** Is the personality of Jesus Christ recognized by any historian save Josephus. Do you know of any history (reliable) where Jesus was spoken of save the New Testament?

**A.** The brief mention of Christ made by Tacitus, is now regarded as an interpolation; the letter of Abgarus to Christ is a forgery; Origen, the greatest of the church fathers, after years of labor for Christianity, renounced that faith and returned to the old pagan faith. The passage in Josephus is admitted by the most prejudiced, as a bungling interpolation. In all the histories of that time there is not a line, not a word of mention of this greatest event that ever transpired on the stage of history, the birth and death of the supreme God, his burial and resurrection. Not a line outside the New Testament.

**R. M. B., Q.** Are there contradictory statements made in the New Testament, and where are they found? Have we facts disproving the New Testament?

**A.** It would be difficult to crowd into the space given to this department all the contradictions to be found in the New Testament. Perhaps one of the most glaring is made in its genealogy. The common understanding is that Christ was "unbegotten," and hence could have no human ancestry. Matthew sets out to trace him back to Abraham, through the royal line of David, starting with Joseph whom he makes the father of Christ. If he was not, then this pedigree is false and written for the purpose of deception. St. Luke has greater ambition, and starting with Joseph "who was the son of Heli" ends with Adam! David is not in it. Both these evangelists, it is claimed, wrote by inspiration, the absolute truth, yet they are in direct conflict.

It requires great petting skill to harmonize the statements of the New Testament writers with history. The strongest evidence against the New Testament is that it was written in Latin after that language had been corrupted by contact with barbarians, and not in the Latin of the Augustine age when it is claimed to have been written. It is written in monkish Latin of the Middle Ages, what went before, or if anything did, we do not know.

**S. J. Reynolds, Q.** Why do certain animals see in the dark as clearly as in the light?

**A.** The explanation given in text books is that the aperture admitting light, is capable of a much greater extension, than in other animals, thus a much larger volume is received and condensed on the retina. But this does not fully account for all facts. The eyes of some animals that see in darkness have a much smaller aperture than others that cannot see. There is without doubt a higher degree of sensitiveness in the retina, as indicated by larger optic ganglia, and impossibility to rays of light, unrecognizable to eyes fitted to broad daylight. The eyes of animals seeing in the dark, are so sensitive to light that the aperture contracts in bright light until the pupil is scarcely visible. Animals have other guidance than sight alone. This is possessed in common with those who see in the day. Pigeons after having their eyes removed, when liberated in a room, flew from side to side, avoiding every obstacle placed in their way, as dextrously as though the cruel operation had not been performed. A turtle having its head cut off, will avoid irritation, and move around obstacles. These beings have a sense not yet determined, and the eyes of animals seeing in the dark, are susceptible to light waves, not recognized by others.

**W. B. V., Q.** I have vibrations along my spine and shoulders and through the solar plexus, at times annoying and painful. I have consulted several mediums, who have told me that these were spirit influences, and they promised to relieve me of them, exacting a goodly fee, but I am no different. One said she would treat me for six months and relieve me of this influence in six months, for \$25. I do hope you can recommend some good occultist who will be able to relieve me.

Here is an instance of the banefulness of the doctrine of obsession which has stained the face of Spiritualism. And this is taken advantage of by harpies to wring money out of the victims. Every nervous indisposition, what once was called hysteria, is the influence of evil spirits. "Mediums" encourage this insidious insanity and then bleed their victims to the last farthing! Promises to drive away the evil spirits for twenty-five dollars pay down, and "treatment" after, and wait for six months! I am not able to recommend "a good occultist," but

## "HOW SHALL I BECOME A MEDIUM?"

It is fully answered in "Mediumship, and Its Laws, Its Conditions and Cultivation," by Hudson Tuttle. Price 35 cents. Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

I might give the address of several who would demand even more than the rapacious "medium" for absent treatment" by the light of the moon. There are instances of control by undesirable influences, but that does not prove that every disturbance of mind or nerves is the work of spirits. I diagnose the case as one of badly disturbed and exhausted nerves, and I see no spirit interference whatever. The best thing this correspondent can do is to consult an able physician, one who is honest and will tell him the truth. If he will free his mind from the belief that these "influences" are not outside of himself, and take proper precautions to conserve his vital forces, with healthful living, he need not even consult a physician.

These vibrations indicate a serious condition of the nerves in the region most vital, and while he waits for something to be done for him by an occultist, or absent treatment, time will be lost, and it will be too late to do anything. It reminds me of a correspondent in this department who wrote, saying that spirit lights floated before his eyes, whenever it was dark, and wanted directions how to cultivate, and advice. I wrote him that it was not spirit lights at all, but the saw, and no indication of clairvoyance, but incipient catalepsy, and to consult an oculist at once, and possibly something might be done to avert the calamity which threatened him. Two years afterward he wrote me that he had become blind from the cause I had assigned.

### AFTER DEATH.

**The Orthodox Churches Advancing—At the First Presbyterian Church in Kalamazoo, Mich., Rev. H. W. Gelston Gave Expression to Remarks in Harmony With Spiritualism.**

By way of introducing his sermon entitled "After Death," on Easter morning, Rev. Henry W. Gelston said: "When Henry D. Thoreau was on his death bed in company with Parker Pillsbury, his intimate friend leaned over, took his hand and said: 'Henry, you are so near the border, can you not see something on the other side?' But Thoreau shook his head and said: 'No, one world as it is, I see, but the other world, I do not see.' I took issue with both the wisdom and the philosophy of the statement. I do not believe that we can live this life as it should be lived without the consciousness of its relation to the next life."

Extracts of his remarks on the main theme of the sermon follow: "I am going to attempt a line of argument, this morning, which some of you may think venturesome and speculative, because it is generally supposed that we cannot know anything about the next world; but if the laws that govern the universe are eternal, then they cannot change, and what is essentially true here must be essentially true there."

"The laws that govern life processes are perpetual as long as life exists, whether in time or eternity, and if we have a knowledge of those laws here and have a knowledge of our relation to them, then we also have a knowledge of them anywhere and everywhere, for we are already in eternity. Time is only a part of the eternal, but a part and cannot be separated from it."

"From this it follows that our life in the other world is governed by the same laws that control development in this world. They are just the same and I want to quote a few verses from a poem that has been most comforting to me:

"I cannot and I will not say that he is dead—  
He is just away.  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,  
He wandered into an unknown land  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since he lingers there."

"Oh, you who the wildest yearn  
For the old-time step and the glad return  
Think of him as faring on  
As dear in the love of there as the love of here,  
Think of him as just the same, I say,  
He is not dead, he is just away."

"If this be true, then life is life in the next world and is just as natural as it is in this world. People do not change in any such sense as that they become other than themselves. We cannot think of heaven as located in some star, because the stars are all composed of matter like our earth, and spirits therefore material worlds. But we are justified of thinking of it as the realm of spiritual manifestation, and however much such a realm may transcend the boundaries of this world, we find resident in our own atmosphere and about the earth the manifestation of spiritual forces, which science calls eternal energy and which manifest themselves in the infinite forms of vegetable and animal embodiment in the world as a spiritual reality, belong to the same realm of being that mind belongs to."

Electricity and gravity are forces that belong to the eternal constitution of things; they are therefore indestructible and will be the servants of the mind on the other side just like this, only in a far higher degree. "The spiritual realm, therefore, whether it exists near by or far off, is the natural home of the spirit of man, and it follows from this line of reasoning that our friends may be and naturally are near us much of the time, though they are not confined to any one locality, but have unlimited freedom and can go where pleasure leads them, in the boundless universe of God."

"Success and How To Win It." A lecture and course of twenty-four success lessons by Dr. B. F. Austin, B. A., D. D. The titles of some of the lectures are as follows: Self Help; Planning Success; Ideals; Economy; Planning; Attraction; Courtesy; Kindness and Tact; Angel Help. Price 25 cents.

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### MANY CONVINCING TESTS.

Experiences in the Phenomena of Spiritualism.

Having traveled a great deal and having had much experience in Spiritualism and its phenomena, many friends have requested me to write, giving some of my experiences for your paper.

In the past thirty or forty years I have received hundreds of messages, some verbal, some on paper, and some slate-writing, the latter to my mind being the most convincing phase of mediumship, for honest investigators, a dishonest one is just as bad as a dishonest medium. I have no use for either, one is a fraud and the other is an impostor.

While I have had genuine materialization, I should not advise new investigators to try it, for we old-timers might be deceived in some of them.

When we get independent slate-writing as hundreds of us have, in broad daylight, with only one other mortal beside ourselves in the room, and we know as well as we know anything, neither of us did it, and that we had washed and dried the slates, and that it was not on the slates before, and it was impossible for the medium to have known the names signed, let alone the subjects spoken of that answered the many questions that were in a sealed letter.

I will now relate one of the most convincing, that happened on July 9, 1905, with a noted and well known medium of Washington, D. C. He was going to leave the city the next day, and I wanted test of slate-writing before he went. So I wrote some questions to six of my nearest and dearest relatives, and one dear old comrade, seven in all. I got nine messages written on five slates, and all were written between two slates, or one held on top of the one that the writing was on, held by the medium and myself.

I got nine nice letter messages, the writing was much the same I had received from them while they were in earth life, with full name and middle initial signed to each.

I asked them to give me some good messages with some good advice. Each one seemed to be written in their own familiar handwriting, some very coarse and some very fine writing.

I would give this too long, and of no interest to others, so I will merely give the names just as they were signed, together with place of living and passing away, to show that it would be impossible for a strange medium to know.

The names are as follows: My father, Mattie C. Thatcher, passed on at Vernon, Van Buren county, Iowa; my mother, Hannah T. Thatcher, Millville, Shasta county, Cal.; brother, Jonathan Thatcher, Seattle, Wash.; my sister, Almira Thatcher, Mt. Sterling, Iowa; my sister, Rebecca Hilles, Vernon, Iowa; my wife, Virginia M. Thatcher, Mt. Sterling, Iowa; my uncle, S. B. Thomas, Tacoma, Park, District of Columbia; my nephew, Will Thatcher, Shasta county, Cal.; my old comrade, Zack B. Thomas, Washington, D. C. The above said slate-writing was done just as I have stated, and no mortal did it.

I know neither of us did it, and there was no other person in the room. I have often taken questions for relatives and other friends, sealed in envelopes, and no possible way of knowing what the question was, or that he answered them, by mind-reading. Every question was answered just the same, and if any one doubts this statement, and is interested enough to make an investigation, I feel certain that they will get answers to ten questions are asked, for \$2.

I have just had another test, on April 2, 1906, with the same medium. I got very satisfactory answers to questions from some of the same above-named parties, father, mother, brother Jonathan, wife Virginia, and comrade Zack B. Thomas, with all names signed in full.

Now if it be true, that all we know comes through our five senses, we would be perfect idiots if deprived of all five senses. Now, we do not believe this slate-writing was fraud, and not genuine, would be to not believe my own senses in that, as I would in other things, and admit that I was an idiot.

Why is it that some people will believe things they never saw, that were claimed to have happened thousands of years ago, a neighbor said to me, "I would not believe it if I saw it," and yet he would believe things that he never saw, that were claimed to have happened before he was born, such as the whale swallowing Jonah, or vice versa. One way is just as good for one as the other. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Give me common horse sense in place of bigoted religious prejudice. We are having some very good spiritual work in Washington, D. C., this season. The First Society have had many good speakers and mediums, also many other societies have been doing good work. The Temple League has worked hard and has laid up some money for the purpose of a building for Spiritualists to meet in, and I met with all of the societies I can. I have made my home for more than a year with the president of the Temple League Society, Mrs. W. M. Farrow, 50 M Street Northwest, Washington, D. C. We also held weekly meetings at her home, with good results.

A. H. THATCHER.

**Theaters Condemned by the Church.**  
The doctrine of the church on this subject was clear and decided. The theater was unequivocally condemned, and all professional actors pronounced to be in a condition of mortal sin. That was the sentence of the church upon those whose lives were spent in adding to the sum of human enjoyment in scattering the clouds of insensibility, and charming away the weariness of a jaded mind. None can tell how many hearts it has wronged with anguish. The man who did more than any other to remove the stigma that rested upon actors was unquestionably Voltaire. There is, indeed, something singularly noble in the unflinching zeal with which he directed his pen and eloquence, the keenest wit and the choicest reasoning to the defense of those who had so long been friendless and despised.—Lecky.

"How to Train Children and Parents." Mrs. Elizabeth Towne takes the position that in many cases it is the parents that need the training more than the children, and advises parents to look to themselves. Twenty-five cents. Not to be better spent than in buying this little book, and read it. Price 25 cents.

"An Infamous Dynamite Roman Catholic Conspiracy Detected and Exposed." "Romanism Exposed." Two pamphlets by Rev. J. G. White, author of "Starting Facts." Price, 10 cents each, or two for 15 cents.

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## God and Religion.

"The religion of Science is the religion of Truth, and embraces the heavens and the earth, and respects facts only. It is a saving religion because it saves from error, puts away the chains of superstition, and thrives in the light of Truth, and with perfect freedom to think and grow—a fearless Progressive Thinker."

Let me go on the pinnacles of thought, Whosoever it may seem that I ought, To inquire and find out all I can Of the heavens and earth, and of man.

The universe is a living organism. Its primary essentials are Mind and Matter.

Its forces are positive and negative. The Mind of the Universe is its Soul-life.

The universal energy is the power of God manifest in positive and negative forces throughout the cosmos. Earth is a magnet, having positive and negative poles, so atoms also possess polarity. All matter is polarized. All motion comes of attractions and repulsions causative of endless changes, new combinations, forms, and compounds in endless variety and in varied processes of growth and decay.

The mind or soul-life of the atom is its affinity or power of choice by which a negative mate is selected and a new creation thus effected, and a new substance endowed with new life, and soul possessed with affluence, which may form farther alliances, or having served the wants of the organism, aged or otherwise, effaced, with weakened or exhausted vitality, may disintegrate in readiness to dissolving affinities. Thus life and death go chasing each other, essential in the life and economy of the Universe as the living organism of man.

The earth comes into the family life of the Sun, in its turn, abundantly possessed of the germs of life, which manifesting in due time and unfolding personalities as we know them, invite, make the world at length, the home of sentient life and of ultimate intelligence, progress, and civilization, bountifully supported with seedtime and harvest, and with all the resources of earth, neath overhanging skies, and the inviting twinkle of the stars, engaging man's attention and interest, and rewarding him progressively with better understanding and creation.

Man is beyond question the highest expression of mind known or conceivable by us. He is a correlate creative man, and highest ultimate creature in the Universe; and, born of God, and crowned with immortality, which is his birthright as sure as he is the ultimate conception of the Infinite Mind. This, it seems to me, is fairly a dialectic conclusion, and most fully satisfies human reason and hopes, and, coupled with psychic phenomena, subjective mind powers and communications, is doubly assuring of an inheritance commensurate with its source.

I speak of man in a cosmic sense as being truly a child of the Infinite Parent, whose children inhabit millions on millions of worlds, the Suns of which speak to us with tongues of fire a dialectic conclusion, and most fully satisfies human reason and hopes, and, coupled with psychic phenomena, subjective mind powers and communications, is doubly assuring of an inheritance commensurate with its source.

As no being can come from nothing, and as the Universe is clearly an organism, and man its highest expression, so I claim he is a child of that Organism, as truly as the babe is a child of its parents. Because this Infinite, and we finite, unable to comprehend his existence further than we can the Universe, does not lessen the certainty and logical necessity of such Being, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent, living in

and controlling all:—  
"To Him there is no low, no great, no small."  
He fills, He bounds, connects, and equals all."

I am aware of the difficulties in the way of such conception. Familiar with the anthropomorphic ideas accompanying all ancient religions, and by no means eliminated, altogether from modern theology, in fact a Sunday-school presentation to children of our time, it is more difficult to accept this broader view, but remember we are looking after a sovereignty, which can be the All-in-All.

As of our world, so of all the sister planets. All are born alike as we, with the same inheritance of evolutionary forces. Out of the Solar womb with germinal seeds, all alike have come, and all alike are nourished and fed. All are members of the same family, and one in the inter-related life of inseparable governments of the Supreme Being; for by the use of the telescope and spectroscopy it is learned that the stars are all so many suns, constituted like our own; and that they, too, in all probability, must have families of worlds to feed and clothe; and over and through all there reigns one Universal Mind. And this is the God of science, the God of reason, the God of the Universe, without a devil, a witch or a miracle, which are only fancies of ignorance, and so are dissipated by the light of knowledge.

The God of the Universe is manifest in uniformity of government and dispensations amazingly regular and perfect. The same causes, laws and effects are everywhere alike related, and under like conditions the same action and results are observed, and unity in all throughout is announced. There can, therefore, be but one true religion, and that the religion of Science that recognizes God as the Soul and Life of the Universe, and God of Mars, Jupiter, and of other systems of worlds as well as of our little Earth—best known only because we live here.

The Mosaic version of Creation is unanimously rejected by scientists because it plainly contradicts the facts of God's own handwriting. It is unreasonable, untrue, and withal absurd and ridiculous, and altogether unsuited to the advanced thought and belief of the present age. The molding of Adam, the rib creation of Eve, the doctrine of original sin and the Devil, in short, the whole fabric of the Jewish religion is little if any in advance of other ancient religions, and like them must pass away and give place to more advanced ideas; for I tell you the world moves, because it is alive, and God is in it; not the Mosaic God of Earth only, finite and changeable, but an all-embracing, eternal God of the Universe, of countless worlds, without a Devil or hell anywhere; save in the imagination of unlearned minds.

The religion of Science is the religion of Truth, and embraces the heavens and the earth, and respects facts only. It is a saving religion because it saves from error, puts away the chains of superstition, and thrives in the light of Truth, and with perfect freedom to think and grow—a fearless Progressive Thinker.

DR. WM. J. HILL.  
Petoskey, Mich.

**MATTERS OF INTEREST.**

**Trumpet Seances Held in Canton, O.**

To the Editor:—I would like, briefly as possible, to make mention of some matters of interest that took place in two interesting trumpet seances I recently attended in Canton, the medium being Mr. D. A. Herriek, trumpet medium and trance speaker, of Akron, Ohio.

The first seance took place on the 6th, and the second on the 13th of March, and both were held in the home of Mr. John Reiter, of this city. During these seances it was not an unusual occurrence to hear three, four and five different conversations being carried on by denizens of the spirit world and their friends of earth, and among those of the spirit sphere was a spirit claiming to be our martyred president and former fellow-townsmen, William McKinley, and there is no doubt in my mind and in the minds of others who were there that it was Mr. McKinley who spoke to us. This spirit gave a solemn but very interesting talk, also in a deliberate and forceful manner which was indeed characteristic of Mr. McKinley. In part he said:

"I, William McKinley, am greatly interested in the cause and progress of Spiritualism at large, and especially so in its progress in Canton, my home for many years. I am also still interested in Canton, and the welfare of my numerous friends and former fellow-citizens."

Mr. McKinley also referred to his assassin and the premeditated, unwarranted and uncalculated act that was the cause of his death. Mr. McKinley's passing prematurely to the spirit side of life. These remarks, however, were made in a kindly and sympathetic spirit. Mr. McKinley, when addressing the writer, also said: "Mr. Kidd, I thank you for the message you gave me in getting my message to my dear wife. I also request you to remember me kindly to Judge Munson, also extend to me my heartfelt thanks for the great favor and other favors he has done for me."

For the benefit of the readers of your paper and as an explanation of the above, I will say Judge A. Munson, of Medina, Ohio, received an important message from Mr. McKinley for his wife who resides in Canton, with instructions to see that it was delivered to her. Judge Munson, knowing that I lived in Canton, wrote me, saying, he had in his possession an important message from Mr. McKinley for his wife, and asked me if I could not suggest some way to get the message to Mrs. McKinley, other than sending it through the U. S. mail, since he feared it might be intercepted.

After receiving from Judge Munson and reading a copy of the message, I saw it was certainly characteristic of Mr. McKinley, therefore through a relative, a sister of Mrs. McKinley, I got the message to her. Now that Mr.

McKinley knew the task had been performed, which was indeed a favor to him, it was natural for him to thank those who performed the task.

Judge J. W. Unhill, a veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, who passed to the spirit side of life from Canton a few months ago, also came, and in speaking to the writer he stated his regrets that the Spiritualists of Canton did not take up and act on his proposition made to them a year before his death.

By way of an explanation I will say that Judge Unhill pledged himself to give \$3,000 to the Spiritualists of Canton, with which to build a church, if they bought a lot and put in the foundation. This they failed to do, and as a result they have no place they can call their own and in which to hold meetings.

Too bad, but too late, so far as Judge Unhill's proposition is concerned. Mr. Herriek expects to return to Canton the first of April to hold more seances and will probably deliver some lectures. E. R. KIDD.  
Canton, Ohio.

**PASSED TO SPIRIT LIFE.**

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

Passed to the higher life, April 18, 1906, Louisa Grimes, beloved mother of Rev. Laura M. Jones, pastor of the Advanced Spiritual Society of St. Louis, Mo.  
CONRAD BOCK.

Passed to the higher life, from her home in Milwaukee, Wis., April 9, Mrs. Eliza A. King, aged 73 years. Mrs. King was one of the most patient, faithful and spiritual persons one could ever meet. Her whole life was a lesson to all that can never be forgotten. She was the embodiment of our spiritual philosophy. She leaves one son to mourn her loss, but who is wonderfully sustained in the separation by our glorious knowledge. The funeral was largely attended, the writer officiating, giving the consolation that Spiritualism only gives on such occasions. Her body was cremated, as that was her wish.  
G. H. BROOKS.

"After Her Death. The Story of a Summer." By Lillian Whiting. No mind that loves spiritual thought can fail to be fed and delighted with this book. Beautiful spiritual thought, combining advanced ideas on the finer and ethereal phases of Spiritualism, leading the mind onward into the pure atmosphere of exalted spiritual truth. A book for the higher life. Price, cloth, \$1.00.

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By Edward C. Smith.

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ROBERT G. INGERSOLL was a great and brilliant man, he was the greatest genius of his age. His place is beside Shakespeare, Voltaire, Goethe and Shelley. He was a great Lawyer, Politician, Reformer, Orator, Critic and Philosopher. His wonderful gift of language touched with the spirit and charm of poetry aided by his powerful gift of wit and humor, made him the most formidable foe the church has ever had.

He was great because he was honest. He shook the world with his eloquence and reasoning. His arguments were never answered. As a Lawyer his arguments were always so convincing that he won his case.

He knew many things by learning and more by intuition.

He was an Intellectual Giant, and it is very probable that the wonderful combinations he possessed, the world will never see again.

The author who was a close friend and great admirer of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, was assisted by near relatives who collected a great amount of valuable data, and in no other way could this information be obtained. The writing of the "Life and Reminiscences" was purely a labor of love; and it is useless to say has been written in the fairest and kindest spirit, every detail having been carefully recorded. Much of this data was collected and revised before the Colonel's death, and great care was taken in only recording after careful research.



