

TRUTH The PSYCHIC OBSERVER

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NOTED COLUMNIST RETURNS, "DIRECT VOICE" IS HEARD; WRITES "INDEPENDENTLY"

Thinks "Spirit" Contact Is Easy—Fine Effort Made to Write.

O. O. McIntyre, the great columnist who pioneered in a gossip type of writing that has since become famous, has now indicated his interest and his intention to write about **Immortality**. The **Psychic Observer** has apparently been chosen by the great "Odd," whose "death" put an end to earthly writing, as a medium for expressing his thoughts on a subject of greater importance than any thing he ever set down in his "New York Day by Day." It was not through any earthly connection with the **Psychic Observer** editor that Mr. McIntyre selected this publication. I had never known or met him. Apparently he thought that the **Psychic Observer** would have at its disposal more perfect means for communication with the spirit world than would the publication in which his writings appeared in life on this plane.

Columnist Speaks

Mr. McIntyre's voice "boomed" in the **Psychic Observer** seance room early this summer. Announcing his name by direct voice through the mediumship of Grace Stewart, he volunteered to write an article for the **Observer** and selected the topic, "Immortality."

He communicated with us by direct voice on several occasions giving us descriptions of how we should conduct the seances and how best to communicate with him. We assumed an unconventional attitude in the seances asking him pertinent and practical questions about his identity on how we should handle the matter of his writings from the spirit world. At first O. O. thought it would be possible for him to dictate his article so that we could transmit it through a microphone to a loudspeaker in the office above the seance room and there have it recorded by a stenographer. It was found, however, that the voice that had boomed from the trumpet in earlier seances now became too "metallic" to be recorded by this method.

Writes "Independently"

O. O. decided that he could set down his thoughts by independent writing although he had been in the spirit world but a short time—a very short time in which to mas-

"ODD" MCINTYRE



He Expresses Desire to Continue His Work—Even Though "Dead."

ter the technique of so complicated a process. Independent writing necessitates the materialization of a hand with which to write. It is entirely different from automatic writing in which the hand of the medium is directed by the guide.

A few seances later the spirit columnist made his first attempt. We had placed a supply of paper such as newspaper men use for copy on a small typewriter table in the center of the seance room. Its edges were held down by weight to keep it from moving or falling off the table. A supply of a half dozen or more small pencils had been provided. The paper and pencils he wanted, especially the latter, were described by McIntyre in a previous seance.

Three in the Room

There were in the room only three persons in the flesh, the Medium, Grace Stewart, Mrs. Pressing and myself. We clasped hands during the seance.

After a short time we heard the pencils move about. There was a scratching such as is made by pencils passing over paper. O. O. was apparently dissatisfied with one and threw it across the room in my general direction. He did not speak as he wrote for apparently the strain of writing took all his attention and energy. Before and after the writing, however, he did speak to us.

The fruit of his labor on the first occasion was as follows:

"Immortality is the continuance of the divine spark of the real life or intelligent spark of all things."

With this writing the former columnist concluded his literary efforts for the evening. He promised to complete at another seance the article which he wanted published in the **Observer**. A few evenings later another independent experiment took place. On this occasion the paper and pencils were arranged as before. He wrote:

"Immortality or everlasting life is continuation of earth expression with every desire fulfilled."

Skeptical World

Accomplishing this apparently fresh start, McIntyre again "gave up." But he wanted further op-

FACTS ABOUT THE MOFFETT MESSAGE

Date: Received twice—August 9th and 13th.

Place: Psychic Observer Seance Room, Lily Dale.

Number of people in Seance room each time—20 (Names given on request.)

Type of Seance: Direct Voice (Trumpet) Room Dark.

Mediums: Clara B. Knost, Akron O., and Dorothy B. Hiatt, Dallas, Tex.

portunity to communicate. I believe that he found the strain of maintaining communication through independent writing much greater than he expected when he declared his belief that he could make use of this form of mediumship.

I asked McIntyre how I should handle the matter of his writing. I felt that here was a great writer who had intrusted an important message to me to transmit to the world that was familiar with his work while on earth but would probably be skeptical of his creation from the spirit world and also of his ability to discourse on "Immortality."

Driscoll Mentioned

I asked O. O. if I should communicate with Mrs. McIntyre and describe the communication we had received. I suggested that (Continued on Page 7)

"DEAD" ADMIRAL WARNS "WATCH CHINA CLIPPER;" MESSAGE GIVEN TWICE

Navy Department Acknowledges Receipt of Message from Moffett

SABOTAGE HINTED

In a seance at the **Psychic Observer** office shortly after the disappearance of the Hawaii clipper on July 28 while en route from Guam to Manila, a message was received from Rear Admiral W. A. Moffett, then chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, who was a passenger and was killed when the dirigible **Akron** went down in an electrical storm off the coast of New Jersey on April 4, 1933. Seventy-two others lost their lives in the **Akron** disaster. Moffett's message described how a bomb had been placed aboard the clipper by a Japanese who got off before the plane left on its Guam to Hawaii leg. While too late to save the lives of the crew of nine and six passengers on the Hawaii clipper, Moffett's message also contained a warning to "Watch the China Clipper at the hangar especially."

"Higher Ups" Warned

The Moffett message was sent to Fred Jordan at the U. S. Naval Ammunition depot, Lake Den-

REAR ADM. W. A. MOFFETT



He "Comes Back" to Warn Navy Department.

mark, N. J., whom Moffett had named as the only person in the naval service who could make the "higher-ups" listen to a warning from such a source.

Active in Spiritualist circles and a medium himself, Jordan took cognizance of the warning and said in a reply dated August 30, 1938 that he had heard from the spirit world about the clipper that was sent to the bottom by a planted bomb and thanked the **Psychic Observer** for the warning in regard to the China Clipper.

Jordan Answers

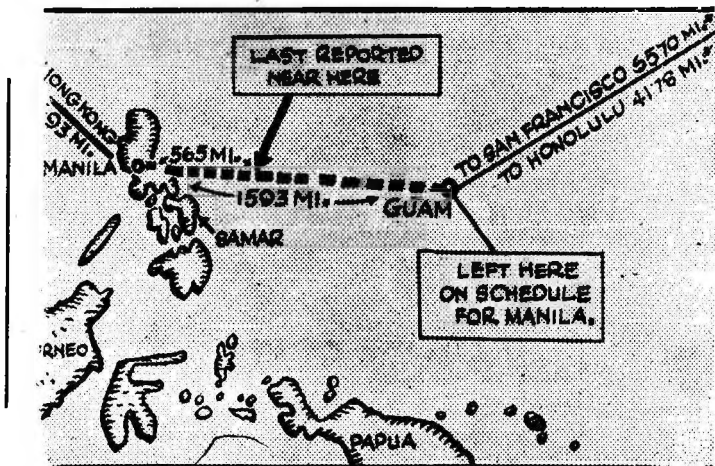
He added:

I can assure you that your letter was forwarded to people that are high enough in our government to investigate every nook and individual touching the China Clipper. I placed my hearty approval as a government officer on the authenticity of the sender, and the reliability of the source of information. I hope this will be a means to a discovery that will save a possible tragedy at sea on this beautiful ship. I have seen her many times at Hawaii, while I was with the fleet.

Thus are the fates of two famous aircraft joined in a message from the spirit world.

The **Akron's** death toll was 73, the greatest in the history of heavier-than-air ships. The Hawaii clipper was piloted by Captain Terletsky, one of the Pan-American Airways pioneer flyers.

WHERE CLIPPER RADIOED LAST REPORT



This map shows the position from which the Pan American Airways ship, Hawaii Clipper, radioed its last report to Manila. At the time the message was sent the clipper was 565 miles from the Philippine coast on the 1593-miles westward flight from Guam. It had left San Francisco Saturday, July 23, flying first to Hawaii, then to Guam. With the big ship long overdue, the U. S. Army transport **Meigs** was dispatched from Manila to the last reported position, latitude 12:27 north, longitude 140:30, east of Samar, easternmost island of the Philippines.

PIONEER PACIFIC CLIPPER LOST—WAS IT SABOTAGE?



The huge trans-Pacific flying boat, the Hawaii Clipper, above, long overdue in Manila on a 2000-mile hop from the island of Guam, was the object of a widespread search led by the U. S. Army transport **Meigs**. The clipper, which inaugurated regular commercial service across the Pacific in 1936, was capable of landing on a heavy sea. She carried six passengers and a crew of nine.

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Benjamin Franklin Says:

"I AM DOING THE SAME OLD THING IN THE SAME OLD WAY"-Will Rogers

"Dead" Humorist Describes "Passing."

WILEY POST RETURNS

If we were privileged to look in on the spirit world at certain time some evening we might expect to find Will Rogers, most famous humorist of modern times, on the stage swinging a rope and telling his audience that "all he knows is what he reads in the papers." Or possibly he would be making radio talks and getting himself in trouble by imitating the president too closely as he did on this plane.

"I am doing the same old thing in the same old way," was the message that was received from Rogers in a slate writing this summer by the Psychic Observer, editor, through the mediumship of P. L. O. A. Keeler, world's famous medium of this type. Along with the message from Rogers was just this line signed Abraham Lincoln: "I am here."

Explains "Spirit" World
Many messages have been received by mediums from Rogers indicating that Will has learned to know the ways of the spirit world as intimately as he knew human nature in this sphere.

Some time ago Rogers communicated through reputable Chicago psychics. In these messages Rogers indicated that he was continuing his interest in modern transportation and had found something in the spirit world that far excelled airplane travel of which he was so fond on earth and through which he met "death."

Mind Navigation

He says:
"I am opening up a new channel and a new method. You ask by what method of travel I reached New York. I shall call it mind navigation as immediately I collected my thoughts and realized what happened to our ship (N. B. the ship in which he was "killed.") I found that what had happened to the ship had happened to our bodies—our physical engines had stopped; yet—I was intact. Well, what had happened? Then I knew I had met the first obstacle I could not surmount. I said 'Face to face with death.' Then I thought of your phrase 'death-birth' so I said, 'Born again, eh?' Well, let's go and with that I was raised up and on my way, knowing where I was headed for and what I was going after. . . . Death is indeed birth but not another birth. Cut your 'death-birth'—a projection of life with all its activities, good or bad."

Language Characteristic

This message sounds so much like the characteristic language of Will Rogers as he delighted America with his informal talks and his every-day understandable philosophy that its source could hardly be denied.

There follows more of his description of his new found method of travel in the same Rogers style: "Folks this is the life. Airplane navigation was great but mind navigation beats the world race. I have lost the shell I carted around on trains and boats. Thrills? Nothing like it friends, but don't try it because maybe you are not ready for it and you may not be geared for the final test. It takes more than preachments to clear the ground—you have to have technique as well and you only get this through experience and analysis. Time's up—Arm aches—not my arm but this ramshackle arm I am using." (Probably refers to a materialized arm in automatic writing.)

Wiley Post

Along with the writing from Rogers came a message from Wiley Post, pilot of the plane in which Rogers "died" in Alaska and who was killed with the famous American.



Post's message asks that friends and relatives be advised that he is not dead but much alive—that he was stunned not killed. Post said that Will brought him to the se-

ance in Chicago and encouraged him to write. Post also indicated that he intended to keep up his life work in the spirit world just as Rogers was doing in his line.

THIS OLD CLAY HOUSE

(Reprint by Request)

When I'm thru with this old clay house of mine,
When no more guide lights thru the windows shine,
Just box it up and lay it away
With the other clay houses of yesterday,
And with it, my friends, do try if you can,
To bury the wrongs since first I began
To live in this house, bury deep and forget,
I want to be square and out of your debt,
When I meet the Grand Architect Supreme
Face to face, I want to be clean;
Of course, I know it's too late to mend
A bad builded house when we come to the end,
But to you who are building, just look over mine
And make your alterations while there is time;
Just study this house — no tears should be shed.
It's like any clay house when the tenant has fled.
I have lived in this house many days all alone,
Just waiting, and oh how I long to go home!
Don't misunderstand me — this old world divine,
With love, birds and flowers and glorious sunshine,
Is a wonderful place, and a wonderful plan,
And a wonderful, wonderful gift to man.
Yet, somehow we feel when this cycle's complete,
There are dear ones across we are anxious to meet,
So we open the books and check up the past,
And no more forced balances, this is the last,
Each item is checked, each page must be clean,
It's the passport we carry our Builder Supreme,
So when I am thru with this old house of clay,
Just box it up tight and lay it away,
For the Builder has promised when this house is spent,
To have one all finished, with timber I sent
While I lived here in this one, of course it will be
Exactly as I here have builded, you see
It's the kind of material we each send across,
And if we build poorly, of course 'tis our loss,
You ask what material is best to select?
'Twas told you long since, by the Great Architect,
"A new commandment I give unto you,
That ye love one another, as I have loved you,"
So the finest material to send up above
Is clear, straight grained timber of Brotherly Love.

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—By S. J. Monck,
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

SPIRITUALISM and THEOSOPHY

by C. W. LEADBEATER

This book explains the phenomena and harmonizes the facts of the seance room with modern science.
An understanding and friendly outlook from an authority on this branch of psychic research. 256 pages, \$1.25.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PRESS, Dept. D.N.
WHEATON ILLINOIS

WORLD WAR "DEAD" EXPRESS OPINIONS

SPIRIT GUIDES GIVE THEIR EXPLANATION OF WAR

LAND FIT FOR HEROES

"Remember that we were cut down in the flower of life."
"Do not send any more boys over here unprepared for spirit life."

"Fight for peace there on earth as we are fighting for it over here."

These are typical messages that the thousands who needlessly died in the World War are sending to this plane as they see war clouds gathering again and contemplate more thousands suffering the fate that they encountered.

Spiritualism has been and will continue to be a great force for peace because through it those who have given their all for an ideal are able to disillusion those of another generation who may be called upon to make equal sacrifices for equally hollow "ideals."

Soldiers Return

Countless soldiers have returned at Armistice day seances in recent years, each bringing with him some message from the other side, many of them with valuable lessons for us today as we come again and again to the brink of what seems inevitable war.

If the crazed autocrats of Europe could hear and give solemn consideration to these messages could they help but be impressed by the sincerity of the spirit mission?

Silver Birch

Silver Birch, the guide of Hansen Swaffer's Home Circle said only last year in an Armistice Day message:

"Does your world of matter realize that peace can only come from the application of spiritual laws to worldly matters?"

"It is selfishness that brings not only war, with its train of bloodshed, misery and weeping, but chaos, confusion, disaster and bankruptcy."

"They must learn that only by substituting service for selfishness can peace come, that the old ideas of materialism and power and desires to aggrandize nations must be swept away and in their place there must reign the desire to live for another, the stronger to help the weaker, the richer to give to the poorer."

Beware "Lip Tributes"

"Do not insult those who have been translated to the spirit realms with tributes that come from the lips and not from the heart."

"All other methods have been tried and they have failed you. But not yet has the application of spiritual truths been tried. Unless your world does so, it will continue with war and bloodshed that will, in the end, destroy your much vaunted civilization."

There have been many messages from soldiers in the spirit world.

A few years ago a particularly appealing message was from Bill Thompson, a British Tommy whose story was told in that peculiar style that Americans have come to consider typically English. Though humanly humorous at times Bill Thompson's message is crowded with lessons particularly pertinent as we stare another war in the face:

Soldier Speaks

Bill says:
"God bless you all. I am one of your heroes, I have never been

through before. You know I am one of the heroes they sang about during the war, I left my missus and the kids to make it a land fit for heroes!"

"I didn't wait until they made me go, I went to save my home, the missus and the kids. They told me all the Germans were devils who were trying to come over here and blow my home to pieces and do terrible things to my old woman and the kids, and so I thought I would go and stop it all."

"I only lasted a week. I knew nothing about all this. I woke up and thought I had been asleep. Then a 'bloke' came to me and said, 'You're dead.' I said, 'Don't be silly gov'nor.'"

"Dead" But Alive

"No," he said, "Straight. You're dead." Well, its funny to be dead, and alive ain't it? But he seemed a straight sort of chap. Sort of padre.

"Then I found that there were others like me. Then I met some of the Germans. I could not see any difference. They seemed the same to me."

"Then this bloke told me that I could do something to help. So I went back to my home to see the missus and the kids. God, the old girl was weeping."

"I said, 'Lizzie, I am here at your side,' and she could not hear. I spoke to my girl, Flo, but she could not see me, I shoved the old woman once, but she could not feel it. And all the time she was crying. It was very hard."

Land Fit for Heroes

Bill goes on telling of the anguish caused by seeing his wife working so hard and not knowing that he was there. He finally found it no use trying to make her hear.

"My old woman will be at the cenotaph this year," he continues, "and she will do the same as she did last year and the year before. She will cry her eyes out."

He concludes:

"It's all very kind of you to listen to an old soldier . . . Well, mates, I only want to tell you this. If you can do anything to tell all those who cry that we are still alive, God will bless you."

How many more generations of Bill Thompsons must perish by the sword before the world becomes "a land fit for heroes?"

Humanity Magazine

All blood is red - All tears, salt

Unlike any other publication now in existence, Vibrant with Life, Labor, Love, issued monthly; now in its tenth year. Its Editor, a farmer; its home, a little ranch at the foot of the snow-capped Rockies; its mission, the abolition of Ignorance, Poverty and Greed—the establishment of a CIVILIZED Civilization, a United World, and the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth.

"I Have Said: Ye are Gods"

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A "GHOST" STORY - Lord Dufferin Case

as told by

Dr. Louis K. Anspacher

Published with the Special Permission of the Author

"There are more things 'twixt heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

The True Ghost Story I shall narrate is the story of a mysterious and ghostly warning. And it is an important story; because in this case the ghostly warning saved the life of a very well-known and distinguished statesman—no less a person than the famous Lord Dufferin himself who was England's Ambassador to France.

The details of the story have been very carefully investigated and checked over by the well-known French psychologist, de Maratray, who brought them to the attention of the great French astronomer and Psychic Researcher, Camille Flammarion, and the British Society of Psychical Research.

Well now, my friends, we're set for the True Ghost Story.

Lord Dufferin has accepted an invitation from an old friend, Sir Henry Ballard, to visit him in Ireland. Dufferin is having a grand time at this old Irish estate. It's a fine, moonlight night. Everything is calm and serene. Perhaps the romantic charm of the night affects Lord Dufferin. He undresses slowly and goes to bed. His mind is full of the gracious hospitality of his Irish host.

Dufferin, like any cheerful, healthy, sane and hearty man, soon falls asleep. He doesn't dream. He has no indigestion. But for no reason at all, he suddenly awakens. He is preyed on by an indefinable restlessness.

The ghostly moonlight falls full in his room. He lights the light. This gets rid of the fantastic shadows in his room. He shakes himself to be sure that he's awake. But he can't shake himself free from a kind of disturbing pang. He feels all keyed up, as if something, he knows not what, were going to happen.

Queen Premonition

He lights a cigarette and tries to compose himself. He's ruddy awake now. Yes, more than awake. His senses are strangely keyed up and alert. But he can't discover anything to explain the queer sense of premonition.

Dufferin has a feeling of unnamed terror. He tries to dismiss it from his mind and go to sleep again. Dufferin is not the man to be easily upset. He's not fit or skittish; but there's no doubt about it—he does feel queer and jumpy.

"Well, well," thinks Dufferin. "I'm getting foolish and moon-struck, like a credulous girl. All these old places in Ireland are supposed to be haunted anyway. That's what they say at least. Well, perhaps a ghost or a Banshee is wandering tonight."

"Ha, ha," Dufferin laughs a little at himself. He doesn't really believe in any of that stuff and nonsense. All well enough for those who want to let their minds dwell on these old wives' tales. But these superstitions mean nothing to the hard and practical man of affairs, whose life is filled with real things, and that's that.

His windows are open. What are these sounds? Why, a late bird is fluttering and there are the crickets and the tree-toads. Yes, but that long, low moaning. What's that? There's not a breeze stirring. It can't be the sighing of the trees outside nor yet the whisper of the curtains in his room. Why, that's an owl, of course. Only an owl—of course—to be sure.

Everything sounds strange and magically different on a moonlit night.

But wait! There it is again! Oh, no, that's not an owl. It's too human. Yes, wait a bit. That sounds like something human

panting and moaning! Perhaps somebody's hurt. He jumps out of bed again and goes quickly to the windows.

There are large French windows opening right down to the floor and giving on the lawn—a beautiful Irish lawn—shaded by majestic old trees.

The moaning and the panting continue. The sounds seem to come from the huge shadow cast by the trees. Dufferin stands peering into the shadow, when suddenly something begins to move! A figure comes out of the dark into the full light of the moon. Yes, it is a man and he's staggering under an enormous weight that he is carrying on his shoulders.

This man pays no attention to Dufferin. He walks slowly and laboriously under the enormous thing he's carrying. This huge, black, bow-like thing hides the man's face from Dufferin.

Now that he knows what it is, Dufferin isn't frightened. He sees the man walk slowly across the lawn into the full moonlight. Dufferin calls to the man. He doesn't stop. Dufferin can't imagine what this fellow is doing with that burden at this time of night.

Both Dufferin and the man with the burden on his shoulders are in the full moonlight now. And Dufferin sees that the man is staggering under the weight of a large coffin. Yes! That's the unwieldy thing he's carrying! It's a coffin! That's what it is! But whose coffin? Is there foul play somewhere on the estate? Is somebody making away with a body?

Dufferin easily overtakes the man and says: "Look here! What have you got there? What are you doing?"

At his challenge the man lifts his head from under his burden and the moonlight falls full upon his face. Dufferin isn't easily startled; but he sees a face of such ghoully baleful ugliness, the man has a face so terribly repulsive as he turns to him that Dufferin falls back a step. It is a face of such hateful and contorted vileness that it burns itself indelibly, unforgettably on Dufferin's mind.

Now, more than ever is Dufferin decided to find out what this revolting fellow is about. Dufferin now nerves himself and goes forward again. He cries out: "Where are you taking that?" And as he approaches the man with the coffin to head him off or stop him; the man disappears right before his eyes! He dissolves! Nothing of the man or the coffin is left! Gone like a mist! Dufferin has walked right through him and the coffin!

Sees a "Ghost"

There are no footprints in the dewy grass. Nothing! Nothing but the mocking moonlight and the weird and eerie noises of the night.

Dufferin goes goose-flesh all over. Either he's been dreaming or he's seen a ghost. It's one or the other! He isn't dreaming. No. He was never more awake and alert in his life. And his realistic, practical mind rejects the idea of a ghost.

Well, he doesn't want to arouse the house. So he returns to his room and goes over every detail of this strange occurrence and writes it down then and there in his diary, which is all part of the record.

It's very baffling. He's never had such an experience before. He decides to talk the matter over

with Sir Henry. Yes, he'll do that the first thing in the morning, never fear. And then he composes his mind for sleep. But there is very little sleep for Lord Dufferin this night. He can hardly wait to tell his host.

Promptly after breakfast, Dufferin questions Sir Henry. Dufferin asks him if anybody has recently died or been buried on the place.

"No, there's been no death or any recent burial in the whole village."

Then Lord Dufferin describes in detail the man on the lawn, carrying a coffin.

"No," Sir Henry Ballard knows of no one answering Dufferin's description.

Then the servants are called in and are questioned. They are all trusted old retainers of the family. The servants know nothing. They are dumfounded.

Then Sir Henry, very much disturbed, asks Dufferin, which way the fellow went, and Dufferin takes him to the spot, acts out the scene, and says, "The fellow went nowhere!"

"What d'ye mean—nowhere?" "Just that. He just disappeared."

"What d'ye mean by disappeared—didn't you follow him?" "Yes," says Dufferin. "I did more than follow him. I walked right through him!"

"You what!!!" "I walked right through him and I wasn't dreaming and I don't ever walk in my sleep. The man was just as real as you are now."

Sir Henry is, of course, astounded.

And then Dufferin adds: "I've never believed in ghosts. You know me, Henry. There's no hanky-pank about me. I'm generally standing both feet rooted in reality. But I'm bound to ask you—is this place haunted? Do queer things ever happen here? They say ghosts walk in Ireland and many old castles are supposed to have their ghosts."

Sir Henry answers: "No, this place isn't haunted. And a ghost is about the one thing we've never had."

Well, there the mystery stood and if there were no sequel, this story might have remained a fairy tale or just one of those baffling and bewildering occurrences that by degrees become a legend.

Lord Dufferin's visit draws to a close. He says good-bye to Sir Henry Ballard. Important political affairs call Dufferin back to London. And with the passage of time, the episode is no longer discussed.

Now, Lord Dufferin leads a very busy, active life. He's very much involved in politics and foreign affairs. He's not at all concerned with psychic phenomena. He's not even interested in ghosts. Top many real things occupy his mind. He's an expert on Foreign Affairs. And some years afterward, Lord Dufferin is appointed Ambassador to France. Dufferin is a man that England can trust.

Weird Recognition

Well, in the course of his official duties, Dufferin is called to a diplomatic reception to be held at the Grand Hotel in Paris. Dufferin, attended by his private secretary, arrives. The foyer of the Grand Hotel is crowded with ambassadors and ministers of state of all the different countries.

Dufferin in his own personality is a man of great dignity. As the Ambassador from England he has a tremendous importance.

His private secretary conducts him to one of the elevators, before which several state officials are standing respectfully in line. They wait for Dufferin. England's Ambassador has precedence. And etiquette demands that Dufferin go first. Dufferin passing through

them, bows graciously and cordially.

The door to the elevator is opened. The secretary stands aside to allow Dufferin to enter. Dufferin is about to step into the elevator when his eye suddenly falls upon the man who operates the lift. Dufferin recoils with an involuntary start of horror! He withdraws from the elevator—puts out his hand—and stops his secretary from entering.

What's the matter?

Dufferin sees before him the very same face that branded itself upon his memory some years before in Ireland. He gazes at the man in terror! Yes, there is the same ghoully leer—yes, and precisely the same contorted features of the mysterious ghost in Ireland!

No, he can't be mistaken! But what is the connection? How can that baleful, surly and malicious face and that unforgettable squat body transport itself over the years from a lonely moonlit lawn in a remote Irish village and suddenly appear now in the elevator of the Grand Hotel in crowded Paris? What mysterious relation is there between these two occurrences?

That's the same man who was staggering under the coffin! And now he's running an elevator.

As I tell it, it sounds as if Dufferin paused a long time as he retreated from the elevator. It was really only a second. And these thoughts exploded in his brain and passed in instantaneous review in his mind as quickly as a drowning man sees the whole panorama of his life in a brief cinema flash.

Dufferin is a man of great self-control. From an observer's viewpoint, it just looked as if the British Ambassador had changed his mind. Dufferin uttered a few conventional excuses. He pretends that he has forgotten something and asks the other officials please not to wait for him. He covers up his instinctive recoil from the elevator. He leaves his secretary standing there.

Terrible Accident

Some of the officials enter the lift. The door closes and the elevator ascends. Dufferin hastily goes to the office of the manager of the hotel. He is just asking the manager who the man is that is running the elevator and where he came from. But before the manager can answer a terrible crash is heard. Cries of anguish and commotion fill the corridor of the hotel. Dufferin's secretary comes rushing back to the Ambassador with his eyes starting out of his head!



DR. LOUIS K. ANSPACHER

There's been a terrible accident. The very elevator that Dufferin recoiled from entering, that very elevator run by the very man that Dufferin had seen years before in Ireland, rose to the fifth floor when suddenly the cable broke and the car crashed down the shaft, crushing and mutilating all those inside of it!

The accident is historic. The newspapers at the time were full of it. The mysterious elevator man was killed with all those he was taking up in the lift.

We never have been able to find out who he was. His origin could not be traced.

With all the resources of the secret services of both countries at his command, Lord Dufferin was never able to find out anything further.

Now, my friends, the well-authenticated facts are there. The evidence is incontrovertible. But nobody has ever been able to explain the facts. We only know that in this mysterious way, Lord Dufferin's life was saved. He recognized the ghost that he had seen some years before in Ireland. It was a premonitory ghost that gave Dufferin the warning. And the phantasmal coffin that the ghost was carrying was doubtless Dufferin's own coffin—though he didn't know it at the time.

I don't pretend to tell you how these things happen. I simply tell you the story as it occurred.

"Yes, my friends, there are more things 'twixt heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

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HOW TO INVESTIGATE SPIRITUALISM

ADVICE TO BEGINNERS

By Ronald McCorquodale
G.N.S.C., F.Ph.S. D.S.N.U.

If the beginner really wishes to discover for himself the truth about Spiritualism, he must try and approach the task with an unbiased mind. The investigator must set himself to "read up" on the subject. I feel sure that this is the best course for beginners to adopt after achieving real open-mindedness. For as John Arthur Hill says: "It enables one to investigate with proper scientific ease when opportunity arises and with much better chance of obtaining good evidence. Without this preparation the investigator has little idea how to handle that delicate machine called a Medium and indeed no amount of reading will entirely equip the experimenter for there are many things only experience can teach." Also without this preparation the investigator will be liable either to give things away too much by talking or will create an atmosphere of suspicion and discomfort by being too secretive.

Psychical Research

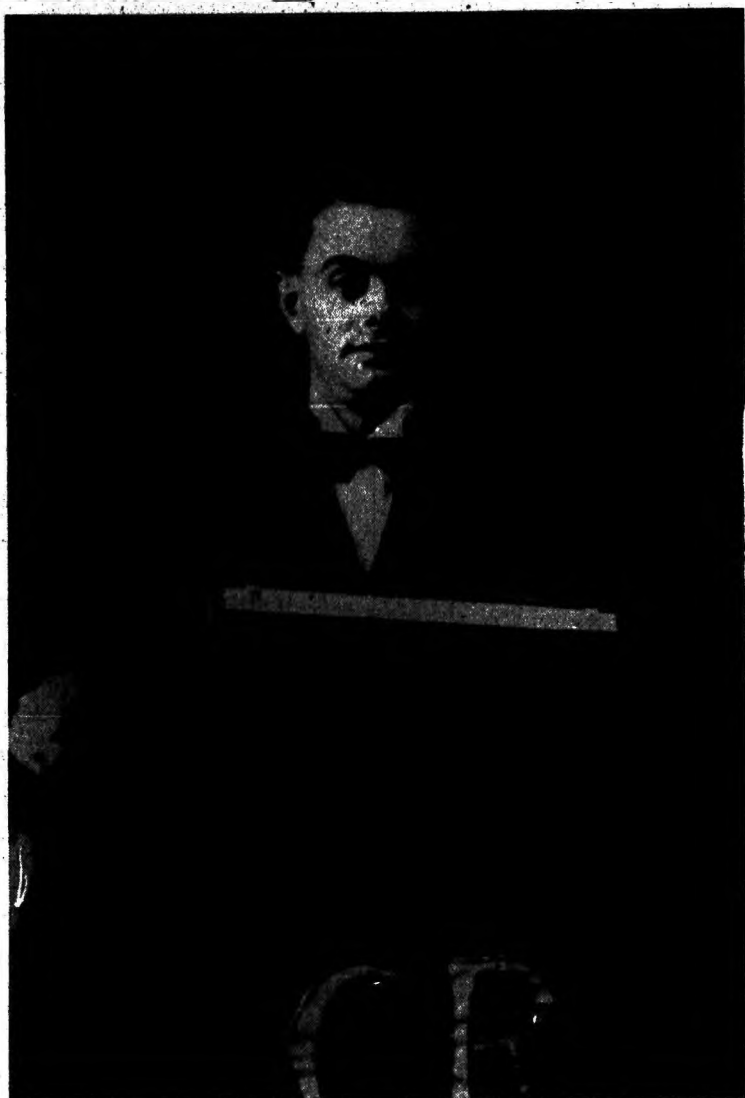
Before setting out to observe psychic phenomena one should cultivate first an interest in the subject and acquire some knowledge of Psychical Research by a serious study of the available recorded evidence of careful and eminent investigators. Exactness of observation and balanced judgment can only be cultivated by previous knowledge and acquaintance with the subject. Only thus can the investigator know what to look for or anticipate when actually experimenting. The investigator should bring to bear on psychic phenomena a well prepared and trained mind already interested in and acquainted with all that has been done on the subject. Only thus can alertness of brain and acuteness of sense be assured in psychic investigation.

Must Have Real Desire

I therefore counsel all enquirers first of all to make a close study of the researches of distinguished investigators. For as Professor George Henslow says: "Anyone with a real desire to know the truth need not lack evidence if he will first read the records with an open mind; and then bide his time and be patient till an opportunity for first hand critical observation arises. Absolute conviction must be attained by first hand experience in the present." This advice from Prof. Henslow's book, "Proofs of the Truth of Spiritualism" is very sound. The reading I recommend is the Proceedings of the English and American Societies for Psychical Research, the record of the Boston SPR., the writings of Lodge, Crookes, James Hyslop, Hodgson, Barrett, Besanno, Crawford, Von Notzing, Richet and F.W.H. Myers on Human Personality. These are the authorities and the literature is large and varied. No subject has a greater literature as the Chief Constable of Newcastle on Tyne in England has stated and as Robert Blatchford puts it here one will find gems of wisdom, works by eminent people distinguished in all walks of life.

Scientific Approach

My advice to the enquirer is: approach psychic phenomena scientifically. Adopt the scientific attitude and equip yourself as a careful, cautious and competent investigator. Apply scientific methods in your psychical research. Consider what are the best conditions for securing evidence in sittings with good mediums. One should try to understand mediumship especially the psychology of the subject as Horace Leaf would insist. The Medium should be treated as Sir Oliver Lodge has said: "As a delicate piece of apparatus whereby we are making an investigation." The Medium is an instrument whose



RONALD MCCORQUODALE

ways and idiosyncrasies must be learnt and to a certain extent humoured just as one studies and humours the ways of some much less delicate piece of physical apparatus. This is quite consistent with taking all needful precautions against deception. And here let me counsel the enquirer to sit only with accredited mediums who are recognized by reputable and responsible organizations.

Six Rules

These organizations like the British College of Psychic Science in London and others in New York are most helpful to the enquirer desirous of knowing just how to tackle psychic matters. Finally, I would submit the following rules: (1) Investigate personally and study the accounts of other reliable enquirers into all phases of phenomena. (2) Arrange, classify and tabulate all verified facts. (3) Make cautious inferences based on ascertained facts. (4) Seek always to verify or disprove such inferences.

(5) If the inference made is not correct then make other inferences and continue investigation with patience and perseverance. (6) Never take anything for granted — always examine, test, and prove. Investigation should follow in a settled order—observation and experiment, the search for causes (or necessary conditions) the discovery of differences from and agreements with similar phenomena known to us, observation of how the phenomena vary with varying conditions, and lastly the attempt at careful generalization. Logic must be applied in the process and the enquirer must employ in a word scientific reasoning in his pursuit of truth. The quest is not easy but the great implications of the subject well warrant careful and painstaking examination for here surely is a great truth changing all life's values.

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JAPS WORRIED --- SEEK ADVICE

"FORTUNE TELLERS" REAP HARVEST

The war with China which has already lasted much longer than the Japanese planned is helping soothsayers and fortune tellers to reap a harvest in Japan, especially Tokyo. When they are going to win the war is not the only thing that the Japanese want to know. A recent article in the New York Times quoting the Observer of London, says:

"... crystal gazing, astrology, necromancy and other forms of occult practices have been measurably augmented in Japan... since the nation began her adventure in China.

"The capital alone can boast of more than 4,000 'soothsayers.'

"There are millionaires extremely shrewd in the practical affairs of human life who will never begin a journey, start building a house or undertake any other important enterprise on a supposedly unlucky day, and who regularly consult the stars before venturing operations on the stock exchange.

"Soothsaying like every other Japanese activity is under the close supervision of the police and a police official in touch with the subject recently classified as follows the five chief methods of telling fortunes:

1. Close scrutiny of various parts of the anatomy with the aid of a large chart.
2. Star and zodiac methods.
3. Numerology.

4. Judgment based on the position of the client's house.

5. Blood test.

"The last method for understandable reasons is less popular than the other four. Fees vary widely, ranging from a few yen asked by the humble practitioner of the art to sums as large as 50 yen (about \$15) which famous sorcerers occasionally obtain from wealthy patrons.

"The police state that there are few complaints about the fees because the prophecies are couched in such ambiguous terms that some parts of them are almost certain to come true.

"Fashions in fortune telling vary like modes in women's clothes and hats. Deer bones and tortoise shells have enjoyed a vogue at times. Now a combination of the anatomical and zodiac methods is much in use.

"The soothsayer provides himself with a chart showing all kinds and shapes of hands, feet, mouths, ears, skulls, and other portions of the human body. The patron is invited to compare his own physical attributes with the chart and the soothsayer undertakes to cast up the balance of weal or woe.

"Other calculations are made on the twelve signs of the zodiac which in Japanese lore are persons, various animals, such as the horse, the tiger, the rat, the bull, the cock, etc. . . ."

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September Choice: "There Is No Death," the famous book by Florence Marryat.

Further selections include books by world famous authorities, such as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Robert Blatchford, Stainton Moses, Hannen Swaffer and others.

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MY RELIGION

BUILDING THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

By Hannen Swaffer

I am, in religion, a Spiritualist and a Socialist. To me both those words mean the same thing.

By that, I mean that I have learned from the spirit world to understand something of the creative force which is behind all creation, and that, knowing it to be my duty to try to carry out, during my earth life, the furthering of that creative principle in this world, I can see only in the adoption of Socialist principles the means.

Abolish Creedal Differences

I believe in the Fatherhood of God in the sense that I can see behind all things a force that makes for good, one that uses us for the working out of its beneficent purpose. I do not expect it to do my work for me. I know that I must do the work myself.

In accepting the Brotherhood of Man as a cardinal principle of everyday life in all its aspects, I believe that Spiritualism and Socialism, when joined in the practice of the lives of all of us, will abolish all creedal differences, end all class and caste hatreds, join us all in one great human family and build up a new world, in which the only distinctions will be the degrees of our service to the general good.

War—The Worst Crime

Believing this, I know that war is the worst of human crimes, and I seek to help end all that greedy competition, selfish ambition, and economic inequality which makes men strive against each other instead of realizing that they are here not for self but for service.

I have had proved to me, not as a blessed hope possible through the mediation of someone else, but as a scientific fact, that man survives the grave, and that this world, with all its trials and troubles, is merely an infants' class, a training ground for higher and greater service elsewhere.

I know, I do not believe, that in circumstances which are natural, it is possible for the world in which so-called "dead" people live to communicate with this one. Since, although we function through bodies, we are spirits here, we have spirit powers by means of which these things are possible.

Guided by "Spirit"

I have had proved to me that,

whenever, however blunderingly, I try to do something which helps humanity, I am aided — nay, spurred on — by beneficent entities who can see further than I can see and who know more than I can know.

I am personally responsible for all the evil things I do. They, and all the faults I acquire, leave a mark upon my character, which I shall take with me. I believe that the greatest of all these faults is selfishness, personal ambition, a grasping and greedy disregard for the rights of others.

I have been instructed, and I accept it as a natural law, scientific, logical, unanswerable, that I bear on my spirit all the marks of the evil things I have done and that nothing and nobody can take away from me any blame for them.

World of Service

In another world—the one I have been taught about and one which I consider a complete logical one, since it is natural and the effect of a cause—I shall have the opportunity, by service, of undoing the results of my evil deeds on this earth.

I am not over-anxious about this, because I have learned that the normal man is much better than, in the circumstances in which he is born and in which he lives, you would expect. He takes his many little good deeds for granted, and forgets them. They, more than one great sin, mould his character.

I see no end to service in the spirit world, since eternal progress is a logical deduction.

I have within me, as have all living things, a particle of the Great Creative Spirit which is the source, the present, and the end of all life.

Quarrel of the Creeds

After years of Athelism, forced on me by the contradictions of orthodox religious teaching, I inquired into Spiritualism with the mocking cynicism born of years of a knowledge of the sordid side of life. In those days I saw no purpose in the world around me.

Now I can see, unfolding before me, a Purpose and a Plan. I look back on history and see how we have advanced. When I do so, I notice that the torch-bearers, who belonged to all races and all

The Seven Principles

All members of the British Spiritualists' National Union, of which Hannen Swaffer is the honorary president, sign, on joining, the following principles:—

- (1) The Fatherhood of God.
- (2) The Brotherhood of Man.
- (3) The Communion of Spirits and the Ministry of Angels.
- (4) The Continuous Existence of the human soul.
- (5) Personal Responsibility.
- (6) Compensation and Retribution hereafter for all the good and evil deeds done on earth.
- (7) Eternal Progress open to every human soul.

creeds, or none, seem to have been forced forward by some power greater than themselves.

Now and then, they had what are called "psychic experiences." They saw visions. They dreamed dreams. They heard voices. Moved by a courage that seems superhuman, they not only envisaged a greater freedom, a more complete amelioration for the great mass, a wider understanding of truth, but they lived, and often died, for it.

Part of Great Plan

Some of these had what is called faith. Some had none. Anyway, it is because of them that we have progressed from what we call the Stone Age.

They strove. They suffered. And then, when their work was done, they disappeared from mortal ken.

I used to wonder about them. Some were Churchmen who braved the powers of Barbarism. Some were scientists who braved Churchmen. Some left their churches altogether. Some left their churches and founded new ones. Some belonged to no church, but saw, in religious teaching, only ignorance. Each knew a bit of the truth. None knew it all.

As I saw these men—and women—when I was young, they were merely a disorganized mob, each striving for something different. Now I see that they were part of a great Plan, and that it was through them that the world was made better, evolved, moved on to higher things and greater understanding.

New World Being Born

Some saw cruelty and, hating it, laid down their lives in the hope that it would end. Some saw a newer knowledge than anyone else, and were stoned, beaten, imprisoned, because the old knowledge, new itself once, had become part of an Orthodoxy that would brook no change.

But all of them, whether they knew it or not, were, I know now, part of a great Purpose, brave spirits in the flesh urged on by great spirits who, before them, had striven and suffered and died, and who were continuing their work on another plane, I can see, because of my new knowledge, a new world being born. I believe in that world just as I believe in Tomorrow's morning.

The Mythical Fall

I can envisage a world peopled by highly educated citizens, all living in beautiful homes and enjoying cultured leisure. Other

people talk of a Garden of Eden that existed once. I can see that garden in the world of Tomorrow.

Some people say that man fell. Man rose. He rose from the abysmal slime. He was beaten back by forces that would have triumphed over anyone who was not inspired by an inward—yes, and an outward—spiritual urge.

Some people talk of a New Jerusalem somewhere far off in the clouds. Some talk of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth as being the acceptance simply of one religious rule.

I can see the New Jerusalem rising amid the ruins of a sorrow-stricken world, the one around me now.

And I believe that the Kingdom of Heaven on earth will be realized when men understand that there is already more than enough for all, that the bounty of Nature is overflowing and that only man's selfishness and criminal stupidity stops him from breaking down the wall which, erected by himself, the wall of Prejudice, now stands between him and that kingdom.

Not a Dream

Some seek to break down the wall. Some want to climb over it. Some have pierced a small hole and are looking furtively through. But, anyway, the wall is there, and the Kingdom of Heaven on earth is on the other side.

This is not a dream. It is more than a dream. It is a human possibility.

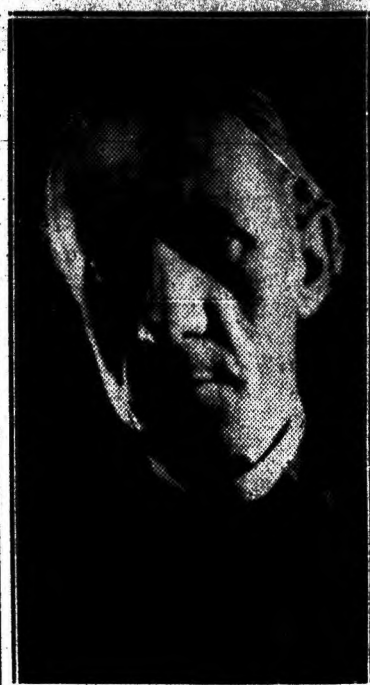
I know that I make, in the course of my life, an infinity of mistakes. I know that I possess a thousand faults.

But I do believe that, with all my shortcomings, I, a Spiritualist and a Socialist, am a part of a great Plan which, begun millions and millions of years ago, is continuous and eternal—a Plan which is working towards that new world and its fulfillment.

Striving for that—and even a better world than the one I can visualize—will not stop here.

My "Dead" Friends

When I pass on from this world, I know, because it has been proved to me, I shall be met on the other



HANNEN SWAFFER

side of life by friends I made in this world, and friends I have made in the world of spirit, and that there I shall be instructed as to how, in that great Other World, I can do my small bit to help bring about perfection.

As I understand it, the further I go from this plane, the more of my human personality I shall lose. But, as I lose more and more of earth manhood, I shall become more and more a part of the Great Spirit, in Whom, I believe, ultimately I shall be merged, strengthening it by that particle of itself which I already possess—an infinite particle which, one day, will be transformed into a larger one.

Spiritualism Demonstrates

No, the finality of perfection can never be reached, because, the more perfect people become, either here or elsewhere, the more faults they find, because, as they develop, they can see more and more possibility.

Now this is a religion which does not just make statements. It does not rely on a book, or a legend, or what happened in some far-off day, a time concerning which the records are either incomplete or lost altogether.

It is something which is demonstrable to any person who, brave enough to throw overboard the false teaching of the ages—truth once, but perverted and distorted since, by the course of time—dares to stare at the glory of Life's sun with unblinking eyes.

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Trumpet Seen Floating As "Dead" Son Talks

By **FREDERIC HARDING**

My hope to see an untouched trumpet floating freely in the air before us in a good light, from which there would issue strong voices, talking of intimate things which would identify the discarnate mind using the voice at the time, has been realized.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, a few weeks ago, at Silver Belle Spiritualist Assembly, Ephrata, Pa., that my wife and I in a private seance with Mrs. Geraldine Pelton, at last saw the phenomenon that we had held close to our hearts ever since we had first begun investigating Spiritualism years ago.

Mrs. Pelton has recently developed this phase of direct voice in an adequate red light, after some fifteen years of the more usual trance and voice mediumship.

Chemist as Guide

Her guide, Dr. Percy Oliver, who was a chemist in London about a century ago, is justly proud of his instrument and declares that in another two years he will have her improved to the extent of manifesting in greatly increased light.

Mrs. Pelton was entranced, and both of us could see her detached spirit, a white figure like the traditional ghost in appearance, move over to the corner of the room and remain there for the hour's duration of the seance.

Her little English girl control



GERALDINE PELTON

ushered in her presence with a heavy odor of rose-perfume while she spoke through Mrs. Pelton's lips, giving us greeting and some instruction.

"Like an Aeroplane"

Then she was silent and we watched the two metal megaphones lying upon a small table just beyond our reach. A red light shone upon them from a point about eighteen inches above them.

The light was suspended from the ceiling and was shielded so that its ruddy rays descended directly upon the table. The remainder of the room was dimly illuminated by it.

Now the trumpets oscillated

gently before our eyes and then rose with a slow steady motion quite clear of the table, a bit like an aeroplane taking off. Then they maneuvered about, touching us both, clicking together.

One sank gently as a floating Autumn leaf back to the table; while the other became animated with the sound of one voice after the other. It was eerie indeed to see this thing swaying in air, not two feet from us, almost vibrating with the lusty voice of our son in spirit, Charles, as he talked for more than a quarter of an hour to us both.

Our conversation was of the most private nature. In all our seance experience of some ten active years, we had never had a more heart-to-heart talk with our boy.

A New "Stunt"

Then he said that Dr. Oliver had given him permission to try a "stunt" that had not been accomplished before in this new phase of mediumship—that of lowering the levitated trumpet to the floor and raising it afresh from there. Calling out to us from the metal



FRED HARDING

"Mediocre Mediumship Doomed" "Not Vital To Our Advancement"

Hugh Gordon Burroughs

Washington, D.C., Church Opens October Second

"The future growth of Spiritualism will depend upon the class of mediums which it produces to present its truths to the world, the necessary factors being not only development, but character and intelligence as well. The time has now arrived when mediocre mediumship will not play any vital part in the advancement of our cause."

The foregoing statement was recently made by H. Gordon Burroughs, Washington, D. C.

Formerly of Chicago, Burroughs is the minister of The Church of Two Worlds which was organized in the National Capital in the fall of 1936 and had its opening at a beautiful service on the first of November of that year. Many out-of-town visitors came to Washington for the occasion. The Church is incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia and holds its charter from the National Spiritualist Association.

Services are held on Sunday and Wednesday evenings in the ballroom of the Hotel Continental. An address by the minister and a musical program feature the Sunday service. At the midweek meeting, in addition to the lecture, messages are given.

The Church will begin its third season on Sunday, October 2.



HUGH GORDON BURROUGHS

cone all the while in an excited and yet exultant tone, Charles engineered the trumpet slowly down until it reached the floor without a sound.

After a moment to regain control, he called out to us from within six inches of the tip of my boot, where the trumpet lay, that he was coming up and steadily it rose until it was on a level with our faces.

The boy was as pleased as Punch, and enjoyed our hearty congratulations. Several other well-known spirit voices followed our lad's.

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SPRITUALISM'S HISTORICAL JOURNAL

THE PSYCHIC OBSERVER

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WHITHER BOUND?

Will it shock you to be told that although we are on our way, we have no destination in the sense of having a place or a condition where we definitely arrive? To definitely arrive would be to stop; to make no further progress. We are on an endless journey out of the infinite past into the limitless future, this earth plane being merely one of the transient stop-overs on our eternal way.

World Without End

We have objectives—purposes to accomplish—ideals to attain along our path of progress, of course, and having reached them, greater attainments ever beckon us on into the future and to the expenditure of greater effort. After each goal post is passed we go on to bigger things, world without end.

We Never "Stay Put"

Thus the thing most worth while is not any especial accomplishment or victory in itself, but the eternal journey and the panorama it unfolds—what it shows us, teaches us, makes of us along the way. There is no "journey's end." In the line of infinite progression we never "stay put," or stop on the same level very long. To do so would be to retrogress—to degenerate. There is no such a thing as remaining stationary. We either move ahead or go backwards.

Incentive to Live Is Gone

A man may work for many years, realizing most of his ambitions and achieving most of his objectives with the end in view that, having attained a coveted goal, he will retire "to enjoy life." The goal having become reality, he does retire—but does he "enjoy life"? This is what usually happens: Unless in his retirement he proceeds along some new line of growth, improvement, progress or development—setting for himself new goals to reach—he inevitably loses interest in life, begins to stagnate. His faculties grow less keen, his perceptions begin to wane and not infrequently, he dies "before his time" because his incentive, to live is gone.

Self Awareness

The purpose of life is LIVING—doing, being, creating, growing, experiencing, achieving; finding the core of one's self, one's "soul identity"; digging out a complete self awareness. Likewise, the Journey of Life itself, no matter what it brings of joy or sorrow, poverty or riches, disgrace or fame, is sufficient reason for human existence because it provides mortal man with the measuring stick by which to truly estimate his own ego—his own worth.

Greatness of Spirit

If humanity could but realize that this transient earth life is but the most fleeting stop-over on our journey from everlasting to everlasting, greater effort would be directed toward the cultivation of beauties of mind and soul—greatness of spirit. And there would be less frantic struggling to attain wealth, or fame or prominence. Man would be grateful for just the privilege of living, whatever vicissitudes life might bring him and he would use the span of his earthly sojourn as an educational period during which to prepare his spirit for its transition.

Eternal Punishment?

Orthodoxy teaches that according as life is lived here, some definite end is attained at death—definitely either heaven or hell. In other words, at death, we either dawdle forever in bliss, or suffer forever in torment. How any mortal can revere a God so cruel as to mete out ETERNAL PUNISHMENT to any soul for anything whatever is a mystery that has no solution. And the truth is so diametrically opposite to this hideous concept as to make such a belief utterly puerile.

Whither Are We Bound?

The purpose of our existence here and HEREAFTER is that of perpetual growth, ever increasing in knowledge and in graciousness of spiritual attributes. A continuous progress toward perfection in all phases of being—never, never attaining to ALL that can be learned; never, never attaining to ALL that may be accomplished, but on, and on, and on—world without end.

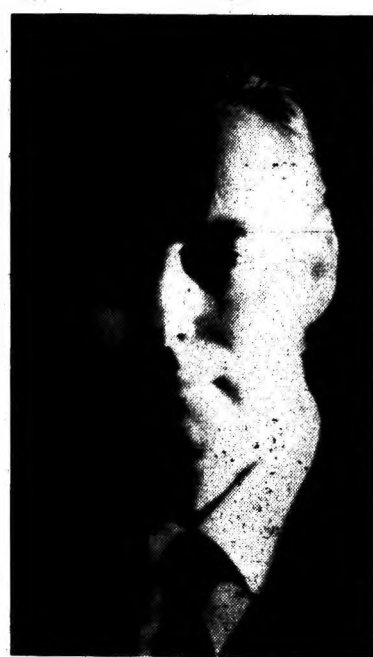
Whither are we bound? Into infinity!

Marcella DeCou Hicks,
Detroit, Michigan.

THE SPIRIT WITHIN

By
REV. ALFRED H. TERRY

WASHINGTON (D. C.) PASTOR



REV. ALFRED H. TERRY

One of the great benefits derived from Modern Spiritualism is that its philosophy rouses one to think for himself, and in so doing helps him to break down and rise above the elements of limitations, which have held him in bondage. Spiritualism has come to awaken man to the importance of doing his own thinking and opens wide the way through which by personal experience, which is the greatest of all teachers, he may discover the real, the true, unalterable facts concerning his own spirit and its glorious destiny.

Think for Yourself

When one realizes, that in spite of the high opinion that mankind has of its intellectual powers, of the vast number who live on this earth, all but a few, merely occupy themselves with eating, drinking, sex, sleeping and making money. Thus they pass their entire time in materialistic ways, and never take the time to really think, and thus by meditation get acquainted with their real self. What the world needs most is live, active thought, which springs from the spirit of man, flashing true and fired with divine emotion. Too long has man been content to exist merely as a being but slightly above the animal kingdom, allowing others to do his thinking for him; being but a puppet in the hands either of clever religious politicians, or ambitious cruel dictators.

All Things Added

Here at last is a religion, which declares unto man, awake and think for yourself, seek the spirit which lies within you and as the Scriptures say, "all things shall be added unto you." How beautiful, inspiring and supreme is that religion which encourages man in the divine right of using his own mind, awakening his spiritual powers and thus coming into harmonious relation with the ministering spirits of that higher world direct. To no longer have to depend upon others, to receive God's light dimly as through a darkened window, but in opening one's own mind, receive the light of the Divine Presence direct.

Spirit Within

Spiritualism seeks to reveal to men the spirit within and once that is found, one trods the true path and the light of the Infinite shines upon it. All confusion ceases and that peace which passeth all earthly understanding prevails. In lifting the veils which hid man's true nature and revealing the divinity of his spirit as something real, near and strong, he is no longer lost amid a sea of uncertainty, beset by doubts and fears, but sees clearly the way with knowledge as his guide. There is nothing so thrilling, so inspiring, so consoling, so invigorating as the realization of one's own spirit, to know one is deathless, to comprehend the marvelous possibilities of the soul, to see the delusion of the world's belief in limitation and to know one can be what one wills to be.

Express Divinity

The keynote of life is progress, the goal is perfection, man in seeking this high aim has become lost in the confusion of outer things, in the effects of causes he does not understand, misled by the opinions of other people, hypnotized by worldly authority, until he has lost his soul as one loses sight of a friend in a crowd. Spiritualism has come to restore man to his real self, to his spiritual nature, to reveal to him the source from which all light, all truth and wisdom flows. To bring him into harmony with that part of his nature which is divine and thus open up the way for him to express his divinity.

Spiritual Nature

How can one expect to commune with the spirits of the departed, if he cannot commune with his own spirit? How easy it is, when

he realizes the spirit within, for then he is related to all spiritual things. The spirits of the immortals draw near to man, not to do his thinking for him, but to inspire him with high ideals, lofty aims, which will excite his imagination, rouse his will to put forth that effort by which he can attain the expression of all the possibilities of his spiritual nature. Spiritualists do not want their spirit friends to carry their burdens for them, and relieve them of their responsibilities. What they want is the assurance of their loving presence, their interest and wise counsel, but when it comes to effort, they know they work out their own salvation.

Independent Thinking

Man does not really live, but merely exists, until he thinks for himself, but as soon as he asserts himself and begins to use his own mind in declaration of independence, he removes the shackles and blinders of other people's opinions, seeing things for himself from the standpoint of free and independent thinking. He thereby gives an opportunity for the psychic part of his mind to express itself in strong impressions, which serve as a means of guidance and inspiration to him. How well Emerson realized the value of the psychic promptings in the following lines:

Liberty—Birthright

"A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light, which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmaments of bards and sages."

A real Spiritualist is one whose inner powers of insight and discernment are awakened to where he can perceive truth in all its various manifestations. He recognizes liberty as his birthright and he claims the God-given right of thinking for himself. He has passed out and far beyond that stage in his evolution, where he allowed other men to do his thinking for him, to tell him what he shall believe and what he shall not. One of our great Spiritualists and Seers, Andrew Jackson Davis, emphasized the value of free thought and free speech, in the following:

"Thought in its proper nature is uncontrolled, unlimited. It is free to investigate and rise into lofty aspirations and the only hope for the amelioration of the world is free thought and unrestricted inquiry. Anything which opposes or tends to obstruct this sublime and lofty principle is wrong."

Spiritualism Reasonable

Spiritualism is therefore a reasonable religion, for there is nothing in it which one's reason need reject, but on the contrary it offers a reason for existence and logical explanation of life, which appeals to the higher intellectual elements of the mind. The gospel of Spiritualism is one of liberty, it aims to free the mind and liberate the soul from the fetters of ignorance, fear and superstition. It comes to bring peace to the world, for it seeks to awaken those attributes whose expression creates harmony, springing from love and truth.

Man's Individuality

To know one's self and to be one's self should be the aim of all true Spiritualists for it is only in this way one's own spirit can be realized and its unlimited possibilities comprehended. Each man has his work, his mission here on earth and it will not be revealed to him by seeking to imitate others no matter how fine and splendid their lives may be, but only will it be discovered in the knowledge of himself and the expression of his own nature.

The important fact of man's life lies in his individuality, that which makes him different from every other man, that which gives him a unique personality, something which no one else possesses. We find this feature ever the mark of greatness, in all those who have distinguished themselves in the various walks of life. Thinking for one's self develops individuality and this is the prize of life, it is the treasure of the spirit, it is immortal, death cannot touch it, and eternity but gives it the setting for its fullest expression.

Noted Columnist Returns

(Continued from Page 1)

possibly she might want to come to a seance where he would be present. McIntyre discarded the idea at once. "She wouldn't believe it," he said. "It wouldn't be any use." During one of the seances, McIntyre mentioned the name of Charles B. Driscoll who "is carrying on my work" and added that it would be useless to communicate with him about the results of these seances for Driscoll, too, would not believe. I had never previously known the name of his associate.

To Communicate Again

McIntyre's suggestion was that we print the article and then send his wife and Driscoll a copy of it, hoping that it would serve as an entering wedge to secure their interest.

Perhaps I should confess that we have not been able to carry out McIntyre's wishes in arranging further seances in which he had hoped to continue the independent writing of his article on "Immortality."

The medium had her private and public work at Lily Dale during the summer and my own time was taken up with a myriad of other duties. It was impossible to arrange a schedule for further seances important and interesting as it was to me. We hope to arrange a completion of this work before many months have passed.

A person of Mr. McIntyre's energy struggling to express himself from the spirit world is entitled to our co-operation.

Mr. McIntyre expressed his intention of communicating further through Mrs. Stewart and probably through other mediums but in so far as we know this was his first success in getting through. I look forward with great interest to a completion of his article.

Temple of Understanding

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MRS. CHAS. W. YOUNG, DUNKIRK (N. Y.) MEDIUM

"Egyptian" Drawings Viewed By Dr. A. E. Strath-Gordon

Atlantis Authority Shows Interest

Did you ever stop to think as you scratched strange designs on the walls of a telephone booth while you waited for the operator to give you the wrong number that some unseen spirit might be prompting you to make those marks? You have done this sort of thing. Everybody has! Nothing has been done about it except that a few people have tried to tell fortunes by the kind of marks you make. A few interpretive or humorous articles for magazines have been written but outside of that nothing ever came of it all.

Nothing? Well, of course there's that Dunkirk, N. Y. woman whom one or two of the Sunday supplements have treated as something along the line of another freak.

She wrote all over the wallpaper alongside her telephone. After it had been rubbed out a few times and re-scribbled, her husband finally decided to redecorate. That might have gone on indefinitely if a Spiritualist friend had not suggested that she "might have something there" and asked why she didn't take a little time each day and really "draw" in a big way.

And so Mrs. Charles W. Young, the Dunkirk medium, became a "spirit" artist and now possesses one of the most interesting phases of psychic development.

Soon Mrs. Young's drawing which at first was a conglomeration of animals, birds, scrolls and whatnot began to improve. Then she got in contact with her guide Eoble, who identifies himself only as an ancient artist. Now her drawing is done in trance as Eoble

guides the pencils. The drawing medium has changed from just black pencil to a variety of colors from as many colored crayons.

Still Mrs. Young doesn't understand the significance of her drawings. They are almost entirely drawings of persons in bust length with ornate headdresses that give one an Egyptian impression. The faces are always in profile though they may face in either direction. There is more than a family resemblance between most of the pictures. The eyes are all of the same type and peculiar little marks nearly always appear near the curve that forms the back part of the nostril.

But perhaps we are asking too much of Eoble. Remember that less than a decade ago Mrs. Young's drawings were just scrawls like you and I make. She is not, of herself, an artist. Perhaps Eoble is just practicing up with a new tool. Perhaps Mrs. Young's mediumship is not yet perfected.

Perhaps later Mrs. Young can get Eoble to explain the significance of these drawings, if any, or give us some inkling of what it all may be. A short time ago Mrs. Young made a drawing in the presence of Dr. A. E. Strath-Gordon of Allendale, N. J., authority on the lost civilization of Atlantis. Scrutinizing her completed drawing, the doctor said that it bore a great resemblance to Cretan features and dress. The Cretan civilization, a phase of the Atlantis, "existed about 15,000 years ago and, the doctor says, was about midway between the Zenith and the subsidence of Atlantis. He also called attention to the similarity of Mrs. Young's work to that of Soper of Boston, another artist guided by spirits.

Mrs. Young's methods are simple and direct. A plain, housewifely sort of person, genial and frank about her work, she simply sits down to an ordinary card table on which is placed an array

DR. STRATH-GORDON



He Witnessed This "Trance" Drawing by Mrs. Young



"SPIRIT" DRAWING—EOBLE, THE GUIDE

of perhaps a dozen and a half ordinary pencils, well sharpened and in a variety of colors. Her face in her handkerchief-covered hand she breathes deeply a few times, tosses aside the handkerchief and takes up a pencil. She uses no glasses although for ordinary work she needs them. Her head rests in her left hand, elbow on the table. She draws and holds the paper with her right hand. Her movements are sure and deft but hardly, we would say, those of an artist. Her strokes are quite bold as would be those of a child who has learned to draw a certain face or figure and likes to repeat it with small variations because he knows that he does it rather well through practice.

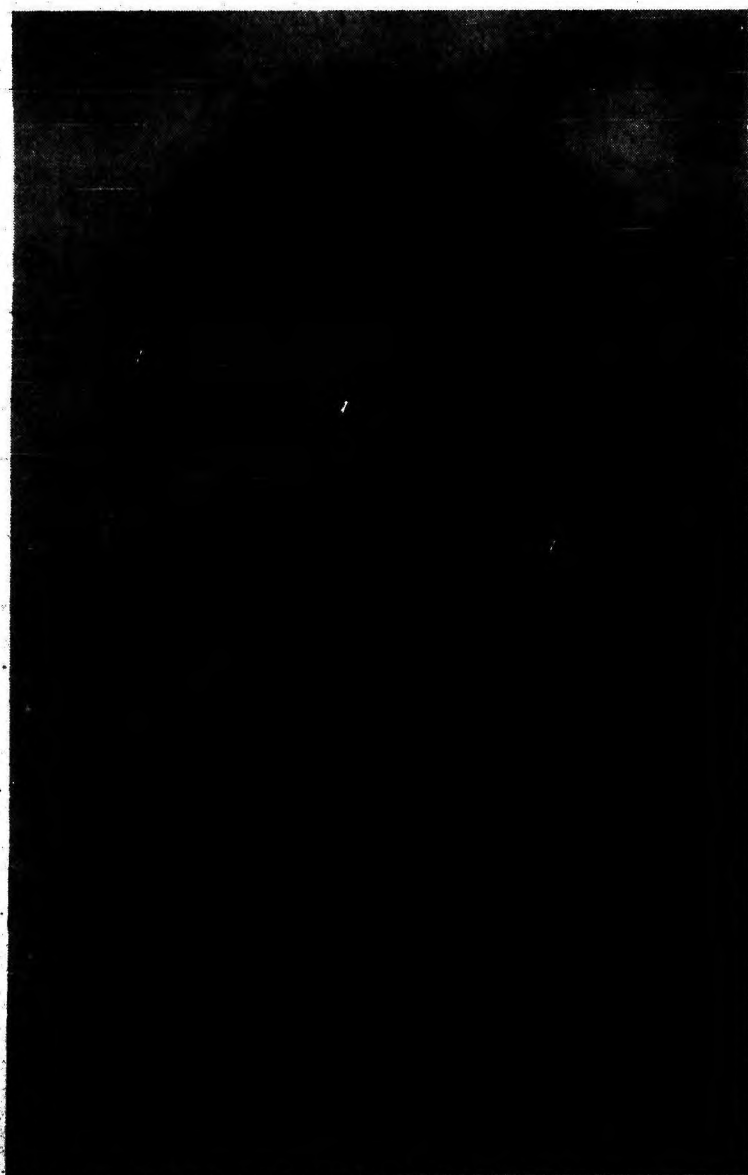
Alone in her home where many of the drawings are done the works require an hour and half or two hours. With others present Eoble seems to realize that after perhaps a quarter of an hour the

audience is likely to tire. When Dr. Strath-Gordon was present the drawing was complete in 31 minutes by the watch on the medium's wrist.

Mrs. Young was not always a Spiritualist. She was brought up in the German Lutheran faith, having been born in Toronto. Her family cautioned her against such things as Spiritualism and she did not become interested in it until about 1904 when she had a reading in which she learned the initials of her future husband and was told that she would go to live in a foreign country and become a citizen of it. She did just this four years later.

She began to wonder more about Spiritualism and started to investigate in 1914. She joined the First Spiritualist Church in Dunkirk on Easter Day in 1921. But it was not until 1931 that she began to get interesting results in her drawing.

A "SPIRIT" DRAWING—"ELECTRIC PHENOMENA"



THREE YEARS—STILL NOT IDENTIFIED

Do You Recognize the People in Picture to the Left—This Page?

For three years, no one has identified the people in the picture (to the left). It has been hanging in the FOX COTTAGE, Lily Dale, N. Y. all that time.

The "Spirit" drawing is known as "ELECTRIC PHENOMENA." It was obtained through the mediumship of Frederick Lang, 21 Woodman Park, Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Lang, a trance medium, has been conscious of psychic power for six years and has been diligently "sitting for development" since that time. The drawing was obtained in a pitch-dark room through the manipulation of the trumpet by "Spirit" hands, but it is said, at no time did the trumpet touch the paper.

The picture was donated to the Fox Cottage. Through the courtesy of Flo Cottrell it was loaned to the PSYCHIC OBSERVER for publication.

FREDERICK LANG—ROCHESTER (N. Y.) MEDIUM

