



### Poor Logic

**B**ILLY GRAHAM contributed an article on healing in the Nursing Mirror in which he said:—  
 "To be healed of your sickness you must come to Jesus Christ. There are many people who say, 'Well, I don't understand what this business of giving your life to Christ means.' No, neither do I."

If Billy Graham does not know what he means or how to do it, it is a poor sort of negative argument, and pretty hopeless for those who are very sick. Christ first healed the sick and then preached to them. We feel the answer is far more simple than Billy Graham's theology. It is this: Let the people see that healing comes from Spirit and because of this they must possess a soul—then right living will naturally follow.

### Why Oppose Us

**I**F you have been having trouble in explaining the tenets of Spiritualism to orthodox preachers in your own town, you might ask them to give you their idea about Acts 23, IX: "We find no evil in this man; but if a spirit or angel hath spoken to him let us not fight against God."

Many Spiritualists have given up the idea of trying to discuss Spiritualism with their local ministers, be they Methodist, Baptist or what not, but there is one man in Milton Junction, Wisconsin who has found that this excerpt from the Bible never fails to stop them in their tracks. The man's name is W. D. Chesney.

### "Mind Reading"

**A**CCORDING TO the Charleston (West Virginia) Gazette, Drew Pearson has gone off the deep end and referred to what he calls a "Mind Reading Machine," saying that the day is near when there will be a device for reading people's minds.

However, he does say that the machine is in the secret developmental stage and that certain electronic scientists are working feverishly on the gadget.

Dr. Thomas P. Goldsmith, one of the scientists, according to Pearson, claims he will ferret out the mechanism's of communication between people.

I trust their investigations of the sixth sense will not become too involved, because when they start meddling around with thought waves they may run into etheric complications.

If these scientists would take the same interest in psychic phenomena as they do with their so-called mind reading paraphernalia, then they might accomplish something worth while.

### who said it?

"It is the churches which are the chief sinners. They have lost all spiritual inspiration. 'Open religion is better than a religion which pretends to be alive, and is not. It is mere self-deception. When tested, it breaks down.

'Theology my guide describes as a 'dark cloud which has arisen between man and his Father'."

These words are still true though they were spoken just over 30 years ago by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in a public address in London.

# PSYCHIC OBSERVER

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## Spirit Photography Without Benefit of Camera

THOUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

### CHARLES SWANN

By Ralph Hicock

2238 7th St., North, St. Petersburg, Florida

Special demonstrations are scheduled to be held in Florida during the next several months

★ ★ ★  
 He Was the Medium



Charles Swann, noted physical medium, whose phase of mediumship, psychic photography, was demonstrated at Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp, Chesterfield, Indiana, last summer.

During the winter months, Mr. Swann will demonstrate his rare phases of mediumship in Florida . . . all public demonstrations and seances being sponsored by the People's Spiritualist Church, 1011 Ninth Ave., North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

task — for so it seemed — to demonstrate this marvelous law in its unfoldment and to process each film, taking each one of the twenty-eight in their turn.

Calling each one to the table, the medium placed his left hand over the hand of the individual holding the film to their solar plexus. Mr. Swann's right hand held aloft the red light which brought into clear focus all details and fixtures in the room; the table and developing pans could be seen clearly.

#### Under Red Light

As the medium made contact with the hand under, which lay the film, his slender frame seemed shaken somewhat violently as though he had touched uninsulated electric voltage. This lasted for an average of about ten seconds, after which the medium requested the holder of the film to drop it into the pan holding the developing chemical.

Passing the red light slowly over the pan to and fro he told each one to see and note the changes taking place upon the film. And changes there surely were . . . first, small dark spots, tremulous with a promise and a hope, and then, clearly and more clearly, expanding, growing, came the shadowy outline of a face! Sharper and clearer it became until an exclamation of joy, of bewil-

(Continued Page 2, Col. 3)

★ ★ ★  
 YOUR PET LIVES ON

By Celia Dale

**I** feel prompted to record how my much loved pet cat came back not once, but many times. Fingal became ours when he was a bewitching furry ball of eight weeks old.

As a family we adore cats, so we made a great fuss of him and he became a grand companion, often walking with me to the letterbox which was some distance from the house.

I used to talk to him, and he understood nearly all that was said to him by me and others.

I am convinced that the more an animal is treated as one would a human being the greater the development of its intelligence and the progress of its soul.

#### Cats Know

I am certain that all animals have souls. What evidence have people for denying this?

I have been able to comfort many bereaved pet-lovers by telling them that I have had ample proof that animals have a continued existence after "death."

Fingal had been a member of the family for nine years when he became seriously ill. The vet diagnosed cancer of the stomach (Fingal had been kicked by a brute passing in the street about a year before), so it was necessary to have the little cat put to sleep.

We had the vet. come to the house to administer the lethal dose.

I shall never forget the look in Fingal's eyes when he was carried out to the garage where he was to go to sleep for the last time.

There seemed to be a human spark in that beloved cat at the (Continued Page 5, Col. 4)



Fingal—the "dead" cat who tapped at window as usual

## Spiritual Guidance

for the man in the street

★ ★ ★  
 Given Inspirationally from Spirit

**"I**F ONLY I could live my life over again with the knowledge and experience I have acquired through the years."

How often we hear these or similar words expressing the same sentiments in the course of our daily lives. How frequently we think similar thoughts ourselves but dismiss them from our minds as impossible.

Of course it is impossible to live our whole lives over again, and old heads cannot be placed on young shoulders, but although we cannot go back in actual fact, it is possible for each one of us to make a fresh start.

Each day that dawns is a new beginning, a clean page on which we are privileged to write the story of our lives. Each day that dawns is ours to use in anyway that we please. Granted we have our daily tasks to perform, but how we perform them, and the manner in which we use our leisure time are in our own hands for each individual person to choose.

**W**E CAN scramble through our work in a slipshod manner with one eye on the clock longing for the moment of release, or we can perform our tasks faithfully and loyally, bringing to bear that patience and courage that makes of our job, however humble, an act of service for the benefit of mankind.

We can fritter away our leisure hours in idle and fleeting pleasures or we can use each moment to the full in widening and developing our mental powers, or in helping in innumerable ways those of our fellow men in need of a little help and kindness.

Yes, our lives are indeed our own to do with as we choose. Let us not adopt the defeatist attitude of sitting with folded hands, saying: "If only I had my time to come over again," but rather let us go forward to meet each day as it comes, living every day to the full, thus developing a way of life that brings its own peace and reward.

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Here is the inside story

# WHY DID THE MEDIUM'S WIFE ASSAULT ME?

ED. NOTE: It all started when a disgruntled wife of an English physical medium took exception to an article published in "Two Worlds" and "horsewhipped" the editor, Maurice Barbanell in his own "back yard." The lady was irked because her husband was named as one of four fraudulent mediums practicing on the island.

By MAURICE BARBANELL

I DID not know until nearly an hour afterwards that the woman who assaulted me with a riding crop outside this office on Friday of last week was the wife of "William Roy."

As Mrs. Mary Plowright she was fined £3 for the assault at Guildhall Magistrates' Court last Saturday.

Roy was named in our August 13 issue in an article on the subject of mediums and fraud.

A statement Mrs. Plowright had made to the police was quoted in court. She said that a libel action by her husband was pending against me, that she got worked up over it and lay in wait for me.

No writ for libel had been issued up to the time of her assault. Neither has one been issued up to the time of writing this article.

Mrs. Plowright told a London "Evening News" reporter: "I walked around for some time in Holborn and went into five or six shops before I could buy the whip. I had been reading a history book, and this gave me the idea of using it."

"It was the only way I could think of venting my feelings in a ladylike way."

Her version appeared in the account of the court proceedings which was printed on the newspapers' page. This account stated that she had pleaded guilty to "horsewhipping the Editor of a Spiritualist paper." But what was used in her assault was a riding crop.

## The Phone Call

Actually she told the police that she had tried to get a horsewhip but had failed. The riding crop was mentioned in the London "Evening Standard," which also front-paged the court proceedings.

She told the magistrate, Sir Frank Alexander, "I'm sorry for the trouble I cause the police, but I am not sorry for what I did to Mr. Barbanell."

Detective-Constable W. Isaacs, holding the riding crop, told the court: "Mrs. Plowright lay in wait for Mr. Barbanell and started to set about with this. She struck him on the back and legs. A policeman was called. He told her to stop. She was so agitated that she had to be arrested."

She told the magistrate that she was born in Ireland but had lived here nine years. In response to Sir Frank Alexander's inquiry the detective stated that nothing was known against her.

The magistrate told her: "We are proud of our laws in this country, and if you think you have a grievance that is not the proper way to settle it."

"Supposing he had hit you back and knocked you down, and you had hit your head on the curb, you might have caused a lot of serious trouble. You are not entitled to take the law into your own hands."

"You are old enough to know better, and have had sufficient edu-

cation to know what you can do and what you cannot."

He warned her that if such a thing happened again it would be much more serious.

Roy was in court with his wife until a few minutes before the proceedings began. Then he left. Later he joined her outside the court.

The assault may solve the mystery of a strange telephone call I

## WEATHERS STORM



MAURICE BARBANELL

This plucky English Spiritualist journalist "sticks to his guns," defies those who take exception to what he publishes in "Two Worlds."

had in my office a few hours earlier. When my bell rang our switchboard operator said: "A Mr. B—— wants to speak to you. He says you don't know him, but it's important."

I told her to put him through. "Is that the Editor, Mr. Barbanell?" he asked. "Yes," I replied.

"You don't know me, but I have some wonderful photographs taken at a seance last week that I think you ought to see."

"Who is the medium?" I asked. "I don't know," was the strange answer. "I don't know much about the subject. They were shown to me by someone in my office."

"I should like to know who the medium is," I repeated. "I can find out," said the caller. "Can I bring them along to you tonight?"

"Yes, if you come before 5:30 P. M. when we close the office."

"I may not be able to get there in time."

"Where is your office?" I asked.

"City Road."

"That should not take you long, but I will wait till 5:45 P. M."

"If I can find I can't get to you by 5:45 P. M. I'll telephone and make another appointment."

By 5:45 P. M. no "Mr. B——" had arrived. I prepared to leave.

I saw that our advertising manager was still in his office.

"If a Mr. B—— shows up," I said, "he'll have some pictures for me. Take his name and address, the name of the medium and all the details."

But no "Mr. B——" called, nor have I heard from him since. Still he had done his job of assuring that I would be there at 5:45 P. M.

## "You Dirty Dog"

When I got to the street entrance a young woman stood in the doorway, which faces the Old Bailey prison yard.

"Mr. Barbanell," she greeted me. I had never seen her before, so far as I knew. But because I have addressed hundreds of public meetings up and down the country I am used to strangers greeting me by name.

"Yes," I said. "What can I do for you?"

Then came my first surprise. "You dirty dog!" she shouted. I was taken aback. Seeing a man walking across the road I thought her words were addressed to him. "No, I mean you!" she shouted.

## Police Arrive

Then came my second surprise. From behind her back she produced a riding crop and proceeded to hit me with it. She aimed at my head and face. Though I had a brief case in my arm I managed to divert the blows to my side, back and legs.

I gripped her hand holding the crop, to prevent any further assault. She continued to shout.

"What's this all about?" I asked in bewilderment. "You know!" she exclaimed and tried to free herself from my grip. In this struggle the riding crop snapped.

A crowd, attracted by her shouts, gathered round. But like all London crowds no one interfered.

Presently I saw three policemen approaching. I beckoned to them. When the first neared us, I said, "You had better deal with this."

Two policemen took hold of the woman while she resisted vigorously. The other asked me what it was all about. I told him that I had no idea. He asked for particulars of my name, address and occupation.

Then one of the other officers came over to us and said they were because of the trouble they were having with her she was being

(Con't. Page 4, Col. 5)

## SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY

(Con't. from Page 1, Col. 3)

derment, of awe and wonderment thrilled the sitters.

There, before our eyes, was the recognizable features, the personality, and memory brought to Life again, of one whom they KNEW to be the very one who had walked by their side; one who had known the joys and the heartaches of Life in its fulfillment.

Twenty-eight people stepped up to that little table, and twenty-eight times this procedure was repeated as hearts were gladdened and

## Spirit Photographs RECEIVED THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF CHARLES SWANN



The photograph above was received by Mae Haglund, Lafayette, Alabama, during a seance with Charles Swann at Chesterfield Spiritualist Camp last summer. All the spirit extras were recognized and identified by Mrs. Haglund, whose statement, dated August 28, is on file at the Psychic Observer office.



The photograph above was received by Ralph Hicock, through the mediumship of Charles Swann. Three of the four spirit extras were identified. They are, according to Mr. Hicock, deceased friends and relatives: Margaret McCormack, Alice Georgia Hicock and Willard Hicock.

hopes realized. Time or space will not permit relating the reactions and statements of all who received satisfactory — to them — conclusive evidence of survival at this seance.

A Mrs. May Hoagland of 4925 21st Ave., North, St. Petersburg, Florida, state irrevocably that her film had upon it the unmistakable faces of: her Grandmother Betty, Grandfather McWorter, a nephew, Dan McWorter — recently killed in a "Flying Box-car" plane crash in Germany.

Melton Heim, Fulton, N. Y., stated that upon his piece of film were the unmistakable features of: Dr. Weber, his Mother, Sister Mary, Aunt Francis, an Uncle Tony, a brother Joseph, a Red Cross Nurse, Rev. Wallace, and White Feather, an Indian Guide.

## Truth Stranger . . .

James McEwen, who resides at 53 Woodworth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., stated he recognized the features of: a Sister Lucy, a Dr. Burns, a daughter Eleanor, his Father, two Indian guides named Running-Fox and Tall Pine. To this reporter it did not come as a complete surprise when he found the dear faces of his beloved Mother, Father, and Aunt, upon his film. On a previous visit to Mr. Swann, he had received on silk the precipitated duplicate of a photograph of a Great-Grandfather whom he had never seen, but whose picture he has always possessed; the only difference between the two being the one on silk has upon its features a most welcome and happy smile. And so it was the truth, through a natural Law of God, was presented to this student body in a marvelous demonstration of spirit photography without benefit of camera.

Perhaps it seems strange to some that "Truth can be stranger than fiction; but also strange is the fact that some cannot accept that Truth unless it is robed in the habili-

ments of their own particular selection, while Truth in any garb, wherever found, should be welcomed by us all.

Having enjoyed many "personalized" experiences in the field of Spiritualism, this reporter finds it difficult to reconcile the name "skeptic" with an intelligent and rightful description of one who is unwilling to gaze into that microscope of patient and unbiased understanding, putting to intelligent usage the working tools of his mind, a God-given moral and intellectual unity of mind given him to seek out these Truths.

If nothing will induce them to accept the spirit hypothesis of this demonstration of survival and identity, which I state most emphatically and sincerely was received through the mediumship of Mr. Swann, then at least they must admit that some higher force and intelligence is accountable for the phenomena; and that there is something beyond the material world as we know it.

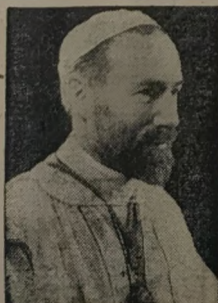
For myself, it seems less absurd and less feasible to ascribe this phenomena to spirit agency than to attempt to explain them away by attributing them to the activities of the medium's subconscious. The latter hypothesis is entirely unsound in principle and has absolutely no basis in fact.

## NOTICE

Become a metaphysical practitioner and spiritual therapist backed by a national organization. If you wish to enter a noble profession, this is for you.

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