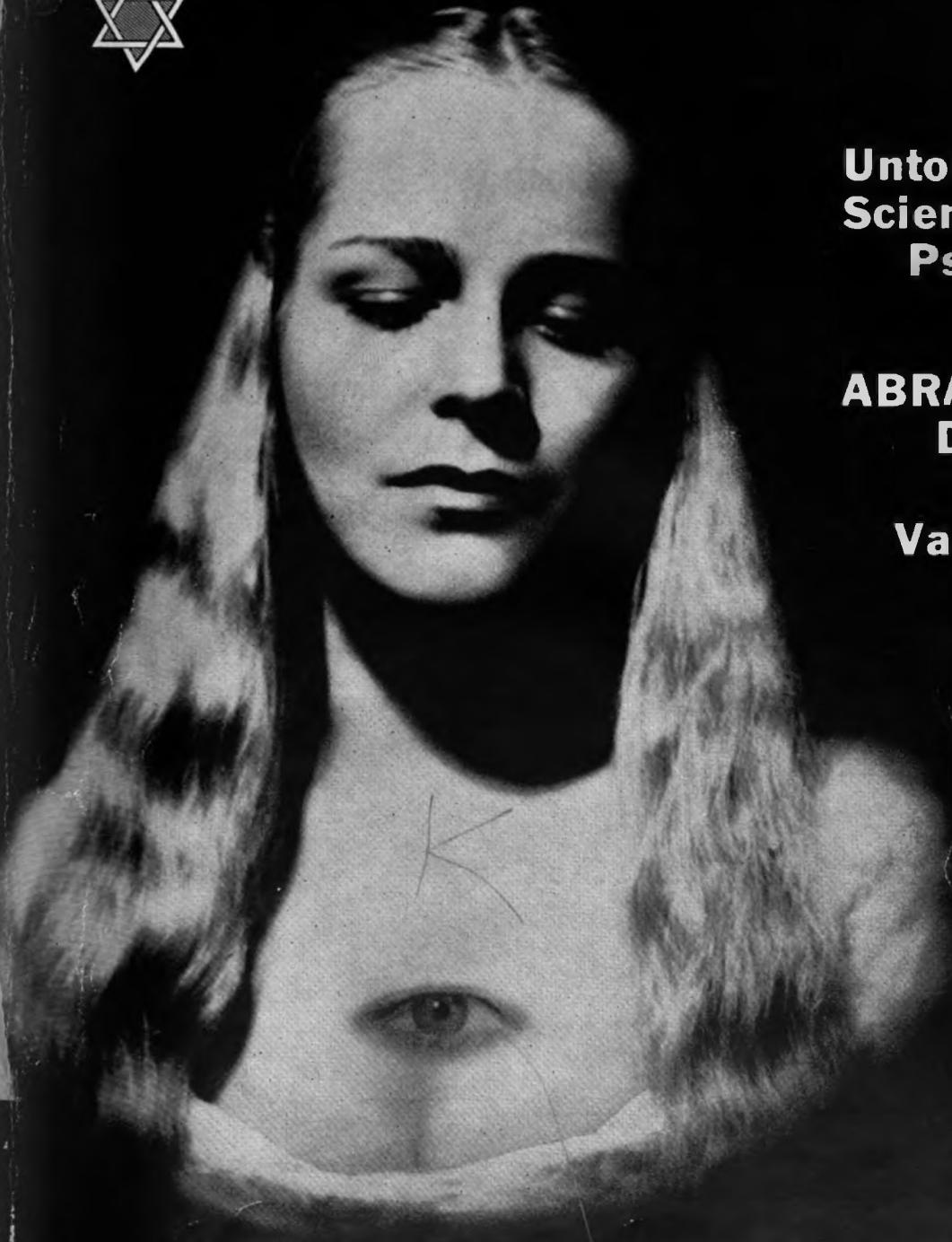


True

# Mystic Science



**Untold Facts Behind  
Scientific American's  
Psychic Probe!**

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
DIED TWICE**

**Valentino's Death  
Prophecy**

**THE THIRD EYE**

**\$1,000**

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- **witnessed a miracle**
- **watched a prophecy come true**



TRUE-MYSTIC SCIENCE MAGAZINE offers \$1,000.00 in prizes for true mystic experiences *of any kind*. Tell us your story in your own words, and share in this great prize offer.

**TURN TO PAGE 63 FOR THE EASY CONTEST RULES**

# TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE

NOVEMBER

R. T. MAITLAND SCOTT, JR., Editor

1 9 3 8

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# MYSTIC INDIA SPEAKS

Talbot Mundy, world-famous author and adventurer, tells the thrilling true story of one of his earliest inspirational experiences in age-old, mystic India in the next issue of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE.

**Don't fail to read this exclusive feature in the December number, out November 1st.**

This issue is given an advance sale for introductory purposes. Succeeding issues will be published monthly.

# Untold Facts Behind "Scientific

“A great opportunity was bungled,” says the man who conceived and inaugurated America’s world-famous investigation of metaphysical phenomena.

I'D HATE TO BE a spirit elected by "the other side" to demonstrate the reality of the spirit world, especially if I had to prove the case before an august body of scientists. I'd be exasperated and pretty quickly discouraged into retirement by those scientific investigators so unwilling to accept anything contrary to their materialistic training as to erect higher and still higher barricades in making certain of a negative result. And I'd be disgusted with those scientists and others, usually in their dotage, who are so anxious to establish contact with the spirit world as to overlook even the most transparent trickery of unscrupulous mediums, thereby heaping ridicule upon, and driving away support from, the greatest field of investigation which mankind can possibly undertake. That there is a middle ground, goes without saying. And given that middle ground in which to operate, I'd have no objections to being a spirit or discarnate being assigned the task of bringing the greatest message of the ages to a troubled and muddling humanity.

It was to provide that very same middle ground of investigation that I proposed the *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation back in 1921. At the time, so soon after the heavy toll of life taken by the World War, there was an intensive and universal interest in spiritistic possibilities. Indeed, a psychic congress had just been held at Copenhagen. My Associate Editor, J. Malcolm Bird, whom I had sent to that gathering, returned with

thrilling accounts of the séances he had attended in several European countries. We were deeply impressed with the several outstanding investigators of the moment, notably Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. Richet, Camille Flammarion, Dr. Notzing, and others.

But why not conduct the first thoroughly scientific investigation in this country—provide the mediums with every possible condition demanded, no matter how fantastic, yet all the while have scientific checks introduced so as to detect fraud? Why not gather a vast collection of experiences in almost countless séances, separate the fraudulent from the apparently non-fraudulent, and boil down the facts to definite and irrefutable conclusions? Then we could give mankind, once and for all, a clean-cut, open-and-shut verdict as to the existence or non-existence of supernatural possibilities. What a remarkable goal!

IT WAS A VERY cautious—indeed, too cautious in the light of subsequent events—group of men who drafted the terms of the *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation back in 1921. Unfortunately, most mediums had to be coaxed to come before this body and exhibit their psychic wares—hence money inducements or sheer bait had to be provided. The publisher's money had to be safeguarded. Consequently, instead of operating on the broad plane I had hoped for—on a liberal basis that could have led to startling discoveries and probably definite conclusions—the investigation was narrowed down to just the *objective* category, barring out that vast field of subjective phenomena which, since the dawn of history, had produced no end of startling revelations and profound speculations.

By objective phenomena, of course, we mean happenings in the physical realm—that can be seen, felt, heard, smelled, weighed, measured, photographed, etc. Table-tilting is an objective or physical phenomenon; so is any show of force. The photographing or weighing of an astral figure would constitute an objective phenomenon, while merely the "seeing" of such a spirit form, even by a large group of sitters, would not constitute positive proof of an objective phenomenon unless some photograph or other physical means, quite aside from the human mind, would bear witness to the fact.

As I look back over a decade and a half to that world-famous investigation, I am struck with the unfairness of its very nature. It started out with the avowed purpose of challenging spiritistic forces to invade the physical world in which we live, and to perform strictly in our own way of doing things. It insisted that the subjective side of the case—the mental aspects—be left outside or at least not count in any séance performance. You might

## By Austin C. Lescarboura

Former Managing Editor, *Scientific American Magazine*; Technical Advisor, *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation Committee, 1921-24.



J. Malcolm Bird, associate editor, and the late Harry Houdini, committee judge, examining the ropes used to tie the Italian medium, Nino Pecararo, during a series of rigidly controlled tests.

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8T766

# American's " Psychic Probe!

## Five Thousand Dollars Was Not Awarded Mediums Because the Judges Comprised a Hung Jury, Lescarbourea Claims.

as well ask a carpenter to build a house without the use of materials and tools, an artist to execute a canvas without brush and paint, or an author to get along without words, as to bar spiritistic entities from their purely subjective capabilities.

THE OBVIOUS OUTCOME of the *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation was, behind the scenes, a hung jury. The judges, who had been so carefully selected to pass upon the evidence submitted in the form of many séances, and to submit a final verdict, never could agree. Some stuck steadfastly to the purely objective aspects of the phenomena, as limited by the conditions imposed, and therefore failed to be favorably impressed. Others, sensing the futility of the oil-and-water mixing of the psychic and physical planes, endeavored to draw conclusions on the subjective aspects and were declared out of order on the basis of the stated scope of the investigation.

Your writer, at this late date, expressing himself purely as an individual and in no way for the committee, nor for the *Scientific American* with which he enjoys no affiliation at present, feels that there were salvage values in the several years he spent with that organization, both officially and unofficially, and that the world at large is entitled to some mighty startling findings quite irrespective of their objective or subjective character. In other words, let's stop quibbling over terms and definitions, and disclose some mighty significant information.

For example, it was a good thing that a Mrs. LeVergne did not choose to enter the *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation Contest. Instead, she brought her psychic phenomena to the writer's attention, purely as an informal matter. Had she been an official entry, I frankly believe she might have been awarded a prize and received the official endorsement of this august body. Or at least the committee members would have passed some mighty tough months trying to propound a normal explanation for what seemed to be a supernormal kind of force.

One day, Mrs. LaVergne, an elderly lady of decidedly bizarre personality, came into our editorial office. She had an invention to show us. I displayed the usual sympathetic interest for which our publication was long famous. Quite pleased, Mrs. LaVergne told me she would repay my kindness by giving me a "reading." Then and there she began telling me various things regarding my life. She cited pertinent matters of the present, which startled me because of their otherwise very private character. Then she went into the past years, mentioning events and personalities I could confirm in



Austin C. Lescarbourea, famous psychic investigator, and (below) the *Scientific American's* Psychic Investigation Rules.

### *Scientific American Investigation Rules*

"The *Scientific American* will pay \$2500 to the first person who produces a psychic photograph under the conditions herewith defined, and to the full satisfaction of its Committee of Judges named herewith.

"The *Scientific American* will pay \$2500 to the first person who, under its test conditions herewith defined and to the satisfaction of its Judges herein named, produces an objective psychic manifestation of physical character as herewith defined, and of such sort that permanent instrumental record may be made of its occurrence.

"The Committee of Judges shall consist of Dr. William McDougall, Dr. Daniel F. Comstock, Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, Dr. Hereward Carrington, and Mr. Harry Houdini. In the event of the death or disability of any Judge, a temporary or permanent substitute will be named. . . .

"Either award will be made on unanimous vote of the Judges, or on a four-to-one division. Séances with any medium shall terminate and all his claims to the award shall be vacated upon rejection of his mediumship by formal vote of the Committee. . . ."

2-11-40 Paul Denker  
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Investigator Bird, sent to Europe by Lescarboursa, meets the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, spiritualist, aboard ship in England.

most cases. Suddenly she made one or two prophecies. I was astounded.

Pleased with the impression she had made, Mrs. LaVergne asked me to her apartment a few days later. She had promised me a thorough "reading"—one to run as long as she kept on "getting pictures" or mental impressions. For three hours, this woman poured forth the most amazing information. She dug back into my childhood. Still further back she came to my ancestors. Her findings for the most part were beyond confirmation at the moment, but subsequent discussion with my parents confirmed most of them.

**M**RS. LAVERGNE predicted the early birth of our son. She described that son in fair detail. She predicted a change in position—a prediction which didn't make sense at the time. She described at some length a new business venture which would fail, and which would be succeeded by the professional occupation I now follow. All these things have since come true to the letter. One or two significant predictions remain to be realized.

What can one say in the face of such an experience? The facts regarding my ancestry could not have been unearthed in this country. Predictions as to my future activities seemed too far fetched and irrelevant at the time to constitute a clever or happy guess. Fraud was out of the question. My friend and associate, J. Malcolm Bird, who was secretary of our investigating committee, put his mathematical genius to work figuring out the probabilities of good guesses and declared that we were far beyond sheer guessing or exceptional coincidence.

What a field for a truly scientific investigation! Scientific checks against fraud are relatively simple. The law

of probabilities takes care of any attempts at guesswork. Information disclosed can be weighed against possibilities of the medium digging up same from available mundane sources. What is clairvoyance, anyway? How does it function? What is the normal and supernormal mentality of such a medium? What an opportunity here! But my committee felt that this whole case was out of bounds.

Not satisfied with such a display of subjective phenomena, Mrs. LaVergne asked me whether, with my electrical and scientific training, I could explain a queer power which she possessed. I agreed to try. Whereupon she took common tableware, knives, forks, and spoons, and placed one each on the finger tips of both hands. She walked back and forth in the room, arms swinging, with the tableware swaying from extended fingers. Then, with arms outstretched, she told me to call out any finger, whereupon the article therefrom suspended immediately dropped to the floor, without apparent movement on her part.

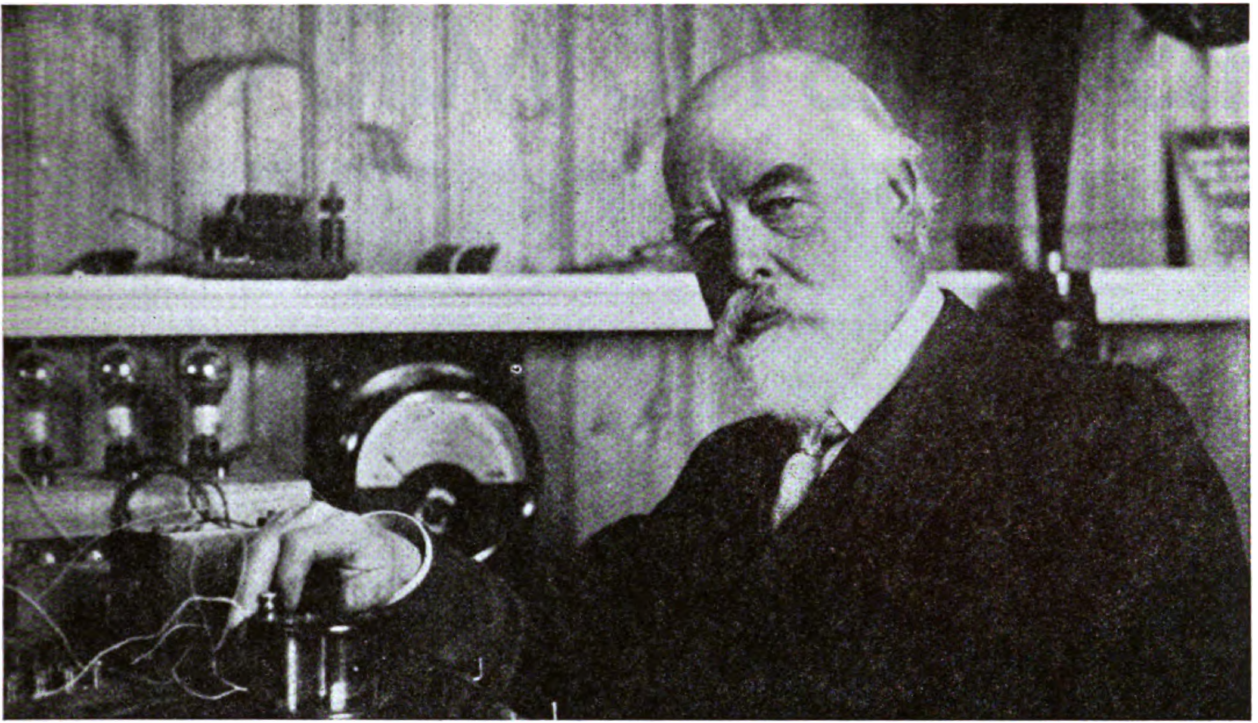
Regardless of how impressed I had been with her subjective phenomena, I was triply so with this objective phenomenon. I examined her finger tips. There was no evidence of the presence of adhesive such as transparent Canada Balsam. No magnets could be concealed. No electromagnets. Absolutely no physical means could be found. Yet here was something which simply didn't make sense, at least within our normal physics.

Was it hallucination? I doubt it very much. Unfortunately I did not have a camera at hand to make photographs. But even if I had made photographs and they did not show what I thought I saw, just what would that prove? Certainly we don't check up on our everyday observations by means of photographs. Therefore, if I saw these things, some supernormal force must have been at work to make me see them—and that is the thing which is so significant.



Margery, Boston medium. The author is not satisfied with official conclusions of her alleged fraud.

**LET'S PLAY FAIR in our PSYCHIC INVESTIGATIONS!**



Research work conducted by spiritualists of such high integrity as Sir Oliver Lodge deeply impressed Lescarboura's investigating committee. It was to meet men of such calibre that Bird went to England.

**E**QUALLY IMPRESSIVE was my experience with the Whitney family. They were evidently persons of means, residing in one of New York's exclusive neighborhoods. Here again, there was no formal connection with our psychic investigation, but several of us were invited to study the phenomena in a purely private capacity.

The mediumship in this case was a dual proposition engaged in by brother and sister. We were told that the spirit guide was a departed sister, Pearl, if I remember the name correctly, who had been suddenly killed by a fall from a horse a year or so before. Pearl's bedroom was still being maintained intact in the same apartment, and members of the family were quite insistent that Pearl was just as much present as though in the flesh.

Brother and sister took their places behind a small table. The sister held a pencil in her fist with its rubber end pressing on the table top. The brother grasped her wrist that held the pencil. They closed their eyes. Dead silence. Spectators watched intently. Normal room lighting remained full on.

Presently, strange crackling sounds issued from the small table. Not creaks, not squeaks, not wrappings; rather, the sharp, decisive snap so characteristic of electric sparks. We could see nothing that might account for the strange noises.

Suddenly the firmly grasped pencil began twisting and swinging about its rubber-tip pivot. The gyrations grew in speed and intricate pattern. Brother and sister, eyes closed, held firmly to pencil and wrist. After a few moments, the girl medium spoke. But it seemed an entirely different person who addressed us. Not only the voice, but very obviously the personality, was quite

different. The brother remained silent, eyes closed, throughout.

For almost two hours, this strange personality spoke to us through the medium's lips. Please note that we were a group of scientists and journalists who might well awe any girl if we swung into discussions beyond the ken of ordinary living-room conversation. From trivial talk back and forth, we gradually led the psychic personality deeper and deeper.

Soon we were discussing fourth dimensional space, the time dimension, the electronic makeup of matter, and other subjects which no average girl could possibly know. Rather timidly, knowing how mediums and their spirit guides generally will not engage in discussions of psychic mechanism, we sought to know more about the personality with which we were dealing. We were told the universe contains creatures on different planes. These planes, so it seems, do not conflict with one another. In fact, discarnate beings, beings yet unborn, and we ourselves can be present in a given room without being aware of each other's presence except under very rare conditions when communication is momentarily established between planes.

The strange personality spoke of other "spirits" being present. I was informed that a dark-haired lady with high coloring stood beside me. The description, given in greater detail, fitted a favorite aunt who had passed on many years before. That this aunt would be present under the circumstances, was quite plausible.

I was deeply interested with this Whitney mediumship. So were others present. Of course the conversations with the alleged spiritistic entity were of paramount interest.

[ Continued on page 68 ]

**URGES INVESTIGATOR LESCARBOURA**

# HIS MYSTIC MIRACLES

ACME NEWSPICTURES



*This is the true story of Dr. A. P. Roberts, known as the Wisconsin psychic detective, who for fifty years has used his strange second sight to apprehend criminals, recover missing bodies and find lost treasures — baffling many police officials.*

**By Walter Stuart**

**B**EGINNING October 26, 1935, the city of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was terrorized by a series of dynamite explosions. Days afterwards the newspapers still carried lurid accounts of the outrages with all the gruesome details. The *Wisconsin News* of November 6th published the following story:

"A. P. Roberts, 72, who has claimed occult powers, predicted the Milwaukee bomb outrages to Detective Walter English on Oct. 18—eight days before the first blast at Shorewood's village hall. . . .

"A neighbor of Roberts, who lives at 1370 W. Fond du Lac Ave., English frequently rides to work with him. On the morning of Oct. 18, Roberts snapped: 'Going to be lots of dynamitings! Look out, there's going to be a blowup!'

"The detective smiled.

"Continued Roberts: 'I see two banks blown up and perhaps the city hall. Going to blow up police stations. You had better watch the Safety building. Then there's going to be a big blowup south of the river (Menomonee) and it'll be all over.'

"Eight days later the Shorewood village hall was blasted. Detective English, however, thought nothing of the prediction. But Oct. 27—the following night—came the bank explosions.

"Detective English said: 'I was listening to the radio. I heard the report. I almost fell off my chair.'

"On Thursday night the police stations were bombed and Roberts told him: 'Sunday there'll be a big one south of the Menomonee. And that'll be all.'"

Roberts was right; the bombers were "hoist by their own petard" in the big explosion. The same newspaper from which the quotation was taken gives us this detail:

"Police are still recovering torn bits of flesh and bone today from the destruction-ridden area.

"Three blocks from the center of the explosion they picked up a man's knee at S. Twenty-third and W. Lapham sts. They also took a portion of flesh from the steeple of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, on W. Mitchell st. between S. Twenty-first and S. Twenty-second sts., half a block away.

"Up to today, 124 pounds of flesh and bone had been recovered."

That was neither the first nor the last time the name of Arthur P. Roberts has appeared in various newspapers, with the account of his exploits in the little-understood realm of the supernatural.

For many years he has been called "The Psychic Detective," and that is exactly what he is. He practices as a detective, but receives information psychically instead of by the usual methods. People come to him with questions that cannot be answered in any way that is known to science or the police.

**M**ANY OF THE LETTERS received by Roberts are from lawyers, thanking him for aid in famous cases. From them we may infer that he has played an important part in keeping innocent men from the gallows or long imprisonment. But his chief work lies in bringing the guilty to punishment.

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# SOLVED 100 CRIMES



ACME NEWSPICTURES

## THE KILLER

Two children lost their lives in the bombings shown above. At right is the bomber himself, killed in the last of five explosions. Dr. A. P. Roberts, famous Milwaukee medium, predicted all five in detail.



him whether his callers are anxious but poverty-stricken parents, or exalted police officials. Roberts is often called upon to find missing persons in answer to appeals of frantic relatives.

**T**YPICAL OF THE CASES of this kind that he has solved is that of a young man named Claude Gilbertson, who lived with his mother at West Allis, Wisconsin.

When the youth mysteriously disappeared, his grief-stricken mother came in tears to consult Roberts.

Before Mrs. Gilbertson had a chance to say a word, he told her, "Now don't worry. You have come to see me about your son. He is all right and you will find him in Milbank, South Dakota."

A short time later, Claude's mother called a Milwaukee newspaper to confirm Roberts' statement. This is what she said:

"I was never more completely surprised in my life than when I was told by A. P. Roberts, before a question had been asked or I had uttered a word, where my missing boy was, and later when I received word from my son from the very place where Mr. Roberts said I would find him."

The following clipping is taken from the *Evening Wisconsin*. Digitized by Google

Law enforcement departments of many cities have used him to help solve apparently unsolvable mysteries. He has hundreds of letters and telegrams from all parts of the country verifying his predictions and thanking him for his assistance. Here are copies of two telegrams selected at random:

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

HAVE JUST READ REPORT ON STEAMER MUSKOGON SINKING. RECALL NOW THAT YOU TOLD ME LAST MAY SHE WOULD SINK EARLY IN THE FALL OR LATE IN SUMMER. YOU KEPT ME OFF OF HER. THANKS. YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.

N. L. SCHWARTZ.

This one is from a chief of police:

MADISON, WIS.

**TIME, PLACE AND DESCRIPTION OF PLACE AND PERSONS GIVEN BY YOU WERE CORRECT IN EVERY WAY. FOUR PERSONS ARRESTED AND ALL MONEY RECOVERED—GANG BROKEN UP.**

The postmaster at Waukesha had a gold watch and chain stolen from a dresser in his home. After all other attempts to recover it had failed, he consulted Roberts. The psychic detective told him it would be returned on Friday three weeks later. On that date he actually received by mail a box containing the watch and chain.

Often Roberts is called upon to locate the body of one who has been drowned, for drowning is common in that country of many rivers and lakes.

The sheriff of Lannon, Wisconsin, and a group of volunteers had dragged the waters of a quarry two days in search for the body of a woman. Roberts was summoned by relatives. He pointed out a spot in the quarry and asked the sheriff to search there. They discovered the body within a few minutes.

The psychic detective never has attempted to exploit his powers. Since his early youth he has contented himself with a quiet practice in the service of others. He gives the same friendly greeting to all who come to the door of his modest Milwaukee home. It matters little to

**OCCULT POWERS HAVE REMARKABLE TEST**  
**Prof. A. P. Roberts Aids Relatives to Find Body of Missing**  
**Man in Arizona—Unearths Foul Crime**

Prof. A. P. Roberts, Milwaukee's well-known medium, has had another remarkable demonstration of his clairvoyant power. Last September he was visited by a Chicago business man who desired information concerning his brother who had been missing for a long time.

Prof. Roberts told the inquirer that the missing man had been murdered, and was able to give a detailed description of the spot in which his body could be found. The following letter, just received by Prof. Roberts, affords proof of this remarkable demonstration.

Chicago, Jan. 10, 1911.

Prof. Roberts,  
 Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Sir: I wish to inform you that we found the body of my brother within 200 feet of the place you described, in Devil's Canon, Arizona. He was looking for mining property, and evidently had been lured there by the parties who murdered him. The body was badly disfigured and only identified by clothing. Watch, money and rings were gone. Now if you can help us trace the men who did this awful crime, I would be willing to spend money to that end.

Yours truly,  
**J. D. LEROY.**

Thrilling stories are told in connection with the aid Roberts has given the police in their constant warfare against crime. Few of these have been reported in the news, though, for Roberts does not care to have them broadcast for obvious reasons. Criminals have friends.

Recently a detective from headquarters called him about an unsolved murder.

"Well," Roberts snapped in his quick, brusque manner, "why do you call me? The man you want is already in your jail. He is the one with a bad scar on the bottom of his foot."

A search of the prisoners revealed a man with such a scar. When subjected to questioning, he confessed that he had committed the crime.

Scientists may doubt Roberts and say they have no scientific explanation for the things that he does. The police, however, are not interested in scientific explanations. They consult Roberts because he gets results. A demonstration of such mysterious powers may astonish them, but they continue to use him whenever confronted with an unusual mystery.

**R**ECENTLY ROBERTS WAS SUMMONED by a chief of detectives in a neighboring city. A man had been murdered, and there was no clue as to the one who had committed the crime.

Two plainclothes men took Roberts in an automobile at his request, and they drove as he guided. They went out of the city along a paved highway.

"Stop here," he told them. "The third car that comes along will be driven by your man."

Such faith had they in his ability that the officers stopped the third car and arrested the driver. He actually was the murderer and later made a full confession!

Again and again has Roberts assisted in such cases. Some of them have been solved in a truly dramatic way.

Take the case of Frederic Kores, a Milwaukee taxi driver, who was beaten and robbed of his cab near Racine, Wisconsin, a few years ago. Kores was left lying unconscious by the side of the road.

The driver's employer, Warren Boucher, reported the crime to the police and then went to Roberts.

"All right," said the psychic detective, "I'll see what I can do."

The next afternoon Roberts entered Boucher's office in a haste that is unusual with him.

"I know where your car is," he announced. "If we get started right away, we can get it back and nab the thief at the same time."

"I'm awfully busy—" Boucher began.



At the age of 72, Dr. A. P. Roberts is still practicing his profession as psychic detective. Unable to read or write, he has the uncanny ability to see the hidden and foresee the future. His home is 1370 Fond du Lac Ave., Milwaukee.

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A P ROBERTS  
 1350 FONDULAC AVE MILWAUKEE WIS  
 HAVE JUST READ REPORT ON STEAMER MUSKOGON SINKING RECALL NOW  
 THAT YOU TOLD ME LAST MAY SHE WOULD SINK EARLY IN THE FALL OR  
 LATE IN SUMMER YOU KEPT ME OFF OF HER THANKS YOUR ALL RIGHT  
 E L SCHWARTZ

MINUTES IN TRANSIT	
FULL-RATE	DAY LETTER

SIGNS	
DL = Day Letter	
NM = Night Message	
NL = Night Letter	
LC = Deferred Cable	
NLT = Cable Night Letter	
Ship Radiogram	

Many people have been saved from watery death by Dr. Roberts' provisions of maritime disasters. Several who disregarded his predictions lost their lives in shipboard tragedies.

Grief-stricken relatives often appeal to Roberts for aid in finding their dear ones. In the case of little Lawrence Larson, Roberts solved the mystery—although he had to reveal the tragedy to sorrowing parents.

# ENTIRE VILLAGE SEARCHES FOR MISSING WOMAN

Following a trail of discarded garments, a search...

## Search for Body Fails; Spiritualist Helps Find It

A. P. Roberts, 1350 Fond du Lac av., a spiritualistic medium, was instrumental in the body of Mrs.

Sunday came and still the search was without result. Mr. Roberts went to Lannon. "The body is over there in that corner in not more than 15 minutes the

Many times have the accounts of Roberts and his strange exploits appeared in newspapers and magazines. Often writers have called the detective everything from a medium to a seer and a magician. Reference is usually made to his "weird occult powers," his "mystifying talents" and his "contact with the world of spirits." Roberts makes no such explanation. He does not claim to have weird

powers, and says frankly that he does not understand.

"I am very ignorant," he explains casually. "You see I can neither read nor write. I just see pictures. I seem to see a thing just as it happened or just as it is going to happen."

His appearance belies any attempt to appear as a mystic or as one who exercises mysterious and unknown occult power. He dresses like an ordinary business man, with close-cropped hair and mustache. Although he was born in Denheigh, Wales, he came to America at an early age and has lived for many years in Milwaukee.

Most of the reports Roberts makes in his practice are given immediately, without preparation or special concentration. There is nothing that smacks of hocus-pocus about him.

Mrs. Droken, a prominent resident of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, called him over the long distance phone to ask his aid in recovering a lost diamond ring of considerable value.

Roberts immediately told her where to find it. The ring was found just where he told her to look. The story appeared in the *Fox Lake Representative* and was given to the press by his grateful client.

That is the way you learn about Roberts—from the people he aids. He is bashful about seeking publicity and doesn't care for it, even though it would enlarge his practice. In fact, he is extremely reticent when it comes to telling of his exploits. If you question him, he'll give you a few brief facts about one or another of his cases—nothing more.

[ Continued on page 70 ]

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LACROSSE WIS 830 PM MAY 29TH 16

A P ROBERTS  
1350 FOND DU LAC AVE MILWAUKEE WIS

FOUND LITTLE LAWRENCE LARSON FIFTY FEET BELOW BRIDGE AS YOU  
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MR EDWARD LARSON

853 PM

636

R905

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FULL-RATE	PAY LETTER

1204-6  
**SIGNS**  
DL - Day Letter  
NL - Night Letter  
ML - Night Message  
LC - Deferred Cable  
NLT - Cable Night Letter  
Ship Radiogram

"There's no time to wait!" said Roberts. "It's either now or never."

A party was quickly gathered, consisting of Roberts, Boucher, Kores, and another driver, and they sped off in one of the garage cars, following a route indicated by the detective.

Once or twice, at a turn in the road, Roberts ordered the driver to stop the car for a moment while he determined the right direction by psychic means.

When they had gone a few miles out of town, Roberts again gave the command to stop. An automobile was approaching rapidly.

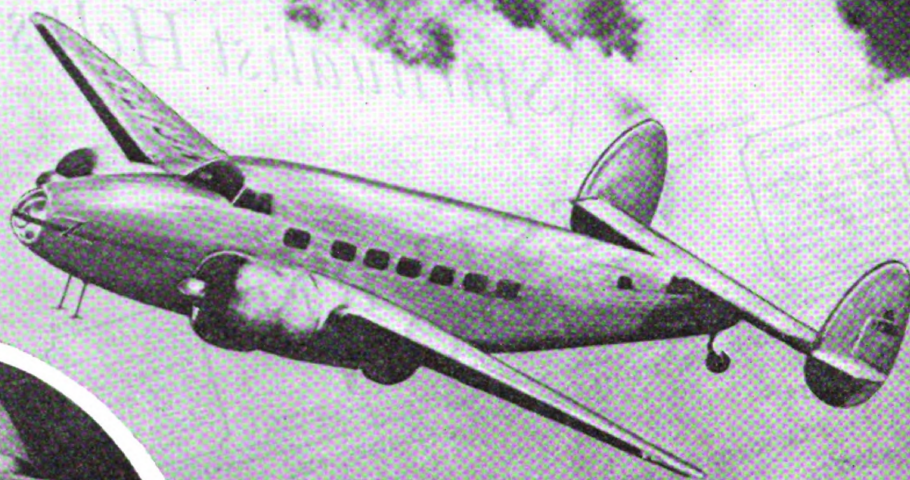
"That's the one!" the detective shouted. "We've got to catch that car."

The other recognized the automobile as the one which had been stolen. They turned around and started off in pursuit at full speed. The thief seemed to sense that retribution was following. Faster and faster went the two cars, but Boucher's machine gained steadily on the fugitive. Presently it drew alongside, and Kores, throwing caution to the winds, sprang to the running board of the stolen car.

The bandit stopped the car, sprang through the door on the opposite side and began running toward the fields. Kores dashed after him and caught him. There was a short struggle, then the others took a hand and subdued him. When the prisoner was safely lodged in jail, he confessed everything.

"It's all in a day's work," Roberts explained when pressed to explain how he could do such things.

# Is ROOSEVELT Psychic?



*The President awoke from a compelling dream of catastrophe, told Congress, and used the doomful force of his vision to plead for millions of dollars to avert disaster.*

**By Major R. T. M. Scott**

**A**RE DREAMS PROPHECIC? Did a vision in the White House foretell disaster? Only time and the curious workings of fate can reveal. Perhaps, even as this magazine is printed, a transport plane is circling closer and closer to the fulfillment of a tragic destiny. . . .

\* \* \*

Many years ago Pharaoh lay in troubled sleep because of a puzzling dream. He stirred uneasily and, in the morning, he sent throughout the land for those who could interpret the dream. But none knew what the dream meant until they brought him Joseph who said that the seven fat kine and the seven lean kine meant seven years of plenty and seven years of famine. Pharaoh considered the interpretation good and stored up grain during seven years of plenty so that it could

be used during the seven years of famine which followed. Today men of science do not know how Joseph interpreted the dream. Joseph said that the information came from God.

Many years passed and the Head of a vaster people lay in troubled sleep. No doubt he stirred uneasily because of the terrible dream which he was experiencing. Before his assembled leaders this man, at the head of more people than Pharaoh knew, related his dream and urged them to do certain things which might prevent the coming of tragedy. The dreamer was President Roosevelt in the year 1938. There being no Joseph, he acted with his own practical mind.

According to The United Press, President Roosevelt dreamed that he arose from bed and walked to a White House window where he witnessed a terrible crash at

## Dreams — the land of romantic adventure — may even be the land of death. And what we term death may really be life, while dreams may be our fleeting glimpses of it.

the Washington airport. At a White House conference of high-ranking Congressional leaders the President related his dream of the great crash at the dangerous Washington airport and urged the passage of a bill which would appropriate the millions of dollars necessary for the building of a safe airport at nearby Camp Springs, Maryland.

Many people consider dreams to be the idle and meaningless fancies of a sleeping mind. They do not stop to consider that they do not know what mind is. No man knows how he thinks. Science does not know what happens when thought transpires. To suggest that dreams may be prophetic is to suggest that thoughts may be prophetic. Dreams are thoughts which occur when the five physical senses are dulled by sleep. What else can they be? Such thoughts seem to be more powerful, more creative, than waking thoughts. It is possible that dream thoughts may have a vaster horizon than waking thoughts.

Present-day students of dreams would undoubtedly interpret President Roosevelt's dream in various ways. Dr. C. G. Jung of Zurich, one of our greatest authorities on dreams, would probably decline any interpretation, stating that it is necessary for him to consider many dreams by the same dreamer before he can arrive at any conclusion. Others, less careful, might interpret the crash of the plane, the man-made bird, as prophesying disaster because of aspirations which were too high. Such disaster might threaten the dreamer, his political party, or his country. The reader may take note as time unfolds, but it must be remembered that any crash—physical or otherwise—may be but a coincidence even though it could not be proved to be such.

Many thousands of dreams will have to be recorded, tabulated and studied by trained minds before there is

scientific proof of the prophetic value of dreams. The possibility of symbolism in dreams adds to the difficulty.

*An Experiment With Time* is an important book on dreams which was written by J. W. Dunne several years ago. Although it contains an exceedingly complicated theory of time, it will be found highly interesting by the average reader because of many carefully recorded dreams of a prophetic nature. Dunne notes that many of his dreams contain the past, the present, and the future, jumbled into a complex whole. Here we are faced with the somewhat terrifying thought that there may be a state in which there is no such thing as time, a state in which the past and the future are always present, the past and the future only being imagined by our waking minds. Such an idea is almost too astounding for our three-dimensional minds to consider, but it would be an explanation of how dreams can come true.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE of all Dunne's recorded dreams occurred at a time when he was in Central Africa. He dreamed that he saw a smoking volcano on an island and he became alarmed because he knew that the volcano was going to blow up with the result that 4,000 inhabitants of the island would be killed. He seemed to know the exact number to be killed, 4,000, and, in his dream, he rushed madly about in an attempt to bring assistance to them. Days later Dunne received newspapers containing the account of the great disaster to the island of Martinique in which 40,000 inhabitants had died. However, Dunne read the figures in the newspaper accidentally as 4,000 and thought his dream had been exactly confirmed as to the number killed. Long afterward, in copying out the newspaper account for publication purposes, he discovered his mistake.

[ Continued on page 72 ]

ACME NEWSPICTURES



This recent air tragedy is the type of catastrophe the President's vision warned against.

# A DEMONIC POWER

By Louis Norton Sarbach

**F**ISHERMEN AND PEASANTS have seen it, and travelers have brought back the tale of an eerie vision that appears and reappears along the shore of Lake Garda in Italy. Just at dawn, three shadowy figures approach: a woman leading a horse, and on the horse, a man. As they draw nearer, the man drops the flowing cloak that is his only garment and, arms folded, rides furiously up and down the beach repeating lines that seem to be incantations. The woman kneels on the sand before him. Then, as the sun appears, the man on the horse resumes his cloak, the woman takes up the bridle, and the three disappear in the direction from which they came.

The horse has been recognized as the favorite charger of Gabrielle D'Annunzio. The woman is said to resemble Eleanora Duse who, at the time of her death fifteen years ago, was called the foremost actress of her age. And trembling fishermen are willing to swear that the man upon the horse is D'Annunzio himself. When they are told that D'Annunzio, too, has been dead since March 1, 1938, they shiver and cross themselves and refuse to say any more. Many Italians have long believed that their great military and literary hero was a man possessed.

From his birth to his death, and now seemingly even after death, D'Annunzio has offered the world a picture of almost superhuman attributes. For, quite apart from his preoccupation with witchcraft and demonology, there were elements in his personality that suggested some such evil concordat as that which Faustus made with the devil. There was something in him that never let him rest; that made him sit for thirty hours at a stretch, writing hundreds of pages of flaming, impassioned, mystical works. That something drove him in other directions as well; it involved him, for example, in sensational love relationships with some of the greatest actresses of the last generation — Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanora Duse, Ida Rubenstein, and Isadora Duncan, among many others.

**Eleanora Duse, famed actress, who took part in mystic rites enforced by the will of her weird lover.**



Indeed, his power over women was little short of demonic. Eleanora Duse, for example, was more famous even than the man she loved. It is said that she played tragic rôles so realistically that for hours after ward she remained in the psychic spell of her own characterization. If she left the stage weeping she would continue weeping back-stage long after the

theater lights were dimmed. Otherwise mistress of herself and her art, still the actress succumbed completely to D'Annunzio, called him Master, and took part in rites like those still seen along the shore of Lake Garda. But the great actress was more than his stewardess in these strange ceremonies. It is related that she sometimes lay as on a bed of pain while D'Annunzio sat at his table by her side and composed novels, plays and poems. She was the medium who gave him the psychic energy and inspiration to create some of his greatest works. At the expenditure of her own much-needed physical energy, she was the mystical link which connected D'Annunzio with a nether world of many wonders. For hours at a time Eleanora Duse would hold her body rigid, not daring to move even her little finger, while her master filled page after page. If she moved ever so slightly, the charm would be broken and the enraged D'Annunzio would spring up from his chair shouting wild threats. By enforcing her slavery in this way, D'Annunzio seemed able to absorb into himself the very genius with which she was so richly endowed. Women also appealed to D'Annunzio for help against the attacks of unseen powers. Pola Negri, already beset with many unaccountable blows to her happiness, wrote to D'Annunzio for help after the death of Rudolph Valentino, one of her greatest loves. D'Annunzio wrote to



D'Annunzio's body lying in state.

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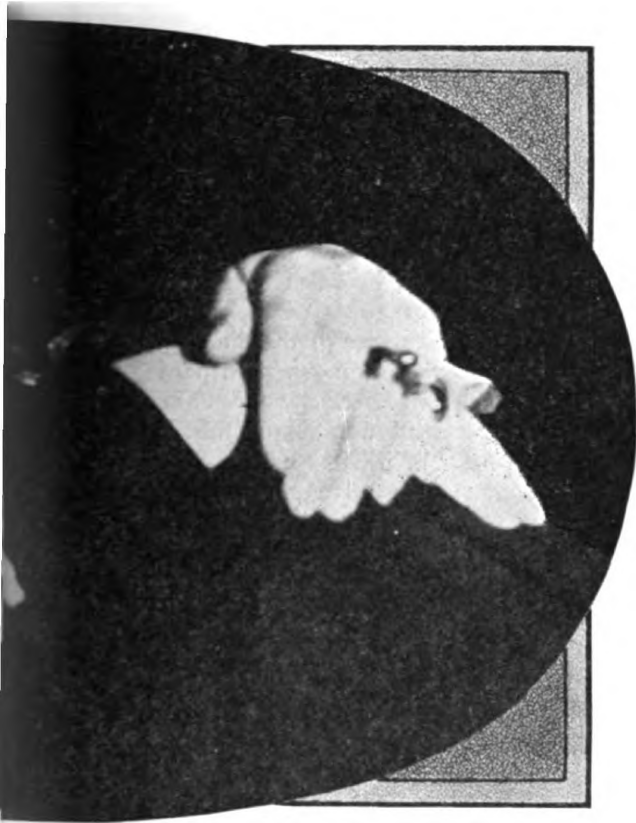
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# RULED D'ANNUNZIO

*The poet-aviator was a modern Faust who could not call his soul his own. Eleonora Duse, greatest actress of her time, fell slave to his weird genius and was the medium who connected him with a nether world of many wonders.*



her that a dead Egyptian queen, jealous of the admiration bestowed upon her in this world, was the cause of most of her troubles. He sent Pola Negri a talisman to wear and instructed her in the details of a mystical ritual by which she could placate the jealous anger of the queen.

Many of D'Annunzio's best-known works were produced through the extraordinary mediumship of Eleanora Duse, but when her psychic power was drained and she was no longer of use to him, D'Annunzio, wrathful and now quite the servant of his own evil genius, wrote a novel in which his intimacies with the actress were shamelessly described. The broken woman then hid herself from the world in a retirement that lasted more than a dozen long years.

**D'**ANNUNZIO had already lived through experiences sufficient for several lifetimes when he met Duse and introduced her to the evil practices which sapped her genius. Born in 1864 near Pescara, he had long been accustomed to adulation and the indulgence of his extravagant tastes. He had been discovered when he was a curly-headed boy of seventeen, and since then had known such fame as few men enjoy. He was the idol of Italy's literary and artistic circles; he had made a name for himself in politics, fought numerous duels, won and spent several large fortunes, and played strange games of the heart with the most beautiful women of his day. Now he

was bald-headed and beginning to show his years. He had tasted everything and was becoming weary of it all. His friends heard him talk of plans to commit suicide.

Then the World War broke out, and the old energy surged again in his blood. He was once more the incarnation of the demonic force that, after Duse's retirement, had seemed to be leading him toward self-destruction.

He did three things, any one of which was amazing enough, but which, when taken together, seemed almost incredible. Dodging his creditors and the attacks of Duse's powerful friends, he went to France and, single-handed, brought about the entrance of Italy into the World War on the side of France, thus dealing a death-blow to Germany's dream of victory. He became a first-class aviator despite his age and after only three or four days of flying instruction. Then, at the close of the war, he personally led a small band of Italians to the Austrian city of Fiume, which he seized in defiance of peace treaties. He ruled Fiume as the first dictator of post-war Europe, thereby establishing a precedent which his good friend Benito Mussolini shortly followed.

As an aviator, D'Annunzio was peculiarly interesting. He was no ordinary flyer, not even an ordinary ace. For the inner urges that had manifested themselves so often before in his life were once more violently and relentlessly at work. He was a devil in the cockpit, flying like a man with a charmed life directly above the trenches of the enemy and swooping down to spray them with machine-gun bullets. He would rise again into the middle air, laughing at the hostile planes that offered futile pursuit and mocking the anti-aircraft guns that somehow were powerless against him. Then he would turn his ship toward glittering Venice. There, each evening, he lolled in the palatial luxuries of the city of gondolas relating his exploits with dark, gleaming eyes to beautiful ladies, and planning the morrow's adventure. He was once struck by an enemy bullet, but though it cost him an eye he came out of the war as he had entered it, a dynamo of surging, restless, supernatural energy.

The King of Italy made him Prince of Snow Mountain in

[ Continued on page 77 ]

**Gabrielle D'Annunzio, war hero, poet, wrecked the beautiful Duse's life to further his psychic powers.**



# Laboratory TESTS SHOW

*Delicate instruments and the unfailing beam of infra-red rays show invisible energy at work amidst the drama of the séance room. Ghostly emanations begin to register their presences.*

IT HAS OFTEN been said that Aristotle possessed as fine an intellect as the world has ever seen. Yet any school-boy today knows more of the real nature of our world than did Aristotle. Why? Because certain instruments of precision have made this exact knowledge possible. They have enabled us to *know*, where previously we have had to guess or speculate.

The same holds true in psychic science. Researches conducted within the past few years have enabled us to make great progress in this field also. For psychical research is a science, like any other.

Many have asked: "How is it possible to subject the spiritual world to material investigation? How can spiritual forces be measured by physical instruments?"

It must be remembered that in cases of psychical phenomena a living material body is present—that of the medium. The body and vitality of this person must constitute an intermediary of some sort between the two worlds. Suppose a phenomenon takes place. Perhaps a table is raised from the floor and floats about the room without visible means of support. Some mechanism must be employed, some unknown energy is involved which is capable of examination under precise laboratory tests. Unknown forces or energies, either within or without the medium's body, lend themselves to such investigation. Hence the need of a psychic laboratory.

Sir William Crookes employed such methods, it will be remembered, in his famous work with the medium D. D. Home; various scientific groups in Europe studied Eusapia Palladino in their laboratories, and within the past decade other mediums, such as Stella C., and Willi and Rudi Schneider, have been subjected to ingenious tests which would have been impossible a generation ago. They were only rendered possible because of the progress of science in other fields.

Let us consider two experiments (one earlier, one later) both devised to test the same thing—the presence of some invisible substance or energy capable of affect-

ing matter. The first was tried in Naples about thirty years ago by Professor Bottazzi and his associates.

An air-tight drum was provided, across the top of which a membrane was stretched. There was a small hole in the side of the drum, and into this was inserted a piece of strong rubber tubing. The other end of this tube was connected to what is known as a manometer. This device registers air pressure by raising a fluid on one side of a U-shaped tube, or making a bubble run along a scale. A cork float on the surface of the fluid supported an inked pen which marked a moving strip of paper revolving on a drum driven by clockwork. (Figure 1.) The point of the experiment was simply this. If some

invisible entity or energy pressed upon the membrane covering the large drum, the air within it would then be forced down the rubber tube to the manometer, displacing the fluid. As the float on the surface rose and fell, its fluctuations would be graphically traced upon the strip of paper passing beneath the pen.

This apparatus was tried at several séances with Eusapia Palladino.

The second experiment of this kind was conducted by Dr. Eugene Osty of Paris, head of the Metapsychic Institute. The subject was the young medium Rudi Schneider, and the tests took place in Dr. Osty's laboratory.

It had always been noted that objects were moved in the vicinity of the medium's body; that is, within a few feet. This led to the suggestion that some subtle energy radiates from the body and affects matter in its immediate neighborhood.

What is this subtle energy and how does it operate? In

order to throw light upon this question, Dr. Osty placed the objects to be moved upon a small table. Across the top of the table he passed a beam of infra-red rays. These were, of course, invisible to the eyes of those present, but the apparatus was so designed that if any solid object was interposed in the path of the rays, cutting off as much as 30 per cent of them, a battery of cameras would be exposed, flashlights ignited and pictures taken of the table-top at that moment. This would



BROWN BROS.

Pendulum apparatus devised to test the vibration of the human body when supernormal phenomena occur.



# PHANTOM WONDERS

By Dr. Hereward Carrington

happen if any material thing tried to move the objects—say a human hand. A series of photos would at once show the fraud. (Figure 2.)

In the sittings which ensued, objects were moved on numerous occasions; flashes were set off, and the plates developed. What did they show? Nothing—that is, nothing abnormal. They just showed the table-top. But something *had* nevertheless been moving about over the table because the beam of infra-red rays had been interfered with and the objects had been displaced.

Evidently some *invisible* substance or energy was at work. What was its nature? Would it be possible to find out anything about it which would be of scientific interest? That was Dr. Osty's next task.

Accordingly, he devised and put into operation another piece of apparatus by means of which it would be possible to register the oscillation or vibration rate of this invisible substance once it had begun to manifest itself by interfering with the infra-red light beam.

He had not long to wait. In the sittings which followed, the ghostly emanation began to register its presence by the movement of small objects

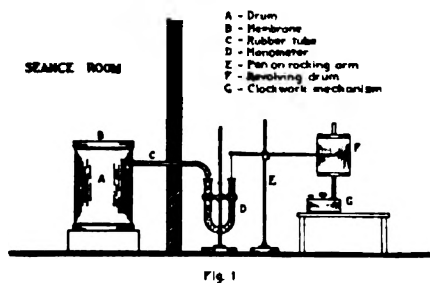


Fig. 1

upon the table-top. Then it caused the second piece of apparatus (a specially built galvanometer) to record its exact pulsation. It was somewhat like taking the pulse of an invisible being standing before them in space!

And this "astral pulse beat" showed something very remarkable when its speed came to be accurately measured. For it corresponded to something actually living which could also be

measured. But before we can tell just what that was, we must first of all explain something else which happened during these sésances.

The ordinary breathing rate of anyone not engaged in active exercise is about 14-16 to the minute. But when Rudi Schneider goes into trance an extraordinary thing happens. His breathing rate increases to 200, 250, even 300 and more per minute, and he keeps this up for considerable periods of time together. This fact has naturally been of great interest to doctors, and they have studied it at considerable length. They have found that, despite its speed, this rapid breathing has no effect upon the body—*itself* a remarkable fact.

However, when Dr. Osty came to measure these respirations and compare them with the recorded speed of the invisible "substance," he found

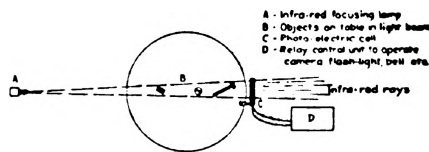


Fig. 2

that the vibration rate of the latter was always exactly twice that of the former! In other words, if the breathing rate was 200 to the minute, the rate of the psychic substance or energy was 400; if the medium's breathing rate went up to 250 a minute, the vibration rate of the substance measured 500 to the minute. There is evidently a most interesting connection here between the bodily activities of the medium and the psychic factors involved. We find a connection between the supernormal and physiology.

It is facts such as these which have caused a whole group of scientific men in Europe to speak of the new science of supernormal biology. We still seem to be dealing with living organisms, and hence with biology—but not with the biology known to science today. Doubtless this will constitute one of the fields for research in the future.



President of the American Psychical Institute and author of this article.

INTERESTING laboratory experiments have also been tried in other directions. For example, one of the commonest forms of ghostly manifestations, according to tradition, is the cold breeze which accompanies such visitations. We find this referred to in many ghost stories, both ancient and modern, and it is also mentioned by Job in the Old Testament.

Now it has always been thought that this sensation of cold which the subject experienced was purely subjective. It was supposed to have no external reality at all. Allegedly, the seer shivered and felt cold because he was frightened, and his story was usually disbelieved in consequence. But the reality of such cold breezes

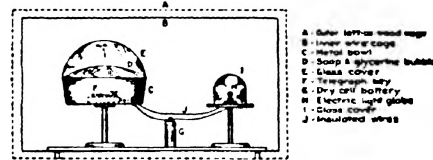


Fig. 3

has now been definitely proved by means of self-recording thermometers—which are not frightened and not subject to hallucination.

Doubtless you have seen such thermometers in the windows of opticians and scientific instrument-makers. They consist of a temperature scale, a revolving drum fitted with a ruled chart, and a pen which draws a



WIDE WORLD

Sir William Crookes, pioneer in applying scientific instruments to many branches of psychical research.

line to indicate the temperature from minute to minute. In this way a graph is obtained of temperature fluctuations throughout the day.

A thermometer such as this was enclosed in a cage of wire netting, and fastened to a beam on the wall by means of screws. The clockwork was set going just before the séance commenced, and of course it began registering the heat of the room.

In the séance which followed, a number of extraordinary physical phenomena were noted, among them complete liftings or levitations of the table. Coinciding with these manifestations, the thermometer showed instantaneous drops in temperature of 10, 15, up to 20 degrees F. And these drops only took a second or two to bring about, and they coincided exactly with the psychic phenomenon taking place elsewhere in the room. Thus science was able to measure another remarkable fact.

ONE MORE experiment of this kind was conducted by Mr. Harry Price of London, in the National Laboratory for Psychic Research. The medium used was the one who secured the extraordinary thermal changes just mentioned. Incidentally, she was not a professional medium, took no money for her services, and was not herself particularly interested in the results. She has since married and given up her mediumship entirely. The object of the experiment was to

prove conclusively that a new force unknown to science was being employed under conditions that permitted no conceivable form of fraud or trickery.

The apparatus was simple and effective. Inside a flat metal bowl, mounted on a stand, was placed a regular telegraph key. This was connected by means of heavily insulated wires to a small, red electric-light bulb which was encased in a glass cover. The only normal way to complete the circuit and light the red lamp was to depress the telegraph key. When the pressure was removed the lamp went out. The top of the bowl containing the telegraph key was sealed over with a soap bubble. (By employing glycerine and castile soap in right proportions, it is possible to blow bubbles which will last for hours.) Over this was then inverted a glass cover, and then the whole piece of apparatus was placed inside a wire-netting cage and enclosed in a larger, lattice-work cage of wood. (Figure 3.) A dim light made the medium visible throughout the sitting, and she was held hand and foot, as usual, by two investigators.

During the séance the key was depressed a number of times and the lamp lighted. Examination of the apparatus, at the end of the period, showed both cages intact, the glass bowl in place, and the soap bubble unbroken! This was one of the most conclusive tests of this kind ever undertaken.

These are but a few of the many hundreds of experiments made during the past few years in which instruments of precision have been used to check the results. But even from these it can be seen that important laboratory work is now being undertaken in this field and that great progress is being made in the purely scientific aspects of such phenomena. More and more, the latest discoveries are being applied, and infra-red photography, moving pictures, special cameras and lenses, various specially built devices such as magnetometers and biometers, are being employed in scientific investigations.

It is apparent that in the field of physical phenomena there are endless tests which might be undertaken. But good, reliable physical mediums are rare—especially those willing to lend themselves to scientific scrutiny. So it becomes a question of "first catch your hare!" In the absence of such

mediums, one might well ask whether certain types of mental mediums might not lend themselves to laboratory investigation also. Fortunately, the answer is yes.

AT FIRST SIGHT, it might appear impossible to subject mental mediums to tests of this character. How enclose a stream of thought in a test tube? Of course, that can't be done, but it is possible to do something almost as good, as was proved when the American Psychical Institute began its experiments with an English medium, Mrs. Eileen Garrett, well known on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mrs. Garrett is one of those rare mediums who will subject herself to any sort of scientific investigation, and has been tested by leading universities and scientific groups in Europe and America. She herself is frankly "on the fence" with regard to the phenomena she is instrumental in producing; she wants to find out about them and to discover whether they are what they claim to be or not. Hence her willing co-operation.

The most striking of Mrs. Garrett's phenomena occur when she is in a deep trance. She merely sits in a large, comfortable chair, and seemingly goes to sleep. A few minutes later, however, she leans forward, crosses her arms across her breast, and begins talking. The intelligence that manifests itself claims to be that of a native of Asia Minor who lived about a hundred years ago. His name is Uvani, and he is Mrs. Garrett's regular "control."

All mediums have so-called controls of the sort whose duty it is to relay messages and get in touch with other spiritual beings not of this world. Mrs. Garrett also has a secondary control, less frequently in evidence, named Abdul Latif, who is called upon whenever medical diagnosis is necessary.

Who or what is this control-personality, Uvani? Is he, in truth, a spiritual entity, as he claims to be? Is he merely a part of the medium's subconscious mind play-acting the part—as nearly all psychologists would contend? Is he some "X" of a nature still unknown? This is a very important question to settle, since it bears upon the whole problem of survival. It was in an attempt to solve this question, or at least to throw light upon it, that a long series of experimental sittings was held

with Mrs. Garrett in which instrumental checks were used.

In order that the reader may fully understand the nature of these tests and their significance, one or two preliminary explanations are necessary. Each person in the world is different from every other person; that is what makes us all different, one from another. These differences are due to our past lives, our experiences, environment, memories, associations, and dozens of other factors. In the course of our lives we have all had varied experiences — some pleasant, some unpleasant. Associated with these past memories are emotions of greater or lesser intensity. Whenever past experience is recalled, the emotions connected with it are also aroused, although the subject may be quite unaware of this.

Some may have had unpleasant experiences connected with water, others with mountains, others with cats, others with snakes, and so on. Others may have had happy or unhappy memories in connection with an entirely different set of things. So that, if we were to take a long list of words and read them off to a number of individuals in turn, we should find that they differed in their reactions one from another. The response of no two would be exactly alike, either in the emotions aroused by the words or in the intensity of the emotions themselves.

Word lists of such a nature have been compiled and have been used by psychoanalysts in treating their pa-

tients. One of the standard lists was prepared by Dr. C. C. Jung of Zurich, and that was the list we used in testing Mrs. Garrett.

A list of 100 words is read to the subject, one word at a time, and he is instructed to reply to each word by some other word which pops into his head at once. He must not stop to think or control the reply he makes. His response should be made instantaneously. For example:

<i>Stimulus Word</i>	<i>Response Word</i>
Lamp	Light
Blood	Red
Water	Swim
Stem	Leaf

And so on. The responses represent the memory associations in the subject's mind.

The length of time the subject takes in replying is known as the "reaction time" and this is measured by means of a stop watch, in tenths of a second. If an unusually long time is taken in responding to any particular word, the analyst knows that there is a certain subconscious "resistance" to that word causing a "blockage" or an unpleasant emotional association that has been recalled by the stimulus word. In this way the emotions which have been bothering the subject are unearthed, and when they have been eradicated, the patient is theoretically cured.

So, in testing any subject, we have (1) the response words, and (2) the reaction times. These taken together constitute a sort of personality-stamp,

or psychic thumbprint, so to speak. Theoretically, this would be just as true of the dead as of the living, since every person is supposed to retain his personality, memories, and associations in after-life. The individual thoughts and emotions should be the same in both cases.

**W**E COME to the third and last part of this test. It is a well-known fact that, if a weak electric current is passed through the human body, its flow can be measured by means of a delicate device known as a galvanometer. The greater the emotion aroused, the more current passes through the body, and the greater the swing of the needle as shown by the number of divisions on the scale. This instrument has been extensively used in the law courts and is popularly known as the "lie detector." Its chief value lies in the fact that it is fraud-proof. No matter how hard he may try, the subject cannot influence the results materially. If a word or a question arouses an emotion within him, then the instrument shows it, the galvanometer needle swings over and the variation is recorded. Hardened criminals have been detected by it.

We are now ready to assemble all these complicated facts and show how they work when testing a medium by such instrumental means. The medium takes her seat in a comfortable chair, and copper wires are attached to her hands by means of electrodes, connecting her with the galvanometer.

[ *Continued on page 71* ]



WIDE WORLD

Rudi Schneider, pictured with Mitzi Mango. Schneider is a medium whose breathing rate increases to 200, 250, even 350 and more per minute. This has been of great interest to physicians, as the medium's rapid breathing has no effect upon his body.

# IN THE LAND OF

"**M**ANY PEOPLE CLAIM to have seen ghosts," Mr. Walter E. McBride recently told me, "but I can go them one better, for I have been a ghost who has been seen! I have been a real ghost, alive and functioning consciously without a physical body, although today I am as physically alive as anyone else."

"Ridiculous," many who read that will say, and one can scarcely blame them.

But I am ever ready to lend an eager ear to such stories, for I have spent over twenty years studying and experimenting with this particular problem. I knew at once that Mr. McBride had undergone what we psychical students call an astral projection, and I listened attentively to his simple account.

Mr. McBride is a bachelor farmer living a few miles southeast of the little town of Indian Springs, Indiana, on Rural Route No. 1. I have slightly abbreviated his story:

"About eight o'clock on the evening of December 23, I went to my bedroom, which is on the lower floor of my house here, where I have lived for a number of years.

I happened to turn upright, and looking downward, to my amazement, I saw my physical body lying on the bed, just as when I had gone to sleep, except that there were three forms beside it.

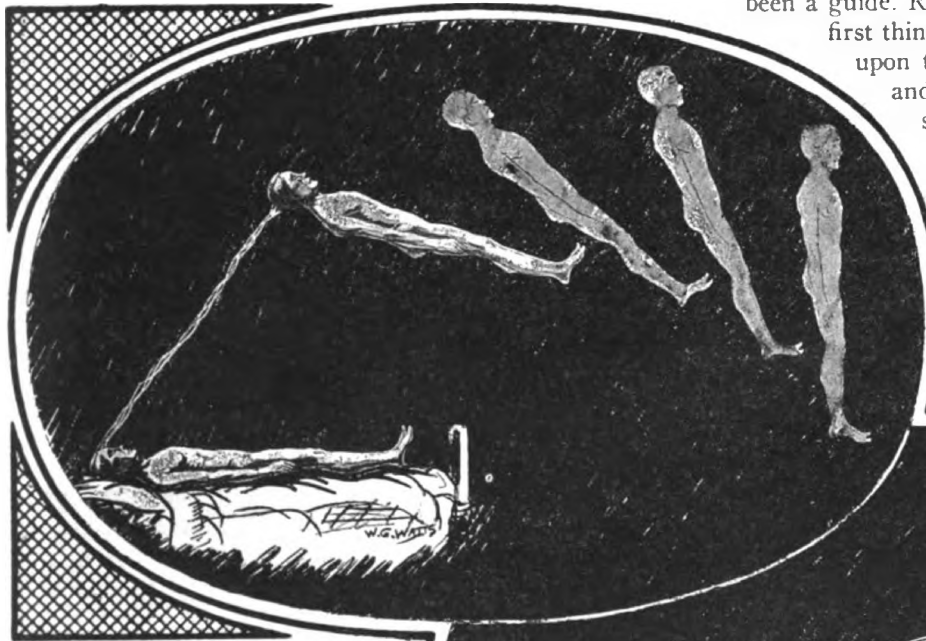
"Immediately after seeing this, I realized that I was moving through the air toward the north, and while I was not trying to do so, I seemed to know that I was going to my old home, an impression which proved correct. I moved along in a very peculiar fashion, with a sort of wavelike motion, upward and downward, toward Father's house.

"Going to the bedroom, I stood at the foot of the bed in which I saw Father reclining.

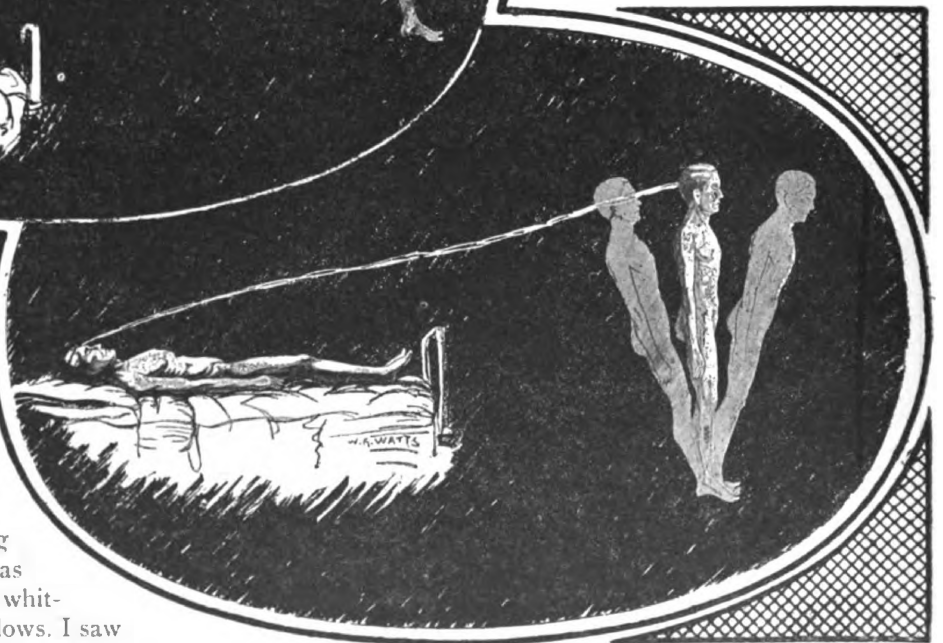
"'Father,' I said to him, 'Father!' But I did not seem to make him hear me. Yet I thought he was watching me, for his eyes were fixed upon me and there was a look of surprise upon his face. The knowledge came to me as I stood there that he was well.

"A moment later I found myself leaving again. Nothing happened on the trip back, although I was still aware that someone was with me. I now presume it must have been a guide. Reaching my bedroom once more, the

first thing I saw was my own body, still lying upon the bed. I went back into it floating and became wide awake the moment I struck it. I say emphatically that I was conscious all the time and did not awaken slowly on entering my physical body, but instantly, and was fully alert, with no feeling of drowsiness. Knowing exactly what had happened to me, I got up, made a light and wrote down the time and an account of what



The astral phantom can be projected, but when disturbing factors occur it will be pulled backward into the horizontal, directly over the physical body, and then sink down into it.



"The next thing I knew I was fully conscious—not dreaming in the least—but fully conscious and I was, preposterous as it seems, floating in a lighted atmosphere. This light was not like ordinary sunlight, but was a whitish light which seemed to cast no shadows. I saw that I was floating upward through the building, the ceiling and upper floor failing to stop me. I passed through them with ease. After reaching a certain height

Phantom projected and upright within activity range of cord connecting it to physical body. Push and pull within astral line of force causes instability of phantom.

# LIVING GHOSTS

By Sylvan Muldoon

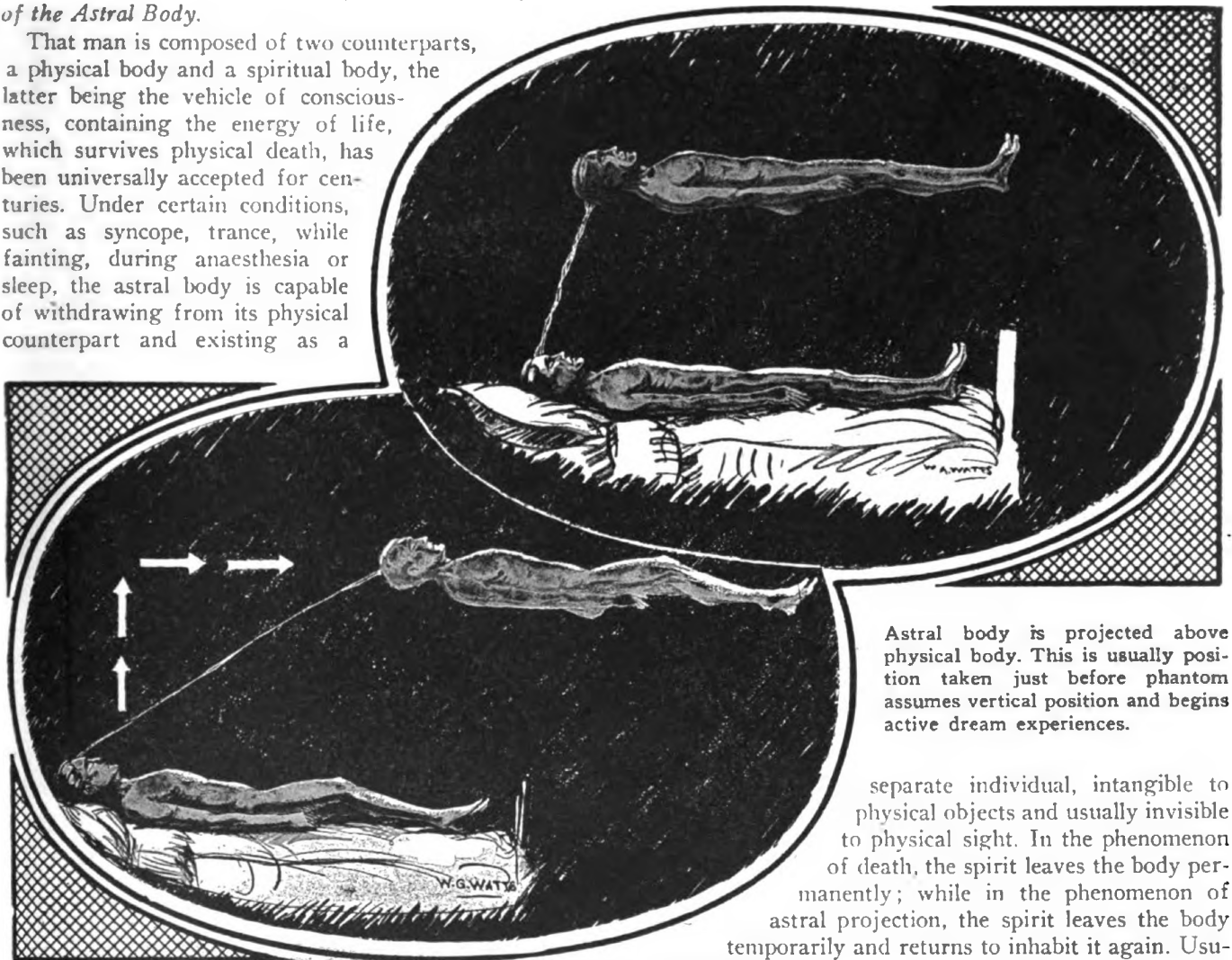
I had just experienced, the same as I have told it to you. Then I went back to bed again and slept the remainder of the night.

"Two days later, on Christmas Day, I paid Father a visit. He verified my experience by stating that he had seen me, just as I had stood at the foot of his bed. Coincidentally, he, too, had written down the time he had seen me as a ghost, and it tallied with the time I had written down as having been there as a ghost!"

While leaving the body, as Mr. McBride did, is a frequently reported occurrence, the unique aspect of his experience is that he was *seen* as a ghost at the identical time when he was consciously aware of having *been* a ghost. This phenomenon is now known to psychical students as *astral projection*. The name was originated by the present writer about twelve years ago as a short way of saying: the projection of the astral body. It was first used in the English edition of my book, *The Projection of the Astral Body*.

That man is composed of two counterparts, a physical body and a spiritual body, the latter being the vehicle of consciousness, containing the energy of life, which survives physical death, has been universally accepted for centuries. Under certain conditions, such as syncope, trance, while fainting, during anaesthesia or sleep, the astral body is capable of withdrawing from its physical counterpart and existing as a

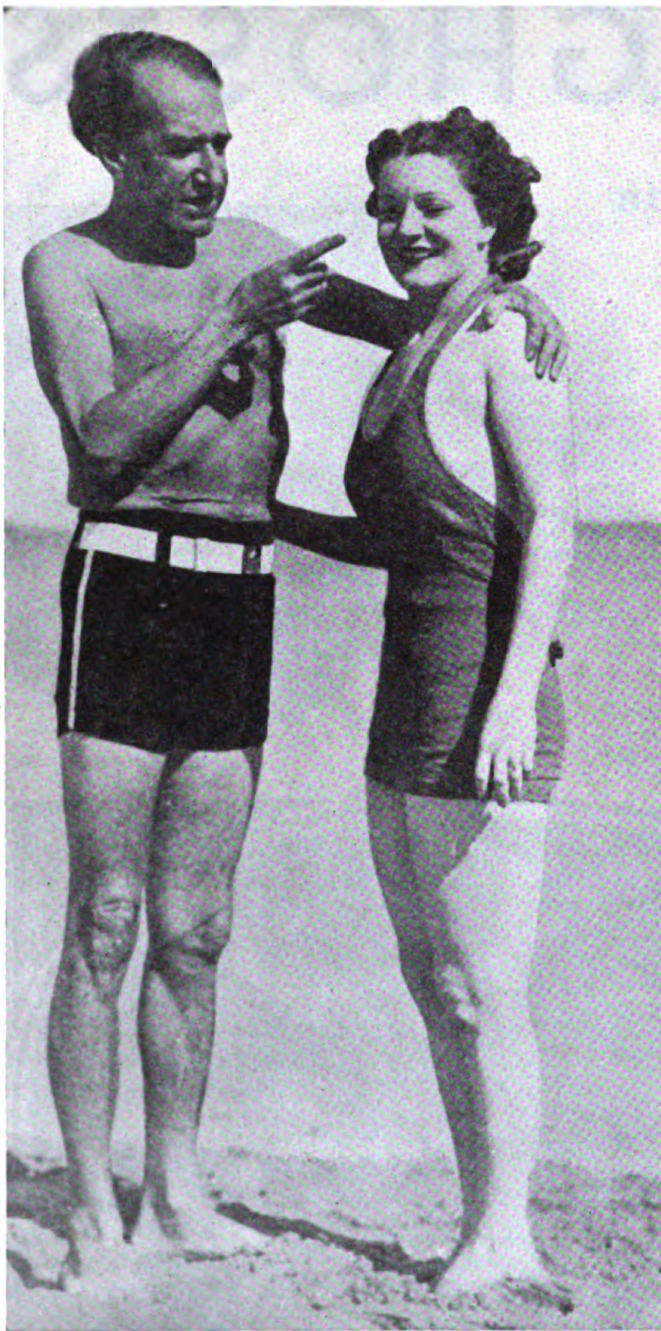
The author of this article has spent many years of his life collecting information about apparitions, disembodied beings and projected bodies in the mysterious astral plane.



Arrows show route astral form takes in projecting. Position is that often taken prior to a flying dream. Note astral cord connecting bodies. If cord be broken, death occurs.

Astral body is projected above physical body. This is usually position taken just before phantom assumes vertical position and begins active dream experiences.

separate individual, intangible to physical objects and usually invisible to physical sight. In the phenomenon of death, the spirit leaves the body permanently; while in the phenomenon of astral projection, the spirit leaves the body temporarily and returns to inhabit it again. Usually this occurrence takes place while the individual is unconscious. The projected entity may also be partially conscious (dreaming). On rare occasions persons are



A student of magic and occult science, Howard Thurston investigated many cases of living ghosts in the East and himself experienced what he called "the strange state which is neither life nor death." He is shown with his young wife in a photo taken shortly before his death. (Above)

conscious while exteriorized, and it is this latter type of experience in which we are interested.

The projected ghost is at all times in communication with its earthly counterpart by means of a line-of-force, a sort of elastic cord, emulating the umbilical cord of birth, across which flows an energy sustaining life in the unconscious body. The cord, though capable of infinite expansion, may not be severed during projection without causing instant death to the physical body.

One of the most amazing experiences of this kind was that of the famous American author, William Dudley Pelley, whose credentials may be found in *Who's Who*. Mr. Pelley's account of his projection first appeared in the *American Magazine* some years ago. The demand for the account was so enormous that it was later reproduced

in book form under the title: *My Seven Minutes in Eternity*.

Prior to the occurrence, Mr. Pelley was a case-hardened materialist, but the experience completely upset and reversed his philosophy of life. He tells how he retired one night at his bungalow in the Sierra Madre Mountains near Pasadena, California, feeling quite normal in every respect.

"But between three and four in the morning," Mr. Pelley goes on to say, "a ghastly inner shriek seemed to tear through my somnolent consciousness. In despairing horror I wailed to myself: 'I'm dying! I'm dying!'"

"What told me, I don't know. Some uncanny instinct had been unleashed in slumber to awaken and apprise me. Certainly something was happening to me . . . a physical sensation which I can best describe as a combination of heart attack and apoplexy.

"Mind you, I say physical sensation. This was not a dream. I knew that something had happened either to my heart or head—or both—and that my conscious entity was at the mercy of forces over which I had no control."

The author then goes on to tell his readers how he plunged down a mystic depth of blue space in his astral body, while queer noises sang in his ears and he said to himself: "So this is death."

When one is projected he is in the realm where live the phantoms of the dead; he therefore has proof for himself that the spirit of man is immortal. As Mr. Pelley said after his experience:

"There is a survival of the human entity after the death of the body, for I have seen and talked (while projected) with friends whom I have looked down upon as cold wax in caskets."

**M**R. PELLEY'S ACCOUNT recalls two other famous contemporary authors, Gerald Gerhardi and Sax Rohmer, who claim to have had astral projection experiences. Omitting the stories, I merely reproduce one of Rohmer's

Sax Rohmer, world-renowned British author, states: "Soon we will not only be able to send thought messages but bodies also. I know because I have done it myself. It is possible now to project some part of one's self right out of the body. (Below)



assertions, recently made to the press: "We will not only be able to send 'thought messages,' but 'bodies' also. I know, because I have done it myself . . . and I know that it is possible now to project some part of one's self right out of the body."

There are numerous cases of projection during anaesthesia. Dr. George Wyld tells how, while inhaling chloroform to allay the pain of passing a small renal calculus, he suddenly found himself outside of his body, possessed of normal conscious faculties and standing about two yards away, observing his motionless physical body lying on the bed.

The world renowned English scientist, inventor and engineer, Cromwell Varley, had an experience practically identical with that of Dr. Wyld, which he related before the Dialectical Society.

"On one occasion at a dentist's office," says Arthur J. Wills, Ph.D., C.E., of 224 Herrick Road, Riverside, Illinois, "the dentist was drilling in my tooth. Suddenly I found myself *outside of myself* looking over the dentist's shoulder into my own mouth!"

Mr. M. L. Hymans had just such an experience, too, but on account of its similarity, I do not repeat it. Later, however, he had a second experience out-of-the-body, at a time when he was staying at a London hotel. Mr. Hymans had been suffering with a heart ailment. He awoke one morning from sleep and shortly afterward fainted.

"To my great surprise I found myself high up in the room, from where, to my terror, I saw my body on the bed, eyes closed. I tried to re-enter my body, but without success, and concluded that I was dead. I could not leave the room, and felt chained to it, immobilized in the corner where I first found myself.

"An hour or two later I heard knockings on the door . . . I could not respond. A little later the hotel porter climbed through the fire escape to the balcony. I saw him enter the room and look anxiously at my body on the bed and then at the door. Soon the manager and others entered and a physician came. I saw him shake his head when he examined my heart. He introduced a spoon between my lips. I lost consciousness and awoke in bed. The experience lasted for two hours . . ."

An important out-of-the-body experience was told to the members of the Royal Medical Society, by no less a person than Sir Auckland Geddes, a well-known doctor of medicine and professor of anatomy, at a meeting of the Society on February 26, 1937. The account, which may be read in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for June, 1937, tells how the subject passed into the portals of death, yet retained full consciousness while out of the body, into which he was eventually brought back by an injection of camphor by the attending physician.

"What are we to make of this?" asks Sir Auckland. "One thing is certain, this was not faking. Without certainty of that I should never have brought it to notice."

Of projection while freezing, there is the case of the Reverend L. J. Bertrand. During a dangerous ascent of the Titlis, Rev. Bertrand separated from his companions, sat down to rest and became paralyzed with the cold.

His head, however, remained clear and he experienced the passing out of his body, yet remained "attached to it by means of a kind of elastic cord," to use his own words. As usual in such cases, Reverend Bertrand had many clairvoyant visions about his absent friends and astonished them on their return—when they revived him—by telling them what they had been doing.

**T**HERE ARE TWO TYPES of projection, aside from those produced by hypnosis: *involuntary and voluntary*. In the former, the subject, through no effort of his own, suddenly awakens to find himself conscious in a phantom body, a ghost for the time being. In the voluntary type the subject actually projects himself outside the physical body at will. Instructions for so doing have been published elsewhere and are still available.

There are certain natives in the Orient who can bring on a state of suspended animation—apparent death—at will. *Samadhi*, the condition is called, and it is so akin to death that the subject can actually be buried alive. A young Egyptian fakir, Hamid Bey, startled the Western world a few years ago by undergoing several public burials during *samadhi*. He remained buried an hour at Atlanta, Ga.; three hours at Englewood, N. J.; seven hours at San Diego, Cal., etc., without any coffin, having been placed directly in the ground with the earth covering his face and body, in the presence of skeptical newspaper men.

Haridas, another yogi, remained buried for a full month, while a guard of soldiers stood watch over his officially sealed place of confinement, day and night. At the end of thirty days, Haridas, very emaciated, was brought back to life by his friends. The test was made under the strict supervision of Sir Claude Wade.

Upton Sinclair, the brilliant playwright, novelist, politician, and publicist, tells of a friend of his who under *samadhi* could be buried in an air-tight coffin, underground, for several hours at a time.

"Nor was there any hocus-pocus about this," Sinclair goes on to say. "I know the physicians who got the coffins and arranged for the tests and watched every detail."

The late Howard Thurston was convinced that *samadhi* was not trickery and that projection of the astral body was involved in its production. Being an internationally famous magician himself, Thurston startled the world by announcing in a treatise on the subject that he believed in ghosts of the living, and told how ghosts of persons only apparently dead—in suspended animation or *samadhi*—had been seen far from their physical forms.

"People say they have seen ghosts of those who have passed on," said Thurston. "Have any of them seen ghosts of those who have *not* passed on, but are suspended in this strange state which is neither life nor death? Yes, they have, and I know some actual cases. All have been corroborated by more than one person."

Thurston recited many instances, some of which he had investigated while in the Orient and others here in America. For example, he tells of a Roger Martin, who,



Walter E. McBride, Indiana farmer, is one of thousands who have taken astral journeys. His father saw him as a phantom, confirmed his story.



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Adolf Hitler is said to have taken a keen interest in Eric Jan Hanussen's occult practices. It was by thus interesting those in power that Rasputin gained his grip on the Czar's family. Like Rasputin, Hanussen (authentic photo) had the power to hypnotize alluring women, who found his magnetic appeal irresistible.



# Nazidom's Rasputin

*The people believed in him as they believed in Hitler. He was a saint and a magician who, like Cagliostro, predicted the upheaval of a nation. Then the surging Nazi movement catapulted him to his greatest glory—and his early doom.*

**I**T WAS FOUR WEEKS after Hitler's Reichstag fire and his sudden rise to power as ruler of the Third Reich that Eric Jan Hanussen was killed. Bullet-riddled and terribly mutilated, his body was found in a wood bordering on a highway near Berlin.

To be sure, a bullet-riddled body on a highway was no startling thing in these days. With tens of thousands tortured in the numerous concentration camps, the sadistic murders and desperate suicides all over the country became commonplace. People left home and never returned, others were shot while "trying to escape," others were sent on secret missions. The censored German papers did not bother with such trifling matters. Yet they carried a four-line police report of Hanussen's sudden end. There was no obituary and no explanation, and it left the case wide open. Wide open for the imagination to reconstruct the great drama that was hidden behind that cryptic paragraph.

Eric Jan Hanussen was dead. The Prophet of the Third Reich—he who had become a legend in the public's mind, who had been called a fraud and a miracle maker, a saint and magician. Few people knew or remembered his obscure background. They believed in him as they believed in Hitler. He rode the crest of the wave of Teutonic mysticism that swept the land—and became a social and political force.

More than once his psychic and hypnotic powers were investigated by the criminal courts as well as the medical and psychiatric societies. But every time he came out as a victor. Indeed, the courts even summoned his aid in criminal cases. He commanded enormous salaries for his public performances and received the largest fees on record for private consultations. Industrialists and politicians, scientists and artists, and women—particularly women—flocked to his séances. They consulted him in their private affairs and asked his advice in business transactions and political moves.

Time and again the papers came out with screaming headlines denouncing him as a charlatan, and time and again they were silenced by mysterious forces. He had the press at his disposal and was his own censor. He instigated raids to discredit and humiliate his enemies and rivals and became a prosperous publisher of his own swastika-embellished weekly. With Hitler's *Voelkischer Beobachter*, it was the only paper to be admitted into the thickly populated concentration camps.

The first time I met Hanussen I was amazed by his sober, businesslike appearance—so different from what I had been led to expect by the legend of the man. There he was, quick and direct, dramatic and tense, but without the slightest outward indication of possessing mystic powers. His thick-set figure, sharply cut features, short brow and sensuous lower lip, all rather under-

scored the man's physical aspects. But then he began to talk and one forgot all that. Suddenly his eyes acquired an uncanny look that pierced me to the backbone. An enveloping magnetism emanated from him; his words took on a prophetic meaning.

His words to me, before I could speak, were to ask: "Why didn't you bring your lady companion with you?" I had, as a matter of fact, left my lady companion not five minutes before in a nearby coffee-house. I looked up amazed, and stammered something in confusion. "No gentleman," Hanussen continued with a smile, "should let a lady wait alone in a coffee-house—even if it is as pleasant a place as the Café Jahnke."

I told him how impressed I had been by a performance of his I had witnessed at the Bluethner Music Hall, and expressed my belief that he would be a tremendous success in America. "Perhaps," he smiled again, "you could advance me the fare, even though you should have at the moment not much more than sixty-seven marks." I reached for my wallet and checked its contents. Hanussen was amazingly correct. "Well, never mind," he said this time with a touch of sadness. "I've always wanted to go to America, but I know I never shall . . ."

I met him many times thereafter. I watched him perform on the stage and understood why, week after week in city after city, he could attract such tremendous audiences. He certainly offered one of the most spectacular shows in Europe.

No university or psychiatric society will now ever be able to test his extra-sensory gifts; but almost anyone who ever saw him perform will affirm his uncanny sense of timing and dramatic climax. For Hanussen was a master showman. He knew his audiences and he could foretell their every reaction. But his audiences were held in constant suspense and they could never anticipate his next move. All this enhanced the tension—and the willingness to believe.

**H**ANUSSEN'S METEORIC RISE and fall really begins in the year 1927. His story from that time on belongs to the most fantastic "true" life stories of our unbalanced time.

In 1889, Hanussen's father, Siegfried Steinschneider, a second-string vaudeville trouper, eloped with the respectable daughter of a well-to-do Jewish family in Vienna. Soon afterwards, Eric Jan Hanussen came into the world. His birth was registered in the Jewish congregation under the name of Herrschman Steinschneider. The relative security of a trouper's nursery was not long his. At the age of twelve he ran away from school and joined a theater group. Circus and vaudeville stages were next. From acrobats and Hindu fakirs he learned the tricks and feats and all the principles of magic and illu-

sion that make up a show. But the most valuable asset he acquired during these formative years was an uncanny power of concentration. It was to serve in later years as the basis of his career.

During the World War he distinguished himself with his soldier comrades by foretelling family events at home. Indeed, his prophecies attracted enough attention to get him a special uniform as a master of the divining rod in search of water springs for the Austrian army. In 1919 he won his first public laurels as a clairvoyant.

At that time a spectacular robbery took place at the Austrian-Hungarian National Bank. A reward of 4,000 Kronen was offered to anyone instrumental in the capture of the thieves. Hanussen, by way of telepathic means, won the reward. He got married, hired several sensational vaudeville acts among which he starred, and successfully toured the European theaters. In 1927 he began to concentrate on telepathy and clairvoyance and astonished his audiences with amazing feats. His fortunes seemed decidedly on the upgrade when, during the night of February 10, 1928, while on tour in Leitmeritz, a small Czech town, he was arrested as a fraud.

This seemingly unhappy event turned out to be a new starting point in Hanussen's career. The trial began in March, 1928, and lasted over two years.

**A**FTER LISTENING to more than forty witnesses the court got entangled in endless discussion. Reams of expert testimonials for and against clairvoyance and telepathy were ground out. Press correspondents from all over the world kept the wires humming; carloads of fan mail poured into the court. Medical authorities argued for and against occultism and supernatural powers; their testimonies clashed time and again, and left the court in a hopeless maze. At last, Hanussen was asked to exhibit his powers in court. Before a packed audience he went through the usual procedure. Forty gendarmes and detectives watched him closely throughout. He found a key hidden in a flower-box outside the court window; he solved graphological problems and gave correct psychographical analyses; he reconstructed five obscure events which had been marked only by time and place.

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

(Above) Hanussen in the laboratory of his "Palace of the Occult." Statue depicts the power of man over man.

(Below) Groups like this one gathered nightly to seek guidance from Germany's famous medium, to whom came Nazi chiefs, high nobility and statesmen.



**The author of this article must remain anonymous. He prefers, he tells us, not to deliver his relatives in Germany over to the medieval torture chambers set up there to silence the truth. But the veracity of this article is vouched for by reliable witnesses**

On May 27, 1930, the press correspondents cabled their home offices: **HANUSSEN ACQUITTED! CLAIRVOYANT ANSWERS ALL QUESTIONS! TRIUMPH FOR OCCULTISM!**

**H**ANUSSEN'S ACQUITTAL and indorsement by a Czechoslovakian federal court coincided with the beginning of Hitler's ruthless march to power. The German people, frustrated and crushed by years of deprivation and insecurity, disillusioned by various coalition governments which continued with empty promises, were searching for a miracle. Nothing short of a miracle, it seemed, could free them of the paralyzing lethargy thrust upon them by the Treaty of Versailles. The miracle came in the form of Nazism with its glorification of mystic powers. They believed in the destiny of Adolf Hitler to lead the German people to the glory of a barbaric utopia! For the small shopkeeper and the housewife, for all the seekers of small miracles, there was Eric Jan Hanussen.

Strange combination, indeed, that it was the Austrian Jew Herrschmann Steinschneider, called Hanussen, who predicted the victorious march of the Austrian corporal Adolf Hitler, called Der Fuehrer. Hadn't there been Cagliostro, the great magician, who anteceded the French Revolution? And

ACME NEWSPICTURES



(Above) The Dutch boy, Lubbe, a hypnotic subject, being questioned before he confessed to having set the Reichstag fire, which Hanussen predicted.

(Below right) Count von Helldorf, who first sponsored Hanussen and later brought about his hideous death.

ACME NEWSPICTURES

the "mad monk" Rasputin who did not live to see Russia's Red October? But the Nazis did not need to stray off into other nations' histories. There was Wallenstein, the glamorous general of the Thirty-Year War during the Middle Ages, who mapped his military strategy by the stellar configurations of his astrologist Seni. The surging Nazi movement was to catapult Hanussen to his greatest glory—and his early doom.

Spurred by his spectacular legal success, Hanussen toured the country in triumph. Germany meanwhile breathed the last gusts of democratic freedom; rational thinking rapidly gave way to an irrational racial mysticism. The belief in a new Teutonic destiny was forged. A God-given leadership was proclaimed and one had to follow without question, without thinking, without hesitancy. All the people had to do was believe. They believed in Adolf Hitler and they believed in Eric Jan Hanussen.

Following the trend, Hanussen switched from the fortune-telling of individual fates to the prophesying of economic and political events. He founded a weekly paper embellished with a huge swastika, and it became a tremendous success. For a time it became a dangerous rival to Mr. Goebbel's own paper, *Der Angriff*. Hanussen began to predict and foresee developments in the Nazi

[ Continued on page 74 ]



# ABRAHAM LINCOLN



ACME  
G. E. CO. PRINT

*The Great Emancipator said: "I have been controlled by some power other than my own will" And it was that mystical power which drew Lincoln into the very bosom of death—long before the hour of his assassination!*

**A**BRAHAM LINCOLN was a mystic! All of his life he was surrounded by unseen forces that prompted him in making important decisions. Visions of the future revealed themselves to him. Strange dreams and signs haunted his consciousness. He often surprised his friends by predicting coming events in the fullest correct detail, and he even foresaw his own death and described the fate he would meet at an assassin's hands.

Lincoln invited the foremost mediums of his day to the White House, and took a prominent part in sittings where astounding phenomena occurred. On one occasion a heavy grand piano danced about the room to the accompaniment of eerie music played on it by invisible fingers. Though Lincoln and three other husky men sat upon the nearly one-ton piano, they were helpless to stop its remarkable behavior. One of the men on the cavorting, jumping piano—which almost levitated completely from the floor—was Colonel Simon P. Kase, attached to the staff of the Secretary of War; another was the Honorable Daniel E. Soames of Philadelphia.

At another sitting, held in the Red Room of the Executive Mansion, Lincoln asked a question concerning the fate of a battleship which had not been heard from for many weeks. Immediately, the lights dimmed and a vision of the ship, witnessed by all present, appeared in a mirror hung on the wall opposite the President. The image, later confirmed, showed the ship safely riding at anchor—and Lincoln's question was answered.

Lincoln freely admitted his psychic influences. "I have been controlled by some other power than my own will," he said at one time. "You know I always had . . . a strong tendency to mysticism," he wrote Speed. Others he told that he was "sorely puzzled" over "personal experiences, dreams, apparitions, etc."

Of his prophetic dreams Lincoln himself said: "I frequently see my way clear to a decision when I am conscious that I have not sufficient facts on which to found it. But I cannot recall one instance in which I have followed my own judgment, based upon such a decision, where the results were unsatisfactory; whereas, in almost every instance where I have yielded to the views of others, I have had occasion to regret it. I am satisfied that when the Almighty wants me to do or not to do a particular thing, he finds a way of letting me know it."

An experience of Lincoln's at a White House séance illustrates his reliance on such counsel. The medium was Miss Nettie Colburn, then still a young girl in her teens. As soon as she entered the trance state the President asked about the Army of the Potomac. He had had distressing reports from it; the men were almost on the point of open rebellion, refusing to obey their officers. Discipline appeared all but non-existent.

The medium said that she felt the presence of a powerful new force, and she spoke through this identity for almost an hour. The voice advised the President to visit the army in person, leaving behind all bodyguards and members of his official retinue, taking only his immediate family. It told him that this evidence of his personal interest in the men would restore their faith in the government behind them, renew their sense of duty, and do more to restore discipline than all the punitive measures that could be taken against them.

In a few days the word went out that it was Lincoln's intention to visit the army—alone, except for his family. Immediately he was besieged by scores of people who saw in this proposed excursion an unparalleled chance to bring themselves to public attention.

But Lincoln withstood all their pleas, and followed the counsel of the voice to the letter. He went with his family to visit the Army of the Potomac, and was received by a vast mob of cheering men whose only grievance was that they had been held too long inactive, and thought that the nation had forgotten them.

It was evident that Abraham Lincoln's development of clairvoyant power, latent in him from early youth, was further increased by his association with many mediums who were the center of spiritualistic circles held in the White House.

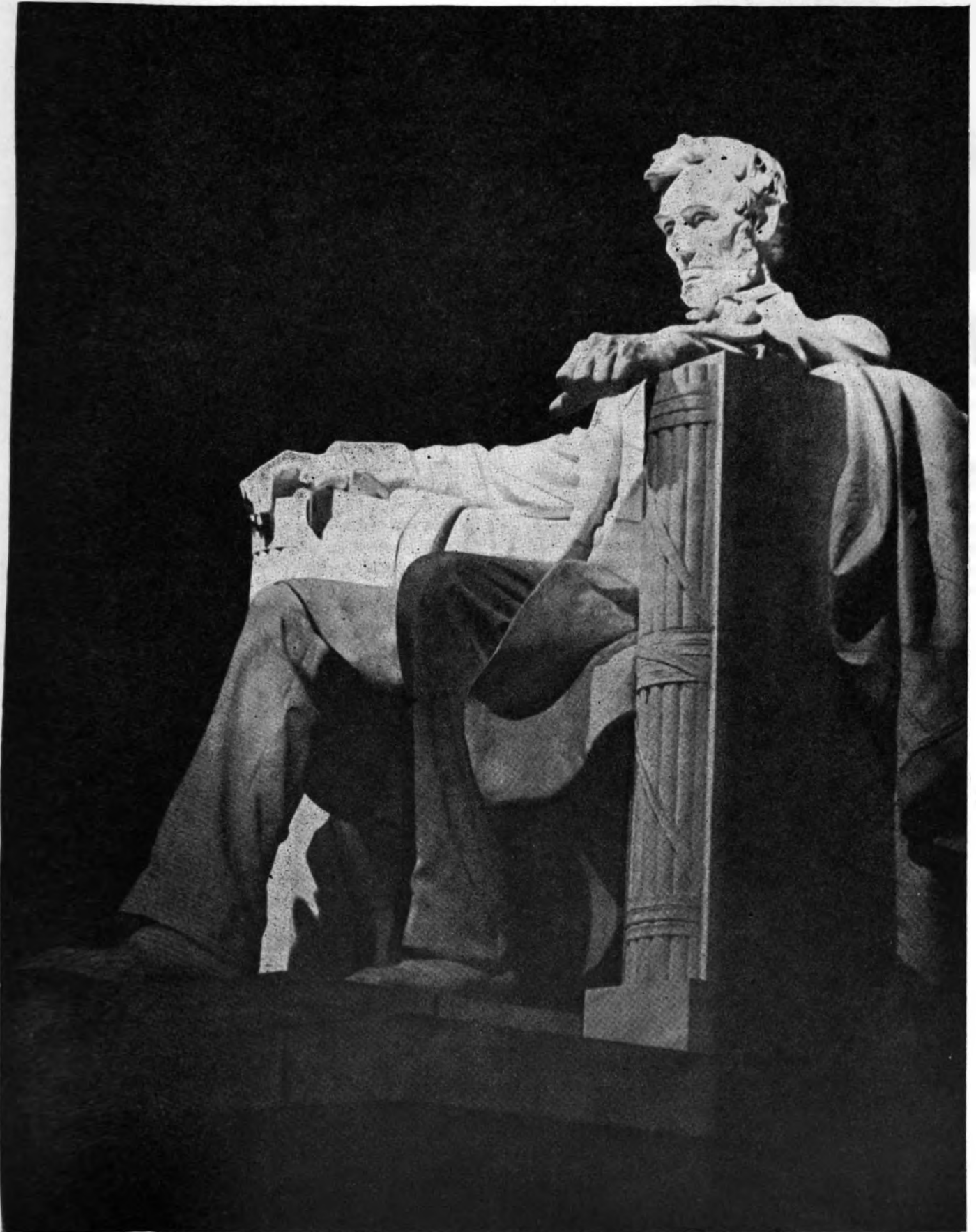
Perhaps the most famous of these mediums, other than Nettie Colburn, were: Charles Colchester and C. R. Porter of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Lucy A. Hamilton of Baltimore, and Charles Redmond of London and Montreal.

The President favored Nettie Colburn more than the above and many others, as far as all available evidence can show. After the very first of the many séances Nettie Colburn gave for Lincoln, the Great Emancipator placed

[ Continued on page 80 ]

# DIED TWICE

By Henry T. Sperry





# LOOKING AT

*Crystal gazing is one of the occult sciences that can furnish valuable aid in life. For you can learn to look into the mirrors of fate so that the magic of your subconscious mind will give you psychic perception.*

**M**OST PEOPLE THINK of crystal gazing as an occupation for professionals. Often you hear folk tell of how they once consulted a crystal gazer, and of the astonishing things that they were told. Yet how many people do you know—ordinary people like you and me—who gaze into the crystal themselves?

Other ways of coming into contact with mystic forces are practiced by people everywhere. The ouija board, fortune-telling cards, table tapping, and the Duke University Extra-Sensory Perception cards—who has not played with them at least once? Perhaps you take such things seriously, or perhaps you do them only in fun. Yet crystal gazing is, to my mind, likely to furnish valuable aid in life, as any other form of occult practice.

Whether alone or in a group, whether to enjoy yourself or to seek aid at some crisis of your life, the glittering crystal can be your servant. And, contrary to general belief, you need not be specially gifted. Gifted people, it is true, can coax more astonishing and more revealing images from the glassy sphere. But anyone with patience and an open mind can see in it some things which will amuse and aid.

Crystal gazing is simple. First, pick a quiet room, for freedom from all noise and interruption is essential. Any intrusion will distract the gazer and destroy the images. Place the crystal on a black surface. A piece of black velvet works especially well for me, but you had better experiment to find out what conditions are best for your own personality.

The room should be partially darkened—how dark depends upon your own needs. Personally, I like to have the shades drawn down and a single source of light behind me and to one side. In this way I can see both the surface and the interior of the glass ball perfectly, and at the same time I do not see any natural reflections of the commonplace articles in the room. You had better experiment with these arrangements yourself. The important thing is to have the crystal well illuminated, and perfectly clear to your sight, but as free of natural reflections as possible.

Getting the crystal ready is thus very simple; it's getting *yourself* ready that is a little difficult.

Be comfortable. Sit in a comfortable chair, neither too hard nor too soft. Curl up if you want to, or slouch down into the cushions, or sit in any other way that leaves you

perfectly comfortable. Be sure that your clothes are loose and do not chafe. I suggest that you remove your shoes if they are at all stiff, as well as any articles of clothing which may bind you tightly.

Relax and fit the directions to your own personality. Few of us Americans really know how to relax. We used to know, as children, but we have forgotten. Worst of all, when we are told to relax, we *try* to relax. Now trying to do anything is just the opposite of relaxing. It's like trying to go to sleep; the harder you try the less sleepy you become.

**M**Y OWN METHOD of relaxing is simply to get comfortable enough so that I could fall asleep, and then *wait*. Waiting is the key to relaxation, as it is to sleep, and if you are only patient—it may take a few minutes or many—those knotted muscles will loosen, those rushing thoughts will slow down, and you will be relaxed . . . relaxed . . . almost asleep . . .

There is no danger, though, that you will fall asleep. Not if you have the crystal in front of you. For, as you approach the stage of complete relaxation, as your body and mind are *almost* at rest, images will begin to form on the surface of the crystal. Images colorless at first, then filled with all the hues and colors of the rainbow. Images motionless at first, then moving as restlessly as life itself. Images meaningless at first, then taking on all the meaning of events in your own life.

You doubt all this? Then try it for yourself. Anyone—and I make this statement after years of investigation—*anyone* can see the images in the crystal. There's nothing mysterious about it. It's as natural as seeing your reflection in the looking glass.

The most skeptical scientists will not deny this statement. Psychologists who scoff at every kind of mysticism admit the *fact* of images seen in crystals. Only they call it self-hypnotism, or mental suggestion, or subconscious projection, or by some other term which suggests that the images come from you and not from the crystal.

And they are right, unquestionably right. That is why any round piece of glass will do—any ten-cent-store bauble or child's plaything. The images don't come from the crystal; they come from *you*.

The first few times that you conduct the experiments here described for yourself, you will realize this full well. The first images you see will be commonplace and trivial articles which you have seen and handled and wanted

# YOUR FATE

By Miriam Fels

during the last few days. The new dress or new necktie you saw in the shop and felt you couldn't afford—there it is, vaguely reflected in the crystal, as if you were looking at it through a cloud. The little hand-carved table that would look so well in the corner of your room—you see a vague reflection of it at first, then all the details appear, as clearly as if the table itself were in front of you, now in bright light.

There is nothing very mysterious about this. The memory images with which your mind is stored are simply being released. Relaxed, unhampered by tense muscles and crushing conscious thoughts, the subconscious offers up the wealth of images which it has been collecting. So far the scientific view of crystal gazing is correct. And even if there were no more, it would still be an experiment worth trying.

**B**UT THERE IS MORE to it—much more. After images of things, the crystal will begin to offer you images of people—people you know. The girl you met at the dance last week who attracted you so strangely, the young man you met at the office last week whose smile seemed so infectious—their images, vague at first and then quite clear, will appear on the surface of the crystal.

Here the strangeness enters. For you will see your friend, not merely as you have seen him in real life, but in many situations and postures about which you know nothing. Gradually, with practice and concentration, *you will be able to see him as he really is*. He seems cheerful, always joking and having a good time? If that is his true nature, that is the way the crystal will reveal him. Or it may show a very different side to his character—brooding, morbid, afraid to be left alone for a moment, often on the verge of suicide, with his gaiety only a pose, a mask to hide his inner despair.

You know him as a serious and ardent lover, sincerely interested in you and you alone? The crystal will show him to you the way he is. It will penetrate his disguise—if it be a disguise. Or it will set your mind at rest that he is what he appears to be.

Now science has an explanation for this, too. Your conscious mind is not very sensitive to clues about personality. A remark a man may let fall when he is off guard, a peculiar look in his face when you do not seem to be watching him, the lines around his eyes, the way he uses his hands—all these are clues to character which most of us ignore with our conscious minds. But our subconscious minds see these things, take note of them and understand their meaning.

Perhaps, say the scientists, the crystal is merely a way for our subconscious to bring to the surface the warnings about our false friends and reassurances about our true friends.

Crystal gazing has been a method of prophecy for many centuries.



**I**S THIS THE CORRECT explanation? I do not know. I only know that the crystal, properly used, does reveal character. It does show me images of people as they are, not as they pretend to be. And in the many years that I have investigated this subject, *my crystal has never been wrong*.

Of course, you are not going to find the whole world laid out before you in the crystal the first time you look into it. I won't promise astonishing revelations even the first half-dozen times. All I can promise is that, if you follow instructions, you will see *something* in the crystal the first time you try, and that if you continue to relax and be patient, you will gradually progress to the more exciting phenomena.

Is crystal gazing dangerous? That is the question I am asked most often.

My answer is, yes and no. *No*, if you bring to crystal gazing the same common sense you apply to your other activities. Is swimming dangerous? Not if you don't overdo it, and quit when you get tired. Is eating dangerous? Not if you don't eat too much. It's the same way with crystal gazing. The first time or two, you had better stop your experiments before you feel tired. Thereafter, your own feelings will tell you when to stop. In my own case, I find that the complete relaxation which is a necessary part of crystal gazing helps to keep me in good physical and mental condition.

But the experiment is dangerous if you overstrain. You will find yourself nervous and tense, irritable, likely to jump at the least noise, if you have put in too long a session with the shining globe. Nervousness and tension are the warning signals. If you feel them strongly after an experiment, cut down your time. And if, as is likely, you lose all thought of time when you are with the crystal, set an alarm clock. That, or any other interruption, will stop the images quickly enough.

**T**HE WEALTH OF EXPERIENCE which your crystal will give you is almost limitless. The calling up of images from your daily life, the revelation of the characters of friends, new insights into your own true character, and a realization of your own shortcomings, emotional scenes from your own past relived with all the intimacy and enjoyment of real life, but without the bitterness that

[Continued on page 79]

# THE VALENTINO



Natacha Rambova (above) was Valentino's last wife. During her sittings with the author (right) George Wehner, famous medium, at the chateau of Richard Hudnut, her father, the remarkable Valentino death prophecy was received.

**G**EORGE WEHNER, known to the public as the Valentino medium, am one of those whose nervous organisms are vibrational receiving sets. When I am in a state of trance, people who are no longer living in physical bodies come to me and translate their vibration-waves into terms of concrete thought.

In 1926, while I was engaged to give séances to the family of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hudnut at their Chateau Juan-les-Pins in the south of France, a most remarkable, and now world-famous prophecy was transmitted through my instrumentality. The story of this prophecy was reported in headlines in leading newspapers and has been the subject of much writing and debate. But it has never been told from the viewpoint of the medium through whom it was given to the world.

It happened one night in August. The Chateau Juan-les-Pins, on its high, rocky prominence overlooking the Mediterranean, loomed up huge and white in the bright moonlight. It was the night on which our weekly séance group met to commune with those who wished to get in touch with us from other planes of life.

After dinner we lingered for a while on the broad chateau terrace. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Richard

*A world-famous medium tells in his own words how he pierced the veil between the living and the dead and predicted the death of the great actor in the presence of his glamorous ex-wife, Natacha Rambova.*

Hudnut; Natacha Rambova, their daughter and the recently divorced wife of Rudolph Valentino; "Aunt Tessy," aunt of Natacha and most beloved friend of Rudy; some friends, and I. As we sat and watched the day die out behind the misty mountains of the Esterel a silence fell upon the little group.

Natacha had received a cable from George Ullman, Valentino's manager, stating that Rudy had become ill in New York and that he was to be operated upon. As we knew that Rudy had always enjoyed splendid health and possessed great vitality, we felt that his illness could not be serious, and yet we were all greatly concerned. Natacha, who really loved Rudy sincerely, was especially disturbed.

As is usual before a séance, I began to grow extremely sensitive—to feel the vibratory emanations from my surroundings. I felt the pressing nearness of another world and the penetrating intermingling of the auras of souls passed on. Then one came nearer who brushed repeatedly against the astral antenna of my nerves and prompted me with an almost overwhelming desire to express his eager message.

Beyond the terrace, in a tree at the edge of the bright moonlight, a nightingale began its song of love.

It was the hour for us to begin the séance. We all arose and went into the great stone hall of the chateau hung with rare and ancient tapestries, and climbed the winding marble stairs. The séance was held in a large room with balconied windows overlooking the Mediterranean. We took our accustomed places in the circle, and Mrs. Hudnut switched off the lights in the hanging crystal chandelier and threw a veil over the room's side-lights, dimming them to the softness required. There was enough light for us to see each other's forms and faces clearly.

As we sat silently in our chairs in the midst of that luxurious chamber, I felt that we were but duplicating a practice of the ancient Druids, those almost-forgotten mystics, who used to sit in just such a circle against great stones on some English moor. Yes, like them we sat and waited—waited for the voices that would soon speak to us from out the silence. Through the open windows the song of the nightingale poured in, its notes pouring forth in a kind of wild ecstasy.

"Never before have I heard a bird sing like that," remarked Natacha. "I'm going to close the windows. I



# DEATH PROPHECY

By George Wehner

can't stand it. It makes me think of Hollywood days—and Rudy."

It was as though the song of the nightingale marked the love that had been between Natacha and Rudy.

Natacha shut the window and returned to her chair. Mrs. Hudnut began to recite the Lord's Prayer, and we all joined in. A subtle change now swept over the room. The atmosphere, which at our entrance had been static, now suddenly seemed alive and vibrant, charged with aural currents. I began to see the dim, shadowy forms of ghostly people crowding through the ether towards us.

As I looked about the circle I could not help comparing the two kinds of living personalities in the room, the living alive, and the living dead! Richard Hudnut, at 70, serenely charming and debonair; Mrs. Hudnut, with her red-gold hair and eyes of pale jade; Natacha Rambova, calm and stately in emerald satin and gold lamé, her finely chiseled features and dark eyes set off by a turban of vermillion—and then, these astral visitors so dim to our perceptions, yet more real and tangibly enduring than any of us on earth.

A drowsiness, as of a murmur of low-voiced music, began now to steal across my senses, a preliminary sign of approaching trance. How willingly the psychic yields to this delirious drowsiness that sets free the spirit!

**T**HE STATE OF trance has been described by many scientists, but I believe the best definition is that given and signed by Dr. George Hyslop, and acceded to by such eminent authorities as Morton Prince, Alfred Moll, Pierre Janet, and William McDougall. "Trance," said Dr. Hyslop, "is a form of mental disassociation. It is an alteration in consciousness characterized by restriction of mental activities with a proportionate failure to react to environmental stimuli in the ordinary manner. Trance may vary in form as well as degree of depth."

As I let myself fall swiftly into this state, the sounds in the room became rapidly magnified. The creaking of chairs sounded like the scrunching of forest branches, and the breathing of the sitters resembled the roaring of the winds. The nightingale outside seemed scarcely dimmed by the walls, and his rich melody now filled my heart with a feeling of impending doom. Finally all these sounds mingled together into one confused, chaotic jumble and became a roar so deafening that I could stand it no longer, and I became unconscious.

What now occurred I repeat from the records made by those present who witnessed the phenomena. Those who study the occult seriously, as did the members of our circle, make careful note of all manifestations. Each movement of the medium, each word uttered, becomes significant and is recorded. I only learn what has happened when I emerge from the trance.



This picture shows Valentino as he appeared at the height of his fame and success. He possessed psychic powers, including automatic writing, and gave many séances. Messages from him, his mother, and his spirit guides heralded his death.

I sank against the high back of my chair, my head tipped slightly to one side. For a few moments my breathing became heavy and labored, then it grew slower, and finally seemed to cease almost entirely. The mouth fell open, and the muscles of the face twitched slightly.

Now a startling change took place. All relaxation disappeared, my body straightened itself, and I sat bolt upright and became intensely animated as though by a strong electric presence. My lips drew together, and suddenly a whistle, low, melodious, and clear, streamed forth into the room. The sound increased to a remarkably full round tone which rose and fell in a burst of wild melody. This phenomenon of whistling was well known to the sitters, and invariably started a séance. It was always done through one of my two guides, either by Frank, a young man who had played the flute in his earth-life, or by Zarbo, a gypsy, whose power of improvisation had been tested often by interested musicians.

Then, quite unexpectedly, the whistling reached a crescendo and ceased as abruptly as it began. A rustle now swept through the expectant circle, for the moment had arrived for the messages to begin.

Voices began to pour from my throat, at first in whispers and incoherent mutterings, then more clearly. The strong voices of men, the softer accents of women, the high treble of children; cries, laughter, and conversation; all made themselves heard. The still living people spoke whom the world calls dead.

Many of these people, fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, and even the forbears of earlier periods, were fully and accurately described by Frank and Zarbo, my guides. The facial expressions of these people transfigured my countenance, and gestures in familiar mannerisms animated my arms and hands. Not only relatives made themselves known, but friends, and friends of friends who came to send messages to people who were not even present at the séance.

The circle became animated. The sitters leaned forward in their eager desire to communicate. Rapid and significant talk passed back and forth between the people of two worlds as they met there in that room. To an outsider, experiencing a first séance, the happenings of this night would have seemed astonishing, if not incredible, but to this group long familiar with such procedure they were but the usual results.

Suddenly Natacha shuddered. "I felt an icy wind blow through the room," she said. "Did anyone else notice it?"

"I feel it now," exclaimed Mrs. Hudnut.

"And I—and I—," whispered several of the others.

A chill fell upon the group. The lively communications ceased. I slumped back in my chair.

"The room is growing darker," said Mr. Hudnut.

"And yet no one has touched the lights," remarked Aunt Tessa.

SHADOWS OF DARK SHADOWS seemed to press in from all sides of the room as if to envelope the circle in veils of blackness. As the atmosphere grew tense, my body came alive and my lips began to move in short, ejaculated speech. My right hand stretched forth eagerly towards Natacha. The voice that now spoke through me was that of a man. It had an Italian accent.

"Natacha—Natacha!" it cried. "I knew you would come!" Natacha looked startled. The voice had the sound of one who was speaking aloud in a troubled dream.

"You knew I would come where?" she asked.

"I love you—I knew you would come back," the voice continued.

"But I don't understand. Come where?"

"New York."

"But, my dear friend," broke in Mrs. Hudnut, "don't be foolish. This is not Manhattan. We are three thousand miles from there—in the south of France."

"New York," persisted the voice drowsily. "New York—New York."

"I have never heard of such a thing," exclaimed Mrs. Hudnut with a touch of annoyance. "One would think—"

"Hush, mother," quieted Natacha. "This is something unusual. Let him speak to me."

"Natacha—where are you—where are you—don't go away—" pleaded the voice.

"Yes, I am Natacha all right, and I won't go away. But tell me, please, who you are."

The circle rustled with expectation.

"Who are you?"

"Rudy," replied the voice, betraying now a vague, quivering excitement. "I knew you would come—I knew you would come."

Natacha did not answer. She sat still and silent. In that shadowy room her suddenly pallid face made one think of a pale, white rose.

"Rudy!" exclaimed Aunt Tessa. "I don't believe it. If anything had happened we would have been notified."

"Certainly," agreed Mrs. Hudnut. "There's something wrong about this."

"It is strange," said Mr. Hudnut. "What do you make of it, Natacha?"

But Natacha made no answer. She sat leaning forward, staring at my trembling body with wide, startled eyes.

"Don't you think we ought to break the circle and bring the medium out of the trance?" asked Mrs. Hudnut nervously.

"No, no, mother—wait!" answered Natacha. "Some-



Richard Hudnut, multimillionaire perfume manufacturer, engaged the author for a series of séances at his palatial Riviera chateau. His wife and daughter, Natacha Rambova, Valentino's ex-wife, were present at the famous death prophecy.

[Continued on page 76.]

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# These Four Celebrities Were

*Mrs. Nellie Simmons Meier, well-known lecturer and magazine writer, raises palmistry from its too-frequent status of fortune telling to the level of a science. By her analysis of the palms reproduced on these pages, she shows how clearly people's fates are written in their hands.*

## Mary Pickford



Mary Pickford  
Apr 27 11 1933

Of Mary Pickford, famous as actress, producer, and author, Nellie Simmons Meier says in "Lions' Paws":

"The prints of her two hands show clearly her two dominant characteristics. The first is found in the shape and tip of the second finger, the finger of Saturn. This is the sign of the inborn optimist. Mary Pickford is, and always will be, dauntless. No matter what disappointment and griefs she suffers, she can emerge. She carries with her conviction that clouds must pass and the sun shine again—for her. The second characteristic, hardly less dominant, is shown in the curve of the second phalange of her thumb, the curve of logic and reasoning. Such a curve indicates a brilliant mentality. . . .

"Her palms are firm and resilient, a revelation of a power of concentration with the open mind of intelligent understanding. Her fourth finger, Mercury, flares from the hand, a sign of an independence in thought and action that has helped to make her an outstanding personality. The pointed tip of this finger shows her gift of expression, and its length indicates her diplomacy. . . .

"Under the third finger of her left hand is a marking called the star of celebrity, in addition to the fork of brilliancy illumined by that mystic marking like a finger tip. Ahead of this remarkable woman is additional recognition through some method of expression as yet but partially revealed."

## Walt Disney

Here are some of the traits seen by Nellie Simmons Meier in the hand of Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse and of the Seven Dwarfs:

"His thumbs are double jointed, disclosing his liking for dramatic episodes and the ability to create them in life. His palms are square and very firm, an indication of tenacity of purpose and the practical side of his nature that makes him a worker and not a dreamer. His thumbs are very flexible; he adapts himself easily to all people and all circumstances; no background is necessary for his work, the work alone and the drama of the work count. The flare of his fingers reveals his natural tendency to fly off at a tangent, not a fortunate quality for him. . . .

"His fingers, curiously enough, are rather short, which indicates a natural dislike of detail; but the nail phalanges of the third fingers are long, showing a quick eye for line and form, and with the square tip, a recognition of the necessity of practical preparation for successful results. . . .

"His fourth finger is unusually long, extending above the first joint of the little finger. Disney is a real diplomat; he has rare tact in management of his affairs. This finger also shows a great gift of expression in the length of the nail phalange. The long nail phalanges on all of his fingers reveal the innate conscientious qualities that make all those who deal with Disney trust him wholly."



Walt Disney

4-14-33

# Born With "Lions' Paws"

The subject of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE's illustrated book review is *Lions' Paws: The Story of Famous Hands* by Nellie Simmons Meier (\$3.00, Barrows Mussey, New York)—a fascinating study of palmistry and the character it reveals. Its author began her studies over 40 years ago. As a science her book can and does furnish invaluable guideposts to character. Readers who wish to order *Lions' Paws* by Nellie Simmons Meier may send \$3.00 to the Book Department of this magazine. Copies will be mailed postpaid anywhere in the United States.

## Grand Duchess Marie



The author of "Lions' Paws" has this to say of the hand of Grand Duchess Marie of Russia:

"The smooth, satiny skin of her palms indicates with the most delicate tracings of the capillaries, a love and desire for physical comfort. Her left thumb is stiff, and the mount of Jupiter under her forefinger is very high; inborn pride and love of power make her natural reaction to people one of aloofness. But her right thumb is much more flexible: she has responded to the emergencies of her life, and has become friendly. In this she has been aided by great intuition shown plainly in the whorl on the mount of the Moon. The drooping of the head line, together with the finely grained skin, are signs of a highly sensitized receptive nature. . . .

"She is a brilliant woman, as the forked head line indicates. The pointed tip of her first finger shows quickness of perception, and the gift of expression shown in the tip of the fourth finger denotes power as a speaker and a writer. She has inspiration in her smooth fingers, and the flare of the fourth finger from her hand shows a natural love for the dramatic side of life with a desire for a rapid succession of events. She can indulge in self pity and despondency, the drooping of the head line into the mount of the Moon in her left hand shows this, but her natural buoyancy and desire for results enable her to sweep all this away and go on. Under her third finger are decided lines of ability."

## Warden Lewis E. Lawes

Read this quotation from the interesting analysis by Nellie Simmons Meier of the hand of Sing Sing's famous Warden Lewis E. Lawes:

"His forefinger is exceedingly long, the finger of the true executive who knows how to wield authority. Mercy and justice are indicated in the equally balanced first and second phalanges of this finger. The rounded tip is a sign of understanding, a comprehension that is aided by the 'sixth sense' whorl on the mount of the Moon. The fullness of the mount of Jupiter under the first finger shows that Lewis E. Lawes has his full share of ambition and likes recognition.

"The square tip of the second finger discloses an unbiased power of judgment. In the length and breadth of the first phalange is shown honesty of purpose and a desire to be impartial. The long middle phalange declares that here is a man who uses his wisdom with prudence.

"His third finger shows a genuine love of beauty which inclines to the practical. Utility has the first consideration. He likes warm, glowing color, as the middle phalange shows, and in music he prefers rhythmic and melodic composition. The shortness of the fourth finger does not interfere with the long first phalange telling of Lewis Lawes' gift of expression. He is a very brave man; see the high development of the mount of upper Mars, on the outside of the hand above the head line."



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# OCCULTISM GUIDES

These Are Their Own True Stories

**A** LAND OF ILLUSIONS and shadows, of genius and heartbreak. A country of artists, whose every inspiration must come from within. Is it not natural that the men and women of Hollywood should turn to the imagery of the spirit and the mind?

That is why mystics of all kinds from every part of the world have come to Hollywood. That is why the film capital is also the capital of scores of mystic cults and movements. Hollywood is the mystic capital because Hollywood's stars, with few exceptions, are mystic.

Kay Francis has had strange psychic experiences. A prophetic dream revealed every detail of the death of her closest friend three days before it happened. Hunches and premonitions have saved her from serious accidents, and she credits her rise in fame to her knowledge of numerology.

Joan Crawford, whose fame is world-wide, believes so firmly in mystic counsel that she keeps a dictaphone running by her bed while she sleeps so that it may capture her sleeping thoughts.

Funny-man Joe E. Brown employs as helper a hermit who possesses the gift of automatic writing. It is to the mystic hermit that the comedian turns for counsel in time of stress.



COLUMBIA  
PICTURES

RALPH BELLAMY

He prophesied his own marriage through a dream he had five years before he met his talented wife, Catherine.

Ramon Novarro, Basil Rathbone, Gail Patrick, Ralph Bellamy, Eugene Pallette, the late and widely mourned Marie Dressler, and scores of others frankly admit that they hold mystic beliefs, or even at times seek mystic guidance. And the shrewd Warner Brothers, canny men of business that they are, have even employed an astrologer to choose the exact hour and minute when the stars in the heavens are favorable to begin photographing the stars of the talking screen.

**D**O HOLLYWOOD's citizens really believe in mystic phenomena? Let's take Basil Rathbone, a member of Hollywood's upper intelligentsia.

"All of us have had those peculiar psychic quirks of the mind occur to us," says Rathbone. "We all know of strange happenings for which we could never find a reason. I have one story of a peculiar mystic phenomenon which involved me personally.

"At 12:45 P. M. on July 7th, in the year 1917, I burst into tears, crying like a baby. I had previously been wounded during a bit of fighting on the Argonne front,



MAE WEST

She believes implicitly in crystal gazing and never takes a major step without consulting her occult counsellor.

# MANY MOVIE STARS

As Told to William Frank



**JOAN CRAWFORD**

This glamorous star has so firm a faith in dreams that she keeps a dictaphone running by her bed to record messages from the astral world.



**ANNA MAY WONG**

Miss Wong is shown studying an astrological chart specially prepared for her in Chinese.



**BASIL RATHBONE**

Although many miles away, Rathbone knew of his brother's death the moment it occurred.

and on this particular noon I was sitting alone in a French hospital. Why, under these circumstances I broke into tears I did not then know. I only knew that an uncontrollable impulse forced me to sit down at once and write a long letter to my brother, twenty miles away in a front line trench.

"There is a tragic reason why I remember the details so well. For at that very minute—12:45 P. M. on July 7th, 1917, my brother was killed by shell fire. Death came while he was in the very act of writing a letter to me—a letter which I later received!"

Skeptics might say that this strange case was merely a "coincidence," but Rathbone knows that something far more important is involved.

"The fact that John Barrymore and Warren Williams look alike in profile," says Rathbone, "is to my mind an excellent example of coincidence. There is nothing mystical or unusual in the fact that the Barrymore profile is duplicated somewhere among the millions of profiles in the world. But true psychic experiences of the kind I experienced cannot be similarly explained."

He's a handsome as well as an intelligent man, this Basil Rathbone. To his home come leading figures from all over the world. His wife, the former Ouida Bergere, was one of Hollywood's best-known writers before she

gave up her profession for the more desirable rôle of being Rathbone's wife.

Rathbone, soon to be seen with Gary Cooper in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," numbers among his friends and intimates Max Reinhardt, Charlie Chaplin, the great symphonic conductor Otto Klemperer, and other men of note. Yet he is the author of this straightforward mystic creed:

*"Unexplainable, intangible, the occurrence of the psychic in everyday life shall always remain for me one of life's most intriguing, most completely desirable mysteries."*

**A**NOTHER MAJOR figure who has personally experienced mystic events is Ralph Bellamy, a lucky man who plays what he calls his "hunches," but which might better be named "intuitions" or even "prophecies." As a result of this rare gift, Bellamy is one of the most successful men in Hollywood.

When he left Broadway for Hollywood, and turned from the stage to the screen, Bellamy's income naturally soared and he had a large surplus to invest. Time after time he followed his mystic hunches, purchasing Hollywood real estate which somehow or other he *knew* would rise in value. He has realized a profit on every single hunch-guided investment.

But stranger still is his story of the mystic prophecy which preceded his marriage.

"When I was still a youngster," Bellamy affirms, "I dreamed one night of myself as I would be in five years. I dreamed that I was five years older and that my bride was in my bed alongside of me. In my dream her name was Catherine. She was blonde, beautiful, talented.

"It was exactly five years from the night of my dream that I married and went on my honeymoon. My bride was blonde, beautiful, and talented. Her name was Catherine. She fitted my dream picture perfectly."

The old saying, "Lucky in love, unlucky with money," does not apply to Bellamy. His premonitions can be trusted in both fields. For example, there is the story of what happened while Bellamy was playing the part of an oil man from Oklahoma in "The Awful Truth." He was walking across the set one day, when—but Bellamy tells it better himself:

"We were filming 'The Awful Truth' in which I played the part of

a millionaire oil man. I had always shied clear of oil property, knowing nothing about it. But while we were shooting one day, a man walked up to me and advised me to purchase some oil property located in the very district from which I was supposed, in the picture, to have come.

"I referred him to my secretary and thought nothing more about it. Later in the day I happened to ask Irene Dunne if the strange-looking man had spoken to her. She hadn't seen him. Nor had any of the other players or workers on the set.

"That night I looked into the mat-



RAMON NOVARRO

At the height of stardom Novarro gave up his cinema career to seek spiritual tranquillity in the practice of Yoga philosophy.

ter further and found no mention of an oil field in the district my mysterious visitor had indicated. Nevertheless, playing my hunch, I directed my secretary to find out if any land was for sale there. He didn't understand why I was interested, but he procured the information I needed. Because there was no sign of oil, the land was for sale at a reasonable price. I bought.

"The day 'The Awful Truth' was finished, I received a wire from my representative in Texas that a gusher had come in on my property—producing 485 barrels of oil a day!"

**A** STORY NOT SO well-known is connected with Marie Dressler and her arrival in Hollywood.

Our Marie had been on the New York stage for years, but now her star was in its declension. She received a tentative offer from Hollywood, and although she was badly in need, she was going to turn it down. Before taking such a step, however, she decided to consult her personal spiritual adviser, Myra Kingsley. Miss Kingsley advised Marie to accept the Hollywood offer. The rest is history.

But Miss Kingsley gave another bit of advice which perhaps made all the difference between Marie's success and failure. At her insistence, Marie Dressler kept a big producer, a major Hollywood agent, and a staff of lawyers up until 4:23 in the morning. At exactly 4:23 A. M. she signed the contract. For that was the moment when, according to the plotted angles, her stars would be in favorable juxtaposition. Neither Marie nor her employers, I can assure you, ever regretted having waited up that night.

**M**OST STARTLING of all is the story of a screen star who, while still near the zenith of his movie career, mysteriously dropped from the Hollywood scene—in order to devote his life to Eastern mysticism.

For three years the cause of his disappearance from the screen was unknown. Then, just a month ago, headlines and radio flashes heralded the revelation of the secret:

#### "RAMON NOVARRO TURNS YOGA"

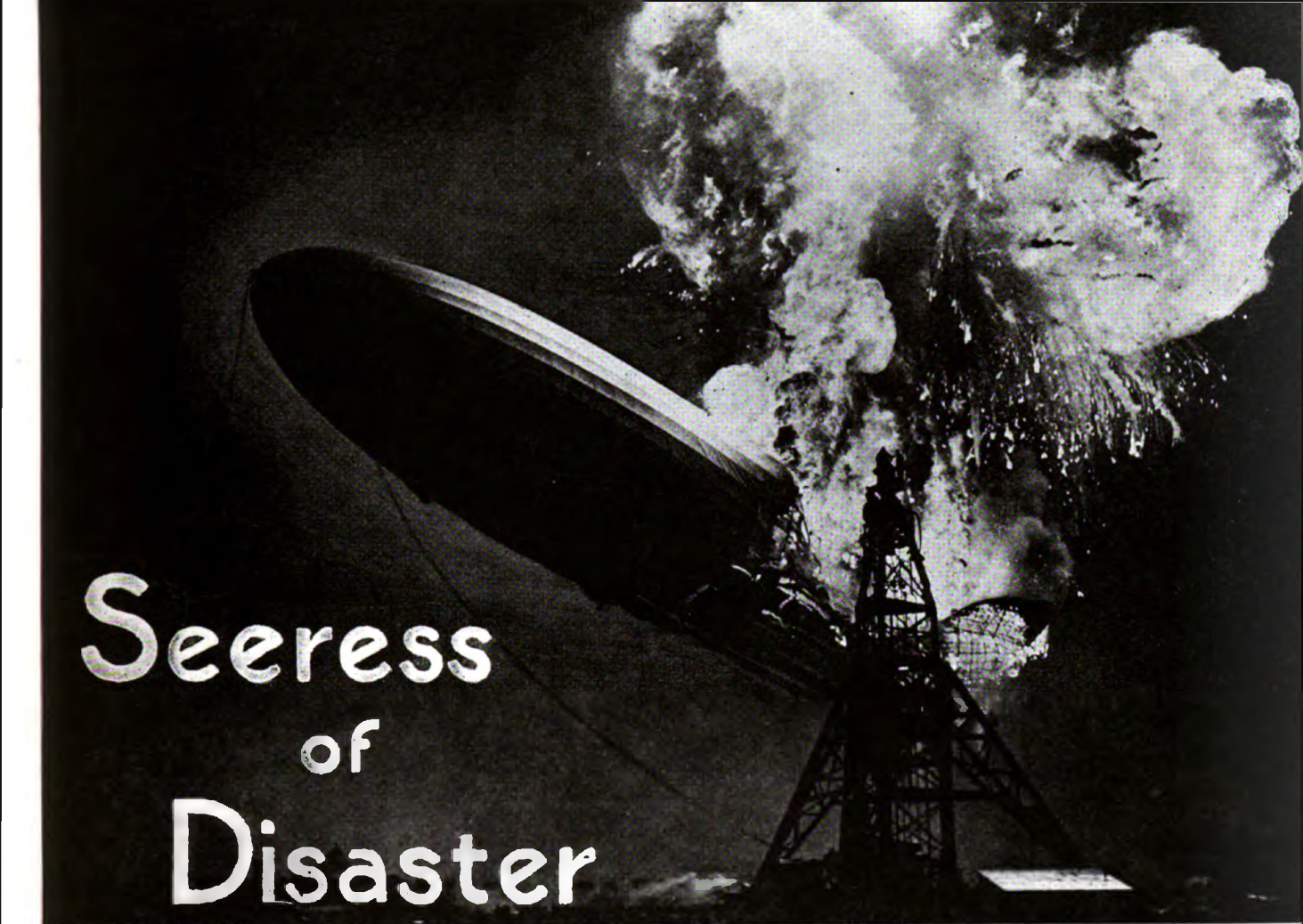
In a public announcement the matinee idol, leading man and gay cabalero of so many Hollywood epics he can hardly recall them all himself, confessed that he had become a convert to that Eastern "way of life" called "Yoga," and that his only ambition now was to attain a state of utter tranquillity which is the crown of Yoga achievement.

Born in Durango, Mexico, in 1905, one of a family of fourteen, Novarro is still younger than most established picture stars, and handsomer than many.

In 1935 he parted company abruptly with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, after having starred in such memorable productions as "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Scaramouche," "Ben Hur" and "Mata Hari."

[Continued on page 77]





# Seeress of Disaster

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

**T**HERE WAS A HUGE blaze in the sky, like a giant comet. A ball of fire seemed to rise out of the sea and head toward Lakewood, New Jersey, and then suddenly the whole sky became an inferno. Screams filled the air, as though the earth had been hit by a meteor, and scores of people were being burned to death. . . .

This was the vision that Mrs. George Weston of Monmouth Beach, New Jersey, saw in her sleep on the night of May 5th, 1937. She awoke terrified and roused her husband to tell him what she had seen. He sleepily belittled her anxiety.

"You are always dreaming of fire," he said. "Ever since you happened to dream of a ship burning the night before the Morro Castle disaster, you have been fire-conscious. If you would dismiss such thoughts from your mind, you wouldn't dream of them. Dreams are merely the repetition of previous thoughts. Now go back to sleep."

But Mrs. Weston couldn't sleep. *Had* she been thinking of fire recently? Had anything happened during the past few days to cause her subconscious mind to harbor thoughts of meteors or explosions? Perhaps the burning of rubbish in the backyard last Saturday night might have caused it.

But this dream was different. It was all too clear. Still, her husband might be right. She remembered how she had worried for days when she learned of her neighbors' belief that an invisible nebula

of fire hovers over the New Jersey coast, and their warning that all people living within a radius of fifty miles of Asbury Park should be careful of fire, especially on the water off shore. More than fifty vessels had burned within a few miles off that coast line in the last century. Land fires are almost as prevalent.

Then Mrs. Weston recalled how her neighbors had reacted when she had told them of her dream the night before the

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## A New Jersey woman is fated with previsions of fiery doom.

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Morro Castle burned, causing the loss of 134 lives. Her neighbors didn't seem surprised. Such dreams were common. Three other women had dreamed of a ship burning. It was nothing new. One woman told about her sister's dream predicting the Black Tom explosion just a few miles away during the war. Another person had dreamed about the great Asbury Park pavilion fire, and the one at Ocean Grove a mile away.

Not many years ago in Berlin, Madame de Ferriem published a *year in advance of the tragedy* a detailed account of the mine explosion at Dux, Czecho-Slovakia, which cost hundreds of lives. Later she again predicted disaster, this time in New York Harbor. Her prevision was printed in the *New York Herald*, and subsequently con-

firmed with the headlines "Three Ocean Liners Destroyed By Fire—Lives Lost In Hoboken Horrors May Exceed 300."

Nearly a dozen persons are said to have received premonitory warnings of the sinking of the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*, and Amelia Earhart was told by several that visions promised danger for the last lap of her round-the-world flight.

The recollection of such predictions as these was running through the mind of Mrs. George Weston as she tossed on her bed, seeking a release from the horrible reality of her dream.

It was not until daybreak on May 6th, that Mrs. Weston fell asleep, not realizing that twelve hours later the sky *would* become an inferno and history would record the following:

"The dirigible balloon *Hindenburg* was destroyed by fire and explosions at 7:23 p. m. May 6, 1937, as it was about to tie up to the mooring mast of the U. S. Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J. Some of the passengers and crew jumped thirty feet and more from the cabin under the airship to the ground, but the flames swept in vast waves so quickly that thirty-six of the ninety-seven passengers and crew were burned to death, including the commander, Captain Ernst Lehman."

Thus, at nightfall the next day, was Mrs. Weston's tragic vision confirmed. The strange powers that sometimes give man a glimpse of the future had once more revealed the fullest details of a horrible disaster in the guise of a dream.

# SCIENCE NOW PROVES THE

*The science editor of the New York Herald Tribune points out that Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine has boiled down the fundamental hypotheses of clairvoyance and telepathy so that inherent possibilities for psychic progress are staggering to the imagination.*

By John J. O'Neill

**P**SYCHICAL RESEARCH is entering on a new era of startling developments as a result of the application of scientific methods to the study of supernormal phenomena. Telepathy and clairvoyance have been placed in the class of experimentally established realities after a rigorous mathematical testing of a vast amount of closely controlled laboratory data.

In another field of scientific research we learn about a gland in our body that can greatly increase the sensitivity of our nervous system. This presents us with the possibility that we may be able, in the near future, to sensitize ourselves so that we can with certainty receive knowledge from a distance by telepathy or clairvoyance.

Clairvoyance is independent of time and space, according to one famous investigator. He fully appreciates the revolutionary nature of this theory. It is hardly more startling, however, than the speculations of our most famous and orthodox cosmologists who learnedly discuss whether time is flowing forward or backward. If the theory that clairvoyance is independent of time and space is supported by further researches, then we have pronouncements coming from university laboratories which make a very close parallel to what we formerly considered the uncontrolled mental meanderings of irresponsible mystics. It would bring within the realm of possibilities the tapping of the store of knowledge of future as well as past events. Even if this were realized only to the extent of a very narrow band either side of the present, the possibilities inherent in that situation stagger the imagination.

Telepathy and clairvoyance have been recognized, ever since the dawn of recorded history, as well authenticated natural phenomena, but not until today have we undertaken the task of bringing them under scientific control. The reality of these manifestations has been questioned by individuals who are relatively few in number but who at times have had control of the public's ear. Their power to condemn had its origin in the lack of acceptable statistical evidence in support of the supernormal phenomena.

Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine, associate professor of the Department of Psychology at Duke University, Durham, N. C., took into this modern university a subject as old as history, a phenomenon probably as old as living matter, put the investigation of it on a systematic basis, made his experiments on a scale that would make the

results significant, submitted his data to all the mathematical tests used in other fields of research and then announced his results in the language of science. Today he has the public's ear.

Dr. Rhine reported that the results he obtained required something more than the ordinary senses to explain them. He described this "something more" by giving it the name, "Extra Sensory Perception," which means perception beyond that supplied by the ordinary senses. He made no pretense to describing the nature of this extra-sensory agency. He first announced his results in a book, "Extra Sensory Perception," published by the Boston Society for Psychic Research. He later established a monthly publication, "The Journal of Parapsychology."

Brickbats and bouquets were showered on him. Both have been helpful. Every young science needs sincere criticism; every sincere scientist craves it. Most of the brickbats came from psychologists, particularly from the remnants of the old mechanistic school whose whole structure of knowledge would be upset if the existence were admitted of any means of perception beyond that within a very narrow range of the normal functioning of the senses. These psychologists were performing a wholly necessary and desirable service. It is very unwise to accept lightly evidence that will produce revolutionary changes in any structure of scientifically established knowledge. The strength of science lies in the rigorous testing that is applied to every offering of new evidence.

An impartial referee will have no difficulty in reaching a decision that Dr. Rhine's evidence for the existence of extra-sensory perception has thus far withstood all competent criticism.

**M**OST OF THE EVIDENCE for telepathy and clairvoyance accumulated in the past has concerned spontaneous manifestations to which controls, satisfactory to scientists, could not be applied. Dr. Rhine boiled the phenomenon down to fundamentals and put his investigation on a systematic basis that was not at all spectacular. It was reduced to the old style "guessing" game carried on under conditions which assured the experimenters that the persons who were doing the "guessing" could not look at the cards that were being used and that no sensory clues of any kind could be obtained through the

# SUPERNATURAL

eyes, ears or touch. Decks of twenty-five cards were used. They were made up of five different cards, each one duplicated five times. The cards were marked, each with a geometrical design—star, square, circle, cross and waves. All of the experiments were made with this twenty-five card deck as a unit in order to make the results comparable.

The earliest and what seemed to be the simplest method of testing telepathy called for one person observing a card and the other person trying to guess it. The knowledge of the identity of the card was in the mind of the person holding it. That person would try to project the identity of the card by thought transference to the mind of the second person.

If the second person made five correct calls out of a twenty-five card deck the results could be credited to chance alone. A machine making random selections would do as well. A test with a single pack of cards means very little because experience has shown that the score on the first deck may be ten correct calls and on the next deck only one correct. If one goes through 1,000 decks then the score becomes significant. This means that 25,000 cards were called. If nothing but chance were involved the score would be about 5,000 correct calls, or one out of five. If the score should be 7,500 correct calls, then the test would signify that something more than mere guessing was involved. That extra 2,500 correct calls, or fifty per cent more than is called for on the "guessing" theory, requires some other explanation than chance. Something was controlling, or directing, the guesses that came above the chance level. If there was something directing this portion of the "guesses" then it must have been operating in all of the "guesses."

That this directing factor does not function perfectly is indicated by the very large number of incorrect calls. That it is functioning to some extent is indicated by the large number of correct calls above the chance level in the vast number of recorded tests.

Perfect records of twenty-five correct calls for a twenty-five card deck have been reported by Dr. Rhine and others. The highest record of such cases is that reported by William H. Button, president of the American Society for Psychical Research. Working with "Margery," the famous Boston medium, he got ninety-eight per cent correct calls on 300 cards, and the few incorrect calls were corrected before each test was closed. This test was more difficult than the typical Rhine tests because the twenty-five card deck was made up of twenty-five different cards. Letters of the alphabet were used for identification instead of geometrical signs. In some of the tests playing cards were used. While Mr. Button's data has not as yet been submitted to mathematical analysis, the figure representing the probability that the



Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine (above), Duke University psychologist, who has created a nation-wide interest in his best-seller book, "Frontiers of the Mind," which has become a landmark in modern support of the claims of psychics and spiritualists.



John J. O'Neill, scientist and author of this article, who makes an outspoken analysis of Dr. Rhine's theory of extra-sensory perception exclusively for TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE MAGAZINE.

results are not due to chance, would be of astronomical proportions. This means that it is a practical certainty that the results were due to something else than chance.

A peculiar fact was observed by many experimenters who used the simple guessing technique in which the top card of the deck was observed by the transmitter and the second person, as receiver, called it. They noted that if the call made by the second person were credited not to the card held by the transmitting person but credited to the next card to be called—that is, to the still unseen card on the top of the deck—the score of total correct calls would be higher. This happened too frequently to be ignored and frequently enough to be significant.

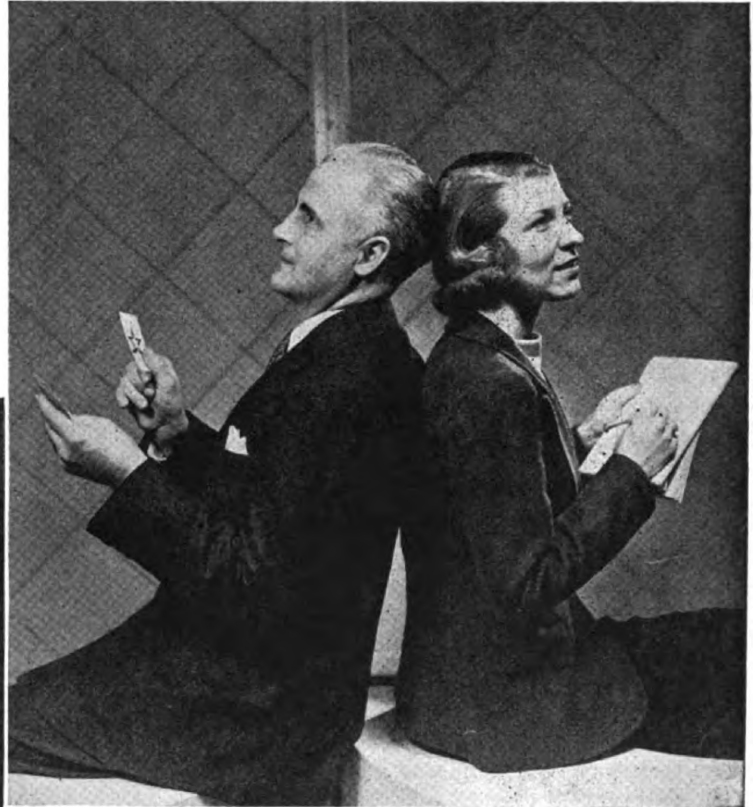
This observation was startling in its implications. It indicated that the person who was acting as receiver was not reacting to "thought transference" from the mind of the person who was trying to do the transmitting, but was receiving knowledge of the identification of the card without the intervention of the mind of the transmitter. It might not be entirely correct to say that the knowledge was received directly from the card—but that is what it looks like. Experiments were made to test this possibility.

**T**HE EXPERIMENTAL PROCEDURE used to test to possible direct reading of the cards was to have the person acting as receiver call the order of the cards in a deck of shuffled cards the order of which no one knew. This is called the "Down Through" test. This test involved pure clairvoyance, which is defined as transmission of knowledge from an inanimate object to the mind of a receiver. It does not involve telepathy, which is defined as the transmission of knowledge from the mind of one person to another. Extra-sensory perception (abbreviated E.S.P) includes both telepathy and clairvoyance. It is apparent that in card-reading experiments what may appear like telepathy is really clairvoyance. Dr. Rhine has differentiated the two. In pure telepathy no cards are used.

In the "Down Through," or clairvoyance tests, the scores of correct calls were just as high as in the telepathy tests—and the results were equally significant. There was an apparent extra-sensory perception of the cards. This called for the mind of the receiver *seeing* through the cards and reading them in the correct order. This kind of seeing is impossible to the eyes. No one can look

substance which gives coffee its stimulating effect, enabled the person acting as receiver to increase the number of correct calls. Sodium amytal, a powerful sedative, which produces drowsiness, operates to reduce the number of correct calls.

We have no knowledge, as yet, as to what organ or agency in, or associated with, the human body acts as the receiving, or perceiving, entity for telepathy and clairvoyance. Knowledge so received eventually enters into the realm of consciousness, just as do the impressions we



The above is an example of mixed telepathy, since the girl may be reading either the cards or the man's mind.

(At right) The girl is testing her own powers of clairvoyance by trying to sort the extra-sensory perception cards according to their five distinctive symbols.

at a pack of cards and read them in the correct order by using even the keenest kind of vision. It would be like reading a book without opening it. Yet this is what was done, with an order of accuracy far above chance, in thousands of controlled experiments.

Once telepathy and clairvoyance were established as a fact, beyond reasonable doubt, the next step was to ascertain the effect of distance between sender and receiver and what conditions in the body aided or hindered the manifestation of this power.

It was found that drugs exerted a very great influence on the ability to exhibit extra-sensory perception. Two principal and opposite effects were observed. Caffeine, the

receive through our sense organs. The normal realm of consciousness is directly associated with our brain, which is the nuclear organ for the entire nervous system. The drugs affect the nervous system. As far as telepathy and clairvoyance are concerned the effect of the drugs can be likened to the volume control on a radio set. This control exerts no influence whatever on the radio waves that are received by the set. While the intensity of the incoming radio waves remains constant, the volume control determines the amount of sound that reaches the listener. It can be made so loud that every word coming out of the set can be clearly heard, or it can reduce the volume to such an extent that the words cannot be distinguished. In a similar way the drugs can increase or decrease the strength of the impression that reaches the conscious areas of the brain without having

any effect on the entity in, or associated with, the body that acts as the clairvoyance receiving center—if such exists.

The most significant feature of the drug experiments is the fact that our brains can be made more responsive to clairvoyant impressions by the well-known substance, caffeine. Perhaps some other drug will be found among the tens of thousands now known which will have an even more powerful effect in making us responsive to telepathic and clairvoyant impressions. Many chemical substances are known which produce powerful specific effects on particular organs.

Prolactin, for example, will cause the mammary glands, the breasts, to secrete milk. If injected into a tomcat it will enable the feline gentleman to nurse, at its fully developed and fully functioning mammary glands, the litter of kittens of which it is the father. An injection of androsterone, the male sex hormone, will cause the mammary glands in male or female to cease functioning.

Adrenalin, a chemical substance manufactured by the adrenal glands, causes the liver to release glycogen—a sugar which can be transformed quickly into energy—from the liver and into the blood stream, and at the same time stimulate the heart into a quickened pace.

Thyroxin, an iodine compound, produced normally by the thyroid gland, is necessary for the existence of our intelligence. Perhaps some other chemical substance may enable us to develop a higher order of intelligence in the apparently almost unused frontal lobe of our brain, the part that has developed since man started to become civilized.

The secretions of the parathyroid glands control the calcium metabolism of the body. When these glands are not functioning properly profound mental and nervous changes, and alterations in our behavior pattern, take place. The nerves are the conductors of the sense impressions that reach the brain, and they become better or poorer conductors as their content of calcium changes. During upsets of the calcium metabolism, in some diseased conditions, the nerves become such good conductors of sensory stimuli that the ticking of a watch sounds like the blows of a sledge hammer. Such sensitivity would quickly break down the strongest constitution and leave a person a physical wreck. The situation, however,

contains a clue which may be found of great value in future investigations into telepathy and clairvoyance.

There may be some particular part of the nervous system which is most responsive to extra-sensory impressions, and if this portion could be stimulated selectively, we might approach closely to the state of becoming perfect receivers of telepathic and clairvoyant knowledge. Another substance might be found which would act as a desensitizer so that we could shut ourselves off from the E.S.P. world.

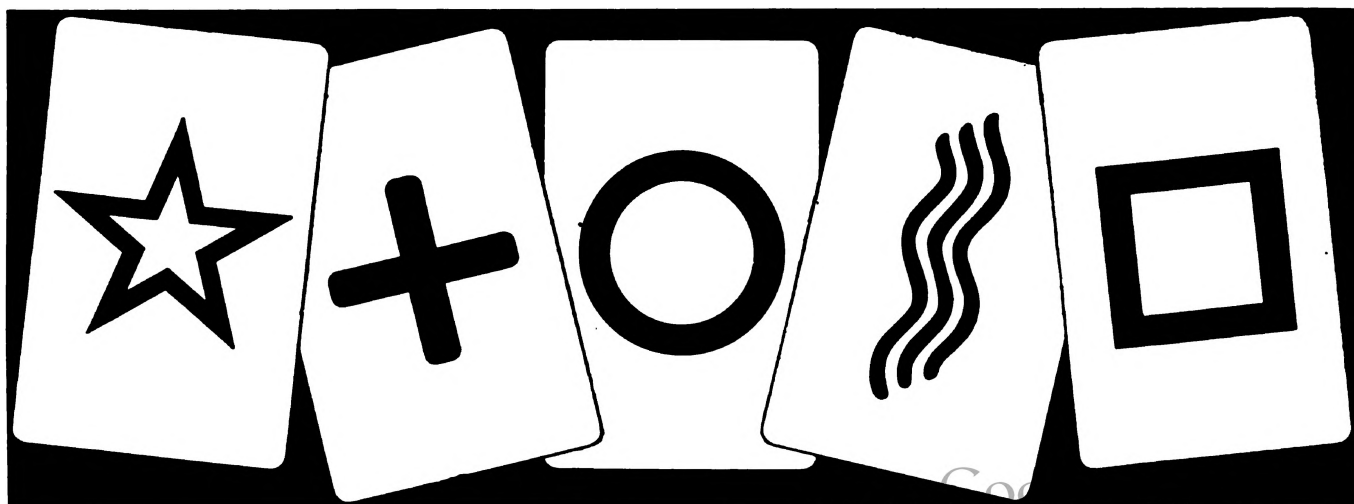
Perhaps some method of electrical sensitization and desensitization can be found. It is known that an electrical wave of a particular shape can almost instantly produce unconsciousness in a rabbit while other wave fronts and frequencies leave it unaffected. It becomes more apparent as time goes on that the possibilities inherent in psychical research for practical application to human and social and economic problems are very extensive.

ONE OF THE MOST hopeful indications for future useful applications is the result obtained by Dr. Rhine and his associates in their distance experiments. In many of these tests better scores were obtained when the senders and receivers were separated by long distances that precluded any possibility that ordinary sensory were used. Certain subjects increased the number of correct calls as the distance between sender and receiver increased. The tests have been made over distances up to 2,000 miles. Distance seems to be no handicap when a good sender and receiver are operating. The time of transmission, the period required for the "thought" to pass from transmitter to receiver, has not been determined. It seems to be comparable to the speed of light, 186,243 miles per second. It is vastly greater than the speed of sound which is about 1,000 feet a second.

Dr. Rhine holds the belief that the agency responsible for the transmission between sender and receiver is independent of time and space, the former because transmission seems to take place instantly and the latter because distance seems to make no difference in the intensity or clarity of the received impression. He does not describe or give any indication of what he believes is the nature of the agency that is responsible for transmission. He is opposed to the hypothesis that there is any kind of a wave mechanism involved.

[ Continued on page 82 ]

Here are the five distinctive symbols of the ESP cards, especially reproduced for TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE readers.



# LETTERS *from our Readers*



## About Their Own **TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES**

### **MUSICAL OUIJA BOARD**

I have had two very strange experiences with a ouija board, although I am skeptical about them and have always refused to take them seriously. But I can't explain one incident; the other *may* have been my own subconscious.

First I must state that I am a songwriter. For a good many years I wrote with a musician of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., whose idol was Schubert. One night, months after his death, some friends got out a ouija board and asked my daughter and me to sit at it, as we had had such strange experiences. I cannot say that I was not thinking of this composer, for his was the most recent death among my friends, but I was certainly surprised when the ouija tapped out that it had a surprise. The "surprise" was supposed to be Franz Schubert.

I'll confess that I laughed and thought that my subconscious was being funny, because I had known that my co-worker had adored Schubert. But the ouija said "Listen!" and reproved us for laughing. "He is playing for you." We looked at the piano and could, of course, see and hear nothing. But my small dog was standing at the piano bench, with his feet on it, as though trying to sniff someone who was sitting there.

I asked the ouija what he was playing and the answer was "He who would hear heavenly music must have heavenly ears." Still skeptical, I asked Schubert to prove that he was there by dictating some music to me—but it must be unpublished music, as I feared I might remember something that I had heard. I could take the music down in notation, but could not phrase or time it correctly, hence it looked strange when "he" had concluded. As a last-minute word, "he" added that the time was such and such and the key F.

The strange part of this experience is that we took the paper to a musician. He could make nothing of it, until we told him the time and the key, asking him then, by whom he thought it had been written.

He played it in the correct key and said wonderingly, "Well, it's a number I've never heard, but I'd say it was by

Schubert if I did not know that it isn't."

We told him, then, just why we had wanted him to play this number. I have no explanation.

My second strange experience with a ouija has to do with a conversation being continually interrupted by "someone" spelling out "Why don't you write 'Vespers of Summer?'" We laughed about it, said laughingly, "Not a bad title," and I forgot it. A year later the same question was asked again, and the "ghost" wrote, "You'll make a lot of money because it will be published by a big publisher in September." So I wrote a song from the title. It *wasn't* published in September, so we laughed and forgot it. But the *following* September it was published, by Irving Berlin, and promises to be a hit. Rippling Rhythm is soon to feature it. I have no explanation for that, either. But it did happen.

Note: I have crossed out the composer's name in the first story, as his widow is still living and might not like me to use it.

**Elizabeth Moore,**  
252 Prescott Avenue,  
New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y. C.

### **WORLD'S GREATEST PSYCHIC**

If he still lives, Bert Reese is the world's greatest psychic. He needs only to look at you, and in less than a minute he'll tell you exactly what thoughts have passed through your mind.

I know it sounds incredible, impossible, unbelievable, but no less a scientist than the late Thomas Edison will bear witness to Reese's astonishing powers. In addition to Mr. Edison there are half a dozen leading physicians and psychologists, Dr. James Hanna Thompson, Dr. J. Maxwell, Dr. A. Schreck-Notzing, Dr. H. Carrington, and hosts of others, who will testify to the same miracle.

You see, like you, too, these famed scientists were all avowed skeptics. They refused to believe all this bosh about Bert Reese. They wanted to test him and find out for themselves. Well, they did test him, and when they were completely finished, they all agreed, to a man, that Bert

Reese is one of the most extraordinary persons of all time.

Reese was born in Posen, Poland, some 87 years ago. He came from ordinary Jewish parents, lived an ordinary childhood, and was entirely unheard of until he came to America at the age of 60.

Once in New York, he began making a living by informing various financiers just where they could discover oil wells. Somehow, Thomas Edison heard of Reese and asked him if he wouldn't care to come to his New Jersey home and submit to a test.

Reese agreed and went to the great inventor's home. When he arrived there he was greeted with the typical Edison simplicity and ushered into the living room.

He was then left in this room all alone while Edison proceeded to his laboratory at the other end of the house. Here Edison wrote on a slip of paper, "Is there anything better than nickel hydroxide for an alkaline battery?"

As soon as the inventor returned to the living room, Bert Reese jumped to his feet and announced in a clear voice, "No, Mr. Edison, there is nothing better than nickel hydroxide for an alkaline battery."

Several months later the electrical wizard performed another test with Reese. On a tiny bit of paper in microscopic handwriting he wrote the word "keno." He then folded the paper into his vest pocket, entered the room where Reese was seated, and asked, "Do you know what I have written, Mr. Reese?"

"Keno," came the instantaneous reply.

These experiments not only convinced Mr. Edison that Reese was positively clairvoyant, but they led to a demand on the part of leading psychical experimentalists that Reese submit himself to their own particular tests. This Reese fortunately consented to do.

Dr. Schrenck-Notzing, who has written about Reese in the reliable *Annales des Sciences Psychiques*, submitted the phenomenal psychic to the following test: On five slips of paper the learned doctor wrote five questions: (1) What is my mother's name? (2) Will you go to Germany? (3) A personal question (4) Will my book be successful? (5) What is my eldest son's name?

Everyone has had a strange, psychical experience at some time or other in his life. Who has not been influenced by some weird happening adventure, dream or vision? Perhaps your true psychic experience may win as much as \$500.00 in the TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE contest. For full details, see page 35.

The five slips of paper were not seen by Reese at all. They were placed into the doctor's coat pocket. The doctor would pull out one slip, hold it in his fist, and ask Reese to answer the question written on it. The doctor himself did not even know which question he had drawn out. Inside of five minutes, however, Reese answered every question perfectly.

Further tests and examinations by competent scientists all resulted in irrefutable evidence of Reese's strangely potent occult powers.

On these he decided to capitalize once again. Dr. F. Hollaender in a scientific treatise tells how Reese was able to inform a corporation that on a certain page of its business accounts it would find a fraudulent entry. He was given five per cent of the amount involved in the fraud. He made 2500 marks on the deal.

In 1916, however, Reese's activities were brought to light, and he was hailed into a New York court on a charge of "disorderly conduct." Arraigned before Judge Rosalsky, he not only proved his innocence but convinced the judge of his clairvoyant powers by telling him what he had just written in the court ledger.

Where Reese is now and whether he is still living is unknown. Rumor has it that he died in Germany three or four years ago; but there is no definite proof, however.

If he is still living, this country should make every available effort to get hold of him as soon as possible. He'd make a perfect one-man brain trust. Imagine a fellow who could sit down with Mr. Roosevelt and tell him in advance just which way the Supreme Court would decide on an important issue. Picture the advantage of having a man who could see through the proposed actions of Mussolini and Hitler.

Such a man would be worth more than his weight in gold.

And such a man is Bert Reese. I wonder if he's still alive somewhere?

M. Lloyd Shearer,  
1063 Eastern Parkway,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

## WILD WEST MEDIUM

I am an old man now. Eighty-three my last birthday. I remember when I lived in Lowell, Massachusetts, that there was a woman there who advertised that she gave table rappings and foretold the future. I was curious to see it done, and had some doubts of its being done. I thought they were all fakes.

I went to see the Madam and she told my fortune. She said I would go west

and would meet a dark, Spanish type of girl, and be very happy with her companionship. I asked her how long I would live. She said "Seventy-four." The going west was correct. I became engaged to marry a girl just like the one she described, but she took sick and passed away a few years ago. Madam Snow, as she called herself, held her hands above the table, fingers pointing downward, and I heard tiny fingers tapping on the wood table. I looked around for the cause, and saw that she did not touch the table with her hands or feet. The raps came thick and fast when she held her fingers just above the table. I asked the spirits questions and they were answered by way of raps.

I learned that the Madam was conducting a series of public meetings in a hall on Central Street. I attended the Sunday meetings. Madam Snow brought the raps on the table in a hall where hundreds of people saw and heard. And no one accused her of chicanery. Of course, it may not have been spirits. It may have been just plain animal magnetism. I don't know. But even if it was her peculiar nature to exert magnetism so as to cause raps loud enough to be heard several feet from the table, was it not wonderful? Can you do it? Can I? Not on your tintype. It was remarkable.

About that time a Mesmerist named Professor Caldwell came to the city and gave exhibitions of his power to hypnotize people and make them do his will. They would imagine themselves dogs and bark. He had wonderful power, and yet he was a common man to all appearances. I was so taken with him that I went to the Professor's hotel room and paid him fifteen dollars to teach me to mesmerize people. After a few lessons I could influence easy subjects and make them act through my will power.

The secret of it is to have confidence in yourself, to believe so firmly that you can put any thought into the subject's mind that he will not be able to resist you. If you tell the subject that he is a little bird, and picture it so vividly that you yourself feel like a little bird, then you will have hurled a mighty influence on that person that is so strong he will not be able to resist.

Many of the subjects of this man would develop a psychic condition and partially get away from his influence. Then they would begin to talk strangely about spirits and the conditions of people who had passed over.

Professor Caldwell attended some of Madam Snow's meetings and heard her bring the rappings.

"She is the most wonderful rapping medium I ever saw," he said. He had mes-

merized people for years, and had visited mediums and occultists in many cities. He ought to know.

Walter Scott Haskell,  
2893 Castro Valley Rd.,  
Hayward, California.

## BLACK-ROBED DEMON

On October 1st, 1934, a voice said: "The walls are down."

At once I saw myself in a very large one-room building, two walls of which—the one I faced and the one to my right—were down. In the corner of these two walls stood a black-robed figure waving its arms. It said, "I shall now transport you to the star, Arcturus."

I experienced a sensation such as one feels when coming down in a too rapidly descending elevator. Far in the distance I saw a star, and a feeling of reluctance came over me. Whether or not it was far I do not know, but I exerted my will against going and all was as it had been before the voice spoke.

I ask myself, though I have never been able to decide, if I did right or wrong in not going.

Jessie Crist Kelsey,  
Route 3, Box 394,  
Lakeland, Florida.

## PSYCHIC FAMILY

My great-grandmother lived to be a very old lady and to her last day she was full of superstitious beliefs that were the result of her birth and upbringing in the Black Forest.

We children used to listen with awe to her stories about the clothes line being tied in knots while she was hanging out clothes, and how the clothes themselves would move from one place to another on the line without another person in sight, and then sounds of impish laughter would come from just behind her.

She even told us that when her daughter died in childbirth and left an infant daughter—my mother—on the very day of its birth it was rocked in its cradle by an unseen hand.

Of course, as we grew older our awe turned to amusement. Realizing that a newborn infant could not turn or move itself, we *knew* that the rocking cradle was just another old wives' tale. But she clung to her beliefs until the day she died.

After the funeral we were talking about them to some friends who had come to pay their respects. You can imagine our amazement to have one old lady—younger, however, than my great-grandmother—

Speak up and say that the story about my mother and the cradle was true. She and her husband had taken the infant, expecting to rear it, but the very first night, when they put the child in its cradle, the cradle began to rock as though by an unseen hand. For two weeks they watched and every time the child whimpered or stirred, that unseen hand rocked and soothed it. They could scarcely endure it, but were loath to give up the child. Then, one cold night they took the child into their bed, thinking to keep it warmer between them. They were awakened suddenly by a voice saying, "Be careful! You're smothering my child..." and the man felt his hand being raised and placed in another position.

Many times since then our family has felt an almost supernatural protection, as though my mother were trying to take care of us from the "other side" as her mother did her.

There is one very clear instance as evidence of it: About 15 years ago my husband was a travelling salesman, and the state of Illinois was part of his territory. He used to go down as far as what is called "little Egypt." On this particular occasion he had planned to go to the extreme southern point of the state and work his way back. A few hours before he was due there he distinctly heard my mother whisper to him, "Turn back, M—, don't go any farther." He thought he had dozed off and dreamed it. Twice more she repeated her warning to him but he continued on his way. He called on his customer at Cairo and then caught the next train back, expecting to get off at the next town. But before he got there he was seized with chills and fever and was suddenly so desperately ill that he had to stay on the train and come back home. By the time he arrived at Chicago, he was completely prostrated. Our doctor said he had never seen a man become so ill in such a short time. And the next morning he was absolutely well—as though nothing had ever happened to him. But the morning paper carried the story of the awful cyclone that swept through those southern Illinois towns, utterly destroying some of them and killing hundreds of people. And the cyclone had struck within an hour of the time my husband's mysterious illness forced him to continue on out of its path.

Mrs. M. C. Gunn,  
4141 46th St.,  
Sunnyside, N. Y.

## A SPIRIT SAVES A LIFE

I am a farmer's wife. One day I was sewing on the machine near a window. My little two-year-old daughter was playing on a chair near me. Suddenly she began to choke. I put my finger in her mouth to hook out whatever it was she had swallowed. As I could not get it out I pushed it on down so that she could breathe. She kept on saying "Neol, neol, mamma," and I thought she had swallowed a needle, until she brought me a little round shingle nail and said "Dis-

mamma," pointing to her throat. I then knew she had swallowed a nail. I was very badly frightened and sent up to the doctor to ask him what to do. He brought over a bottle of castor oil with directions to give her a tablespoon full every three hours. I had raised the spoon to her lips when my arm received a shock. I could not move my arm. I questioned "What does that mean?" The voice came clear and loud. "Don't give the oil!" Then I asked why. "Because," said the voice, "if you do the nail will catch in the folds of the intestines and kill the child." I was in a dilemma. The doctor had said "Give oil." And the voice said, "Don't give it." But the voice had been so firm, and it seemed so reasonable that the nail might lodge that I heeded the voice.

I didn't sleep that night, for I knew that no matter which way I acted, I would blame myself for not having done otherwise. Then I questioned again, "What shall I do?" Once more I heard an answer, "Give her oatmeal mush and mashed potatoes."

This I did, with the result that the nail caused no injury. That child is now 46 years old, the mother of two grown children, and her health is perfect. So much for "occult power."

What was it?

Mrs. E. J. Anderson,  
Route 1, Box 306,  
Hollister, California.

## SHADOW OF DEATH

I was a solemn, big-eyed girl of twelve, visiting my uncle and his wife at their house in town. I walked across the green lawn, reveling in the thick shade of the elms and the fragrant summer flowers. The world was a wonderful place, and I was happy as children always are in the summer. In a few seconds all was changed.

"But I can't tell her," I heard my aunt say in troubled tones, in answer to the telephone which had just rung. Instantly I was running up the broad steps into the house, a nameless fear tugging at my heart.

"What is it?" I heard myself demanding, and without waiting for a reply I wailed, "Oh, it's Daddy, he's dead—how did it happen?"

My aunt was crying, too, for father had been universally loved and respected. "That was your uncle calling. Your daddy has just been drowned in the Arkansas River where he and the boys were swimming. He was caught in the suction caused by the sand dredge."

Naturally there was no reason to have expected father's death, as he was in wonderful health at the time. This occurred on August 19, 1922, at Little Rock, Arkansas. We lived on a farm on the north bank of the river.

Out in New Mexico, a sister-in-law of my father received the news also, as told by her daughter, Mrs. H. E. Galloway, 1860 Dewey Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

"We went to Sunday school that Sun-

day morning, the day after your father died. A friend of mother, Rose M., was with us. During Sunday school, mother and I began feeling depressed, so we decided to go home instead of staying for church as we always did. When we reached home there was a notice of a telegram on the door. Mother went inside to rest while 'Aunt' Rose and I went for the telegram. When we walked up on the porch mother said, 'Rose, is Wallace dead?' Rose replied, 'Yes, he was drowned in the Arkansas river yesterday.' Believe me, it was uncanny!"

This woman, my aunt by marriage, is a cultured woman and an accomplished musician. Her daughter states that she has noticed her mother's telepathic ability on many occasions.

Mrs. Margaret McRaven,  
Rt. 2, Box 80,  
Alexander, Ark.

## PROPHETIC DREAM

A certain dream, recurring numbers of times—over a period of forty years of my life—has foretold, always, certain disaster.

As a small child it became necessary that I wear an artificial eye. The eyes are of egg-shell thinness, and break even more readily than the most fragile tumbler—and they cost money.

Due to nerve pressure—and the doctor's orders—the member has always been removed at night and placed in a container, usually a powder box or soap case, lined with a clean kerchief or a fresh, crumpled paper napkin.

In childhood and early youth, I accidentally, negligently or awkwardly broke numbers of the eyes—each a major tragedy in my life—and that of my family—in matters of expense, inconvenience, the difficult and long-delayed fittings, and my extreme embarrassment.

We were a poor family, and we also lived far from any place where the eyes could be bought.

As I grew older I became more and more careful. But the tragedies still occasionally occur. For an eye will break overnight, and for no apparent reason. I may use one for years. Then some night I dream of the calamity of its breaking befalling me. Sometimes I dream the particulars and details at length; at other times it has been but a sudden realization—and I may ask myself again and again if this is real—or am I "just dreaming?" In either case I suffer all the pangs of distress, embarrassment, and perplexity I've ever endured in reality—multiplied by that intensity common to dream disasters.

And when I wake up and realize what I've dreamed I'm sick with nausea and dread. *I know what has happened, without looking.* For always—after dreaming that dream—when I look into the lined container the eye is in *two pieces*.

No dream theory I've ever heard of explains it.

Mrs. May P. M——,  
New Mexico.





# THE THIRD EYE

By  
Genevieve Grahame

**E**XPERIMENTS in Extra-Sensory Perception which are now being carried out at leading American universities seem to be leading us gradually back to the ancient symbol of the third eye. This strange symbol is the sign of the initiate. Although old pictures usually show it placed in the center of the forehead, it is also found in the throat, over the heart, and even in the palm of the hand.

In occult literature it is said there was a prehistoric race which had a third eye enabling them to see behind them as well as before. This race was possessed of great spiritual and psychic power. As these men became more and more material and less spiritual, the third eye ceased to act and receded inside the body, becoming what we now know as the pineal gland.

Modern science knows little about the function of this remarkable organ. It is found in man as a small, conical, glandlike body attached to the brain. From the fact that it survives in certain lower forms of life as a structure resembling the eye, with a more or less distinct retina and lens, it is believed that the pineal gland is a remnant of a once important sense organ.

Early philosophers supposed the third eye to be the seat of the soul. The Hindus called it the Eye of Shiva, and to this day the followers of the god Shiva in India wear a caste mark painted in the center of the forehead to symbolize this. It is said that the Eye of Shiva acts no longer but that, as man evolves, and returns to his original spiritual state, he will again regain a fourth dimensional sight and the powers of prophecy, telepathy, clairvoyance and, at last, true knowledge.

The illumination of the pituitary gland, another little understood organ of the brain, is believed to have been associated with the powers of telepathy and mental clairvoyance. To the ancients it symbolized the higher powers of the mind while the pineal gland symbolized intuition and pure spiritual knowledge independent of time and space. The occult teaching holds that there is a very close connection between these two glands and that only through the action of the pituitary gland can the third eye begin to function. As an ancient commentary puts it: "The sixth sense must awaken the seventh."

Preliminary results of the Extra-Sensory Perception experiments indicate that people gifted with this power are of more than average intelligence and that it is, indeed, a mental power. Therefore, it may be possible that, as we cultivate this faculty, we may gradually return to the state of spiritual man and that the third eye may function again.

From back in the dim ages, teachers of esoteric wisdom have constantly used different physical organs and centers as a key to the door of spiritual illumination for mankind. But the clues to hidden spiritual centers in man have been masked and veiled by such symbols as the third eye so that only the worthy with the patience and perseverance to become initiates could pierce their secrets, because the profane and uninstructed would only misuse certain strong metaphysical forces hidden in man. For this reason long periods of probation were required of apprentices in the ancient mysteries so that the secret of how to become gods might be revealed only to the tried and true.



# THIS AUTUMN'S

**T**HIS YEAR HAS BEEN full of comebacks! To begin with, there was DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., supported by Ginger Rogers, in "Having Wonderful Time," the play that delighted Broadway and is now going to the screen. Doug's Moon (like Norma Shearer's, by the way) is in Aquarius, strengthened by the transit of Jupiter in that sign, and there is every reason to believe that the career that gets off to a new start here will take him far. He's emerging from the down swing of Saturn in his chart, and as that powerful planet now starts upward, it carries him along to bigger and better things. Ginger Rogers is a big asset to him, for her Moon on his Saturn gives him self-confidence, courage, the ability to believe in himself, and to work toward the accomplishment of his highest dreams. Ginger, a native of Cancer, is a natural for any male star who aims high—she represents to an actor on the stage what the best kind of wife represents to a man in his home—warmth, encouragement, the ability to submerge herself without losing charm and dignity, the desire to co-operate and bring out the best in her partner. There's very little of the prima donna in Ginger—she's just as sweet as she looks. She's a great asset to Doug, Jr. in his new bid for glory, and the combination ought to win the hearts of millions.

BOB TAYLOR, glamor boy, hooks up with Margaret Sullavan in "Three Comrades," another "marriage of true minds" that will win popular approval this summer. Taurus is the sign that has brought these two together, and the transit of Uranus in Taurus that activates their planets now will lend glamor and excitement to their joint offering. Both have the Moon in Sagittarius, too, so there's little doubt that their partnership will be successful—at least so far as the public goes. Private lives are something else again, and we wouldn't expect Bob and Margaret to hit it off so well after working hours. But that's neither here nor there. Bob's Saturn and Mars near Margaret's Sun stimulate her to bigger and better efforts, while she brings to him, professionally, a chance to strut his stuff to the best possible advantage. We wonder whether they won't conduct a silent campaign among themselves for the center of the stage, for their planets suggest deep rivalry, if not jealousy; and we suspect that their directors will have their hands full. But anyway, the finished product ought to be stirring enough to lift you out of your seats.

Young KENNY BAKER's horoscope is interesting when you know something about how and when he leaped into stardom. After a good many years of looking around with no particular success, Kenny risked a sure job in June of 1935 to try out at the

contest audition that was his introduction to fame. Kenny probably didn't know it, but the planets were working for him, as well as his voice and his personality. Jupiter was transmitting his Venus, Mars was transmitting its own place in Libra, and Uranus was in his solar Eighth House, where it frequently brings large sums of money from sudden business associations. Kenny clicked, and in October, 1935, joined forces with the Jello hour and Jack Benny, as Mars and Jupiter converged on his Jupiter. The rest is





## Astrology Feature

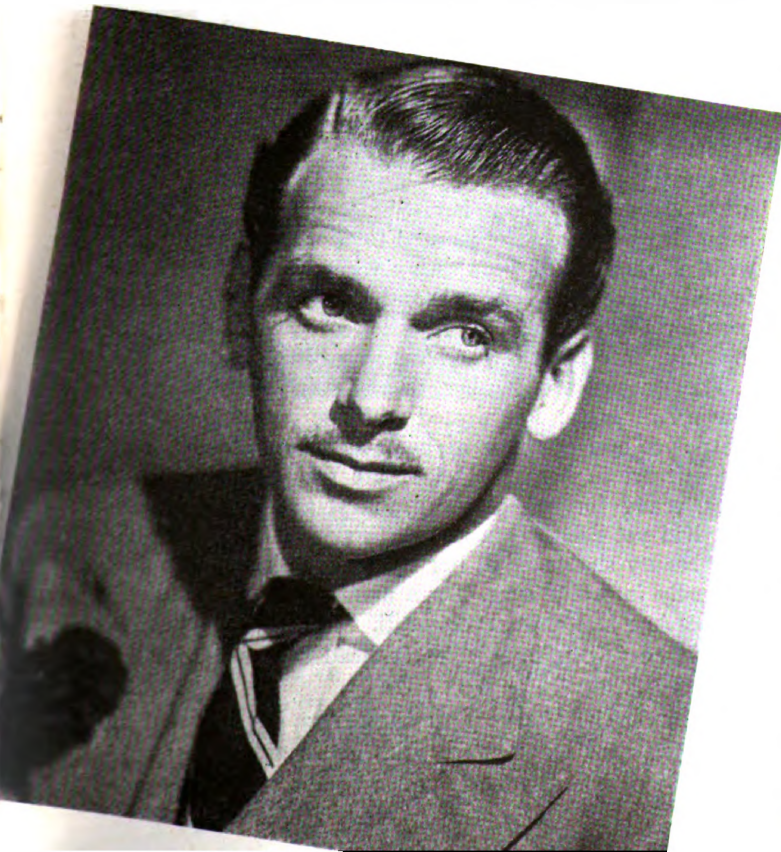
# LUCKY PEOPLE

history—Jack Benny, with his Sun on Kenny's Saturn, has kidded the kid into glory. There's no abatement of it this year; Ken has worked hard during the summer and toward Fall enters into a new cycle, perhaps going off quite suddenly on some tangent that will surprise even himself. He's a true artist, with all the temperament that that implies, and all the capacity for hard work. He's got by the opposition of Saturn to his Sun, and has therefore solidified his position in the world. Nothing stops him

now—unless he lets temper and super-independence get the best of him.

NORMA SHEARER'S comeback as Marie Antoinette was well timed to catch the crest of the movement of planets in her horoscope this year. The beautiful star who has been hiding now for some years emerged just as Uranus contacted the cusp of her Solar tenth house, and just as Mars, in the course of his two-year cycle, came back to his own place in her chart. Thus Norma's revival is more than a revival—it is in a very real sense a new lease on life for her—and new thrills for the millions of admirers who have missed her charm and beauty and longed for her return. Here she is, shining with renewed splendor under the glamorous Uranian rays that bring to her the tragic and soul-stirring rôle of the beautiful Austrian princess who, all against her will, died for liberty in the bloody days of the French Revolution. There's a Uranian quality—of swift movement, of sudden turns of events, of adventure, and ideals, and tragedy subtly mixed—in the story of the young French queen, to which Norma Shearer now adds the perfection of her art and her personality. Her old admirers have a new treat in store for them . . . and as for that generation of theater-goers to whom Norma is little more than a name—well, they'll find out what a combination of Mars and Uranus can do for a star whose life is moving to the rhythm of their cycles!

You might not think that a dummy could have a birthday, but CHARLEY MCCARTHY, Edgar Bergen's little boy, came into this world on the third day of July, 1922, to be the pride and joy of his lucky parent. As is the case with so many children, his horoscope blends nicely with that of his father, and both are under splendid influences this summer. Edgar Bergen is an Aquarian, with Jupiter near his Sun in that interesting sign; and the transit of Jupiter back and forth over his Sun and Jupiter this year brings him and his son to a high point of luck and popularity. Already "The Goldwyn Follies" have taken the irrepressible Charlie into technicolor. If Charlie were made of flesh and blood, we'd tell him not to work too hard, especially during May and June of this year; but since a wooden image can't get tired out, we are at a loss to know what the slightly adverse aspects in his chart may mean. Maybe Edgar ought to pack him around with especial care, for Charlie's Mars in Sagittarius is squared by Neptune and Mars during September and October—which might mean a broken leg.



# DESTINY'S QUEEN OF

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



***Weird forces released the psyche in glamorous Marie Antoinette and showed France's most beautiful woman the exact fate that awaited her in the bloody future. But the queen heeded not the horror of what she saw; heeded not the prophetic warnings of St. Germain, Europe's man of occult magic, when he turned his wizardry to her aid . . .***

**I**N ALL GREAT CRISES of history there are hidden forces at work which are trying on the one hand to bring about bloodshed and disaster and on the other striving to prevent it, while the people on whom they operate are not fully conscious of what is going on. The time of the French Revolution was no exception. Marie Antoinette, perhaps the most beautiful queen France ever had, was the center of forces which were endeavoring to bring about the revolution and forces which were trying to prevent it.

The queen was undoubtedly sensitive to impressions of a psychic nature, and this may have been one of the reasons that she later plunged headlong into folly. For she

was too young and too gay to face the facts or understand the underlying currents whirling and eddying about her. She wanted to live, to be happy, to be loved. She wanted to dance in the sunshine, with no thought of the destiny which awaited her. She feared what she would see and know if she were still even for a moment. Tragically she feared and thrust aside the only power that might have saved her.

The queen foresaw her own death. Beautiful, gay Marie Antoinette, intoxicated with the joy of living and the power and glamour of being a queen, stood before her mirror, in her most elaborate satins and priceless laces, ready for one of the grandest and maddest balls that had yet been given at the Trianon. Dazzled by her own beauty she gazed at her reflection. Blue eyes looked earnestly into blue eyes. For a moment, as if transfixed, Marie Antoinette was very still. Suddenly she gave a piercing cry. She had seen her head severed from her body.

From the most ancient times mirrors have been used in magic, rituals and ceremonies as an aid to clairvoyance. There is an hypnotic power in staring fixedly into

**A daughter of the Caesars on her way to join the son of St. Louis in heaven.**

# CRIMSON DOOM By Leslie Grant

one's own eyes, a power which releases the psyche and allows that which is known to come to the surface. In the language of the psychologists, the symbols of the unconscious are able to rise to the surface. Time, as we know it, ceases to be, and we are in a dimension where past, present and future are one.

Now that a motion picture, said to be the greatest yet produced, portraying the tragic life of Marie Antoinette, is about to be released, one's mind naturally turns to the career of that ill-fated queen and wonders how many realize the mystic or occult side of her fascinating personality. She captures the imagination no matter in what rôle, whether one looks upon her as a poor little butterfly dancing for a few hours in the sunlight or as the proud and heedless woman who, when the starving people were demanding bread, suggested, upon being told that there was none, that they might be given cake; or as her latest biographer, Stefan Zweig, portrays her, a very human



(Above) Marie Antoinette, at the height of her statuesque beauty, when psychic warnings told her of the red future.

(Right) Modern guillotine execution. France uses the same type machine of death today that killed Marie Antoinette in 1793.

young woman who was the victim of circumstances and who in spite of her vanity and frivolity was not cruel, only ignorant of the forces at work around her, and who went to her death with the magnificent courage and unflinching pride of the aristocrat.

Said Madame de Tourzel, the governess of the royal children: "Marie Antoinette was tall and slender, and the prevailing style of coiffure, in which her fair, slightly powdered hair was piled up high above her forehead, made her look even taller. Her large, dark-blue eyes were wonderfully beautiful, their expression being for the most part languishing and melancholy, though again they could sparkle archly. Her natural temperament indeed was very gay. The slightly aquiline nose, the decidedly large but exquisitely shaped mouth, and the—in her case greatly mitigated—Habsburg chin made her closely resemble her handsome mother Maria Theresa in her youth. The statuesque beauty of her shoulders, arms and hands, like sculptured marble, was still further enhanced by the whitest skin you can imagine."

**W**ALKING one day in the park of the Trianon, gay and exquisite, the queen came unexpectedly upon a rough-looking man, totally unknown to her. A woman of high and unbreakable courage, Queen of France and full of confidence in her charmed destiny, she was seized, nevertheless, with a sensation of inexplicable terror. The man was the brewer, Santerre. Later, at the time of her execution, he was in charge of the National Guard of the City of Paris. . . .

Madame Campan related the following anecdote: "Four candles were placed upon the queen's dressing-table; the first one went out of itself; I soon relighted it; the second, then the third also, went out. At this the queen, pressing my hand with a movement of alarm, said to me, 'Misfortune makes one superstitious; if that fourth candle goes out, nothing can keep me from regarding it as an evil omen'; the fourth candle went out.

"Someone remarked to the queen that the four candles had probably been made in the same mould, and that a defect in the wick was naturally to be found at the same place, since they had gone out in the order in which they had been lighted. The queen would listen to nothing; and with that indefinable emotion which the bravest heart cannot always overcome in momentous hours, gave herself up to gloomy apprehensions."

[ Continued on page 78 ]

ACME NEWSPICTURES





# The Planets Foretell Your Chances of Love and Marriage This Fall ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By Grant Lewi

LOVE AND ROMANCE are very apt to have an important place in your life this fall. Neptune, glamour planet of the Zodiac, and Mars, the great activator, come into conjunction October 11th in the calm and placid sign Virgo. This conjunction dominates the two months of September and October, especially where love matters are concerned, and indicates some unusually interesting possibilities in love and human relations of all kinds.

You'll find your old friends surrounded by a new aura, and you'll find yourself powerfully attracted to new friends, who may well become sweethearts over night. Neptune in conjunction with Mars is one of the aspects of love at first sight, and of a type of love that burns deeply within you with a conviction that you can't deny. As a matter of fact, you shouldn't deny it, but you must make sure of the people with whom you are dealing. You can be charmed and almost hypnotized under this condition by those who are unworthy, if you aren't on guard. When you are sure that you're not just sensation-seeking, you should grip the love that comes to you now for all you are worth. It may well be the chance of a lifetime. Watch out around the end of September, especially the week-end of the 25th, for this is the least harmonious period, and temperament here can lead to painful separations.

However, in a general way, your love is very likely to bring you happiness at this time. Let's see what each sign of the Zodiac in connection with your birth date has to offer this fall, to get the most out of the charm and glamour that hovers in the air during September and October.



Your magnetism is high all throughout the year anyway, due to the action of Saturn on your Sun. However, you seem to have your energies pretty well taken up with business and practical matters, and to be less than usually concerned over the softer and more romantic things of life. The vibrations of this period will bring you some unusual luck in business, and this, though increasing your self-confidence, can enable you to relax a little and enjoy what comes to you socially and romantically. You have to be careful that overwork does not tear down your energies, and you need also to be careful that you don't go to extremes in pleasure-seeking. Your health can suffer here through over-eating, and over-drinking.

Some romantic matter of August leaves you with an emotional hangover, and you are profoundly moved by someone around you as September opens. A beautiful relationship appears to be developing between you and someone you work with, or for. This ought to be developed on its highest and most idealistic side. Someone, whom you have long taken for granted, becomes suddenly more attractive than you imagined. Follow this up—it may mean a great deal. And look out for financial extravagance due to love and social affairs, especially at the end of September!



Well, you're the center of the social whirl, and you love it! Everything conspires now to bring you popularity and rich, deep satisfaction from happily gratified love. Uranus on your Sun, Mars and Neptune conjoined in your fifth house of love and romance, Venus in your seventh house, from September 7th to October 13th, indicate that you don't have to worry about your love life, except to keep it under control. Don't let excitement, flattery, popularity, go to your head. If

anyone you want, and there's the slightest chance of success for your hopes, this is the time to go after him (or her) for all you're worth. Your temperament works for you now. You can "get away with it," providing that what you wish is of permanent value and not just a whim of the moment. Concentrate your great magnetism on true values, seek the highest in love, and you will have reason to look back on this period as one that brought you a full measure of lasting happiness.

Don't be too proud to use your popularity where it can benefit you. Seek the support of those who love you, and who will be only too glad to prove their love by helping you. You need feel no qualms about this, if your love is sincere, which it undoubtedly is at this time. Success in social matters and in your love interests will promote your prestige and position in the world.



Your domestic life is exceptionally interesting and stimulating now, and through those near to you at home, you are likely to come into contact with some unusual person who will intrigue you for a long time to come. If you've been looking for the Blue Bird of happiness in distant places, in dreams and in adventurous thinking of far off possibilities, this is the time to stop and look for it close at hand. Your true love, your true luck, are right around the corner from where you live—or perhaps right under your own roof.

If you have sought for new worlds to conquer, this is the time to realize that you have plenty to do at your own fire-side. It isn't at all unlikely that you'll find a deep heart interest in connection with your work. At least, there's a vibration at work during most of September and October that makes employment additionally glamorous. You have to be careful

(Gemini always does!) not to be lured by the superficial—not to break with some old established relationship because of a sudden urge to do something different. Be especially careful of this from September 21 to October 2, when the most erratic side of your nature will be in the saddle. Build for emotional security (September 24 to October 23), and resolve to make the love of this fall last for a long time. It deserves to!



You've drawn into your shell in the last year, as Saturn has squared your Sun and brought you new possibilities and a more sober approach to life and love. As a matter of fact, even under the exciting vibrations of this fall, you tend to look upon love through your mind rather than through your heart—despite your natural warmth and responsiveness. This mental approach will stand you in good stead, especially if you use it, not to rule love out, but to find the true beauty that can be in it for you.

From September 7 to October 13, social and romantic matters will make a strong appeal to you, and you should rely on your good sense to keep your feet on the ground. But don't be too cool, or too sensible, or you may lose out on a very lovely relationship. Be conventional, be discreet, but take advantage of the popularity and magnetism that are yours. You will find that relatives are very important in these months, and through them you may realize your hopes in the way of human devotion and companionship. A short trip can be productive of miraculous results, especially in the second week of October, when a sudden meeting, or a chance acquaintance, can be developed magically.



Leo, with the permanent heart of love, has been stimulated during August by some deep and moving emotional experience, and is likely to enter September with the feeling that nothing can ever happen to shake the memory of what's just past. Leo is now like Ulysses, who wandered the seven seas for years and finally wound up in the comfort of his own home. And Leo will do well to stick to home and fireside. Your happiness, your love, is at least somewhere close to home.

Business matters are now important, and some opportunity to increase your income should not be overlooked; your magnetism is transferred now from romantic to business successes, and you should get into

the swing of things material. With Venus in Scorpio (September 7-October 13) in your fourth house, you have plenty of love charm left, but if you don't transfer some of it to business, you'll find that pleasure is interfering with your progress (especially September 21-October 2). Be careful of temperament and breaks here, which excess will lead to. Be careful of the feelings of those you love, for you can hurt people here through apparent hardness—though you are never really hard. Don't emphasize love and social matters too much. These take care of themselves very satisfactorily, if you regulate the other phases of your life.



You, with Taurus, are the social leader of the Zodiac this fall, with all the charm of Mars' conjunction with Neptune concentrated on you. Use it discreetly—if there's one condition under which you're likely to go off the deep end of temperament, this is it; and that would be too bad, for your opportunities along all lines are amazing if you keep yourself under control. Avoid sentimentality, self-indulgence, emotional and mental excess, in order to draw to you the people and the things you want. This applies to both personal and business matters—to money, friendship, position, love. It's a lucky period for you, if you have the restraint to use your luck carefully, and in moderation.

Your mind is inspired (September 7-October 13), and you're at your most persuasive. Be careful (September 21-October 3) that mental excess doesn't lead to nervousness and poor health, which in turn will lead to touchiness and quarrels. You are filled with energy, able to clarify the problems that have troubled you—able also to win what you want through being your best and most charming self for the benefit of those you want to impress. As always, guard health and diet; excess in these can do more damage than anything else, while a sound body and a feeling of general physical fitness will enable you to make the most of these excellent opportunities.



The general conditions in your horoscope, Libra, are restrictive, as Saturn opposes your Sun this year and forces you to work under certain handicaps. Those around you are difficult to deal with—or at least, you think they are—and you yourself tend to more seriousness than is necessary. You lead a secret dream life

your own, tending to withdraw from reality and concoct a world to which you escape. Social life has been trying during August, and you approach the fall with a sense of relief that the whirl is over. Following the first week in September, you tend to draw into your shell, and probably to worry and fret over the things that trouble you. This in a measure is what you should do, for you need solitude and you need quiet and relaxation to make up for the physical strain you are under.

Of all the signs of the Zodiac, you are the one who ought to sit on the sidelines, more or less, of the social activity this month and get certain personal and secret problems comfortably settled in your own mind. Your whirl comes in November and December, and you ought to gather up your strength to enjoy it when it comes. Don't worry!



You've been living so long under the stimulus of Uranus opposite your Sun that you're probably used to the things that happen to you, and have learned to "expect the unexpected." Also, you're just emerging from a strenuous round of business duties which, if you've kept your temper and your head, have bettered your position materially. During the early fall, you'll have some unusual opportunities to enjoy your friends. Venus goes through your Sun sign (September 7-October 13) while Mars and Neptune conjoin in your house of friends, and you're going to be popular and sought after. Keep human relationships on the most idealistic plane possible; you'll find that a love starting slowly here, perhaps platonically, will develop slowly into something both glamorous and enduring.

Choose your friends carefully—some of the people you're drawn to aren't worth the time they take—they make a sensational appeal only, which ought to be discarded in favor of something more substantial. Be careful (September 21-October 3) that stubbornness—yours or someone's else—doesn't lead to a break that will make unhappiness and regrets for everyone. Be reverent and respectful of love—for what's approached here wisely can last a long time, maybe forever.



You'll make the most of your emotional life this autumn by being quiet and secret about it. What develops under the magnetism of September and October needs to be cherished carefully through the next



Claude Kendall, publisher of weird books, whose murder baffled shrewd New York police.

# DEATH WAS

*The dark unknown, the weird, the terrible, were meat and drink to Claude Kendall and Charles Fort, who spread a fateful aura over many who knew them. Then a ghostly doom tracked down these two men who dared too far!*

## Special Feature

**I**T IS DANGEROUS to write of the matters which I am about to set down. Yet it seems to me essential, for the record of historical accuracy, that they be described, in spite of the disasters and deaths which have followed previous recountings.

On the evening of January 26, 1931, a group of America's foremost authors, editors, sociologists and critics gathered at dinner at the Savoy-Plaza Hotel in New York City. They were there to organize the Fortean Society, which had as its object further examination of the records of a mass of mystifying occurrences which had been gathered together by Charles H. Fort, a popular short-story writer.

In their respective fields, these men were known as iconoclasts and skeptics.

*Theodore Dreiser*, whose "An American Tragedy" was a current best seller, had established his reputation with "Sister Carrie," a book which challenged the double standard of American morals. "Sister Carrie" launched the modern movement in American literature.

*Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes*, lately professor of Sociology at Smith College, had just published his brilliant review of the origins of the World War. His sensational challenge to hitherto accepted facts launched the modern realistic movement in American historical method.

*Ben Hecht*, a former Chicago newspaper man, had upset the traditions of the American stage with his "Front Page," written in collaboration with Charles McArthur.

*Booth Tarkington*, in an earlier day, had written the iconoclastic "The Gentleman from Indiana." *J. David Stern*, publisher of the *Philadelphia Record*, had begun his upheaval of a corrupt political dynasty in his city. *Edgar Lee Masters* had revolutionized American poetry with his "Spoon River Anthology." *Benjamin de Caseres*, *Harry Leon Wilson*—the list of the Fortean Society was a Who's Who of American arts and letters.

Because they were known as clear-headed, brilliant thinkers, who would not be guilty of accepting hearsay evidence, advance proofs had been sent to these men of a book which Charles Fort was about to publish. It was his third book. It contained the result of researches extending for twenty-five years.

Theodore Dreiser arose to speak.

"Charles Fort may be the progenitor of an entirely new world viewpoint," he said. "His is one of the master minds and tempera-

ments of the world today." Tributes in similar vein were paid by the others. All eyes were upon Charles Fort.

Those present were gripped with an unusual, if skeptical curiosity. For they knew that in the midst of his researches, while he was stubbornly digging out occult facts which no man had previously dared to write, Charles Fort had been stricken blind!

Two men in that assemblage were convinced that they were taking an inordinate risk, involving all the others, in this open discussion. One was Fort himself. The other was Claude H. Kendall, the book publisher. Waves of oppression seemed to rise and fall upon them. As Fort went back to the strange happenings which had

Morbid crowds gathered outside this New York hotel to see Claude Kendall's coffin removed.





# THEIR SHADOW

By Howard Stephenson

## Who Dares the Same Evil Forces That Surrounded Two Dead Occultists

inspired him to gather his queer chronicle, deep and pensive silence covered the banquet hall.

*Fort and Kendall were completely justified in their apprehension, as later events were to prove.*

But what was it that Fort revealed to the banqueters?

Fort told them incredible things, which he backed up with documentary evidence. He told them that when Dorothy Arnold disappeared from a sidewalk in New York, an unearthly swan made its appearance for the first time in a lake in Central Park. He told them, and had the records to exhibit, of the appearance over Boston Harbor, on December 21, 1909, of the bright lights of an airship. Two days later, crowds thronged the streets of Worcester, Mass., watching a mysterious airship "sweeping the heavens with a searchlight of tremendous power." It was seen nine times in various parts

**Charles Fort, whose pursuit of violent occult phenomena brought him pitiful death.**



ACME NEWSPICTURES

of New England in a week. At this period, there was no dirigible airship on this earth which had a flying range of more than a few miles. It was not until May, 1910, that Curtiss flew an airship from Albany to New York, a distance of 150 miles, in which he made one stop.

Fort went into the sudden appearance of a naked man on a crowded street, a man who was utterly at a loss to explain his origin. He told of blue rain and red rain. He traced the record of a boy who was teleported from Wimbledon, England, to India by a Hindu magician. He challenged science to dispute the facts he offered.

But Charles Fort did not challenge the strange forces or beings responsible for these happenings. He wrote down the record. More and more deeply he delved into the thousands of *provable* strange events which science ignored or brushed aside.

My point is not to make you believe that Charles Fort was honest or got his facts right or presented some posers to science. Grant at least that some of the keenest minds in America believed in him utterly. Follow him then down the dark pathway of his future career. On this weird and fearful journey he had a companion, blond, handsome Claude Kendall, the book publisher who was seen in every swanky night spot, an eligible bachelor who belonged to the most exclusive clubs.

The time is 1932. In Kendall's publishing office on Fifth Avenue, an enormous aquarium occupies the entire sill of a wide window. The glass has been frosted and care is taken that the occupants of the aquarium do not get too much sun.

Kendall has phoned me to come in, that he wishes to sign a contract for a novel I have written. He is affable, entertaining, and I linger, chatting. He gestures toward the aquarium.

"My Martian fishes," he exclaims.

"Oh, tropical fish?"

Kendall laughs uneasily.

"Not tropical; fishes from Mars. You've read 'Lo!' of course?"

"Yes, I reviewed it for my paper. But surely—these are not—you mean, those rains of fish and strange larvae the author discussed?"

Kendall's eyes, blue and staring, are full on my face.

"Do you know," he says abruptly, "I think I shall tell you about the sequel to 'Lo!' which Charles Fort is preparing."

The phone rings stridently. We are interrupted. There is a shadow on Kendall's face when he comes again from his desk.

"I am rung up so frequently," he says, with a trace of plaintiveness, "only to find nobody calling. Well, as to the Fort book, another time, another time."





## HOWARD STEPHENSON

*Howard Stephenson, author of this article, was a personal friend of the late Claude Kendall. Risking the occult attacks which have harassed others associated with Fort and Kendall, Stephenson reveals the facts as he knows them — fearlessly. Who will be the next victim of this strange curse?*

He virtually bundles me out of his office, thrusting half a dozen of his newest books into my hands. His mood has surprisingly changed. He had impressed me as being young, with great virility, great drive and dynamic force. Now his shoulders are down a bit and I see lines in his face.

From the *New York Times* I gain my next reminder of Charles Fort and Claude Kendall.

"Charles H. Fort died last night in the Royal Hospital in the Bronx . . . enlarged heart . . ." and then the words leap from the page—"one of his books goes on sale today."

I have not been able to forget the strange look on the publisher's face when he mentioned Fort's new book. I hasten to a bookstore to buy a copy. The title is "Wild Talents." I open the book and instantly I am absorbed in a strange wonderland.

Wild Talents, the malevolent power some people possess of causing fires, of bringing about disaster to others, even death!

As I am reading, my phone rings. It is Kendall.

"Do have lunch with me," he insists. "I need a bit of cheering up."

We lunch at the Advertising Club on Park Avenue.

"Let us go below," Kendall urges, "that we may have better comfort in the lounge. I want to talk about Fort—and some other things."

But at first we do not talk about Fort, but about another Kendall author, Countess Alexandra David-Neel, whose "Magic and Mystery in Tibet" and "The Superhuman Life of the Gesar of Ling" are standard works.

The very word "magic" brings from me some wry comment. Kendall's large eyes turn slowly toward me.

"But some things *are* inexplicable," he says slowly. "You know, during my South American days, I fell and broke a leg under peculiar—"

His mouth snaps shut. He laughs uneasily, turns the conversation in a new direction.

"Oh, the jacket for your own book is ready," he remarks. "Will you drop in at the office? The design is gorgeous."

In the taxi to his office on Fifth Avenue we are silent. In Kendall's office, I have a feeling of change. Once outside, I remember. That strange aquarium, with its "Martian fishes," is gone. And I recall that though this luncheon was for the purpose of discussing the late Charles Fort, his name was not mentioned between us.

Did some malevolent and occult force, stronger even than his stubborn will, bring about the death *by natural causes* of Charles Fort? It is a question I am now burning to pose to Kendall. For I am convinced that he is worried sick, nerves shattered, fearful even of speaking the name of his friend.

But when I phone Kendall's office, he cannot be reached. We carry on our business relating to my novel by correspondence. Kendall may be avoiding me, fearful lest I bring up

occult matters which he prefers not to discuss. But then again all this may be merely a series of coincidences.

Our ways have parted and there is no reason to look him up. News comes that he has failed as a publisher—this after a career of striking successes. A year or so drifts by. I now have other interests; my first novel, published by Kendall, has been forgotten.

On the night of Thanksgiving, Thursday, November 25, 1937, while entertaining friends at my home on Long Island, mention was made by several persons of their earlier work. One of them, a well-known artist, asked if I had a copy of my first novel. One was discovered in a neglected pile of books. I autographed it for my friend. Then I said:

"Claude Kendall, who published this book, is one of the most fascinating men I have met. You know, I am ashamed to say I have not thought of him for months."

On the train into New York the following morning, I opened a copy of the *New York Times*. I read:

"A former publisher of mystery thrillers, Claude H. Kendall, 46 years old, was found dead yesterday morning, with a bed sheet wrapped loosely around his neck in his room on the eighth floor of the Madison Hotel."

**P**OLICE AT FIRST THOUGHT it might have been a suicide or an accident. But the coroner's examination showed it was murder. Claude Kendall had been murdered! The tabloids screamed the news in their largest type. I had not thought of him for months. It was surely a coincidence I mentioned him on the day of his murder—or was it?

The death of Charles Fort occurred in a hospital and there was no reason to believe that any earthly power could have saved his life. Since his death, which coincided so strangely with the publication of "Wild Talents," failure and disaster had dogged Claude Kendall.

Was some unseen, malevolent power resentful of the weird disclosures of the occult which these men, author and publisher, had dared to make? The case of Fort's death discloses nothing. It could be dismissed in the same manner as a partial blindness which overtook Booth Tarkington, at about the same time—coincidence.

**The homes of the dying have been bombarded with stones of undetectable origin. People have been teleported across thousands of miles of space. Death rays defy the laws of physics to destroy men and machines. Such was Charles Fort's contention. And Fort believed that science ignores and suppresses information about these extraordinary happenings.**

**B**UT INTO THE MURDER of Claude Kendall a new element entered. He had spent the early evening with some companions, celebrating the Thanksgiving holiday. They had returned with him to his room. All had been drinking. The companions testified that Kendall had not a scratch or a bruise at this time, close to midnight.

Kendall was never seen leaving his room. But at 3 a. m. he was seen *entering* his room, with a mysterious stranger who had never been seen in that hotel before.

This stranger, glimpsed by Charles Cooper, night elevator man, did not leave the hotel. Kendall's room was on the eighth floor. The window was shut, locked. Other rooms on this floor were locked. Had a man left by way of the stairs he would have been seen by the clerk in the lobby. The elevator man was positive he had not seen the man a second time.

About 4:30 a. m. the occupant of the room just below Kendall's on the seventh floor, was awakened by tapping on the steam pipes. That was all. No evidence, not a fingerprint, not a scrap to indicate that any *living* person had entered the bedroom with Claude Kendall at 3 a. m.

Perhaps it was not a murder by a *living* visitor. Wild talents, retribution for revealing strange things which men may not discuss, death by malevolence of the unseen—a conjecture.

If there were a pat and easy explanation of the death of Claude Kendall, the police would have it. They have none. It is a baffling and mysterious unsolved murder case on their records. Remember the tapping upon the steam pipes and turn to Charles Fort once again:

"The homes of dying men and women have been bombarded with stones of undetectable origin. Nobody was accused. We have data of unexplained explosions, and data of seeming effects of 'rays' not physical. To me it is thinkable that a distant enemy could, invisibly, make an oil stove explode, and kill a woman and then pick from existence other members of her family."



HORN—N. Y. POST

Fort met his death the day before **WILD TALENTS** was published.



But could some grisly unseen force "explode" the enlarged heart of the author whose words were due to appear to the reading world next day? Could that same force, materialized for a few moments to an elevator man, "pick from existence" the author's friend and publisher?

No explanation explains things like this. If the deaths of Charles Fort and Claude Kendall have interested you, and you wish to seek out more of Fort's evidence of queer happenings, do not apply at your bookseller's for copies of Fort's books, "New Lands," "The Book of the Damned,"

"Lo," or "Wild Talents." All are out of print. Though they were once popular, and many thousands of copies rolled from the presses, second-hand book dealers report that copies seldom come to them. They may be disappearing—by coincidence?

Booth Tarkington, writing the introduction to Fort's "The Book of the Damned," says: "I turned back to the beginning and read this vigorous and astonishing book straight through, and then re-read it for the pleasure it gave me in the way of its writing and in the substance of what it told. . . . Here indeed was a 'brush dipped in earthquake and eclipse,' though the wildest mundane earthquakes are but earthquakes in teapots compared to what goes on in the visions conjured up before us by Charles Fort."

Ben Hecht states: "I am the first disciple of Charles Fort. He has made a terrific onslaught upon the accumulated lunacy of fifty centuries. Has science by a process of maniacal exclusion of telltale data, of telltale phenomena, foisted an algebraic Mother Goose upon the world in the name of astronomy? The theory he (Fort) has hurled into being is destined, like some phantom gargoyle, to perch itself astride every telescope and laboratory test tube in the land."

Save for this article, the record of two men who dared too far is dead.

# Handwriting

# SECRETS REVEALED

by John H. Geller

Today it is possible for the average person to solve the mysteries of his own nature and to discover personality traits by means of handwriting analysis. Every word that flows from the pen reveals strength or weakness of character and is a barometer of the subconscious mind. John H. Geller, True Mystic Science's Graphologist, presents for the first time in any magazine his series of easy lessons in the secrets of handwriting. See his special offer to you at the end of this article.

**I**S IT REALLY the hand that writes? Most of us think so, but in reality, it is the brain that writes, and it reveals many secrets and traits of character.


How does the brain write? It writes in symbols, little pictures, which have nothing to do with our conscious writing.


For instance, here is an example of a person with a cruel streak in him. He has an indomitable temper, and when under the influence of it, he has the wild urge to kill. This man has no idea how he crosses his "t." But you look at it. It is in the shape of a club. The brain has stamped its mark upon his writing.


Our whole system of writing has its origin in pictures—symbols.

Much of this symbolism exists today in its primitive form in the Chinese and Japanese characters. For example, let us take the Chinese word for wife. Now let us break it up into its individual characters:



 is the sign for female.

 is the sign for broom.

 is the sign for storm.

The combination of the three characters, a female, broom and storm renders the Chinese conception of wife, which is not far removed from the modern American comic strip version.

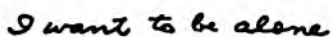
This symbology or using pictures to express our feelings is carried into our daily writing without our being conscious of it. Here is a man who has an inflated ego.

Copyright, 1938, 1938 by John H. Geller

He thinks a great deal of himself—a big "I" man. Observe how he writes his capital "I":



On the other hand, the "shrinking violet" writes with a very small capital "I" that's not at all "puffed up":



The nervous type who is on the go all the time writes a sharp, hasty hand. One can hardly read it at times. It is a scrawl:



The careful clerk or bookkeeper writes a legible, beautiful hand, that his executive could never hope to achieve:



The person who will not do anything today that he can do tomorrow begins crossing his "t" and does not finish it. He puts it off for another time. While the person who is impulsive finishes crossing his "t's" before he begins them. He is away ahead of himself.

And here we have the skeptic who says, "I'm from Missouri. You have to show me." He tightens up on his "b" like this:



You won't find him open to a salesman's "line." On the other hand, the gullible person leaves his "b" wide open, thus:



It is the symbol of the naive "easy mark," who stands with his mouth wide

open and his lower lip drooping. You have, undoubtedly, seen the type, and in his "b," he unconsciously photographs himself.

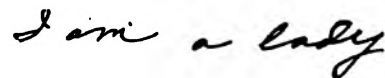
A diplomat starts out by writing the beginning letters in his words fully and legibly, seeming to tell you everything, but reduces the last letters in his words to mere tapering lines so that you can hardly make out what he means.

Here is how he writes:



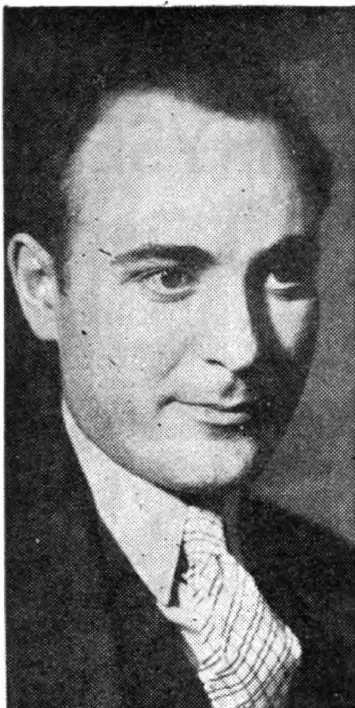
Now, the lady usually begins by speaking cautiously, but as she continues to talk, she gives herself away more and more, and by the time she has finished talking, she has told you all about herself.

Well, her writing is like that, too. She begins moderately, but her letters start growing larger toward the end of the words, like this:



She is apt to blurt things out and tell more than she wants to tell. Haven't you ever noticed that in your wife? Don't flatter yourself. She has probably noticed that in you, too.

The "i" dots are very interesting. He who dots his "i's" very carefully and close to the letter is observant, has a good memory and a great mind for details. But if half of his "i's" are undotted, he is not very observant and has a rather faulty memory. You have seen people make little circles for "i" dots. These people are usually fussy and very particular about outward appearance. They are often fad-dists.



# Authority on Handwriting

Mr. John H. Geller has been a student of handwriting for many years, having analyzed in his career as graphologist and handwriting expert over thirty thousand specimens of handwriting. His famous analysis of the Hauptmann handwriting was carried in the *New York Post*. He has written articles on the subject for various magazines and newspapers, and is the author of "Your A B C's, A Dictionary of Character." He has also been consulted in many court cases upon the genuineness or forgeries of questioned documents.

*John H. Geller*

**ANALYSIS OF NAPOLEON**  
So you can see how easy and interesting it will be to analyze your friends' signatures. I have taken the signature of Napoleon and pointed out some of the characteristics about the man that his writing reveals.



Napoleon's signature is one of the most interesting examples of a certain type of greatness. It has tremendous force, vitality and power. The writing is bold and sharp and as vivid as lightning. It reveals an indomitable personality. There is a great flourish and underscore to his signature which is indicative of colossal egotism. He is the type of man who would not know when to stop. His vanity and thirst for power has no limit. His very tall capital letters display tremendous courage and self assurance.

His is very heavy, forward-sloping writing which shows an intense emotional nature. But it also fluctuates extremely, which is indicative of very changeable moods. He is a bad loser. That is his weakness. He must feed constantly on success. It is interesting to observe the changes in his signatures. At the height of his success it was the boldest, the most pretentious, and the most illegible. After his defeat, in 1815, it lost so much of its bombastic appearance, it almost looked modest by contrast.

## ANALYSIS OF AMELIA EARHART

The signature of Amelia Earhart, the famous aviatrix, mirrors a truly great personality and reflects the singular characteristics which led her to her tragic fate.



Her greatness is depicted in her capital "A" which, you will learn in today's lesson, is the sign of the humanitarian, and shows a concern with the welfare of others and a sense of social responsibility. Idealism and intellectual tastes are displayed in the unusual height of her upper loops as in her small letter "h." A keen intuition is indicated by her disconnected letters, such as the "h" and "a" in "Earhart."

So much for Miss Earhart's mental make-up. Now let us examine her other traits. Note that the pen-strokes are sharp and made with apparent rapidity. This indicates a restless personality, a love of movement, activity, and freedom. She could never be caged or bound to the earth. The long cross-strokes between the letters show a strong desire to continue and advance. Once she had started, she hated to stop. It indicates also impatience about "getting there."

And finally, the two characteristics which contributed so much to her tragic faith. First, the long ascending stroke that connects her small letter "a" in "Amelia" with the capital letter "E" in "Earhart." There we have that continuous drive to surpass, to break records, a never-satisfied ambition that would not let her rest until she had reached her set goal.

And now for the first lesson! It's all arranged for you in dictionary form. In each lesson I shall take up several letters and various ways in which they are writ-

ten, explaining what they reveal. Save these lessons. At the end of the series you will have a valuable dictionary to human nature, to which you can always refer.

### LESSON ONE—A

- a* ALWAYS OPEN AT THE TOP—Open, frank, talkative.
- a a* SOMETIMES OPEN, SOMETIMES CLOSED—Person is sometimes reticent, sometimes talkative, according to circumstances.
- a* ALWAYS CLOSED AT THE TOP—Reticent; person is cautious about what he says.
- a* CLOSED WITH A LOOP—Secretive about one's personal affairs; is inclined to hide and conceal things from others.
- a* OPEN AT THE BOTTOM—Cannot be trusted.
- a* ENDING IS LONG AND ASCENDING—Generous.
- a* ENDING IS VERY SHORT—Lacking in generosity.
- a* ENDING IS CLIPPED—Abrupt, blunt, lacking in tact.
- a* ENDING STROKE DESCENDS VERTICALLY—Ready to accept things fatalistically or philosophically.
- a* ENDING IS CLUB-SHAPED—Bad temper, capable of cruelty.
- a* IS MADE SMALLER THAN THE OTHER LETTERS IN THE WORD AND HAS THE APPEARANCE OF A LITTLE KNOT—Hypocritical; person cannot be trusted; is apt to misrepresent things, falsify, and deceive; is shrewd and hard to penetrate.
- A* OR ANY VARIATION OF THIS FORM—Humanitarian; concerned with the welfare of others; has a sense of social responsibility; makes an ideal parent; loves to protect others and defend those who are weak.
- A* PRINT-LIKE—Artistic, creative; loves to shape things, construct, design, or plan; is concerned with appearance and has a strong love for beauty.

- b** *CLOSED TIGHTLY*—Skeptical; hard to convince, demands reasons, facts, and proof; has a good business sense.
- h** *BULGES, WIDE OPEN*—Gullible; inclined to be naive, trusting; can be "sold" easily.
- h** *SHARP AT THE BASE*—Curious, quick to perceive things.
- z** *BEGINS WITH TINY HOOK AT THE TOP*—Inclined to be talkative and gossipy.
- g** *BEGINS WITH AN "INCURVE"*—Possessive; has strong family attachments and is possessive in love.
- g** *BEGINS WITH A FANCY STROKE*—Person has a sense of humor and the ability to mimic.
- l** *MADE WITH A PLAIN STROKE INSTEAD OF A LOOP OR PRINTED*—Has individuality, independence of thought; is intellectual and has literary potentialities.
- b**
- B** *LARGE AND WIDE*—Expressive, communicative; loves to be with people, is a good "mixer."
- B** *NARROW, CRAMPED IN APPEARANCE*—Reserved, reticent; finds it hard to express one's self; is uncomfortable in large groups of people.
- B** *ROUND AND GRACEFUL*—Suave, pleasant personality; makes friends easily.
- B** *PRINT-LIKE*—Constructive, creative; has a love for the artistic and individual; does not like to follow the herd.
- c** *VERY ROUNDED*—Peace-loving, sympathetic.
- c** *VERY SHARP*—Welcomes resistance and combat.
- c** *CONNECTING STROKE FROM PRECEDING LETTER FORMED THUS*—Uncertain, lacking in self-confidence, slow to make decisions.
- c** *REGULAR COPY BOOK FORMATION*—It has no particular significance.
- e** *LOOPED*—Conventional.
- e** *DOUBLE-LOOPED*—Conservative in ideas; follows tradition and family customs; rarely departs from conventions.
- dd** *HIGH LOOP OR STEM*—Scrupulous, has strong principles, high standards, and a high sense of honor; trustworthy.
- ddd** *VERY SHORT LOOP OR STEM*—Person who modifies his standards and principles for the sake of material gains; considers policy before principle; is able to swallow his pride for practical purposes; is concerned with the ends rather than the means used to gain those ends.
- d** *ENDING DESCENDS BELOW THE LINE*—Opinionated, hard to change; inclined to be stubborn.
- d** *ENDING IS CLUB-SHAPED*—Bad temper; capable of cruelty and brutality.
- dd** *MADE WITH A WIDE LOOP*—Sensitive.
- dd** *WHEN LOOP IS INFLATED*—Extremely sensitive, particularly about one's rights and independence; a person whose pride can be easily hurt; type of youth who runs away from home to declare his independence; has a strong sense of individual rights, and will not be domineered.
- d** *LIGHT, WEAK ENDING*—Lacks in courage; governed by fear; subject to indecision.
- dd** *STRADDLE "D" (OBSERVE THE TRIANGULAR OR "V" FORMATION AT THE STEM)*—Taciturn; has a "poker face" and does not show his thoughts and feelings in his facial expressions; this type confides in very few people, observes things quietly and "laughs up his sleeve." Often he gives the impression of being aloof and cold, but that is really misleading.
- dd** *CURVES BACK*—Cultured; has refined tastes, is inclined to be scholarly; usually has literary potentialities, a philosophical bent, and keen, critical tastes.
- d** *CURVES FORWARD*—Light-hearted; inclined to be flirtatious, and has a good sense of humor.
- d** *SHORT ENDING*—Lacking in generosity.
- d** *LONG ASCENDING ENDING*—Generous.
- d** *LONG, HORIZONTAL ENDING*—Suspicious.

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Are you a mystery to yourself?

How well do you know the inner characteristics of your friends?

Are you a square peg in a round hole?



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# TRUE PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE

## \$500 GRAND PRIZE

To be awarded the best entry received prior to March 20, 1939. Announcement of winner will be made in May number.

## \$100 EVERY MONTH

For five months, total sum to be divided according to judges' opinion of merit. Prizes will be awarded beginning in our next issue.

### FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. This contest is open to everyone except employees of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, their families and their relatives. You need not subscribe to TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, but reading the "PSYCHIC EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT" will help you to prepare your entry.

2. \$100.00 will be awarded every month for five months beginning with our December issue, the total sum each month to be divided according to the judges' opinion of merit. A \$500.00 grand prize will be awarded to the best entry received prior to March 1, 1939. The winner's name will be announced April 1, 1939. This award will be in addition to monthly prizes.

3. Entries must be less than 1,000 words in length, and may be as short as 200 words. Style and neatness will NOT count, and every effort will be made to give the non-professional writer a fair chance. Enclose a snapshot, if you wish.

4. Your "Psychic Experience" may concern mental telepathy, clairvoyance, haunted houses, apparitions of the living or ghosts of the dead, an astral voyage, table tappings, materialization, poltergeists, a prophecy, crys-

tal gazing, or any other form of mystic, psychic, or occult facts.

5. Contestants may submit as many entries as they wish, but separate entries must be submitted in separate envelopes. Manuscripts will be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Due care will be used in handling manuscripts, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safe return. The editors will not enter into any correspondence concerning entries once they have been submitted.

6. The judges will be the editors of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE or persons appointed by them. All persons entering the contest agree to accept as final the decisions of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE and its judges on any and all questions that may be raised concerning the contest.

7. This magazine reserves the right to publish all prize-winning entries, together with the full names and addresses of all entrants.

8. To qualify for December prizes, entries must be postmarked prior to October 1st; January entries must be postmarked prior to November 1st.

ADDRESS EXPERIENCE EDITOR, TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, Corn Exchange Building, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

# MOST DRAMATIC SÉANCE



The Witch of En-dor calling forth the ghost of Samuel, who appeared before King Saul and prophesied a stupendous event in Biblical history. Saul went to her for advice, although he had already denounced all the mediums in the land and ordered them banished.



# EVER KNOWN By Anna Dickerman

**T**HE KING, ANNOYED because his subjects were paying too much attention to fortune tellers, "put away those that had familiar spirits, and wizards, out of the land." But, filled with foreboding on the eve of a decisive battle, he recalled that a great medium whose name had been on everyone's lips was among the banished. She could bring the dead from their graves to commune with the living, he had been told. Not only the fate of the kingdom hung in the balance but the king had three soldier sons, one of them as handsome and as popular a lad as had ever been born to the purple, and Death ever loved "a shining mark."

Inquiring about this medium, the king learned that, in spite of his decree, she was nearby. So he disguised himself and went to her in the trust that she could divine the outcome. She recognized him and feared for her life, but he promised that no harm would come to her. With this assurance she went into a trance and the spirit of a venerable man, "dead and lamented by all," appeared and told the king that the enemy would be victorious and that he and his three sons would be slain. The prophecy was true.

This, perhaps the most dramatic séance ever known, is compressed in the twenty-eighth chapter of the *Old Testament* book of First Samuel. The king was Saul; the beloved son was Jonathan; the medium was the Witch of Endor; the prophet, Samuel; and "the host of Israel was delivered into the hands of the Philistines."

As ancient as is the setting, a far earlier reference to the ability of looking into the future is recorded in the Bible. Moses, the lawgiver, instructed the Israelites that "there shall not be found among you any one what maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times (astrology), or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer." This implies that these practices had been followed to a great extent.

Besides those who are actually able to make forecasts, there are countless believers in mystic rites, and a very large group of "sensitives" who receive psychic impressions with or without conscious effort. The caveman who, twenty-five thousand years ago, drew outlines of wild beasts with sharpened pieces of flint on the walls of his rock shelter, is thought to have done so to insure success in the hunt by picturing the animal he desired to slay.

Swedenborg, the mystic, was once visiting in a house in Gothenburg, three hundred miles from his home in Stockholm. There were fifteen persons present when he suddenly became agitated and left the room, returning pale and trembling with the news that a fire had broken out in his neighborhood and threatened to burn his own dwelling. He said that the residence of a friend, whose name he gave, was already in ashes. After some hours he joyfully exclaimed that the fire had been extinguished the third door from that friend's home. Two days later

a courier arrived from Stockholm, and every detail as given by Swedenborg proved to be true.

The drums of Africa convey accurate news to native tribes long before modern means of communication bring it to civilized countries. When Khartoum fell and General Gordon and his staff died fighting, the facts were known in Sierra Leone, 3,400 miles distant as the crow flies, the same day. If the sound had been relayed by drums, the messages would have passed through the Sudan, Cameroons, Nigeria, Dahomey, Gold Coast, Ivory Coast and Liberia, and finally Sierra Leone—and these countries are inhabited by different tribes speaking languages not understood by the others. When the news of Queen Victoria's death was cabled to government officials in West Africa, natives hundreds of miles from railways or telegraph lines, knew of her passing and all of the details, almost at once.

The blind poet Pffeffel engaged a young clergyman named Billing as his companion and secretary. The poet found inspiration when walking in a certain garden, but always at a particular spot he felt the young man's arm tremble violently. Inquiring the cause, he was reluctantly informed that the feeling that a human body had been buried there under peculiar circumstances took possession of Billing, and that he had visited the place alone at dusk and had actually seen the

spectre of a woman. The poet declared that this was only imagination and insisted upon being brought to the garden at night. The clergyman saw and described the apparition, and the poet beat about it with his stick and even walked through it—but the wraith never failed to assume its original misty shape.

Finally the poet had the site excavated, and at considerable depth, a skeleton was discovered beneath a quantity of lime. A murder had been committed. The bones were then buried elsewhere, and the clergyman did not experience the fright and shock again. This was well attested at the time, and owing to the standing of those concerned, created a sensation.

**C**HARLES XI OF SWEDEN was a fearless, wise but despotic ruler, cold and unfeeling by nature. He was sitting in his private apartments one autumn evening, shortly after the death of his queen, with only his chamberlain and physician as companions, and his mood was so gloomy and taciturn that it was impossible for them to interest him in any subject of conversation.

The palace then occupied by the kings of Sweden was situated on the Ritzholm, facing Lake Modu, and was shaped like a horseshoe. The king's apartments were in one of the extremities, and the Hall of State, directly opposite, in the other.

Suddenly the great hall became brightly illuminated. Wonderingly, the king, accompanied by the two officers of the household, went to ascertain the cause. The keeper

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*From Bible times to this age spiritistic mediumship and psychic happenings have been denounced. Yet mystical powers still hold sway over mankind.*

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[Continued on page 81]

# Spirits Rule Cannibal Land

By  
Chas. C. Miller



A dead warrior dressed for his journey to spirit land. He takes with him his bow, arrows and other weapons, so that he will be recognized in the Other World.



Even in cannibal land the women wear mourning clothes, made from grass. This attire serves as a disguise so that the spirits of dead relatives will not recognize them. The woman at the left is a new widow and is still smeared with white clay, the customary sign of mourning.



A mother must cradle the body of her dead child from ten to thirty days. This is so the infant's spirit, still looking for its mother, will accustom itself to new surroundings.

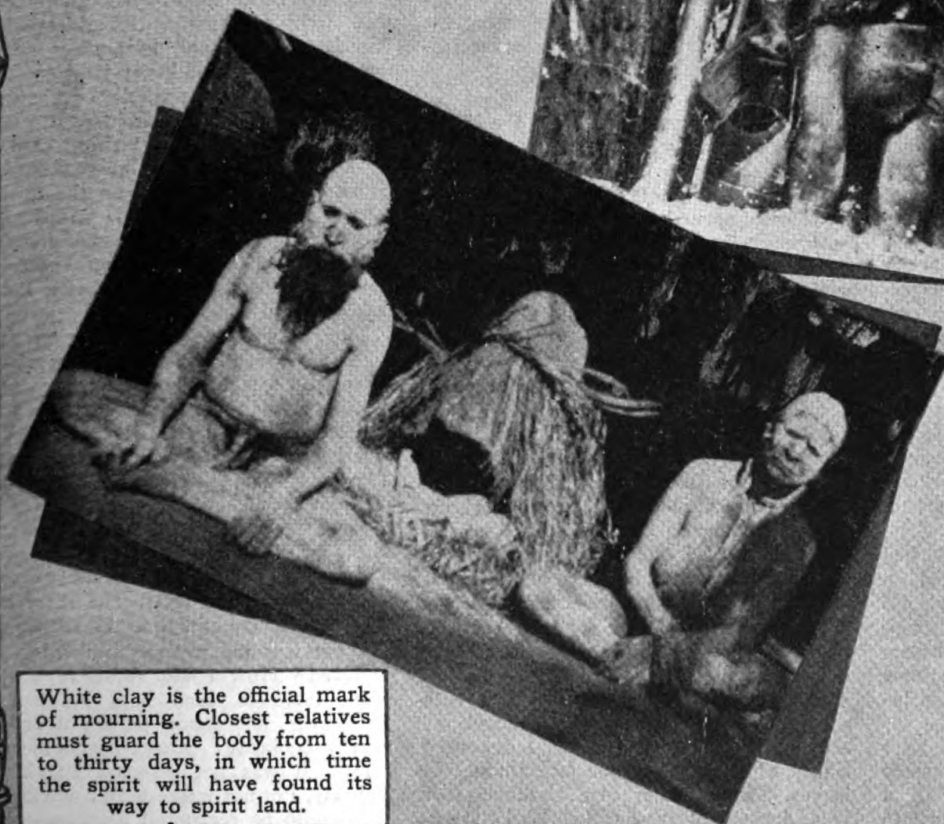




Guarding the grave from human and animal, to let the spirit depart in peace. This period varies according to the custom of the individual tribe.



A chief lying on a bamboo platform in his grave. The open sepulcher is guarded for many days, during which time the tribe brings offerings to his spirit.



White clay is the official mark of mourning. Closest relatives must guard the body from ten to thirty days, in which time the spirit will have found its way to spirit land.



# Untold Facts Behind "Scientific American's" Psychic Probe!

[ Continued from page 7 ]

A world of investigation possibilities right here! By what means could a person suddenly be possessed of another personality, and how could this second personality seemingly tap the universe of knowledge? Also, I cannot overlook those strange crackling sounds and the wild gyrations of the firmly grasped pencil. What force was at work, invading the physical realm or at least working on our physical senses? Unfortunately, this mediumship was never formally recognized by our committee.

**A**LTHOUGH the *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation Committee did make out a case of fraud against George Valentine, the well-known trumpet medium of that time, thanks largely to my electrical detector which indicated the frequent vacating of the medium's seat during the psychic happenings, I have always felt that there might possibly be a slight residuum of genuine supernormal phenomena in this mediumship.

I can never forget how my friend J. Malcolm Bird and I plotted to trip the medium whom we suspected of traipsing about the room in stockinged feet, during séances. After the lights were turned off, we slumped down in our chairs and stuck our feet out in the middle of the circle. In due course, the "spirits" were at work. One of them, Bert by name, stopped in front of me and demanded that my feet be withdrawn out of his way. I was severely admonished for this nasty trick. Likewise with Bird, who was on the other side of the circle.

We had felt no physical contact—no fumbling, no exploring. Yet here was a "spirit," or the medium if you prefer, telling us that our feet were in the way, despite the pitch blackness of the séance room. Could the medium "see" in the dark? Or was there a spiritistic agency at work? I don't know.

Or take the case of the famous Margery of Boston. Plenty of unsatisfactory work in this mediumship, so far as my personal observation went. Indeed, I was a guest at her home for ten days, early in 1924, during which time I had ample opportunity for studying the case at close range. However, be it noted here that at no time was I permitted to introduce any of my fraud-detecting contraptions. In this respect the Margery case was quite unlike our handling of other mediums who came to the *Scientific American* offices. Margery insisted on séances in her own home, which little detail made her case quite unique—and likewise valueless from our standpoint.

But despite the worthlessness which I strongly suspected—and even detected on several occasions—and which my old friend, the late Harry Houdini, the magician, who was one of the committee judges, likewise concurred in, I have never felt quite satisfied with the official conclusions.

On one occasion in particular we were working in pitch blackness with some cabinet phenomena. Margery was in a three-sided enclosure. Her husband sat to her right, grasping her hand. I held her

left hand. Bird, I believe, held her ankles. The medium, with the possible exception of her husband's assignment, was pretty well "controlled."

Despite these rigid conditions, I felt soft surges of cold air coming from the cabinet. Thinking that it might be imagination, I queried my neighbor to my left. He immediately confirmed my observations. We could feel these pulsations of decidedly cold air. The medium, actively interested in the major phenomena of the moment, made no mention of this psychic breeze. Neither did her husband. Which fact made our experience all the more significant.

Here again, I make allowances for possible imagination. However, this must be a common hallucination, if such it be, for cold breezes are frequently mentioned by psychic investigators. Certainly a recording thermometer would once and for all confirm or deny these psychic breezes. Yet the fact that we experienced these things is what really counts. Why did we feel cold surges?

Another thing which greatly impressed me with the Margery mediumship, and for that matter with some others, was the very apparent physical fatigue attendant upon the séances. On the basis of ordinary physical effort, there should be no reason to be really tired. Our usual séances lasted about two hours. We were comfortably seated in the circle. The darkness placed no strain on our eyes or minds. Yet sitter after sitter complained of excessive fatigue. Why? I do not profess to know. But I am frankly perturbed by this rather commonplace experience. It seems to imply the definite expenditure of physical energy by everyone taking part in a séance. Bird reported the same experience following his European séances. What a significant factor for investigation!

**M**UCH HAS BEEN made in the book, "Margery," written by my associate, Bird, regarding the photographs I made of the cabinet. The photographs were made in a perfectly normal manner. I used a Graflex camera for the purpose.

When the negatives were developed, I noticed a queer spot of light on each of the three "shots" of the cabinet. The light spot was sort of raindrop shaped. It seemed as though some metal or other bright object might have caused halation. I went back to the cabinet and searched for some physical cause, but could find none. I sought some normal explanation, such as lens flare, water spot, or other negative defect, but could not repeat the same phenomenon under identical operating conditions. I thought of some leak of light in the camera, but here again subsequent photographs had no such markings.

Let's go even deeper into this matter. One evening I chanced to look over some amateur photographs in Margery's snapshot album. One photograph of her, with a vine in the background, attracted my attention. Upon critical study, I discerned a tiny, almost microscopic face among the leaves. Then another face...still another...and yet another. I called Bird's attention to the photograph. My discovery

created a furor. He confirmed my observations. Margery seemed quite startled when we called her attention to the tiny faces.

Were we being deceived? Was this trick photography? It so happens that photography is my hobby; also, to a large extent, my livelihood. So I studied the print with a view to trickery. If it were trickery, it was a very elaborate effort involving the making of an enlargement, the pasting of many tiny faces thereon, considerable airbrushing to eliminate signs of paste-ups—even under a magnifying glass, a reduction negative and the final print. But the way I discovered that print, seemingly by accident, pretty much bars out the possibility of intentional fraud.

I have often thought of that photograph. Why our committee didn't go into a thorough study of that photography, I can only explain by the fact that there were too many other things going on at the moment in the Margery three-ring psychic circus. More's the pity!

It's little things such as this which make one think. Disclose fraud after fraud, run down no end of would-be phenomena, yet some little detail remains that simply won't down. It remains to plague the serious investigator who can never feel his work is done until he has attained a hundred per cent conclusion one way or the other.

Another occasion brought me in touch with an electrician who felt that his psychic power was to be used only for the benefit of close friends and their friends. Any thought of financial reward would have been highly repugnant to this sincere psychic worker.

At any rate, one evening found me in this circle of friends. He addressed the "Spirit of Wisdom" to answer various questions by way of heavy knocks issuing from the table in the middle of the group. The room was dimly lighted. Presently, he asked me to take a visiting card and hold it to my ear. Then he requested the Spirit of Wisdom to rap on the card the answer to a given question. To my astonishment, the next raps came from the card—distinct if faint tapings, as though done with the tips of fingernails. I alone held the card all the while.

The answers to our questions were highly significant. Particularly one message, "Beware of Number Seven." This meant nothing at the time. It seemed just another of those shots in the dark which characterize so much psychic communication. The next day, however, our electrician medium found, on reporting for work in a large New York hotel, that generator No. 7 in the hotel's basement power plant had gone bad during the previous evening. We confirmed the facts. The story stood up under severe analysis.

What was the psychic mechanism here involved? How could those raps travel from table to card held between my fingernails, and again to the door of a nearby bookcase? Others heard the same things. It was not personal imagination. Frankly, I'm not interested in whether the raps could be registered by phonographic means or not. That's purely beside the

point. The fact remains that a roomful of serious investigators experienced the same things. Our physical senses or minds had been prevailed upon by some supernormal mechanism. Unfortunately, this was another of those many unofficial séances which didn't count.

**T**AKE THE CASE of a well-known electrical engineer, pioneer in the telephone field, who turned over to us several volumes of notes compiled during years of sittings with an amateur direct-voice medium. The notes purported to be conversations with a departed Egyptian. The sitters were taken back five thousand years to the Valley of the Kings and the banks of the Nile. They were introduced to Egyptian customs and personalities of that remote time. We read the notes in awe.

Of course the medium could have dug up such facts and imagined the balance. No one will insist to the contrary. But if the young girl medium in that case did amuse herself in such manner, she was simply wasting time. The same material would have proved far more profitable and glorious in the form of fiction. No, I am not ready to pooh-pooh instances of this sort.

Take another case. We had a charming lady come before us in an informal capacity. She had dictated, while in the trance state, several published books purporting to be the story of a little Puritan maid who lived in the early days of the Bay State Colony. The little lady did not seem to me, in her normal state, to have the mental capacity to produce such remarkable historical tomes. And she very modestly disclaimed any credit for such authorship, simply insisting that the words were those of the spirit maiden who came to speak through her lips.

All of which is relatively commonplace. The Book of Mormon, dictated by Joseph Smith, founder of the great Mormon religion, is an outstanding example of this category. How a plain farmer boy could have dictated an outstanding piece of religious literature, remains one of the great mysteries of all times. There are many other similar cases.

What is the mechanism behind these remarkable writings? How does the medium tap such a reservoir of knowledge? Is another personality really at work? I don't know. But I would like to know. . . .

Haunted houses? Oh yes, we came across them. Bird had experiences with several which turned out to be jokes or near-jokes. I had one experience with what seemed a genuine case. I heard footsteps on the stairway, as I was told by the household that I should. I experienced that well-known spooky feeling. But I did not get the opportunity to put my scientific checks to work. But even if I had used a microphone, amplifier and recording phonograph, and had captured no sounds, what difference would it have made? Again I reiterate, the fact that these supernormal sounds register with our senses and our minds, yet perhaps do not exist in the physical realm, is all the more impressive to me. We are dealing here with forces beyond our ken. That's mighty significant, and logical, too.

Still another queer case comes to mind. One of our mediums made use of a disc

phonograph to supply incidental music so essential to many séances. The phonograph, electrically driven, had a repeating mechanism whereby a record played over and over again.

Strangely enough, the "spirit guide" in this case informed us that two mischievous playboys of the spirit world insisted on being around and performing tricks. They were hovering about the phonograph, so we were told. Soon that electrically driven phonograph went off pitch, indicating the slowing down of the synchronous motor. I was puzzled, but suspected mediumistic fraud. Later I tested the line voltage for fluctuations, although such would have had little effect on the constant speed of a synchronous motor. I tried the phonograph between séances to detect changes in speed and pitch, but found none. The phonograph could not be tampered with during the séance. Yet the changing pitch episode became quite a feature of this mediumship. Why? How? I don't know. But I do know that trickery would have been difficult.

**A**ND SO MATTERS went throughout the *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation, formally and informally. I introduced the photographic before-and-after technique, the luminous radium buttons behind closely spaced books for observing the passing of opaque objects about the pitch-black séance room, the electric contact pad for indicating occupancy or vacancy of the medium's chair in pitch blackness, the body-capacity loop of wire close to but hidden from the cabinet medium, whereby to check, in the adjoining room, the position of the concealed medium at any given moment, etc., etc.

So please give me credit for being critical, thorough, scientific. So far as corroborating any objective phenomena which came before us in a formal manner, you know we could not. Case after case turned out to be plain fraud. We had no luck with professional mediums, while the non-professional mediums could not be urged to appear before our committee under test conditions.

But I wish to make perfectly plain that psychic phenomena are not to be proved or disproved by purely physical means. They may affect human senses and minds. Yet those séance-room noises, temperature changes, breezes, movements or other observations may fail to impress themselves on scientific mechanisms. Does that prove fraud? I think not. Does it prove hallucinations? I think not. Does it prove anything? YES, by all means.

If these phenomena be really supernormal, or even supernatural, then we can hardly depend on normal or natural means for their critical study. These forces presumably come from outside our natural plane. They manifest themselves under extraordinary conditions. Only something on this plane capable of extending beyond the narrow confines of this plane, can possibly tune in on these supernatural forces. That something happens to be the subconscious mind, which alone seems capable of bridging the span between natural and supernatural planes.

So in the final analysis, I for one am certain psychic matters must be studied purely from the subjective side. We can

no more depend on cameras and scales and other mechanical mechanisms to study and take apart psychic phenomena than we could tackle a wrist-watch repair job with a plumber's set of tools.

We are dealing with the human mind, which is still a labyrinth of unsolved mysteries. Even more intricate, we are dealing with the decidedly abnormal subconscious mind of mediums. We are depending on mental processes concerning which we know little enough, in trying to secure explanations to things many fold more intricate. Yet there are adequate means of study. We can safeguard against fraud. It's all a question of patience, skill, open-mindedness, fairness, fearlessness in final conclusions.

**T**HE *Scientific American* Psychic Investigation, which I conceived and inaugurated, arrived nowhere in particular. It left the entire psychic question floating in the air like a dirigible torn loose from its moorings. The judges virtually agreed to disagree. The publisher's money was thoroughly safeguarded by the purely *objective* character of the investigation. A great opportunity was bungled. At the tail end, some four years after the investigation had started, there was evidence of marked impatience in the hurried burying of this pretty kettle of fish.

Had the investigation, following my original thoughts—been conducted on a broader plane, permitting the introduction of subjective quite as well as objective phenomena—and if the monetary considerations had been left out, I do believe this enterprise could have led to great things. Of course, I know such an investigation takes time. It might require a decade even to scratch the surface, a quarter century to unearth a significant case, a century to formulate any opinions worth while. But there is something here of vital importance to mankind. And time should mean nothing in such a quest.

Above all, there must be no commercialization when psychic investigation is on a serious basis. I for one do not expect mediums to put on a performance at all times and in all places. That is manifestly unfair. If their powers be genuine, surely they must be subject to many adverse conditions.

This whole matter of psychic research finally comes down to the right approach. The investigator must enter the field with an unbiased mind—and that's a very rare qualification. He must have no conclusion drawn up in advance. He must not seek hand-picked facts to confirm a pre-conceived opinion. Rather he must seek all available facts and only draw a conclusion when there is a tremendous accumulation of data that has been checked, rechecked and accepted. Fraud must not be played up to the detriment of the work. Of course, there's fraud—tons of it. But just as Madame Curie handled tons of pitchblende to ferret out that last pinpoint of luminescent radium, after years of hard work, so must the psychic investigator plow through mountains of phenomena, throw out ninety-nine per cent if need be of bald fraud, and sift that last remaining one per cent or less in search of the vital facts of existence.

# His Mystic Miracles Solved 100 Crimes

[ Continued from page 11 ]

His chauffeur, who has accompanied him on many of his adventures, is more voluble. He will say:

"Doc, you let me tell that. You're leaving out half of the story." Then he will continue while Roberts remains silent and somewhat embarrassed at the praise he is given.

One of his stories is about a large dairy near Milwaukee. The owner telephoned Roberts:

"I don't know what's the matter," he complained, "but my cows are giving milk of a greenish color. I had a couple of veterinarians out here, but they can't do a thing. I've heard about your work and if you can cure my cows I'll give you a hundred dollars."

Roberts went to the farm, looked at the herd, made a few passes in the air and then said:

"Tomorrow morning they will give the last green milk. It will be all right when you milk them in the evening."

A few days later a check for a hundred dollars arrived, with a letter stating that the color in the milk cleared up as Roberts had promised.

"I don't know how you did it," the dairyman wrote, "but you sure know your cows."

Whether or not one cares to accept all the stories about Roberts that are told by others, one cannot refuse to believe those that are vouched for by people whose reliability is unquestioned. Dozens of letters from well-known people attest the fact that he has done work of a remarkable nature.

Often has he been forced to become the bearer of sad tidings to those who have consulted him. One of his telegrams illustrates the heart throbs that sometime come into his practice.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Larson of La Crosse, Wisconsin, disappeared. In desperation they consulted Roberts.

"I am sorry," he told them, "but he has been drowned. You will find the body fifty feet below the bridge in the river."

The parents obtained help and the river was dragged. The next day Roberts received a telegram from them:

FOUND LITTLE LAWRENCE FIFTY FEET BELOW BRIDGE AS YOU PROPHESED THIS FIVE-THIRTY P. M. THANKING YOU.

Though he is often called on to be the bearer of sad tidings, Roberts is justly proud of the work he has done. He never acts except in the service of others and in defense of the law.

What are these strange talents of Roberts? Whence come they, and what mysteries do they portend that are to be solved in the future? Science must answer these questions. The remarkable feats that the psychic detective is performing in the course of every day practice deserve careful study and investigation.

## Arthur P. Roberts

# EXPLAINED

by Sterling Wright

**A** LETTER REACHED me in Denver from the editor of TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE. He asked me to make the long journey to Milwaukee to investigate Arthur P. Roberts, the psychic detective.

I quote from the letter:

"We remember your part in the exposing of Madam V——, and want you to undertake this mission for us. In conducting these investigations we intend to go far beyond the mere telling of interesting stories of supernormal powers. We want to delve deeply into a field where little scientific investigation has been made. The time has come when something more than a pussyfoot approach should be made to psychic phenomena."

Mr. Roberts greeted me at the door of his Milwaukee house with a warm shake of the hand.

A short, stout man with thick neck and sloping shoulders, quick and precise in speech, A. P. Roberts is not at all the professional fortune-teller type. He is an ordinary business man practicing in a chosen field.

He conducted me into his office, which is light and airy, and pointed to testimonials framed on the wall that told of his achievements. There were clippings from newspapers, some of them yellow with age. There were letters and telegrams, and a number of Sunday supplements that were illustrated with pictures of shrouded, grinning ghosts reaching out of a swirling mist with bony hands.



Arthur P. Roberts

In his quick, businesslike way, Roberts dug from files a host of letters, newspapers and magazines that testified to his powers. One of them was an ancient letter from the chief of police in my home city dated the year I was born. Within a few moments Roberts had piled on the table enough printed material to keep me busy for a week. It was clear that he had been investigated many times by writers and scientists who were simply seeking trickery and did not believe in his psychic talent.

Finally I told him: "TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE MAGAZINE has sent me to learn exactly how you do the things you are able to do. What is your own explanation?"

"I don't understand them myself," he explained. "You see, I haven't any education and can neither read nor write."

One glance at Roberts will show that he assumes ignorance as one might put on a disguise. As a matter of fact, he is unusually keen and understands far more than he cares to reveal. Most people are looking for trickery, and Roberts has learned to cover up what he knows in order to lead people to believe he hasn't sense enough to be a clever faker. Thus he gets away from explanations that an average investigator would neither believe nor understand.

I was not particularly interested in the mass of evidence Roberts placed before me. I wanted the secret of his method. For some time we remained quietly discussing different things. My hope was that I could catch him off guard.

Finally I told him I would send him a client.

"He is a lawyer friend," I said. "A man died a month ago, and they know he had a hoard of money and jewelry hidden away somewhere. My friend is administering the estate. He knows something about these powers, and asked me if I could find, physically, this lost property. I told him I would try, but I fear it is

beyond me. I will send him to you. What do you want him to send?"

"A specimen of the dead man's handwriting," he answered.

I felt now that we were getting somewhere. *Handwriting!* Is that what he really wanted?

"Would it be all right," I continued, "if he sends a handkerchief or something else the man had used?"

"Yes, that will be just as good."

**N**OW I HAD HIM! He is using what is known to the esoteric schools as psychometric power. In order to explain it I must wade into rather deep water. All of us have such powers, just as we have muscles, but some have developed them to a greater degree than others.

Let us assume, until proof is made, this principle: Thought is creative! It is a tangible thing, just as is a table or an airplane or a house. It has a definite form in the astral realm, which science might call the ether.

Esoteric schools speak of thought forms just as we speak of flowers and trees. All of us come in contact with such thought forms, but few people realize that their moods are controlled by these influences.

Many true instances might be cited to support this claim. In the autumn of 1929 there was a crash in the stock market. All the exchanges were a seething turmoil of frenzied human beings.

People far away felt the influence. An unexplained feeling of uncertainty and even of terror gripped them, although they knew nothing of what was taking place. Many of them telephoned newspaper offices and asked if something out of the ordinary was happening. Unknowingly, they were contacting a huge thought form.

Another example is the spirit of the

mob. Many people thinking the same thought, under emotional stress, build a powerful thought form. It is quickly composed and quickly disintegrated, but, while under its influence, individuals will do things they would not do when alone. Often they are heartily ashamed of themselves later, not knowing that they had come under the influence of a power that was too great for their own uncontrolled objective minds.

I knew a man who nursed a bitter hatred for many years. Slowly he built up a terrible thought form. Finally this became more powerful than his own will. He became a raving maniac, the victim of an obsession. His hatred had eaten him.

The thought form may be compared with a storage battery highly charged with electricity. We may use this stored power if we have the means of contacting it.

Just how we receive the "power" from a thought form depends upon the way our own subconscious minds send messages to the conscious mind.

Here we must delve into psychology. Perhaps it will help us understand something of this potent, little-understood subconscious.

When I was a student, we conducted experiments in the picture-forming quality of this marvelous mind. We were sent, one by one, into an adjoining room. Here we pulled out a certain drawer, looked into it, counted three, closed it, and returned to the classroom. Without saying a word to anyone, we were to draw the object we had seen.

I opened the drawer, as directed, and heard the jingle of a bell. There it was, lying on its side, a bell with a black handle exactly like the one the teacher used to summon us years ago from the playground.

Returning to my desk, I drew a picture of the bell. Then I compared with the

other students. All of us had drawn pictures of bells, but no two of them were alike.

Nothing was in the drawer, but we had to look again before we would believe it. A concealed bell rang when it was opened, and the subconscious mind accepted the suggestion. It gave us an actual picture of a bell. This seemed real to the objective mind.

Such is the power of the subconscious, and we must remember this if we are to understand the principle of the thought form.

Sometimes it gives us a clear thought.

You have heard people say, "I don't know why it was, but the thought came to me out of a clear sky," etc.

**W**ITH SOME, the thought comes as a voice. It seems that someone actually is speaking, for the subconscious mind translates the thought in the form of unspoken words. Often people believe this to be a contact with disembodied spirits. There are no words at all, but the subconscious gives "words" to the conscious mind, and most individuals are unable to distinguish them from actual speech coming from the ether.

Another way that we receive the power from thought forms is by mental pictures, as with the woman who saw a bleeding heart. This is the secret of the remarkable things Arthur P. Roberts, the psychic detective, is able to do. He contacts the thought form, and his subconscious mind gives him actual pictures of what took place. He requires only a means of attunement, and that is why he wanted a specimen of handwriting or a handkerchief. It serves the same purpose as the wires that transmit electricity from a battery. It is the dial that connects him with the right radio wave.

## Laboratory Tests Show Phantom Wonders

[ Continued from page 19 ]

The prepared word list is then read to her slowly, one word at a time, and her responses noted by the observer. The length of time she takes in replying to each individual word is likewise recorded. We have here, therefore, a triple check: reaction words, reaction times, and galvanometer deflections.

The medium now passes into trance, and her conscious mind departs and is replaced by that of her control. The word list is then read to the control, as it had previously been read to the medium, and in turn his reaction words, reaction times, and galvanometer deflections are noted. By doing this over and over again, a mass of figures and words are obtained which are capable of statistical comparison and an analysis to determine how much they resemble or differ from each other. If the results are similar we know that we are dealing with the same mind, or some part of it, while if they prove to be very different, it would seem to indicate that two separate and distinct minds—that of the medium and that of the control—have been tested.

In our experiments with Mrs. Garrett we obtained very remarkable differences

between the control-personality and the medium herself. We seemed to have established the independence of the control-personality by statistical and instrumental means!

Even more striking, however, was the sequel to all this. We asked her control, Uvani, whether it would be possible for him to find a number of other persons in the spirit world and induce them to reply to these word lists. Uvani said that he thought that this was possible and, in short, actually did so.

We had, in all, seven different persons who communicated in this way, and when their responses were compared, it was found that they all differed from one another, all differed from the medium, and all differed from her control in emotional tone, in time reactions and in the character of the words chosen for replying to the word lists. Now we seemed to be dealing with seven different minds, rather than with one—with seven different spiritual personalities whose separate independence we had shown to exist by established laboratory methods and by accepted scientific tests!

It would take us too far afield to de-

scribe these experiments further, but all the facts and results may be found in a detailed report contained in the Bulletin of the American Psychical Institute.

In order to further the progress of scientific investigation, there is an urgent need for a properly endowed and equipped psychic laboratory capable of carrying on scientific investigations of psychic phenomena. Such laboratories already exist in London, Paris, Munich, Athens, Buenos Aires and other large cities throughout the world, but we have none in America today. It is my hope that the present article, by calling attention to a few of the valuable experiments which could be performed, may perhaps hasten the day when some such laboratory is founded in America.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE is dedicated to psychic research. We will make every effort to solve the problems and questions of the psychic world. It is hoped that the success of our magazine will make possible the establishment of such a laboratory as that envisioned by Dr. Carrington.

THE PUBLISHERS

# IS ROOSEVELT PSYCHIC?

[Continued from page 13]

Note carefully what seemed actually to have happened. Dunne had dreamed of the future condition of *his own mind* when reading the newspaper account of the tragedy. A question immediately arises. Do prophetic dreams, if there really be such, relate to future events or to future conditions of the dreamer's mind upon receiving intelligence of such events?

In England, during 1915, a Canadian officer had what appeared to be a prophetic dream which seemed to have to do with a future state of his mind rather than the event itself. This officer dreamed that he was on a route march with his men when the horses of a signal-corps wagon became unruly and dashed through the ranks of his men, injuring and killing a number of them. On the following morning this officer was marching with his men when the horses of a signal-corps wagon *ran away and dashed through the ranks of his men*. The men scattered in time to save themselves, and not one was injured as in the dream. It seemed impossible, for a few moments, to believe that nobody had been hurt, and during those few moments it was in the officer's mind that much harm had been done. His dream had been closer to his state of mind at the moment of the event than it had been to the event itself.

**T**HERE IS a certain type of dream which may or may not be prophetic. This is the dream which depicts what appears to be a simultaneous happening at a distance. It is, however, impossible to determine the exact time of the dream and, for the matter of that, it is usually difficult to decide upon the exact instant of the happening. The dream, of course, is prophetic if it occurs but one second before the actual happening—something which may never be known. A dream of this nature is reported by Professor Rhine of Duke University. He was a graduate student when he heard it from one of his most respected science professors.

When this science professor was a boy his family was awakened one night by a neighbor who wished to borrow a horse and buggy to drive to a distant village. The neighbor's wife had experienced a horrible dream about her brother who lived in that village. In her dream she had seen her brother enter his barn and ascend to the haymow where he shot himself with a pistol. The trip to the village was made and the barn was searched with the result that the brother's body was found in the haymow together with the pistol that he had used to kill himself. Such a dream might be either prophetic or simply clairvoyant.

It is possible that many dreams are prophetic and never known to be prophetic because they relate to such common-place events that they pass unnoticed. At best they can only offer a few glimpses of what is ahead, and an infinite number of events must lie ahead of us. Most of these events are what we term ordinary events to which we pay little or no attention.

A good example of such a dream is that reported by an English lady who lives in

London. She was under the necessity of finding a new apartment on the following day and was greatly worried because she could not afford to pay a large amount and needed an unusual arrangement of rooms that might be expected to go with a high rental. She retired to bed greatly troubled and dreamed that she walked through certain well-known streets of London, turned off into a side street that she did not know and came to a building upon which there was a sign indicating that there were apartments to let. In the dream she entered the building and found the arrangement of rooms she required and for what she could pay.

On the following day this lady walked through the well-known streets and came to the little side street just as she had dreamed. London is a large city, and to the best of her knowledge, she had never before been on that little street. She found the building with the sign and entered—to discover an arrangement of rooms just as she had dreamed them. The price, too, was within her means.

Only important events or very unusual events, under ordinary circumstances, are noteworthy enough to call to mind the dreams which predicted them. It is because of this that the prophetic value of dreams is laughed at by so many people and held to be non-existent.

There is only one practical method of dealing with dreams from the standpoint of research. A dreamer must record his own dreams, since he is his only witness.

Let the dreamer arise from bed to take his morning bath and much of his dream has vanished before he steps out of the bathroom. Before he is dressed the entire dream is often gone beyond recall. Few dreams become permanently fixed in the mind as do the events and objects of our waking life. It is because of this fragile nature of dreams that a delicate method must be used to record them, a method which few have the perseverance to pursue long enough to obtain good results. Yet the results are extremely interesting and often quite astonishing.

The serious student, in his research regarding the prophetic quality of dreams, must regularly record his dreams over a period of time. The longer the time the more valuable will be the examination of his records, but three weeks may be sufficiently long to be of interest. He should record his dreams before he gets out of bed in the morning and, if possible, *even before he is completely awake*.

Upon a low stand, close to the bed, should be placed a pad of paper and a pencil. At the first glimmer of waking consciousness the dreamer should reach gently for the pencil and write down all that he can remember of any dream or dreams which he has experienced during the night. This should be done as gently and easily as possible so that waking consciousness will not return with a rush and wipe away the memory of much that has happened during sleep.

The dreamer will almost certainly discover that he dreams much more than he had thought. Practice will make him more

and more proficient so that he need not turn upon his side nor fully open his eyes to write. In this quiet state, bordering on sleep, he may even write some things which he will forget before he has finished dressing.

But there is more to the recording. During the day the dreams should be carefully transcribed with the date upon the left-hand pages of a notebook, leaving the right-hand pages blank for any future remarks regarding each dream. As the dreams accumulate they should be read over each day and the mind searched regarding any event, subsequent to the dream under consideration, which may seem to have any connection with that dream either symbolically or in actual fact. If any such subsequent event is discovered, it should be entered, with its date, upon the blank page opposite to the dream. As the record continues, it is possible, even probable, that strange dream forecastings of the future will become apparent. Such forecastings may be of important events or unimportant events and they may be personally connected or unconnected with the dreamer.

**M**ANY DREAMS, of course, seem to offer nothing which can be interpreted regarding coming events. That, however, is no proof that they actually have no connection with the future. The art of dream interpretation is not yet upon a scientific basis, and in the state of New York the law considers the foretelling of the future, at least for money, to be disorderly conduct. Yet the fact remains that some dreams give strong indication that the future could be accurately known if we but knew enough.

Several weeks before the event the writer, upon going to sleep one night, pondered as to what Hitler was going to do about Austria. During the night, in a dream, he saw a hand holding a large card upon which a date was printed. *That date was the exact day Hitler entered Austria!*

On another occasion the writer had a dream about something which was quite unimportant but very unusual and rather amusing. He dreamed that he picked up a boxful of money on Broadway; to be exact, at the southwest corner of Broadway and 107th Street. The following afternoon he emerged from the subway station at 103rd Street to walk north on Broadway. Remembering his dream, he made up his mind jokingly to look for his boxful of money at 107th Street. Imagine his surprise upon reaching that street corner to find a one-dollar bill lying flat upon the sidewalk.

Pharaoh's dream and Roosevelt's dream and all dreams are governed by laws of nature regarding which we know little or nothing. Such laws must operate in intricate fashion in a sphere which is beyond our comprehension. They govern a land of romantic adventure which may be better than what we know. It may even be the land of death. What we term death may really be life, and dreams may be our fleeting glimpses of it.



# In the Land of Living Ghosts

[ Continued from page 23 ]

while in a state of apparent death in Chicago, was seen by his sister, Cynthia, in Philadelphia. After relating many similar instances of which he personally knew, Thurston concluded by saying:

"Of all the ghosts I know of, these ghosts of the living seem to me to be the most remarkable."

In 1882 the first Society for Psychical Research was formed. That society has numbered among its members many distinguished people, such as Prof. William James, Prof. F. C. S. Schiller, Maitre Henri Bergson, Dr. William McDougall, Prof. Cesare Lombroso, Sir Oliver Lodge, Pierre and Marie Curie, and an endless list of those equally famous. When the early members of the society — Myers, Gurney, Podmore, Sedgwick, and others — first began their investigations, they were amazed at the immensity of the testimony to ghosts, ghosts of the dead, ghosts of the dying, and ghosts of the living.

The result of the first census, published in *Phantasms of the Living* and the second and far more extensive one, published in Vol. X. of the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, confirmed the fact that chance alone could not account for such testimony; that there was some connection between the apparition and the person whose ghost was seen.

In many instances ghosts of persons residing at a distance were seen and recognized before their actual demise, indicating that such ghosts might have been projected from bodies still living. Several surveys were made at different times and by different persons. One such survey was that of Professor Henry Sedgwick, who sent out questionnaires to 17,000 ordinary adult persons, picked at random, who resided for the most part in the United Kingdom. *The result was that 1,684 people reported having seen an apparition, or approximately one person out of every ten.*

Camille Flammarion, the noted French astronomer, took a similar census in France with practically the same result.

Naturally enough, an attempt was made to explain such apparitions as "telepathic hallucinations," that is, that the thoughts of the dying, ill, or troubled person, traveled to the percipient—the friend or relative seeing the ghost—causing the latter to have a hallucination. I accept that theory as correct in many instances. But unlike conservative psychical researchers I do not accept it as explaining all cases, but contend that often the projection of the astral body is the answer.

*In one book alone — Phantasms of the Living—there are over seven hundred de-*

*tailed cases in which apparitions of dying persons were perceived by friends or relatives in places remote from their physical habitat. Contrasting this, the present writer has collected several hundred cases of persons who claim to have experienced astral projection.* In part two of my book, *The Case for Astral Projection*, I have related fifty cases, while the remainder await future publication.

It should be obvious that it is of vital importance now to secure abundant testimony from those who have been ghosts, and it is for that reason that I have for a number of years urged the taking of such a survey and am now undertaking the task myself. I will indeed be grateful to any of my readers who have experienced astral projection, if they will make the facts known to me. No contributor need fear having his identity revealed if he prefers secrecy.

From my records I quote a few more illustrative cases, selected especially for their brevity and not their novelty. In a later article I shall tell not only of my personal contacts with the phenomenon, but relate some unique and really astonishing cases of others:

Miss Anna Lilly of Massachusetts, who asks that her address be withheld, says:

"I was visiting with relatives in Long Island, and on this particular night I was rooming with a cousin. We talked rather late, so I suggested finally that we go to sleep—I had hardly closed my eyes when I felt myself leave my body. I saw that I was looking down upon it from up near the ceiling! I noticed that the eyes were open and staring . . . I wanted to get back so badly . . . Then I suddenly realized what had happened to me—I was dead . . . I began to struggle. I kept repeating: 'Oh, I did not want to die! I cannot believe it! I am dead! There is my body and here I am a spirit and dead!'

"Just then my thoughts turned to a sister who was staying in the next house. I thought what a dreadful shock it will be when she comes over tomorrow and finds me dead . . . Then all of a sudden I went back into my body and was alive again . . . It was an experience I never will forget."

A prominent lady living in West Haven, Conn., also requesting anonymity, says, under date of February 9, 1938:

"In a hospital bed . . . I was *not* under the influence of anaesthesia, and conscious of pain. I sought comfort in prayer. After a few minutes I found that I had gotten outside of my body, left it lying on the bed and floated up into one corner of the room. I remember of thinking

to myself, 'Well, at last I have escaped from that awful pain.' . . . I saw a nurse come in and look at my body. She ran out of the room again, returning soon with an interne and another nurse . . . I seemed to feel the anxiety they were going through . . . They were apparently satisfied, after working upon me for some time, that I was well again."

THREE OF THE subsequent questions I asked this narrator were: How did you re-enter your body? Did you have pain again on re-entering? Did you have any knowledge of such matters prior to the experience? To which she replied, Feb. 18, 1938:

"I was in pain up to the time I left my body. I felt quite happy and at rest when I found myself outside my body. When I saw the excitement of the nurses over my limp form I thought to myself, 'I wish I could get back and relieve their anxiety,' and with that thought I did move back again. This was before I had any knowledge of spirit phenomena."

Mr. M. J. Johnson, 8 Lynwood Grove, Stockport, England, says, on Feb. 4, 1938:

"One night I awakened with severe cramps in my legs. I got out of bed, but do what I would, I could not ease the pain. It was so intense that I fear I must have fallen to the floor unconscious."

"The noise of the fall awakened my wife who called out to my two daughters in the next room . . . Now this is the peculiar part—while my corporeal body was lying prone, and my wife and daughters were trying to raise me, my conscious self was looking on at them from over the shoulder of my wife. And I was smiling at their apparent ineffectual efforts! . . . In a little while the two bodies seemed to unite or merge again, and soon I was able to speak, move, rise, although I was terrible weak. I told my wife what I had experienced, but, of course, they could not understand anything like that happening . . ."

On writing his daughters, I received the following confirmation of the event:

"I remember the occasion when father fainted on the bedroom floor and I assisted him. He did tell us of a queer experience he had at the time of being outside of his body and watching us over Mother's shoulder. I could not understand what he meant."

(Signed) AMY JOHNSON.

"I can confirm the above as written by my sister as I also helped and recall the details stated."

(Signed) ETHEL JOHNSON.

*Another fascinating feature article by Major R. T. M. Scott, former chairman of the N. Y. Section of the American Society for Psychical Research, will appear in the December TRUE MYSTIC SCIENCE, out November 1.*

# NAZIDOM'S RASPUTIN

[ Continued from page 27 ]

party. Horoscopes, palm reading and graphological analyses of famous personalities were followed by detailed reports of séances and trance visions. News items received special coloring, and he printed gossip of stage and society life that often wavered on the thin edge of pornography.

**T**HERE WAS, of course, no secret about Hanussen's irresistible power over women. They flocked to his performances and constituted the majority of callers at his private sessions. They regarded him as a glamorous Don Juan and were thrilled to be near the Master. And he, in turn, was slavishly dependent on them. His insatiable vanity needed their admiration and his irresistibility needed continuous proof. He had been married three times and he was always seen in the company of the most alluring women of society and the theater.

It was at this time, just before Hitler's accession to power, that he met Count von Helldorf, one of the most influential and most sadistic of Nazi chiefs. They met through Maria Portales, a glamorous Berlin actress, and from then on Helldorf was a steady guest at the week-end trips Hanussen used to make in his well-appointed yacht, the *Ursel IV*. These week-end trips were the talk of the town; there were hushed whispers of extended orgies of joy and perversion. Actresses and "baronesses" danced in the nude, and the people of the surrounding lakes watched the performances with binocular glasses. As a special attraction, Hanussen took along Kabir, a fourteen-year-old Hindu boy, for the purpose of receiving the whippings administered by the perverted Count.

Helldorf, as well as Herr von Ohst, his adjutant, were always with their Master. Hanussen not only supplied them with women, but also lent them enormous sums of money for their insatiable needs. He put his cars at their disposal, and they as well as the storm troops used them for every sort of "action." They showed their appreciation by protecting his performances and distributing his paper. Hanussen was at the height of his career.

More than ever his performances were packed, and theatrical producers paid unheard-of salaries for his appearances. He acquired more luxurious cars, a castle with seventy rooms that was to be transformed into a sanatorium, and laid plans for his "Palace of Occultism" in Berlin's most fashionable district.

Soon enough he was introduced to Hitler. They met in the lobby of the Kaiserhof Hotel, and the Fuehrer expressed great interest in the experiments of the Master. He assured Hanussen of the interest the Nazi movement as a whole had in occultism; that courses and investigations dealing with this misunderstood subject were being planned in the institutions and universities.

But, at the same time, the papers of a still free Germany started a new campaign against Hanussen. They called him an outrageous charlatan and swindler and tried to force a new court trial in which his machinations were to be exposed. Nor did

they forget to stress the fact that the Prophet of the Third Reich was the Austrian Jew Herrschmann Steinschneider. And again, Hanussen proved his already tremendous power. The police officials had already been nazified; and then, of course, there was Helldorf with his far-flung connections. The papers were suppressed at once. And even the great Goebbels had to bow and retract in his paper that Hanussen was a Jew. But Goebbels never forgot that.

**O**N JANUARY 30, 1933, Hitler became Reich chancellor. Political events changed Germany's contour at a rapid pace. Hanussen feverishly prepared the opening of his "Palace of Occultism." It was a strange mixture of modernistic design with all the trimmings of an alchemist's laboratory. A tremendous desk stood raised on a dais. Several steps led up to the altar of the sorcerer, flooded with light. Below were stools for the consultants. Encircling the altar was a heavy glass ring of the Zodiac, lit up to emblazon the signs of the Twelve Constellations. The firmament sparkled from the ceiling. Living snakes, birds and fishes inhabited cages and aquaria. Mechanical gadgets and levers, including radio loudspeakers and film projectors, were placed at various angles of the room, and no one was permitted to handle them but the Master. The palace could boast of every new invention, all clothed in an atmosphere of sumptuous and luxurious mystery.

The opening of the "Palace" was a social event of the first magnitude. Celebrities of every social and political shade were present. Food and liquor were served in huge quantities, and the invited guests were awed and impressed. Shortly before midnight the lights went out, and the Master made ready for the séance. Members of the audience submitted their questions, and Hanussen answered them in his trance.

Suddenly Count von Helldorf hands him a slip of paper with the date of February 27th. All those present know that Helldorf's gesture presages something unusual and extraordinary. There is an absolute silence. Hanussen, sinking more deeply into his trance, continues in a hollow voice:

"I see a hall...many halls...all filled with pictures of Germany's rulers...storm troops march by...There...there is Hitler...Heil! Heil Hitler!...He moves into the buildings...he takes possession of the Reichskanzlei...the government buildings at Wilhelmstrasse..."

Hanussen stops as if in a faint. But then he begins again:

"I see flames...a great fire...an enormous building...a great German government building is aflame!"

He tears the blindfold from his eyes, exhausted he sinks into a chair. The session is over. Bewildered, the guests leave the "Palace."

**A** FEW PHOTOGRAPHERS had taken pictures of this memorable séance. The next morning Hanussen cuts his breakfast short and makes the rounds of the papers until

they destroy the pictorial evidence. Is he afraid that he has told too much? On February 27th, to be sure, the great Reichstag fire breaks out. At the same time Hitler occupies the government buildings at Wilhelm Strasse. Berlin has not forgotten the accuracy of Hanussen's vision. They read that Van der Lubbe, the Dutch imbecile, has been found setting fire to the Reichstag building. But Berlin remembers, too, that Hanussen had mentioned this same Dutch boy as a perfect medium. The rumor spreads that Hanussen is to keep him hypnotized throughout the trial. Then again, a few drops of a powerful drug may be used for the same purpose. Much safer, too, in an emergency.

Where was Hanussen during the notorious Reichstag trial? Was he, as some declared, in seclusion, or was he, under some disguise or other, actually in the crowded courtroom? And what power was used to make poor, blubbering Marius Van der Lubbe confess to a crime he did not commit? Was it hypnotism or drugs, or some still more sinister force? The world will never know, for the secret is shared only by the guilty and the dead.

**H**ANUSSEN DURING these days seems inseparable from Herr von Ohst and Helldorf, slated to become police commissioner of Berlin. Already the murderous pogroms have started. Helldorf's sadism has its fill. Hanussen, too, has command over a special contingent of storm troopers. And he uses them without scruple. The Nazi chiefs come to him again and again. They ask for his advice and see far too many of his predictions come true. Helldorf and Herr von Ohst proudly boast of being Hanussen's sponsors.

But, at the same time, they are afraid of him. One of these days Goebbels is bound to expose him again as a Jew.

On March 24, 1933, Hanussen gives a packed performance at the Scala Theatre. After the intermission he does not return. The manager announces that Hanussen has been seized by a sudden illness. He will surely recover by tomorrow and all tickets will be exchanged or money refunded at the box office. But Hanussen never returned.

With all his psychic powers, which had foreseen and forestalled so many fates, he could not help himself once Nazi chief Goering gave the ominous order. It was Herr von Ohst who gave him away. And Count von Helldorf saw to it that later on Herr von Ohst, too, disappeared, never to return. . . . Hanussen was called out into the street from his dressing room, dragged into a waiting car, driven straight to the armory in Motz Strasse and shot through the head. Storm troopers then stood the corpse up against the wall and riddled the face with bullets to make it unrecognizable. Ten days later two laborers found the mutilated body in a wood near Berlin.

One single person escorted Hanussen's body to his last resting place. It was a woman—his third wife, Fritzi, whom he had deserted and neglected during his entire period of glory as the prophet of Hitler's Third Reich.

# 4 3 5 7 Numbers Tell Your Future 4 3 6 8

**7** EVERY PERSON was born to conquer different great problems of life. Numerology is one of the sciences in the field of metaphysics that can be a clue to the best way you may solve your particular problem in life. For numerology helps you to know yourself, and by knowing yourself you take the most important step toward success.

The numbers 1 to 9 are called single numbers, or integral numbers. With their aid we make all of our calculations both in numerology and in everyday life. Other numbers are merely repetitions or combinations of these. 10, for example, is 1 plus a zero; 11 is composed of two ones which are added together to form the integral number 2. By adding in this fashion you can quickly find your single birth number. Thus, if your birth date is the 23rd of the month, your number is 2 plus 3, or 5; if your birth date is the 18th, then your number is 1 plus 8, or 9.

To find the single number of figures other than birth dates where the sum is greater than 9, it is necessary to continue to add until the figure is simplified. For instance, the single number of 1,689 is 6. This is obtained by adding 1 plus 6 plus 8 plus 9, the total being 24. Next 2 and 4 are added together, making 6.

We should now see specifically the alphabetical meanings of numbers:

- NUMBER 1—  
Governs the letters B, P, R.
- NUMBER 2—  
Governs the letters A, H, Y.
- NUMBER 3—  
Governs the letters D, T, X.
- NUMBER 4—  
Governs the letters E, I, J.
- NUMBER 5—  
Governs the letters F, S, Z, V.
- NUMBER 6—  
Governs the letters G, Q, C, K.
- NUMBER 7—  
Governs the letters L, O, U.
- NUMBER 8—  
Governs the letters M, N.
- NUMBER 9—  
Governs the letter W.

To find the value of a name or word, add and reduce to single numbers. JOHN, for example, represents the number 3. This is obtained by adding the values of each of the letters: J (4) plus O (7) plus H (2) plus N (8). The total is thus 21. Then 2 and 1 are added together to make 3.

Next, to combine the planetary influences by birth dates with numbers, we find the following:

Number 1, for those born the 1st, 10th, 28th, represents powerful creative and individualistic traits associated with high aims, ambition, supremacy, and dynamic power. Vagueness and hesitation are present, yet a strong desire for success and pride in achievement offset them. If these

people act with decision at the favorable moment, their deeds will be great and their happiness permanent. Planetary influence: Sun. Best color: yellow. Lucky stone: topaz.

Number 2, for those born the 2nd, 11th, 20th, 29th, denotes imagination, fancy, romance, whimsicality, and good humor. Yielding tendencies must be guarded against lest you be imposed upon. Pride, oversensitivity, fashion, impulsiveness accompany this number. Best results are obtained through well-thought-out plans, rather than by mere physical exertion. Planetary influence: Moon. Best color: green. Lucky stone: emerald.

Number 3, for those born the 3rd, 12th, 21st, 30th, has strong influences on thought and conduct. Introspective leanings vie with those of ambition. Religious, spiritual and philosophic moods conflict with tendencies toward business and finance. Fas-

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## A Number May be the Clue to Solve Your Greatest Problem in Life.

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tidiousness, discrimination, timidity, refinement, worry may cause vocational difficulties. Planetary influence: Jupiter. Best color: blue. Lucky stone: sapphire.

Number 4, for those born the 4th, 13th, 22nd, 31st, indicates temperament, passion, anger, audacity, quarrelsomeness. Friction with others accompanies a tendency to rebel against conventions and proprieties. Strong friendships are needed to prevent loneliness and animosity. Avoid needless disputes, scolding, grudges. Wit and talent can carry you far. Planetary influence: Uranus. Best color: white. Lucky stone: diamond.

Number 5, for those born the 5th, 14th, 23rd, represents versatility, restlessness, impatience, zeal, animation, stimulation. These people are capricious and inclined to shift about in romance and vocations. Friendships are easily made and broken; inconsistency is met in love. First enthusiasms should be carried through. Health must be guarded. Planetary influence: Mercury. Best color: red. Lucky stone: ruby.

Number 6, for those born the 6th, 15th, 24th, denotes idealism, honesty, integrity and love of beauty coupled with opposing forces that make temptation and sin hard to resist. Number 6 people are usually pillars of their community or social outcasts who have listened to the tempter's voice. They are generous, quick to forgive and very independent. Planetary influence: Venus. Best color: green-blue. Lucky stone: turquoise.

Number 7, for those born the 7th, 16th, 25th, has tendencies toward originality, penetration, provocative-ness and creative ability. Many writers, artists, composers come under this domination. These people show great spurts of energy followed by spells in which little is accomplished. Often accompanied by health and employment difficulties. Planetary influence: Neptune. Best color: silver. Lucky stone: opal.

Number 8, for those born the 8th, 17th, 26th, represents obstacles, dangers, disagreements, restraints, with financial and romantic success in opposition. This is one of the less favorable numbers. Be cautious in contacts, legal matters, amorous affairs. In money matters protect yourself against loss by carelessness or theft. Use strong numbers wherever possible. Planetary influence: Saturn. Best color: black. Lucky stone: onyx.

Number 9, for those born the 9th, 18th, 27th, indicates strength of character, firmness, honor and success in life. Money comes readily to this number, and prestige and distinction are always present. Frankness, generosity and a dislike for secrecy are other chief traits. These people go far in business and public life and are aggressive in all things. Planetary influence: Mars. Best color: all except black. Lucky stone: carnelian.

Numbers have been a science for many hundreds of years, and although some authorities differ somewhat, basically their interpretations are the same. Whether Greek, Egyptian, Chaldean, Hindu, etc., the symbols of numbers have always been more or less alike, and their relation to months, days and hours concerning people representing certain numbers has been nearly the same.

It can easily be found in studies of the occult that every body has his number in the universe. And so human beings may perfect their lives and find more happiness by suiting their lives more carefully to universal laws regarding them that can be made clearer by a study of numbers, since the hour of a person's death has a specific governing number—as well as the hours of his life and the hour of his death. To quote the famous numerologist, Cheiro:

"In this study there is nothing antagonistic to religion or to our present-day acceptance of the idea of God. On the contrary, man will but honor God the more by his more perfect obedience to nature's laws. In no test, or passage in Holy Writ, are we told that God desires human beings to suffer except as the consequence of their own acts."

# The Valentino Death Prophecy

[ Continued from page 34 ]

thing very strange is going on here. That voice sounds almost exactly like Rudy's—and—"

My body continued to move about agitatedly. The voice muttered on, brokenly. "Natacha—*cara mia*." The rest of the words came in broken phrases of soft, melodious Italian. It was the more startling, since at the time I knew no Italian.

Natacha replied in the same language.

"What is he saying?" asked Aunt Tessa, her voice betraying a growing anxiety.

"Why," said Natacha, "he seems to think we are in New York and that I have come back to him. I can't understand it. It sounds like Rudy, all right, but just as if he were talking in his sleep."

"If that is Rudy he would certainly know who I am," said Mrs. Hudnut. "Rudy, dear, speak—do you know who this is?"

But the presence in my body paid no heed to Mrs. Hudnut's request. I sat upright again, and my closed eyes opened and stared upward. Then a cry came from my throat.

"Jenny!"

"What does he mean by Jenny?" demanded Mrs. Hudnut.

"Why, Jenny," said Natacha, "was the mother of June Mathis who wrote the scenario of 'The Four Horsemen.' Rudy used to live in Jenny's home, and she was very helpful to him when he first went to Hollywood."

Now the voice spoke again, saying the name, "Gabriella—Gabriella."

"That's the name of Rudy's mother," cried Natacha. "Are you Rudy's mother?"

"Si—Gabriella."

She then expressed her concern for her son. Rudy had not yet died, she explained. "He is lying ill in New York. But he will not recover. In a very few days he will pass out of the body, as you call it. He will die. His time on earth is done. I have come to be near him at the moment of death. I am glad that I passed on first, for now I can help him in the hour of need. As I gave him to the earth in birth, so now in re-birth I can give him to the life eternal. He will go on Monday."

"Why, that will be August the 23rd. That's next Monday."

"Yes, on that day he will come to me," answered Gabriella.

THE CIRCLE now became so excited that the current of communication was broken and I came out of the trance state and regained consciousness. Everyone was talking excitedly. No one believed it had been Rudy speaking—except Natacha. The others thought that some mischievous entity had spoken in order to create a sensation by pretending to be Rudy. I was disturbed over this, too, but I felt so gloomy and depressed that I thought there must be more to this than the circle was willing to admit.

In a few days Natacha received another cable from Mr. Ullman giving us the cheerful news that Rudy's operation had been successful and that soon the patient

could leave the hospital well on the road to recovery. We were all cheered up and delighted. Natacha cabled daily to Rudy, and he to her, and a reconciliation took place between them.

We talked of nothing else. It seemed now that the séance had been entirely wrong, and we were sure that Rudy's apparent coming had been only an impersonation by another.

But Natacha and I were still bewildered—the voice had sounded so like Rudy's. Then there was the fact of the Italian language—the appearance of his mother, Gabriella, and the "Jenny" episode. It was all a little too strange.

We talked of Rudy's life. Of his childhood in Italy and his struggles in America. Natacha told of how she had first met him in a Hollywood studio through Alla Nazimova, the great Russian actress, for whom she was art director at that time. She spoke of the beginning of his fame—the triumph of "The Four Horsemen." And she spoke of Rudy's psychic powers.

Few people ever knew that Valentino was a medium and had developed the power to do automatic writing. Natacha told us fascinating stories of how Rudy used to give impromptu séances at the home of Jenny, the mother of June Mathis.

And now it seemed, from the Ullman cable, that Rudy would continue his life on earth unbroken, and that he would remain the romantic, passionate lover of the screen—the idol of the entire world.

That night we held another séance. Almost at once, two of Rudy's spirit guides who used to write through him, manifested through me—Black Feather, an Indian, and Meselope, an Egyptian.

Meselope told the eager group, in as gentle a manner as possible, that the time of Rudy's stay on earth was up; that, in spite of the reassuring news we had received from America, Rudy would pass from the body on Monday, August the 23rd. Jenny now came again and verified this statement.

"I have been with Rudy since his illness," she said. "I will be with him when the earthly end comes—and how joyfully will I meet him when he begins his life anew! You remember in the other séance that he called out my name—'Jenny.' Well, I want you to remember what I am saying. It was at the time they were taking him to the hospital in the ambulance. I was in the ambulance by his side. He opened his eyes, and, for a moment, he recognized my presence and cried out my name, 'Jenny,' just as he did through the medium. Yes, his time is up, his work is finished, and he will be with us in spirit on Monday next, August 23rd."

Twice the prophecy of death for August 23rd!

The séance ended. The circle broke up. Natacha, Aunt Tessa and Mrs. Hudnut were in tears, the rest of us stricken by foreboding.

Mr. Hudnut tried to reassure us. "Rudy is so young and strong," he comforted, "the spirits may be wrong. His interest in life may pull him through."

I looked at Natacha standing there, pale, in tears, and so beautiful. My heart sank. Rudy's interest in life—there it stood, concentrated in the being of that attractive woman. What had he to live for now that she was gone; what comfort was left in the emptiness of fame and wealth, when love had fled? No, I thought, Rudy will not *will* to live.

Natacha, as if divining my thoughts, turned to her mother and put her arms around her.

"I am frightened," she whispered.

FROM Paris, Berlin and Vienna the press now invaded the chateau, seeking interviews with the ex-wife of Rudolph Valentino. Natacha would not see them. But Mr. Hudnut, who did not realize that we wished no publicity, interviewed the reporters and told them of the two séances. To our astonishment, the following day newspapers all over the world blazed with headlines which told of the prophecy of Valentino's death. Particularly full accounts appeared in the European papers, describing in detail the messages we had received.

On the fatal Monday morning of August 23rd, Natacha came to me and said, "This morning when I awoke my room was filled with the odor of tube roses. That's a symbol of death, isn't it?"

"Yes," I assented regretfully.

On Tuesday came the delayed cables confirming the death on Monday, August 23rd, of the darling of millions—the departure from earth of Rudolph Valentino.

The prophecy had been fulfilled.

We were overwhelmed and stunned by the verity of these séance prophecies. Natacha became ill and was confined to her bed for several days.

Letters arrived from America telling us the details of Rudy's passing. One concerned the séance episode of Rudy's having called out the name of "Jenny" during my trance. Mr. Ullman stated that while he rode in the ambulance with Valentino, Rudy suddenly looked up and stared at something Ullman could not see—a smile of recognition passed across his face and he had gasped out the very same name—"Jenny!"

This news so much impressed Mr. Hudnut that he went to the trouble of finding out the hour when this happened in New York, and, calculating the five hours difference, he discovered that in my trance, three thousand miles away, Rudy was calling the name of "Jenny" at the same time. Rudy's brain in the ambulance in New York and my brain in France were for that moment en rapport—operating as one, regardless of time, space, or matter. And this communication was received from one who had not yet died!

It was Rudy's great love for Natacha, the one and only real love of his life, that had made this contact possible. Though Rudy was ill, delirious, his one unconscious thought was to reach her whom he loved. I, a psychic, being with his beloved at the time, made the reception of his desire possible.

# Occultism Guides Many Movie Stars

[ Continued from page 40 ]

In his amazing hillside home, where the living room curtains are spun of hard steel and a full-sized swimming pool serves as his bathtub, Novarro explained his epoch-making decision.

"I'd made all the money I ever hoped to need," he said. "I was grateful for what I'd received, but I began to wonder whether it was necessary for me to continue.

"Thus gradually I became a student of Yoga. I gave up smoking and drinking. They no longer gave me pleasure.

"I learned the breathing exercises of Yoga, and I pondered deeply on the philosophies involved. I tried to practice them. They can be summed up in the statement that we must take life as we find it—that we must get neither angry nor excited.

"We must not even get too happy.

"The state of tranquillity, both mental and physical, is the goal towards which we must strive."

A few weeks ago Republic Studios persuaded Novarro to appear in a forthcoming picture. But Ramon is far from sure that he wouldn't be better off spending the time in his own garden, meditating.

"I have no agent," he said. "I did not ask for the job. The studio came to me. In line with the Yoga idea of taking everything just as it comes, I agreed to do the part. It is a modern comedy, with the title 'As You Are,' but I still am not sure in my own mind that I ought to be making it."

Novarro, certainly one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, lives a Spartan

life with his mother and sister in a house far above the Hollywood hullabaloo. His home is four stories high, but built upon a hillside so steep that it looks dwarfed to the size of a tool shed when viewed from the street.

Its interior is more modern than a movie skyscraper, with a music room in cherry red and deep cream, a dark blue bedroom which opens directly upon the swimming pool, and that famous living room with the moth-proof curtains. These curtains are made of chain steel, the cold blue color of a revolver muzzle. They are surprisingly effective. Novarro personally designed the whole interior as a suitable setting for the contemplation of the philosophies of Yoga.

Is he a better man for his studies?

One friend of his, a prominent actress, states:

"Ramon today seems so much more a spirit of the great outer world than just a charming, handsome man. He is even finer than the Ramon Novarro we used to know."

And she means it. You may expect an announcement soon that this same actress has also deserted the screen to devote herself to one of the mystic sciences.

**I**N SHARP CONTRAST to Novarro's story is the amusing confession which Gail Patrick makes about herself.

For five years the beautiful and talented Gail went regularly to the same spiritual adviser. During all those years Miss Pat-

rick never admitted to her counsellor who she really was. A few weeks ago, after having starred in another success, she paid another visit, still without revealing her name.

"The time is now ripe," Gail Patrick was told, "for you to try to break into moving pictures. You should be able to qualify as an extra soon!"

Since that interview Miss Patrick has not given up all confidence in occult advice. She has merely taken a new counsellor.

**R**ECENTLY WARNER BROTHERS Studios began work on a series of pictures to treat the occult sciences in an altogether intelligent manner.

The first of this series, "When Were You Born?" deals with astrology. Warners called in Manly P. Hall, famous Hollywood spiritual consultant, as technical adviser on the picture.

Mr. Hall, after thoroughly consulting the stars and all the portents, gave 10:23 A. M., March 10, as the configuratory starting time for the picture. The studio, however, scoffed at the idea of any particular starting minute being a necessity and commenced the picture at 9 A. M. They did not wish, they said, to spend money on wasted production time.

The next day the star of the picture, Miss Anna May Wong, was unable to appear for work, being ill, and production was held up two full days. Hall's word on all matters occult and of the spirit world has been law since.

## A Demonic Power Ruled D'Annunzio

[ Continued from page 15 ]

recognition of his fantastic exploits in wartime and at Fiume. Then, past sixty, Gabrielle D'Annunzio finally retired to his famous villa on Lake Garda.

It was at this villa, in the days of the poet-aviator's old age, that D'Annunzio found leisure for his studies in black magic and the occult. Thoughts of the supernatural filled his mind and pervade his writings of the time. His last book (he wrote eighty, all told) bears the provocative title, "One Hundred and One Hundred and One Hundred and One Hundred Pages From The Secret Book of Gabrielle D'Annunzio, Tempted To Die." He steeped himself in occult lore of the past and attempted, it is said with success, to duplicate some of the feats of the occult masters.

There are stories told of how, on moonlight nights, a masked and unclad woman mounted on a spirited horse would ride up to his villa and enter as the clock struck twelve. What mysteries followed must remain in the realm of conjecture, of course.

**T**HE VILLA ITSELF was a magnificent setting for his researches. As you entered, you were struck with its almost barren simplicity. Looking closer, however, you noticed the extreme fineness of the carving on the walls, the richness of each chair and divan. D'Annunzio himself wore the aus-

tere garb of a Franciscan monk, but the garment was cut of the most expensive brown velvet. Underneath this exterior was nothing less than a tunic fashioned of cloth of gold. He wore a cross that mocked its own religious significance by the marvelous jewels that studded it and the curious ornamentation which it bore.

D'Annunzio referred to the rooms of the villa as "cells," but these cells could not in justice be called monastic. They were furnished with Turkey carpets, costly paintings, elegant statues of pagan Venuses, Chinese and other oriental pieces, and thousands upon thousands of richly bound books and manuscripts.

One room was called "The Cell of the Pure Images." It contained simply a huge coffer with eight panels symbolically carved, a small bookshelf filled with esoteric works, two chairs and a bed fashioned like a carpet and spread with black silk sheets. It was his desire to be laid in this cell when it came time to die. He wished to be buried beneath a pyramid.

Few, if any, of the hundreds of distinguished visitors who called on him penetrated to the cell in which he carried on his experiments in witchcraft, divination and other mysteries. Those of his terror-ridden servants who survive refuse to discuss it: . . .

As time went on and he saw that his life was drawing to a close. D'Annunzio, like Faust, became more and more terrified of death. Gathering his courage, he sought for ways to save himself, as he put it, "from dying between the shameful sheets, in the miasma that passes for spirit and in the mephitic that passes for soul among all human bipeds." It was his purpose, if he could accomplish it, to free his soul *at once*, without the long, lingering hours of death that he believed so injurious to life in the future state. He resumed his occult experiments with redoubled energy, but he considered other purely physical means as well.

At one time he proposed that he be exploded from the mouth of a twelve-inch cannon. Giving up this idea, he begged Piccard, the explorer of the stratosphere, to take him up to the stars as ballast and heave him overboard. He even set up a laboratory and tried to develop a chemical in which to dissolve his body at the first sign of death's approach.

But death came to claim him unawares, and he died as ordinary people die, in bed, at the age of seventy-four. Eleven days more, and he would have lived for three-quarters of a century.

# Destiny's Queen of Crimson Doom

[Continued from page 53]

A few days later the dauphin died at Meudon.

That the queen was watched over by one who desired to protect her from the moment of her marriage with Louis XVI, there is no doubt. She was repeatedly and mysteriously warned by an anonymous correspondent of the disaster that was to overtake her. Many supernatural efforts were made to save her, but always the attempts to guard her and to use her for the safety of France, failed. She seemed perversely blind to that which in her heart she could have known.

There had appeared at the court, early in the reign of Louis XVI, a mysterious personage who was known to many of the crowned heads of Europe as a wise counselor and who had been no stranger to the court of Louis XV. This man was the Comte de St. Germain, the mystery man, the miracle man, the man who could prolong life by a strange elixir and who had himself, according to current tradition, been living for no one knew how many centuries.

This is one of the most fascinating and mysterious characters in the pages of history. He was uncommonly handsome. A celebrated alchemist, he could change base metals into gold and make enormous diamonds and other precious stones of great value.

Said a contemporary: "St. Germain is of medium height and elegant manners; his features are regular; his complexion brown; his hair black; his face mobile and full of genius; his carriage bears the impress and the nobility common only to the great. The count dresses simply but with taste. His only luxury consists of a large number of diamonds, with which he is fairly covered; he wears them on every finger, and they are set in his snuff boxes and his watches."

St. Germain's enormous erudition and linguistic capacities are undeniable. He spoke English, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Russian, Swedish, Danish and many colonial and oriental languages with the facility of a native. He was extremely wealthy, never received a sou from anyone—in fact, never received a glass of water or broke bread with anyone—but made most extravagant presents of superb jewelry to all his friends, even to the royal families of Europe. His proficiency in music was marvelous; he played on every instrument, the violin being his favorite.

"St. Germain rivals Paganini himself," was said of him by an octogenarian Belgian in 1835. "It is St. Germain resurrected who plays the violin in the body of an Italian skeleton!" exclaimed a Lithuanian baron who had heard both.

He never laid claim to spiritual powers, but proved to have a right to such claim. He used to pass into a dead trance from thirty-seven to forty-nine hours without awakening and then make numerous prophecies and never be wrong.

Many were the still living witnesses in the first quarter of the last century who testified to his astounding memory. He could read a paper in the morning and, though hardly glancing at it, repeat its contents without missing one word days afterwards. He could write with two hands at once, the right hand writing a piece of poetry, the left hand a diplomatic paper of the greatest importance. He read sealed letters without touching them while in the hands of those who brought them to him. He had learned from certain Brahmans in India the artificial crystallization of pure carbon. In 1780, when on a visit to the French Ambassador to the Hague, he broke to pieces with a hammer a superb diamond of his own manufacture, the counterpart of which, also manufactured by himself, was sold to a jeweler for 5500 *louis d'or*.

Under the authentic French engraving of the Comte de St. Germain, these words are written in the French language: "Like Prometheus he stole the fire by which the world exists and by which everything breathes. Nature obeys his voice and is still. If he is not a god himself a powerful god inspires him."

FIFTEEN YEARS before the tragic events of the revolution, the Comte de St. Germain sought through the Comtesse d'Adhémar an interview with the queen.

"The queen," he said, "in her wisdom will weigh that which I am about to tell her in confidence . . . Not for long will the laws remain the protection of the good and the terror of the wicked. The wicked will seize power with bloodstained hands. They will do away with the Catholic religion, the nobility, and the magistracy . . . There will be a bloodthirsty republic, whose sceptre will be the executioner's knife."

Thus in her presence he foretold in grave and solemn manner the terrible occurrences which took place years later precisely as he had described. At this interview also he besought the queen to arrange for him an audience with the king, but insisted that the audience must be without the presence of the prime minister, *Monsieur le Comte de Maurepas*, who, said St. Germain, would by his stupidity work havoc to the monarchy. The queen promised to attempt to arrange the audience with the king, but her intervention was of no avail. The king refused to receive St. Germain without the presence of *de Maurepas* or to act without his advice, and the police were ordered to seize St. Germain and imprison him in the Bastille.

Soon afterwards, this strange being appeared mysteriously and unannounced to the Comte de Maurepas and, in a bitter interview, denounced his folly.

"As to these calamities," he said, "you will not see them, but to have prepared them will be sufficient memorial of you. Expect no homage from posterity, frivolous and incapable minister! You will be ranked among those who caused the ruin of empires . . . I told the queen all that

I was permitted to tell her; my revelations to the king would have been more complete; it is unfortunate that you should have intervened between His Majesty and me."

Having thus said, the Count turned toward the door, shut it, and disappeared. The police of the city never found him.

The queen was too young and too gay to be serious for long, or to be saddened for any length of time, and put out of her mind the *Cassandralike* warnings of the prophetic adviser of royalty—and again the powers of evil closed in upon the poor little butterfly who danced for a few hours in the sun. Nevertheless, from time to time as the murmur of disaster grew, she received further anonymous, written warnings of her fate.

The Comtesse d'Adhémar wrote in her memoirs: "The future was darkening: we were nearing the terrible catastrophe which was about to overwhelm France. The abyss was at our feet; yet averting our heads, struck with a fatal blindness, we hurried from fête to fête, from pleasure to pleasure. It was like a kind of frenzy which thrust us gaily on to our destruction."

When at last the queen realized the seriousness of her position and was ready to sacrifice all for the safety of her country, her family and her friends, when she was ready to give up all thought of self for the good of others, when at last the real woman emerged, forced into being by suffering and disaster, a woman of energy, depth and magnificent courage, it was too late. The powers of destruction had won the victory. The time within which they might have been held back had passed. She was whirled on by them to her now inevitable doom.

"Too late," writes Stefan Zweig in his powerful narrative, "*Marie Antoinette* had grasped in the very depths of her soul that she was destined to become a historical figure, and this need for transcending the limitations of her own time intensified her forces to an extreme. For when a human being begins to plumb his own depths, when he has determined to dig into the inmost recesses of his own personality, he discovers in his own blood the shadowy powers of his ancestors. The fact that she had sprung from the House of Habsburg, that she was descendant and heiress of an ancient imperial line, that she was daughter of Maria Theresa, lifted this weak and unsteady woman as if by magic above her previous limitations. She felt it incumbent upon her to be '*digne de Marie Thérèse*,' to be worthy of her mother, and '*courage*' became the *leit-motif* of her progress towards imminent destruction. Again and again we find such declarations as that '*nothing can break my courage*'; and when news came from Vienna that her brother Joseph, on an agonizing deathbed, had maintained his composure to the last hour, she felt prophetically that she, too, was foredoomed to die bravely, and she replied with the most self-confident saying of her life: '*I venture to declare that he died in a way worthy of myself.*'"



*Dr. Gustave Ekstrom*

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**T**HE PROSCRIPTION was passed against the royalists in 1789, and for the last time the unfortunate queen received a warning letter from her mysterious adviser, but his counsel was addressed to a mind too troubled, too bewildered to comprehend.

The Bastille had fallen—and on the very evening of final disaster the Comtesse d'Adhémar received a note from the great seer which read in part: *All is lost, Countess! This sun is the last which will set on the monarchy; tomorrow it will exist no more, chaos will prevail, anarchy unquelled.*

In this last note St. Germain suggested that the countess meet with him at the eight o'clock Mass at the Recollets. At this saddest of interviews, he said:

*"I have written it to you, I can do nothing, my hands are tied by a stronger than myself. There are periods of time when to retreat is impossible, others when He has pronounced and the decree will be executed. Into this we are entering."*

Marie Antoinette went to her death in 1793, majestic and proud as at Versailles. She was dressed in a loose gown of white piqué as for a day of triumph; on her feet, slippers of black prunella, with very high heels; a fichu of white muslin around her neck; upon her head a linen cap without lappets, as she had been unable to obtain permission to go to the scaffold bare-headed; the elbows drawn back by a heavy cord, the end of which was held by the executioner; her complexion was pale

except for a slight flush on her cheeks; her lips curled with ineffable disdain.

A short but rather broad ladder was placed against the step at the back of the cart that was to take her to her execution. Sampson, the executioner, offered his hand to the condemned to aid her in ascending it; the queen refused by a gesture and walked up alone without support.

The funeral cortège came out on the Place de la Revolution; through a last and cruel irony the scaffold had been erected near the Pont Tournant, at the foot of a statue of Liberty. The queen gazed long on the Tuileries, where she had entered for the first time on June 8, 1773, a radiant dauphiness greeted by the enthusiastic acclamations of the people of Paris. Under the weight of these memories her head fell forward and her face paled. For a moment she staggered, oppressed with unfathomable grief; but at once drew herself up, stepped down from the cart "lightly and quickly," and "although her hands were still bound," climbed the steps of the scaffold without assistance, and "with more calmness and tranquillity in her bearing than when she had left the prison."

All was soon over; the daughter of the Caesars had gone to rejoin the son of Saint Louis in heaven. A strange man glided from the mob and dipped his handkerchief in the blood which was running from the scaffold—as in the blood of a martyr.

## Crystal Gazing

[ Continued from page 31 ]

goes with real experience—these things soon become commonplace to the crystal gazer.

Are these all? Or can crystal gazing really do what is claimed for it by mediums and initiates? *Can it reveal the future?*

That is a question I cannot answer in a way to make you believe. I can tell you stories—endless stories from my own experience and from the experiences of my friends—which seem to prove that the crystal reveals the future. I could tell you how the crystal gazer starts with some ordinary, everyday event, and follows it through as it develops day after day into the future. And I could describe how, as the days pass, every scene takes place precisely as the crystal revealed it many days in advance.

I could tell you these things. But I could not expect you to believe them. These things must be experienced to be believed. I believe because I have experienced.

Nor can I promise that you, too, will see the future in the crystal. I know that *some of you* will see strange things. I know that to a few of you events of tomorrow and the day after will seem as clear as the events of yesterday.

But into these realms no one can lead you. You must explore the way yourself, slowly and with much effort. Perhaps your crystal road will stop at the present. Perhaps it will lead beyond. Who can tell?

# Abraham Lincoln Died Twice

[ Continued from page 28 ]

his hands on the young girl's head and said:

"My child, you possess a very singular gift, and that it is of God I have no doubt. Thank you for coming here tonight. It is of more importance than perhaps anyone here can realize.

The last sentence of this speech of Lincoln's to the medium is most singular and evidential.

What shall we say of a man who, by his words and actions, demonstrated that he knew the course his life was to follow with the accuracy of a historian writing six decades after his death? How shall we account for his foreknowledge? Are the words "intuitive," "psychic," "spiritualistic" strong enough?

Joan of Arc was one of the most powerful spiritualistic mediums of all time. She had prophetic dreams, visions, heard the voices of angels counseling her. And although other great national leaders—Napoleon, Wellington, Bismarck—took counsel of ghostly visitants, she was almost unique in that she held all other counsel worthless. *Almost unique*—because Lincoln furnishes a case which is strikingly parallel.

We know that Joan of Arc was aware, before the event, of the time and manner of her death. There is no more pathetic passage in history than that in which she tells her two great generals, La Hire and Dunois, that she must die.

Did Lincoln, too, know how and when he was to perish? What are the facts?

A few days before the fateful night of April 14, 1865, Ward Lamon recalls that the President told a small group, including Lamon and Mrs. Lincoln, that he had had a disturbing and tragic dream. There was such a strange, mystical look in the deep-set, fate-stricken eyes of her husband that Mrs. Lincoln was disturbed.

"You frighten me," she said. "What is the matter?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Lincoln, noting her anxious expression, "that I have done wrong to mention the subject at all; but somehow the thing has got possession of me and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not down."

But Mrs. Lincoln urged him to tell the dream, and was seconded by another listener. Mr. Lincoln hesitated, but at length commenced very deliberately, his brow overcast with a shade of melancholy.

"I retired very late," he said. "I had been waiting up for important dispatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was very weary. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered down stairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful weeping, but the mourners were invisible.

"I went from room to room. No living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as

though their hearts would break?"

"Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious and so shocking. I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise.

"Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully.

"Who is dead in the White House?" I asked one of the soldiers.

"The President," was his answer. "He was killed by an assassin!"

A few days later this scene, precisely as it was described by Abraham Lincoln, was to be tragically enacted in all its details in the East Room of the White House, while the streets of an entire nation were draped in deepest mourning.

So it was that Abraham Lincoln died twice!

ON THE DAY of Lincoln's death, Gideon Welles, the then Secretary of the Navy, describes how Lincoln told of another prophetic dream which he had had only the night before.

The President had called his Cabinet together to discuss the latest developments in the west, especially with regard to Sherman's situation. He entered, tall, gaunt, his face marked with the prophetic shadows of his destiny. In that room were men who had fought him bitterly every step of the way in his long struggle toward the victory which he had now achieved. There, also, was at least one man who knew what the developments of that dark day in America's history were to bring forth. There were friends, here, counsellors who loved and revered him—and there were implacable enemies and traitors.

Was it to these last that the man whose life was already forfeit addressed the description of his latest vision? Did he wish, thus subtly, to show them that, though the rest of the world might never guess the depth of their perfidy, their victim, at least, saw through their dark and villainous plottings with clear and unfrightened eyes?

He inquired, first, about Sherman, and learned that no news had yet arrived. The President remarked that it would come soon—and that it would be favorable. This was a prediction which was accurately fulfilled before evening. Then he told these men of his dream—how he had seemed to be in some singular, indescribable vessel, moving with great rapidity toward an indefinite shore. It was the same dream that he had preceding Sumter, Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg and Wilmington. He had long since learned, he said, to expect an event of national significance after having dreamed this dream.

In a few hours the world was to be thunder-struck as that "event of national significance" burst forth in all its bloody

hideousness in Ford's Theatre in Washington.

Years before, just after his first nomination for President, Lincoln had thrown himself down on a couch in his home to snatch a few moments' repose following the hullabaloo which his victory had occasioned. Suddenly, prompted by a mysterious impulse, he half rose up and gazed at his reflection in a large mirror across the room from him. A disturbing chill coursed his veins as he saw, not one reflection in the mirror—but *two*. One was of his normal self—but the second showed a shadowy figure in misty, cloudlike silhouette behind the first. In discussing the matter with his wife, later, they decided that it meant that he was to be elected to office twice; that he should not live to the end of his second term as President.

So the mystic, clairvoyant Abraham Lincoln evolves, first predicting that he shall not outlive his second term. Next, as the time of his death draws nearer, he describes in breath-taking detail the scene of his lying in state in the East Room of the White House. And, finally, on the very day when irreparable tragedy is to strike deep into the heart of the nation, we hear him warning his counsellors, traitors and true men alike, that an event of national importance is imminent.

But that was not all. Later that same day a scene was to be enacted in the office of Lincoln's Minister of War, Edwin M. Stanton, which gives indisputable proof that the President knew with devastating accuracy how, within a few hours, he was to be sacrificed on the altar of ruthless ambition and blood-lusting hatred. It is Edwin M. Stanton who emerges as the villain of the piece and Lincoln's arch-enemy.

Now it is only reasonable to suppose that a man of Lincoln's undoubted psychic gifts would have known this. It was within his power to oust Stanton, and in doing so he would have had the approval of the entire nation which thoroughly distrusted the Secretary of War during most of his tenure of office. But he who expects Lincoln to react in the manner of an ordinary human being has not read history clearly. Lincoln believed that his War Minister, with all his faults, was the strongest available man for the job—and that was enough for the Civil War President. It was nothing to him that he knew Stanton was plotting to succeed him, had evolved deep-laid plans aiming at his very life. His was the true fatalism of the martyr who recognizes the impotence of mortal efforts to stem the great tide of destiny.

So on the afternoon of the day of his death, Lincoln appealed to Edwin M. Stanton, the man who, above all others, was responsible for his safety, for a body-guard.

Surely Stanton felt a cold, uncanny finger of fear touch his heart as he gazed up into the deep-set, ironically probing eyes of his chief. How much did the intended victim know? Why on this, of all days, should he come seeking protection?



There was something weirdly frightening about this man who, by this request—which he had every right to make—showed that he knew how to spike the plotters' guns even as they were being primed.

Of course Stanton refused. But the President must have taken a mild, grim amusement in making his perfidious War Minister squirm a little. It was the last opportunity for him to enjoy a bit of sardonic humor. Lincoln did not really want a bodyguard to go with him. His request had been nothing more than a levelling of the prescient, accusing finger. It was Lincoln's way of saying, "Thou art the man!" So he went forth to meet his fate with the childlike, pathetic humility of the true martyr.

The actual records which show Stanton's guilt so clearly did not even come into being until after the President's assassination. But to the true seer, the unerring clairvoyant, time has no meaning and space provides no impediment. In effect, Lincoln read and correctly interpreted those records even before they were in existence. Guided by his all-knowing counsellors, whose bidding he had obeyed throughout the most trying periods of his career, he was able to go straight to the fountain-head of the plot and blast the schemer's scornful assurance with this evidence of his intended victim's uncanny awareness of what portended.

Again an episode in the life of Joan of Arc arises as an irresistibly pointed

parallel to Lincoln's action of shaming his assassins. Like Lincoln she abashed and struck fear into the hearts of her enemies when, on trial for her life, she pointed a straight and unerring finger in the direction whence her salvation should come, if come it could. Joan knew, all too well, what was in store for her. She only wished, as Lincoln wished, centuries later, to show her enemies that it was impossible to hide from the eyes of the true clairvoyant the fatal weakness in their armor.

Earthly knowledge could not have aided Joan of Arc to do this—any more than it could have helped Lincoln. Theirs was the inspiration which comes from a greater source of knowledge.

## Most Dramatic Séance Ever Known

[ Continued from page 65 ]

of the keys was hastily summoned, and as he unlocked the door of the antechamber to the hall, the walls were seen to be draped in black. There had never been hangings over the oak paneling, and the warden shook so that he could barely stand, and implored the king not to enter, for the queen's spirit was said to lurk about the room at that hour.

Charles chided the man, who had been a valiant soldier, for his seeming cowardice, and the veteran replied that he would willingly march to the mouth of a Danish or a German cannon at His Majesty's command but that he would not defy hell itself. At that, the king seized the key and turned the lock, admitting himself and his awed companions.

The hall was draped with black, instead of the familiar elegant tapestries, and was lighted by torches. The benches were occupied by a black-clad host with faces so dazzlingly bright that no individual could be recognized.

On the throne from which the king usually addressed the assembly sat a corpse, bleeding from many wounds, wearing the emblems of royalty. A child with crown and sceptre stood at the right; on the left was an old man in a mantle worn by the administrators of Sweden before it became a kingdom under Gustavus Vasa.

Before the throne sat several austere judges in black robes, and between the throne and the assembly was a block covered with crepe. A glittering axe lay beside it.

No one seemed to be aware of the entrance of the king and the others. There was a confused murmur of sound in which no words could be distinguished.

One of the judges rose and struck his hand five times on a book which lay open before him. A door then opened opposite the one by which Charles had entered, and a group of richly dressed young men filed in, their hands tied behind their backs. Their leader advanced to the block, which he surveyed with proud contempt. At this, the corpse on the throne shivered convulsively, and blood gushed from his wounds. The young man, without a semblance of fear, knelt before the block, and

the axe performed its deadly work. The head of the princely victim rolled to the feet of Charles and stained his slipper with blood.

The king advanced boldly and addressed the old man at the left of the throne, saying:

"If thou art of God, speak; if of the other, leave us in peace."

The phantom answered slowly and solemnly, "King Charles, this blood will not flow in thy reign, but five reigns after." His voice grew less distinct as he murmured, "Woe, woe, woe to the blood of Vasa."

The vision faded and disappeared; the lights were extinguished; but there still prevailed a sound which one hearer compared to that of the wind among trees, while to another it sounded like a harp string breaking. Only a vivid crimson stain on the king's slipper remained to remind him of the horrible spectacle which could never be effaced from his memory.

Charles returned to his apartments and wrote an account of what had been seen, and he and his companions signed it. An effort was made to shroud the matter in secrecy, but it became public during the king's lifetime.

**A** WOMAN DISAPPOINTED in love committed suicide many years ago on the outskirts of Baltimore. She left a note saying that grass would never grow, nor snow remain on the spot where her body would be found. The ground remains bare, snowflakes melting on it as they fall.

A story from the Pacific Coast has to do with doughty Captain Baughman, who commanded the coaster *Humboldt* for more than thirty years. The *Humboldt* was in service during the Alaskan gold rush, and, at one time, pirates attempted without success to loot the treasure she was reputed to carry. The captain and his ship shared many other adventures and rode through terrific storms. He felt an affection for the old craft that only a seafaring man can understand.

Captain Baughman was finally pensioned and the ship sold to Southern California interests. Soon after the change in ownership, the *Humboldt* became involved in

legal difficulties, and, pending their settlement, was towed into the harbor of San Diego and anchored. At night a watchman boarded her, made his inspection, hung out a light and returned to shore.

Baughman died during the summer of 1935. At night a few hours after his death, a coast-guard cutter heading for San Diego Bay, saw a ship approaching with only a single light. The cutter hailed, but there was no answer. The crew, sensing something unusual, went aboard and discovered that it was the *Humboldt* putting to sea. There was no sign of life, yet the wheel was being held on a true course for the channel. The anchor was over the side, but was not holding.

The cutter towed the *Humboldt* back to her anchorage, but with difficulty, as if the stout old ship resented interference. Every sailorman knew that Captain Baughman's spirit was at the wheel and that he and the *Humboldt* were voyaging together to an uncharted port of no return.

The *London Observer* reported some months ago that the Misbourne River was again flowing over a bed that had long been dry, foretelling disaster. It takes at least four months of exceptionally heavy rainfall to penetrate to the water table from which rise the natural springs in the chalk-formed country of southern England—and ordinary downpours have no apparent effect. Without any known reason, a full stream began to run again as it did in 1912, in 1774, and in 1664, which dates were soon followed by momentous events in English history. True to tradition, England was rocked by Edward's decision to renounce the throne for love.

So the tales could be continued indefinitely. We all possess undeveloped senses. Perhaps clairvoyance is one of them. Our sight and hearing are normally limited within a certain range of vibrations. It is possible that now and then an individual is born with a wider range, and if this be true it may be a simple, scientific explanation of many of the mysteries. But others are past finding out, and as Shakespeare aptly commented: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

# Science Now Proves the Supernatural

[ Continued from page 45 ]

There is another interesting phase of the investigation carried on by Dr. Rhine and his associates. It concerns the possibility of penetrating the future to gain knowledge or control coming events. Experiments were made to determine if a person can call in advance, with an accuracy above chance, the order in which the cards will appear in a pack after they have been shuffled. Dr. Rhine accepts the results of the experiments as indicating that E.S.P. can operate in advance of the event, or the alternate hypothesis that the person calling the order of the cards has, by

thought, through some unknown mechanism, controlled to some extent the order in which the cards would appear after the shuffle.

Either hypothesis calls for a revolutionary change in our thinking about time, space, matter and energy. The conclusions are put forward at the present time in a rather tentative way. This phase of the investigation requires a greater bulk of statistical evidence in order to make the data as significant as that which has very adequately demonstrated the reality of telepathy and clairvoyance.

Those who have been engaged in the practical problems of psychical research can best appreciate the value of the leadership of Dr. Rhine and his associates in stimulating a new interest and opening a new era in the investigation of supernormal phenomena. He has made it a respectable subject in university laboratories. Dr. Rhine's work should convey an important message to mediums and psychics generally that scientific research in competent hands is not antagonistic to a sympathetic investigation of their manifestations.

## Your Chances of Love and Marriage

[ Continued from page 55 ]

months (October 31-December 31) in order that you may reap the full happiness in January. Any attempt to hurry matters now is pretty sure to result in heartache and disappointment, while a calm, understanding approach builds slowly and surely for something permanent. So nurse your love carefully, and don't let yourself get talked about. There's a good deal of danger of gossip (especially September 21-October 9) and you should remember that what other people don't know won't hurt them—or you.

There's also some inclination in this period to let emotional matters interfere with your work. Avoid this. You are favored now by superiors, and should turn at least some of your magnetism in their direction. Seek advancement and progress in material and financial affairs; keep love, romance, social matters for relaxation and secret happiness, but don't let them absorb too much of your time, thought and energy. Protect your health from excess along all lines, and be sure that you include in your time-budget plenty of good opportunity for sleep and rest.



Look for romance on a journey—and you surely owe yourself a vacation of some sort. Take it between September 8 and October 24, and you'll have a time you'll never forget. The people you meet—even if you stay at home, as far as that goes—are stimulating, and if you can detach yourself from your responsibilities, you can develop some very important relationship. Your more romantic side has been submerged because of your obligations, but it is still there, and as Venus activates your social life (September 7-October 13) it should bring you a great deal of happiness. Stick to conventional paths and conventional types of people,

and be careful of temperament and superromanticism (September 21-October 3) when a tendency to go to extremes can cost you a good deal both in money and peace of mind.

Watch business activities, for an original plan of yours can develop profitably. A chance for a change or removal may come up here, and you should follow it, especially if you can do so without abandoning to basic responsibilities. That must be your first concern. Don't be afraid of the new or the sudden—they're likely to open new doors to you, and give you a wider horizon in which to work and live and love.

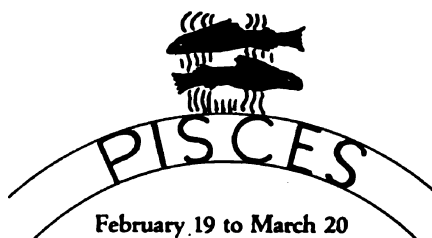


Has August been full of stress and strain? Have people around you been difficult, and have you yourself been temperamental and difficult to please? Well, you can draw a sigh of relief and look for an easier fall, especially if you have weathered the summer without major upsets. Business picks up in September and October, and if you can keep your partners and associates from spending all the money that comes in, you can build soundly for security and prosperity. Avoid risks and gambles, but go forward with business and selling activity with courage and confidence.

Seek promotion through the favor of superiors (September 7-October 13) when you can make rapid strides forward to increased authority and expanded duties. Be careful in your domestic and private relations (September 21-October 3) when excess and temperament can upset the apple cart. You're likely to attract the favorable attention of some important person in this period, and this can develop into a deep and lasting attachment if you avoid merely sensational approaches to

quite a number of human relationships.

Emotional and financial extravagance needs watching at the end of September. Don't let popularity and success go to your head; be restrained and co-operative, and don't make unreasonable demands, either in love or business. Use your charm carefully—you have plenty of it, and can get what you want, if you proceed with moderation.



You seem to be at the center of a social whirlwind over which you have no particular control, but can enjoy it thoroughly if you control yourself. Mars and Neptune oppose your Sun, and this condition tends to wear you out because it involves you with a lot of people at a time when you need plenty of rest, relaxation and meditation, to keep your mind working clearly and without confusion. This applies to both business and social matters. In business, you have to be careful that the risks of associates do not undermine the fundamental security you are striving for.

In social life you have to be careful that you don't fall in with evil companions who waste your substance in riotous living. Choose your friends carefully, and don't fall for surface appeal, of which there will be plenty around you. Stick to your highest ideals of love (September 8-October 13, especially) and keep your feet on the ground by keeping your mind working even in the presence of excessive glamour and romanticism. A brilliant idea can be developed successfully here, if you conserve some of your energy for mental work and don't spill it all out in pleasure-seeking. Protect health from excess, and be careful of what, and how much, you eat and drink. Moderation in all things helps you make some lasting attachments and develop some business matters of permanent worth.

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